

WILL YOU HELP to STOP IT?

Tetany is a painful disease characterized by muscular spasms. It occurs in connection with typhoid fever and also after removal of the thyroid and parathyroid glands. The cutting out of these glands was recently employed in **experiments on cats** in order to induce artificial tetany. The procedure is fully described in the **Journal of Physiology** dated March 28th, 1945. Here is a brief extract:—

“In the eleven cats from which the thyroid and parathyroids were removed very varied symptoms developed after 20-30 hours. Five cats showed twitchings all over the body, with periodic tonic and clonic contractions which became very pronounced when the animal tried to walk. The cats sometimes had difficulty in breathing, became unable to stand up, and showed a series of symptoms similar to those previously described for cats and other animals. Three of the cats showing severe symptoms died, presumably during an attack at night time, before electric recordings were done. Four cats were less affected, showing occasional twitchings, trembling and shivering after exertion, repeated shaking of the paws and of the head.”

Even these “less affected” cases should be sufficient to shock the conscience of anyone possessing a heart of pity. Notice, too, that three of the cats apparently died during the night, when evidently there was no one about to attend to them. This exposes the spurious claim, often made in defence of vivisection, that as soon as the animal victims develop severe pain they are put to sleep.

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CATS ^{and} KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

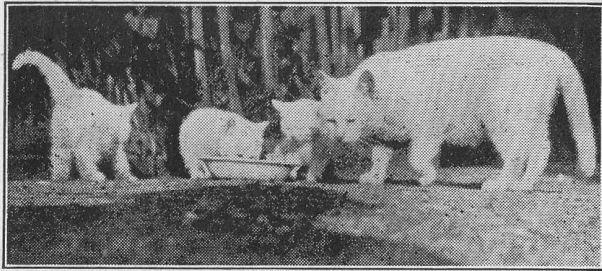


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—PAGES 23, 30 and
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NOVEMBER, 1946.

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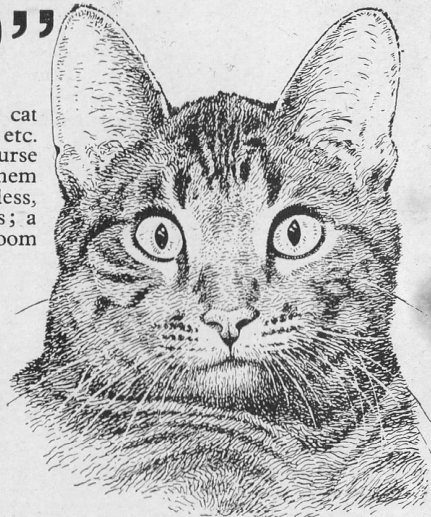
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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER.



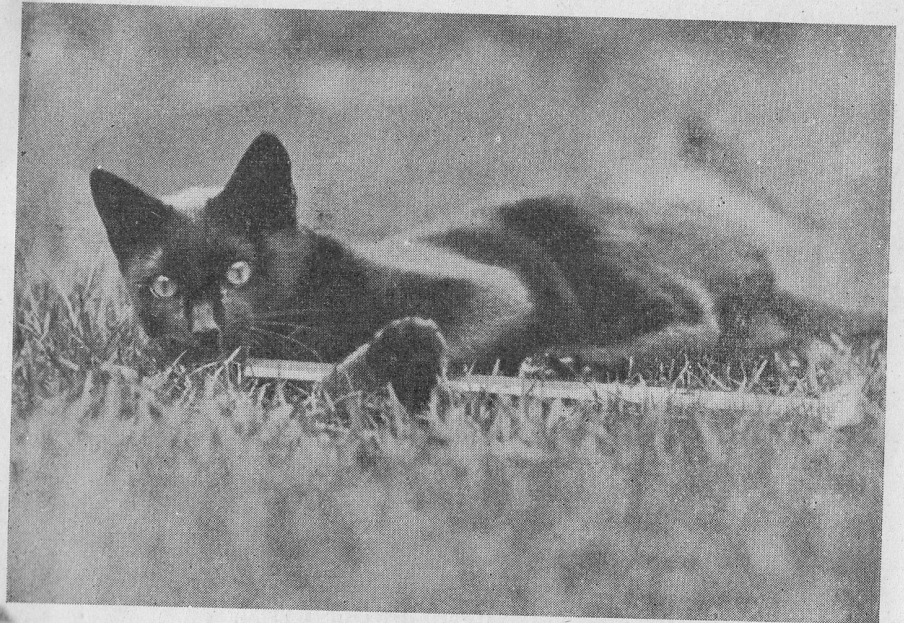
NOVEMBER, 1946.

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

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INKY POOH

Henry C. Stacy, A.R.P.S.

PICTURES ON PAGES 1, 3, 7, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22 and 25.

The Photograph on the Cover is by Hubert Davey.

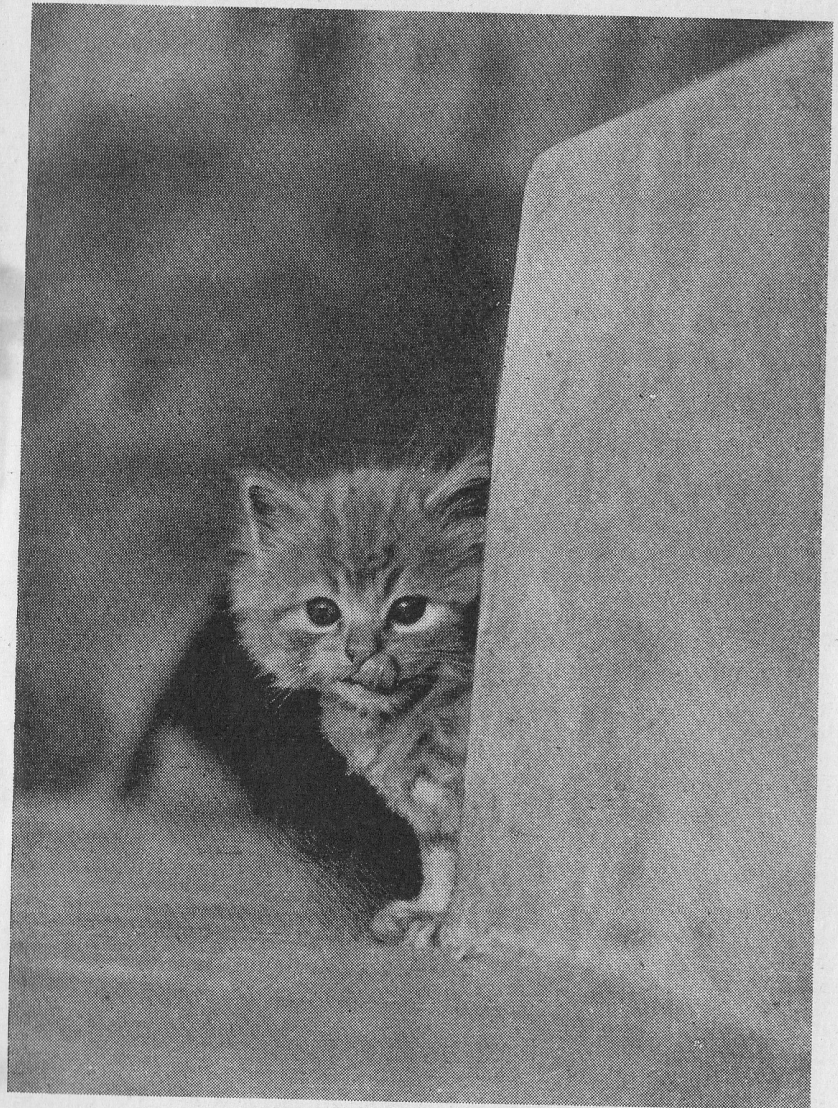


MY WIFE

I have a little stripey wife,
 So sweet and warm and furry.
 Her voice is such a lovely one,
 So low and soft and purry.

She has the dearest amber eyes,
 And a tiny, cold, pink nose,
 And she has got a long striped tail
 And dainty, snow-white toes.

BETTY ROBERTSON.



Fox Photos.

AROUND THE CORNER

Ruffie

By EILEEN UNDERWOOD

It can truthfully be said that Ruffie arrived at his new abode in a blaze of bad language. When his box was about to be opened, Jill the sheep dog lumbered up to be as near as possible so as not to miss anything. Like most of her kind she simply adored the undoing of boxes and parcels. The lid was taken off (of course it had had holes in it)—and a minute bundle of thick, long, tabby fur sat up, and spotting Jill's inquisitive nose, let off a string of the most virulent cat-oaths imaginable. But Jill was quite unperturbed and straightaway took the spirited bundle of fur to her capacious heart.

Very soon Ruffie adored Jill too, and it was a comical sight to watch the two playing. A small object would whiz down the passage hotly pursued by what looked like an animated grey hearthrug. When the pair of them had become quite exhausted they would subside into a composite bundle in front of the fire. Ruffie usually lay between the front paws of Jill who, in her turn, would rest her chin on top of the kitten, so unless you did a bit of sorting

out it was extremely difficult to see which was which.

It always seems such a pity that all too soon, lively kittens grow into dignified cats. Ruffie, of course, did his share of growing up, but he never became what you could really term staid. Possibly because he always had Jill to play with. Jill wasn't very young it is true, but to the end of her days she adored a game. Ruffie never grew to be a large cat. In fact, apart from his very long coat (he was three parts Persian) he was an extremely small person. He had lovely green eyes, extremely long whiskers and what we used to call his "puss-fours." The top of his coat was very dark tabby with nice, even markings, but underneath he was light beige, and if you saw his back view it looked just as though he were wearing light plus fours.

Ruffie grew to be an extremely good mouser, but he was always faced with a problem after a catch. You see, unlike many cats, he very much enjoyed eating his spoil, but on the other hand he greatly appreciated praise for his

proress. So he had to work out a system for himself, which was this: From the kitchen or any other spot in the basement would come loud howls, whereupon various members of the family would hurl themselves downstairs to see what was wrong. We would be confronted by Ruffie sitting proudly upright with one paw on a dead mouse and wearing a "see how clever I am" expression. One of us would say "Good Ruffie, clever Ruffie." Then, and then only could he promptly and with great satisfaction get on with his meal. He couldn't bear to miss his deserved praise.

There was one thing we could not do, and that was prevent Ruffie trying to catch birds. Luckily he was very seldom successful.

One day Ruffie came staggering in with a felt hat in his mouth. It was green with a grey bird on it as trimming. He must have gone into someone's house, found the hat lying about and been unable to resist the temptation of stealing the bird. As a great number of houses opened into a sort of big garden affair, it was quite impossible to find the owner of the hat—a truly frightful specimen, but no doubt the cherished possession of someone, who must have been

completely mystified by its disappearance. All we could do, feeling frightfully guilty, was to give the hat a decent burial.

Like most cats, Ruffie hated being laughed at. One day he was sitting on a newspaper on a table, busily engaged in tugging out bits of fur from between his toes. Thinking there was plenty of table behind him, he gave a particularly violent tug and turned a somersault on to the floor. He looked so comical that I had to laugh. On coming right side up again, he gave me an extremely dirty look and stalked out of the room.

Ruffie was very fond of children. If any of our friends brought their off-spring to the house, Ruffie would stand any amount of mauling from them. He seemed to realise that if he were uncomfortably held by a child it was not intentional and therefore it did not matter. But it was a different affair if a grown-up held him in what he considered to be an uncomfortable position.

Once we lost him for a whole week. We were terribly upset. We could not think what had happened to him. Eventually we put a notice on the wall. Very soon a girl arrived with Ruffie in her arms. He had been

staying directly opposite, but the people where he had planted himself had not the slightest idea where he came from. He was very charming to them and they loved having him, but as soon as they realised where he really belonged of course they returned him.

On another occasion he went off for a week-end. But that was the last time he strayed. He got a bit of a shock on his return. It happened to be very snowy and a small black kitten had run into the house, we couldn't turn it out so on his return Ruffie thought he had been supplanted. Fearing "he'd lose his job," he never risked going away again.

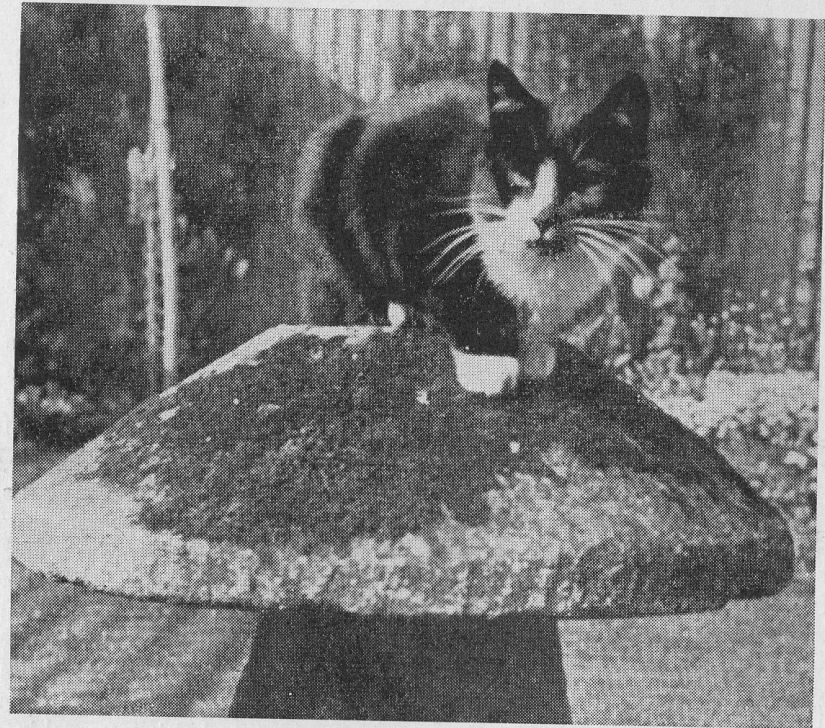
After a time Jill died. We were terribly upset, particularly father who was her real owner. Although he was on quite friendly terms with Ruffie, he wasn't as fond of cats as the rest of the family. But Ruffie, in addition to missing his devoted playmate, seemed to sense his owner's grief, because evening after evening when father was sitting in his easy chair the cat would jump on to his lap, and rub his head against father's hands. Although Ruffie had always invited himself on to our laps if he felt like it, he had never before treated father in

the same way, and it certainly seemed as though he were trying to show his deep sympathy.

Not long after that father had a new dog—a nine-months-old Airedale, a real beauty, named Jock, who had a perfectly sweet nature. Unfortunately, the first thing that happened after his arrival was that he met Ruffie in the hall, and barking in a truly terrific voice he gave chase. Poor Ruffie! He was terrified. I think he had expected the same considerate treatment that he had received from his devoted Jill, and he could not make allowances for a dog who retained much of his puppyhood. Ruffie was so frightened that for a long time he spent most of his existence either on top of my wardrobe or on the kitchen cupboard. Eventually he came to realise that Jock was a living example of the saying "his bark is worse than his bite"—and for the most part the bark was sheer exhilaration of spirits, but it was nearly two years before they became real friends. However, they loved each other dearly in the end.

We had Ruffie over fifteen years and it was a terrible grief when his span of life was over. That is one of the tragedies of keeping pets—they never live long enough.

READERS' OWN STORIES



Mike

By D. G. CROFTS

ALTHOUGH born in the slums of "unknown parents" he is very much of an aristocrat and has had indiscreet association with 3 famous Dukes—having lived in BEAUFORT PLACE; WELLINGTON WALK and MARL-

BOROUGH HILL. He has lived with us since he was a few weeks old and having been neutered as a kitten has been a real home lover and not given to prowling. We have had several queens who in time have had their families but "MIKE" has

always remained aloof from kittens, to which he maintains a very superior attitude. For some years now he has had no feline companions but enjoys great privileges in our home, in which he is almost our master, being allowed to sit on the piano or dining table at his will. Never has he been known to steal any food. There has never been any need as his meals are usually regular and ample. He refuses to go to bed unless a new newspaper is carefully laid over feather cushions in an arm chair, and will under no circumstances sleep on a paper which he has previously used.

As a rule, when the fire dies out and the dining room gets colder he comes upstairs to our bedroom the door of which is always left ajar for his convenience, and insists on coming right into bed with his mistress, laying his head on her shoulder or pillow. Thus he remains until too hot and then finishes his night's rest at the foot of the bed. Occasionally he finds it necessary to "comb" his mistress's hair very gently with his claws before she awakes to admit him to the warmth of the bed clothes. He is so persistent that he always has his own way, and being what we are we cannot refuse.

Mike had the misfortune to

get a cyst in his ear flap about 10 years ago and had to spend nearly 5 weeks in a veterinary hospital. After the operation his ear contracted but it has never troubled him since then. His unbounded pleasure at returning home was difficult for him to contain and was accompanied by endless recitals on his "bag-pipes" and constant "treadling" with his front paws—so effectively that his claws lifted the carpets and mats off the floors. His purring is perfect but he has never had any voice although he is quite well able to give any intruder to the garden a good exhibition of hissing and growls, and will defend himself and his domain with dangerous sparring thrusts. He is by nature a quiet non-aggressive being and dislikes loud voices and has always retired to an upstairs room or the landing upon any visitors (unknown to him), entering his home. This habit of seeking safety upstairs became intensified during the war and always during the first burst of gunfire during an air raid, he resisted all our efforts to take him to the shelter and sought refuge under the bed in our room, up against the wall. He survived all the terrifying experiences of the numerous air attacks on Bristol during which our home was badly damaged three times.

In recent years Mike has been affectionately known as "THE OLD MAN," but of course responds to his real name which has by no means been abandoned.

At various times he has befriended inmates of our garden including two large toads ("FLOP and FLIP") and several hedgehogs who have ventured to nibble scraps from his meat bones. But the strongest friendship of all with four legged neighbours was with two goats we kept tethered in the orchard. Many happy hours he spent in their company. Now he bestows all his love on his human friends with whom he plays like a kitten with a paper ball, the heads of knitting needles or a piece of string. Although he is in his 15th year he can run up trees and career across the garden like a greyhound, usually changing his direction in a flash and disappearing through an open door, returning to the garden a moment later strolling quietly as though only just out of bed.

In October last we were worried about how to introduce "THE OLD MAN" to our new home. It was decided to bring him in a sack in the car and lock him in a small bedroom until the furniture removers had completed the job. As soon as the

coast was clear we entered the room in which he had been locked, intending to allow him to roam through the new house and thoroughly smell and explore the surroundings. To our horror upon opening the door of the empty room, Mike appeared to have vanished and it was feared he might have squeezed through a small fanlight window which was open a few inches, and raced away after falling a considerable drop into the garden.

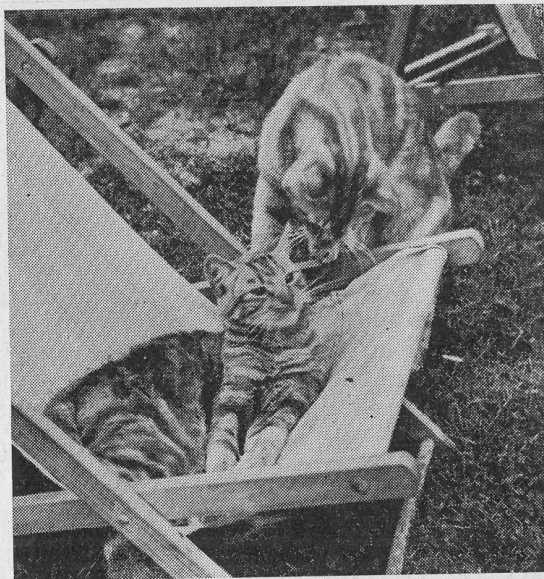
After a while—a period of intense anxiety—we discovered he had gone up the chimney—an almost impossible feat considering the very small opening and the size of the cat. Some hours later he descended unaided and none the worse for his experience.

We were much amused at the cover picture of the kitten on one of the magazines, and I called Mike and showed him the photo at a few feet distance. He immediately arched his back and after a few moments of thought, crept steadily towards it, step by step until he satisfied his sense of smell that it was not real !! This is quite an extraordinary occurrence and I have not known him before to take any notice of a cat picture but he is quite friendly with his own reflection in a mirror.

The Other Sons of Ming

By

E. M. BARRAUD



FURPINS AND KITTING (IN CHAIR)

THE Editor *did* say "Tell us about Furpins and Kitting and Toby Frill as well," so this is it.

Furpins was ordered. We had a friend of mine staying with me, and she had always had a red tabby cat till she was ill and had to go into hospital. When she came to stay with us, Ming had made up her mind to try some more experiments so we said "While you're at it, Ming, how about a red tabby?" Ming went on cleaning herself demurely, as if she was not listening. That night, when we went to bed, Ming was sitting in

Patch's basket. No matter what lovely nests we make for Ming, she has her own views, and they usually lead to Patch's basket. Patch knows as well as we do that nothing can be done about it, Ming being Ming, so he curled up on the floor, like the perfect gentleman he is. And when I went to say "Good morning" to Ming, I just gave her one look and then picked up the whole basket and took it in to Vere's bedroom and said "Here you are, madam. One red tabby kitten, as ordered!" There were no others, only the one red tabby, and Bunty gave him to Vere.

We made the usual mistake naming him. We started to call him The McTavish but it didn't work. It wasn't till he began to get about—and he was quick at this, his eyes were open in four days—and swarmed up our legs and all over everything, that we found out his real name. He used to run up the inside of Vere's slacks, and go to sleep clinging to her stocking. Sometimes it was clinging to her legs. "Fur, pins and teeth, that's what you are young man!" she said tersely, and Furpins he became from then on.

Furpins is not a dark red tabby. His markings are perfect, with one Lord Mayor's chain of office across his broad chest, but the background is so pale it looks almost white in a strong light. That's when he gets called Persil. When he was a kitten-cat, he used to play with knitting needles, with a pencil, with anything. The top half of him would be smiling blandly, but the back half would be lashing furiously in imitation wrath; he got two names, then: Callard for the benevolent top half, Bowser for the wrathful waving back half. He's tall and lithe and incredibly handsome, and knows it very well and sits posing for hours in attractive attitudes against suitable backgrounds. And he's gentle, the

gentliest of all the cats, jumping lightly, treading softly, and standing up in all his gorgeous length so that Vere can stroke him without stooping down to him. On a winter morning, after he has had his breakfast, and when I have gone off to work on the farm, he climbs gently on to Vere's lap, and snuggles down, chin and paws on her chest, for "a penny cuddle." He knows he's her cat, and although he is friendly with all of us, Vere comes first and last and in between all the time.

Furpins and only Furpins discovered the way into Vere's bedroom window. It involves walking along the steeply sloping thatch, and then taking a sideways jump onto a window-ledge only an inch wide, but he can do it. Because his weight on your tummy is no joke, we had to put wire netting on a frame over the window, but still he came, and sat there for an hour or more, balanced on the inch windowledge and the catch, quite quiet most of the time, only speaking softly at intervals, hoping to soften our hard hearts to take down the cat-trap and let him in.

Furpins it was, too, who discovered he could get on the table, and lift the latch of the stairs door with his nose, and

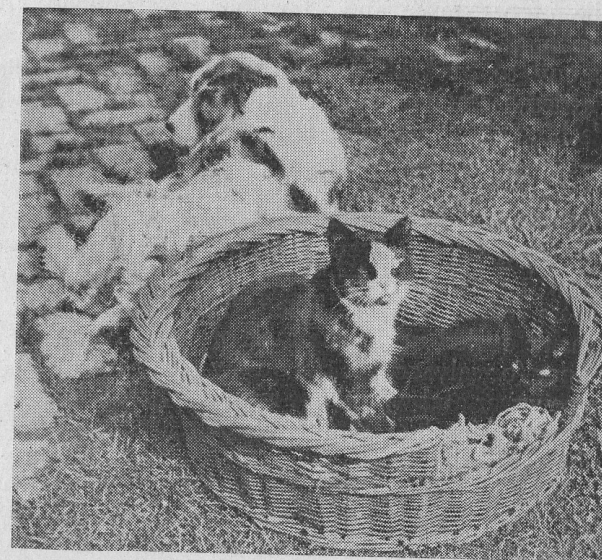
get up to the bedrooms that way. Bill will claw at a door till you have to open it to save the paint, but Furpins rears his slim self on his hind legs and gently turns the handle. When he was quite a baby, I used to bring home dead mice in my pocket. In a flash, Furpins would run up my body, up my outstretched arm, to take the mouse dangling from my fingers. That was fun, when he was a baby. Not such fun when he weighs ten or twelve pounds.

Furpins was born on June 26th, 1942. On April 16th, 1943, Kitting arrived. He was ordered too, for a friend in Devon whose own red tabby had been tragically run over on Christmas Eve. Somehow we never managed to arrange an escorted through journey for him, and did not like to risk sending him alone, in war time, and so he stayed, and stayed, and stayed, and now will obviously remain one of the family. Only he has never told us his name, so he is still Kitting (Remember? "Mrs. 'arding, your kitting's in our gardening, eating mutting bones...") He is as darkly marked as Furpins is pale, and his eyes are still amber, whereas Furpins' are butterfly-wing green. Together, we call them Our Handsome Boys, and they make the most marvellous

pair. Kitting bullies Furpins, always has bullied him, from the days when Furs benevolently let the small bundle of pinky fur claw and bite at him. Furs used to walk away gently when he was bored. He still just walks away.

Kitting is more like Ming than any of her sons. He strops himself quietly against your leg when he wants his dinner. He's a mighty hunter and plays with his prey for hours. He's independant, aloof, detached, so that when he does deign to choose your knee for a rest, you feel flattered, and ready to endure any discomfort rather than disturb him. And yet, despite his aloofness, he's the tamest and friendliest of our cats with strangers, and next to Ming—Patch's best friend amongst them. If Patch and Kitting are apart for an hour or two, they have to have a nose to nose talk when they meet. Kitting comes for walks with us (not only to the post, even Bill will do that, or to the shop for cigarettes, but all round the fields at the back). Sometimes Kitting will stop in the middle of cleaning himself and look a little wistful as though he were saying "I know you didn't really mean to keep me" and then he looks at you, straight out of his amber eyes,

MINC AND
TOBY
IN
PATCH'S
BASKET
(PATCH
OUTSIDE !)



and adds "But I'm here, and I'm going to stay" and rolls over happily, his most engaging self, well aware that we are more than glad to have him still ours.

We have given him to Colin and although Colin is in the Navy, Kitting never forgets him between leaves and has an extra special roll to greet his sailor owner.

And then there is Toby who was ordered for another friend but when the time came for him to go, he would have had to go only to an air raid shelter, in the midst of the flying bomb raids, so he too has stayed with us. Toby was always the loveliest of our kittens. As soon

as he could get out of his basket, he would swarm up our backs and settle down on the nape of our necks, and cling there like a small black limpet, no matter what we were doing. We all got cramp in the neck in turn, but no one ever had the heart to dislodge Toby Frill.

Then he got a septic paw. Home poulticing would not move it, and Bunty took him to the vet. He was there for two weeks. We telephoned every day, and for three dark days it looked as though we should have to say "Goodbye." "No," said the vet., don't do that. He's full of beans in himself. Ring again tomorrow." At last he came home, minus one toe on his foot,

the foot raw and horrible looking, and Toby pathetically happy to be back in his own garden, among his friends, dashing about on three legs and—swarming his way up our backs to our necks as though nothing had happened! Like all our cats, he has literary learnings; his favourite bed was my waste paper basket, when he wasn't curled up in the sack of paper for salvage. He sits on my typewriter and would not move, even if I hit him gently in the ribs with the keys.

Now he too is grown up and has developed independent habits. Sometimes we do not see him for a week at a time. At first we worried, and called

everywhere for him, but he turns up when he feels like it, always looking sleek and well fed, stays a day or two and then disappears again. So charming when he is with us, it would be nice to see more of our Toby but there it is: he obviously feels it is time he was leading his own life and who are we to stop him?

The Editor is making towards me with a pair of scissors and a fierce look. I could go on writing for ever about any or all of the cats, but it's no good. I've given you a quick look at them. It's my privilege to live with them. Aren't you envious? Of course you're not! Haven't you got your own?

Siamese Cat Club Championship Show

All the queer fascination of the Siamese cat-folk greeted the visitor to the Lime Grove Baths' Hall, Shepherd's Bush, where on the 14th October the Siamese Cat Club held its first championship show since 1938.

Twenty-two males were lined up to compete and 1st and champion was awarded to Miss Gordon-Jones' beautiful cat Salween Conqueror, who was afterwards acclaimed by all judges Best Exhibit in Show. The runner-up was Mr. B. A. Stirling-Webb's female Chirmon Lon, a very lovely queen shown in perfect condition.

The award for Best Kitten in show went to Mrs. France for Chinki Gilda, a most attractive little creature who will no doubt be heard of again in the future. Mrs. France had flown from Jersey to attend the show and was justly proud of her success.

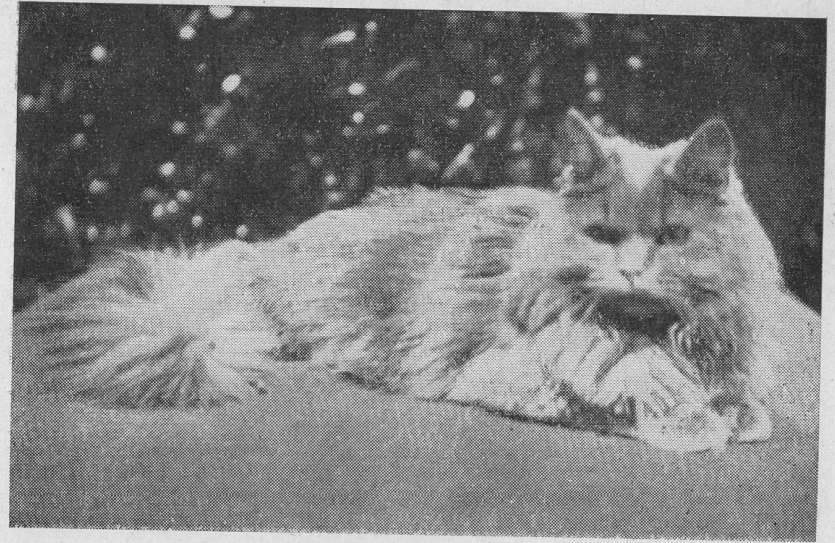
Judging from the vast number of visitors, cat lovers must be very Siamese-minded these days and no wonder for these animals are about the most intelligent and affectionate of all the feline tribe. The brilliant blue eyes blazing in seal-brown faces coupled with the creamy bodies make a most attractive picture.

The winners carried off medals and cups by the dozen, including a special silver cup presented by the President of the Club, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, for the best exhibit in the show.

In spite of the somewhat discordant protests by the principal performers, I think I may say that the whole affair was an unqualified success.

Elsie Hart.

Readers' Own Pets



BLUE
PERSIAN
"TIMOTHY"
THE PET
OF
Mrs. E. M.
BOOTY.

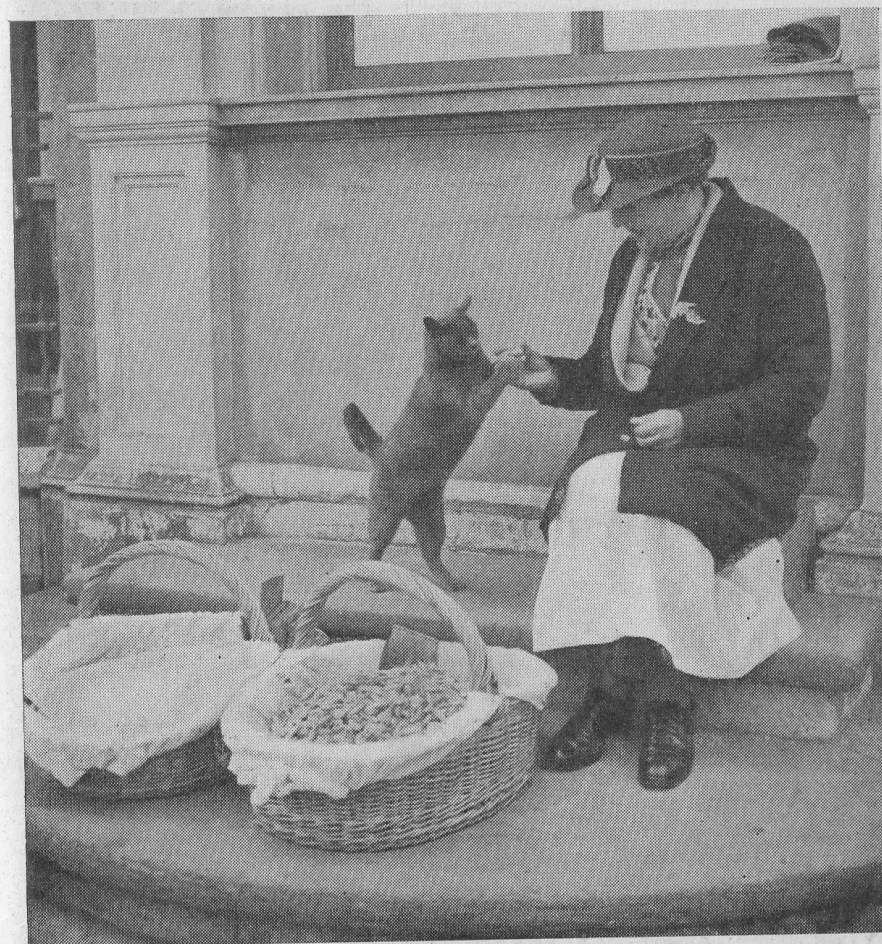
THE PETS
OF Mrs.
EMSLEY.





THE CAT WHO —

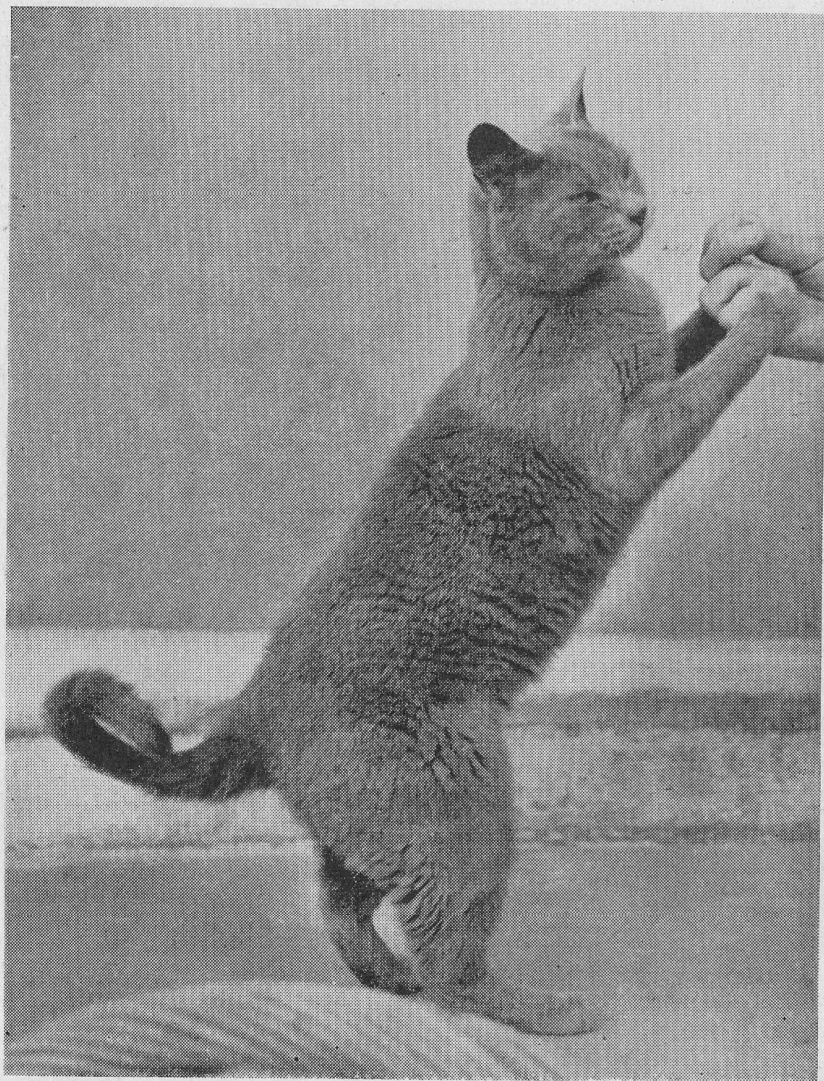
The cat you see here, who is smelling the shrimps does not belong to the shrimp-seller, but is a regular visitor to her. He never steals but always waits to be offered a shrimp as you see opposite. I sent copies of the photographs to the shrimp-seller, addressed to "The



— LIKED SHRIMPS

Lady who sells shrimps, at the corner of the Queen's Hotel, Great Yarmouth." I did not receive any reply, but as my letter was not returned by the post office, I presumed that it reached her.

Henry C. Stacy, A.R.P.S.



Henry C. Stacy, A.R.P.S.

ANOTHER SHRIMP PLEASE !

Siamese Pantomime

By N. J. HALLEY



ONCE I was fortunate to see Yurek Shabelevsky as the slave in the Russian Ballet of Scheherazade, and to admire his athletic leap on to the cushion at the Queen's feet, and to marvel at the training and presentation which can produce such moments in Ballet.

Since Bogey has made my house his home, I am constantly being made aware that he is a natural untrained expert in the grotesque, the dramatic, and the plaintive action, and many times I have been charmed, amused, or held breathlessly alarmed at his "pas seul."

How often friends, their eyes sparkling with some secret delight have said "Have you ever seen Bogey running?" I know! His long pointed tail remains stiffly in the air pointing to the sky, while his four legs, keeping a rigid wooden effect, appear to scatter in all directions

as he runs, so that he looks for all the world like the victim of some sudden gust of wind.

In summer, on the lawn, he will throw himself into a crouching attitude, and when a butterfly sails across the lawn towards the herbaceous border, we may see Bogey following "sur les pointes," his two front paws describing a tender embrace in mid-air, as he progresses in the wake of the unhurried path of the innocent.

At meal times he loves to leap on to my shoulder, and curl himself round the back of my neck, and sniff happily as the fork passees his nose, giving little short purry grunts, interspersed with faint pleading whines. It is only when he smells

bacon that his manners forsake him in a frenzied madness of desire—in fact breakfast on bacon-morning is one continuous act of clowning. Bogey begins by sniffing, but this time he becomes more and more worked up with each breathful, and starts leaping round the table from chair to chair, in a wild effort to avoid my table napkin, and, if he can manage it, to gain access to the table, and so away with a crisp piece of his *morceau choisi*.

Should he fail, there is no more abject, pitiful little creature on this earth, all the life and energy seem to have left him, and instead his body becomes soft and supple, and his head hangs in a woe-begone attitude, and he becomes suddenly clumsy, and tumbles about, getting in the way of our feet as we walk, and either tripping us up or getting hurt himself.

One day, two mill girls with stones in their hands, and their eyes popping out of their heads, rang my front door bell. "We've just seen the most enormous rat in the field, and it ran into your garden, so we thought we ought to warn you. "Where did it go" I enquired? "Along that path and into those bushes" "Come along and lets see if its still there" I said, clutching a walking stick. Sure enough, cowering

in the darkest corner was a terrified Bogey!

After dinner, in the drawing room, my beautiful cream Persian likes to lie down in comfort by the fire, but should he start to yawn, Bogey will choose this moment for a flank attack. After a few preliminary wriggles, to set himself into one long low-line level with the floor, he will dart out at his target, like an arrow from the bow, and there will be one seething mass of legs and tails, and noses, as they roll over and over, until one or other escapes from the room, followed by a thunderous stampede up the staircase, and a few distant bumps and thuds in the bedroom above. Afraid that damage may ensue, I follow, only to see a charming picture of both cats washing each others' faces.

Bogey is really called Petemell Korchrancih, his Grandmother being Aouda, the Mother of the famous Charles, and his Great-great-Grandfather was the celebrated Bonzo, but somehow we just couldn't get our tongues round his proper name, and when he so often surprises us by poking his head up over the side of the bath, as we walk along the landing, we have to admit he really is a very life-like bogey-man, and that having a Siamese in the house is a never ending pantomime.

How Do Cats Know Their Friends?

by ELIZABETH CROSS

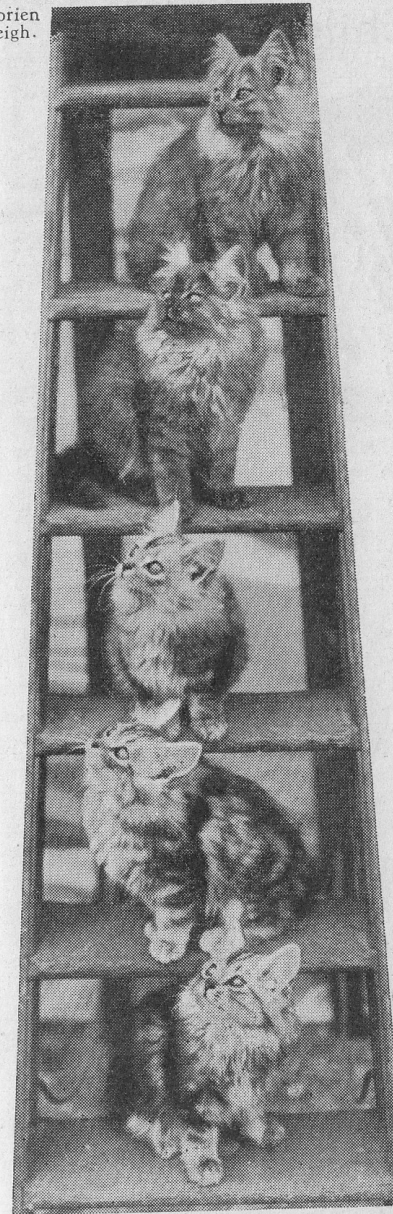
UP to two years ago we were completely indifferent to cats, passing them by without a glance, and being entirely dog-ridden. Then we were forcibly invaded by a Tom cat of great strength of character, charm and intelligence and he taught us to appreciate cats. (Needless to say we became more cat-ridden than we had been dog-ridden, and that's saying something).

The strange thing is, however, that every cat knows this, even though fate has cruelly deprived us of our original darling and we are catless. But although we have no house cat we have a mass of callers; in fact the place is more of a cat-canteen than anything else, with all the village cats lurking about waiting for fish dinners, odd bones and anything that can be spared from the hen-pail. When washing the car the other day we were seriously embarrassed by a small tabby who was sure the bowl of water was for her use, first to drink and then to wash her paws!

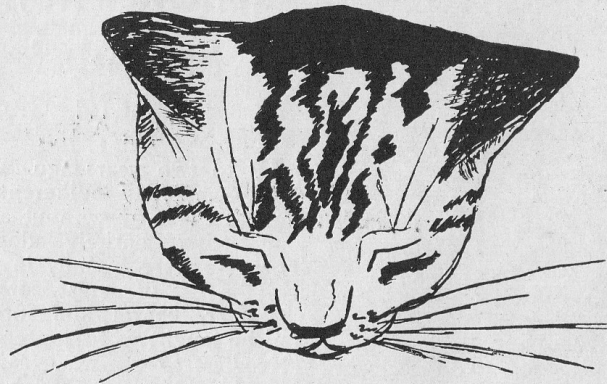
No cat ever passes us by now, but looks at us earnestly, recognising that we are truly cat-conscious and worth acknowledging. Consequently life is that much more interesting. But how do they know?

CLIMBING THE SOCIAL LADDER

Dorien Leigh.



For the Children

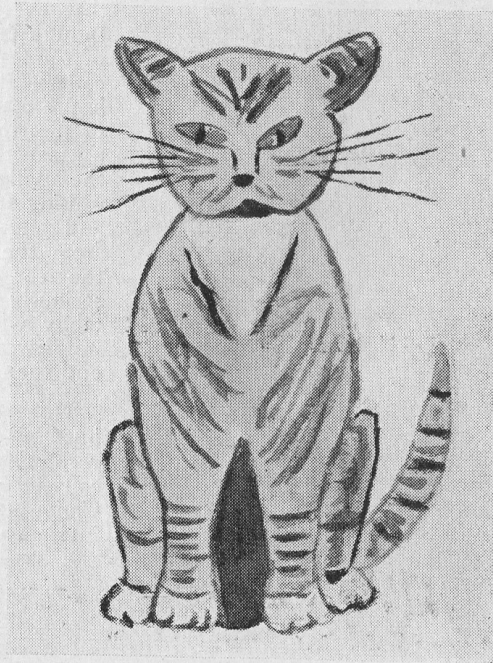


CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

BEAUTY
SLEEP

Drawn by
JANET CAPES
Aged 14.

TIBBY
Drawn by
MARIAN
DELAHAYE
Aged 13.



KITTIKA By TWO SISTERS.

LAST night in the pitch dark, I went to the back door to call Kittika and her latest kitten Orlando of three months, when I heard a faint mew coming from above. I flashed my torch in that direction and there was Orlando in a huge chestnut tree, a good twenty feet from the ground, perched on a stump where a big branch had been cut off. Kittika, an anxious mother, was mewling on the ground. It really was a pitiful sight. Mother rang up a neighbour and he came round at once. He fixed our two spare parts of a ladder together with some difficulty, as they were rather stiff. We carried the ladder to the tree and put it just below Orlando. The neighbour climbed up the ladder, which was extremely wobbly and brought him down. What a rejoicing between mother and son! They had real milk for supper that night. Jane Calvert, aged 11.

WE have a little ginger cat Kittika. At the moment she has two little ginger kittens which we have not yet named.

In our garden we have a medium-sized swimming pool and Kittika used to jump on to the edge of it to peer down into the water. One day when we were drying ourselves after a bath, Kittika appeared on the edge and without hesitating jumped into the water, swam three strokes out and three strokes back, and then clambered out and ran like a mad thing trying to get dry. Finally we managed to catch her and rub her dry with a towel. Even now she occasionally jumps up on to the edge of the pool and looks curiously down into the water.

Mary Calvert, aged 14.

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FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

INFECTIOUS ENTERITIS

I may as well admit at the outset that I have avoided dealing with infectious enteritis, or gastroenteritis as it is sometimes called, because it is at once the most dangerous illness to which cats are liable, the most difficult to diagnose and cure and the quickest in fatal effects. But I **must** deal with it, sooner or later, and it had better be now.

Symptoms are symptoms which one and all, are also found with other and less dangerous illnesses; nor are they all always found with infectious enteritis, but if you do get them all together, or most of them, be on the safe side and suspect the worst. They are: complete loss of appetite, high temperature, vomiting (a yellowish and slimy frothy vomit), diarrhoea, lassitude amounting to virtual incapacity to move at all, possibly a film over the eyes, and—following high temperature—coldness of the extremities.

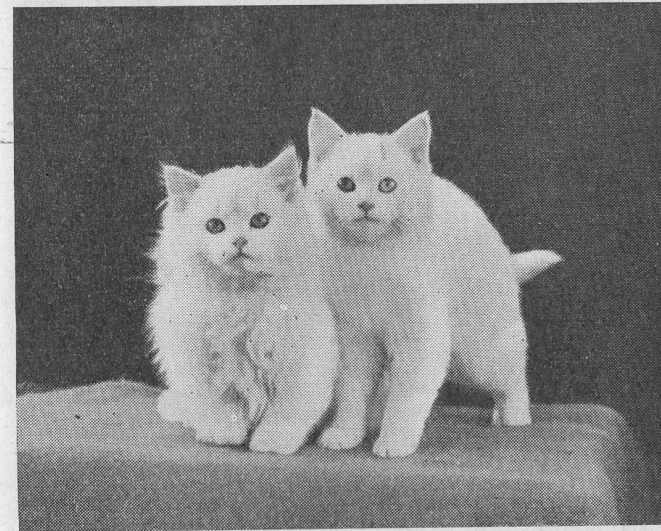
If you suspect a cat has infectious enteritis, do **not** take the patient to the vet.'s surgery, for the sake of other animals. Ask the vet. to come to the patient; he will appreciate your consideration. Until he can call, do not feed the patient at all but keep him warm and quiet and, of course, away from other cats. You might give a dose of calomel, which can be got from any chemist in quarter-grain pills. Give half a pill to adult cats or older kittens, a quarter of a pill to small kittens (you will find you can easily cut them through).

Once the vet. has seen the patient, he will take charge of the case, either removing the cat for

care at his surgery or giving you instructions for treatment, but I may as well warn you at the outset that the disease is usually fatal within twenty-four hours. If the patient survives that time, there is hope that it may pull through but nursing must be careful and will have to be prolonged, probably for a week or ten days—until, in other words, the diarrhoea has ceased. (I should have explained earlier, perhaps, that infectious enteritis is inflammation of the inside, and highly infectious).

One of the best treatments I know, once the first twenty-four hours have been successfully passed, is to feed the patient exclusively in yoghurt. Yoghurt is milk which has been turned sour scientifically—it is an old peasant remedy for diarrhoea. You can make it yourself. Here is the recipe. Bring a pint of milk to the boil and let it boil for two minutes. Cool it as quickly as possible, by standing it in running cold water, and then add sixty drops of lactic acid (from a chemist), drop by drop, and stirring all the time with a fork. (Sixty drops is a teaspoonful, by the way, but it must go into the milk drop by drop). You will now have the curdled milk ready for use, but it should be warmed before it is fed to the invalid—warm it in a double saucepan, or in a mug in a saucepan, or else it will separate out. It should be fed with a spoon, in very small quantities at a time, and disturbing the patient as little as possible. If it is refused you can try sweetening it with a little glucose—this will also add to the nutritive value.

FOR THE SMALL BREEDER No. 7



WHITE
LONG HAIR
AND
WHITE
SHORT
HAIR
Sent by
Mrs. KAYE.

Selecting a Sire By S. E. ARCHER

HAVING decided what we want in the stud the next thing is to find him, and that is not always an easy task. The best method is to visit the shows and the chances are that you will find him. It may well be that he is not one of the prize winners! It is absolutely necessary to keep clearly in mind what one is seeking and not to allow oneself to be sidetracked. It is a great temptation to regard a champion as the ideal stud for your queen, but it is quite likely that his weak points are those of your queen, and a union of two such individuals would tend to accentuate the weakness in the kittens. The fact that a stud is successful on the show bench does not necessarily make him a good sire. Some of the best show males have lacked that supreme quality of

prepotency; the ability to stamp on their offspring their own outstanding good qualities. If the stud which you think is suitable has only a V.H.C. card on its pen that fact need cause you no dismay.

If you cannot get to the shows, and it may be still some time before they are numerous, write to the Secretary of your Breed Club. Few of these clubs are active at the moment, but most of the secretaries have survived the war and they may well be able to help you. Explain the points in which you consider your queen to be weak, and ask to be recommended to a breeder who possesses a stud which will be helpful. Even better than this, get an expert to see your queen and assess her qualities.

Another method would be to write to one or two of the big breeders in your variety, for such breeders usually keep several studs, one of which may be the ideal sire for your litter.

Perhaps here one should give a word of warning to the novice against "in-breeding." By this we mean the mating of close relations, and the object of such mating is to fix the good qualities of a particular family so that they will appear in succeeding generations. One has, however, also to bear in mind that one can breed in bad qualities as well as good. Theoretically in-breeding is an excellent method of reproducing stock of an ideal type provided that the original pair at the head of the strain are excellent specimens. For the novice, however, in-breeding is far too dangerous a method to employ, as all individuals which show the slightest sign of degeneration, whether it be physical or mental, must be ruthlessly destroyed. If this is not done very soon weakly and deformed kittens will be produced, and even some of those which appear sound will be almost sterile or completely incapable of producing young. It would not be just to say that in-breeding was bad in itself, but for the novice it is far too dangerous to be attempted. Leave it to the experts and you can console yourself with the fact that even they fail quite frequently. For you it is far better to find a stud who is unrelated to your queen for three generations back at least. These remarks on "in-breeding" may not meet with general approval, but the advice they contain is undeniably practical for the novice breeder.

When you have decided on the sire you must make arrangements well in advance. A stud owner likes

to know what calls there are to be on the services of the stud, and is quite justified in returning your queen if you send her without previous arrangement. The wise stud owner limits the use of his males, for an overworked stud cannot produce good, strong kittens. His kittens are his advertisement whether it be good or bad. If the proud owner tells you that the stud is mating three or four queens each week and that three matings are given to each queen, you would be well advised to seek a less popular stud. One does sometimes glean information of this kind when talking to stud owners. If the statements are true, the stud owner does not know his job.

The mating fee usually varies between thirty shillings and two guineas, and on top of this one has to pay carriage both ways. It is quite normal for a maiden queen to "miss" the first time that she is sent to the stud, and in this case she will "call" again a few weeks later. When this happens it is usual for the stud owner to grant a further mating free of charge, but the owner of the queen is expected to pay all carriage charges. This free mating, it must be remembered, cannot be regarded as a right, but merely as a matter of courtesy. My own experience of stud owners has been very happy in this matter of second and even third matings for difficult queens. When one bears in mind the fact that when the first mating fails the fault is usually that of the queen, one must realise that further matings are generosity on the part of the stud owner. Be reasonable yourself and you will find that the stud owner is only too willing to help. The money that is obtained by stud work is hard earned, for this work requires not only the patience of Job, but also

the expenditure of a good deal of time.

As most queens will call before they are old enough to be mated, one must keep a watchful eye on them or one may be presented with an unwanted litter. The queen, if she feels so inclined, will go in search of a mate for herself. Females which are born in the spring of the year usually mature sexually at a later age than those born in the late summer or autumn. The explanation of this fact is quite simple, for a kitten born fairly early in the year is rarely mature enough to come into season before the lower temperatures of autumn and winter slow down her development. On the other hand, the sexual maturity of an October kitten will be speeded up considerably by the arrival of spring and summer, the natural mating season for animals. A Chinchilla female born near the end of October called for the first time when she was just five months old.

It is essential to learn the early signs of the approaching season as the queen must be shut up at that time, and remain shut up until she has quite finished calling. One cannot, however, give precise details as to what to expect at such times, for cats are individualists and it is necessary to learn the peculiarities of one's own cat. Usually however, a queen becomes much more fussy and affectionate a few days before she actually starts to call, so if you are surprised by an excess of affection, you should regard this as a probable sign and take precautions. On the other hand, some cats announce impending events by growing more talkative than usual. At the present time I have two long-haired queens which will answer me every time I speak to

them. When that happens I know that they will be calling in real earnest in less than forty-eight hours. Any signs such as these which appear to show a change of temperament are definite hints for taking precautions. There is no possibility of mistaking the signs when a queen is fully in season.

The most characteristic action at this time is rolling. The queen rolls backwards and forwards, and quite often at the same time makes plaintive little cries as she stretches out her front legs and clasps any article of furniture that is handy. A favourite occupation is getting under a chair and at the same time rubbing her back against the stiles, and then continuing the performance by rubbing her head and neck against anything and everything. Long-haired cats as a general rule are far less violent than Siamese. The latter are noisy in the extreme when calling, and their cries can be heard over considerable distances, as one soon learns from the motley array of stray toms who make their appearance to add to the din. After five or six days the long-haired queen has usually settled down again, but Siamese sometimes keep up the love song for twice that time. Quite often, though, the noise is less during the latter part of the period. This is probably due to a sore throat. At all events the fine, ringing tones of the early days have happily gone. The frequency of calling is something which one can never determine with any cat. Some cats call more frequently than others, but the individual cat may have periods of calm varying from a week to six weeks. An exceptional cat, and in many ways an undesirable one from the point of view of breeding, will call almost continuously until she is satisfactorily mated.

NEWS FROM AMERICA.

Cats used in films can earn as much as fifteen to twenty dollars a day in Hollywood.

A cat was once credited with preventing a notorious murderer from escaping from Massachusetts prison, by yowling.

Another cat frightened an armed thief into running away when trying to rob a Cleveland store. The cat did this by rattling some cigar boxes in a back room. It is not known whether the cat had second sight and knew there was a burglar next door.

At an ordnance depot in Utah, a stray cat was taken in by a soldier's wife. During the night the cat woke up the soldier by scratching him, and he found that there was escaping gas in the room. He was just in time to carry out his unconscious wife and sister-in-law.

A half-Persian cat, named Mr. Hafizoali purrs over the radio on station WJZ, each morning at 8 a.m.

A cat once saved 8,000,000 dollars in gold bullion off the coast of Lower California. The ship went aground and the crew left it, but the cat stayed on board. As long as the cat stayed on board no salvager could claim the cargo, which was later retrieved by its owners.

The National Anti-Vivisection Society has asked us to print the following letter to the Editor.

Dear Madam,

A solicitor, writing in your September issue, mentions the subject of Vivisection, but says he does not propose to discuss whether it is right or wrong. He adds:—

"Cat-lovers can be assured that the law is very much aware of the practice. The provisions and regulations governing it are very numerous and severe in order to ensure the minimum pain and suffering is allowed."

I would comment: The provisions and regulations governing gambling and the drink traffic are also "very numerous and severe," but they are not intended to, and do not in fact, prohibit a great deal of gambling and the consumption of alcoholic drinks. The case is precisely similar as regards the legislation dealing with animal experimentation. It legalizes it under conditions and therefore protects the vivsector from the risk of prosecution.

I do not know what is meant by "the minimum of pain and suffering." The shocking experiments we have published in our back page advertisements in "Cats and Kittens" and elsewhere were quite legal. Presumably therefore they involved the minimum of suffering. But in that case it would be difficult for a normal human mind to imagine what the maximum of suffering would be.

Yours faithfully,

R. FIELDING-OULD,
Director.

Meet The Breeders

'WARE STORMS

A devastating thunderstorm swept over our bungalow in July, accompanied by deafening peals of thunder. We had unfortunately, a friend down from London for the day, who was very nervous, so my time was rather taken up otherwise I should have paid more attention to Hendon Lady Griselda, my winning blue kitten at the Blue Point Championship Show on July 17th. Griselda was due to kitten very shortly and of course, was a maiden. We had two fearsome claps just overhead and although when I went to her, she did not seem unduly frightened her six blue kittens were born open-eyed. She had no trouble at their birth and I had done everything as correctly as possible and the kittens were well up to weight. Open-eyed kittens as a rule survive only a few days, fading away one by one. I believe there are very rare cases where they have been saved but eye trouble is mostly prevalent if reared. The cause is undoubtedly a shock to the mother's system. Griselda had a very placid nine weeks and is not in any way a nervous cat. She is very much concerned at her loss and promises to be a perfect mother.

G. Campbell Fraser.

A REMINDER.

AS a hard and frosty winter is predicted, breeders are well advised to see that Cat-houses are in good repair and weather-tight. Cold does not hurt a strong healthy cat as so many stray cats prove, but I am strongly against damp and draughts. A nice deep wooden box with a thick woollen blanket (not an old piece of sacking), folded together inside the box makes a very comfortable, cosy warm bed for every cat. **Regular** feeding hours, morning and night of sufficient good, nourishing food and you will have a happy and satisfied cat—and no trouble. As a matter of fact, I find that my cats seem to enjoy the dry, cold weather, are more playful than ever, perky and saucy. A friend sent me a marvellous almanac for 1945, which not only gives all sorts of interesting predictions, but tells breeders the **right time** to neuter animals. It appears neutering has something to do with the Moon. There is also a time table for gestation. At a glance you can see when your cat's family is due, providing, of course, you have the correct date of mating, and breeders usually have that. Any reader interested can send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

I was amused to read in "Cats and Kittens" of a lady whose house is visited by so many cats. Some little time ago a very sweet black with white turned up. We shooed it away time and again, but she was back again in double quick time—purring—so we had to feed her just what was left over. Then she played in the garden during the day and slept on a chair near the house. Then there is a tabby whom I have fed for 18 years, and a tabby and white who attached himself to my house, but he was left behind by a neighbour who moved away. All these cats turned up at regular feeding time, like clockwork. At one time I had twelve strays to feed.

A. M. Cattermole.

COVENTRY CAT SHOW

HELD under the management of Mrs. Phil. Gardner, who worked very hard to make this section a success. There were 24 exhibits with 35 entries and the quality of the Blue female adults was very high. Some of the kittens were outstanding, they all carried such long even coats and the eye colour was amazing in kittens so young.

In the Blue male adult, judged first was Mrs. Clarke's "Glenroy Timothy," also Best Cat of the Show. A lovely massive boned cat, carrying a profuse, pale flowing coat, good round copper eyes, a grand head and neat ears; very hard to fault and a cat that should go far. Mrs. Bradley's "Oxleys Blue Poppy" was first in the Blue Female adults, and was also reserve Best Cat in the Show. A lovely Queen of excellent type with a short nose, copper eyes, neat, well-placed ears and a heavy sound pale coat of exquisite texture.

Best kitten in the show, and also first in the Creams and Siamese, was Mrs. Blythe's "Karulino Nickie," a beautiful pale, unmarked cream, a glorious type and head, good bone and eyes, with neat, well-placed ears. This kitten should be heard of again. Space precludes mention of the other entries in a successful Show. Many thanks to my steward, Mr. Barker, who was most helpful and very patient. Doris Brice-Webb.

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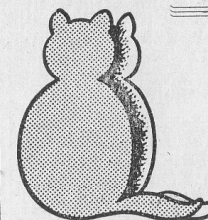
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