

Postscript for Cat Lovers!

This is a "magazine for every cat-lover," and it may safely be assumed that the reader of these lines hates the idea of our feline friends being cruelly maltreated.

But what about vivisection? I assert—and can supply absolutely convincing proof—that the cat is frequently the victim of some of the very worst of scientific experiments on animals.

The **Medical World** of October 6th last reported the procedure of two American researchers. They injected daily, over a long period, a mixture of caffeine, melted beeswax and hot mineral oil into the bodies of 22 cats. Ten others received the mixture minus the caffeine. The result in the first series was to produce gastric ulcers, which, plus all the pain and fright caused by the persistent injecting, must have caused a considerable sum of suffering.

But I cite these particular experiments mainly because they are typical of the sheer futility of so much of this laboratory work on living creatures. The conclusion arrived at by these barbarous experiments was that the excessive consumption of caffeine-containing beverages—tea and coffee—may be bad for human patients suffering from peptic ulcer—which every doctor would suspect without the victimization of a single cat!

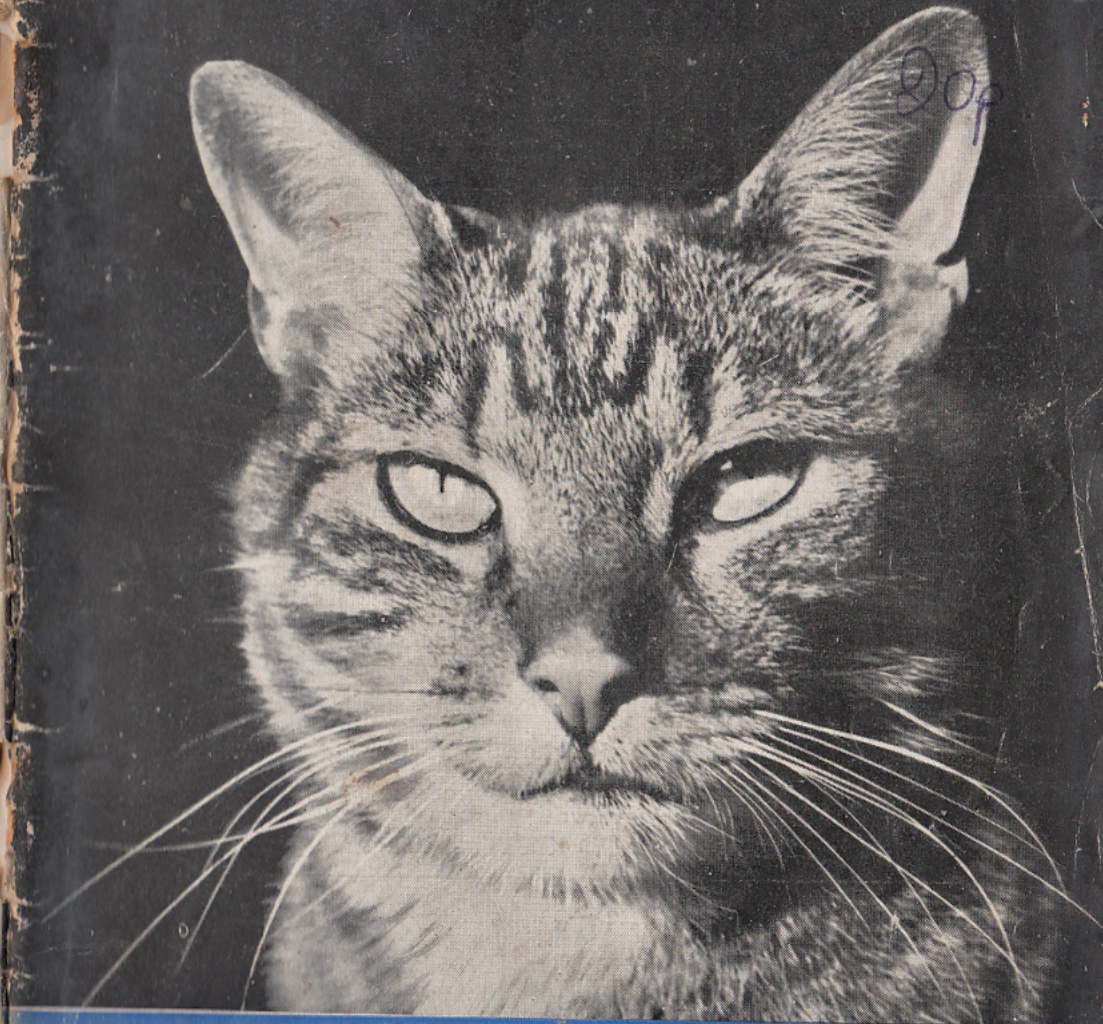
The **National Anti-Vivisection Society** asks the public to support its efforts to make illegal cruel scientific experiments on cats and all sentient creatures.

R. Fielding-Ould, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.A.

(Director: **National Anti-Vivisection Society**,
92, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.)

CATS and KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



OUR YOUNGER
READERS—page 6.

FEBRUARY
1945.

Price 1/-



The Hunter

When careful paws creep out to kill
—Sheila Wingfield.

* * *

And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs.
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes.
—Robert Herrick.

* * *

And God showed his love to his servant by giving to dwell with him a grey cat, which every day from the wild woodland round about brought quails for his master's sustenance; and in the season of rabbits, a rabbit. And between the servant of God and this cat there was much love.

—T. A. Janvier, "Stories of Old New Spain."

* * *

A bit of jungle in the street,
He goes on velvet toes,
And slinking through the shadows, stalks
Imaginary foes.

—Esther Valck Georges.

* * *

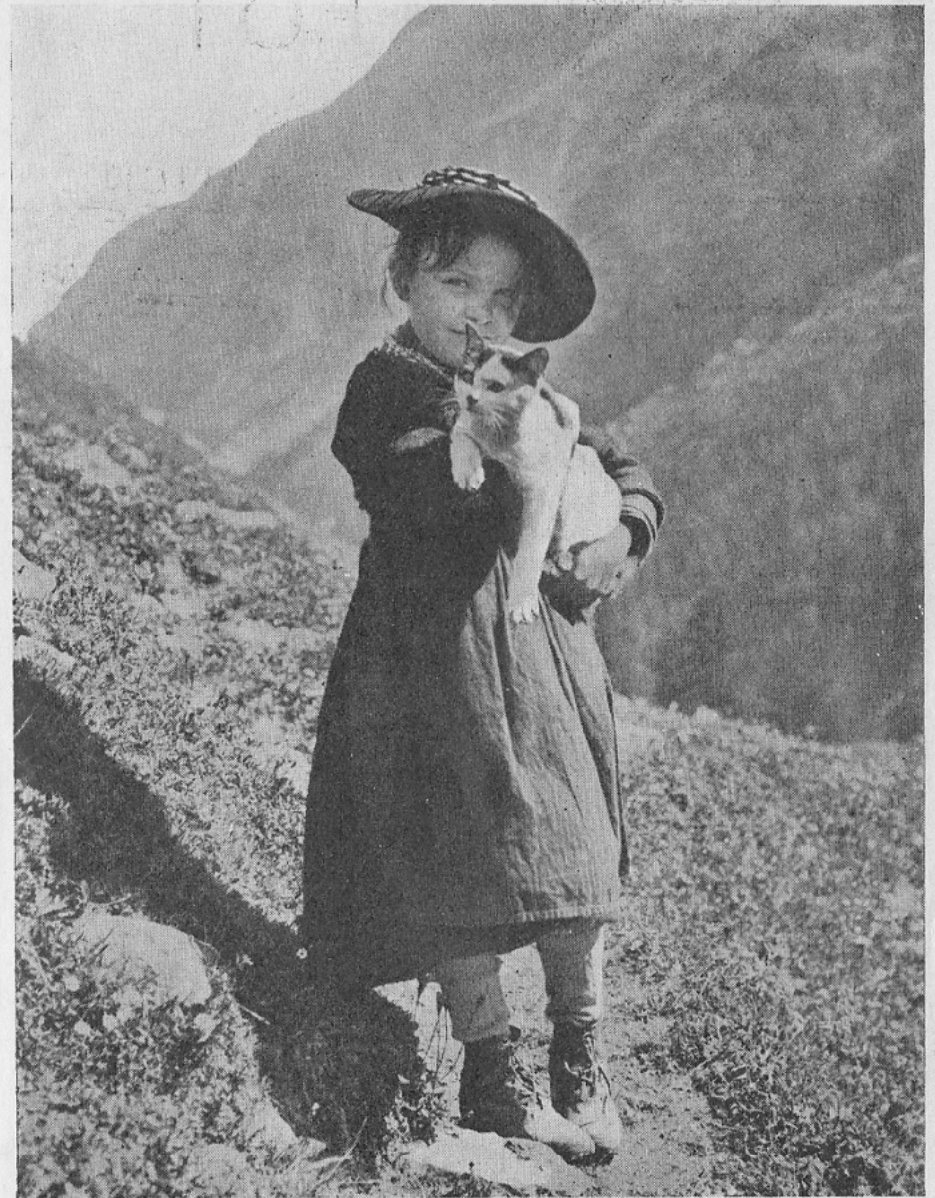
He lies there, purring and dreaming, shifting his limbs now and then in an ecstasy of cushioned comfort. He seems the incarnation of everything soft and silky and velvety, without a sharp edge in his composition, a dreamer whose philosophy is sleep and let sleep; and then, as evening draws on, he goes out into the garden with a red glint in his eyes and slays a drowsy sparrow.

—"Saki," "The Philanthropist and the happy cat."

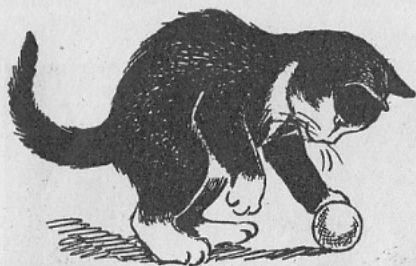
* * *

They call me cruel. Do I know if mouse or song-bird feels?
I only know they make me light and salutary meals.

—Charles Stuart Calverley, "Sad Memories."



MARY HAD A LITTLE—CAT.



POT

by

ISABEL HATTON

It was strange in a way that we should call him Pot. The son of a half-Siamese mother, Yasmin, ought to have had some name that suited the oriental streak in his breeding. And indeed we did sit around one evening trying to pick out a name for the small black kitten who played around, pushing forward his face enquiringly and showing a lovely model of a Siamese mask in jet. Now Caliph would suit him, we said, and several other names occurred to us too until he was picked up and it was remarked once more that he had simply stuffed himself with food and was truly pot-bellied. And so Pot he became, and aptly for he never lost that rotundity that so contrasted him from his sleek, panther-like mother.

From the time he was quite a tiny fellow Pot showed an astonishing tendency to sit and concentrate. He was active in the way of all cats, of course; this passion for quiet study was a separate characteristic. It

might be a spider that held his attention. If he were in chasing mood the creature's end would be instant. But if he was ready for a spell of concentration then the spider's movements would be watched without any interference as though the whole business was some strange phenomenon.

Pot's most astonishing feat of "study" occurred one evening early in summer. The birds were going to bed, light was fading and the cottage doors were closed for it still grew chilly towards night. Above us we heard a familiar little thump that told us one of the cats had come home by way of the lower roof and an open bedroom window. The noise was followed by scuffling and then silence; faint thumps and more quiet. Obviously it was the youngster, Pot, having a game upstairs. For the safety of brushes, mirrors, and a bedside lamp we went up there to fetch him down. He was there, seeming a little annoyed at our interruption for on his

face was that rapt look of concentration as he watched an object in the corner, a foot or two away. And in that corner was a young rabbit, terrified as it could be yet apparently unharmed. It was as big as Pot himself (still not far out of his babyhood) and how he managed to carry it from water butt to cottage roof has always remained a mystery. But there it was!

Not to spoil his "study" we waited too and watched him quietly while he regarded this new subject with great interest. It was when we took him downstairs that he became angry so we compensated him with a titbit from the larder and—yes, set the rabbit free. As though to prove himself a cat of versatility Pot set upon a large rabbit that week, killed it at once and brought it home where it was shared with his mother and brother.

It must have been these powers of observation that taught Pot how to open doors, though unfortunately he never learned to close them after him. Our cottage doors were all fitted with latches so it was a simple matter for him to jump up, hang on the latch until his weight pulled it down and then walk in through the open door. He was thus able to go from room to room and even to get

into the pantry if he were left in the kitchen. Indeed we had to make alterations to our pantry door after finding Pot enjoying a fine meal there one day.

Temporarily he was in disgrace after this episode, just for the principle of the thing, but he very soon regained his stripes. We had planned a holiday and taken a riverside house where we could have our pets with us, and were to set off a day or two after Pot's now famous meal. The car was brought round from the garage, dogs settled on their rugs and cats placed in their various travelling baskets. We started off. Happily it was not a very long trip. Happily because Yasmin and her son Hassan wailed unmercifully the whole way. Traffic police, passers-by, everyone who came near us stopped at the sound of these unearthly howls. But Pot adopted different tactics and merely peered out of his little house, purring and crooning to us occasionally as though to say, "I'm a good boy, I am."

And a good chap he was. Companiable, devoted, full of personality, mischief and sheer good humour. He typified the best in mixed breed of cats. There are plenty of people who hold admiration for the Siamese yet feel unable to cope with the

perhaps unfathomable disposition of the breed. It is for these people that we have sketched Pot (as well as for his own incomparable worth), because it is given to the Siamese to reproduce the best and most acceptable traits when mated with the

ordinary common or garden tom. If they are, naturally, less highly bred, the kittens of such parents are sturdy, manageable and most affectionate while yet showing an appealing "difference" in their character and disposition. Such was Pot!

OUR YOUNGER READERS

ONE of the nicest things about 'Cats and Kittens,' remarked a reader, "is that it can be enjoyed by both old and young."

If evidence were needed to show that our younger readers do enjoy the magazine our post-bag would provide it; "wizard," "lovely," "we all read it," "the nicest magazine I've ever had,"



ANGELA HALLEY with Wendy, the guinea-pig and Billy, the Blue Persian.



OLIVE EDMONDSON WITH HER KITTEN.

are some of the things they write. But we didn't start out to talk about ourselves but to tell you something about these young readers of ours.

Of course they like cats! But what impresses us so much is their enthusiasm for "doing something about it"—so many of us like cats and are content to leave it at that. Diana Johnson has "taken a vow to help all stray cats." Diana lives at Hove and was rightly indignant when she read in a book "They (cats) should never have been made. All they do is catch birds and mice, to sit and sleep in front of the fire in winter, to scratch if they're annoyed, to purr when they want to be

petted, and in Spring to be put out all day and come in just for meals, and go out directly after!" As Diana put it: "The person who wrote that evidently did not know anything about CATS!"

Another young reader, Patricia Carey from Wales, started an Animal Lover's Club three years ago. Patricia explains that this is an educational movement for children and adults. The Club has a magazine which comes out three times a year and is typed by Patricia and sent to members. There are competitions and tests, and medals are given for acts of bravery. Leaflets are collected from various animal Societies and distributed and "everything possible is done to urge kind treatment and knowledge of animals." The Club is divided into two sections, Juniors and Seniors, and all Seniors have to pass a test before becoming members. This is a splendid movement and Patricia is show-

ing in a practical way how the cause of animals may be helped and knowledge spread by those who are keen.

Many young readers, like Pat Mills of Teignmouth, want to work among animals when they leave school. Pat and her sister Joan are real cat-lovers and have a cat and a rabbit who play together. Another young enthusiast is Perdita Smith of Bristol, who is also an artist. We hope to publish a drawing of hers in the near future.

Joy and Ian Jopson of Nelson take a keen interest in the beautiful pedigree Persians owned by their mother. Ian has a pedigree cat of his own—a Blue-cream—and has sent us a photograph of the play-pen his father has built for the cats. Frank Rickwood, a keen cat-lover and a regular reader, is a member of the R.S.P.C.A. and a young naturalist. Norman Winder,



who lives in Yorkshire, also, draws cats and shows great interest in the practical side of cat-keeping. Norman wrote to congratulate us on our "First-aid" series and he has kept a record over many years of all the kittens his own cat has had.

When paper is no longer restricted we hope to start a Society which will link up all these keen young people and those others who are too numerous to mention individually but whose letters we treasure—in one common aim; the care of cats and the propagation of practical knowledge of them. In this way we shall create, not only an added interest for the members, but ever-widening circles of local effort which will increase the knowledge of and interest in this animal which, in spite of the good work done in this field, is still too often neglected and mistreated.

We think you will like this poem sent in by Jane Calvert of Dorking. Jane is 11 and many readers will remember her clever drawing of a cat in our October number.

MY WISH

Oh to have a little house
With windows shining clean,
Not made of brick or concrete
But stoned with moss between.

Inside my little teeny house
The colours would be blue.
The walls would be a creamy white.
There'd be just room for two.

I'd be the one that owned the
house.

And the little garden too;
But without my little cat
I don't know what I'd do!

DIANA JOHNSON is an enthusiastic cat-lover. She writes about her cat, Twinkle, in the Children's Page.

And now, a contribution from one of our younger readers.

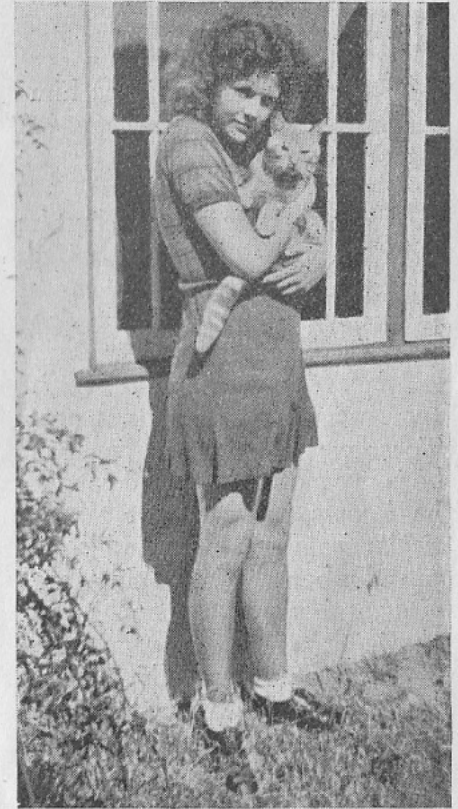
These Ginger Cats!

by COLIN WEBSTER

(Aged 15)

I can never remember being without a cat. I was four years old when we had our first red tabby. His name was Sandy McTavish. He was a stray, and when we took him in we were warned that "ginger" cats were vicious. He grew up to be tremendously big and strong and was a magnificent fighter as well as being a good mouser. He had a good memory, too. My mother was away in hospital for a year and when she came back he knew her!

Boglin was the next. I can remember my father bringing him home one night—he was only a small dark red ball of fluff then. He was my father's cat and he loved my father very much. His favourite trick was to sit up and box. He also loved to pose and he liked a lot of



Jean Webster and Toast.

attention. Sometimes my sister would put him in her doll's pram and he would put his head on the pillow and lie there with a very smug expression on his furry little face. Poor Boglin. He went out one night and got run over, so he had to be put to sleep.

And then we had Peter. He was red and white, and was

another fighter. He was a marvellous ratter too. One morning when we got up we found an enormous dead rat on the doorstep. It was as big as himself and he was no weakling. Indoors he was very gentle; he would sit for hours on my mother's shoulders and when he heard my sister and me coming home from school he would jump down and go to the door to welcome us.

Marmalade and Toast are the two cats on the throne now. Toast was the first to be born; he is my mother's special cat and he knows it. He gets all the titbits from her plate and fusses round when she is cooking, begging and praying that he will obtain a piece of something, lawfully or unlawfully. He is a jealous old thing and if mother so much as strokes another cat he gets very sulky.

Toast is not a fighter cat but he can look after himself.

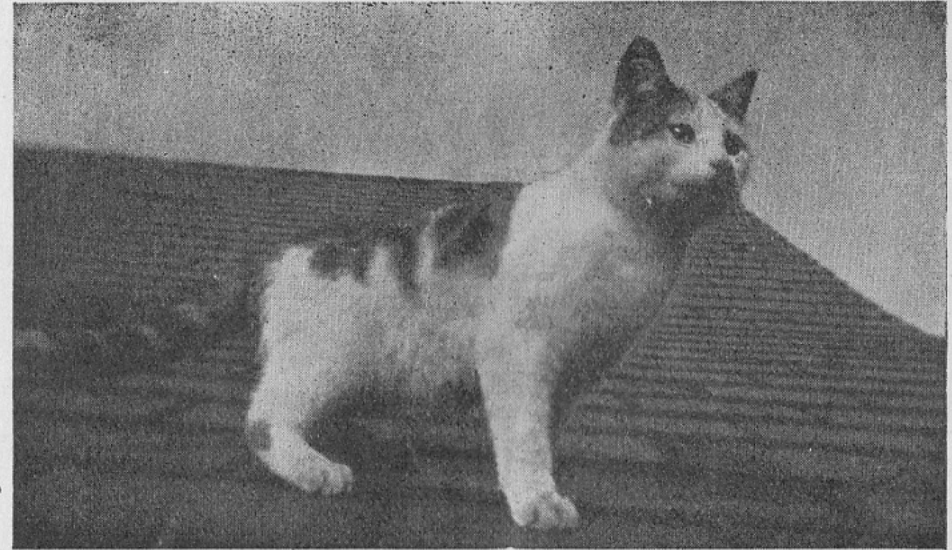
Marmalade is my cat. He is a year younger than Toast but he is already beginning to get nice fat cheeks on him. He comes up to my room and fusses about me, weaving in and out of my legs, and when I am dressing in the morning I have the utmost difficulty in putting my socks on as he has a liking for dangling socks and wants to play with them. He has a limitless capacity for food and as his waistline bulges where it should go in he is often called "Squander Bug."

All these cats were and are very affectionate and loving, so I don't quite see the argument that "ginger" cats are vicious or spiteful. In my opinion they are ideal house cats because they have such good tempers and manners.

CATARABESQUES.

"TWO cats
Make a better pattern than one,"
Said Bun.
With three cats
Even nicer things can be done,
While as for four!
Oh, wouldn't it be fun
To have a carpet of cats
All over the floor?

E.M.B.



WILD HERITAGE

By JOY FRANCES WILDING

The true life-story of a group of domestic-wild cats in a remote country district.

Illustrated with photographs by the author.

SO the spring came; and Aquila wandered again over the grassland and through the trees, seeking fulfilment. It was Greycrow, the long-haired silver-grey wanderer, who answered her call. He was no wild-born creature, nor driven wild; but one who had left the luxury of human life to satisfy his own instincts, and still returned to humankind when his hunting was done. He had been mated for many years to Whiteruff, she of the long white coat and

soft blue eyes, who lived in the seclusion of a distant human dwelling; but that winter, Whiteruff had died; and Greycrow also sought a mate.

He came gliding beneath the laurels, silken coated, golden eyed, singing his weird wild song, and courted Aquila through the spring nights; and after the moon had changed from new to full, she mated with him, and went with him through the wood.

Aquila bore young to Grey-

shadow late in May; and for their birth she returned to the barrel in the garden shed. Again, all but one disappeared from the barrel; and the one that was left, a male, was grey, with black ears and feet; and he was called Ahlap, which means, that which is of milk.

Greyshadow took no part in the support of his mate or the upbringing of his young; he returned to his own home, and saw Aquila only occasionally in the twilight dawns and nights. Aquila did not need his presence, or require it; she was old now in the ways of kittens, and fed Ahlap in peace and serenity, content with her world of one.

When Ahlap grew older, Aquila did not take him to the coop, but left him on an old sack in a corner of the shed. He played on the shed floor, and as he grew more daring, he ventured out of the shed, and played in the garden outside; and Aquila watched and tended him there.

* * *

Soon it was summer. Aquila still tended Ahlap, in the garden round the shed; but Greyshadow did not come to her again. Ahlap grew quickly. His fur was short and thick like his mother's, but silver-grey and he was jet-eared, jet-footed, with deep green eyes. He grew to

be a cat of striking appearance and alert bearing; from the beginning he showed no fear of humankind, although he had all his father's reserve and dignity; and when he was three months old he went from the garden as the other kittens had gone, and Aquila was left alone.

Perhaps because Greyshadow was also gone, perhaps because Ahlap went from her younger than most of her kittens, Aquila was lonely; she still missed Balmeon, and felt the need of a mate; and it was late summer, and the mating season was past. Aquila grew discontented and restless; and she was bitterly jealous of Serah, whose first kittens were born at that time.

Serah had grown into a self-possessed little cat, yellow-eyed, and a great huntress; and in the late spring of that year, when she was nine months old, she mated with Kittim, the son of Vashni and Dog-ear, born five years before.

Kittim was a short-coated cat of heavy build, golden and white, and a marauder born. He knew no boundaries and acknowledged no others' rights; he was a robber of dustbins and a raider at human doors; and his name means, he who bruises and is gold.

He mated with Serah and she bore him young, of which she also was left with one kitten.



Serah and Kittim.

But Kittim did not bring food to her, nor come near the place in the wood pile where she and the kitten lay; and Serah took food from the humans, and cared for her kitten alone. It was a female, white and black and gold; and she was called Cyprus, which means fair.

When Cyprus was old enough, Serah took her to the door of the human dwelling, and there she was fed; and Serah took her also to the grassland, and fed and tended her on the short grass.

As she grew older, Cyprus followed more and more the ways of humanity, even entering the human dwelling for food and shelter; and in early Autumn she went from the garden as Aquila's kittens had done, to find a new home with another human family. Serah was at first disturbed by her going; but after a few days, all memory of the kitten passed from her mind, and she returned contentedly to her previous way of life, divided between the humans and the wild.

As the year went on, Aquila grew increasingly jealous of Serah, and avoided her when she could; when they did meet, she bristled her fur, and struck out at Serah, growling; so they went their separate ways.

Aquila was five years old; and not yet was the instinct born in her satisfied, to raise and rear and rule all her young. The continuing loss of her kittens worried her; and death, though she did not understand it as that, had penetrated her mind. Those she had known, who had been, were now not: and she did not know where they were. She wandered, alone and puzzled, through the thickly green-leaved trees.

Aquila did not walk alone for long. Before the end of the summer she was courted again, by the old adventurer Dog-ear; and by the young cat Darkfoot, dark and sleek and short-coated, swift and wild and green eyed. Aquila sat on the roof of the garden shed; and Dog-ear and Darkfoot sat below, watching her every movement, and each other with hostile eyes. She held both at bay with steel-tipped velvet paws; for it was no longer spring, and she now knew the need of company

without feeling the urge to mate. She lay in the sun and watched them, close-eyed, and felt the warmth of the sun on her, and purred.

When autumn came, the two cats gave up their quest, and became once more shadows of the undergrowth; and Aquila returned to the flower garden, and again watched the Human work, from the lowest branches of an apple tree.

The winter that year was long and intense; and for the first time in her life, Aquila knew a long period of deep snow. The cold did not touch her; her coat was too thick for that; and she walked through the snow delightedly, pouncing on every little cascade that fell off the trees, and lying half asleep in the drifts, purring.

The snow lingered far into the new year, so that the life of the earth began to push its way upwards, before the cold white covering left it again dark and throbbing with living greenness. And then one morning Aquila walked out of the shed to find the snow had gone, except in brilliant but fast-melting patches in the shelter of the trees; and so she entered upon the sixth year of her life.

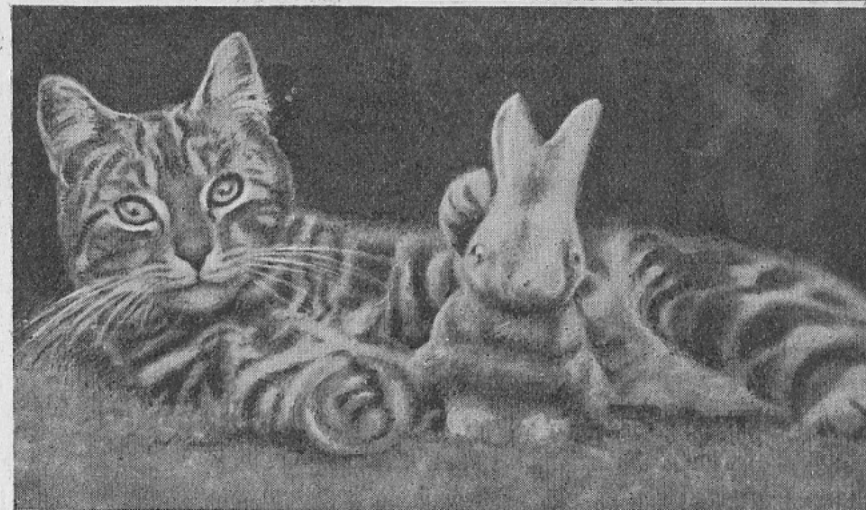
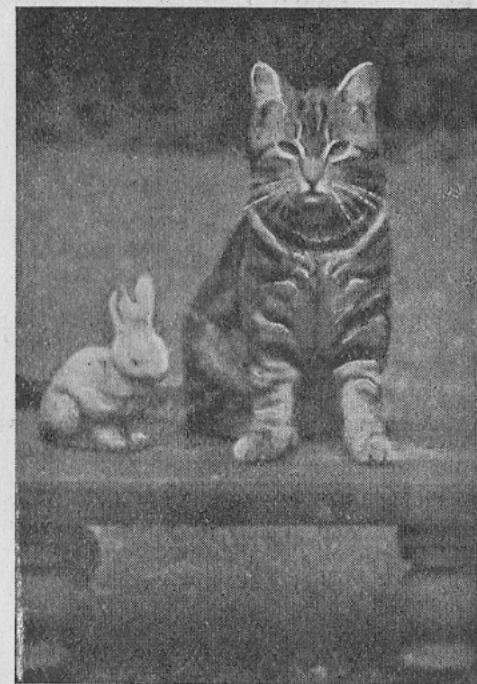
(to be continued)

Readers' Own Pets

=====
* * * *

BENJAMIN is a year old. His owner, Miss J. Winmill, says he enjoys riding in her bicycle basket and will wait at the gate on the chance of a ride home up the path.

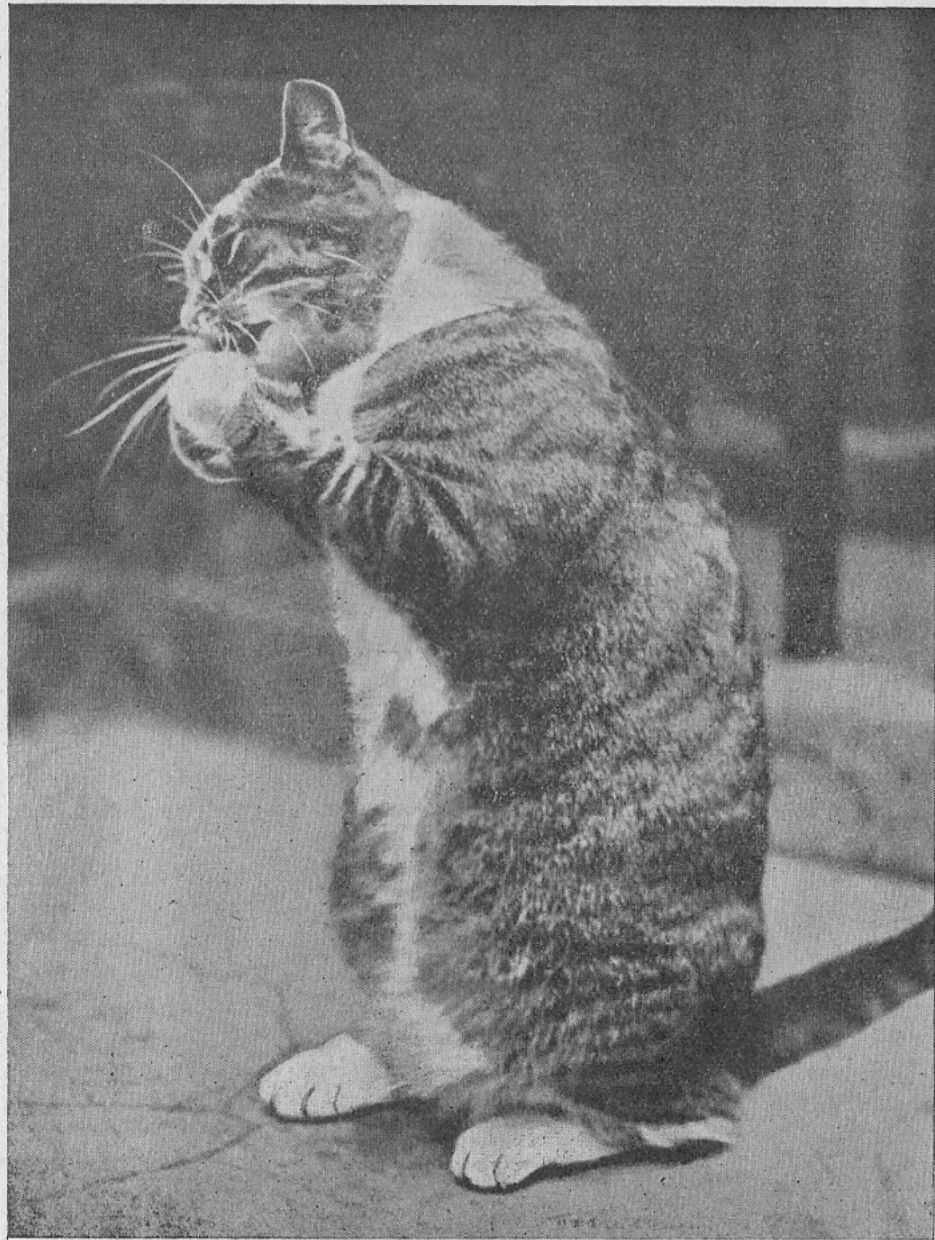
* * * *



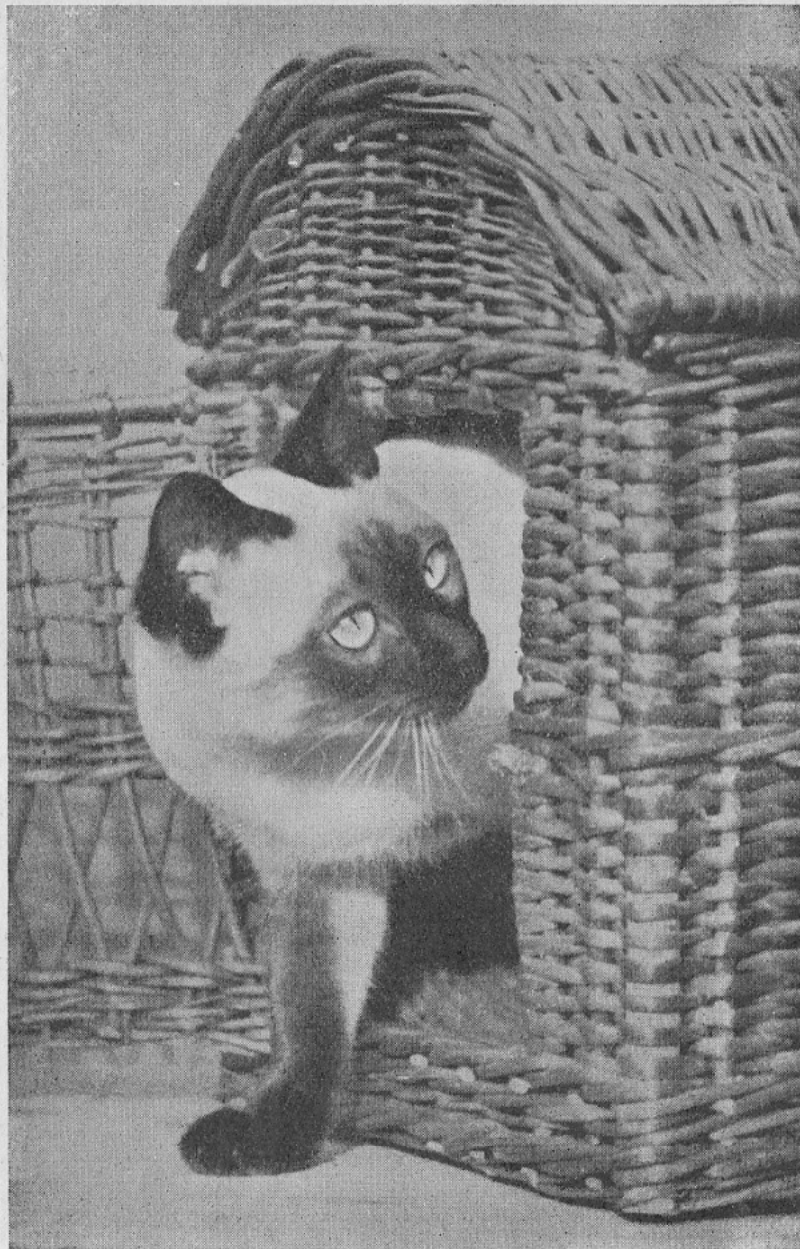
"MEET MY RABBIT"—Benjamin poses with his favourite garden toy—a stone rabbit.



INVOCATION.



SUPPLICATION.



JOURNEY'S END.

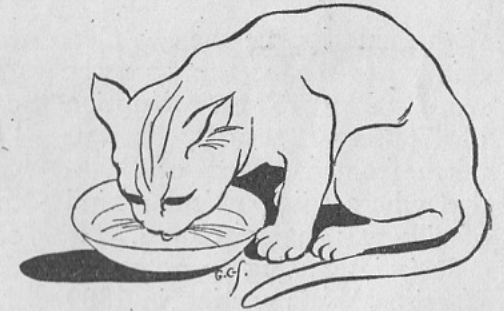
Your Cat and Mine

by FREYA

The catte is a beaste of uncertain heare and colour; for some catte is white, some rede, some black, some skewed and speckled in the fete and in the face and in the eares.

—John de Trevisa, 1387.

THE name by which a particular variety of cat is known is usually inspired by the country of origin, such as Siamese, Russian blue, Abyssinian, etc., but occasionally, as in the case of the Tabby and Tortoiseshell, the name originated from the markings. The earlier names given to these common or "house" cats have an impersonal quality which suggests that the cat was not by any means a fire-side pet except, perhaps, in the case of lonely old women whose patronage, since such unfortunates were usually labelled "witches," merely shed upon poor puss an unholy and sulphurous aura. When we speak of the "domestic tabby" we are perhaps voicing a deeper truth than we imagine, for it is only



when the smoke has cleared from the witch's cauldron and old ladies are allowed to be domestic that we find more homely names appearing, the cat becomes part of the household and is suitably christened after its mistress's gown.

In the 16th and early 17th centuries the tabby was known as the "brindled" or "brinded" cat, and earlier still "gray" cat or "graymalkin." The significance of the word "malkin" possibly has to do with the cat's playfulness or mousing antics, Malkin being a clown associated with Morris-dances. These names occur frequently in literature of the period. A familiar example is the line, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," from the witch scene in Macbeth. About the latter half of the 17th century the name "tabby" appears to have come into common use. This was derived from a kind of taffeta, or watered silk, originally imported from the East, the water-mark no doubt suggesting a similarity

with the stripes of the cat. Certain writers have supposed the word "tabby" to be a corruption of "taffety," actually it was taken from a suburb of Baghdad where this particular kind of silk was manufactured.

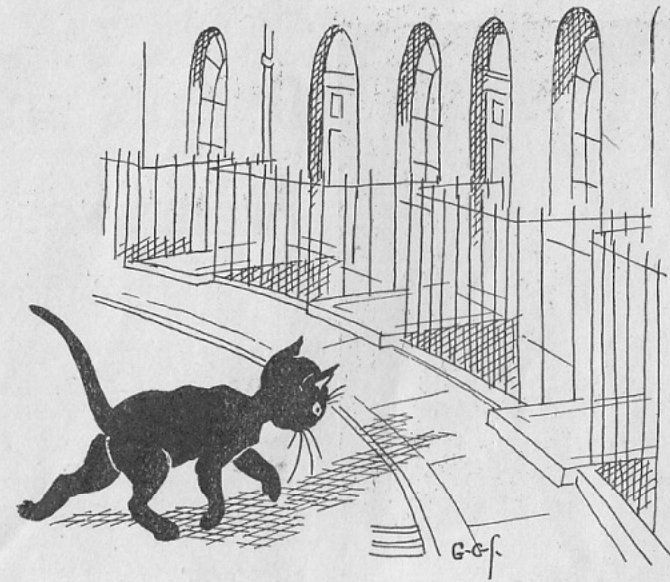
It is interesting to note that Harrison Weir writing in 1889 found that in Norfolk and Suffolk tabby cats were called "Cyprus" cats, a name which he traced to a kind of cloth made of silk and hair and showing wavy lines on it and coming from Cyprus. He states that the tortoiseshell cat was supposed to have been brought from Cyprus by merchants and that the name also described a colour, a kind of reddish-yellow, so that possibly a Cyprus cat may have meant a red tabby or a tortoiseshell, although according to Holloway's "Dictionary of Provincialisms" (1839), the Norfolk name for tortoiseshell was "Calimanco cat" from calimanco, a glossy material.

One of the most delightful of "county" names, again from a material, comes suitably enough from Lancashire where

tortoiseshells are referred to as "Chintz" cats. The word chintz came originally from the Hindu "chint," meaning spotted or variegated. This name was given to a kind of stained or painted calico produced in India, no doubt the forerunner of the modern glazed, printed calico.

One writer has stated that a century ago all tailless cats were known as "Cornwall" cats. If the Manx really lost his tail as the result of continued in-breeding, due to the restrictions of a small island as some authorities believe, it seems not improbable to suppose that Cornish cats suffered at one time from a rather similar isolation and that there may have developed a race of tailless cats in the wilder parts of that county. Cornwall has always maintained a curiously detached position geographically and temperamentally—to this day the country folk call all other English people "foreigners"—so possibly the Cornish cats like the Cornish people "kept themselves to themselves," and temporarily mislaid their tails.

Of all God's creatures there is only one that cannot be made the slave of the lash. That one is the cat. If man could be crossed with the cat it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat.
—Mark Twain.



No Home

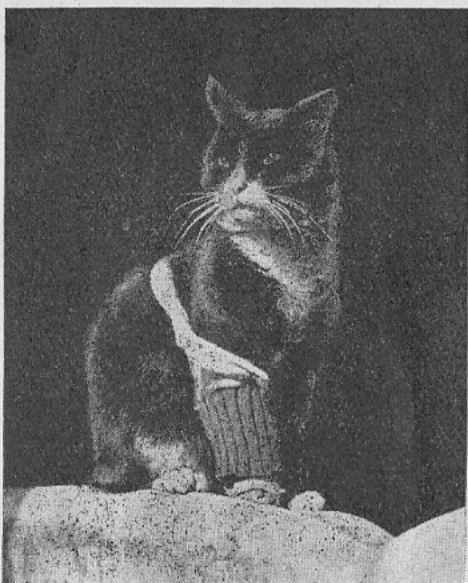
| F I sit at the door of number four
Looking pathetic, they're pretty sure
To give me some milk or a meaty bone,
For I am the Cat who Walks Alone
And wherever I go I hear them say:
"What have we got for that poor stray?"

Early or late at number eight
I'm always sure of a well-filled plate;
Then over the way to number nine.
Where the cook's ideas agree with mine.
"There, my ducky, some bits I carved
From yesterday's rabbit—the poor thing's starved!"

Then right at the top there's a baker's shop—
They'd be very hurt if I didn't stop
For a saucer of milk or a currant bun—
Then back to number two I run.
"Come, Tibby darling, just a BITE
I think the poor cat can't be feeling right."

Number two? Oh no, you're wrong,
That's just the house where I belong.

LINDY LOU.



Breaks and Fractures

by HILARY JOHNS

Our Specialist Correspondent will be pleased to answer queries if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

CATS have such a genius for falling on their feet that it is rare indeed to hear of a cat breaking a limb by falling. My own kitten missed his footing when trying to get in at an inaccessible bedroom window. I was at the window, trying to coax him within reach, so I saw just what happened. His body flattened out so that the loose pouches of skin behind his front legs formed a sort of parachute and he planed gently down, gathering his legs under him in the last split second, landing comfortably on all four feet and trotting off without turning a hair! Incidentally there was another lesson in this incident;

generally speaking it is wisest to let cats extricate themselves from awkward positions. Attempts to "rescue" him make him frightened, flustered and therefore clumsy.

The most likely way for a cat to break a limb is by some unnatural movement thrust upon it from an outside influence. I remember hearing of a cat which sustained a broken leg when a child tried to pull him from under a bureau. The cat dug his claws into the carpet, the child went on tugging, and a leg was broken. Cats may also break legs by getting caught in traps, in street accidents, or by some heavy object falling on to them.

The symptoms of a fracture are usually unnatural position or movement of the limb, swelling and obvious discomfort. There may also be a wound on the surface at the site of the break. Now a broken limb is a serious injury and misguided attempts to deal with it at home may easily do more harm than good, so send for the vet at once, or take the cat to the surgery and pending the vet's attention bear in mind the one all-important rule; avoid movement of the cat as far as possible. In particular, of course, avoid moving the injured limb. Put the cat in a basket or box so that it cannot jump or run about—and in emergency such as this one learns the wisdom of having accustomed any cat to go in a basket when necessary. Keep the cat as quiet as possible, and keep it warm. Give it a drink if it will take it—warm milk with a spot of sugar in it. If the victim is very upset and restless, an aspirin tablet crushed up in the milk may help.

If for any reason you cannot get hold of a vet immediately but are likely to have to wait some time for expert attention and the cat refuses to keep quiet, it may be essential to provide some sort of splinting for the injured limb. Two points to bear in mind here: let the splint be long enough to extend well

beyond the site of the break on both sides (preferably beyond the joint on either side of the fracture), and bandage firmly but not too tight. Remember, an animal cannot tell you when its circulation is impeded and to stop the circulation is even worse than leaving a break unsplintered. Be guided in part by the toes; if there is any sign of swelling, relax the bandages at once. But remember, splinting is only to be resorted to if you really have to wait some long time for the vet.

'RAINBOW'

NOTEPAPER

Specially Designed
for CHILDREN

In packets of gay assorted colours, each sheet is printed with one of our kitten designs
Also in Siamese Cat design

Price 1/6 per packet.

Postage 3d. for one packet, 1d. extra each additional packet.

Obtainable from:

"CATS AND KITTENS",

17, Cadborough Cliff, Rye,
Sussex



FOR THE CHILDREN.

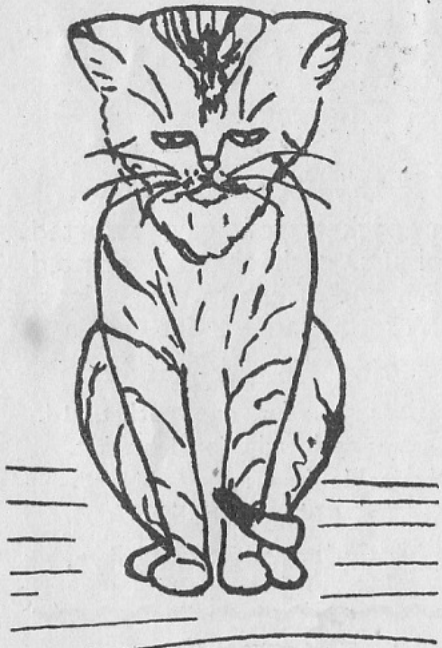
We give pocket-money prizes of 5/- for the best letters, photographs or drawings (in ink please). Mark envelopes "Children's Pages" and put your age on your letter.

PIPPIN

WHEN we found Pippin about 8 years ago he was a stray, but he wouldn't go away so we kept him. He is a nicely marked tabby but he has got a chip out of one ear from a fight. He is very handsome although he is about 8 or 9 years old and he still plays about like a kitten sometimes. His eyes are yellowish.

We moved to another house about two years after we had found Pippin and at first he was very frightened of going out in the garden, but he got used to it. About a year ago he ran away and didn't come back for ten months. When he did, he wasn't very pleased to find us friendly with the kitten next door and consequently the kitten gets the worst of many a scrap with Pippin, although he (the kitten) is growing up to be a much bigger cat.

Freda Goodhead (aged 12 years).



FREDA GOODHEAD drew this portrait of Pippin.

TWINKLE

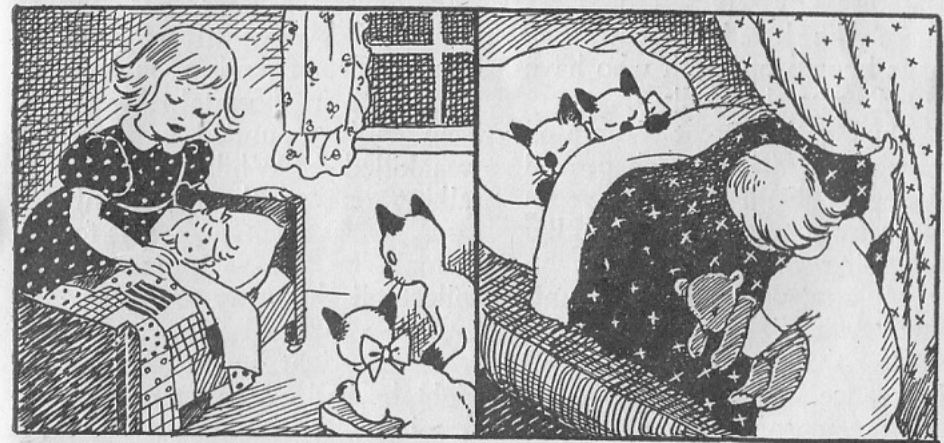
MY cat's name is Twinkle, although he can only answer to "Pussy." He is usually known as "The cat." We have had him now for over a year. Mummy and my sister do not really like cats, but they like this one. I get rather jealous when they say they would rather have a dog. Twinkle loves watching people having a bath, and if they put a sponge on the edge he will push it in with his paw. He loves to hear the splash.

Sometimes, at night, he comes through my bedroom window and settles on my bed. Mummy does not like this. She says his paws make marks on the eider-down. When I was sitting on a deck chair the other day he jumped up on my lap and put his paws round my neck! He is very affectionate. He loves liver-sausage better than anything else. Mummy got him a different kind once, but he wouldn't eat it because it wasn't the right kind!

Diana Johnson (aged 10 years).

PETER AND PET

THE SIAMESE TWINS;



The twins watch Polly putting her doll to bed. This gives them an idea.

How surprised Polly is when she finds her own bed already occupied!

“More Things in Heaven and Earth” . . .

Reprinted from the December number of “The Cat.”

I have always felt sure that any animal capable of unselfish love either for its young, other animals, or human beings, does not end its life in this world but goes on to a future existence. The way I reasoned it out was that we are told in the Bible over and over again that love is the one thing in the universe that can *never* die.

All love is a bit of God, and, however small the bit is, it *must* go on to all eternity—therefore we are certain, if we get to Paradise ourselves, to meet again the loved creatures we have known on earth who have loved us so devotedly.

During the Great War God gave me a vision which proved the truth of this, and I have always been so grateful to Him for doing so.

My son, whose love for animals was, if anything, even greater than my own, was killed in France.

One morning early, a few days after I had heard of his death, I had a vision. It was not a dream, for, like everyone else, I dream lots of dreams, but this

was something quite unique, such as I had never experienced before nor since. I saw my boy with a tabby cat on his shoulder. I particularly noticed that it was not a kitten, but a small-sized dark tabby cat.

From both my son and the cat came the most wonderful atmosphere of love and happiness—it simply radiated from *both*.

The vision lasted for about a minute and then went again, having filled me with a great joy.

A few days after this had happened I went to see some young officer friends of my boy who were in hospital, having been badly wounded when he was killed. Whilst we were talking one of them suddenly said, “What a fellow—was for animals, he always seemed to collect all the stray and starving ones around him in the trenches—right up to the last night he had a small tabby cat sleeping with him in his valise.”

You can imagine how surprised I was. “Do you mean a *kitten*?” I asked, so as to be sure. “Oh, no,” he said, “it was

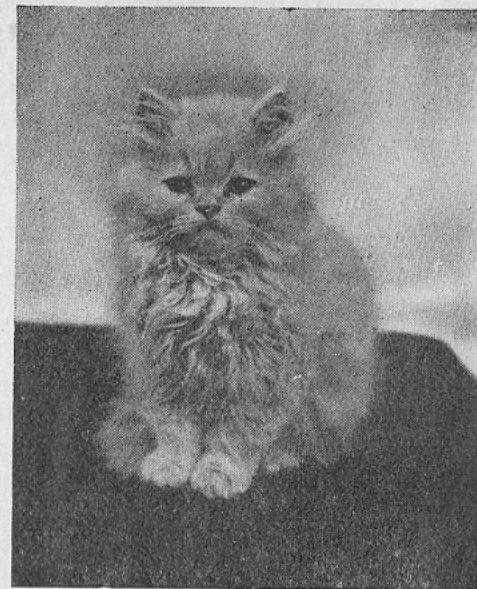
not a kitten, it was a very small-sized tabby cat.”

“What became of it, do you think?” I asked. “Oh, it was killed without a doubt, no animal could have lived through that terrible battle,” was the reply.

Then I saw clearly the message which God in His goodness had sent me, it was this: that if my boy was so vividly alive and so radiantly happy, *so was the little cat*.

Don't you agree?

—“A Friend of Animals.”



MEET THE BREEDERS.

This section is reserved for notes and news from prominent cat-fanciers. Send your letters either direct to these breeders or c/o this Office.

SIAMESE.

Mrs. Phillip of Crewe sends me news of her Siamese queen, Ningi, who has just had seven kits to my stud, Balolo, six males and one female. She asks if he has sired six males before. Tysena, a queen owned by Mrs. Southall of Hereford had six males to Balolo about this time last year, and her Chinki Ming-Sia has just had a litter of five males and one female by him. Mrs. Southall is keeping one of the males as her future stud.

Siamese are becoming increasingly popular in Scotland and I am getting lots of enquiries for kittens from there. They will have to be hardy to stand the colder climate.

Mrs. Bateson, St. Anne's on Sea, has just bought two female Siamese kittens with a view to breeding. One is bred by Mrs. Staniforth of Sheffield out of her queen, Lady May-Lin, and sired by Balolo. I do not yet know the breeding of the other but wish Mrs. Bateson the best of luck.

One of my queens is very fond of uncooked pastry! Whilst I am mixing it she sits as near as she can get and eagerly watches. As soon as I am going to roll it out she starts to cry, so I give her some and she appears to enjoy it very much.

Paymaster/Comdr. A. Pigott of Keighley has just bought one of my female kittens, Chinki Pandora, as a companion for his Siamese queen, The Princess. "Pandy" is a daughter of Sealsleeve Shah Treschic and has the same lovely head as her mother. She is now five months old so her new owner should have some very nice kittens from his two queens this year. L. France.

BLUE-POINTED SIAMESE CLUB.

As announced in a previous issue Mrs. Towgood has taken over the secretarial work of this Club and all communications should be sent to her at 76, Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.2. This Club is the original one for the variety and is affiliated to the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy. It was started some years before the war by Mrs. Pickard and Mrs. Cox-Ife who were responsible for "fixing" the breed. The Club has a number of fine cups and trophies which will be offered for competition as soon as is it once more possible to hold Ch. Shows. Mrs. Towgood will also act as correspondent to this magazine and will welcome news from breeders of Blue-pointeds.

QUESTIONS!

Someone said to me recently: "What do people mostly write to you about?" I said: "Asking questions!" Gosh! the questions I have been asked over and over again. Some are really funny and readers may be amused by them. A lady I knew heard I was getting cats ready for Show. She came to my house asking to see the exhibits. I showed her these and while looking at a blue-eyed White female she wanted to know what she was. I told her: "A young queen." Her reply came promptly: "And now show me her king."

The cutest, sweetest and really intelligent questions come very often from children. When staying with friends who had three children, the kitchen cat, an ordinary short-haired Tabby, one day proudly showed us her young family of four kittens. The youngest child, a little boy of about four, suddenly asked: "Auntie, do cats lay eggs?" "No, dear," I said, "what makes you think that?" "Well," he said, "chickens lay eggs and then we get teeny chickabiddies. Where does she get her kittens from if she doesn't lay eggs?" Tableau!! The mother of the children fled. I replied quietly: "She keeps them with her until they are big enough to be able to suckle the milk she has collected in the meantime, and they grow until they are able to walk with mother." The children were perfectly satisfied, especially as I did not make the mistake of laughing at the unusual question.

A sweet little girl who was brought to a Show by her parents saw several of my young kittens and was delighted with the little "powder puffs." Some months later when I was showing nothing but adults she came again and wanted to see the "lovely pussies." I lifted her up. After looking at the exhibits in a puzzled sort of way she said: "I s'pose all the teeny babes have quickly growed up?" A. H. Cattermole.

BREEDERS REGISTER—See page 32.

SHORT-HAIRED BLUES—A DIVERSION

I nearly headed these notes: "Mrs. Campbell Fraser goes poaching," for it is quite a time since I wrote on my favourite Shorthair—the Russian Blue. I feared that the difficulties of wartime and the absence of Ch. Shows might have obliterated this beautiful variety from the minds of cat-lovers. The Russian Blue was scarce even in pre-war days. The inspiration for these notes came from a letter I received from Mrs. Harvey who wants to purchase a Russian queen. I advised her to advertise. Living as she does in Yorkshire and having the old prefix "Gresham" I felt sure some replies would be forthcoming. Good luck to her quest!

Now a word or two to describe this elegant variety of cat. Dainty limbs, a short fine coat of palest blue and resembling the coat of a race-horse in texture and brightness, svelte body, large green eyes set in a small well-bred head, quick and agile movements go to the making of this breed. We ourselves had a sweet, lovely lady with abnormal intelligence. She would do many self-taught tricks and walk on a lead as well as any dog and was a most entrancing companion. We named her Nekaya and she had already won two Championships when we had to leave her to go to America where I was judging. Alas! we were never to meet again—possibly she nined—but I shall never forget our sweet little blue pal. G. Campbell Fraser.

A USEFUL HINT.

I do feel in these days that drinking and feeding vessels are sometimes a problem so thought I would pass on to readers a hint that I hope will prove useful.

When opening a flat oval tin of pilchards or sardines use a wheel opener if possible. This cuts the tin and turns over the raw edge at the same time. I use the tins for my cats. They cannot hurt themselves and as earthenware dishes so often get dropped and broken a saving is effected. The tins are washed and thoroughly dried after each feed. I boil them on the gas stove in a large saucepan once a week. This sterilises them and keeps them sweet. As the tins have been used for human food they are naturally good and don't rust if dried properly when washed. M. E. Oakley.

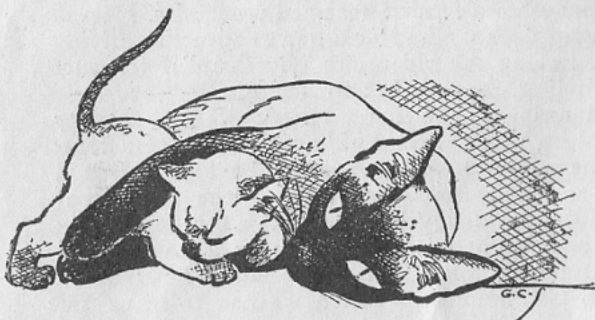
WOMBWELL CAT SHOW.

It was a great pity that the exhibits at this show, held on Dec. 16th, were so few; they numbered twelve. Mr. George Bolton, of "Townfield" fame, was the judge and he remarked that, although the exhibits were few, all were of exceptional quality.

The winners were: Any Variety L.H. Adult: 1, Mrs. Brice-Webb's The Peacemaker of the Court (Special for Best Cat in Show and also for palest and soundest coat); 2, Miss Chafer's Carrillon Silver Fantasy (Special for best eyes). Any Variety Kitten: 1, Mrs. Oakley's Beaucourt Dandy (Silver special for Best Kitten in Show); 2, Mrs. Beatrice Webb's Ronada Jackanapes; 3, Same owner's Oxley Jewel. Any Variety Shorthair: 1, Miss V. Neaveson's Siamese male (Best S.H. in Show); 2, Mr. G. Meade's Siamese female (Special for 2nd best S.H.); 3, Mr. G. Meade's Russian Blue, Gedling Mokey; 4, Miss Neaveson's Siamese female, A.V. Neuter; Miss B. Beaton's Ronada Blue Echo. Doris Brice-Webb.

CAT-LOVERS' WRITING PADS

Choice of Four colours—Light Blue, Peach-Pink,
Pale Green and Buff—and Eight designs.



Please give second choice of colour and design.

PRICE 2/9 EACH

Postage 4d. extra on one pad, 1d. on each additional pad.
Also PACKETS, assorted designs and colours, 2/6 and 4/6 post free.

"CATS & KITTENS," 17, Cadborough Cliff, Rye,
Sussex.

RESEAL LABELS. Printed with these designs.



SIAMESE CAT & KITTEN
TABBY CAT & KITTEN
SIAMESE KITTEN
PERSIAN CAT
WHITE CAT
THREE KITTEN HEADS

PRICE 1/3 per packet. post free.

from: Cats and Kittens, 17, Cadborough Cliff,
Rye, Sussex.

Siamese Kitten.
Siamese cat with kitten.
Tabby Cat with Kitten.
Persian cat.
White cat.
Three kitten heads.
Kitten washing.
"Moggie".

DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS

For particulars of the scale of charges
for display advertisements, apply to
ADVERT. MANAGER,
Cats & Kittens,
17, Cadborough Cliff,
Rye, Sussex.

Mrs. FRANCE

CHINKI SIAMESE CATTERIES

At Stud :

BALOLO

Sire : Yuan Chang of Odersfelt

Dam : Yoma

FEE. 35/- and carr.

RUSHOLME, Church Lane,
Chaddesden, DERBY. Tel. Derby 2317
Blue Persian and Siamese Kittens
usually for sale.

Mrs. GAYMER

At Stud :

SOUTHWAY NICHOLAS

Pale BLUE PERSIAN (Winner) siring

exquisite kittens

Sire : Dickon of Allington

Dam : Southway Whizz

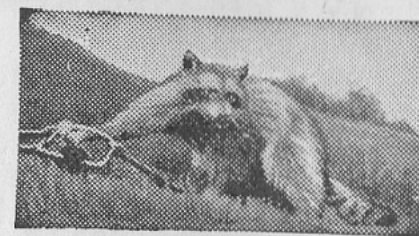
Fee 2 gns. and carr.

Church Farm, Sco-Ruston, Norwich.

Tel.: Coltishall 258. Stn. Wroxham.

Direct route non-change London.

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE



"How can any woman wear a trapped fur,
knowing that every hair on that skin has
vibrated with prolonged torture?" These
were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and
Humane Trapping Campaign which names
furs you need not be ashamed to wear, also
tells you how to kill domestic animals and
poultry humanely. Funds needed for more
Advts.

MAJOR VAN DER BYL, Wappenham,
Towcester.

Unsurpassed BOARDING QUARTERS FOR CATS

Individual attention,
kindly care and good
feeding.

Cats met in at Station



PEDIGREE SIAMESE AND
BLUE PERSIAN KITTENS
FOR SALE.

Mrs. Tibbetts, Whiteways,
Munckmead Lane,
Roundabouts,
Near Pulborough, Sussex.

Station:
Pulborough S.R.

Tel.: WEST CHILTINGTON 205.

AT STUD.

PERIVALE BLUES: MASTERFUL £2/2s.
PAUL 30/-. KALA PENDRAGON
30/- and carriage Collins, Pixiewood,
E. Grinstead. SX. Tel.: E. Grinstead 823.

FOR SALE.

CHAMPION-BRED Blue Persian kittens.
Both sex. Born October. Phillips,
Valleyend, Dudley Close, Addlestone, Sy.

BREEDERS' CARDS AND

classified advertisements are accepted for
insertion at the rate of 1/- per line pre-paid,
and should be sent to the Advertisement
Manager, "Cats and Kittens," 17, Cadborough
Cliff, Rye, Sussex.

BREEDER'S REGISTER.

AS we receive many enquiries for kittens
we have opened a register of breeders.
A fee of 1/- entitles to inclusion. Please
send the following information: Name,
address in full (including county), tele-
phone number, breed of cats. It is to the
interest of breeders to keep this register up
to date by informing us of change of
address, any additional breeds and birth of
kittens. All enquirers will be sent a list
of those breeders living in the same county
or district. Please state if a stud is kept.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS

can be placed with all newsagents,
booksellers, and direct with the
Publishers.

Published Monthly. Rates :
13/- per ann. 6/6 for 6 months
Post free.

To: "CATS AND KITTENS,"
17, Cadborough Cliff,
Rye, Sussex.

Please send the next.....

issues, for which I enclose £.....

Name.....

Address.....

BOARDING.

CATS BOARDED. Ideal conditions.
Particulars stamped envelope: "Danehurst,"
Leverstock Green, Herts.

LADY SEEKS P.G. accommodation with
cat-breeder or where Siamese cat kept.
Sense of humour and happy atmosphere
appreciated. Hants, Dorset, Wilts. Mrs.
Rideout, Glendevon Hotel, Westhill Rd.,
Bournemouth.

BREEDERS' CARDS.

MRS. M. E. OAKLEY, Franklyn Gardens,
Western Boulevard, Nottingham. Tel.:
73770. "Carillon" BLUE LONGCHAIRS.

MRS. GAYMER, Church Farm, Sco-Ruston,
Scottow, Norwich. Tel.: Cottishall 258.
SIAMESE and BLUE L.H.

MISS M. F. BULL, The Vicarage, Thorn-
ton Hough, Wirral, Cheshire. Tel.:
Thornton Hough 214. BLUE L.H.

MRS. BRICE WEBB, 249, Chilwell Lane,
Bramcote, Notts. Tel.: Beeston 55466.
"Ronada" BLUE L.H.

MRS. JOAN THOMPSON, 130, Wickham
Way, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: Beckenham
2803. BLUE L.H.

MRS. K. SAYERS, Southwood Farm,
Farnborough, Hants. Tel.: Farnborough
773 SIAMESE.

MISS G. CHAFER, 115, The Grove, Don-
caster. BLUE L.H.

MRS. CAMPBELL FRASER, Little Prim-
rose Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Godalming
522. "Hendon" LONGHAIR STUDS.

MR. STIRLING-WEBB, Asgill House,
Richmond, Surrey. Tel.: RIC 1561.
SIAMESE.

MRS. FRANCE, "Rusholme," Church Lane,
Chaddensden, Derby. Tel.: Derby 2317.
SIAMESE AND BLUE PERSIANS.

MRS. BROXTON and ROBINSON, The
Merely Cattery, Beeches Road, Cirencester,
Gloucester. Tel.: 212. CHINCHILLAS and
BLUES.

MISS J. M. FISHER, Eveley, Stanford,
Bordon, Hants. Tel.: Passfield 28. HAD-
LEY BLUE and BROWN TABBY L.H.

MRS. HART, 25, Pewley Hill, Guildford,
Surrey. Tel.: Guildford 1967. SIAMESE.



The 'Kittens' Calendar, 1945

EVERY KIND OF KITTEN is represented
in this amusing and delightful calendar which
contains an original drawing and verse by
G.C-I., for each month of the year.

IDEAL NEW YEAR GIFT.

Printed on art paper. Price 3/6 post free from:
"CATS & KITTENS," 17, Cadborough Cliff, Rye, Sussex.