

Mrs. I. A. Rip-
pingale of Rain-
ham Lodge Farm
Upminster, Essex
writes:—

*"I thought per-
haps this photo
would interest you.*

*I have been
using Kit-zyme for
my Persians for a
long time and I find
the tablets very good
for their general
health and for per-
fect coats. Hathaway
Marigold likes to
help herself to Kit-
zyme as you can see
by the photo.*



Hathaway Marigold helps herself!

She was the winner of a First and Second at the Croydon Show, 1955."

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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

APRIL
1956

MONTHLY

**Come on! Hurry! Can't you see—
We've got Kit-E-Kat for tea!**



Remember—cats and kittens want more than just fish—more than just scraps! They need a completely balanced diet. That's why Kit-E-Kat is made not only with fresh white fish and herring, but also with meat—as well as extra vitamins and minerals! Yes, Kit-E-Kat is a complete food. Cats need it—cats love it—every day.

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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

APRIL 1956

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

“**M**ORE kicks than half-pence.” Sometimes we feel that way about our work in running this magazine. Everybody appears to have a cat about the house, but sometimes we despair when renewal notices are sent out. Why the most complete apathy? All the more refreshing, therefore, to receive a charming Easter Card from a reader in Canada, addressed to “The Editor and staff of Cats and Kittens,” and signed, “From an appreciative reader.” The cover is illustrated by a white kitten, which has attached to it a lovely fluffy tail, although it must be said in very truth this looks to

our eye to be a bit of swans-down!

So many of our readers go out of their way to let us know of their appreciation of our little magazine that we feel there is a valuable link which binds genuine cat lovers in some common bond.

Advertising plays a large part in the well-being of every periodical, and as our magazine reaches so many corners of the globe, in addition to almost all the homes of cat lovers here in England, we feel that the interest shown in the advertisements by our readers will stimulate the advertisers. But if you have a stud cat, or

Our Charming Cover Photograph is by Thelma K. Wood

kittens for sale, why not advertise yourself?

Last month we had a few words to say about cat clubs, and now one feels that the word we used earlier on, "apathy," applies more particularly to cat club members. Why, oh why, don't we attend annual meetings, or why don't we insist on a full postal ballot for the election of officials?

Regarding the election of officials, I hear that some members of a large cat club feel they had no suitable opportunity of choosing delegates to the governing council for that club. From facts before us, there would appear to be a set of circumstances which could well be explained more fully. Maybe, the Governing Council may wish to satisfy themselves that there is no fire behind the smoke.

Mrs. Spencer of Canterbury has sent us a letter which deserves mention on this page. Let us quote:—

"I thought other readers might be interested to hear of the bravery of my year-old white cat Anthony. I live in a very old house; the attic bedroom window slopes down to a parapet with a low and narrow wall as the only protection from a high drop to the main road. Cleopatra, my young Siamese, climbed out, and became quite panic stricken rushing backwards and for-

wards and crying bitterly. I tried to climb out to help her. I, too, was frightened, and it only upset her more. I rushed downstairs, shouted to Anthony, who followed me. I then picked him up and said, 'Now, Tony, you *must* rescue Cleo—you *must* make her come in again.'

"Out he went, hurried along the parapet, got behind her, and gently pushed her forward to our window, pushed her up the slope so that I could grab hold of her and get her safely indoors again. Proudly waving his fluffy tail, Anthony was rewarded with a saucer of cream and some liver."

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CATS AT STUD — See separate announcement

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JAMES GORDON

By WILSON NEILL

OLD Durnriach—in Scotland farmers are known by the names of their farms—was a very distant relation of mine. What exactly he was to me I can't be sure; I only know that when he became too old to look after himself, my Aunt Jean used to keep house for him.

When I had holidays from school I often spent them there. I was, I suppose, company for my aunt, supplying a contrast to the pernickety and querulous ways of a crusty old bachelor. Old Sanny, for such was the master of Durnriach's Christian name, did not have a great deal of time for boys. I was admonished daily for some imaginary or real fault, for, possibly with some justice, Old Sanny believed that all boys were rascals. He had little patience with me, and apart from his amazement that I could read and write at the tender age of ten, hardly spoke to me.

My aunt told me not to mind him. "An old man," she said. "Crabbed with the rheumatics. Don't bother him." She bullied him in the way she had probably bullied the patients in the Glasgow hospital in which she had been a nurse, a sort of

female iron fist in a velvet glove for the good of their bodies, and perhaps their souls.

Not that Old Sanny talked to anyone with enthusiasm. He had worked hard all his life, and was of the opinion that succeeding generations were, in the main, shiftless, idle, and less astute than himself.

He was, however, very kind to animals; the more freakish they were in appearance, and the more eccentric their habits, the better he seemed to like it. I remember an old cockerel which had survived an accidental amputation of one leg, Charlie by name. Charlie was an honoured guest; he would hop in from the yard on his one leg, and sit himself down on the warm brick hearth whenever he felt like it, while Old Sanny talked to him much as he would do to a human being of his own august age. Charlie would hold his head on one side and croak, his beady eyes gleaming shrewdly, as if he really understood the conversation.

But it was to the farm cats that Sanny gave the best of his affections. He had named them all himself, and odd names they were. There was Miss McAlhose, who deserved a title more in

keeping with her status as the ancestress of most of the farm's feline population. And there was, of course, James Gordon.

The old man pronounced the name "Jeems." Who the original "Jeems" had been, no one knew; possibly it was some friend of his youth after whom he had named his favourite cat.

James was a monstrous animal. I would hesitate to say that he was of pure Manx extraction, but he had no tail to raise above arched back in a flaunting plume like his fellows. He was about twice the size of any of them, and possessed of twice their independence. His ears were as tattered as the edges of an old-fashioned pen-wiper from the many sanguinary encounters with giant rats, fought dourly in dust and darkness behind the sacks in the barn. His face was scarred, and there were patches on his back where the fur had been pulled out in chunks by his noxious enemies. A most unbeautiful specimen of his tribe, was James.

About once every two days, he would come into the kitchen inglenook and climb on Old Sanny's knee, disdaining my aunt and myself, as well as Glen, the two-year-old collie, who knew by experience not to try conclusions with James.

Sanny would stroke his back gently, and James would purr like an alarm-clock under a blanket, while the old man talked to him in a confidential murmur.

"Och, then, Jeems—ye're back again. And where has auld Mr. Gordone been this day or twa syne? Have ye been puttin' the fear o' daith on thir auld rattons? Eh? Eh?"

The tete-a-tete over, James would let himself down gracefully from his master's knee, and pass from the kitchen without so much as a glance at the saucers of milk and chopped-up bacon-rinds left by the doorway for such lesser cats as Whippet, Tam and Meg Merrilees.

Frankly, James Gordon irritated me by his superciliousness, arrogance, and total independence.

When I whispered "Puss! Puss!" at him, or, as the Scots do, "Cheetie! Cheetie!" he would perhaps stop for a second or two, but only to give me a look of such boundless contempt that I felt snubbed.

He would disappear under the barn-door, via the worn flagstone, to lie in wait for his enemies. Sometimes I would pursue him to his hiding-place, determined that he, too, should purr and squirm delightedly under my caressing hand. At length I would run him to earth

between the stacked bags of oats, and stretch out my hand, peering at him as he sat crouched in his lair. He would stare back at me, annoyed by this intrusion on his privacy, greeting my overtures with a quiet hiss of menace, and at times raising a warning paw. Having seen what he could do to the noses of village dogs who rashly attempted to startle him, I would withdraw, disgruntled. On one occasion I tackled my aunt about it.

"Och," she said, "leave old Jeems alone. He's not what you'd call a pet cat—he has a job to do." So leave him alone I did, but occasionally I felt vague stirrings of jealousy when the old warrior came for his chats with Sanny.

When the old man died I was fifteen, and I went to the funeral as the male representative of my family. It was there that I heard the account of James' reaction to his master's death.

He had come in from his latest expedition against the Durnriach pests, and walked straight to the room in which the old man lay. The door of the room was shut, but James set up such a noise that it attracted the attention of my aunt.

"It was as though he was saying to me—'Open the door

woman,' " she told us afterwards, "'Open the door—can you not see I want to get in?' I opened the door for him, and he stalked over to the coffin, sniffing at the flowers. It seemed to puzzle him for a moment, so he sat on the floor as if he was thinking to himself, then after a while, he got up, as though he had made up his mind. As he came towards the door he looked up at me and gave that queer hoarse mew of his. I followed him into the kitchen, watching him as he sniffed at Uncle Sanny's armchair. Then—out he went into the yard, and over the field by the duckpond into the long grass."

She never saw him again. He had summed up the situation for himself, she thought, and had seen that his old friend was gone; perhaps a realisation of his own great age had come into his feline mind—perhaps he no longer wished to stay, now that Sanny was dead.

Whatever the explanation, he had made abundantly clear by his departure that there was nothing left for him at Durnriach; he was not attracted by comfort and free food as were his relations.

I have always thought James Gordon's leavetaking one of the greatest compliments ever paid to a man by an animal.

MORTIMER'S MAGIC

By ADELE RUDD

WHEN Mortimer's story appeared last September, giving, in a simple way, the facts of his quite remarkable life and work, the avalanche of letters I received as a result was something that astonished and greatly consoled me. I had so much evidence before of the strange way he enchanted people, those he met only through his stories, as well as those many hundreds who attended parties in his home, that I was to some extent prepared for the sympathy that came to me from all over the world, when people read that Mortimer Mine had been called to his Maker . . . but I was not prepared for the tidal wave that flowed in from the moment the news was known. Over a thousand letters reached me in the first weeks afterwards, and they have gone on coming ever since. Readers of this paper lamented in their hundreds—oh, they couldn't bear to think they would never read another Mortimer story . . . I have now personally answered everyone who in their great kindness wrote to me, so many showing their sympathy in such a practical way, by enclosing donations for the work Mortimer was sent into the world to do—to help the pitiful thousands

who suffer, all the world over, as he—when a homeless stray—once did. So wonderful was the support given to his work that we gave grants at the end of 1955 for no less than one thousand pounds for cat welfare to the three societies he helps—the audited accounts will give full details when published in this magazine in due course.

Far from that September story being the last of Mortimer, in a way I feel it was his real beginning. For the work has prospered, new friends have rallied to his banner, and as I turned the pages of Mortimer's Memoirs—a note-book diary I kept of all that concerned him—I felt “why shouldn't these grand friends share this treasury of joy and delight with me NOW?” For later I hope to write a book about Mortimer, but when I shall get time I can't tell . . . for while suffering lasts MORTIMER'S WORK MUST GO ON, and it's been 16 hours a day for me, and a seven-day week, to cope with his office, his accounts, his parties—and that glorious correspondence which flows to us always, like the scent and sunlight of spring all through this winter to cheer and encourage us by the enthusiasm for the



work and the understanding sympathy shown . . .

I think the little cameo which always moves me most of all Mortimer's stories is one I must call—“The Cat That Cried . . .”

Some time ago Mortimer cut his paws, and I did not discover this until they were septic and he sucked them till they were swollen like a little balloon. To cut a long story short, he refused to keep on any bandage, and with a competent flick off it went as soon as applied. If one bandaged tightly enough to keep it on the little “fingers” swelled. After replacing the dressing eight times in one

hour I knew something really different must be done. I knew too—if a paw can't be healed it usually means, in time, the end of a small life. Something MUST be done, but what? And then I had an idea! I made him a Russian boot of linen, and fitted it into a “vest” made of crepe bandages. This elastic garment gripped him firmly but was entirely comfortable. The “boot” I lined with lint, and sewed it in with tiny stitches lest the claws should catch. His veterinary was delighted, and the garment answered perfectly. (He had six, and the little garments always hanging on the line were a most unique sight!) He was goodness itself—but oh HOW HE HATED HIS PANTS! I entertained him so that he was never dull, daily we went walks—mostly I carried him, but at last he said No, he must take exercise—and take exercise he did! I tried him on a lead, and to my astonishment he never turned a hair. I then put a plastic sole to his boot to ensure no damp or dirt worked through. It was a long, long job, but Mortimer stood up to it; he ate well, he played with his toys, but oh! the appealing looks he would give me, which clearly said: “PLEASE take off these pants; I want to climb and run . . .” I used to remove them twice daily for a spell, when putting on clean ones, and would put him on a

clean sheet so that he could have a good wash after I'd groomed him, and this he did. But the little face would fall as I put him once more into his pants.

Then at last came the happy day when the paw was healed and he was allowed to have the garment off! "But put it on at night," said his vet; "he'll start chewing the paw if you don't keep your eye on him."

For three months I had not left him, a friend helped, or we could never have survived. But now he was well! And I was asked to go and see the new T.V. set of a nearby friend. I thought it unsafe to leave Mortimer for two hours unwatched, so into his pants I popped him, gave him a kiss, and disappeared, just for a couple of hours.

When I returned he met me in the hall. It is difficult to convey the abject desolation that enveloped him. His face is the most expressive I have ever seen—any of twenty photographs might be a different cat but for the colouring—and what it expressed now was the abandonment of all hope. He looked up at me, and tears poured down his little face . . . I have never seen anything like it before, and I truly hope I never shall again. I picked him up and removed the hated pants. He climbed on my shoulder and rubbed his face against mine, and there he

stayed for some time. He seemed to say, "I could bear the pants when you were always with me, but I thought they had gone for ever, then you put them on again . . . AND THEN YOU LEFT ME . . ." How one's thoughtlessness can break a heart was brought home to me as never before . . . thank God that was a thoughtless wound I was able to heal with my love and more thoughtful care. So often we don't have the chance to do that. And then I had to prepare for bed. I decided he should not wear those pants again if I had to sit up all night to see he didn't lick the paw and again set up irritation . . . but first I would try another way.

I got into bed, I turned out the light—leaving only the electric night light aglow which I always had for his comfort—and to some extent mine, for if I didn't he invariably leapt around and knocked down some prized china. Mortimer had wonderful eyesight, but quite clearly he could *not* see in the dark—and then I waited . . . in about two minutes he jumped on the bed and sweetly crept into my arms, he settled his head on the pillow, one paw under my neck the other across me, and very very soon the purring softly began, rising to that ecstasy which made him

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DO CATS SMELL?

By PETER MICHAEL

I CAN well visualise outraged eyebrow-raising on the part of more than one reader on glimpsing the heading of this brief and, it must be admitted, rather sketchy article. But please don't get me wrong—far be it from me to suggest or even imply that, given hygienic surroundings and proper care, puss is likely to offend the most fastidious nostrils.

No, what I am concerned with at present, both as cat-lover and naturalist, is the scenting powers of the cat: its ability to locate food or prey, or other things, by their smell; to distinguish this, that or the other, or gather useful information, by the same means.

Without a doubt, many people fail to appreciate that cats make good use of their noses in quite a number of ways. Perhaps this is partly because, understandably, the olfactory capabilities of the cat have been to some extent overshadowed by those of the dog, an animal which seems ever to be snuffing at one thing or another. The dog makes such a fuss of smelling things out (whether or not there is something actually there!) that we cannot fail to have our attention drawn to his goings-on: as a rule, a cat sets about the

same sort of thing in much more unobtrusive and let-me-do-this-on-my-own fashion. No triumphant tail-wagging or looking-up with a knowing "Well, aren't you going to pat me on the rump or urge me on?" expression for puss.

Since for one thing feline vision is subject to certain limitations, the cat must depend to some extent on its sense of smell—as, indeed, observation attests. Most of us are only too familiar with the uninhibited excitement that grips even the most sedate of cats when fish is brought into the house. They may not be able to see it, but there is no disputing their ability to smell it! Even when the fishmonger's van pulls up in the lane outside my house, our cats are immediately drawn to it as though by a magnet, whether or not that vehicle is seen or heard in the first place.

And, of course, cats very soon smell out meat, too, likewise other coveted foods, and more especially when these are being got ready on or in the stove. "What's cooking?" seems to be a common question in cat circles then, if feline reactions are anything to go by.

Please turn to page 30



MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

I RECEIVED a very charming letter with a newspaper cutting enclosed from Mrs. Downey, of the Lindisfarne Cattery, Auckland, New Zealand. The cutting was from a New Zealand paper, and ran as follows:—

“Ship’s Butcher Says Good-bye to Menagerie.

“The saddest man in the *Ruahine* when she reached Auckland from England was the chief butcher, Mr. W. Willison. He was saying good-bye to 40 canaries, a pedigree cream Persian kitten insured for £50, and a pointer gun dog named Goose.

“‘It’s always the same,’ he said, as he fondled the kitten’s fluffy coat. ‘You look after the animals during the voyage and get friendly with them. Then they have to leave you.

“This is not the first time Mr. Willison has had a miniature zoo in his charge. Last trip it was a bulldog and a Siamese cat. The pair came on board in a box marked ‘Please do not separate.’ From then on they slept in the same kennel and shared the same food.

“‘The cat used to chase the bulldog round the deck,’ said Mr. Willison. ‘It kept the dog’s weight down.’

“This time Mr. Willison’s favourite was the cream Persian kitten, imported from England to join £700 worth of English feline bloodstock at Mrs. B. Downey’s Lindisfarne Cattery at Hillsborough. The first cream Persian to be brought to Auckland for breeding, the kitten bears the weighty title of Ronada Rendezvous, chosen by his new owner.

“Rondy slept on a settee in Mr. Willison’s cabin, toyed with a bottle top for exercise, and snapped up choice titbits of meat and fish as fast as they were given to him.

“‘He’s a nice little fellow,’ said Mr. Willison. ‘He had an appetite like a horse, even in the tropics. There’s not an ounce of vice in him, and he has the most perfect indoor manners.’”

Mrs. Downey’s letter ran as follows:—“I do hope you received the cable to let you know of our little darling’s safe arrival. I am enclosing a

Please turn to page 33

Miss L. Rice of 12 Stapleton Road, Tooting Bec, London, S.W.17, writes:—

“I am sending you a photo of my 5-year-old cat *Kim*. He was six weeks old when I got him and I gave him *Kit-zyme* from the start.

Kim simply loves the tablets, in fact he thinks they are sweets and I have to keep them out of his way in case he helps himself! He has very bright eyes and soft coat and is always full of life, which I am sure is the benefit he has got from his regular dose of *Kit-zyme*. He gets three tablets a day.”

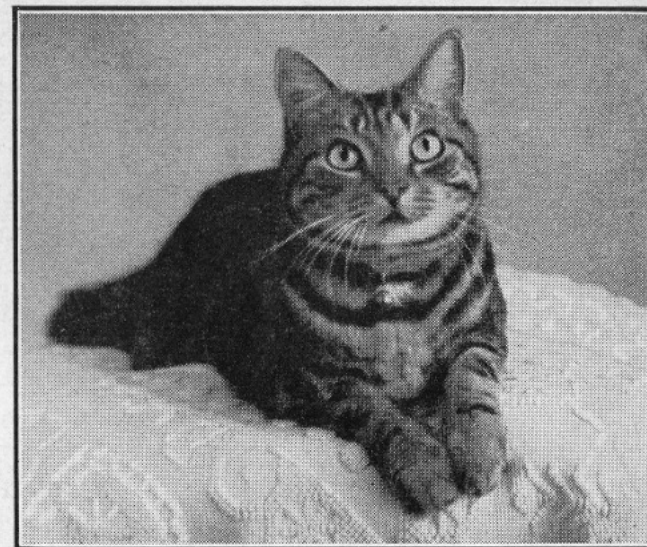


Photo: S.W. London Studios.
KIM

KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO
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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

HOW nice it is to be able to let the cats out again, and how they love it, dashing up trees and climbing on to the tops of the wired runs. The mornings and nights are still very cold, and the cats still need their heaters.

As soon as the bad spell was over I said all the queens would begin to call, and from the enquiries I received for stud service I was quite right. I have also had news of early litters, and hope to visit the ones which are not too far away.

When sending a cat to stud, or a kitten to a new owner, ascertain if it has to change when going by rail. If it does, write or phone the station-master, and ask him to see that the cat is put on the right connection. I have never had any trouble when I have done this.

My first queen to kitten in 1956 will be Brina-Chinki Junita. She is heavily in kitten to Ch. Killdown Sultan. I have a number of kittens ordered, but hope I shall be able to keep one of these for myself this time. I recently had two of Brina's female kits for mating, one by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo and one by Ch. Killdown Sultan. I found it most interesting to compare. Both cats carried the

unmistakable stamp of their respective sires. At the moment I have a queen here for mating, and also her daughter by Ranya who was sold as a kitten. She is a very nice kit and at nine months old has a beautiful pale coat. She has been mated to my young male Sealstream Silent Steel, whose pet name is Brillo. He also has a lovely pale coat and deep violet blue eyes. He is completely unrelated to Ranya.

I am looking forward to the Spring here, and already bookings are coming in for Easter and summer boarding. Everyone likes the nice open aspect of The Nook, and says it is like being in the country.

Three kittens who were born shortly after we arrived here have lived in the house all winter. They are Chinki Tree Fairy, White Rain and Wild Nimrod. Nimrod is to be a future stud. He has his mother's lovely long head. The two girls I shall breed with all have excellent tails, a feature I like in a Siamese. When Brina has her kittens she will come into the house and the three kits will have to go out. I shall miss them very much, but the weather will be better by the end of the month, and it will do them good to be free to

play outside as long as they wish. Up to now, they have only a short time out each day as it keeps so cold. I open the front door and they go out and play in the shrubbery and appear to find it great fun.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Webb paid their first visit to The Nook. They were very interested in everything. Dorrie was telling me about all her judging engagements for next season. I couldn't reciprocate as I have not received one yet. Shall I have to regard myself as the forgotten judge?

Apparently not! To-day I received a letter from the Herts & Middlesex Committee asking me to judge at their 1957 show; so I have broken my duck. I was very disappointed not to judge adult S.P. males during 1955-56 season.

The show season is finally over, and most of the reports have already appeared. Out of the many S.P. males to appear only two have become full Champions, Ch. Spotlight Troubadour and Ch. Causeway Pita, owned respectively by Mr. Richard Warner and Mr. W. Lamb. The only S.P. females to become full Champions, so far as I know, are Miss Jay's Sawat Angelina and Mrs. Duncan Hindley's Silken Jacaranda. Mrs. Tancock's blue point female became a full Champion,

Ch. Chatwyn Silhouette. Mr. Todd's blue point male became a full Champion, Ch. Kanawana Kym. Miss J. Sells' choc pt. male became a full Champion, Ch. Sayam Zar Prak. Mrs. Thake's silver tabby male became a full Champion, Ch. Silverseal Dazzler. Mrs. Waldo-Lamb's Burmese female became a full Champion, Ch. Chinki Golden Goddess. Also Mrs. Dixon's Burmese female, Ch. Trinity Tabitha. I apologise if I have missed any other cats to become full champions. I know of many who got one or more Challenge Certificates, but am only certain of the ones whose names I have given.

I judged many different kinds of cats and kittens last season and have been asked which I would pick as the outstanding one of all of them. This is not easy, but, thinking back, I would choose Miss Bone's Ch. Heatherpine Juanita, an Abyssinian queen with type, poise and beauty, posing in the show pen like any beauty queen, and a joy to handle. Abyssinians have always been great favourites with me, and I do so hope one day I shall breed them again.

I expect many people are amused at the reaction of their cat or kitten to television. Nimrod is intrigued by it and often sits on top of the cabinet, looking over at the picture.

Every now and then he reaches down to touch it. A low table stands by the side of the set, and he often sits on this, watching intently.

Litters will be arriving now and novices are always worried about big litters. I had a card the other day to tell me of a litter of eight sired by Ranya. I think four is sufficient for any queen to nurse. If one has not got a foster, the best thing to do is to divide the litter, placing half in a basket with hot water bottle tucked under the blanket, and removing them to another room if possible, so that the queen will settle with the rest without worrying. After two hours, I change the kittens over, doing this all through the day, and giving them all back to the mother at night. One of my queens reared eight healthy kits in this way. I do think it essential, if a queen has a big litter, to get her off them by the time they are eight weeks old, when they should be completely weaned. The mother needs plenty of nourishing food and extra vitamins during this nursing time, and a course of vitamins and a complete rest when she comes off the kits is also necessary. If a queen is allowed to rear such a big litter, she should only have one litter a year.

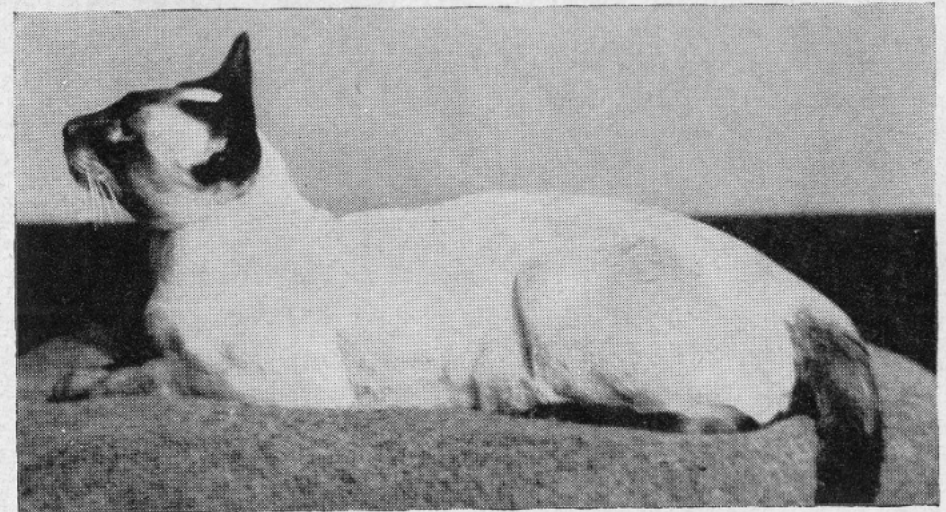
I received an interesting

visit this morning from an R.S.P.C.A. officer, who was compiling a list of suitable places which could be recommended for boarding cats. I offered to show him round the cattery, and he was delighted with my accommodation and huge runs.

Apparently, most people boarding cats think a pen as big as a rabbit hutch is quite sufficient, and he told me that out of sixteen he had visited he could only recommend two, mine and one other. Most people board dogs and cats. I think it essential to specialise in one or the other. It is very necessary for anyone boarding cats to understand them and their needs. They need a place to retire to when they want seclusion, a warm, comfortable bed, free from draughts, clean water, sanitary tray, clean quarters, preferably covered with lino, so that it is easily washed, access to a run and grass for as long a time as possible each day. Enquiries should be made from the owner about what foods they like, and their little fads indulged. One thing which always makes a little cat away from home happy is to be called by the name it knows and is used to. Do not attempt to board cats unless you can fulfil all these requirements.

TIBBY MEETS A PROUD ARISTOCAT

"Champion Sayam Zar Prak is the proudest aristocat I've met for a long time," says Tibby, the Tibs reporter. "And he has every reason to be proud, too - he's a picture of pedigree perfection from the tip of his nose to the end of his silky tail."



Ch. Sayam Zar Prak is a handsome chocolate pointed Siamese cat belonging to Miss D. J. Wells of Carson Siamese Cattery, Lane End House, Shinfield, Berkshire. He already has a long record of successes; he has been best stud cat six times, and was the winner of the 1953-54 Lloyd Lewis Memorial Cup; he has also won many other awards. His mistress, who is a successful breeder of Siamese cats, and has exported kittens abroad, attributes the shining coats and good appetites of all her cats and kittens to the regular use of Tibs.

11d and 2/3



Famous
breeders
say—

TIBS

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

UNDER HIS PAW

By F. L. BEAVIS

THE man in the Pet Shop looked doleful.

"We've only got one," he said. "He's ginger. Will he do?"

As if the colour mattered. I wanted a cat to catch a stray mouse, not to match the carpet.

From an exalted position in the Pet Shop the saucer-like, aquamarine eyes of the ginger kitten eyed me up and down, weighing up my possibilities as an owner.

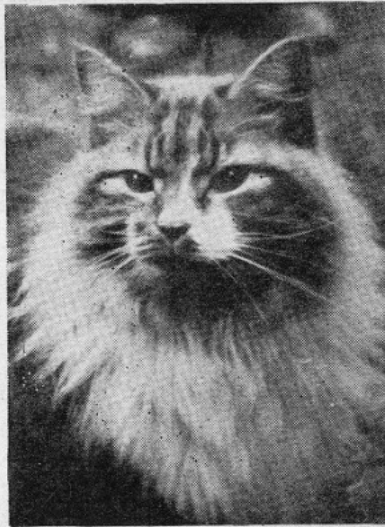
I reached up for him and my fingers sank into his long, silky fur. From that moment I was enslaved.

Once home, the kitten inspected every room in the house. Had things not been to his liking I'm positive he would have demanded immediate return to the Pet Shop.

I heaved a sigh of relief when, his peregrinations over, he sank on to the carpet, steadied a hind paw with one of his front ones and started to wash himself. Before his toilet was complete, however, he gave a loud, healthy miaow.

While he ate I thought about a name for him. My own colouring precluded a second "Ginger" about the house, so I called him Peter.

Later that night, wearing an improvised collar of wide, white



Peter

tape and with a piece of stout string deputising for a lead, Peter was given his first easy lesson in hygiene.

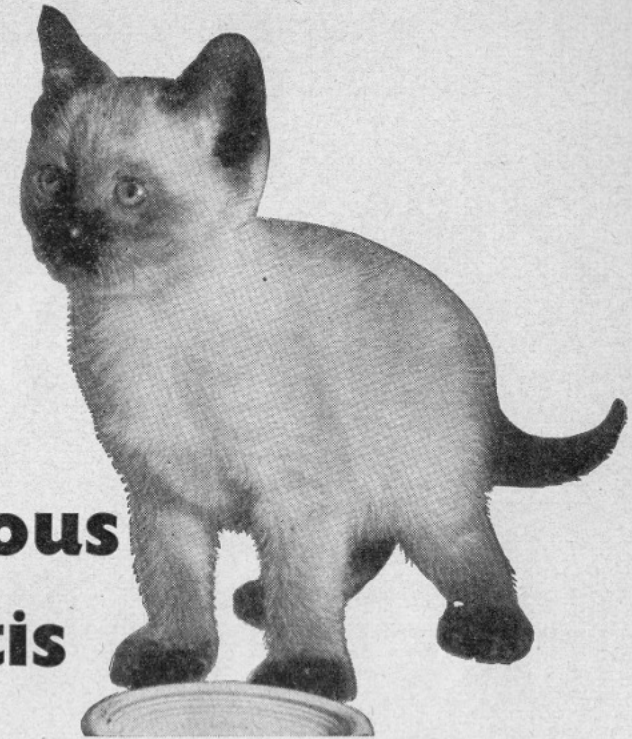
For a night or two Peter slept in a cosily lined box outside the bedroom door. Then, too early one morning, he knocked at the bedroom door. With his claws! Well, would you be content with a cushioned box when a beautifully soft eiderdown was the scent of a kitten away?

I liked the feel of him on my covers; he liked the curve at the back of my knees. Until one warm morning when the casement window was open.

I tore down the stairs and out into the garden. Would I

Please turn to page 31

Protect
against
**Feline
Infectious
Enteritis**



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

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

'WELLCOME' **FELINE INFECTIOUS
ENTERITIS VACCINE**

BRAND

Prepared at The Wellcome Research Laboratories



A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



Photo by Arthur

Fluffy was rescued from the ruins in London during the bombing by her present owner, who would not now part with her for anything. Fluffy's age is not known, but it is 12 years ago since she was found, and given a new home. Most of her time she sits in the garden by the goldfish pool, or is often seen keeping Tim, the tortoise, company. She never strays from the garden. Alas! she is now totally blind.

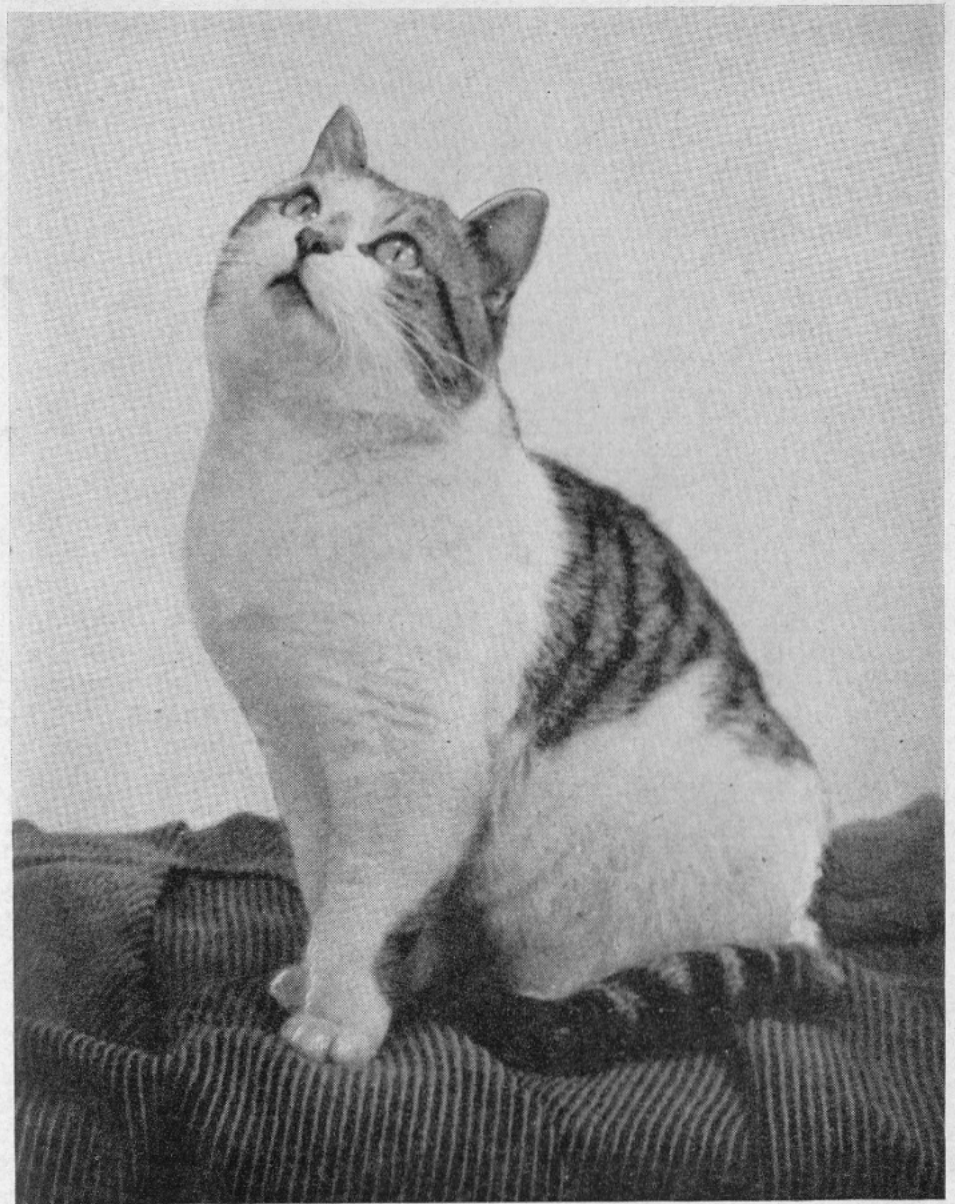


Photo by Arthur

THE FLY WATCHER!

ABYSSINIANS ARE DIFFERENT

By O. F. TURNER

WE first began keeping Abyssinian cats because we all, including the children, found it rather dreary when the time came to say, "No, she will have to be neutered. Cross-bred kittens are difficult to find homes for." It seemed that the ideal solution would be to have the pleasure of the kittens, and yet know that they would be assured of good homes.

When our first Abyssinian queen, Sadie Thompson, arrived from Norfolk, I knew nothing at all about these descendants of the sacred cats of Egypt, and I have found it most interesting to try to observe how they differ from other breeds and cross-breeds.

My conclusions, after three years' study, are that Abyssinians are remarkable for their courage, their hunting prowess, their liking for water, and their flair for personal contacts.

We know that cats as a race are intelligent, good acrobats, and amusing and affectionate companions—and Abyssinians have, of course, these qualities as well as the ones I first mentioned.

Sadie, I think, is a typical Abyssinian—freedom-loving, a fine huntress, and yet with this great capacity for maintaining contact with humans even in

difficult situations. It is always rather distressing to be unable to reassure a frightened animal, and usually cats do not seem to be able to take much comfort from their owners' presence in, say, a large railway station, or on a visit to the vet. My husband was therefore very surprised when he collected Sadie from Liverpool Street Station after she had been mated, for although she was obviously terrified by the noise and the traffic, she was delighted to see him, purred, rubbed, and calmed down almost at once. There was no need to return her to her basket and she sat in the car beside him, alert but comforted, and purring faintly.

Selim, her son, is a rather highly-strung fellow, and simply loathes any upset in his routine. Yet when I had to take him to the vet to be inoculated, horribly alarmed though he was, he never attempted to rush away and hide. In these strange surroundings he clung to me as a source of reassurance. When I say "clung," I mean it literally, for he put his front paws round my neck, and, giving me very wet kisses from time to time, waited as good as gold in a room in close proximity to three lively dogs.

The kittens, most of all Samson, were full of courage and curiosity. Samson, although neutered, would never tolerate a trespasser in his garden. Not only were battle-scarred toms seen-off in double-quick time, but even large dogs went out quicker than they came in with a tawny bomb-shell after them. If any one came to see us with a dog, it was never "Mind he doesn't chase our cat" but "Mind the cat doesn't chase *him*." With all this ferocity he was the gentlest, sweetest cat in the home, and invented many games to amuse himself. He would retrieve a silver paper ball as many times as you liked to throw it, and he loved to sit on the edge of the bath and play with the water from the cold tap.

His other great water-game was catching the toes of any one who happened to be taking a bath. He would dip his paw in the water right up to the elbow, and sloosh it about with evident enjoyment.

All our Abyssinians like to get into the bath when most of the water has run out, and Candy, Samson's sister, I am told conducts an elaborate toilet with the remaining bath water, using her paw as a sponge.

Abyssinians are full of contrasts—lynx-eared, lithe, more like little lions than anything

else, they have some of the least "wild" traits imaginable.

But they love their freedom, their hunting, and their fracas with other cats. They are by no means placid, fireside pussies, and I admire their courage all the more because it is no mere accident of phlegmatic temperament.

Candy, who came to stay with us for a week in the summer, suddenly found herself on her emergence from the basket faced with four strange cats in a strange room. She was obviously very frightened, but instead of cowering under the nearest piece of furniture she leapt onto the rocking chair, and, tail in a fuzz-bush and ears flattened, she dared them all to do their damndest.

A strange object, a strange person, is to our Abyssinians a thing of great interest—not fear. New household appliances, even noisy ones like the vacuum cleaner, are considered simply as new toys for cats. They all love to help with the housework—"killing" dusters, fighting brushes, and tying themselves up triumphantly in electric flex.

Abyssinians have a special form of caress I have never met in any other cat—nose-biting—people's noses, I mean, not other cats'. It is the highest mark of approval our Abyssinians can bestow—a neat

Please turn to page 33

KERNIE'S NIGHT OUT

A True Story

By HONOR DAPLYN

HAVE you ever had a railway ticket issued to you by a cat?

Whether you have, or whether you haven't, you will have a good laugh at this story of Kernie's night out.

Kernie is a black and white cat, mostly white, and of what we humans call "an ordinary cat" description. But if he is slightly ordinary to look at, he certainly makes it up by his superior intelligence. His people have long since given up opening and shutting doors for him to go in or out. They have grown rather tired of holding the door wide open in chilly or rainy weather, and have made him a little door in the bottom of the back door, which is his own special entrance. It's far too small for a chasing dog to enter, but a slinky cat, even though he is quite a big animal, can easily glide through.

Kernie, too, is quite the little gentleman and always gives a great welcome to anyone visiting the house. On occasion he has given up the great privilege of sleeping in his mistress's room to sleep on an arm chair in a visitor's bedroom, as if to say, "I'm pleased to see you and you're not to feel

lonely. I'll stay with you all night."

But it was Kernie's great passion for his beloved master that led to the story I am just recalling for you, and which I hope you will enjoy as much as I did.

His master, who, alas! died some years ago, used to catch a local train from a small station to the city every day, where his job lay. It was a matter of ten minutes' walk to the station, and if it was fine, Kernie used to walk down after him, till he disappeared into the subway, a place for which Kernie had no liking. Then, at his leisure, he would go back home, till it was time for master to return, when he would wait on the gatepost for him. For a year or two this continued, without any variation. Then one day master didn't come back at his usual time.

Kernie didn't know it, of course, for you can't talk to a cat as if he were human, but his master had a big dinner engagement in the city and was coming home by car with friends.

Kernie took up his vigil on the gate post about seven o'clock that evening and watched and waited. He must have been

hungry and a little cold. Every now and then his mistress would come outside the front door and call out, "Kernie, Kernie. Come along. Come in." But Kernie just turned his head and looked at her pityingly, as much as to say, "Don't you know I'm waiting for master?" And he stayed on the gatepost. The thought of warm fires and lovely boiled fish may have tempted him, but his loyal little heart refused all this while the object of his affections had not returned.

Towards midnight his master was driven up to the house, and after cheery good-byes and thanks, he walked up to the front door and let himself quietly in.

"Have you seen Kernie?" his wife asked him.

"Isn't he in, then?"

"He wouldn't come in all the evening, even for his supper. He was on the gatepost, but he's been gone quite a time now."

Neither of them felt like going to bed, not knowing where their pet was, and his master suddenly thought of the railway station. "I'll slip down to the station and see if the silly little thing has gone down there to find me," he said.

But the station was quite dark, and deserted. Every window was shut, and though he called and called there was no sign of Kernie.

However, they both comforted themselves that perhaps he was spending the night on the tiles and that as he had his own little doorway he could get in anyway.

But Kernie couldn't get in to his own home, because he was locked in somewhere else! Guess where? Yes, in the station! He had got tired of waiting for his master, as they had thought, and he had crept down to the station to find him, so sure he'd be there. The station-master was just locking up the doors, and while he peered at the keyhole Kernie, with tremendous speed and slinkiness, slipped between his legs and into the booking hall. The keys turned and Kernie was a prisoner for the night! Poor Kernie, he was frightened and cold, and by now very hungry.

Suddenly there was a tiny movement in the corner, and Kernie spotted a tiny mouse, who would make a very tasty supper for a hungry cat. He made a dash, but the mouse was more familiar with the place, and it darted down a tiny hole in the flooring.

Meanwhile, Kernie saw a kind of counter on the wall. It was really the booking office shelf, where you get your tickets. He sprang up on to it and found the glass window had been accidentally left open. In he

popped, and landed with a plop on to the floor.

His eyes being able to see in the dark, and with a tiny gleam of light from the lamp standard in the station yard outside, he noticed lots of little shelves with pieces of green cardboard sticking out. He flicked one with his paw, a shower of little green tickets flew out on to the floor. There were lots and lots of these little openings with green tickets in them and Kernie flicked them, one after another, with his paw, and scattered them on to the floor with the others. Then he jumped down and slid along the floor, mixing them well up with one another in a big cardboard stream.

He didn't know it, of course, but he was mixing up all the carefully sorted little tickets to everywhere: Charing Cross, Waterloo, Oxford Street, Victoria, Beckenham and Staines. It didn't matter which one the people might want in the morning. Kernie was having the time of his life, flinging them about and even eating tiny corners off them.

At last, tired out, he found an old coat in one corner, probably belonging to the ticket office clerk, and he sank down on to it to have a good sleep.

Presently footsteps and voices woke him, and doors unlocked and banged.

Kernie sat quite still in his corner hoping he would be able to get out without being found out. His eyes were quite large and green and the pupils very black. The booking clerk stood at the entrance as though he had been turned to stone. Then he shouted in a voice that showed he certainly wasn't turned to stone. "What on earth's been happening here?" he asked, or rather roared.

All the rest of the staff rushed in, to gaze at the floor, strewn with thousands of little green tickets, and every single pigeon hole, where they should have been, quite empty. As they stamped and banged around one of them noticed Kernie, still sitting very still and frightened.

"It's that perishing cat," roared the ticket clerk. "How did it get in?"

The station-master came in, looking very dignified, till he saw Kernie, and though none of the station staff saw it Kernie was sure he saw a twinkle at the corner of his mouth. "It's Mr. Holditch's cat," he said. "The one he rescued off the coal heaps here a few years ago."

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked the booking clerk.

"Do?" the station-master shouted back. "What do you think you're going to do?"

Please turn to page 31



the Coat tells the Tale

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

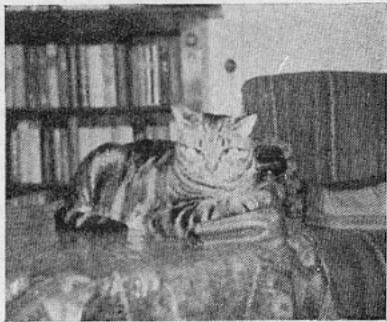


RED HEART Cat Food

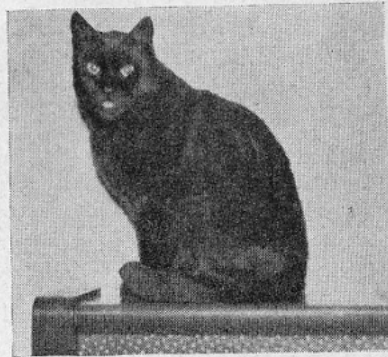
If you are a Dog owner ask for "Red Heart" Dog Food

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL 1

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Stripes



Cornelius

Ryswijk,
Iceland.

Dear Editor,

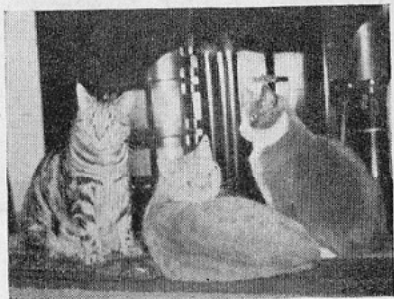
This week I was at my bookseller's to have my subscription for "Cats and Kittens" magazine continued, as your magazine gave me many pleasurable moments last year.

I am especially grateful to find there are more cat-crazy persons, as most of my friends think me crazy to prefer my cats' company to freedom in week-ends and holidays.

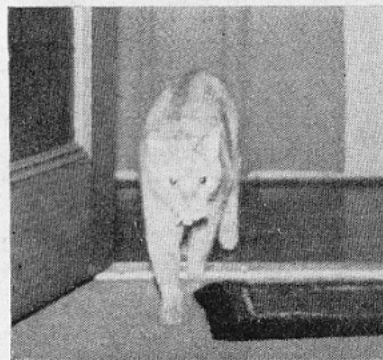
As my subscription began last year (March) I missed the January and February numbers. Is there any possibility that I can buy those numbers separately, and if so, could you tell me how to go about it?

I sent you some snapshots of my four cats, three of them strays, and the fourth the son of a stray. Perhaps it will some time be possible to use them.

Yours sincerely,
G. Brunings.

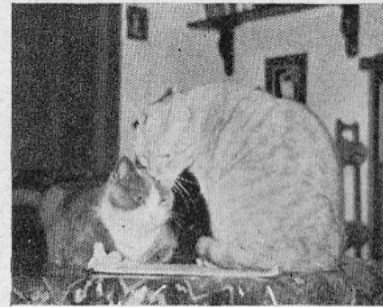


Stripes, Tip and Pimpeter



Tim brings a piece of paper to throw again

TO THE EDITOR



Tip and Pimpeter

West Didsbury.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing another snap which may also be of use to you. Tiddles was brought to our clinic as a stray kitten, and he had a deformed paw. We kept him in the hope of finding him a good home, and, sure enough, one of our members fell in love with him and adopted him, and he is a beautiful cat, as you can see from his picture, and the great pet

of the Misses Linnett, of Crumpsall, Manchester 8.

They are very anxious for his picture and story to appear in print, so if you can use both or either I shall be very pleased.

With very best wishes to Mrs. France and yourself,

Yours sincerely,
M. Spurr.

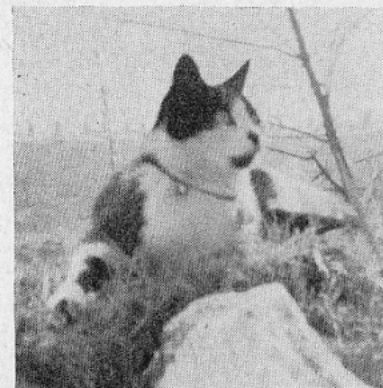
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Dear Sir,

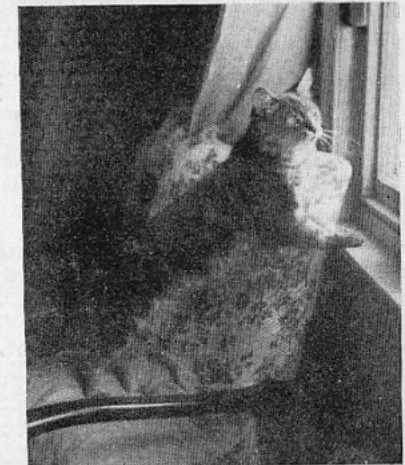
I enclose a picture of my cat which I hope may be of some interest to you.

He is three years of age and is fed and looked after by my husband. He seems to sense the time when my husband is due in for meals and takes up this waiting position daily.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) Patricia Quinn.



Tiddles





MORTIMER'S BIRTHDAY COMPETITION

1. Write, on one side of a p.c., **WHY I LOVE MY CAT** (or a friend's cat).
2. Write your own name and address on the front, and send under cover to Miss Rudd.
3. Type, or write clearly in ink. Illegible entries disqualified.
4. **ENTRANCE FEE** : Something for Mortimer's Birthday (money or small gifts). Entries unlimited, but a gift must accompany each.
5. Closing date, May 26th. Judge's decision **absolutely final**.

Miss Rose Tenent has kindly consented to judge.

GRAND PRIZES : —

Dictionary of Cat Lovers (30s., by Lady Aberconway).

Bottle of Black and White Whiskey.

Box Superfine Chocolates (2 lbs.).

Year's Subscription to CATS AND KITTENS. Postponed till 1957 if desired.

Winners will be notified by post and published in CATS AND KITTENS. Prizes presented at Birthday Parties, or posted after.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES : Saturday, June 30th and Sunday, July 8th. By Invitation only. Apply early for invitation, enclosing stamped self-addressed envelope, to :—

MISS ADELE RUDD,

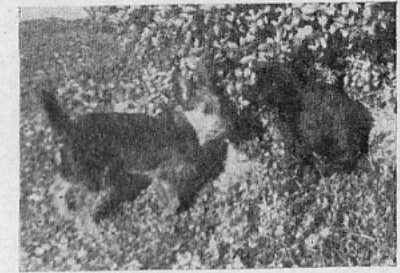
30a, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W.14.

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

London, S.W.17.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a post card of Billy, my people's black neuter, who was ill last summer.



Billy and Jimmy

It was a very frightened and hungry kitten that we carried home from a small farmstead in Kent on November 5th, 1944. Within a few weeks he had made friends with our puppy and they had many wild "Commando" games together, and during the daytime they frequently shared the same basket, though if Billy really wanted it to himself he only had to wash Robin, who could never stand this treatment for long. Robin, unfortunately, died last Easter.

In the enclosed snap Billy seems to be telling our new puppy, Australia Terrier Jimmy, something important. Billy has taken to the newcomer, and before it became so cold they often shared a basket in the daytime, and each morning Billy washed puppy's face as he was held up to say Good morning, sometimes holding the head still with a paw, he then submitted to being licked in return.

Owing to Billy's age he now spends the day on his own chair by the kitchen fire.

Unfortunately, as I live in an upstairs flat in London, and am out at business all day, I have to be content with models and pictures of cats. I look forward to your paper each month, but have been very sorry to see that all the London Cat Shows have been on weekdays, closing at about 6 p.m.—impossible to visit if you work till 5.30 or after. Are they never on a Saturday, or are cat lovers not supposed to go to business?

Billy and Jimmy live in Mimbridge, Chobham (Woking) Surrey, and the snap was taken while they were playing in the front garden last summer.

Hoping that you will find room in your paper for the photo.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) M. Macalaster.

DO CATS SMELL?—*from page 9*

Yes, cats undoubtedly use their noses far more than most people suppose. We are used to seeing dogs sniffing inquisitively or aggressively at others of their kind, or humans; yet cats do the very same thing and few of us heed the habit. A strange cat on being introduced into my household is invariably subjected to critical appraisal by several feline noses; often, too, the cats will sniff curiously at unfamiliar humans, such as visitors or casual callers. They do not do this for nothing; the impressions gained via their nasal organs surely tell them something.

Have you ever watched a cat hunting mice, voles, or other small game in the garden or along the hedgerow? Here, again, we may note the not inconsiderable extent to which puss relies on scent; for unless it so happens that the prey is located straight away by visual means, there is much sniffing around, not a little olfactory examination of promising spots and "sign" before the thorough hunter is satisfied and settles down to crouch vigilantly by the selected hole or "run."

The cats that grace our fire-sides and share our victuals, of course, form but one small group within a large and varied family of carnivorous, graceful,

and highly specialised mammals known as the Felidae. Lion and leopard, cougar and tiger, jaguar, cheetah, lynx—these and many other strongly predatory creatures are "cats." Since many of these savage carnivores must necessarily place a good deal of reliance on their scenting powers—more so after nightfall or at times when prey is scarce—it is not unreasonable to suppose that the same goes (though, perhaps, to lesser degree) for the "fireside sphinx"—an animal which, despite its well-known domestic associations, can scarcely be said to have become, as yet, fully domesticated.

ALL CATS Particularly Siamese BOARDED

One, Two, or
any number;

Long or Short Periods.

IDEAL CONDITIONS

Separate quarters

Write for Prospectus to—
THE NOOK CATTERY
57, Raynesway, Derby.
Telephone: Derby 45216
(9—5.30)

UNDER HIS PAW—*from page 16*

be in time to hear Peter's last faint mew? In pyjamas I searched the dahlias and peered through the beds of pansies.

"Looking for your kitten?"

Two gardens away an early-rising neighbour lifted Peter out of his cucumber frame!

I have been under Peter's paw now for almost three years. Nowadays he sleeps in the kitchen, in a large, lined cat basket.

Regularly, after supper, Peter is groomed. At the tap of a hairbrush he springs on to

the draining board and purrs loudly while he is brushed, combed and "inspected."

A saucerful of warm milk and Peter is ready for sleep. Sometimes I have turned to switch off the light, and find he is still sitting erect, holding up his head expectantly.

I kiss Peter. Satisfied, he snuggles down for the night.

I no longer think of mice as vermin. Little furry animals heralding the advent of Peter, perhaps. But noxious creatures—never!

KERNIE'S NIGHT OUT—*from page 24*

He stooped and picked up a handful of tickets, and tried to sort them quickly. "It'll take all day getting these back where they belong. Get some pieces of paper and when the rush hour starts issue station names of where folk want to go, and the fare. Get cracking."

"What about the cat?"

"I'll see to him. You can sort out the tickets as soon as the rush hour dies down. The gates are open, the people are streaming along now. Get to it."

He stooped down and gripping Kernie by the scruff of his neck, he caught him in his arms, and carried him into his office. Then, because his wife had a cat she was devoted to,

he laughed at Kernie. "You had a grand time with all those tickets, I know. I can just see you flicking them down, and jumping on them and mixing them up properly." He reached for the phone and rang up a very worried lady.

"Mrs. Holditch?" he inquired. "I've got your cat down here at the station. I'm afraid he's been locked in all night . . . Yes, I thought you'd probably be worrying . . . Yes, I'd bring a basket for him."

And that was why everybody catching early trains that day had to have tickets written and altered by the clerk. They all had tickets of quite a new kind issued because of one white and black cat.

MORTIMER'S MAGIC—from page 8

almost choke with the vibrations . . . Mortimer and I slept peacefully, and thus in my dreams I kept watch that no harm came to him.

When I saw his wonderful veterinary I told her this story. I asked her: "Is it possible for a cat to cry? Has he the glands to produce the tears, could great sorrow and emotion really produce tears?"

She said "Yes; they had the glands to secrete the tears." And then I asked her: "*Do you think he really cried from broken-heartedness and being dressed again in his hated pants when he thought he had left them off forever?*" "Yes," she said, "*I think that Mortimer could and did.*"

That Mortimer cried then for his own sorrow was a fact: that he did something more practical to help the sorrows of his less fortunate friends readers of this magazine will know: how he brought in the sick and the wounded, how he took me out to accidents. How he took me to desperately sick *humans* is another story I shall one day hope to tell. It will please all who read to know that I have arranged that when I die—and I hope may join Mortimer in Heaven—**HIS WORK WILL GO ON**. For that great society, incorporated

by Act of Parliament, and guaranteed to help animals as long as there is need—has accepted the gift of *Mortimer's Fund for Cat Welfare*, and when I die, *will continue to run it AS A SEPARATE FUND FOR CATS ONLY*, and do the same work that Mortimer founded, and he and I have tried to do for those who suffer as he once did.

The Council have accepted it and will run it under its same name when the time comes. I shall, of course, leave what money I have to leave to his Fund, and legacies may now be safely arranged to go to **MORTIMER'S FUND FOR CAT WELFARE**, which will now continue for all time. This is an enormous consolation to me, for I felt this great work was not meant to pass away. Mortimer was sent to do a great work for his kind—**MORTIMER'S MAGIC WILL NOW LIVE FOR EVER**.

ADELE RUDD.

Reprints of Mortimer's story in **CATS AND KITTENS**, September, 1955, are obtainable price 4d. and Stamped self-addressed P.C. size envelope, from Miss A. Rudd, 30a, Sinclair Road, W.14.

BLUE NOTES—from page 10

cutting from the paper and was hoping there would be a photograph of him in one of them, but no such luck.

"We love the little 'glamour boy,' and he is everything we hoped for. He loves his new house, which is surrounded by flowers, and he has two girl friends in the adjoining pen. One of them is Lindisfarne Pale Moon, who is to be his future wife.

"Mr. Willison, the ship's butcher, is coming to see him before he leaves on the *Ruahine* next week. He gave Rondy turkey's livers, the best rump steak, chicken, etc., on the voyage, and kept ice packs on the back of his neck coming through the tropics. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"We got passes to go on the boat to see him on the Sunday and had quite a session in the butcher's cabin. I felt slightly canned when we got out in the fresh air, but we had to wet the baby's head!"

In one of my previous articles I mentioned that my thoughts would be with Rondy all the way on his long voyage, and I am relieved to know he was loved and petted and fed well, and that he arrived in good health. I shall now follow his career in New Zealand and trust he does well in the show pen and at stud.

I think the cold spell has kept queens from being sent for mating as up to now I have only had a few in to Pierre, which have been able to be brought by their owners. Consequently it would seem as if there will not be many early litters. My little Beamsley Wish has visited Southway Echo. I do hope she proves in kitten this year. I tried her with a cream last year, but had no luck. Wish had six kittens by Echo when she was first mated, but unfortunately we weren't able to rear any, so we are keeping our fingers crossed this time as the kittens she did have were beauties.

ABYSSINIANS ARE DIFFERENT—from page 21

little nip on the nose, followed by a good hearty rub with the top of the head, and a great deal of purring.

This caress can be rather painful—but when one is singled out for such an honour one simply couldn't dream of complaining.

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Show, 1953

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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

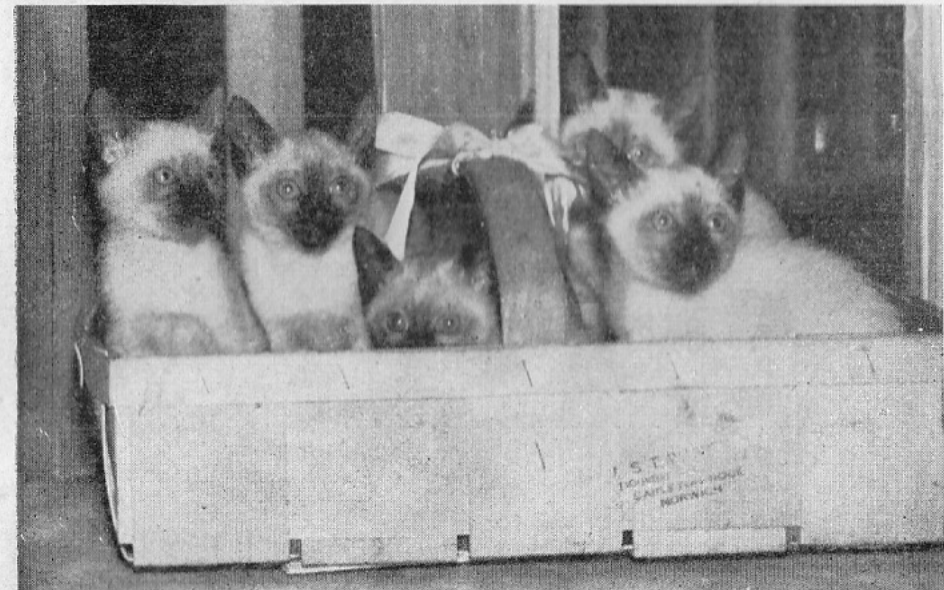
1st Siamese litter, Kensington Kitten Show
July, 1955

1st Open Blue Point Kitten, Male or Female,
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Oct., 1955.

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1st and Ch. Blue Point Female, Notts. and
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