

## 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

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NUMBER



DECEMBER, 1946.  
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## Mother and Family

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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER.

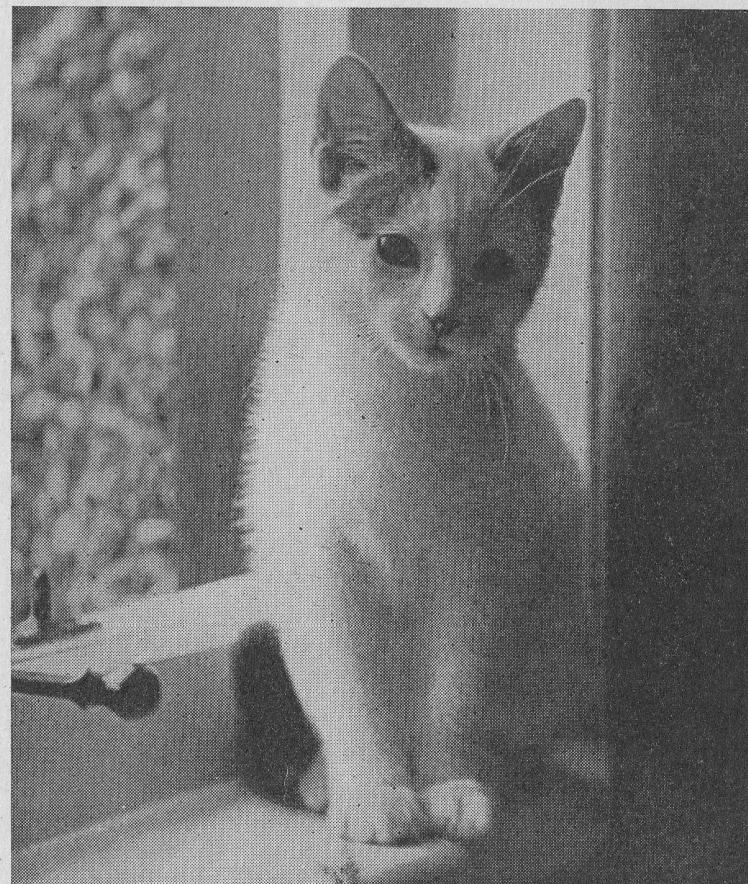
DECEMBER, 1946.

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.



Dorien Leigh.

TO WISH YOU A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

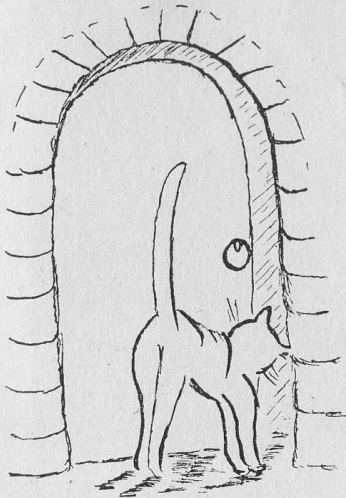
The Photograph on the cover is by Pictorial Press.

# Nellie's First Family

By DORIS STEVENSON

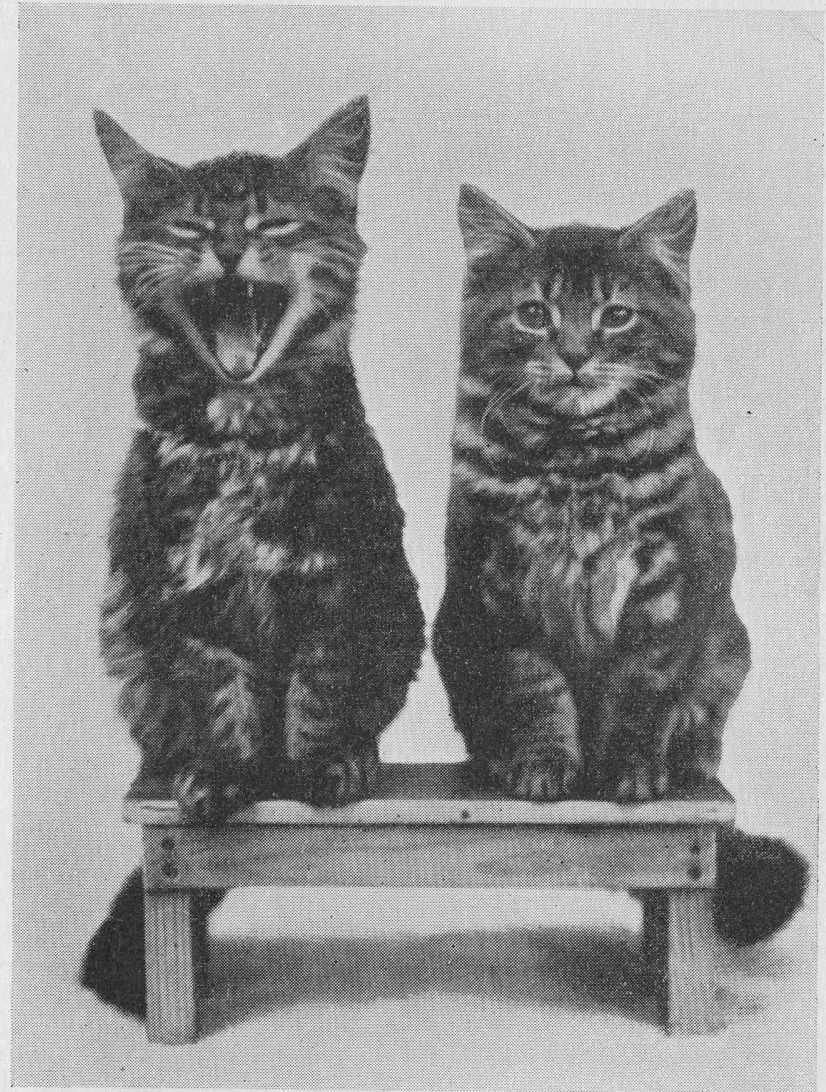
IT was a dark evening and a fine drizzle had taken the place of the snow which had fallen earlier in the day. Nellie mewed pathetically; the door was shut. She lifted her paw and scratched at the chipped paint.

Nellie, being a stray, was used to shut doors; she had met with them on many other occasions but it had not mattered then. There were plenty of places a Cat could spend the night. There were sheds whose doors were never shut, they swung on creaking hinges, backwards and forwards, in the night wind.



There were lots of possibilities in sheds like this; but not to-night. She looked down the miserable little street with its rows of houses standing flush on to the narrow pavement, until her sharp eyes caught the gleam of light which filtered out of the half closed door of the Magpie. She could creep in there; stealthily make her way under the wooden tables skilfully thread her body through the maze of legs, and make a dash for the quarters of Slant-eyed Sall in the back region of the Pub. She knew there would be a welcome for her there, for Sall was the generous sort who would always share her sleeping quarters with a pal; but not to-night.

Nellie mewed again. Some door must be open for her to-night. It was a very important night. Not a night for an odd shed? or the back regions of the Pub? It was growing colder and the street was quite deserted. She knew something had to be done quite quickly. Keeping close against the walls of the houses she made her way to the top of the street and turned into the square, away from a possible shed, away from the Pub. and a possible quarters in the basket



Mirror Features.

EXCUSE MY ROWDY BROTHER!

of Slant-eyed Sall. She had remembered a patch of grass where she had spent a happy autumn afternoon, chasing the crisp fallen leaves as they moved and danced before her. She remembered when she was tired of her game she had found an Open Door which led into a large house, deserted by people, and she had curled up in a nice warm corner and gone to sleep in the quiet stillness of that House. She would find her way there again, so crossing the road she entered the gateway to the grass patch and the shelter which lay beyond. Up the stone-flagged path she struggled, a lone wet and bedraggled tabby Cat. Yes, the heavy door under the porch stood slightly open, an opening just big enough for Nellie to slip through.

There was a dim light in the big empty House and it was dry. With a sigh of relief Nellie gently shook herself and gave her soaking fur a few licks. But her mind was on more important things than wet fur, she must hurry. She walked up the side aisle towards the light.

The Rev. Smithfield had taken great pride in arranging the Crib that Christmas. St. Peters had been presented with beautifully carved figures of the Nativity and with loving care he had built the appropriate setting round these new

treasures, placing straw on the floor, and as a finishing touch a lantern by the group of Shepherds which shed a soft light on the lovely little tableaux.

Reaching the light Nellie blinked her tired eyes, and sniffed at the warm dry straw. Someone very kind, very understanding lived in this big quiet House.

Daintly she stepped between the figures of the kneeling Shepherds, and squeezed her body behind the manger. It was a perfect place, having no time to lose she set about arranging her new found home.

Next morning Nellie was far too occupied with her maternal duties to be disturbed by what was happening in the world outside, and as no eyes could pry beyond the shelter of the Manger she remained unnoticed.

Susan and Mrs. Goodall were early arrivals at the eleven o'clock service, and Susan was so glad when she found she had an uninterrupted view of the Crib. Many times during the service her eyes strayed from her Prayer Book to study the little tableaux. She so longed to handle the carved lamb which lay in the straw beside one of the Shepherds, and to peep into the wooden Manger to see if there really was a Baby lying there. She decided she would ask Mummy after the Service.

As she came to this decision she suddenly realised something was moving behind the Manger. She gazed in wonder and presently the face of a grey tabby appeared for a few seconds and then disappeared from view. Never taking her eyes from the spot Susan tugged at her Mother's sleeve, "Mummy, look Mummy!" she whispered excitedly "Shss" reproved Mrs. Goodall.

Susan tried again, one did not see Cats every Sunday in Church, and when one loved Cats very very much—

"Mummy its a Cat" she managed to whisper rather too audibly. The situation was not at all clear to Mrs. Goodall and she resorted to a further, "Shss."

Susan decided it was useless she would have to wait to the end of the Service. The suspense was nearly unbearable, but at last the organist began to play the voluntary and the people to make their way out of the big Door which Nellie had crept through the previous night.

Susan's Mother collected her gloves and Prayer Book, and under cover of the music and the general shuffling of the congregation Susan told her about the Cat. Together they walked over to the Crib, and looking behind the Manger discovered Nellie lying warm and snug in the straw with her three baby

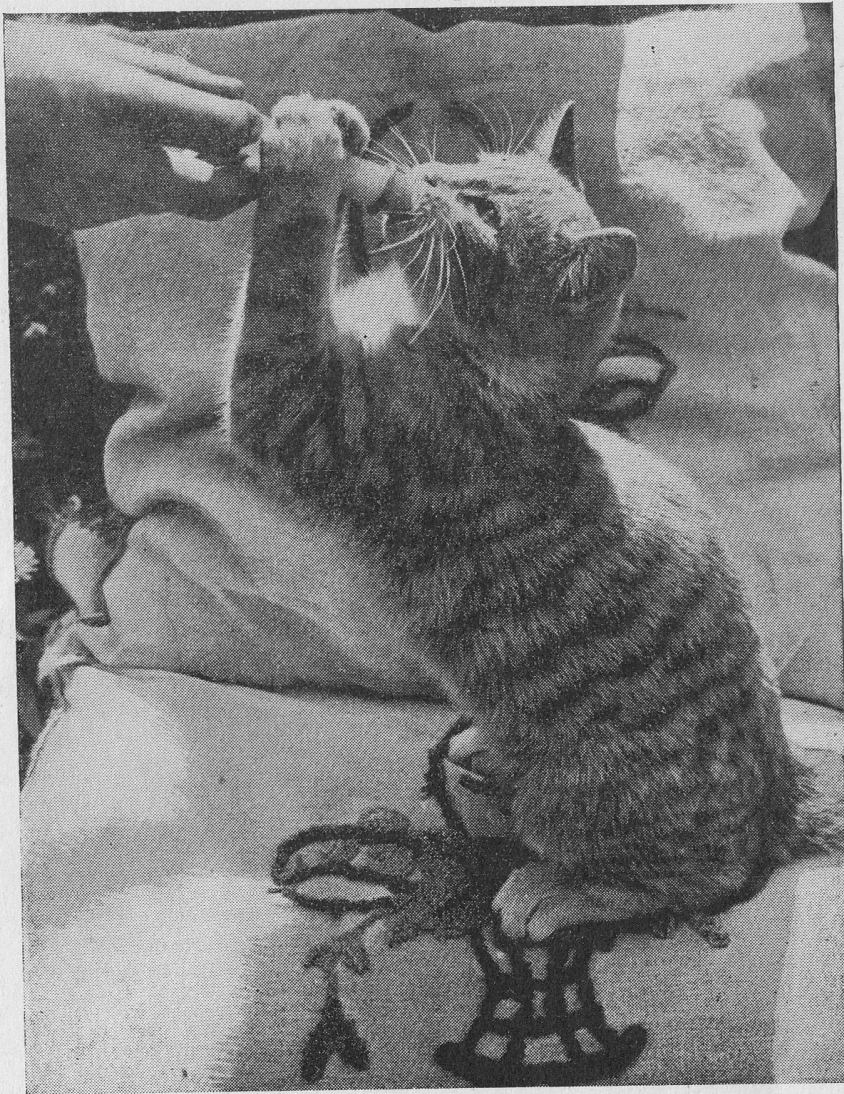
kittens.

"Oh! Mummy can I take her home, please, please, can I?" Mrs. Goodall looked at the pleading eager face of her small daughter, "If she has no home, and we ask Mr. Smithfield, I won't say no darling."

Susan looked round and saw Mr. Smithfield coming from the Vestry door, and running over to him she caught him by the hand. As she led him towards the Crib she told him the story, hoping and hoping he would say she could give the mother cat and her kittens a home.

After a greeting of "Happy Christmas" to Mrs. Goodall, Mr. Smithfield bent down to admire the proud and happy Nellie, gently stroking her soft grey head: then he looked at the eager questioning face of  
(continued on page 19).





Mirror Features.

## THE CAT WHO LIKED HIS BOTTLE

## The Bottle Baby

**P**ETER, a ginger and white tabby likes his bottle. When he was born, his mother was taken ill and so a foster mother had to be found for the kitten. After two or three days he was nearly dead, so his owner began feeding him with brandy and milk from a fountain pen filler. After five days he weighed a little less than three ounces, but persevering, he gradually picked up. The bottle was

increased and a teat put on the end, and so Peter grew up. At nearly five months old he held on to his bottle like grim death, and sucked it clear. In doing so he gradually lay back on his cushion, holding the bottle in the air and finishing it on his back. Holding the bottle between his two front paws, he will chase you for it if you take it away.

(See picture opposite).

## Cats' Tales By ELIZABETH CROSS

**O**NE of the most delightful things about being a cat worshipper is that one is always coming upon queerer and queerer tales about them. For instance there was the question of the swimming cats, when my story was disbelieved a hundred times only to be proved perfectly true and capped many more times still by other folk who owned or knew swimming cats.

Then there was the kitten that sucked his thumb (or rather his paw) and the fierce controversy this aroused. In case this tale hasn't reached you, here is a condensed version. Once upon a time there was a kitten who had to be brought up on the bottle. Somehow or other the milk used to drip on his paw and so he

contracted the habit of sucking his paw. Eventually he became a confirmed paw-sucker, even when grown up, and would suck his paw whenever he felt a bit depressed or when going to sleep. The awful result was that he ruined his fur on that paw, and was really rather odd looking, being almost bare on one front foot. So let that be a lesson to you!

The latest addition to this mythology (as the sceptical would call it), is the tale of the cat that wouldn't wash. Here again we have a delicate, hand reared kitten. Apparently this kitten was ill and had to have baths when young. As time passed by the kitten grew and flourished exceedingly but it

never took to washing itself. The owners took this seriously, being keen on hygiene and all that, and so continued to give the growing Puss a weekly bath. Finally interfering friends joined in, saying, 'This is a ridiculous idea and the sooner you let that cat undertake its own responsibilities the better.' Well, naturally the owners didn't want to have a silly cat on their hands and thought may be it *was* time the animal began to understand that life was real and earnest. So, still listening to the friends they undertook the cure. What was it? Why, to cover him with butter. (This makes it obvious that the tale is either pre-war, referring to an Irish cat or just a bunch of lies, you can take your choice!) So pussy was coated, carefully with butter, and they sat back to watch him lick it off and so learn to wash. And what happened? They sat back and so did he, with a look of disgust on his face.

Naturally the cat won, and the poor things had to set to and

**THE CARE OF YOUR CAT** by Grace Cox-Ife and Hilary Johns. An easy reference guide to feeding, breeding, grooming, first-aid, etc., with 8 pages of pictures. Price 2/9 post free.

**CATS IN RHYME** by Lindy Lou, with 24 black and white illustrations and attractive 2-colour cover. Price 2/9 post free. Both booklets obtainable from "CATS and KITTENS" MAGAZINE, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-sea, Sussex.

give him another bath and a jolly good one too. It took them a frightful time to get him clean and it was certainly a lesson to *them!* So there you are, which only goes to show that the cat wins every time. My comment on this is that I am inclined to believe it, because in my innocent days I did butter my own Tom Pussen's paws, on the misguided advice of an acquaintance. He did nothing whatever about it, except make a ghastly mess of the floor and the best silk cushions so forcing me to wash his feet for him in soap flakes.

The last tale I think worth repeating concerns a very large family of cats that belonged to the late Lord Russell. These cats were devoted to him and felt depressed when he went to London on visits. Often the servants didn't know when he was coming back, but the cats did. They would assemble, by mysterious agreement, in the front hall to await his arrival. I think that is the perfect believe it or not cat's tale. Don't you?

## Squadron Cats

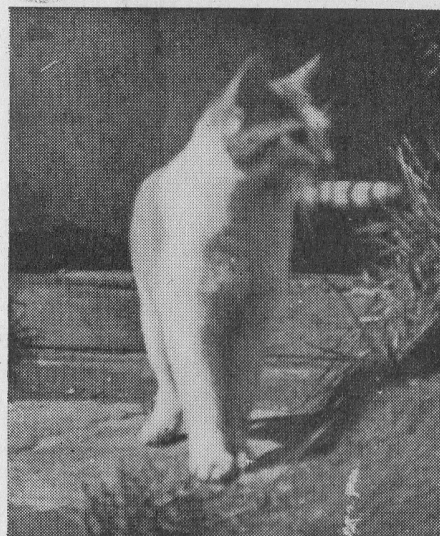
By

H. W. GOODIER

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Ginger, son of  
Shut-it.

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**T**HE Crew room had been swept, the stove was lit and the brew can, an old jam tin, was on the boil. Taffy lay on his bed reading a thriller. Little Alf was busy cutting himself a slice of bread, prior to making toast and Joe the Corporal, the third member of the duty crew, was playing patience. Outside, the Kites stood on their concrete dispersals. The rays of the evening sun filtered through the pine tree branches at the edge of the wood, near our Nissen hut. No one noticed the tortoiseshell cat that had strolled in.

"Hello pussy!" She was purring, tail in air, as she rubbed back and forth against little Alf's legs. "Here pussy," he murmured, and pouring some

milk into a saucer, put it on the floor. The cat lapped greedily. "Generous Blighter!" said Joe sarcastically, without looking up from his game. "Giving the ruddy cat our rations now."

The cat meowed and walked around leisurely on a tour of inspection. She was beautifully marked and very clean. "Probably some local farm cat," decided Taffy who had paused in his reading to watch her, "She looks as if she is going to have kittens."

"Meow! Meow! Meow!" Joe's patience game must not have been working out. "Oh, SHUT IT! he shouted irritably. The cat came across to him as if in answer, jumping on to his bed and pushing her knobby

head against his arm. Taffy grinned. "Joe always did attract the ladies."

She slept on Alf's bed that night, the other two didn't object. "Maybe she will keep the mice away" said Alf. "She will eat more than all the mice" commented Joe.

As the days passed by she would come and go, subsequent duty crews feeding her from their rations at night. We began to miss her when she wasn't around meowing. We all said "Shut it" or words to that effect, sooner or later and she began to answer to it. That's how she came by her name.

Interest grew as her time drew near. A box was obtained and filled with straw. We don't know to this day whether we adopted her or she adopted us, but everyone on the Station came to know 'Shut-it.'

We were 'running up' the engines one day when one of the lads dashed out of the crew room. "Shut off!" he shouted and gave the shut off signal. A red haired head was thrust out of the cockpit window. "What the Hell!" "The cat's having her kittens!" Another figure appeared. "Two!" he shouted excitedly.

Five kittens in all were born that morning.

The mother seemed scared at so many feet walking around;

the noise of the aero engines, too, frightened her. One morning we arrived to find her gone. The kittens had disappeared too. Taffy knew where she was but he wasn't telling. She had taken her newly born several hundred yards away, into the wood. Here beneath a tree root, she had found a deep hole and made her new home.

She allowed no one to go near her, except Taffy. She knew he was gentle somehow. He would put his hand into the lair occasionally, lifting out the kittens for inspection.

Then we got orders to move. The kittens were given to W.A.A.F. friends, all except one, which we had called Ginger. Ma and Ginger went into a cardboard box and were taken by rail to the new station up in Scotland. Ma managed to bite the cardboard lid away a bit. Imagine two airmen, loaded with kit, carrying a box between them, out of which stuck a ferocious looking cat's head.

We only stayed a week before we were on the move again. This time still further north.

Again the cat and her kitten went into a box, this time to be flown up. We settled here for several months covering the Ship-busting squadrons operating along the Norwegian coast.

One day Taffy came in carrying a huge mat, the kind one sees in a gymnasium. "Look, just do for the cats to sleep on this winter. Keep them off the draughty floor." We heard later that the C.O. was looking for a large mat which had disappeared mysteriously out of his bunk.

The kitten, Ginger, would jump from bed to bed every morning rubbing her nose round, each occupant in turn, while the lads would talk to her. Several Stations later 'she' turned out to be 'He.'

Eventually Ma got tired of her kitten, chasing him out of the billet, so we moved him next door. We discovered later that she was going to have another litter.

One day orders came to move to Iceland. A debate took place as to the fate of the cats. It was decided to take them with us. Once again W.A.A.F's. received kittens. But one was kept. So now we had 'Shut-it,' 'Ginger' and Gladys. Gladys got her name from a local pub!

Shut-It and family were flown to Iceland and found a new home in the wind blown Nissen hut that served as a crew room. Ginger fought an Icelandic cat, his first big battle, in which he got badly wounded. The lads leaned out of the billet window that night urging on the

contestants. "Up Britain! Don't let the Squadron down!" Ginger won and the Icelandic retired in undignified haste.

But he paid a price for his victory. A large swelling appeared. He went off his food and began to grow thinner and thinner. Eventually Alf got one of the Squadron officers to fix an appointment with the M.O. who gave us Sulphanilamide powder to put in the wound, for the swelling had burst.

"Lads have him' destroyed' said some. "Why? Just because he fought and won a battle and got injured?" asked Taffy. "They don't destroy you if you get shot up."

It was a long slow process. But Ginger recovered. The lads would spread newspaper on the billet table and put on some borrowed rubber gloves. Then they washed the wound and dusted the powder into it. Many were the dainty bits of food that is, dainty for any place overseas in the Air Force, that the men scrounged from the cooks. Pieces of Icelandic Cod, Bully Beef and sometimes fresh milk, which considering that all the milk in camp was tinned, was pretty good scrounging.

Meantime Ma and her youngest kitten thrived. By now old Shut-It had become wild. She would fly on the back of any local dog that happened to

wander into the crew room, the dog running for his very life. Shut-It would stand at the door growling until he was out of sight.

At last liberation came. We were to fly to Ireland. A heated discussion arose as to whether the cats were to be left in Iceland or taken back. Once again Taffy and his pals won the day. They were flown back and

smuggled into Ireland.

Here the Squadron broke up, many of us were due for demob., so a conference was held as to the fate of the squadron's flying cats. It was decided to find homes for them on local farms. This was done and I suppose to this day, somewhere in the North of Ireland, live three cats who are thinking over their adventures.



### MEMORIES

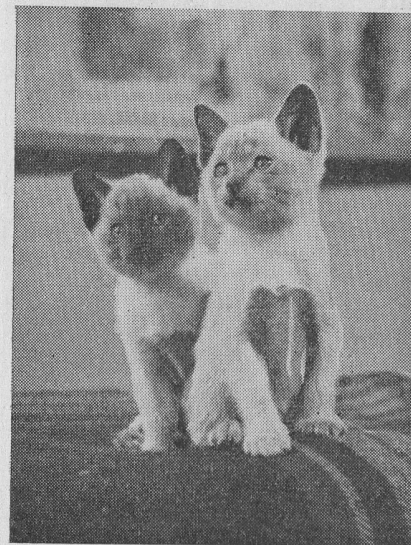
The Sun gleams on his velvet coat,  
 As he lies there dreaming of things remote,  
 Of happy far-off kitten days,  
 When carefree he played, in the sun's warm rays,  
 And the days of his youth,  
 When on moonlit nights,  
 Fiercely, he joined in the tom-cats' fights.  
 Contentment shines in his tired old eyes,  
 As drowsy on the grass he lies.

Betty Robertson.

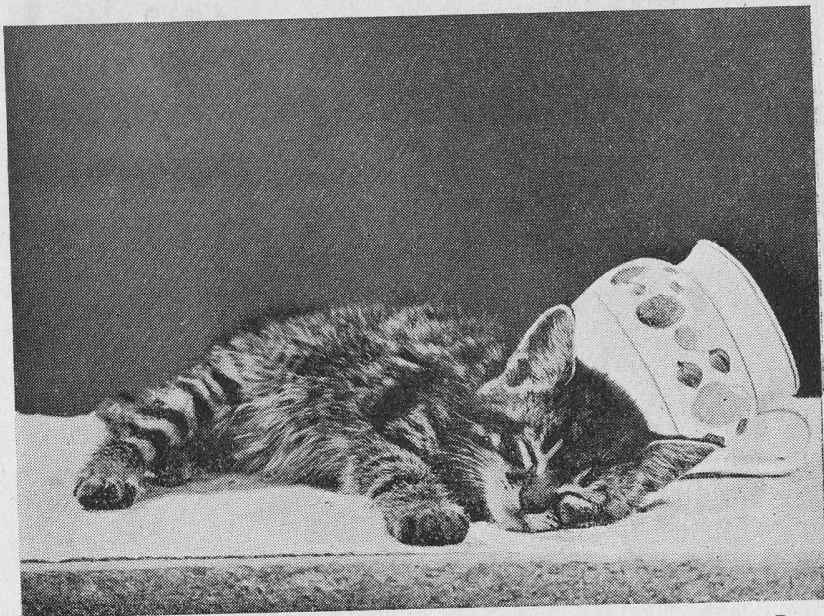
## Readers' Own Pets

Two of the Family of Eagle Menon and his mate Toppie, the pets of Jean and Doris Brummitt.

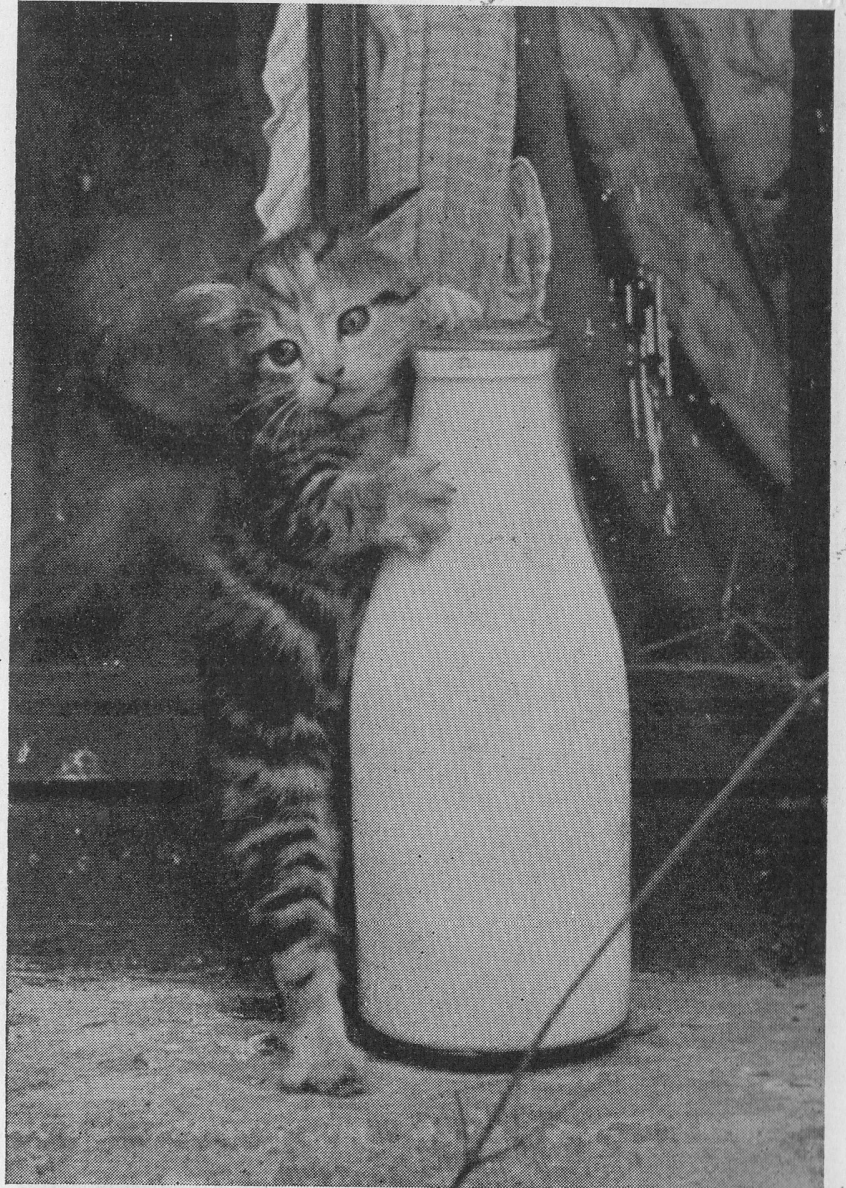
Hetty Gray Baker, an American Cat Lover, an old friend of "Cats and Kittens."





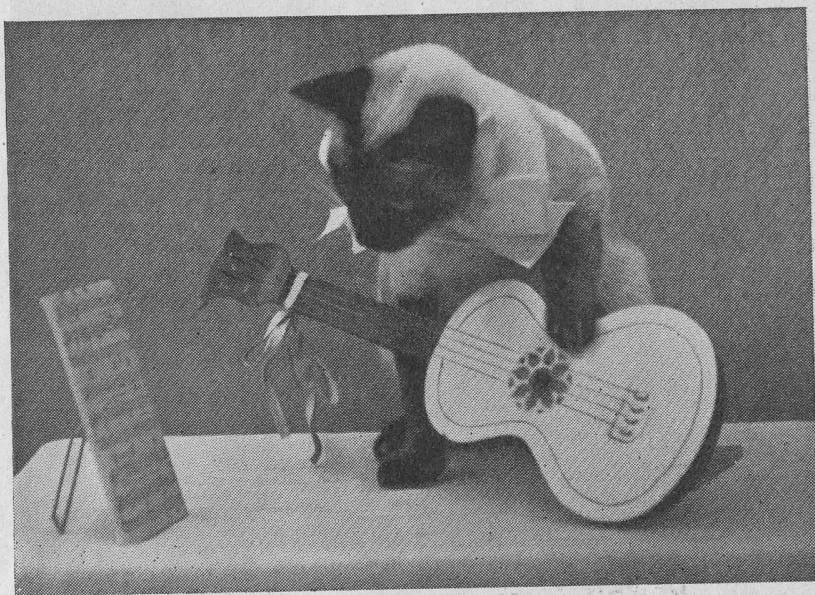


Hubert Davey.



THE MILK BABIES

Mirror Features.

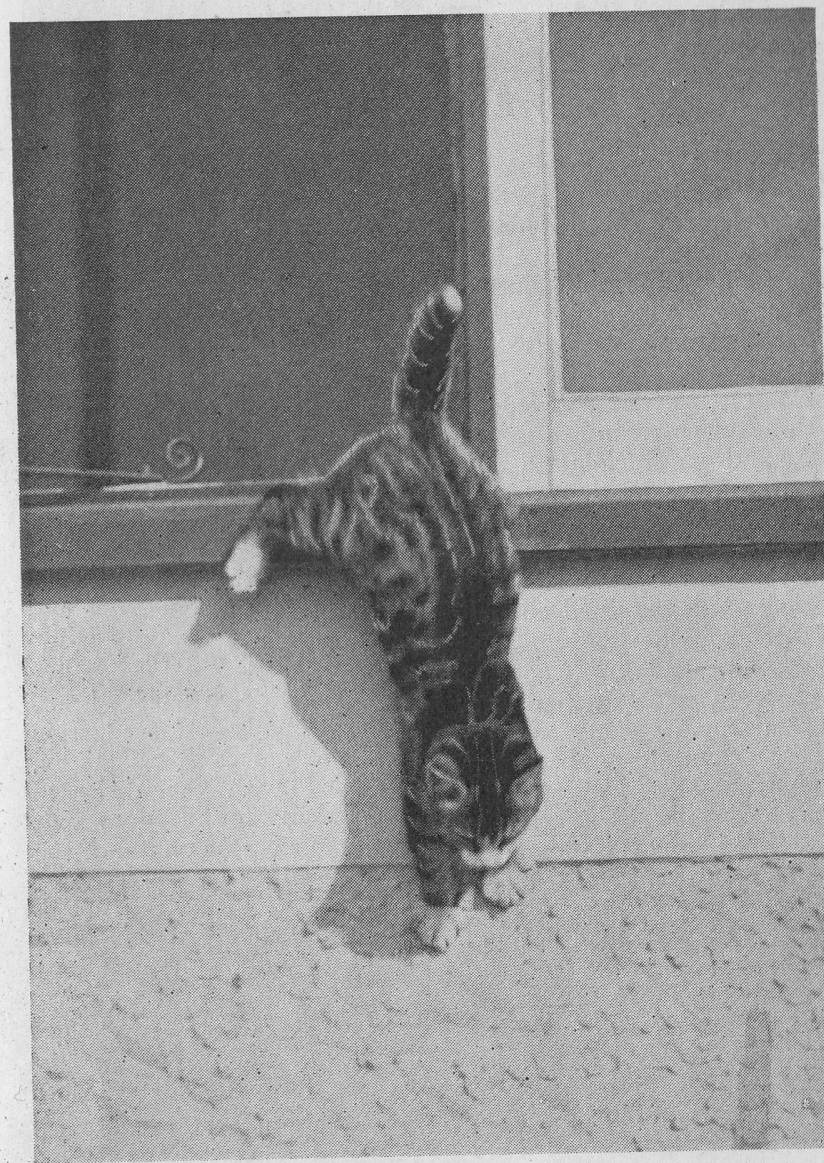


V. E. Major.

### THE MEW-SICIAN !

On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,  
 A Carol in the morning.  
 Siam on his guitar will play  
 A Carol in the morning.  
 And all the cats will purr, and bring  
 Their gifts of almost anything  
 Each to the other. Then they will sing  
 A Carol in the morning.

M.S.



J. F. Wilding.

EMERGENCY EXIT

# Timothy Titus Feather

By RITA SHARPE

**T**IMOTHY was the blackest kitten ever seen, indeed he was so black that but for his two green eyes he would have been almost invisible; only out of respect for his feelings could we refrain from calling him Obscurity.

He was stalwart and sturdy, with heavy tread and deliberate gait, and we nicknamed him Timothy Titus Feather.

He was simple and friendly as a country school-boy, and he had complete trust in his little world! This consisted entirely of friendly people, important meals, and games of pounce, none of these things had ever been missing.

His clumsiness had an attractive quality, he would roll off a chair while still asleep, and wake only when he bounced heavily on to the floor. Then, feeling rather ridiculous, he would rise, and look around good-humouredly to see who had pushed him off!

His manners were rough and ready, he always upset his saucer of milk, and walked in his plate of meat, but he had an engaging acceptance of life which made him a charming and understanding companion.

One evening my affection for Timothy was strained to the uttermost. In preparation for a series of concerts, I had arranged my music into sections. It stood in a huge and precarious pile on top of the piano, and it represented hours of work.

Timothy chose that moment to explore the heights. He climbed on top of the music, overbalanced, and brought the whole lot crashing to the floor. No cyclone could have caused greater chaos. His surprise and my remonstrance sent him scuttling noisily into the kitchen.

An hour or so later I heard curious sounds. Investigation revealed the fact that Timothy, still filled with the desire to climb, had found my malt extract in a carton on top of the kitchen shelf.

With the persistence of a healthy appetite, he had managed to remove the lid, and to knock the carton on to the floor. There he had rolled it round and round, burying his ecstatic face in its oozing contents.

He had converted the entire kitchen floor into an excellent representation of a huge

adhesive plaster. Not satisfied with this, Timothy had been sick—oh, so very sick from one end of the room to the other.

He looked up at me with a comical expression of dismay and disillusionment. His solid little world was suddenly insecure, he felt dizzy and sick, and the floor stuck to his feet. His face was smothered in malt, and he felt too ill to lick it clean.

I fetched a pail of hot water and a scrubbing brush, and began to wash the floor. Timothy watched me, and, as the brush went round and round, his face assumed the same sickly expression as that of the drunken man who sees a revolving world. He was so far gone that he almost giggled.

Suddenly he seemed helpless and appealing, as if he needed

a fellow reveller to share his foolishness, and to help him recover his self respect. It is so hard to be foolish quite alone. He had the same lovable unconscious humour as the bassoon in the orchestra, and he needed a playmate. I sat down on the still sticky floor and laughed, but this time I did not laugh at Timothy but with him. We joked with riotous abandonment, and frolicked together. He was comforted, and we rolled on the floor with delight and comradeship. His sense of security was restored even if the world still revolved and his feet were still sticky.

He washed his whiskers and purred with joy. He felt a very fine fellow indeed, and it was a grand finale to an unhappy evening.

## NELLIE'S FIRST FAMILY.

(continued from page 5).

the child "You want to give her a home don't you my dear, and I can see that your Mummy does also" and he turned to smile at Mrs. Goodall "I will tell you what I will do" he continued kindly, "just to make sure I will put a notice on the Vicarage Gate to say "Found a Tabby Cat and Family" and if no one comes to claim her she is yours."

"Oh thank you Mr. Smith-

field" but I am sure, quite sure she must be a stray, no one could be so unkind as to shut her out could they? Oh! poor poor pussy!" and Susan quickly bent to stroke the tabby again as she felt tears trickling in her eyes.

"Whatever happened" said Mr. Smithfield gently "she must have known the Door of this House is always open."



## BOOK REVIEWS

by E. M. BARRAUD.

Here are some more reviews of books suitable for Christmas presents. Further reviews will appear in our issues as suitable books for Cat Lovers are published.

**CAT'S COMPANY**, by Michael Joseph (Michael Joseph Ltd. 8s. 6d.)

IT is a most refreshing sign of the times that new editions of already published books are now beginning to appear rather more frequently in the bookshops and I was particularly glad to see that "Cat's Company" is now among them. Mr. Joseph is, of course, well known as a lover of cats and most of us read and enjoyed "Charles," the story of his Siamese but there are probably many—like myself—who missed "Cat's Company" in its original form and will be glad to get it now (particularly with Christmas looming ahead!) Not only does the author describe his own cats in their daily lives but he includes what must be a unique collection of cat stories sent to him by people all over the world, he argues the case of the relative intelligence and general charm of dogs and cats and he has a chapter about famous men and women who were, or are, cat fans. Altogether a delightful book. Add that Clare Dawson has done the drawings and there is nothing more to be said.

**CAT & CAMERA**, by Henry C. Stacy, A.R.P.S. (Fountain Press 8s. 6d.)

WE cat lovers all know Mr. Stacy's cat photographs, but as far as I know this is the first complete book he has had published. In it are seventy pictures of cats in moods grave and gay. There are black cats, red tabbies, tabbies, black and whites, Siamese, whites; some are long-haired, some are short-haired. All are 100 per cent. *cat*. And there are eight pages of brief notes, giving the story of some of his own cats and some technical information about the actual photography.

It is difficult to comment on a book like this; at least it is difficult if you are a cat-fan yourself, and if you've ever tried to take photographs of the little wretches! I can only say to me it is a book among books, with every picture a delight for one outstanding reason or another. I have only one fault to find, and it is really nothing to do with the book. My complaint is that Mr. Stacy has not yet met *my* cat family and that none of their pictures therefore appear in the collection!

Put this book high on your list for Christmas presents—for someone to give you (if you can wait so long), or to give to friends who also like cats.

If you are unable to obtain this book locally, it can be supplied from "Cats and Kittens" office, price 9/1d. which includes postage.

## CAT AND CAMERA

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

Here is a book packed with photographs which will delight everyone! But it is more than a picture book. Mr. Stacy has, by means of word and picture, created an essay that breathes two rare qualities—the spirit of love and sympathy he has for his subject, and the ability to express that love vividly and not without humour. 8/6 net (postage 7d.).



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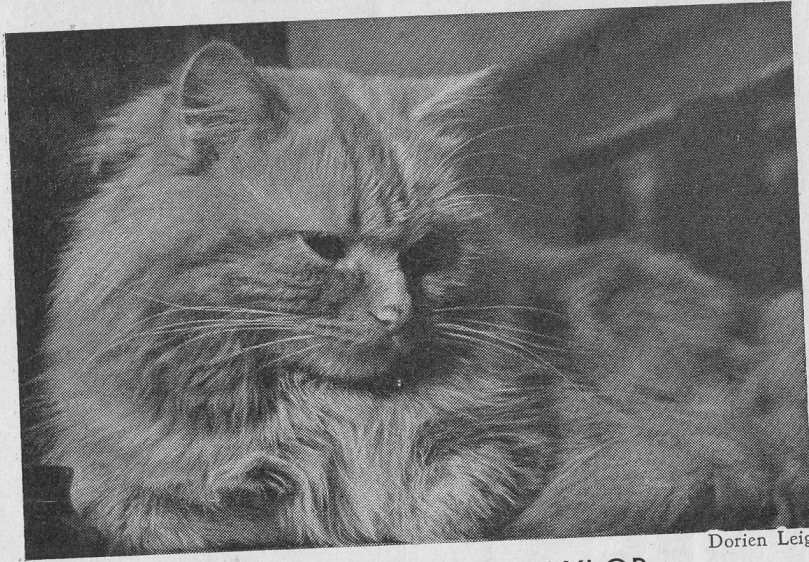
**PANDORA**, by Clare Turlay Newberry. (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.).

IF you already know Clare Turlay Newberry's delightful books and drawings of cats you will need no recommendation to this latest production. Pandora is a delightful animal, full of all the attractive wickedness and obstinacy of her kind, and Peter, her small boy owner is a fair match for her. As to the illustrations, I don't know which I prefer, the finished drawings in the inimitable style of the creator of Babette, or the little rough sketches of Pandora in action. Altogether a delightful book, whether to keep for yourself or to present to some lucky youngster who is fond of cats.

**SPINDLE SPIDER**, by Vere Webster (Faber. 6s.).

JUST occasionally one meets a writer of stories for children with the twin gifts of a superb imagination and positive gift for fantasy. Mrs. Webster has both and the adventures of her small spider, Spindle, in his magic boots make marvellous reading for children. Those who can read for themselves, up to the ages of thirteen or fourteen will revel in it, and it will be no hardship to read to the younger ones; hardened reviewer though I am, I could not put it down till I had finished it!

CATS AND KITTENS  
For the Children



Dorien Leigh.

FIRST PICK By JUNE TAYLOR

I spent Christmas with a friend who has a beautiful Persian cat called Zither.

On Christmas Day Zither had a special grooming, and her doting Mistress told her to keep herself clean, because they were having people to dinner that night.

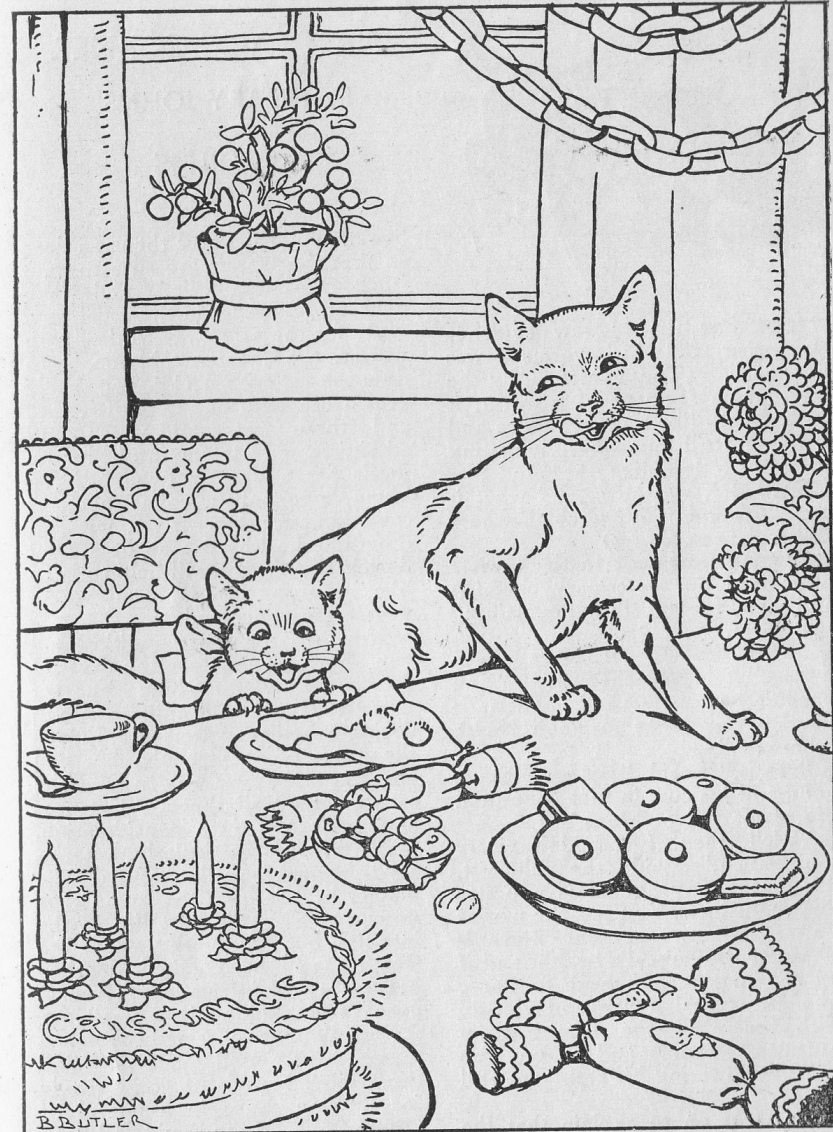
During the afternoon I rested on the settee in the dining-room while my hostess made last minute preparations in the kitchen. I must have dropped off to sleep for five minutes and on opening my eyes I saw Zither had left her cosy basket by the fire and was walking round and round the Christmas Tree standing in the corner. Suddenly she halted and fixed her gaze on a small and attractive looking package, she stood up on her hind legs, and with one paw resting on the crimson tub, she drew the package towards her mouth with the other.

I was fascinated, and simply hadn't the heart to stop her. Her sharp little teeth soon bit through the tinsel string and tissue paper, and amid a shower of silver frost the contents fell to the floor.

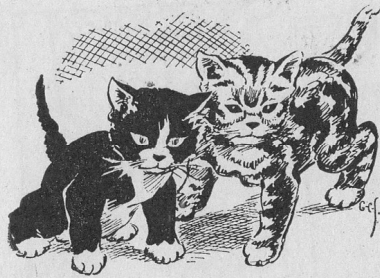
As if hypnotised I watched her carry the treasure upstairs to her Mistress's room, and then I felt guilty so I ran to the kitchen to tell my friend.

A few minutes later we peeped through the bedroom door, and there was Zither sitting on the dressing table gazing steadfastly at her reflection in the mirror. She was purring happily and her mouth and whiskers were covered with bright red lipstick.

I have no doubt Zither was ruminating on the extraordinary effect which make-up can produce on females.



See if you can copy this picture and colour it. Prizes of 5/-, 3/6 and 2/6 will be paid for the best results. Send your effort to "Cats & Kittens" Magazine, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-sea, Sussex, to arrive not later than January 15th, 1947.



THE first time I saw evidence that Bill had worms I was horrified. (The evidence, by the way, was a segment of a worm; it looked very like a grain of rice and it was not till it moved, elongating itself out to look like a maggot, that I realised it was alive, and what it was. I found it on a chair where Bill had been sitting).

On my next visit to the town I went into our veterinary chemists and asked for something, explaining my alarm.

"You know, all cats have worms," said the chemist. "You needn't be too worried about it if yours seems to be in good health otherwise."

"He is," I said. "His appetite is good and his coat in nice condition. He seems full of beans."

"Well, then, I shouldn't worry too much," said the chemist. "Worming any animal is a pretty drastic business. You see, the worms do a certain amount towards lowering the animal's health, and if on top of that you have to starve him for several hours, and you do with nearly all the patent worm capsules, powders and so on, you are only lowering his resistance still further."

He went on to explain that the principle of administering worm remedies is to withhold food so that there is nothing for the worms to

## FIRST AID CORNER

by HILARY JOHNS

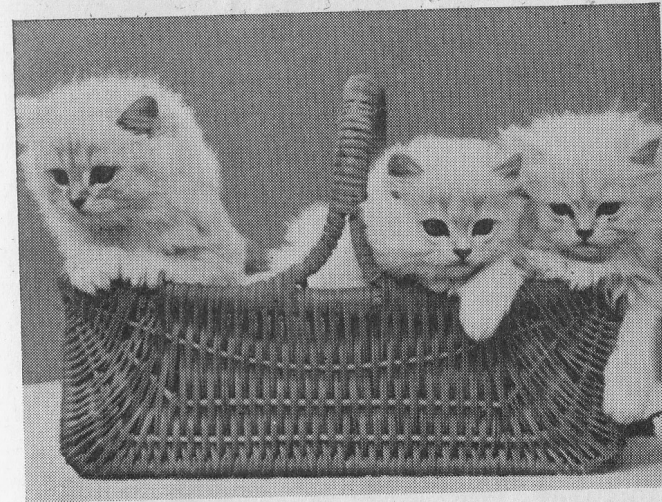
### WORMS

live on, and then give the cat a dose so that the worms are sure to take it. They are killed, and then expelled by nature in the usual way.

By far the safer way to deal with worms, the chemist told me, is to dose the cat with T.C.P. For a fully grown cat, take one part of T.C.P. and three parts of water and administer a teaspoonful before meals for a day or two. For a kitten, give only a coffee-spoon at the same strength. Even with an otherwise healthy cat, an occasional dosing of this sort will help to keep him on top of his form where worms are concerned.

If a cat is in poor condition and you suspect worms are the cause, I do strongly advise taking your pet to a vet. He will not only be able to decide whether worms are indeed the cause of the trouble, but will also know the best way to treat the victim taking all the circumstances and symptoms into consideration. With kittens, particularly, veterinary treatment is really essential. The danger here is from the round type of worm. These start life in the intestine but may work up into the stomach and be vomited. If they become a real infestation they may even cause choking in a small cat. As an alternative remedy which I myself have found effective. Boil three small kernels of garlic slowly for half an hour in a cupful of water. Drain off the liquid and keep it in a cool place. Give half a teaspoonful in a ounce of milk once a day for several days.

## FOR THE SMALL BREEDER.



Chinchilla  
kittens  
owned and  
bred by  
Mrs. E. M.  
Hacking.

Photo by  
Joseph  
Wilday.

## Mating By S. E. ARCHER

IT may seem a long time in coming, but eventually the time does arrive when the young queen may be sent away to be mated. As soon as she starts to call you must get in touch with the owner of the stud who will tell you when she would like you to put your cat on rail. Stud owners seem not to agree as to the best day on which the queen should be sent, for some of them say that she should be sent on the second day, whereas others do not want to receive her until the fourth. The deciding factor ought to be the queen, for many of them are successfully mated only when sent on the right day, and when that particular day is can only be learned by experience. Sometimes a queen will

miss time after time when sent early in her "season," but will be mated successfully if sent towards its end. Should you find that your queen misses when sent early, certainly ask the stud owner to accept her on a later day when she calls again. These remarks do not refer to a maiden queen when she has been sent away for the first time. As has been said earlier, it is quite a common occurrence for her to "miss" on that occasion. The probable reason for this is that the new experience upsets the nervous system with its inevitable effects upon physical processes.

Careful thought must be given to the way in which the queen is to be sent so that her journey may be as comfortable as possible. Some

breeders use baskets for the journey, and there is no doubt that these have an advantage as far as weight is concerned, but if you use a basket the outside, except the lid, must be covered with stiff brown paper. A cat left on a draughty railway platform in a thinly woven basket may have a most unhappy time, to say the least of it. The paper should be on the outside or it may well be removed by the claws of a young cat who resents being shut up in a basket. Many breeders prefer a wooden rabbit box with baffled ventilation. Whatever the weather this is draught proof, and the cat inside cannot possibly be terrified by the sight of anything that may be going on outside. The lids of such boxes are so made that it is not possible to wedge them in so tightly with other luggage that no air space outside is left. A packing of newspaper on the bottom, covered with two or three thicknesses of old blanket, provides a comfortable bed for a journey which may last many hours.

Try to find the best train of the day, and then send a telegram to say that the queen has been despatched. The less disturbing the journey to the cat, the greater is the possibility of a successful visit. Occasionally a queen who is not of stable temperament is so put off by the journey that she arrives out of season. Such an occurrence is rare but one should minimise the risk by the greatest care in the travel arrangements.

Before going on a journey a cat should not be fed, and it is also wise to give only a little to drink. The

A lady wrote recently to the "Daily Sketch," saying that her sister obtained a kitten from somewhere, and it eventually proved to be a lynx on obtaining full size. It grew to over three feet long and had a beautiful fox-like tail. It had a very majestic appearance and stalked about like a small puma, with slow and graceful steps.

missing of a meal is no hardship and is a wise precaution against accidents.

Your queen will certainly be away for three or four days and sometimes as long as a week. This will depend to some extent on how busy the stud is, and also on the number of matings given. One mating is really all that is necessary, but the majority of stud owners prefer two as a safeguard against the queen having to be returned later. It is a debatable point whether several matings are to be preferred to one only. From the point of view of the stud, particularly if he is fashionable, there can be no doubt in the matter. If some of the big breeders would experiment in this matter some useful information might be obtained.

When she is ready for return the stud owner will advise you of the time of her departure.

Stud owners vary considerably in their mating methods, but you can rest assured that the method adopted is one which this particular breeder has found successful.

When the queen returns she should be shut up for a week at least until it is absolutely certain that she has finished calling. Just because she has been mated there is no guarantee that she will not go out and get mated again, with consequences impossible to forecast.

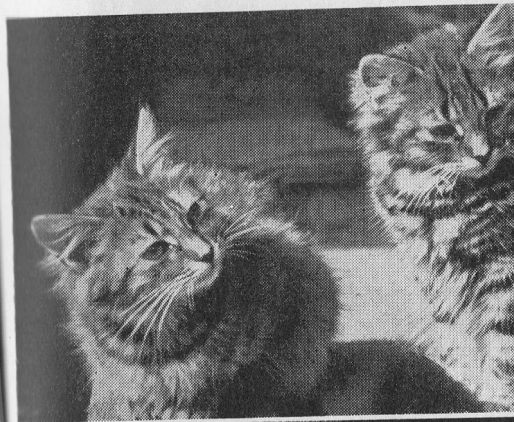
As soon as you are convinced that it is safe, let her have as much freedom as possible, for the more natural the life she is allowed to lead, the greater the chances of a successful litter.

### CROYDON CHAMPIONSHIP CAT SHOW.

Miss Helen Hill-Shaw, that grand old lady of the Cat Fancy, over eighty and proud of it, whose boast is that she will start smoking when she is ninety, and her stalwart committee, staged a Grand Victory Championship Cat Show at Croydon Baths on November 5th, after a lapse of eight years; and they certainly must be congratulated on a great success. The judges and stewards worked with a will and the 123 classes were judged well before the official opening by the Mayor, who did so in a few well chosen words, after which accompanied by the Mayoress he made a tour of inspection, taking a great interest in all the exhibits. All roads in Croydon seemed to lead to the Baths, if the numbers of the public who flocked to the exhibition, were any criterion, whenever I passed the gate there seemed to be queues coming in. Best Exhibit in Show was won by Mrs. Sheppard's Cream Male, "Widdington Warden" who also won best Long Haired exhibit, the best Short Haired exhibit was the Rev. Basil Rees' Blue Male, "Sylvan Joey" a great British victory. As is usual at Croydon there were classes for Household Pets, and these Champions of the Hearth, combed and brushed till their coats were like silk, certainly had a day out; Sitting in their pens looking down the long lines of their aristocratic brothers and sisters, they certainly had no need for envy as they too attracted a great deal of admiration and adulation. It was a great day and one the Croydon Cat Club can well look back on with pride. The Hon. Show Manager, Mr. A. A. Towe, whose first show it was deserves a special pat on the back.

Kit. Wilson.

**This is purr-purr-perfect!**



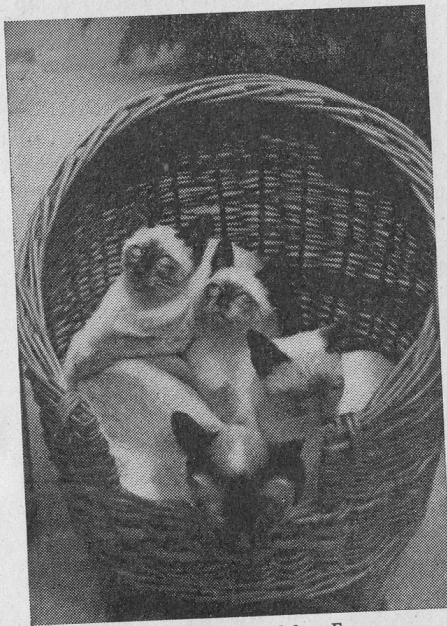
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# Meet The Breeders

## SIAMESE IN JERSEY



Siamese bred by Mrs. France.

To-day, September 8th, my Sandra-Bromholme Chen Wan, had six kittens by Gally, all with lovely long whip tails and no kinks—four boys and two girls. Two boys are already ordered by people on the island. On the subject of kinks. I do think some queens only have kits. with kinks by certain studs. Sandra had three kits. last time, two with kinks, yet this time, her litter by Galadimir hasn't a kink at all. I do think it advisable, if one is sending to stud, to try a different one, if one is not entirely satisfied with the kits. for any reason. Sometimes a stud is just the right one, so stick to him; but if not, don't send to him just because he is the nearest, or because changing would be a bit more trouble. By trying to breed better kittens, we shall improve Siamese stock generally. Whilst I was doing so much stud work in Derby, I found the tendency was for queens to have too short tails and pale eye-colour. Those really interested in Siamese will wish to prove both these important points. L. France.

## THE CAT WHO REMEMBERED

CATS are often brought to me to help their ailments or to repair an injury. People tell me that cats are too stupid to understand those who mean well to them. I do **not** think so. If you treat them the right way and do them good, they will appreciate your kindness, and remember the person by it. I will tell you of one such cat, or more correctly, a kitten.

MY first litter of Siamese born in Jersey arrived on July 27th; one male and three females, by Sco-Ruston Galadimir, and Sealsleave Simi. Mrs. Graham of Windlesham, Surrey who was visiting here, called to see my cats and was so taken with the eye-colour of the parents, she decided to buy one of the females for breeding. Mrs. Graham already has two Siamese, but wishes to improve in eye colour. Both the females I have left have really beautiful eyes. They are very determined little kits, and at six weeks old decided they didn't intend to stay in the run, but wanted to be in the garden with the other cats. They certainly enjoyed themselves and came to no harm, though they weren't at all sure they wanted to go to bed at 8 p.m.

One evening a young woman called with a kitten in her arms wrapped in a baby's blanket. The poor thing really looked in a pitiful state. The owners had lost her for a couple of days, and when eventually found it was badly bruised and one eye injured. While I examined the kitten carefully the young woman burst into tears and said she hoped I was not going to put him to sleep. She had not had much luck with cats so far and would certainly never have another one. "Oh! no, not at all" I replied "but it will take time." She said she would not mind bringing him to me in the evenings as her husband would be in to mind the baby. She also told me that she would not be able to pay me much as her husband had been out of work owing to illness, and only just started again. I assured her everything would be alright, and that she need not worry about paying me, which, I think, was very sweet of her.

The eye was in a bad state. To begin with, where the eye should have been, I found nothing but an enormous swelling, highly inflamed, and the eye could not be seen at all. In my opinion, some-one must have thrown a brick at it, or some other missile. Anyway, I treated the little thing, and it began improving directly, so that after a few visits, one could see the eye appear. I am sure that the eye-lotion I had to use must have smarted on so sensitive an eye as this one, but he did not struggle, or even whimper, but kept perfectly still. I had him on a table and nobody even held him. That in itself is very unusual for a cat, as most cats have to be held down, if not wrapped in a cloth. I remarked to the young woman how very good and patient he was, whereupon she told me that she kept this little blanket, to bring him up to me. When she picked up the little thing, the kitten would jump straight on to it, wait to be wrapped up, sitting perfectly still until his mistress was ready to go. She said the little thing understood he was being taken to someone who did him good. When I had finished with him he was as good as new.

Several weeks later the same young woman called one evening, bringing me a huge bunch of lovely flowers. "Would I accept these," she said as she and her husband were both so grateful to me for healing their pet. One cannot refuse anything so charming as a gift of flowers. She also told me, that every time she handled this particular blanket, he would come dashing along and jump on to it, waiting to be wrapped up and taken to me. So it proves that even cats remember, and not only elephants!

A. H. Cattermole.

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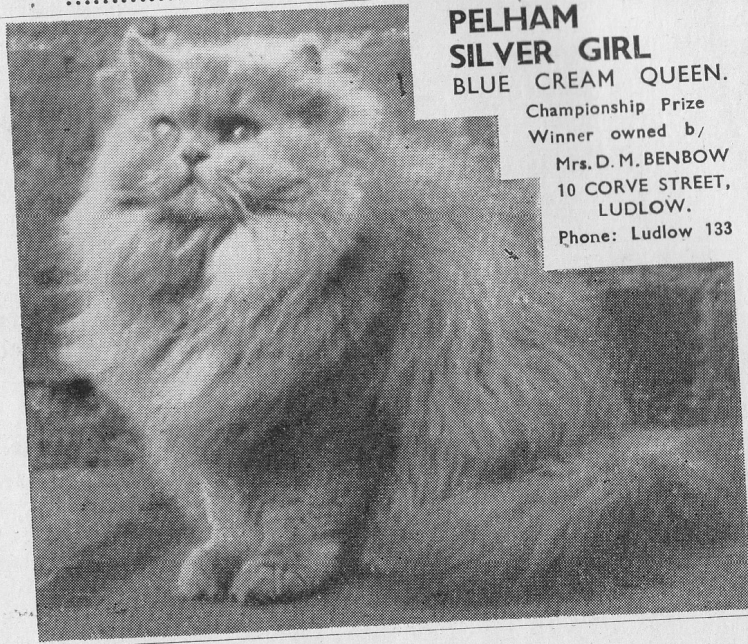
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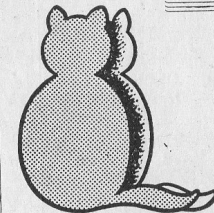
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