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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JUNE
1956

MONTHLY



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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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JUNE 1956

PIP USES THE KNOCKER!

By F. W. BEARDMORE

THESE photographs show "Pip," a two years old cat rattling the knocker of our front door. For some reason unknown, the knocker is placed very low and at about 9 months old Pip amazed us by knocking to gain admittance; the surprise of myself or one of my family on opening the door in answer to an imperious knock can be imagined. However, after a time we became able to distinguish Pip's knock from that of a more usual visitor by a peculiar hesitancy in the series of knocks. Nevertheless we do occasionally make a mistake and it is not unknown

for my wife or myself to absent-mindedly open the door, look down expecting Pip to walk in and notice instead a human visitor's feet. Then to cover our surprise and confusion make what must appear to be a very queer remark. "Oh! I'm sorry; I thought it was the cat."

Pip is the pet of my oldest boy Alan (11 years), and he and his brother Neil (7 years) co-operated in order to get these pictures. For some weeks I had been making unsuccessful attempts to snap Pip in the act of knocking; as soon as I

Our Cover photograph is of Sheila Prentice's Manx Tiger. Photograph Owner.

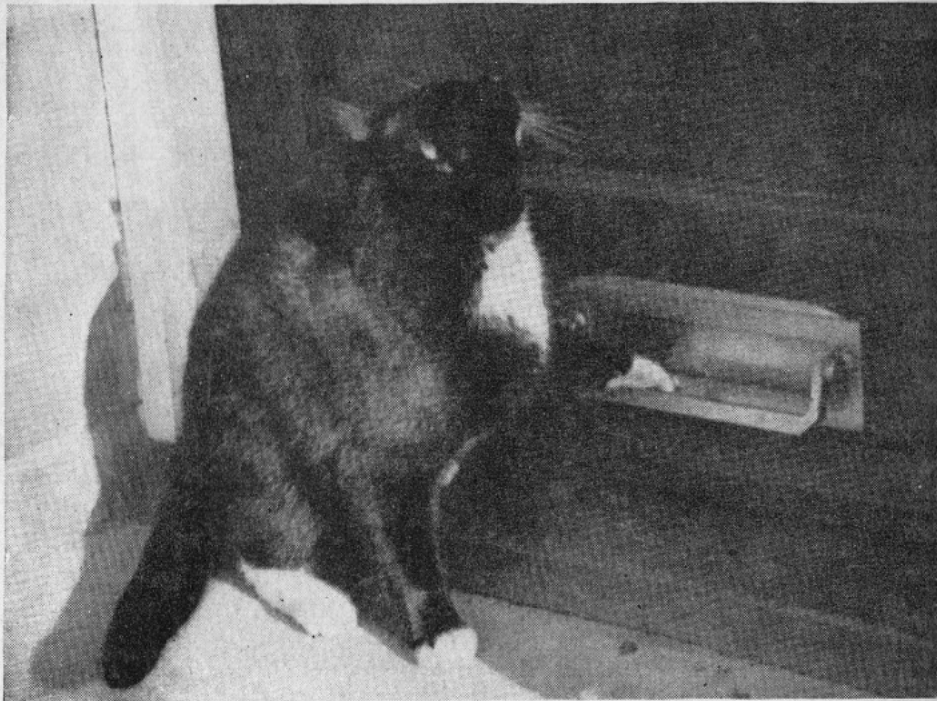


Photo: The Author

PIP KNOCKS IMPATIENTLY

heard his rattle I would immediately rush round the house from the back door with camera at the ready. It was of no avail, as soon as Pip saw me he left the door and rubbed himself on my legs.

The trick was finally done by persuading Alan to defer Pip's breakfast for an hour until he was really hungry; the knocking was becoming more urgent with each minute, Alan then called Pip by name from the

kitchen while Neil rattled Pip's breakfast pan. Pip knocked in a frenzy then and I had no difficulty in taking the pictures as he completely ignored my presence.

I regret to say that Pip is called Akin Drum by everybody except Alan. This title was obtained from the Nursery Rhyme soon after he came to us as a kitten, but Alan christened him Pip so Pip must be his real name.

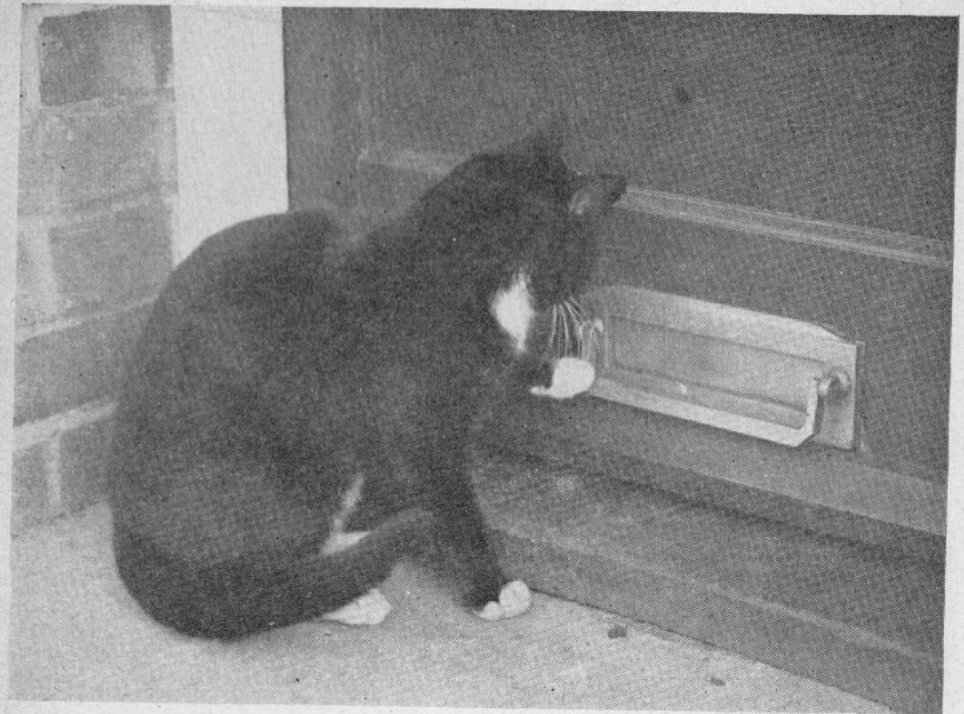


Photo: The Author

HOW LONG MUST I KNOCK?

CAT CRUSOES

By M. C. ATKINS

EARLY in February, 1709, two English privateers anchored off Mas a Tierra, largest of the Juan Fernandez Islands and a favourite call for vessels seeking much needed fruit and water. Mysterious lights having been observed on the island, a pinnace with a crew of eight armed men was sent ashore by Captain Rogers,

commander of the little expedition. When it returned, the pinnace contained a ninth man, described by the Captain as "a Man cloth'd in Goat-skins, who look'd wilder than the first owners of them." This was Alexander Selkirk, later to be immortalized by Defoe as "Robinson Crusoe."

After four years and four months on the island, Selkirk's powers of speech had become somewhat affected and difficult for his rescuers to understand, but in less than two weeks he recovered his normal Scottish tongue and he told, amongst other things, of the part that his many cats had played in preventing him from becoming a gibbering madman on the lonely isle; and how, without the cats, he must have perished from disease brought on by the bites of rats, with which the island was infested.

It was to Captain Rogers that Selkirk told the story of his life on the island; the Captain, realizing that he had secured a journalistic "scoop" incorporated it in his "Journal" which became a best-seller of the period. Since there is no definite proof that Defoe ever met Selkirk, it is probable that "Robinson Crusoe" was the product of Defoe's imagination stimulated by what he had read and heard of Selkirk.

According to Selkirk, the rats on the island were so bold and numerous that they nibbled his clothing to shreds and kept him awake at night by gnawing at his bare feet and running over him in dozens. Luckily, at various times, cats had come ashore from anchored vessels, as had the rats; and by this time there was a huge feline population, all quite wild.

Selkirk trapped a considerable number of the younger cats, and had little difficulty in taming them with goats meat, for probably many of them were but a few generations removed from respectable ships' cats. In a few months, the tamed cats and their progeny lay around his bed, and on it, as he said, "in hundreds." Naturally, there was not a rat to be seen near Selkirk's hut, and apart from this advantage, as an experienced sailor with a sailor's affectionate respect for cats, he would derive great comfort from having a cat—or a hundred cats—about the place.

Selkirk had been put ashore on the island at his own request, as he had a serious disagreement with the captain of his ship, but there were many times before he had his cats for company when his loneliness became almost unbearable. As he later said, he often contemplated suicide during his first weeks alone on the island.

At times, Selkirk would sing psalms, and dance wildly with his cats, who apparently entered into the spirit of such moods. He talked to them, and probably knew each one from the others. He also had pet goats and kids, but these would hardly be so responsive to human conversation as the cats.

Rather ungratefully, the rescued Selkirk apparently showed no regret at leaving all his animal friends behind; there is no record that he took even one cat from the island. It is rather sad to think of the domesticated cats wondering what had become of their human friend, and then gradually reverting to their former wild state. In 1741, Commodore Anson visited Mas a Tierra, where his crew shot an ancient goat, whose ears had been slit for identification by Selkirk, 32 years before—the goat had outlived him by twenty years. Later still, came Spanish soldiers and then Chilean settlers to the island; at the present time there are about 300 Chileans there, but on account of the severe erosion the island may soon disappear beneath the waves.

Selkirk seems to have had a way with cats, judging by certain happenings during his first and last visit to his native Largo for over eleven years. During this time, he had

voyaged, been marooned on his island, voyaged again with his rescuers, after which he led a gay life in London for over two years, being lionized by such men as Steele, who publicized him in his journal, "The Englishman."

Largo soon bored Selkirk, and he became moody; his only interest being in his sister-in-law's two cats. These he trained, so that they could soon "dance and perform many little feats." The cats would wait up at night for Selkirk's often belated return, and on one such occasion he is said to have pointed at them and remarked, "Were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them."

Perhaps Selkirk was remembering his island cat friends when, in a depressed state of mind, he exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved island; I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee; I have not been such since I left thee; and, I fear, can never be again!"

CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN EUROPE
TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO TAKE IT

THE HEAVENLY TWINS

By PAMELA SHERMAN

WE didn't intend to have twins, in fact right up to the last moment I had made up my mind to have a boy. When we finally arrived to collect him that fateful Sunday, and at last I feasted my eyes on his slightly rotund little body supported by four chubby brown paws, and looked into his defiant blue eyes, I thought that my ambition to own a seal point Siamese was at last achieved.

Then were were introduced to Chico's twin sister. There was nothing of his sturdy charm about Minuet, like her name she was enchanting, feather light; small and delicately made, she reduced Chico, thoroughbred though he was, to a mere clumsy kitten. The expression in her deep blue eyes was demure and wistful, and as they rollicked about the room together my husband looked at me imploringly, already fast under Minuet's spell. "They look so happy together," he said in extenuation of his utter capitulation—my husband but a few years ago a hearty disliker of cats.

For a few moments I watched them, trying to steel my heart. I wanted my Siamese cat, in fact had been waiting for this

day for more than five years, but did I want two? I already owned a black cat of humble origin whom I loved dearly. I felt that I could thoroughly enjoy another cat, but two! Minuet's fate hung in the balance, but she never doubted the result, and when I picked her up I was lost. The effect of blue eyes in a brown and cream velvet face is shattering to the uninitiated and combined with her grace and charm the result was irresistible, and we were the possessors of twins.

Their onslaught on our lives was rather shattering. Fortified by the fact that "everyone knows that two Siamese settle down much quicker than one," there was still at the back of my mind endless tales of their ability to destroy everything within reach, and many things which aren't, I awaited their reaction to my home with apprehension. The first effect was mild, the first day unmarked by any sensation, in fact my cats seemed to take over my house without fuss. The meeting between the newcomers and Puddy, my black cat, was hostile but dignified; they did not get on, but they just disliked each other on sight and Puddy walked out.

It was really the second day that I began to plumb the depths, and to have a foretaste of what was to come. To start with they found their voices and began to exercise them with a monotonous regularity. I discovered that Minuet's sweet expression covered a will of iron, and that Chico was a fanatic as regards cleanliness. That while they obviously loved each other dearly they could fight with tooth and claw on occasions. Chico while showing protective care of his sister thought nothing of using her as a mattress, or eating all her dinner. When chided for bad behaviour all too frequently, Chico would dash upstairs, sit on the top step and shout at the top of his powerful voice of his wounded feelings. Meetings between the twins and Puddy continued in the spirit of their introduction. Puddy only came in for his meals, and resented having to gulp them down and then be pushed aside for the clamouring locusts. Life became an endurance test and it looked a pretty even chance who would come out top. Then just as tempers reached boiling point and nerves were frayed, not to mention curtains and cushions, a compromise was reached, and the twins settled down on the condition that every so often they could break out once more.

We were alternately exhorting each other to "look at them now aren't they sweet," or screaming to each other "stop those wicked cats."

Enchanting then exasperating. Enchanting in the picture they make as they play with a ball leaping into the air with lithe grace. Exasperating as they behave with studied naughtiness on the day you have a visitor to whom you have been loud in lauding their charms.

Adorable then infuriating. Adorable as they sit in front of the fire washing each other's faces. Infuriating as Chico having used his toilet tray proceeds to spread the contents over the clean floor, a look of supreme distaste on his face.

Both to protect our house and the twins my husband built them a cage some two feet by four feet. It consisted of wire mesh fixed to a wooden framework, and a hardboard floor. The whole thing was light and easily moved around and we used it when the kittens were to be left on their own for a period of time. While not their favourite spot—that was on top of the hot tank or in the fender—they accepted it philosophically and spent some time inside it curled up fast asleep in their basket. Fitted with a toilet tray and a

NOT AFFECTIONATE?

Just Another Libel on Puss, says

PETER MICHAEL

CATS are cruel. That is one libel on puss which, as both cat-lover and naturalist, I have dealt with previously in these pages. Here is another: that cats are not affectionate—that they lack any true feelings of affection or real liking towards their owners; being actuated in their behaviour solely by self-interest and, above all, cupboard love. They demonstrate or make a fuss, we are informed, in the hope of gaining something thereby. Something for nothing; in particular, food.

Needless to say (anyway, in my experience), the people who express such opinions usually either dislike cats or do not number them among their pets—if any. In one way or another these self-appointed judges are prejudiced though doubtless most of them would hotly deny it.

I suppose it might with equal justification be claimed that cat-lovers are prejudiced in the opposite way; but at any rate they have their own personal experiences to draw upon. They are well aware that cats are discerning, discriminating animals, not given to making friends with humans till true contact is established—in other

words, till they get to know them; but that, once a cat has "weighed up" a particular man, woman or child, it readily vouchsafes that person as much affection or respect as any animal is capable of giving.

Harking back over the years, I recall my fine old black tom, Moggles, who had his abode with my wife and me for so long a period of time that, when he died, it was difficult to credit that we should no longer see him about the place. He loved nothing better than to take a stroll with us, whether up the lane or over the adjacent hills. That, I am sure, was one way he had of expressing his regard for us, his pleasure in our company.

Then there was Blackie, a queen—part-Siamese—well-nigh idolised by my son. She obviously thought the world of him, and would follow him around, and make a fuss of him, at every conceivable opportunity. When he was at school regularly each day she would make her way to the bus-stop just before he was due home, and wait there, or perch on the gate, till he arrived. How did she know the time? Don't ask me. I have for long been

baffled by the seemingly uncanny sense of timing some cats seem to possess.

Our ginger tom greets my younger daughter in much the same way, often going to the door to meet her. When she comes in he leaps up and literally embraces her, crooking both front legs about her neck, rubbing and purring ecstatically. There is no doubt of his gladness to see her—he is so pleased that he just has to demonstrate his pleasure in this way. Doubting Thomases should ask my daughter!

Again, often when I am strolling or merely pottering in the garden, one of the cats will

walk over to me, perhaps from the other end of the garden, either to rub affectionately against my legs or to leap on to me. He must know full well that I do not carry cat food around with me in the garden, so how can it be said that such behaviour is prompted purely by cupboard love, the hope of gain?

I think not. Why libel Puss merely because the animal is not so foolish as to grovel at the feet of any Tom, Dick or Harry who cares to place a patronising hand upon it? Who wants a slave rather than a pet with spirit and independence?

Come and visit . . .

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

I SEEM to be hearing of bad luck so far this season from breeders, either their queens have come in season again after being mated 7 or 8 weeks, or the queens have had kittens and the little mothers have had no milk to feed the kittens, consequently there are not many kittens about.

My own luck is dead out so far. My Mayblossom of Pensford had one dead kitten and she looked as if she was going to have at least three or four. Mayblossom was so disappointed and so was I. My little Beamsley Wish proved not in kitten and has been mated again.

I have a new addition to my "cattery," a little Blue-Cream Ousedale Dazzle. She is the same breeding as Ousedale Maximilian by Royal Blue, Dam Galtries Posy Minton, bred by Miss Rose Chapman. Dazzle has my old King Kong as her grandsire, so I am very lucky to get her, as she is a good breeder and mother. She is in kitten to Pennhome Pierre, my Blue Stud.

I received a very interesting letter from Mrs. Downey of Auckland, New Zealand, last week. She says: "You will think I have forgotten you, but don't worry, every time I give Rondy (Ronada Rondezvous) a cuddle I think of you. He is very fit and well, is very solid, but so far is not coating up at all; but there are 9 weeks to the show. He won't be at his best this year, as I find it takes about a year for imported cats to get acclimatized, but even without his clothes he is a beautiful little boy. My other cream male by Merryman of Dunesk is very beautiful, and of course is in full coat; he is 6 months old. Lindisfarne Gigolo describes him well, as he is a real clown."

Mrs. Downey already has a kitten booked for Australia, sired by Rondezvous, when she has one ready.

Mr. Basil Marsack of Auckland, N.Z., who has my little blue female Ronada-Ting-a-Ling, phoned Mrs. Downey to say Ting had swallowed a needle. It had formed a big

abscess on her neck which the vet had to lance to find the needle. She is quite well again now, but wasn't it lucky it did not travel to a vital part.

Mrs. Downey is looking forward so much to meeting Mrs. Yorke when she visits New Zealand to judge. I believe a very full programme has been mapped out, and I am sure we all wish Mrs. Yorke *bon voyage* and a safe return.

A letter arrived this week from Mrs. K. Nilsson of

Germany telling me that her Blue-cream Ronada Sunshine is nursing a lovely litter of five kittens by her Westbridge Wamba. She has two cream males, a Blue male and female and a Blue-cream. Sunshine won her C.A.C. at Dortmund in November and is proving a very good mother. Sunshine had her kittens so quickly and it was a good thing Mrs. Nilsson was with her as the little cat couldn't cope with them and her owner had to do everything for her.

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

CHINKI JONTA had five kittens by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo on April 18th, two boys and three girls. They all look very good type with thin pointed tails. This is the same breeding as Ranya. Yo-Yo has always suited Jonta better than any other stud. The kittens all look as though they will be the right type for breeding.

Brina's kittens, by Ch. Kill-down Sultan, are wonderfully well grown at two and a half weeks. All have lovely wide-open eyes, though it is too early to decide about colour yet. Brina is a most devoted and efficient mother. It is a joy to watch her with her big family, especially when they lie in a row to suck, like little pigs.

Missie is very happy with her four typey babies by Ch. Causeway Pita, and they are all thriving.

All did not go well with Jonta. She went right off her food and by Saturday, her smallest kit, a female, died. On Sunday, I was worried about another female, so I put it onto Missie for a time, and the poor little thing just sucked as hard as it could. By Monday, Jonta was eating nothing. I swapped hers and Missie's four kits over each hour, so that

Jonta's would be getting *some* food. I started giving Jonta concentrated Livadex, one large capsule full every two hours. By 2 p.m. she had eaten a dish of rabbit. I kept on with the Livadex, and her appetite returned completely. In a few days, she was able to nurse her four kits and I have had no further trouble. The female I was worried about is a most lovely little thing. Although she is still smaller than the other three, she is the most forward, always the first out of the nest when I go to them, and walking all over the place. Jonta looks in wonderful condition, so it is difficult to know the reason for all this, as she had no difficulty over her kittening. I feel sad about losing the little female, she looked excellent type.

From Mrs. Waldo-Lamb comes news of her Burmese. She says, "I wanted you to know that Ch. Chinki Golden Goddess has two Blue females in her litter. They are lovely type. I have promised one, but have not decided yet about the other. They are by Lamont Patrick, my Burmese stud, who is by Ch. Casa Gatos Darkee, out of Trinity Tatiana.

Burmese are usually brown in colour, but occasionally a

sport turns up. Mrs. Margaret Smith has one. I must say I was disappointed when I saw it, because I had visualised a Burmese the colour of a Russian blue or Blue Persian. But I could see no reason whatsoever for describing it as blue. I should imagine a Blue Burmese would be a very delightful creature, as the Burmese has more type than the Russian blue.

I have five delightful male kittens, ten weeks old, sired by Ranya. They have a very nice house and run and certainly do enjoy life. When it is really sunny, I set the door wide open and they play a lovely game, chasing each other in at the pop-hole and out of the door. A cardboard carton, with holes cut in the sides, also provides much fun. When we have visitors, there is no need to entertain them. They are simply entranced by the antics of these five lovely little blue-eyed boys. If I sit down in their house, they immediately all climb onto me. It seems more like a dozen than five. Their sister has gone to Mr. Burkill of Lincoln, who intends to breed and is starting with two daughters of Ranya's. One has Ch. Sabukia Sweet William as Grandsire on the dam's side and the other Ch. Fermeiz Lyn. With this breeding Mr. Burkill should be starting on the right lines.

How soon the announcements of next season's shows seem to come along. Here is the announcement of the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's show to be held on July 28th at the Horticultural Old Hall, Westminster. The show manager is Mrs. E. G. Aitken, to whom you can apply for schedules, which will be ready on June 20th. The kitten show is one of the best and most interesting of the year. If you cannot exhibit, perhaps you can visit this entertaining event.

I had a most interesting letter from Mrs. Daffern, who bought from me a kitten bred by Mrs. Hewlett. Here is what she says:

"It seems a long time now since my husband and I came to see you and collect Gaywood Saki and so much has happened in the meantime.

Saki is simply wonderful—there are 20 better words for it. He is always amazing me by his intelligence and delightfully affectionate ways, and right from the start he loved this bungalow and the spacious garden. There is a ditch and hedge at the bottom of the garden and on the other side, farm land. Saki often sits on the fence to watch the cows walk by and sometimes one of them will pause to examine Saki, which is a lot of fun.

I shall always feel indebted to you for having Saki for me and I am quite sure that if you could see him now, you would think that he is a beautiful cat. His coat is glossy and silky and he has a long, whip-like and very energetic tail. Sometimes, when I have him in my arms, he just curls it round my wrist. He is very slender and I often wonder if he ought to "fill out" more.

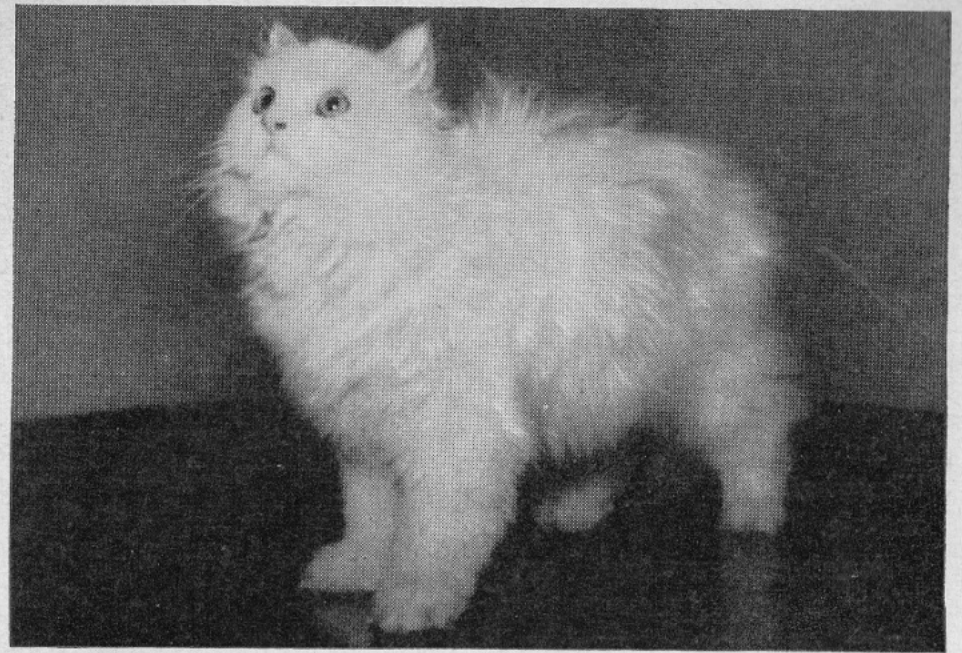
I have a proper wicker basket by the hearth (on legs), but his favourite bed is in the airing cupboard, by the hot water pipes, and he always has access to this.

How utterly relieved I was that he had been inoculated before I had him from you. Last September I adopted a very nice grey kitten, about a month younger than Saki, a male, I have since had neutered. He lived two houses away and he and Saki were always playing together. He was not wanted at his home as the people were away all day and would not allow him access to the house, so he had a bed in their garage. The poor little mite was always hungry and trying to get into my house or into Mrs. Owen's house next door. Eventually, I was asked if I would have him and I gladly accepted, as Saki was so fond of him.

At the end of September he had cat 'flu—Mrs. Owen, my neighbour, who has a Siamese, a ginger male (both neutered, like Saki and Vichy), two Budgerigars and a French Poodle, is wonderful with animals. She took Vichy's temperature and we then knew it was 'flu and phoned the Vet. immediately. Vichy was by this time in our bedroom. Mr. Ritchie, the Vet. got him safely through and then, two days later, Vichy seemed ill again; I phoned Mr. Ritchie, and to my horror he told me it was enteritis. The poor little fellow was dreadfully ill. I hardly left him at all, feeding him water in a spoon every twenty minutes, *day and night* and talking to him and telling him how beautiful he was, so that he would feel *wanted*, which I think is absolutely essential. All this, and the constant spraying and disinfecting, nearly got me down, but I was determined to do the best I could, for Saki's sake.

Vichy recovered very nicely and then, when he had been out in the garden for about three days, his nose told me he had 'flu again—and his temperature. This time Mr. Ritchie's assistant, Mr. Lyons, attended him and soon had him well, as it was not very bad, and he told me that the Jeyes' Fluid and Dettol I had been

Please turn to page 16



"I MISTOOK HER FOR A POWDER PUFF"

says Tibby, the Tibs reporter

"I couldn't help thinking how pretty Dalmond Diamond would look on a lady's dressing-table! She's so white and fluffy — and she's not only decorative — she has a Challenge Certificate to her credit."

Dalmond Diamond is a beautiful Orange-Eyed White Persian, bred by Mrs. M. E. Dallison, of 5, The Sycamores, Hersden, near Canterbury. She has a very good record — best kitten in the National Cat Club Show in 1954, and best long-haired cat in the Kentish Show of 1955.

Mrs. Dallison, who breeds only Orange-Eyed White Persians, gives all her cats Tibs Tablets regularly. She says that Tibs are an *absolute essential* for keeping cats in her lovely cattery in perfect condition.

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Famous
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say—

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH



using in very large quantities, was no good against a virus. I had to have "Roceal." Well, I used four bottles of this, spraying and cleaning everywhere with it, and then we learned that two cats in the district had died with the disease in October and the Vet told me *that* was the cause of the whole trouble, and that Vichy had definitely caught it outside.

For about four weeks I gave Vichy a raw egg every day, plaice, raw skin of beef well scraped, and he is now in prime condition and about double Saki's size and weight.

It is lovely to see them together and Saki is most possessive with him. They are quite friendly with Mrs. Owen's

Chula and Timmy and are often in her kitchen, as the Budgies fascinate them.

I am so very pleased to see from that lovely magazine "Cats and Kittens" that you are now nicely settled in your new house and that the cats like it so much. I do think it is wonderful to have trees and shrubberies for them; they enjoy it so much and on nice days can find endless enjoyment.

Do please forgive me for writing at such length, but I know you will be pleased to hear how lovely Saki is. I do so trust that all your beautiful ones are well. I am still thrilled that I have actually stroked your Ranya."

★ ★ ★ ★ Tried and Recommended by Cats & Kittens Magazine

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FOODS :

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Spratt's Fish for Cats

CAT HARNESS :

Collier, Manor House, Lytchett-Matravets, Dorset

BOARDING :

Dr. and Mrs. Francis, Halstock near Yeovil

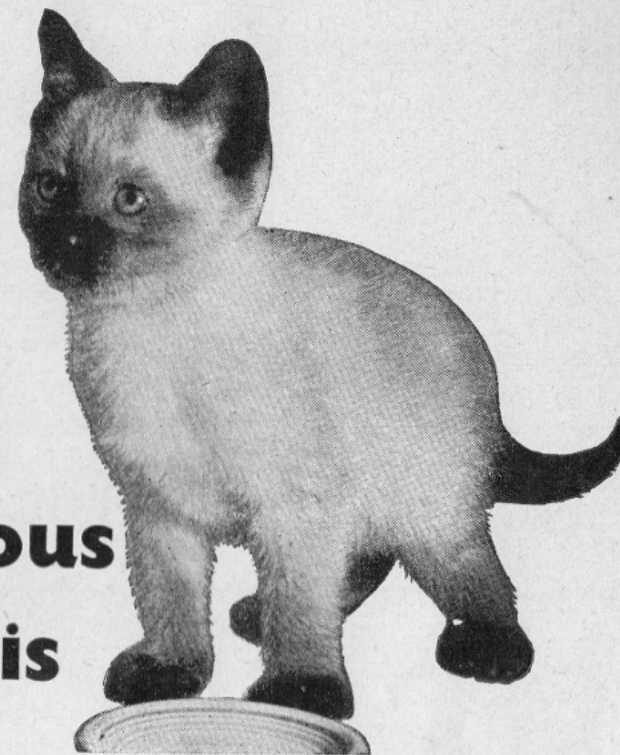
Mrs. H. S. Hopkins, Orchard End, Highdale Rd., Clevedon

The Nook Cattery, 57 Raynesway Alvaston, Derby

Mrs. S. K. Bassam, "Barnjet" Crawley Down, Sussex

Miss M. E. Jarry, Sunnyside Capel

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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.

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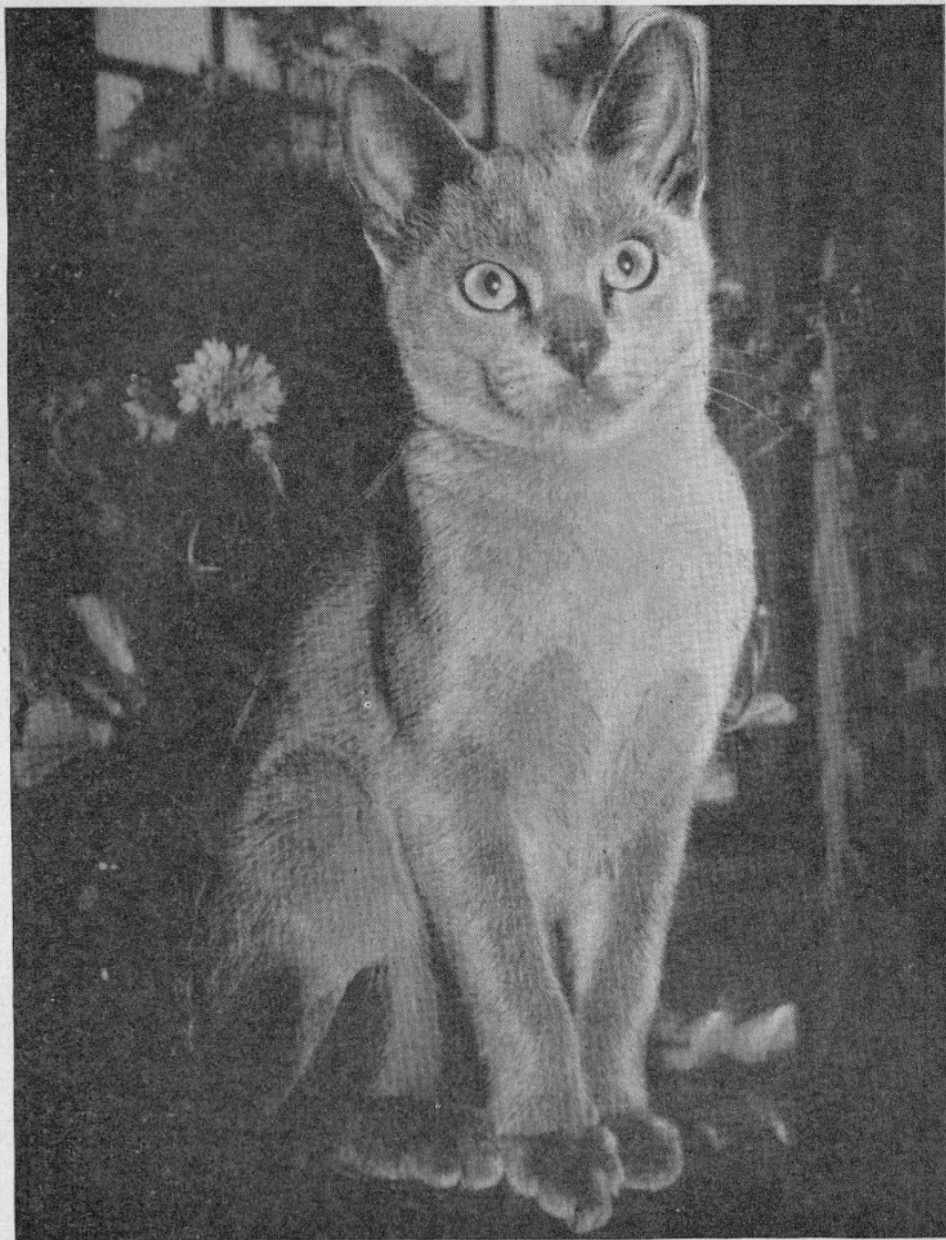


Photo: M. Smith

SEALCOTE BLUE SURPRISE

Rare Blue Burmese

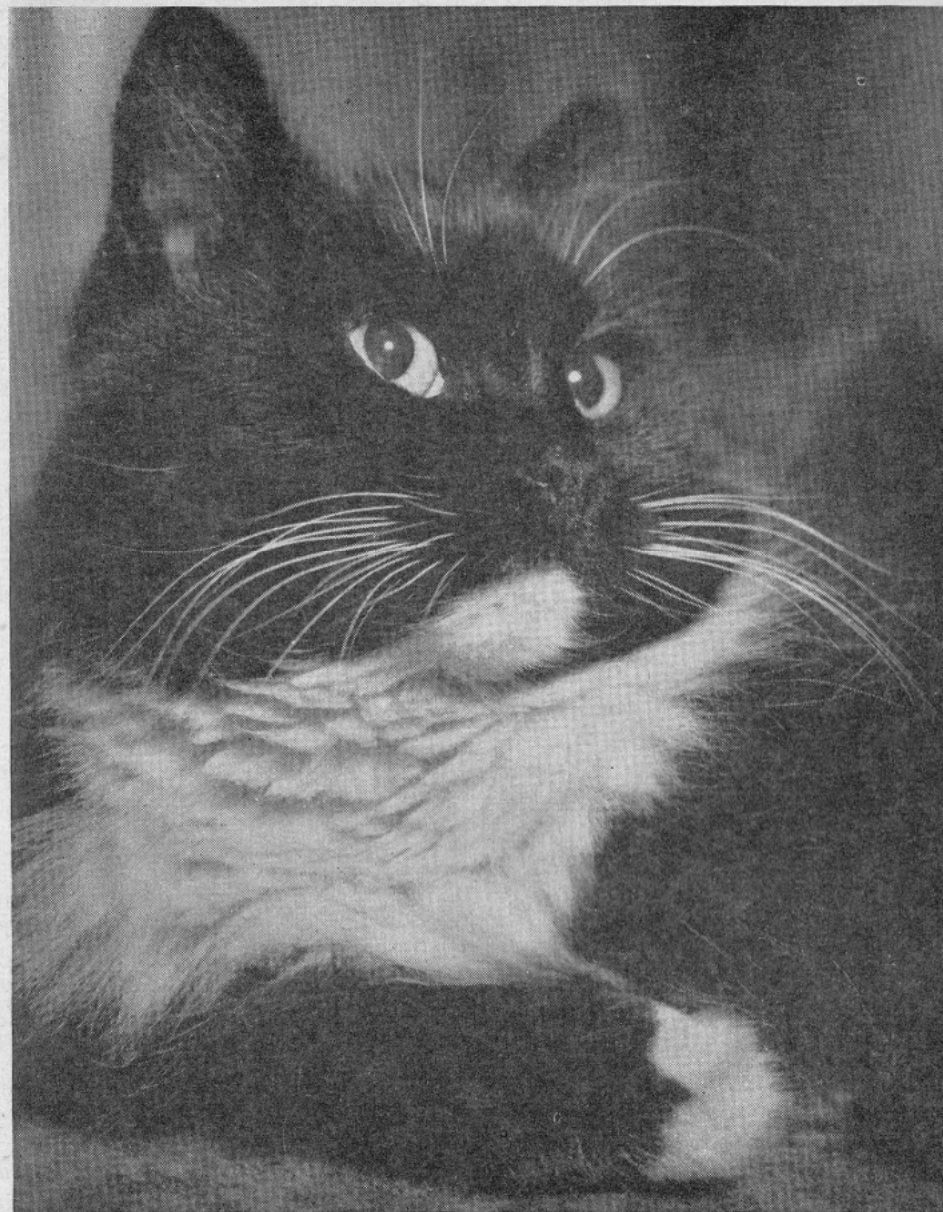


Photo by Michael Short

SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT

CATS AFLOAT

By R. F. LAMBERT

WHEN wash from a passing motor cruiser sets waves lapping under the tiny sailing dinghy I maintain beneath the willows of a midland river, the family of two children and three cats are instantly reminded of what this summer is becoming their favourite recreation.

The behaviour of the cats interests me most. Dinah, the tabby, is a sensible creature who knows that at her age wet feet are to be avoided. Her attitude to aquatic sport is one of distaste. When the dinghy first arrived, Dinah's eight-year-old mistress and her younger brother rushed her aboard in the belief that not even a cat could fail to be thrilled.

But Dinah quickly disabused them. She stood in the bows mewling persistently, pawing the deck, but refusing to jump two feet to the shore.

"Why, Dinah doesn't like it!" exclaimed her mistress incredulously.

"Perhaps she's just pretending."

But Dinah scotched that notion with her claws when she was lifted into the well. So now her dislike of the boat has been accepted as one of the

facts of family life, as inexplicable as the vagaries of grown-ups when they refuse ice-cream or lie in bed on a lovely morning.

When we set out on a boating expedition, Dinah usually lies on the lawn watching. As the sails are hoisted, she licks her face disdainfully. We cast off, and the delicate pink tongue curls in an insulting yawn. Then, not bothering to watch us out of sight, she settles down to her afternoon sleep.

"If they must behave like that," she seems to say, "let them. It's no concern of mine."

One day, I know, we shall capsize in front of her, and I still wonder what Dinah's ultimate expression of contempt will be.

Brownie, the long ginger cat, has a more ambivalent attitude. He loves the dinghy, yet fears it. It is a Tom Tiddler's ground to him. He leaps aboard, then mews plaintively as he tries to pluck up courage to leap back again. You put him ashore, and he paces up and down, looks at you wistfully, and at last is unable to resist the temptation and jumps aboard once more.

Please turn to page 32

FELINE FOIBLES

By PETER MICHAEL

PARTICULARLY as cats are whole-hearted individualists, their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, I think, make a truly fascinating study. Even if one keeps no more than two or three cats, one finds that in many ways they differ as much as does the proverbial chalk from the equally proverbial cheese.

Some, for example, like water; others detest it. Again, whereas some cats elect to get out-of-doors at every possible opportunity, others definitely plump for indoor comfort and the idle life.

This latter goes, to a considerable extent, for our black tom. Often he will stick indoors even when the weather is quite warm; sometimes it is quite a job to persuade him to go out at all! I recall that my father-in-law, an old sea-dog, had a most appropriate name for domestic animals with this particular weakness. He was wont to refer to them as "house-flannels"!

Of quite contrary habit is Ginger, another tom—the one that gets all excited whenever someone is using the telephone. In winter and summer alike, my wife likes to sleep with all the bedroom doors as well as the windows open; and, unless

we are able to take the necessary precautions—and sometimes, it must be admitted, when we forget—Ginger almost unfailingly departs for the outer regions via one of those windows. One hears a short scrabble on the sill of the bedroom window, followed by another on the outer wall . . . a short pause—then the inevitable soft thud as Ginger makes contact with the ground below.

Adverting to the black tom—his boon companion is one of our dogs, also black. They play together, the dog often chasing the cat, sometimes into the fruit trees; anon, he will cart his feline companion around by the scruff of the neck. Yet the cat resignedly puts up with all this undignified handling and seems, in fact, to enjoy it and beg for more.

One day, not so very long ago, a rather embarrassing situation arose as a result of this rough play on the part of cat and dog. A passing motorist stopped his car in the lane running alongside my garden and informed me that a small black cat was being mauled by a dog, and did either or both of the animals by any chance belong to me?

He seemed somewhat hurt, not to say incredulous, when

I tried to explain, as tactfully as possible, that he had witnessed what was in fact normal behaviour on the part of my pets; but when the black tom jumped up and promptly returned to the fray—this time chasing the dog—I fancy he became more or less convinced.

Anyway, there is at least one time when the cat gets his own back (as, of course, cats always do in the end), and that is when the black dog is endeavouring to rest or sleep; it is then that, if you will pardon what may seem a curious mixing of metaphors, the cat becomes as it were top dog.

For his favourite perch is on the dog's back, and wherever his canine friend lies down to rest, the cat takes up his position on his back. It is quite comical watching him trying to preserve a precarious balance on the short, sleek, slippery fur. He perseveres, however, the two animals eventually becoming as one peacefully sleeping whole. No doubt both of them appreciate the warmth afforded by close contact, but at least one sleeps with a weight on his mind!

Incidentally, we have to be very careful indeed to make certain that this particular member of our feline family is indoors at night. Should he by some mischance be inadvertently shut out, he climbs

a plum tree facing one of the bedroom windows and mews loudly till some member of the household, thus rudely awakened, becomes acquainted with the bad news and is obliged to do something about it.

Worse still, he will sometimes vary this procedure by climbing the pear tree trained against a blank wall; he then creeps across the tiled roof and, taking up a position in one of the most awkward of places, where the guttering projects from the eaves, calls insistently and indignantly till he is rescued via a bathroom or bedroom window—a cold and depressing job on, say, a frosty night in deep winter!

One night he succeeded in wedging himself well and truly between the guttering and the wall, thereby presenting us a pretty problem on a pitch-black, icy-cold night. We managed to extricate him in the end and he seemed none the worse for the adventure, but the whole household trooped back to bed shivering with cold and hoping that the escapade would never be repeated!

With our long-haired tabby tom it is a matter of in-out, in-out—indoors one minute, out-of-doors the next. He is most eccentric in this respect. Many a time I have opened the

Please turn to page 33

NORTH EAST CHESHIRE SHOW



TORKINGTON PARK

HAZEL GROVE · STOCKPORT



CAT SECTION

(by dispensation of the G.C.C.F.)

Saturday, July 7th

GENEROUS CLASSIFICATION
FOR ALL BREEDS

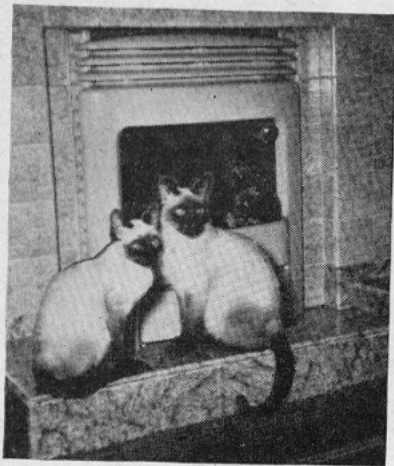
Judges:

Mrs. J. VARCOE · Mrs. P. CATTERMOLE

Schedules from:

The Hon. Secretary,
Show Office,
Torkington Park,
Hazel Grove,
Near Stockport.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Chico and Minuet

Chessington,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

Some weeks ago I wrote a factual story about the acquisition of our two Siamese cats. My husband and I have read your magazine "Cats and Kittens" with great enjoyment for a long time, especially the stories, and I wondered if you might consider mine suitable for publishing. I therefore enclose a copy, also a photograph of Minuet and Chico at 5½ months old.

Yours faithfully,
Pamela Sherman.

P.S.—It was from the kind information received from Mr. France that we were introduced to Mr. Raleigh, the breeder of our kittens.

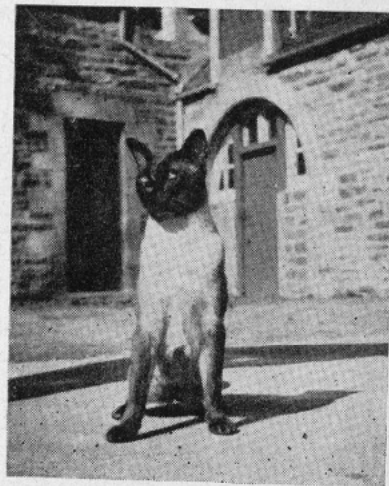
Banffshire,
Scotland.

Dear Editor,

Perhaps you may be interested in the enclosed photograph of my cat Saul—registered name Albyn Dai. He is 3 years old and has travelled all over Scotland and England with me—about 1,500 miles altogether. He doesn't like being in a basket so sits on my knee looking at all the traffic. He has slept in several hotels and everybody has said what a well-behaved cat he is. He sleeps in bed with me with his face on the pillow.

Yours truly,

Deirdre Moya Hammerton
(aged 14).



Saul

TO THE EDITOR

Port Arthur, Texas,

U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

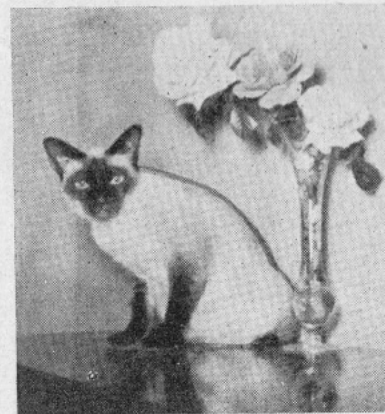
Would you please send me a sample copy of your magazine "Cats and Kittens"?

I have no idea of the cost, so am enclosing 25c. which I hope will cover handling.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. L. Brindley.

P.S.—I raise Siamese cats, but like all breeds.



P.S.—This is my old grandma. She only has three teeth but still loves to have her babies at 9 years of age.

She only has two kittens each time, but also wants the other two cats' kittens also. Her name is Baby.

W.2.

Dear Sir,

In your issue of April there is an article which mentions the habits of "Abyssinians."

We have here a refugee who has all these habits and we should like to know more about the delight they take in playing with water.

I here enclose a photo—he was then (a few years ago) in all his beauty, weighing 25 lbs. The eyes are like a dog's, quite beautiful and deep-thinking.

We should like the snap returned if at all possible.

"Benjamin" sends his love and great appreciation of the love you shed over the lovely cats' family.

Yours sincerely,

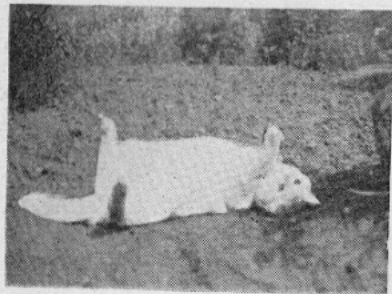
R. Sales.

P.S.—My friend, Miss Lorton, is really the owner, but I love him!



Benjamin

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Summer, 1952

Chester.

Dear Editor,

I really must tell you how much I enjoyed Mrs. Ventor's article "The Perfect Companion" in this month's issue of "Cats and Kittens." It is so very true, and I am so glad to know that somebody else has been considered mad to talk to her cats!

I have a lovely home overlooking the river Dee and—much more important!—the most beautiful and intelligent of companions in my pure white cat "Christopher Robin," who has been my faithful and loving little "son" for nearly eight years—the happiest of my life. Who would not choose to remain a spinster, given all this? Give me a cat for company any day—they are far more interesting and intelligent than most humans!

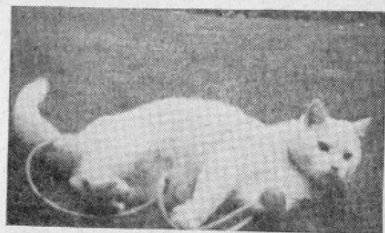
Chris is a real sun-worshipper and adores stretching out in his favourite corners of the garden,

or rolling on any roughly dug soil, crooning with delight as it tickles his back, while his "Mum" wonders if he will ever look clean again! He always "helps" to bring in the clothes line—as you can see from one of the enclosed snaps.

He is a confirmed fish-eater and will not touch meat in any form—not even chicken! This often worries me, lest he should develop skin trouble later on, but he loves tomatoes and will eat any green vegetable or chopped up lettuce, so I try to give him greens every night with his supper, and brown bread and vitamin tablets at breakfast time.

We love your magazine, and the morning it arrives all housework is delayed while we read it over the breakfast table!

Chris was only a little half-wild farm cat when I rescued him from the new owners, who considered all white cats unlucky—did you ever hear such nonsense!—and would have destroyed him. His back legs



August, 1951

TO THE EDITOR

were rather weak and he used to go "hoppity hop" when he scuttled after me—hence his name, "Christopher Robin"—and people said it was a risk to take him, as he might never settle down to domesticity. He now weighs 19 lbs. and follows me round like a shadow. We hold long conversations and sometimes it is almost uncanny the way he understands what I say.

I'm afraid this is somewhat of an epistle! I have been meaning to write to you for a long time, but somehow never got down to it.

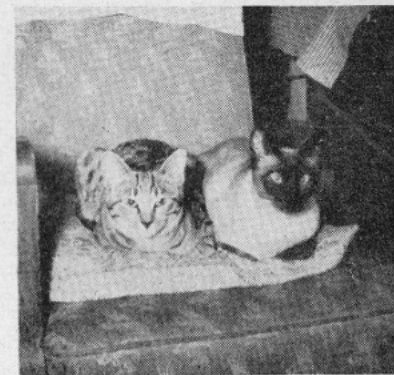
Yours sincerely,
Betty Brown.

Reading, Berks.

Dear Editor,

Please send me the next twelve issues of "Cats and Kittens" beginning May, 1956. This is a continuation of my subscription which for the past six months has been handled by a bookstall but which I now desire to pass direct to you.

I should like to say how much my dear wife and I love your little magazine and I hope, when I have time, to send you some news of Jane, my Siamese and her bonny daughter Ann, whose photographs I enclose herewith. At the moment Jane is nursing three three-week-old



Ann and Jane

kittens (alas, we lost two) whose father is Miss Wells' Ch. Sayam Zar Prak. We were "thrilled to bits" to see his photograph in the "Tibs" advertisement this month; he's a lovely boy.

Ann was the only daughter of Jane's first family (we had been advised to let her mate freely the first time) and she is sweet beyond description; as for Jane herself—well—she has enslaved the whole household.

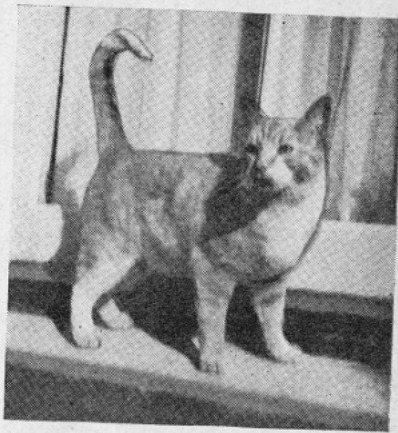
Yours sincerely,
James M. Knight.

Dear Editor,

It was on December the 30th, that I was hurrying home along the cliff path, before it got too dark to see, when a small Siamese cat ran in front of me crying. As I knew where the cat belonged I picked her up and took her back to her own garden and left her. Then once

LETTERS AND PICTURES

more I started for home, only to find that the little cat was running after me again. Thinking she might be trying to tell me something, I talked to her in a certain tone of voice that I use for cats, when, to my horror, another voice answered me, and it came from a little cat called Simon who had slipped over the edge and down the cliff, and that was what Ming was trying to tell me. It was now getting too dark to see anything; however, by sitting down and levering myself gently I was able to slide down the cliff, and by feeling about with my foot I at last located the cat, only to find that by having my Wellington boots on, he could not get a grip, so up the cliff I went again and

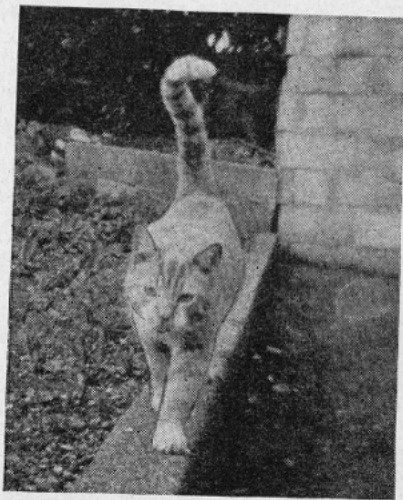


Simon

took off my Wellington boot. Then I put my stocking on over the boot and slid down the cliff again and poked about with my foot until I found Simon again. This time he was able to get a grip and hang on until I could bend over slowly and pick him up in my arms, then very gently I shuffled backwards up the cliff again.

And, my reward, well Simon nearly burst himself with his purrs of thanks, and a stocking torn to shreds, and a good scolding when I got home for being so late.

I was very interested in Rhona Durham's, "From the Garden of Dreams," in your January issue of "Cats and Kittens," as I have a friend who is very fond of cats and always keeps several. One day, Nigger, a little black cat, became very ill and in spite of a



Simon

TO THE EDITOR

lot of nursing, he died. Two or three evenings later my friend was going upstairs when she saw Nigger on the top stair in the act of rushing down as he always used to, so my friend instinctively parted her feet for Nigger to run through, which he did. This so astonished her, that she went downstairs again to tell her husband of what she had seen, but he at once said, oh I know, you have seen Nigger, so have I, he came in here and I spoke to him. They neither of them saw the little cat again, but they certainly did that evening. I am enclosing my subscription as I know it is due now. Thanking you for your very helpful little magazine.

I remain, yours sincerely,
Margaret Ladd.

MORTIMER'S MAGIC.

A Correction.

In the story of this name in the April issue, by an error it was not made clear that it is the COUNCIL OF THE R.S.P.C.A. which has agreed to take over Mortimer's work on the death of Miss Rudd, so that it will continue as long as suffering lasts.

West Drayton,
Middx.

Dear Sir,

I have several ounces of hair combed from my Blue Persian cat. I am wondering if it would be possible to get it made up into wool. I have heard that there are mills which will make up small quantities. Do you know of any such place or could you help me in any way to find one?

The cat was a female, neutered when 2½ years old (no kittens) and died last September at the age of 17 years and 3 months.

Yours truly,
(Miss) E. Litchfield.

Editor's Note.—We know of no one who could make up the combings. Can any reader help?

Kensington, W.14.

Dear Editor,

I have only just read your most interesting Candid Comments in "Cats and Kittens," February issue. I'd be ashamed to say this if it wasn't solely Mortimer's work for Cats which has kept me at it, with "all night sittings," too, to make up time when helpers failed us on occasions—and your being so upset on reading in your local paper that 500 cats had been put to sleep in one year at the Chesterfield branch of one

LETTERS AND PICTURES

animal society shows again what a true animal lover you are. But if only *more people knew the terrible suffering among cats*, surely more who just love their own pets would up and do something to help. Do you know *in London alone, every week*, at least 7,000 cats are put to sleep by the animal societies—and of course many more by veterinarians in their own surgeries. It doesn't bear thinking about, but what can be done otherwise with these teeming millions of homeless, unwanted cats? The unthinking, and also people who won't face up to life, can't bear to hear of any cat being put to sleep, but how could homes be found for all these thousands, in addition to the thousands of good homes that I, in my comparatively small way, and many others find? *There could never be a twentieth of the homes needed if everyone in the country adopted a cat.*

I found 86 good homes last year, and for most of them I had to write three dozen letters or more to find each. What is that among 186 thousand?

I feel like a murderer whenever I have to have a cat put to sleep. But surely that is better than letting them be sold for a few shillings, knocked on the head and used for cheap fur gloves. This is being done

all the time, in spite of the valiant work of many societies and individuals.

Do you know that one female cat running loose produces one million descendants in five years? Do you wonder the strays are as plentiful as the poor tragic rabbits before that vile disease took most of them . . . Cats breed in the same tragic way in so called civilisation—NOT in their natural state where they have but one litter a year and each is true to its mate for life. But having taken them into so-called civilisation most people leave them to breed—like rabbits.

The only constructive way to help this is to preach neutering far and wide, every day and all the time. The selfish people who keep a female for the joy of having a continual supply of kittens (of course excepting breeders of pedigree cats) are breeding them to be slaughtered. The kittens are given out like leaflets, and every female will produce a million more in five years. But they will not face the tragic facts of cat welfare. If only people could be persuaded to go to a shelter and, in London, see the van come in two or three times a day, filled with cats in every degree of starvation and suffering, sickness and pain, *it would make them do*

TO THE EDITOR

something about it and help the big Societies more who do this heart-breaking work all the time to save further torture.

If we had a home the size of Buckingham Palace, and the money for its upkeep as a cats' home, and all was arranged to accommodate the poor homeless ones—it would be *full in two days*. So what then? If one built another of similar size—it would also fill in two days. One could go on indefinitely—and still be doing little to stop cats suffering, while the *un-neutered* were around producing more by their tragic fertility in civilisation.

Could you not publish short snappy notices from time to time—every month if possible

saying, "Get your cat neutered and help the problem of the strays," or telling them it is no longer a major operation for females to be neutered, but something all good vets now do easily, by up-to-date methods.

If I was not working often 16 hours a day for cat welfare, I could not sleep at night for thinking of the suffering I see, and that which goes on which nobody sees. But Mortimer taught me I was no cat lover if I loved only him alone, *a true cat lover works to save suffering*, and this he alone taught me to try to do.

Yours sincerely,

Adele Rudd.

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Post free from—

Miss A. STUBBS, Whiston, Penkrige, near Stafford

CATS AFLOAT—*from page 20*

When we are about to start on a trip, Brownie is exasperating. "Oh, Brownie, *do* make up your mind!" wails his six-year-old owner.

But Brownie can't. He is happy neither on the boat nor off it. A prey to indecision, he stands nervously on the decked-in bow. Then suddenly there is a flurry of grey fur from the boat's bottom and with an angry snarl Skipper, the third cat, chases him ashore.

After that it is wonderful to see with what dignity Brownie yawns, stretches himself, and stalks off to join Dinah on the lawn as though no boat existed.

Skipper, who was once called Joey, is a short-haired animal whose mother was Siamese, but whose appearance is made disreputable by a split left ear. He took to the boat directly it arrived, thus earning his new name. For long hours he sleeps on board in the sun, apparently

enjoying the gentle motion and the gurgle of the current.

When the boat is stationary, Skipper will tolerate other cats on board. But when we are about to move, he apparently decides that one ship's cat is enough, for he chases them ashore, maintaining a vigilant watch to ensure that they do not return, and not till we have cast off will he relax.

In a gentle breeze he will stand on deck watching the water, but if the wind gets up he leaps cautiously on to the floor boards, for despite his tough appearance, he has the typical feline dislike of wetting his paws.

He is the ideal ship's cat except for one thing—his habit of sharpening his claws on anything wooden. Mast, oars and thwarts all bear their marks. Even this habit has been turned to advantage, however, for when we play pirates Skipper is always cast in the role of Captain Hook.

Dickens and Chateaubriand liked cats and Mark Twain loved them so much that he wrote the famous lines:

"A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home perhaps, but how can it prove its title?"

THE HEAVENLY TWINS—*from page 7*

drinking bowl we could leave them when necessary with easy minds.

The actual accidents were less numerous than I expected, the favourite one being to pull off the table cloth in the kitchen and bring everything in a heap on the floor rather like a dud magician. After such a catastrophe it was always Chico who cowered in guilty shame on the floor while Minuet watched from afar. I've never proved it, but I strongly suspect that Chico acted as her whipping boy on numerous occasions. They played for hours with each other especially up and down stairs, and were guaranteed to exhaust my husband any evening with a piece of string. The simpler the toy we found, the more they liked it, and we never bettered the piece of paper or string, although their antics with a

paper bag could always provide us with free entertainment.

So life went on until we could not remember a time when two pairs of blue eyes and eight brown paws had not followed us about the house. Chico waxed bigger and broader and more affectionate, while Minuet half his size retained her supple beauty, a perfect cat in miniature, sufficient unto herself. We love Chico for his bumbling good nature and friendly charm, yet Minuet is very close to our hearts, remote, withdrawn, yet capable of tearing at your heart with her endearing ways, melting your frown with her limpid gaze. One day we may obtain still greater harmony, but even now we are glad to the bottom of our hearts to be blessed with such heavenly twins.

FELINE FOIBLES—*from page 22*

back door for him to enter . . . only to see him stroll straight to the front door and ask to be let out again! Why, I wonder, do cats do this sort of thing—have they a perverted sense of humour? Ours seems blissfully unaware that his behaviour is exasperating in the extreme . . .

The same tom, I may add, insists almost invariably on feeding alone. The others will

have their respective plates or dishes on the floor or will feed communally—but not he. Put my food on the stool, please, above the common herd. Thank you . . .

Yes, cats are certainly queer creatures — curious but fascinating. One could spend hours recalling their odd little ways and equally peculiar predilections . . . those feline foibles.

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1st Blue Point Kitten, Midland Show, 1952

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

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

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

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

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

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

Best Short Hair Kitten in Show, Midland
Show, 1954

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

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

1st Siamese litter, Kensington Kitten Show
July, 1955

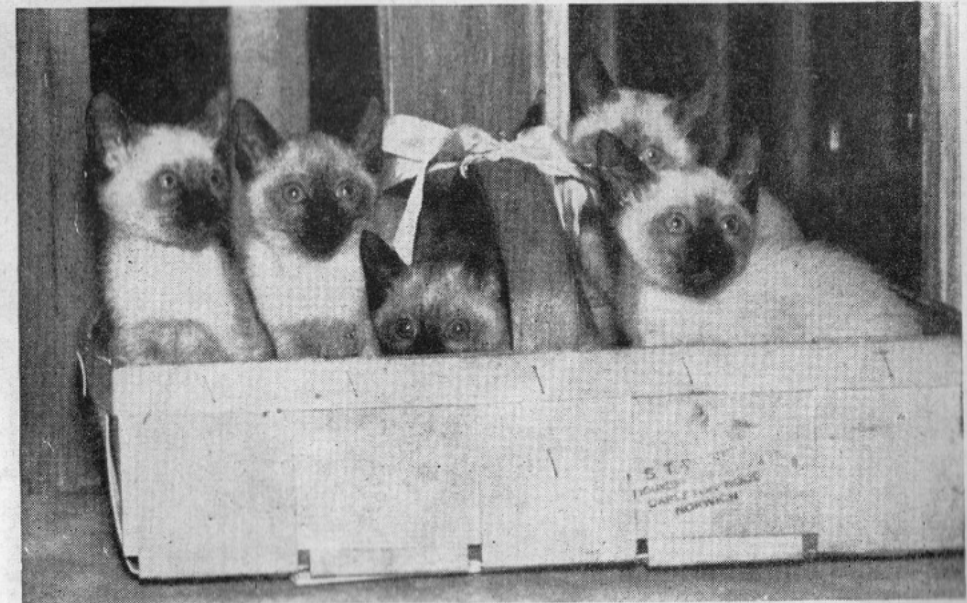
1st Open Blue Point Kitten, Male or Female,
Herts and Middlesex, Sept., 1955.

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

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