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(bred by Mr. R. Gabriel)

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

CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



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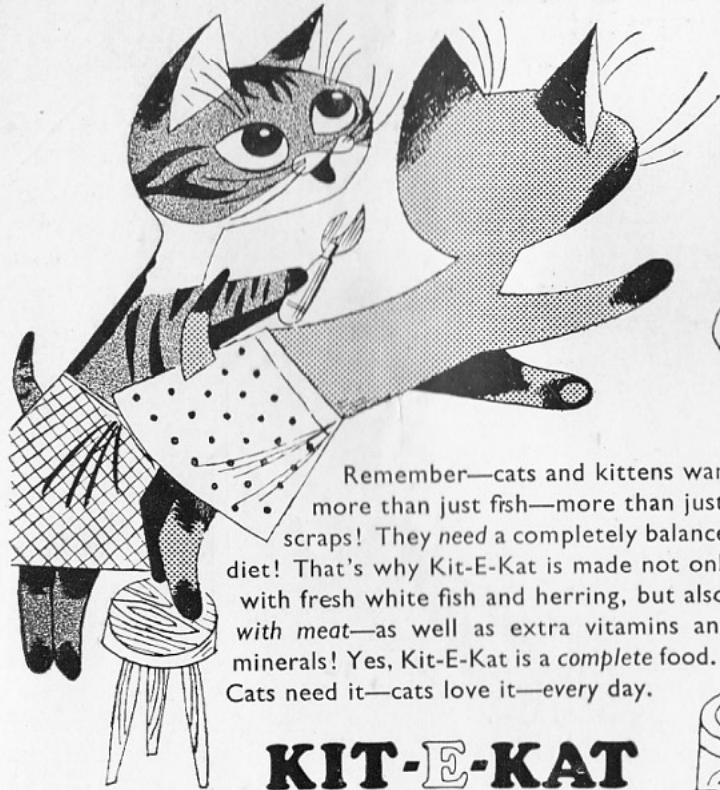
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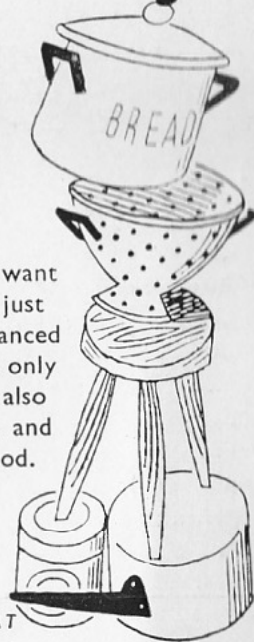
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CATS AND KITTENS

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

MARCH 1956

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

THIS you will read in March, but is being written in February. The time when we are being reminded that our Club subscriptions are due. To those who breed cats seriously, these can reach quite a round sum when all added together. Those not "in the fancy" would say "Why belong to a lot of clubs?" Well, most fanciers exhibit at shows, and as most clubs have shows it is as well to be a member. For two good reasons. First and foremost, entry fees for each exhibit in each class are lower for club members, and that amount saved often would easily cover the club subscription. Then, at most of the shows

there are special prizes only open to club members. A Championship show must be "open to all," but this applies more seriously to the main classes, like Open Male Champion, Open Female Champion, etc., and there are many club specials to be won in side classes.

Some clubs have very small annual subscriptions, some are considerable. A fair estimate would range from 5s. average to the exclusive guinea annually of at least one club.

What do we get out of being members? Personally, I sometimes think we don't get half as much out as we should, but,

please turn to page 32

OPERATION CAT'S TALE

By MARY MIEVILLE

IN spite of house hunting solidly for over six months, when Tommy's quarantine ended in August, we were still living in a hotel.

It speaks volumes for the kindness of the Yorkshire owners that, in spite of being the possessors of two Siamese cats and one out-sized Great Dane, they were willing to shelter our Tommy, if necessary.

Talking it over and weighing everything up we finally decided it would be better to leave Tommy at the kennels, at any rate for the present.

In September we got a house at last, but it was November 19th before we found ourselves en route for the kennels to fetch Tom home.

All the way there we discussed whether he would remember us. If he would still do all his old tricks such as biting us if we stroked him for too long. We wondered how long it would take him to become the great Don Juan he had been in the Canal Zone. We even made up an imaginary conversation supposed to have taken place at a Cat's Mothers' Meeting, which went something like this:

"My dears, have you heard that there is a foreign gentleman come to live up the hill?

Some say he is Egyptian, and that he cannot speak a word of English. Not that that matters from all accounts. It seems that all the young girls are mad about him. Not only the mad about him. Not only the young ones either. I hear that Milly from the Manse, whom we all know is no chicken, and old enough to know better, is making a perfect fool of herself, trying to attract his attention."

About noon we reached our destination. The kennel man guided us out to the quarantine kennels and told us how much he would miss Tommy. We for our part felt sure Tommy would miss him, as we knew he had been in kind hands.

As we entered the kennels pandemonium broke loose when the dogs heard our voices. Then we caught sight of Tommy. He was the only cat there; he was standing on his hind legs in his cage, looking like a big black teddy bear. The moment the cage was opened he came out and rubbed himself hard against our legs. We called him all his pet names, forgetting in our joy that we were not alone. I'm sure the kennel man was used to owners talking to their pets this way, as he only smiled.

In no time we had said goodbye and with Tommy in a large roomy basket on the back seat, were heading for the North again.

Tommy cried for a short time, but soon fell asleep. It was a wonderfully happy feeling, knowing that he was really going to be with us all again at last.

It is now almost three months since Operation Cat's Tale was concluded. The Christmas holidays have come and gone, and Tommy, who at first resented the children's intrusion, now wonders why they are not there.

Of Tom's arrival home I could write a book, but this is not the place. Suffice to tell you of his surprise at discovering the staircase. Even now he goes up very cautiously and comes down as if Old Nick himself were behind him. The houses in Egypt were all bungalows, of course.

Then there is the Hoover. This roaring fury is still not on Tommy's calling list. If I forget to put him out of the room before commencing to Hoover, he runs and crouches in a corner

miewing piteously until I rescue him from the monster.

As for Tom's exploits with the cats in our vicinity, he lost no time establishing his romantic fame amongst them. At the moment snow keeps him house-bound, but when the Spring comes Tom will be playing his role again as the local Don Juan.

Some time during his quarantine Tom must have been on speaking terms with a very very "re-feened" cat or dog, who taught him to dip his paw into his milk and lick it off. Should too much milk get on his paw Tom just shakes it off spattering anyone and anything near him.

Some people say we are mad to have paid so much to bring a stray cat home. We think Tom is worth every penny we spent and more. His companionship is a joy and he certainly seems as pleased to be with us again as we are to have him here. We hope he will have a long and happy life to compensate him for the starvation and ill treatment he suffered before we rescued him in Egypt.

THE PRINTING TRADE DISPUTE

In common with other magazines, production has been slowed, and we regret the late appearance of this issue.

COME WHAT MAY

Henry and the Dry'-em-Up

By JOHN ALLAN MAY

Reproduced by kind permission "The Christian Science Monitor"

THERE'S this to be said about Americans and Britons: we speak the same language in our silences. But when it comes to words we are always well advised to weigh them carefully.

An American friend of mine who has just moved into London tells me that the other day he came near to being the unwitting cause of an international incident over an affair even smaller than is usual in such cases.

He entered a large department store—"If it's sold, we sell it"—and somewhat diffidently asked if they had such a thing as a dry mop. (He was somewhat diffident because he had already encountered in his short stay several differences of custom and vocabulary.)

"A Dry-em-up?" the girl said, managing to sound at once perplexed, incredulous, and doubtful. "I dunno, I'm sure." Then, recalling the tradition of the store, she added, "Just a mo'; I'll ask Miss Carruthers."

When Miss Carruthers arrived the girl said, "This gent is looking for a Dry'-em-up. Where would we keep those, do you think?"

Miss Carruthers viewed him with some misgivings. But she smiled. "This is a washing machine?" she asked. "A hair-dryer? Blotting-paper?" And getting no visible response she added, "How do you spell it?"

"Why, d-r-y m-o-p," my friend said. "A dry mop. You know."

"Oh," Miss Carruthers said, "a dry mawp. Well, of course we have an ordinary mawp that is dry until you wet it. That's what you want, I expect. We will soon see. What are you going to use it for?"

"Well, you know; picking up kitties."

Miss Carruthers clearly would have taken a backward step had it been possible. But the press of people around by now ruled it right out. She just said, "Kitties!" My friend, imagining that he had by now got through at last, beamed and repeated "Kitties," and Miss Carruthers made a signal above her head. Almost immediately a gentleman, immaculately dressed in the style of the 1930's, filtered magically through the throng.

"Perhaps you would be good enough to tell our Mr. Spalding exactly what it is you want," Miss Carruthers said.

"I just wanted a dry mawp," my friend said.

"For picking up kittens, Mr. Spalding," Miss Carruthers added.

It seemed to my friend that a twilight hush had fallen on the whole store. Mr. Spalding gently touched him on the arm. "Quite," said Mr. Spalding; "this way." And together they began to walk slowly down the store.

"Couldn't you bend down and pick them up?" Mr. Spalding asked agreeably.

"Well," my friend said, "you could, but it wouldn't be very efficient, would it? There are such a lot of them."

"Ah," Mr. Spalding said in an interested conversational tone, "you have a lot of kitties?"

"But of course," my friend said, "under the beds particularly. Don't you?"

"Well, we actually only have one," Mr. Spalding said. "But

we are very fond of it. We have had it a very long time. In fact, I suppose it is a little big to be called a kitty."

"Just one? A great big one?" my friend queried, more to himself than to Mr. Spalding. Suddenly he saw everything.

"Look," my friend said, "you know how dust collects and sometimes rolls itself up into little fluffy balls?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Spalding said.

"Well, those are kitties."

Mr. Spalding showed a distinct trace of emotion. "Oh, dear," he said.

Very gently he steered my friend round and they marched back to the department they had just left.

"Miss Carruthers," Mr. Spalding said, "this gentleman needs a mop. He is to have one with the compliments of the store. Kitties are little balls of fluff."

My friend distinctly felt a wave of relief and goodwill surge and break across the store as it started to hum again. In a British way, it was as if everyone had cheered.

SIAMESE CATS

By Sydney W. France. 3rd edition.

Numerous enquiries reach us from all quarters. Unfortunately not a single copy is now available, and we are afraid we shall have to continue to disappoint the many enquirers for what has become known as the standard work on the breed.

MORE ABOUT CATS . . . AND MYSELF

By PHYLLIS WADSWORTH

BECAUSE I love cats, I wrote an article about my inability (for family reasons) to keep a live one, and told the story of the beginning of my collection of china cats. Readers may like to know that the collection, then numbering six, now numbers twenty-three . . . and is still increasing! Friends who come to stay come armed with a china cat for me. Now it has become an exciting game to find one in a strange shop that I haven't already received! Sometimes acquaintances telephone to say that there is a china cat in such and such a shop, they cannot buy it for me, it is a valuable antique and the price is about forty pounds! I dream of the opulent days to come when I may buy cats of value, and my errant thoughts run on to jewelled cats . . . of lapis lazuli, diamonds and pearls.

The collection is taking on an international complexion. There is a blue-grey one from Denmark and its countenance has what I imagine to be a distinctly Danish cast, though this I cannot prove. I have not been to Denmark, I have but looked across the border from Germany. It was in Germany

that I found the grey tabby with paw upraised. I went into a large store and not speaking the language found myself obsessed with determination to buy this small cat. How difficult to ask the price! In the end I simply pointed and held out a handful of German money. The lordly assistant wrote out slips of paper, wrapped up the cat, disappeared pointing in the direction of a cash desk. I went to the cash desk, meekly presenting paper slips and cash, and wondering a little apprehensively where my cat had gone. A little parcel was suddenly thrust at me from behind the desk . . . the cat was mine!

A friend has promised one from France, and in the eye of the imagination I visualise cats from the four corners of the world! With regional characteristics!

This urge for cats, this deeply rooted affection, became known to a friend, who sent me a delightful book on cats and religion.

I had known, of course, of the ancient Egyptian cult of cats; of Isis, whose symbol is the Moon Cat. But I had not before known of the continual

and universal connection of cats with the religions and folklore of the world. And it seems to me now that there is an inherent rightness in this, for the stillness we normally associate with cats is surely a symbol of the inner mystical stillness we are exhorted to attain?

Cats, we are told, have a sympathy with the Moon. My own birth date falls in July, under the sign of Cancer, a Moon Sign in astrology. Could this by any chance account in part for the attraction cats have for me?

My Universal Cat walks very much by himself, yet he gives me a love and tenderness all his own. To close my eyes and picture the sleekness, the bright eyed beauty of a cat . . . my friend's cat, my neighbour's cat, any cat I meet on my shopping journeys, is to bring a stillness and contentment to the mind overstuffed with the trivia of every day.

It is believed to this day that cats have the power of healing. Is this idea so difficult of acceptance when one considers the matter? Is it not a healing to look at a cat's purring contentment and feel the tensed mind relax; or to stroke the soft fur and feel her smooth happiness seep into one's tired self?

Kindness, care and reverence for a cat, any cat, create in a

human being a corresponding sense of harmony that is beyond price. We do not have enough what I call "expressed kindness" in our mechanical, rushed lives. The cat, in bringing forth this kindness from even one individual heals in the sense that a flow of love is released and all the nervous tensions in that individual are washed away, as it were, by the flow of loving kindness.

Everyone has an enormous store of love sealed within themselves. We tend to look without and seek love from another. The truth is that the love is in ourselves, but it needs expression. A cat, in calling forth our love, heals. Where the love is pent up within, dammed and unexpressed, it tends to sour (as the water in a pond without outlet sours), producing many illnesses, great and small.

Oh, cat, blithe, small furry creature . . . who knows what great happiness you bring simply by being your sweet, amiable, incorruptible self?

A cat is friendly, willing to accept one's companionship, but he will not tolerate trespass on his inner self; he does not become a leaning sycophant. His life is his own. His typical self-containedness is something we might do well to copy. He knows when and how to unbend with a precision I find utterly delightful.

And if someone says, How do you account for the ruthlessness of a cat when killing a mouse? I reply, Does this not bear out my theory, that he is a symbol of life? Isn't life a combination of ruthlessness and gentleness? Life demands ruthless obedience to certain laws of nature and of spirit, yet life bends its head to gentleness.

We live in a world in which killing is an established fact, more's the pity. It is a state that must in the fullness of time pass away. We cannot condemn the creatures who react instinctively to the imposed jungle law. We can but take the measure of their gentleness.

I believe that companionship with an animal develops the animal in a way beyond our imagining. Not only for that individual creature, but for all the long line of animals of the same specie. A neglected cat is a pitiful thing, not only because the one responsible has allowed it to lapse into a distressing physical condition, but also because the owner has withheld the cat's opportunity for development in its cosmic and psychic life; has defrauded it and the evolutionary line of its companions of the opportunity to develop; and last, but not least, the neglectful owner has defrauded himself or herself of a tremendous, immeasurable treasure.

Do these remarks seem too deep, too far removed from the simple, everyday facts of cat life; the feeding, the caring for, the loving, the reverence? In these simple acts lie great secrets. The cat knows them. He looks at us with his wise, unfathomable eyes and knows us through and through. In return for love and care he enriches our lives beyond all reckoning.

Take care of your cat. There is more to him than meets the eye.

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CATS AT STUD — See separate
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“MOWPURR”

By DIANA WAINWRIGHT

I OFTEN used to be awakened in the middle of the night by a plaintive “miaow” outside my bedroom window and I would know that my tortoiseshell cat “Mowpurr” had returned late from an expedition and wanted to be let in. She would have climbed up two storeys of ivy and she never arrived at the wrong room. (As well, this, for I was the only member of the family who, though springing wrathfully out of bed, would be mollified the instant her furry body snuggled into my bare arms.)

Just how intelligent are cats, I wonder? Dog lovers say, Not at all, because cats can't be taught tricks. But I think it is more correct to say they won't be taught.

Mowpurr's finding that window argues either a working mind or some weird instinct or feeling we can't begin to explain. She had been in my room once, before her midnight

visits began, just for a short time when we first moved into the house. I put her there so that she would not escape back to our old home (not that she ever attempted to do so), but she had no indication, not even furniture just then, to tell her that I meant to occupy the room nightly, and no idea of what position the window held in the house side.

At that time, too, I used to go out three evenings a week, returning about ten o'clock. A few minutes before I was due home Mowpurr would regularly ask to be let out. And always when I turned into the end of the street an ardent little figure with cheerfully waving tail would trip to meet me, mewing a welcome.

I never discovered how she could tell the time, but it was very heart-warming to be so well beloved, and to have the fact demonstrated in so intelligent a manner.



MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

I HAVE received a very interesting letter from Mrs. Downey, well-known judge and breeder in New Zealand.

She writes:—I was delighted to receive your letter of the 20th telling me that "Rondy" (Ronada Rendezvous) had started on his long journey, but I did feel sorry for you; I know just how you felt at parting with him. I always feel like that, even with a little kitten. Well, he is well on his way now, about three parts of the journey, and I see by the paper the "Ruahene" is due here on the 22nd. And I am just counting the days till my little darling boy gets here.

My husband has been very busy finishing off his house and run. We have built a double house, one for himself and one for his lady friends, 6 ft. by 8 ft. each, tongued and grooved floors, and all lined walls and ceilings with ply wood, a glassed-in balcony for rainy days and concrete run with flower borders. The houses are all painted green.

Now don't worry about him. He will have a good home with

us and we will do our best to keep him happy. Lindisfarne Pale Moon, a Blue-Cream youngster by Merryman of Dunesk, will be next to him for company. She will be his wife next Spring. She is a lovely thing and should have some lovely kittens by him. She was twice best kitten last season.

Ch. Rose Marie of Dunesk has three gorgeous Blue babies, and her daughter by Ch. Slapton Black Magic Lindisfarne Little Flower has four Blues by Merryman. They are all out on the sun porch off our kitchen and in a few weeks will be tearing about.

Well, my dear, you should get a cable from me soon after you receive this letter to tell you of Rondy's safe arrival.

The cable arrived two days after this letter, stating: "Rondy arrived quite safely—delighted."

I feel very relieved that his long journey is over. It is a long way to send a kitten, but I know that every care and attention is given on the journey. I shall be awaiting news

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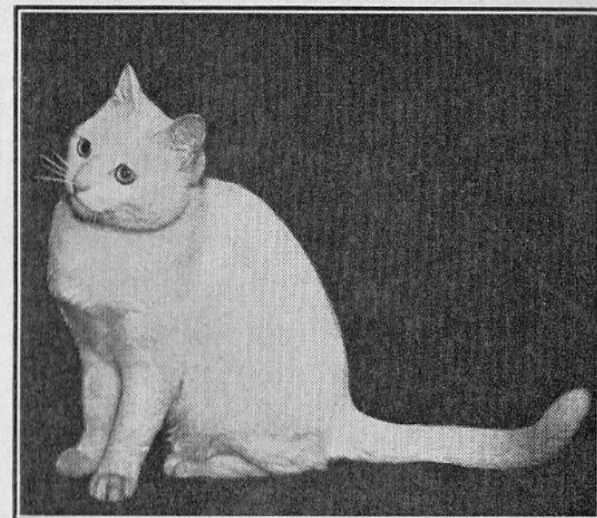
Mr. W. W. Drinkwater, of 3, The Point, Ruislip Gardens, Ruislip, Middlesex, writes:—

"Our little white cat, Mandy, 2 years old today, started life well—very lively indeed and very amusing—but during the past year she became painfully thin, very temperamental, and continually shed her coat. From time to time she would go off her food and seldom wanted to drink milk.

We tried various remedies without success. Some of these appealed to her for a little while, after which she would turn away from them. Finally we tried Kit-zyme and we found that Mandy cried for it, knew the sound of the bottle and would stand on her hind legs trying to grab it with her forepaws.

The change in her was remarkable. She now drinks milk freely and is not off her food. She still sheds her coat a little, but only normally, and she is filling out well. She is lively, and evidently very healthy. Mandy still clamours for her tablets and she would eat the lot if we would let her.

Our baker's roundsman, who lives at Southall, watched Mandy's excitement for Kit-zyme with amusement so purchased some for his cat with the same result. Like us, he is very pleased."



Mandy

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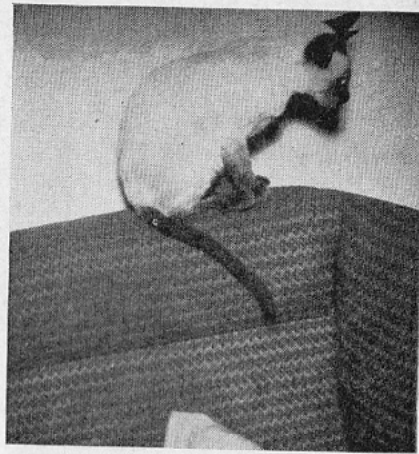
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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

I HAVE made a new friend—a horse! Her name is June and I hear she was a police horse before coming to her present owner. She spends most of her time in the field next to our paddock. Every morning, when I have prepared the lunch, I take her the potato peelings, vegetable and apple trimmings, and all the bread left from the previous day. We waste a great amount of bread, and so there is usually quite a big meal. June loves it, and greets me with what I like to think is a whinny of pleasure. The cats are quite interested in her, and sit on our side of the wire fence watching intently while June is busy munching.

I have only seen two cats besides my own since we came to live here. One was sitting in June's field and looking this way, but was some distance off. I thought it was black and looked young, probably half grown. The other was a full grown cat which was streaking across the road opposite the house. But Ranya must have met a tom, because he has the marks of a fight, a scratch on his nose and a few pieces of dried skin and hair flaking off where scratches have healed. But he must have got a deep

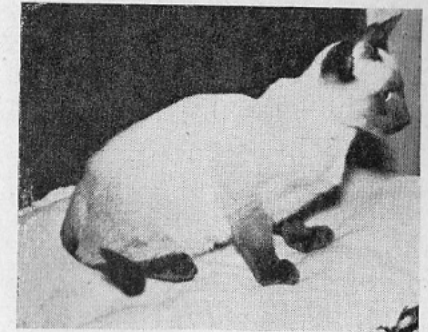


Chinki Tree Fairy. Dam, Banchor Penelope. Sire, Chinki Ranya

claw mark over one ear because he suddenly came up in a big swelling. This was full of pus and it has taken four or five days to clear it up entirely. In the meantime it put him completely off his food, and I was very worried. Fortunately he was very plump and didn't appear to weigh any less. Now he is back on his food, and I feel happy again.

The Southern Counties Show, show manager Mr. P. Dunks, was held at the Horticultural New Hall. The weather did its worst, but in spite of this there were about three hundred and sixty exhibits. 1st and Ch. Seal Point Siamese male was Mr. Lamb's Ch. Causeway Pita. 1st and Ch. S.P. female,

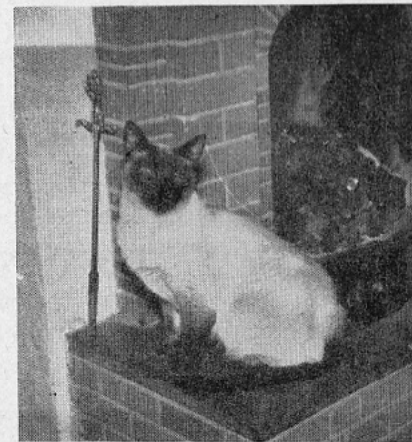
Mrs. Orton's Doneraile Manetta. 1st and Ch. Blue point male, Mr. Russell's Ruselon Zi. 1st and Ch. Blue Point female, Mrs. Tancock's Chatwyn Silhouette. 1st and Ch. Choc. pt. male, Mrs. Friedrich's Gula Malacca. 1st and Ch. Choc. pt. female, Mrs. Clarke's Ch. Craigiehilloch Chojula. Siamese S.P. kittens, 3-6 months male, 1st, Mrs. Allen's Silcrem Mambo. 3-6 months female, Mrs. Rosemy's Silken Belye Chanteuse. S.P. male, 6-9 months, 1st, Montgomery's Daybreak. Female, 6-9 months, Watson's Wensley Win. Blue Point male, 3-9 months, 1st, Groom's Nilgiris Blue Antonio. Female, 3-9 months, 1st, Hoskins Laurentide Airus. Choc. Point, male or female, 3-9 months, 1st, Mr. Wilson's Careless Chloe.



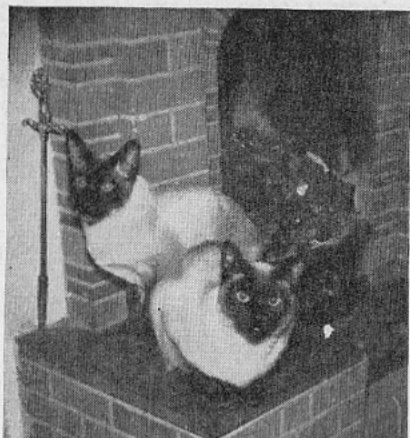
Chinki Wild Nimrod. (Sire, Tarden Tudor Prince. Dam, Sealstream Mistral)

Best Adult Short Hair was Mr. Lamb's Ch. Causeway Pita. Best Short Hair kitten was Mrs. Hoskins' Laurentide Airus. I did not go to the show myself but Miss June Wells kindly sent these results for me.

I received a letter from Mrs. Edna Matthewson today, who tells me she has been very ill. I was so sorry to hear this, and I was pleased to learn she is to have a good holiday when the weather improves a little. She also gave me the good news that her beautiful Burmese queen Ophras Peta, bred by her from Ch. Chinki Yong Jetta, was 1st and Ch. at the Southern Counties Show. This is Peta's second, as she was 1st and Ch. at the Midland Show. She is a very beautiful cat. Mrs. Matthewson tells me Jetta has a male kitten and (as usual) she cannot bear to part with him.



Chinki Jonta (Sire Sco-Ruston Galadima. Dam, Sealsleave Shah Tres Chic.). The photo shows how she has kept her pale coat. Jonta is 6½ yrs. old



Sealstream Mistral and Chinki Jonta

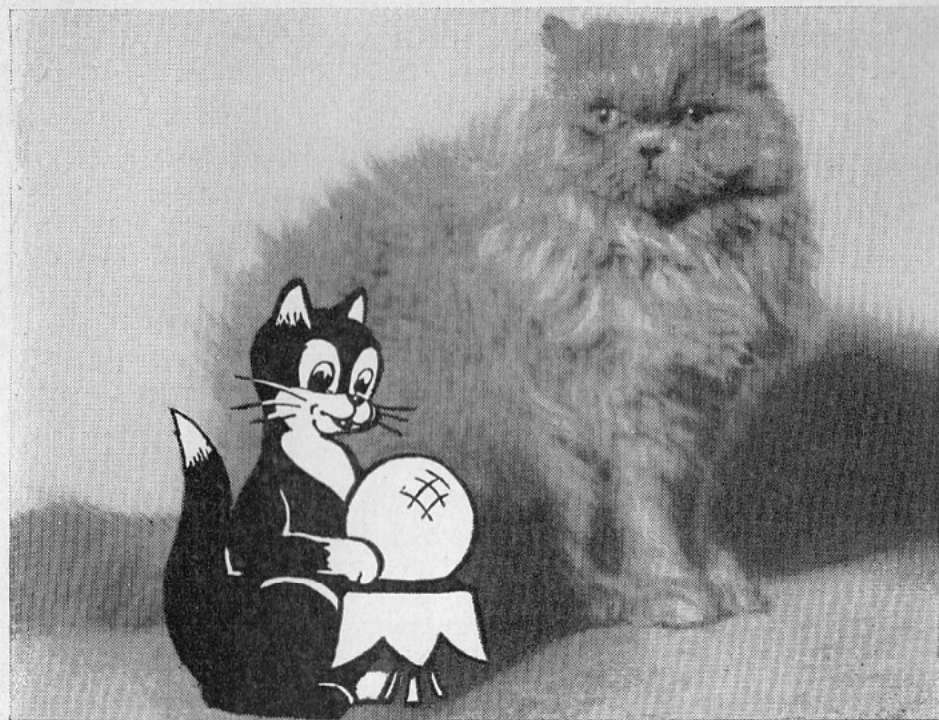
How difficult it is to take really good photographs of cats. I decided I'd like my three kittens photographed, so I invited a friend who has a very good camera, and after tea we settled down for a good session in the lounge, where the kittens live. He used eighteen bulbs, but I'm afraid the result was disappointing, to say the least. There was only one which I really liked, of Tree Fairy, who was sitting on the back of the settee. She and Rain didn't seem at all worried, but Nimrod was off in a flash as soon as the camera was focussed on him and we could not get him to pose naturally at all. As soon as all the bulbs were used he sat by the fire

with his sister, looking natural and in a nice photographic pose. I suppose a camera must look a strange and fearsome object to a kitten.

It is the first A.G.M. of the Burmese Cat Club in two days time. We had arranged not to attend, which was just as well, as my husband is ill in bed with flu, and the doctor calling every day. He has badly needed a rest for a very long time, and the only way he would have one is when he is forced to.

The weather is extremely trying. I am just sick of putting Wellington's on and taking them off, but the paddock is deep in snow and I have to go out many times a day to the cats. They seem quite happy in their cosy little houses' but it is so difficult to exercise them in bad weather. I shall be so glad when the snow finally clears, though we have had days when the bitter wind made it impossible to allow the cats out.

Penny has disappointed us again and is now calling. I often wonder if Tessa (Tree Fairy) is the only kitten we shall ever get from her.



TIBBY LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE

"I can predict a rosy future for my friend Tina," says Tibby, the Tibs reporter. "I don't really need to be a fortune teller—all I have to do is to look at Tina and I know that she'll be a champion."

Ladybay Tina is a beautiful Blue Persian, who actually owes her life to Tibs. Until she was six weeks old she was very delicate and her owner had to feed her with glucose and cream every two hours. Then she was given Tibs regularly—and she's never looked back!

Her owner, Mrs. Bradley of the

Ladybay Cattery, 20 Holme Road, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, told Tibby that she believes that Tina is one of the finest cats she has ever bred, and is convinced that the lovely coats and excellent condition of all her prize-winning cats are due to the regular use of Tibs.



Famous
breeders
say —

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

10d. and 2/-

A STRAY CAT IN VANCOUVER

By ISABEL FALCON

AN unfamiliar face looked out at me from beneath one of the eiderdowns; a chocolate coloured face with pointed ears and blue eyes; the face of a Siamese cat. Gloria, who was a great animal lover, had heard his wail in the early morning and had gone down to rescue him, and when I went in to call the girls, there he was.

But you cannot allow a stray cat to remain in the dormitory of even the most informal Canadian school; and when three hundred day-girls arrived to join our fifty boarders the noise and bustle of the place terrified him. I offered him food, which he would not touch, and put him in the quietest place I could find—a box in a corner of the store-room.

How to find his owner was a problem. No one we knew had lost a Siamese cat. The Canadian police do not interest themselves in lost pets. Dogs they impound. The owner of a dog which has been taken up by the police must claim him quickly or he will be destroyed. He must be identified by the number of the licence disc on his collar, and a fine paid for his release. Cats are disregarded.

Neither does the Canadian S.P.C.A. provide food or shelter for stray animals. But the girl in the office was helpful when I telephoned her. "Can you keep him for a few days?" she asked, "and advertise him in the papers. No, it won't cost you anything. It's a free service."

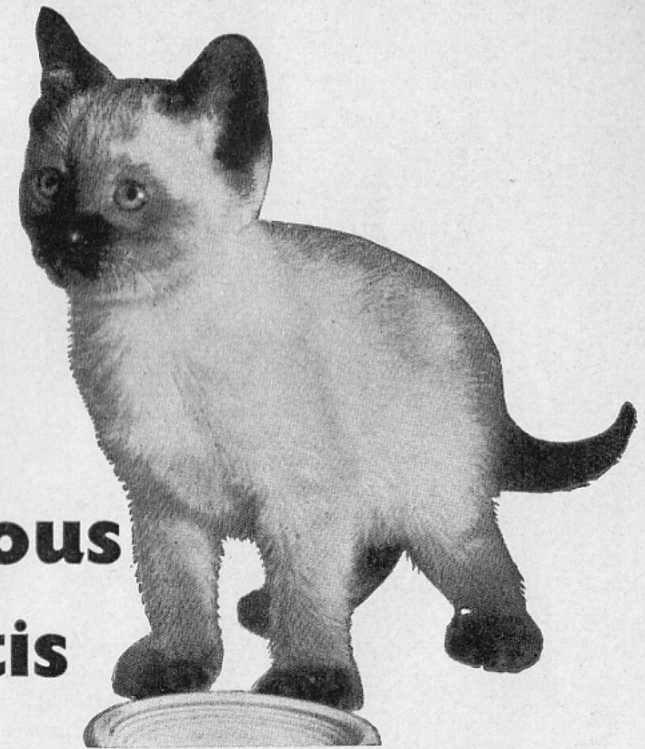
So for three days a description of our foundling appeared in the Lost and Found column of the two largest Vancouver newspapers, papers of the calibre of our own "Daily Mail." Soon the telephoning began. Some of the inquirers were genuinely seeking a lost pet, but we suspected that others were not. A Siamese cat is valuable property. Fortunately we had a check on them. When asked to describe him they all omitted his most distinctive feature.

Then a lady rang up who described him exactly. She was searching for a small Siamese cat with no tail. For, whether by birth or accident, our cat was tailless. In appearance he was a Siamese Manx.

By this time the Waif was living in an unused greenhouse, where the warmth and the earth under the staging both suited him. Gloria fed him,

please turn to page 20

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

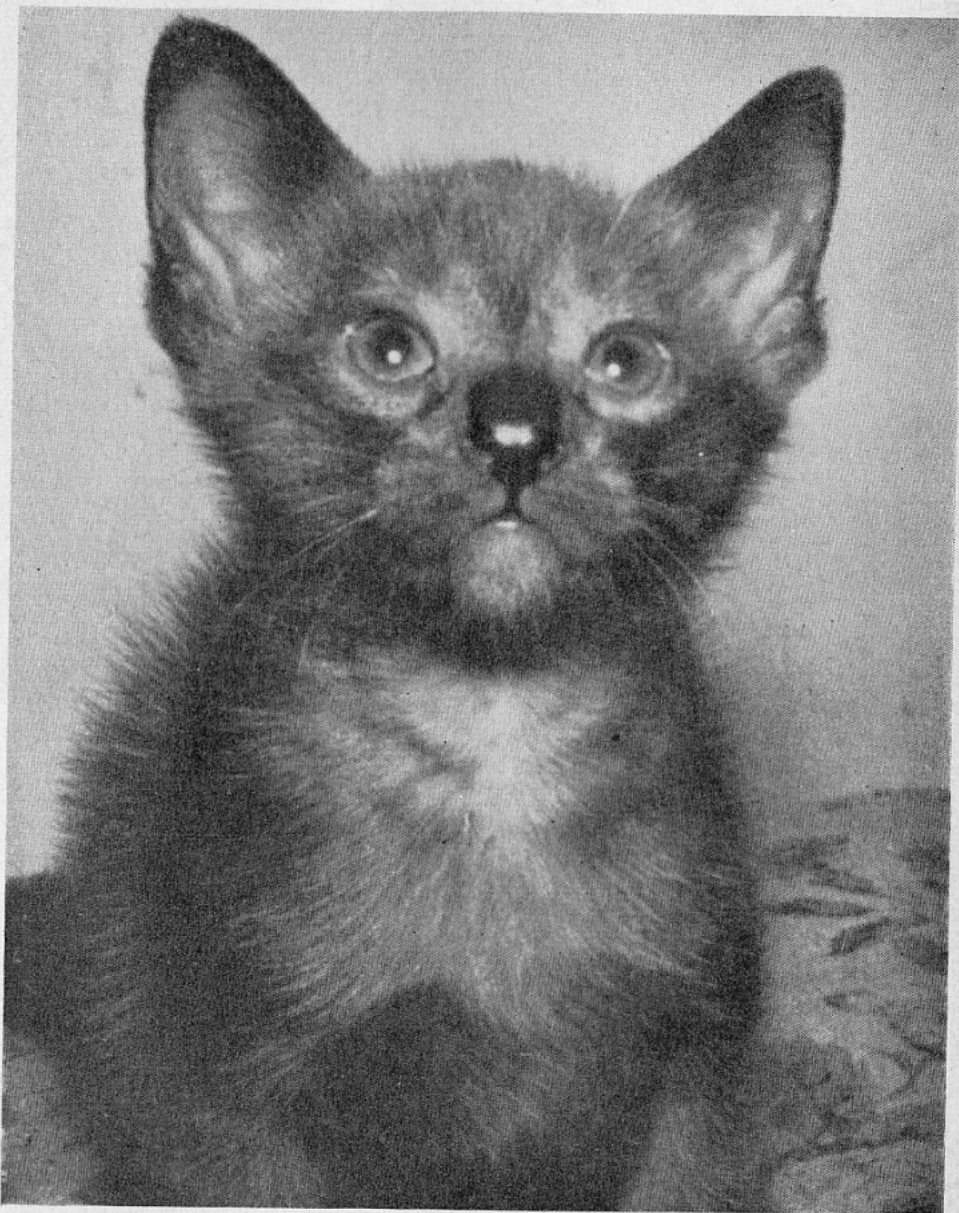
'WELLCOME' **FELINE INFECTIOUS
ENTERITIS VACCINE**

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Sablesilk Shandi

Photo—M. Smith



Mrs. Coldham's Siamese

Photo—G. Frost, Ipswich

A STRAY CAT IN VANCOUVER—
from page 16

but he was still very shy and would not let her play with him. When he saw his mistress he ran to her at once. She told us that she had taken Bobbie (that was his name) when his first owner had been killed in an accident. To her great distress he had run away

before he was properly accustomed to his new home.

I 'phoned the newspaper offices to thank them for their help. They seemed surprised that I should trouble. With unrestricted newsprint and papers thirty pages thick, a short notice meant nothing to them; but it had meant a lot to Bobbie and his mistress.



Study this photograph closely. It is of a very deserving animal shelter in Milan, Italy. One of our readers there sends it to us with an appealing letter for help to maintain and even extend the good work for cats which is being done there.

Can you see in this small picture of the happy little cats which have been strays and which are taken there and cared for?

We would gladly send on any communication to our reader in Milan.

THE ADAPTABLE CAT

By N. E. HILL

WHEN the rabbit disease myxomatosis swept into this district about eighteen months ago everyone began speculating about the long-term effects. Would starving foxes begin mass attacks on the poultry? Should we see buzzards swooping down like dive-bombers to carry off newly-born lambs? Gloomy prophecies were made about the disease spreading to any farm dogs or cats foolish enough to devour carcasses they happened to find in the fields.

Personally I never had much doubt that Reynard and the stately buzzard would be able to look after themselves, but I confess I was worried about the disease spreading to other animals. The experts seemed to give no definite reassurance about this and here we always have half a dozen cats about, who spend much of their time patrolling the hedgerows in fine weather.

The death of one farm cat out of six or seven is not like losing a solitary pet, but nevertheless each of them, down to the wildest and most unapproachable, has its special place in my affection.

However, I am glad to say my fears were groundless. In

the early days one heard vague stories about cats dying mysteriously, but there was never anything definite, and we certainly never saw any signs of sickness here. By early spring not a rabbit was left anywhere as far as one could tell and all our cats were still alive and well.

Indeed, from their point of view, the disease seems to have done nothing but good. One great boon has been the disappearance of rabbit traps, barbarous weapons but much used because they are the easiest way of checking the rabbit menace.

One can no more stop a farm cat from hunting rabbits than one can stop a town puss from catching sparrows, and over the years the traps inevitably took a toll of unwary cats (and dogs as well), but no more do we see our favourites limping home with broken limb or crushed forepaw, and it is comforting to know that these savage springs no longer lurk in the entrance to the burrows but have all been stored away, we hope for good.

Undoubtedly the cats missed their spring and summer diet of rabbits, and in spite of copious supplies of fresh milk,

please turn to page 32

THE CONVERSION OF THE UNCLÉS

By ANNE HUGHES

NOW this is not a story about champions! The feline family I propose telling you about are just everyday, ordinary cats—in short, working models!

When our last two terriers died we decided that henceforward we would keep cats only. Since our home is in the country, we can maintain a force of five or six. The family started with Patsy and her two black daughters, whom we named the Two Black Sisters. In time they gave us Billy-boy, Pinocchio, Figaro and Timothy—a neuter-toms, thereby ensuring that they would keep their minds on their jobs of mouse-catching.

Our cats have the run of the house, though most of their hunting is done in the orchard and the grounds generally—no mouse has ever dared enter our house as far as I can remember! The felines seem to have evolved a system of their own: they do not sit about idly all day wasting time over the mouse-holes in the hopes that the inmate might pop out some time. No, our cats have it all mapped out: they know, almost to a minute, when the

mouse venture forth in search of food.

Sleeping indoors at night, with the first streaks of dawn they're up and away on their hunting expeditions. This lasts about an hour or two. When I come downstairs to make breakfast they come sauntering in and clamour for their morning milk. While my husband and I are at breakfast they sit around waiting expectantly for tit-bits; all have a passion for cheese, and when I have some on hand each cat gets a small portion. Pinocchio has a weakness for butter-pats, and won't budge until he receives his daily "pat"; Figaro, on the other hand, has an almost uncanny liking for Marmite sandwich-spread—I always save the bottle for him, and he spends hours on the floor with it, extending his pink tongue its full length in an endeavour to reach the bottom of the bottle.

The rest of the day is spent in cat-naps; the older cats waste no time and go off to their favourite sleeping places about the house; the youngsters, being full of energy and high spirits, indulge in a rough-and-tumble on the back lawn

before finally curling up in one of the many "nests" they've made in the hedge. All, I might add, are well within hearing distance of the kitchen! Should I want them at any time during the day—for their ration of meat, perhaps, I have only to sharpen the carving knife. The effect is instantaneous! Cats come tearing in from all over the place—an association of ideas, one would say, I suppose! They know I usually sharpen the knife before cutting up the meat!

Towards sundown the felines liven up and prepare to go out on the hunt again. At an appointed time, wherever they are—whatever they are doing—they will hurry off to their posts along the rat-runs in the grass—each one in a different direction; for cats, you may not know, always hunt alone. Over the years I have made a study of their habits.

At the point where the rat-run crosses the foot-path, the cat takes up his position. He sniffs the ground first to ascertain whether the mouse has already passed that way. Should this be the case, he hurries on to the next run—and so on.

The older cats teach the youngsters all the tricks of the trade. I have never had to worry about house-training any new arrivals; they are most

intelligent animals and are, by nature, scrupulously clean in their habits.

In time, old Patsy, the granny-cat and the Two Black Sisters passed on; Billy-boy, at the age of eleven years, died too. The one-time youngsters Figaro, Pinocchio and Timothy, are the oldsters of to-day—their ages range from ten to twelve years. They carried on alone for some time, like the three grand old men they were.

Then one day my husband suggested that we should get another kitten or two, seeing that these three were ageing rapidly. I was not at all sure that this would be a wise move at the time. How would the old cats react, I wondered, if a kitten were suddenly introduced into the home? But, adoring all cats, I was willing to try the experiment.

Not long afterwards I was visiting at a neighbouring farm. They had kittens to give away, so I brought back a little black one with me. We named him Bambi.

He romped about the kitchen as if he'd known it for years. About supper time the trio came in to examine the contents of their old chipped plate. Suddenly they spotted the new arrival; they sniffed him all over, hissed in his face and fled

outside. No amount of coaxing on my part would induce the three old gentlemen indoors again—they made me feel I'd let them down. They sulked outside on the lawn—even growled ominously when I stroked them and spoke soothingly—they just wouldn't be pacified!

This unhappy state of affairs continued for several days. The one least affected was little Bambi himself; he had made himself quite at home and was so full of fun!

Figaro was the first to stage a come-back, followed, somewhat reluctantly, by Pinocchio, and lastly Timothy. Sedately and wall-eyed, they solemnly took up their positions near the stove and watched the antics of the interloper.

Three old uncles and the new nephew!

When some imp of mischief got into Bambi, he'd steal up on one of the uncles and nip a twitching tail. He seemed to think it was being done for his amusement, until a stinging box on the ear convinced him otherwise.

Patting his ball round the kitchen floor, he would let it roll tantalizingly past Figaro, the youngest of the uncles and still very playful. For a brief moment he would forget himself and reach out for it,

sending it on its way. Then, as if suddenly remembering that he was not supposed to encourage the newcomer, he would sit back stiffly and deliberately focus his attention on something else.

But Bambi persevered. Gradually—ever so gradually, the uncles unbent and began to notice him. Mind you, he was inclined to rush his fences sometimes, and retribution was swift—the uncles would remind him in no uncertain manner that he was not permitted to take liberties with them!

How the miracle happened I shall never really know! Coming into the kitchen one morning, I just couldn't believe my eyes! In the centre of the floor sat Figaro and Pinocchio with little Bambi between them—and they were actually washing him!

True, they were brushing his fur up the wrong way—and I can't say the "upsweep-hair-do" suited him too well—gave him rather a windswept appearance, I thought. But who cared? They had accepted him at last!

Thereafter, they were always grooming him. The little rascal had turned the poor old uncles into nursemaids! No mother-cat could have done better! One squeak from the little imp

Continued on page 34



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

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LETTERS AND PICTURES



Ko-Ko

Dear Editor,

When we first collected Ko-Ko he was just a few months old, and we wondered how our dog, Bryn, would take to him. Bryn did not like us having him at all at first, and for quite a long time he just sulked and ignored Ko-Ko, by always turning his head the other way when they had to pass each other. Eventually they became firm friends and played together.

When we had to have Bryn put to sleep last year, Ko-Ko seemed to feel very lost without him and spent lots of time near the corner where Bryn used to have his bed.

Ko-Ko has always guarded the sanctity of his garden

against other cats until recently when a small ginger lady moved into the district. She was quite shy at first, but now they will play together for hours happily, chasing each other round the bushes and flowers. Lately they have been dining together from Ko-Ko's dish, and despite his regard for food, Ko-Ko does not seem to mind.

One of Ko-Ko's tricks which is rather amusing is if his tail is gently pulled he puts one ear to the ground and rolls on his back with his legs in the air, so that he can have his tummy stroked.

He likes to go out in the early evening after tea, and our last job at night is to call him in by rattling his food plate. This never fails to bring him. He is a great pet and a great favourite with children.

(Ko-Ko is the pet of Mrs. Emmerson and her son, and Mr. Harcourt Vernon, of Cheddle Hulme, Cheshire.)

New Malden,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

May I through the columns of your excellent journal submit yet another story of the intelligence of the most aristocratic and fascinating of all animals.

Sandy, our nine year old ginger, has, like nearly all cats, a favourite place by the fire,

TO THE EDITOR



Sandy

and the particular spot favoured by Sandy is the well upholstered cushions of my armchair. If, however, I am fortunate enough to get there first, and the cat is left by the rug, he goes to the door and miaows, asking, of course, to go out.

At first I used to get up to open the door, but hardly had I stood up when a ginger flash streaked round my legs and seated itself comfortably but quite firmly on the chair. This has happened on a number of occasions, and I can only acknowledge it as an example of a well thought out plan being put into action.

I enclose a snap of the "master mind," meditating on an opening gambit, which please return at your convenience.

Yours faithfully,

Gordon V. Mills.

Knowlton, Que.,
Canada.

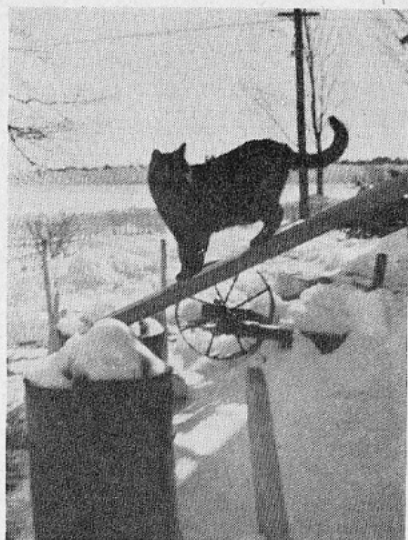
Dear Editor,

I am not too dreadfully Imperialistic but really your January issue mentioning Magyars and Havanas as breeds of cats is more than a poor Colonial cat can stand. I am a Canadian cat—not a Persian or a Siamese or a Burmese or an Abyssinian, let alone a Magyar or an Havana. I live on beef or chicken left over from my chief's supper, supplemented by milk and "Puss'n Boots," a fish food made by the Quaker Oats Co.

My chief very foolishly (as Anne Dawson, in the January issue, puts it) "robbed me of my great primeval urge called Sex," but I get back at him by making him clean out my box daily in the winter—had he not been so foolish I would be outside more, courting the loves who I know exist not far away.

This is just a protest from a Colonial cat. My name is Rastus, but I fear that I shall never be able to display any superiority to Praha-Allegro Agitato or Chinki Ranya or even Sukianga Pepe Lemoko, as I live so far away. I was born (during a tea party) in the side board cupboard at Ste. Adele, and was greeted on

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Rastus

arrival by all the French Canadian Society of Mont Tremblant (mostly with skis in the hall).

I enclose my most recent photograph (at seven years), and you may burn the photos and this protest if you wish.

Yours very truly,
Rastus.

Bearsted,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing two photos, one of Rufus, a sandy and white cat who is four years old, and one of my friend's Siamese kittens, whose names are Pouffi,



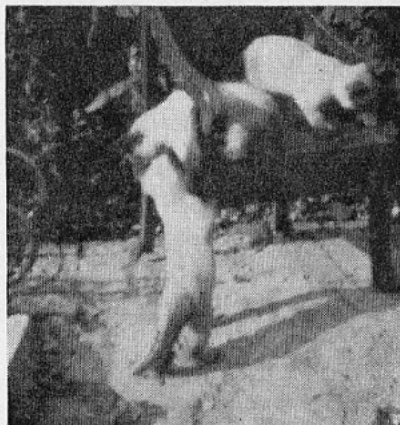
Rufus

Chico and Mandy. They are three lovable kittens and I hope you will be able to publish their photo.

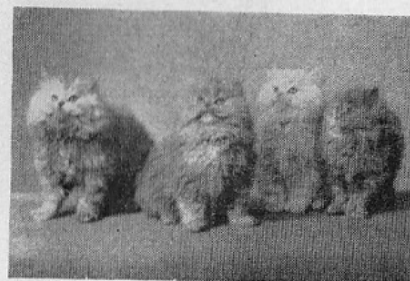
Rufus, unfortunately, had the tip of his right ear bitten off when he got mixed up in a fight.

Please could you send both the photos back as they are of sentimental value.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) Rosemary Lewis.



TO THE EDITOR



Tunbridge Wells.

Dear Editor,

I thought you might like the enclosed photo of my cream and blue-cream litter, aged 10 weeks, for Cats and Kittens.

Best litter at the National C.C. Show, December 7, 1955. They are by my blue persian sire Woburn Sunshine ex my cream queen Anchor Questy.

Yours sincerely,
F. H. Stephenson.

London, W.14.

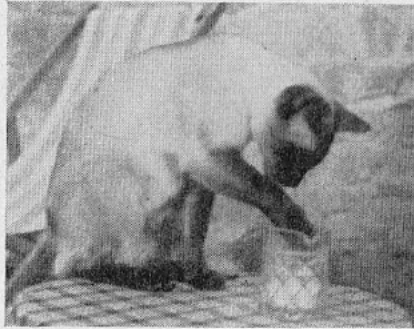
Dear Editor,

Last August you were good enough to publish a letter of mine in Cats and Kittens asking for suggestions to cure the eczema of one of my Siamese cats. I received replies from readers as far apart as Yorkshire and the United States, and they no doubt think me very ungrateful for not replying to their kind letters.

I have, however, waited in order to see how the cat progressed, and I now wonder if you would be good enough to publish this reply, so that I can answer all my friends at the same time, and possibly be of help to somebody else whose cat is also suffering from this complaint.

Each reader who wrote to me gave a different cure, but the most effective of those I tried was the application of "Sulpho" to his paws (Not to the spots), and at the same time an application to the spots of "Ral Evapo Dry Dressing." He has never been as bad since I did this, and after the first attempt I only use the dry dressing now if a small patch appears, and it seems to quieten it down at once. This treatment was sent me by Mrs. Wilson, of Hull, to whom my thanks. My thanks also to the other helpful readers who wrote to me. I deeply appreciate the trouble they took. In case interested parties would like to see the "boys," I enclose a negative of rather a good picture. Also a stamp so that you can return it to me, if you would not mind.

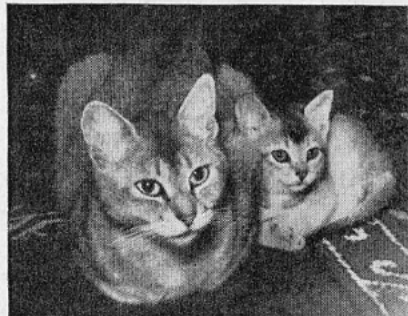
Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) I. E. Diffley.



Chinki Simon
Owned by
Mrs. Phyllis Lambert



Broughton Christopher
British Blue, bred by
Mrs. Hughes, Cheam



A charming Photograph from
Helen and Sidney Denham of
Two Delightful Abyssinians,
Tia Maira and Rose of Sharon

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*The Magazine for
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The costliest gowns and hats,
Vermilioned cheeks and powdered hair.
Content with modest plaits,
Mine squanders more than she can spare
On strayed and starving cats.

An instinct guides them to her gate,
A magic draws them in
Broken and spent and desperate,
Mere wisps of bone and skin ;
But all assured, all bent to wait
Till healing-time begin.

Each one the enchantress tends and feeds
With all its weakness craves ;
Her heart like their hurt bodies bleeds
Even for those she saves,
Though most for some whose earliest needs
Are little, obscure graves.

The rescued, safe in sanctuary
From blows and buffetings,
Take her some Queen of Heaven to be,
Such benison she brings,
And where she passes glimpse, like me,
The sheen of angel wings.

STEPHEN PENNY.

CANDID COMMENTS—*from page 1*

if I was pressed to say how I would find myself in a quandary. The opportunities for members to "get together and meet" are usually very limited. Often only once a year for the Annual General Meeting, and again sometimes for a club garden or tea party in the summer. The biggest item of the club year is undoubtedly its Annual Show. This does call for a lot of hard work by certain club officials, but it hardly provides the opportunity for members to "get together"—all is too rushed on show day, and every one is so busy in a thousand and one ways, that it's amusing being asked, after a show, "Did you see So-and-So? Did you see So-and-So's cat?" Well, did you? I bet you didn't!

Sometimes I wonder if our existing conception of cat clubs could not be revised. Instead of the several large clubs in the country, there might be much more time for meeting, and much more friendly discussion if each town could have its own

local cat society—even a branch if you like. Meetings could be advertised in the local paper to be held at a local cafe, say, once a month, in the afternoon, to give time for a chat about cats and a cup of tea and a cake. A few interested people round a table each month in many towns might do a tremendous amount of good over the whole year and the whole country.

Taking an average cat club, one finds that although the membership may be large, on an average perhaps two hundred, the clubs generally are not throwing the opportunity of participating in its management open to the members as some would wish. I know club rules call for elections at the A.G.M's, but when all the members are together it means that eighteen or twenty well-known people in the cat fancy are either up for election or re-election or as prominent supporters, and the rest of the meeting is either awed into silence or afraid to nominate a small sprat against so large a mackerel.

THE ADAPTABLE CAT—*from page 21*

some began to grow thin, although they never came to really poor condition. Indeed they could never have been really hungry, as they showed

by their occasional offering of a rat or a shrew, placed thoughtfully on the dairy step, untouched and never eaten.

The toms felt it worst for while the she-cats are hard workers, toms prefer the idle

life, and regard young, easily-caught rabbits, not as a luxury as their sisters do, but as a necessity to their rather drone-like existence.

Surprisingly, with the coming of winter they all picked up again, and have since remained as sleek and beautiful as ever. There are still no rabbits, so this can only be due to the autumn influx of rats and mice from the fields.

All the cats spend much more time round the farm buildings nowadays. It is significant that when we threshed this year, for the first time not a

single rat or mouse was found among the sheaves, and I know of at least three other farms in this village which have had the same experience.

Unlike most domesticated animals, the cat has been clever enough to retain all the adaptability of a wild creature, and our farm cats seem to have adjusted themselves to the new conditions without lowering their "standard of living" in the least. True, I still occasionally come across the big tom, Blackie, hopefully touring the fields miles from home, but then some cats, like some humans, will never learn!

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beg us to
GIVE A THOUGHT TO
THOSE THAT STILL SUFFER
A Donation to
MORTIMER'S FUND
TO CAT WELFARE



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Audited accounts published in this magazine

CONVERSION OF THE UNCLES— from page 24

brought the three old cats running to his assistance—and there were times when he did it out of sheer, devilment I suspected!

As might be supposed, Bamb! took full advantage of their good natures. Watching him sitting astride old Figaro in the armchair, I marvelled how the old cat could allow him to chew his neck and ears in that man-

ner! Beyond a feeble cry now and again, Figaro wouldn't raise a paw to the kitten. Flicking tails were sharply nipped and sham fights were the order of the day.

We were so pleased at the way things had turned out, that, when offered another kitten, I had no qualms about taking it. Now Bambi has a playmate, and the old uncles have to go through it all over again.

BLUE NOTES—

from page 10

now to know that he has settled down in his new home.

My Mayblossom of Pensford chose to come in season during the cold snap and we were absolutely snowed up at Bramcote, so she has been mated to Smasher's son Pennhome Pierre again. I was hoping to send to Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous, but it's no good making plans for these little queens so early in the year.

Mr. Sansdell's lovely little queen Ronada Moonmist out of Mayblossom by Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous has also been mated to Pierre; it will be interesting to see what kittens arrive.

Mrs. Douglas, of Waterloo Cross, Uffculme, Devon, sends a little news of her pets. Uffculme Sunset, now in Tullingen, Germany, is on her way to being an international Champion. She was beaten by her daughter, Cou-Cou for the C.A.C. Madame Gruber, the owner, said that Sunset looked very lovely, but her coat wasn't quite so good as Cou-Cou's. Sunset was only entered in the Champion Class, and got her first C.A.C.I.B. I hope Cou-Cou gets her second C.A.C. next month at Lausanne. Sunset will have to go to two other countries to get her International, but I hope she will get it. Miss Yorke is judging at Lausanne, so I hope she will be able to tell me what Sunset looks like.

CHINKI SIAMESE

STUDS AND KITTENS

Excel in Type and Eye Colour
Amusing! Affectionate!

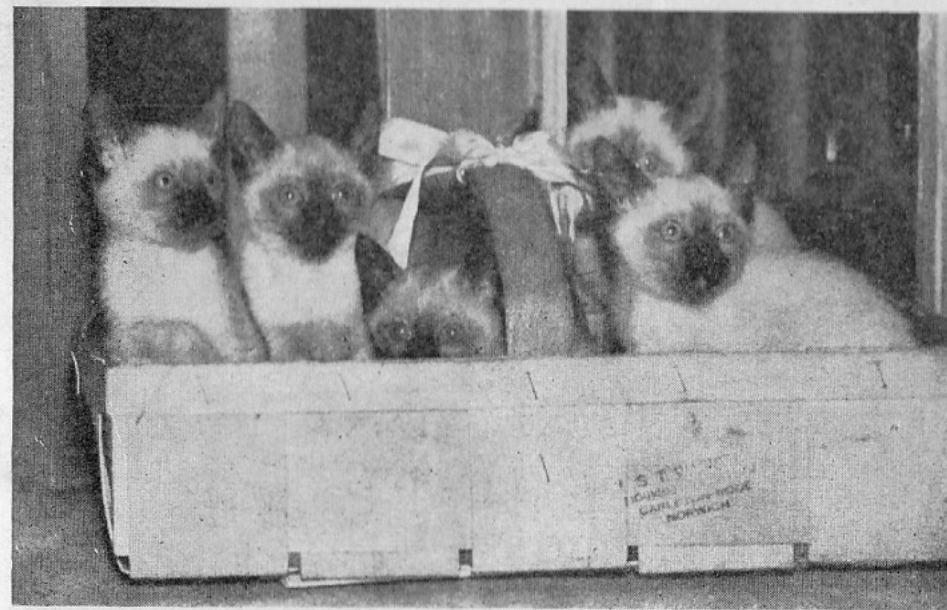


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SIRE OF MANY WINNING KITTENS

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| 1st and Ch. Blue Point Male, Lanes. N.W. Show, 1953 | 1st Siamese litter, Kensington Kitten Show July, 1955 |
| 1st and Ch., Coronation Show, London, 1953 | 1st Open Blue Point Kitten, Male or Female, Herts and Middlesex, Sept., 1955. |
| 1st and Ch. Blue Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954 | 1st and Ch. Open S.P., Female, Siamese Show, Oct., 1955. |
| 1st and Ch. Seal Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954 | 1st and Ch. Seal Point Female, Midland Counties Show, 1955 |
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