

What is VIVISECTION?

Vivisection means the infliction of pain on cats, dogs and other animals in the course of scientific experiments.

Many of these experiments are extremely cruel, and we who oppose the practice say that scientific knowledge which can only be obtained through cruelty is knowledge the world had better be without.

* * * *

Particulars of cruel experiments on cats and many other animals can be obtained from:—

THE
**NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION
SOCIETY**

(Director: R. Fielding-Ould, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.A.)

92, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Telephone: VICTORIA 4705.

Members' Annual Subscription 10/- All contributions, however
Life Membership £5. small, help our Cause.

Subscription to "THE ANIMALS' DEFENDER," the Organ of
the Society, 1/6d. per annum, post free.

Printed in Great Britain by J. H. Broad & Co., Ltd., Richmond, Surrey, for, and published by the Proprietor, Sydney France, 9, Commercial Buildings, St. Helier, Jersey, C.1. Trade Agents: The Rolls House Publishing Co., Ltd., 2, Brems Buildings, London, E.C.4.

CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



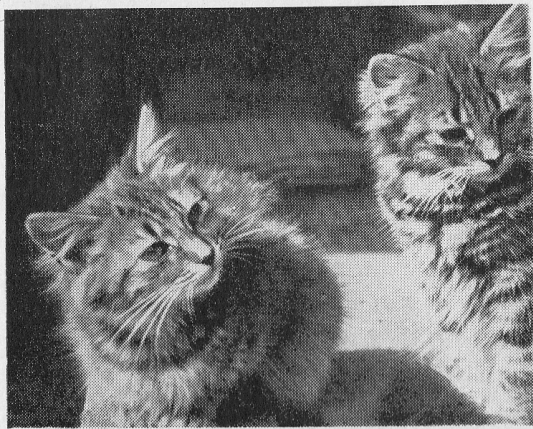
CATS OF LEGEND
AND HISTORY

No's. 3 & 4.

FEBRUARY, 1947.

Price 1/-

This is purr-purr-perfect!



SPRATT'S Prepared CAT FOOD is a favourite among Cats and Kittens, because it contains the fish which they prefer without the risk of swallowing dangerous bones. It also contains in concentrated form all the nourishment necessary to build firm bone and to give the real beauty of coat that comes from perfect health.

SPRATT'S CAT FOOD

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 41-47, Bow Road, London, E.3.

“My word that's a fine cat, isn't it?”

Impurities in the bloodstream will make a cat listless, cause loss of appetite, falling coat, etc. The reliable corrective for this is a weekly course of Sherley's Cat Condition Powders. Give them every day for a week or more. They are tasteless, easily given, and you will soon see results; a better appetite, more vitality, a healthier bloom on the coat. Sherley's Cat Condition Powders are obtainable at Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants.

7d. & 1/8 per packet. (Inc. Pur. Tax)

**SHERLEY'S
CAT CONDITION
POWDERS**

A. F. SHERLEY & CO. LTD., 16/18, MARSHALSEA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1



CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



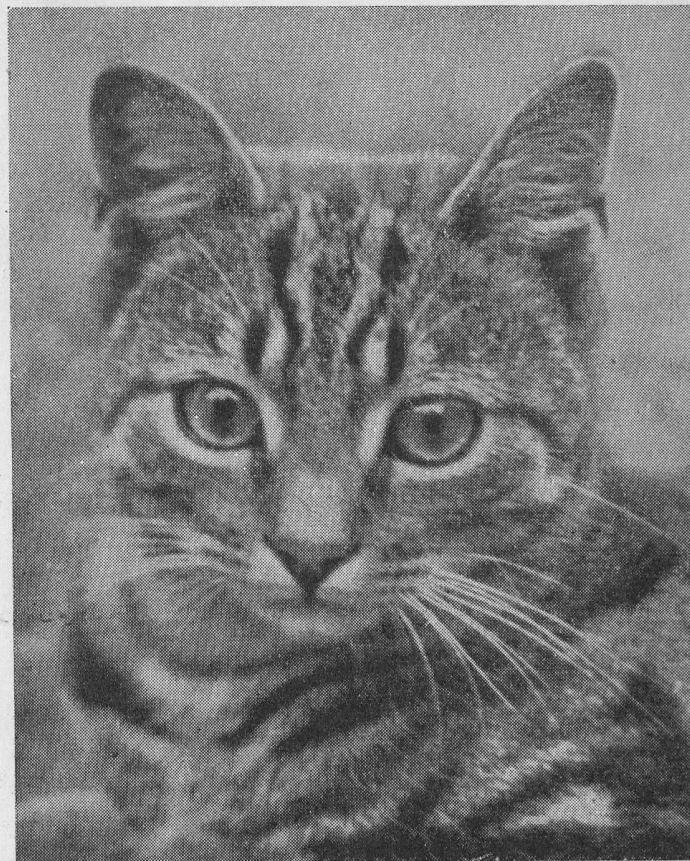
FEBRUARY, 1947

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

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



“TIGER”

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

The photograph on the cover is by S. B. Kibbey.



Old Proverbs and Sayings

That cat is out of kind that sweet milk will not lap.

When the cat winketh, little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh.

Who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck? The mice at a consultation, how to secure themselves from the cat, resolved upon hanging a bell about her neck, to give warnings when she approached; but when this was resolved on, they were as far off as ever, for who was to do it?

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

Shakespeare.

The wisdom of our forefathers teaches us, that if a cat be carried in a bag from its old home to a new house, let the distance be several miles, it will be certain to return again; but if it be carried backward into the new house this will not be the case.

The horse ridden by a man who has got any cat's hair on his clothing will perspire violently and soon become exhausted. If the wind blows over a cat riding in a vehicle, upon the horse drawing it, it will weary the horse very much.

If any shall dream he fought with a cat that scratched him sorely, that denotes some sickness or affliction.



Pictorial Press.

PLAYMATES

Odyssey

By JOAN OWEN

HE was a sturdy little boy, about four years of age. His face was very red in the frosty air, and wore an intense, pre-occupied expression.

The policeman on the corner looked down at him. Wicked, he thought the way people let little kids wander out on a winter morning without even a coat.

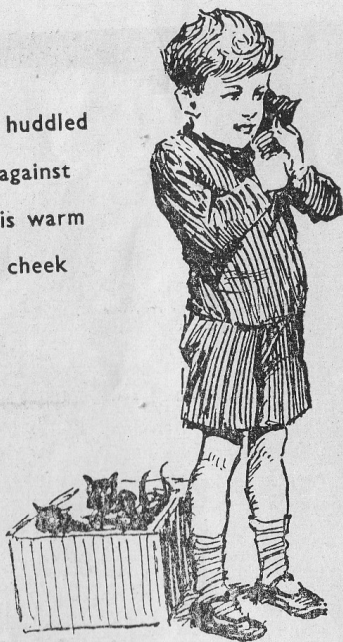
"Where're you going, son?" he asked. The little boy scowled at him, with instinctive distrust.

"I'm going to my Gran's," he said, and trudged doggedly on. The policeman watched him turn the corner, then shrugged his shoulders. Probably not going very far, he thought, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Meanwhile, the small boy sternly directed his course along Railway Terrace, his hands in his pockets, the square toes of his boots kicking up little clouds of dust. He looked straight ahead of him, with the fixed stare of a sleep walker, but when he reached the pillar box at the corner, he relaxed. This was the first land mark.

Looking both ways, he crossed the road at the pedestrian crossing. It was a point of honour

It huddled
against
his warm
cheek



to do this by jumping from one metal stud to the next. Occasionally, he stopped to look in shop windows, but his heart was not really in it. His mind was fully occupied by the enormous undertaking ahead of him. He was going to his Gran's, all by himself, without anyone knowing.

A large, curly dog hurled itself round the corner, and flattened him against the wall. Its rolling eyes and rolling red tongue were level with his face, and he was just preparing to scream, when instinct told him

that it was a friendly dog. An extremely friendly dog! With a fine disregard for hygiene, he let it lick his face, then, slipping his hand through its collar, he ran along beside it.

"I'm going to my Gran's" he whispered in its ear, but its only reply was to sneeze violently, and shake its large woolly ears. Sometimes running, sometimes letting the dog pull him, he covered quite a bit of ground. Then the dog, suddenly bored, darted across the road and started a fight with a dog that was sitting peacefully on its own doorstep. There were barks and shrieks, and clouds of dust, and from the safety of the pavement, the boy encouraged his friend with shouts, and shrill advice. Then the fight was over and the two dogs, suddenly friends, ran away together. He realised quite suddenly, that he was alone, and in an unfamiliar street. He was lost.

A forlorn figure in his tight, blue jesrey, he sat down on the kerb, and sobbed noisily. A butcher boy on a bicycle passed him, and then came back.

"What's up, young 'un?" he asked, and heard the story in one breathless gabble. Being near enough to the child's age to appreciate the logic of the explanation without asking a lot of unnecessary questions, he nodded.

"Where's your Gran live?" he asked.

"Victoria-Road-the-house-with-the-china-swan-in-the-window." the child told him, all in one breath.

"Why, I've got to go quite near there. I'll ride you on my cross bar."

This is really me, he thought. Riding on a bicycle, flashing round corners at an amazing speed. He sniffed the smell of sawdust and bones that came from the boy's apron. Grown-up life, he felt, could hold no greater glory than to ride round all day on a bicycle, with a basket on the front, and wearing a striped apron. His heart was full of love for the butcher boy, and when they reached the end of Victoria Road, he offered him his glass marble with all the colours inside. He was very relieved, however, when the offer was refused.

Standing on tiptoe, he opened the back gate, and went into the yard. Through the window he could see his Gran, ironing. He stood, watching her for a moment, savouring the pleasure of being on safe ground again, then he pushed open the back door.

"Good gracious, boy, where ever have you sprung from. And without your hat or coat, you'll catch your death. Your mother will be frantic, wondering

where you are."

He let the flood of words wash over him, and exhaust itself, then he whispered, huskily, "I came for my kitten, Gran."

She threw back her head and laughed, the firelight dancing on her steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Why, bless you, son, you can't have it yet. It's only a week old. Its eyes aren't open yet, look," she pointed to a box in the corner, and he could see a writhing ball, of small, damp, ratlike bodies.

All along the endless road, he had pictured himself going home with a warm fluffy kitten, tucked inside his jersey, purring against his stomach, throbbing like a little engine. Suddenly, he was terribly tired. He remembered the terrible moment when he had looked at the dog's yellow teeth, the desolation of finding himself in an unknown street, and now it had all been for nothing. The thought of his mother's anger was an unpleasant reality, too, and his bottom lip began to quiver.

Then, in the box on the hearth, the tight ball of kittens

fell apart. A black, with a round, bald head set out, obstinately, to disentangle itself, pushing and nosing the others out of its way, planting its small pink feet on the backs and faces in its way. He slipped his hand into the box, and it crawled on to it. It sprawled there, its little blind face pitiful and anxious, its pink mouth opening in a soundless mew. He held it against his face for a second and it huddled against his warm cheek.

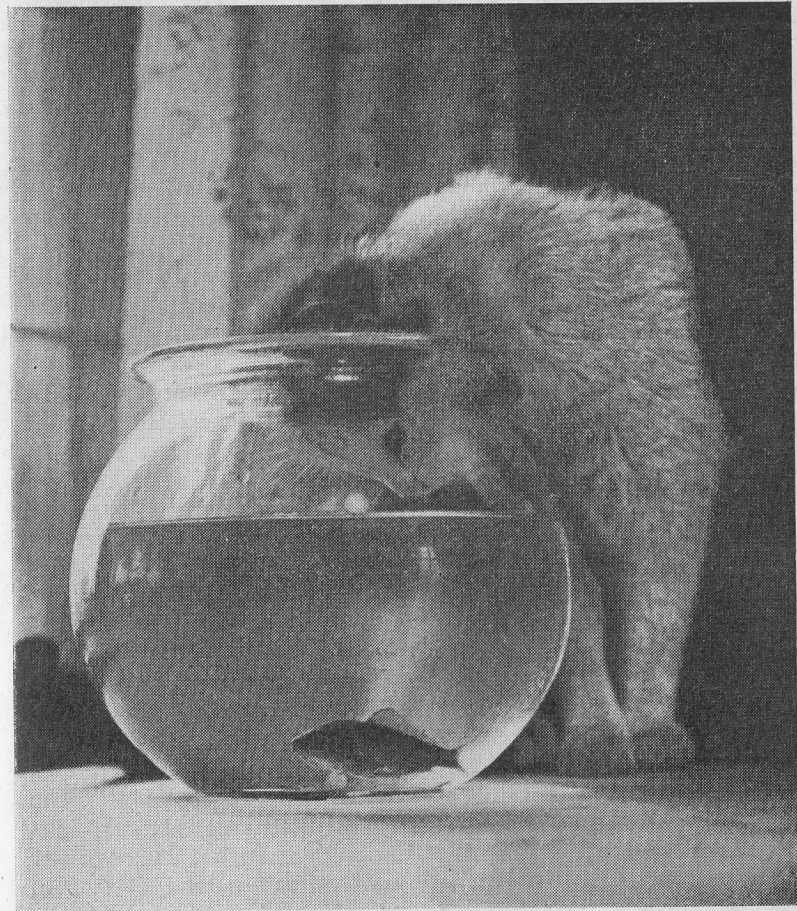
He swelled with pride. This was his kitten, it had chosen him, climbed right on to his hand! He put it back in the box, and watched the lusty way it sent the others sprawling.

His Gran came in with a cup of milk, and a huge slice of jam and bread.

"Have this," he said, "Then I'll take you home on the tram, and we'll explain to your Mother." He bit absentmindedly into the bread, his long walk, his Mother's anger forgotten. "Can I have the big black one," he asked, urgently, "Can I, Gran?"

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.



G. Gemmill.

WISHFUL THINKING

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold!

Thomas Gray.

“Let Take a Cat” II.

By JAMES E. CARVER

Dickens was a lover of cats, and one of his pets, ‘Williamina,’ used to put out the candles with her paw if her master worked too long (in her opinion) or if he paid no attention to her waiting there. His cats always lay in the room where he worked.

Southey was of the opinion that no house could be comfortable without a cat, and he described some of his pets in the “History of the Cattery of Cat’s Eden.”

R.L.S. had a cat named Ginger, which became famous through correspondence. Writing to a friend of their desire to find a tenant of the house they were about to quit for the South Seas, Mrs. Stevenson said, “The couple must love cats tenderly, and take Ginger to their bosoms—also Agnes, as housekeeper and attendant on the cat.”

As it turned out certain people in view did not take the house, but they did take Ginger. They spoke of him as “a tremendous cat, a great character.” He lived with them for years, until his death.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc once declared of cats, “All that they do is venomous, and all they

think is evil.” From that one would be inclined to class him as among the few writing men who are haters of cats. But perhaps after all he does not dislike the feline race so much as we might be tempted to deduce from that remark.

One reflects that he has a reputation for excellent nonsense, and did he not write in another place: “If it be true that nations have the cats they deserve, then the English people deserve well of cats, for there are none so prosperous or so friendly in the world?”

The case of Kipling was peculiar, and something like that of Belloc. Both seem to have had two minds on the subject of cats.

Was it not Kipling who said that drawing-room cats and the hunters of rats are brothers under their fur? He, without question, saw a lot further into cat characters than most people.

He never really liked cats, at the same time he respected them. One of his stories, “Erastiasius of the Whanghoa,” is the tale of a cat which saved a ship from pirates in the China Seas. The animal is treated with the greatest deference, if with little real affection.

“He’s a responsible kind o’ crittur. That’s natural when you come to think that he has saved a quarter of a million dollars,” remarked the captain, who was spinning the yarn.

Kipling wrote, “Thy Servant a Dog,” but he could never say that of a cat. With his usual genius he summed up the character of the cat remarkably well in “The Cat who Walked by Himself.”

We feel that a cat has a second side to its nature besides the one exhibited on the hearth-rug. There it is the family pet; outside it reverts to a primeval hunter. A cat’s nature is a deep one, and there is a lot of truth in Montaigne’s observation, “When I am playing with my cat, who knows if she is not having more sport with me than I with her?”

Dean Inge once quoted a North Country farmer, “You see cats look down upon you, dogs look up to you,” and then recalled that the verdict was amplified by a poet, the late Sir William Watson, who returning from a walk saw his Angora cat, “throned in monumental calm, herself immobile.”

“She seemed the Orient spirit incarnate, lost in contemplation of the Western soul. Even so, me thought, the genius of the East, reposeful, patient, undemonstrative, luxurious,

enigmatically sage, dispassionately cruel, might look down on all the fever of the Occident.”

Cats were considered important enough to enter into the “literature of laws” in very early times. At about the time when the monk’s white cat Pangar was mousing in his master’s cell, the Brehon Laws (the ancient Irish code not abolished until the reign of James I) classified the cat as a domestic animal, especially belonging to women, on which distraint could be levied.

The Welsh Laws, codified by Howel the Good in the early tenth century, fix the value of an ordinary barn cat, if killed, at four legal pence (the value of a full-grown cow as fifty-two pence); but if the king’s cat, which guarded the royal barn, was killed, it was worth its measure in wheat to cover it, suspended from the tip of its tail to its head resting on “a clean level floor.”

The points of a cat were to be “perfect of eye, ear, tail, teeth, claw, without mark of fire, a killer of mice, not a devourer of its offspring, and that it should not be caterwauling every new moon.”

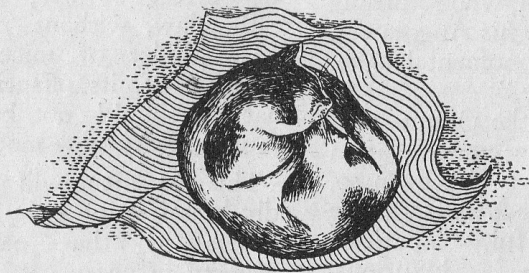
This last virtue will undoubtedly be seized upon by irritable fellows as the paramount necessity in every cat.

Cats of Legend—and History



III. MAHOMET AND HIS CAT

Mahomet dozed, that great and godly man,
 Prophet of Allah, by the Arabs loved,
 And on his flowing robes, as pussies can,
 There lay, curled up and not to be removed,
 His favourite cat; but, hark, the call for prayers.
 The holy man a fighter was, and he
 Was girded with a sword; he drew with care
 The blade from out its sheath. And then, oh! see
 How cleverly he cuts his robe in two,
 How softly, silently he moves away!
 For Pussy must not be disturbed. Would you
 Cut coat in half, that puss may sleep all day?



By M. F. NORMAN



IV. DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

Dick Whittington, a simple country lad,
 Was very poor, and heard that London Town
 Would give him wealth wherewith to make him glad,
 And win for him perchance a great renown.

Instead, he nearly starved,—a merchant kind
 Had pity, took him in; but servants' hate
 Drove poor Dick out, to see if he could find,
 In some more humble home, an easier fate.

Then rang Bow Bells, and gave this message fair;—
 Go back, and thrice rule London as its Mayor!

Turning, Dick met a man and bought his cat,
 And took the cat back to that merchant kind.
 He took the cat abroad. What did he find
 In Moorish lands, but many a mouse and rat!

That wonderous cat, he slew those rats and mice;
 The Moors all marvelled, and their grateful king
 Gave gold in piles and maybe precious spice,
 For that great warrior and his praise did sing.

The merchant gave the gold to Dick, and then
 He was thrice Mayor, and richest among men.

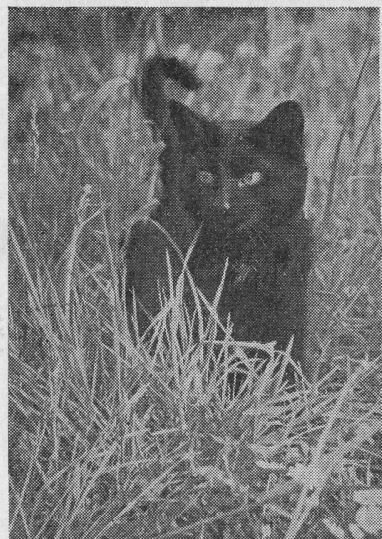


Interlude in the life of Blackie

(A True Story)

By GAVIN JOHNS

WHEN I was staying in Inverness last year—my R.A.F. husband being stationed there—I was astonished at the number of homeless and semi-wild cats in our neighbourhood. The first morning, as I was washing up the breakfast dishes, I saw a large Tabby cat jump over the wall into our garden and sit blinking sleepily in the early sunshine. Being a confirmed cat-lover I poured some milk into a saucer and went out into the garden. A flurry of fur and she was out of sight in a second. I left the saucer on the lawn, and returned to my dishes. Some time later she re-appeared, skulking stealthily up in the shadow of the bushes. With much plucking up of courage she belly-crawled over the grass to the saucer and curled a pink tongue into the much coveted milk. The last drop disposed of, she licked



R. Thompson.

lovingly round the saucer and back over the wall she went again. This went on for about a fortnight and I was no nearer making friends with her. If she caught sight of me at the window she spat and hissed fiercely, and I despaired of winning her confidence. She was definitely a cat who had been born and bred in the open and had never come into contact with mankind. Her coat was much thicker and shorter than that of the ordinary domestic cat.

A few days later I saw her concealed in her usual place in the bushes, awaiting a suitable opportunity to come over to her

milk saucer. Thinking herself unobserved, she came out into the open country of the lawn, and, to my astonishment and delight, she was followed by a couple of half grown kittens. The entire family gathered round the saucer, and after one or two licks Tabby sat back and watched the kittens drink their fill. This happened every morning after that. Any attempt by me to appear near the window, or touch the door handle, and they were away like three streaks of lightning. The mother cat was certainly instilling suspicion and mistrust into her young, and their various attempts at spitting were most amusing. Gradually, day by day I placed the saucer nearer the door, which I left ajar. The kittens were a little more trusting than their mother and soon they did not run away when I appeared. If I took one step in their direction, however, they were down the garden and out of sight in a twinkling. I saw that our acquaintanceship must come—if ever—from their side.

Gradually the curiosity of the black kitten got the better of her, and once or twice she ventured a yard or two into the house. Seeing that no harm came to her, she was soon coming into our sitting-room and exploring its geography. She was a dainty little thing with beautiful thick

glossy black fur and four white paws. As time went on Blackie—as we dubbed her—grew tame enough to sit in front of the fire with us, but she would not allow us to touch her. If we attempted to pat her she would back away under the table. It was a very delicate situation! Sometimes, however, she would dose asleep, and then we could run a wary hand down her back. Gradually she began to let us do this, and within another few days she was actually demanding patting. She quickly learned the domestic cat's way of arching her back and rubbing herself on our legs, and she began to show quite a marked affection towards us.

Unfortunately our landlady disliked cats intensely, so we couldn't allow Blackie to remain in the house during the night. Every morning however, she walked along the wall outside our bedroom window and meowed quietly until we let her in. She seemed to sense that Old Lucky—as we christened our misanthropic landlady—was antagonistic towards her. Tom, the second kitten, became tame enough to sit outside the window and stare longingly through, but he never ventured inside. When we spoke to him through the window he would rub himself up and down the glass and show great pleasure, but he would not risk this pro-

imity without the safety of the window.

Months passed and Blackie was a daily visitor. One day when I opened the back door I found a tiny black ball of fur lying on the door mat me-owing pitifully. I looked around for Blackie and saw her labouring across the lawn dragging a very fat little tabby kitten after her. I cannot imagine how she lifted them over the wall. She deposited it on the mat also and purred as we fondled the kittens. She showed no anxiety as we lifted them up, but whenever she heard our landlady's shuffling footsteps approaching she sprang towards them with big startled green eyes. I knew there would be trouble if Old Lucky found this new family on her doorstep, so I lifted the black kitten, ran down the garden and laid it on the broad wall. Blackie followed, dragging the other one along behind the bushes, stopping every few yards to rest and change her grip. A few days later our landlady departed for Glasgow to stay with her sister, and we wondered if Blackie would realise this and bring her small family back again. Sure enough, one afternoon as I was preparing tea I saw the removal taking place again. First the black kitten was dragged a few yards, then the tabby one, until finally they were both back on

the door mat. This time they were made welcome. Whether Blackie sensed that the coast was clear, I do not know, but she did not hide them again.

Then came word that my husband was posted and we would have to leave within a week. It was of course impossible to add a cat and two kittens to our already unwieldy baggage, and we planned to find homes for them. The baker was anxious to have the kittens, but as Blackie was antagonistic to anyone but ourselves and attached to the garden and all her wild haunts, we decided to leave her to fend for herself in her old ways. We got a cardboard box with holes punched in it for the kittens, and put it on the floor beside them so that they would get used to it. They were out and into it all morning, and I was very vexed to break their trust in us, but I ran after the baker impressing upon him to be kind to them.

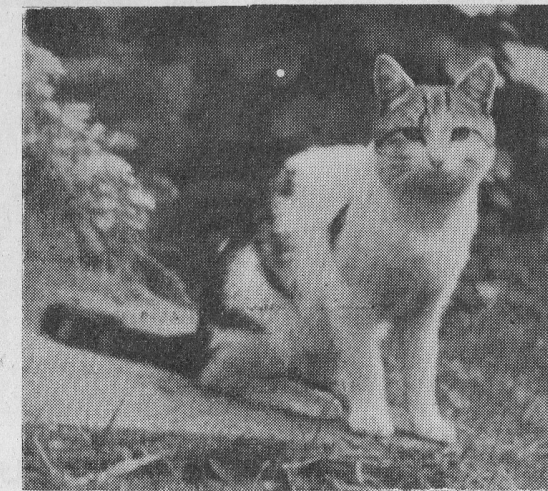
The last glimpse we had of Blackie, she was chasing a white butterfly in the garden. I wonder if she missed us as much as we missed her?

That is one of the sadder aspects of Service life,—one makes so many friends who perforce turn out to be "ships that pass in the night," and animals quite definitely come into my category of *friends*.

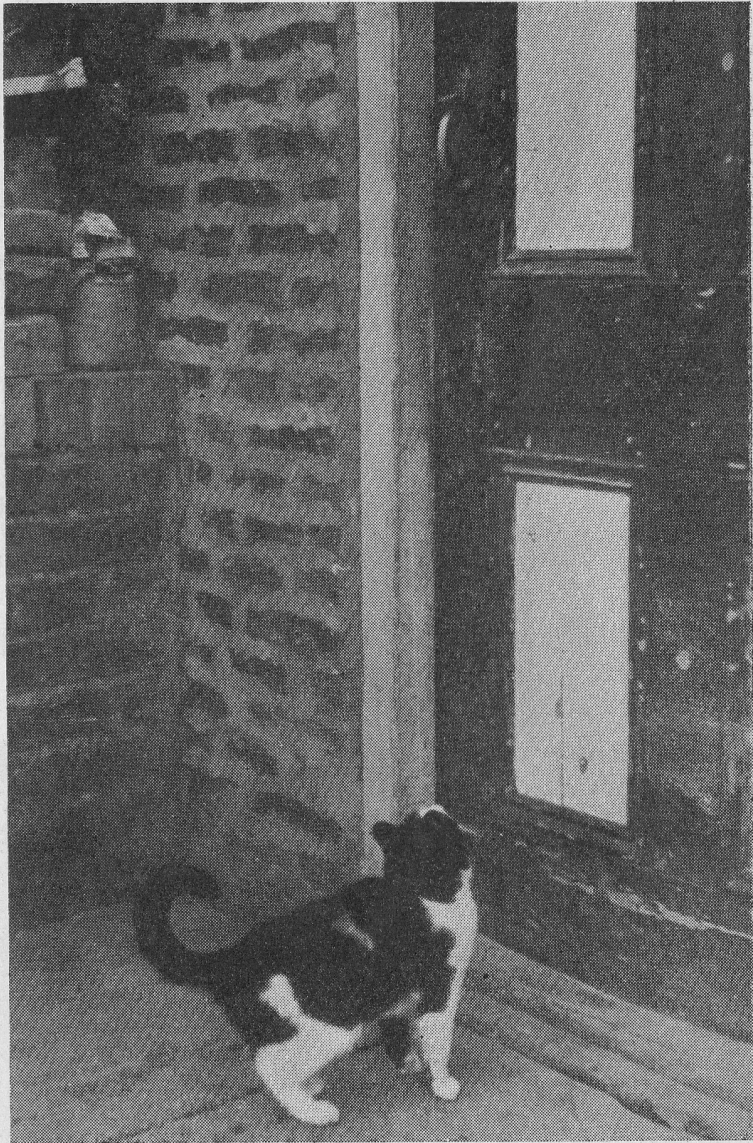
Readers' Own Pets



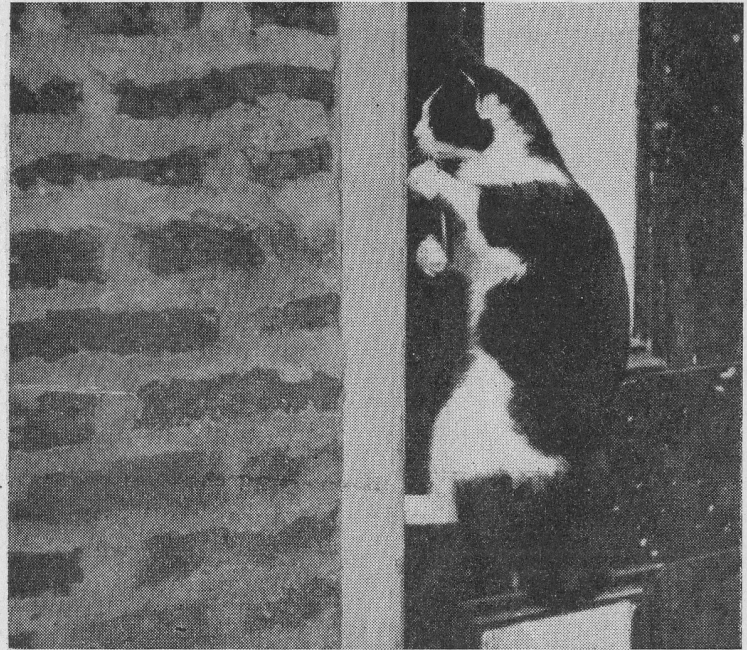
PUTEH (Siamese for white), sitting on a ship's compass. Mr. Edmunds Jones, who sent us this photograph says that it was one of his father's native born cats, and that as you can see it is quite different from the Siamese cat found in this country.



Bonnie owned by
Miss Dorothy
Maclean, sent by
Constance
Woodlands Brown.



“ AS USUAL, SHUT OUT!”

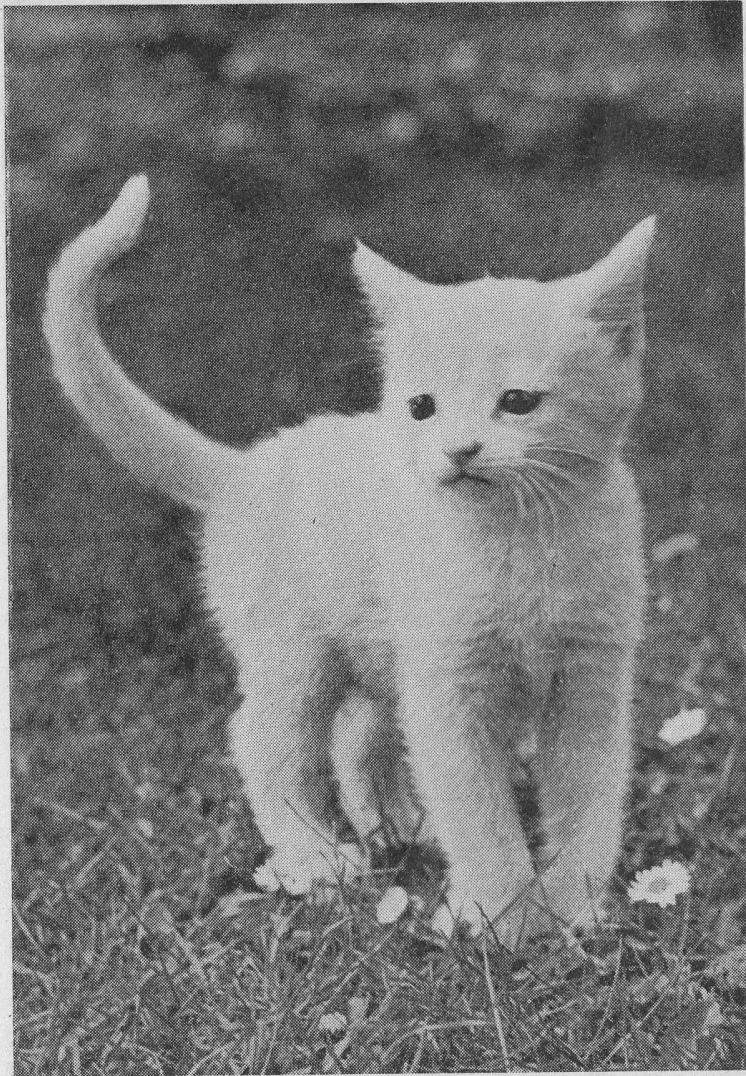


“ PRESS THIS DOWN WITH MY CHIN ”



A. Acomb-

“ IT WAS WELL WORTH THE TROUBLE ”



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

"WHERE AM I?"

Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA

A loud penetrating howl, as from a soul in torment split the air, and as the howl grew louder and louder through the haze of dawning consciousness, we experienced one awful moment of fear that we had somehow died, and passed on to the nether regions, as we vaguely wondered what particular sins in our past life had brought about this awful fate, the howl seemed to become more definite and developed into actual words! Mi-ow, wow! WOW! repeated over and over. Such emphasis was there on the final WOW! that it must have meant something very special.

However, we breathed a deep sigh of relief, it was only the local Thomas Puss, wooing his lady. Why Oh! why have such adorable creatures such a shattering method of making love?

Woolley Boy, who much prefers the eiderdown on a cold night, sprang up and peered out of the window indignantly, the feline counterpart of the "thrower of old boots," but then Woolley Boy does not like his fellow cats, the mildest member of the cat tribe is chased vigorously from the garden, and he

barely tolerates the two who live with him. He has his nights out of course, but that means a day on the eiderdown to sleep it off. We have long since given up worrying about the pattern of muddy feet marks, and the litter of dead leaves and odd garbage which attaches itself to his thick bear like coat.

From the American Magazine LIFE comes a Cat and Canary Story—Caruso the canary belonged to President Coolidge, and Timmie, a black and white cat was owned by Bascom Timmons, a Washington newspaper man. They became friendly when Timmons took his cat to the White House, and Coolidge eventually sent the canary to Timmons' home to live with the cat. They spent an hour or two every day together, the canary walking up and down the cat's back, or resting between his paws.

According to Timmons, the canary fell over dead while singing to the cat. Timmons is a tall rugged Texan, now chief Washington correspondent for the Chicago Sun. He has always liked cats and used to feed half the strays in Milwaukee, while working late hours on the

Sentinel. Timmie was his most famous cat. Howard Chandler Christie painted his portrait in oils, and when he died a radio tribute was read for him.

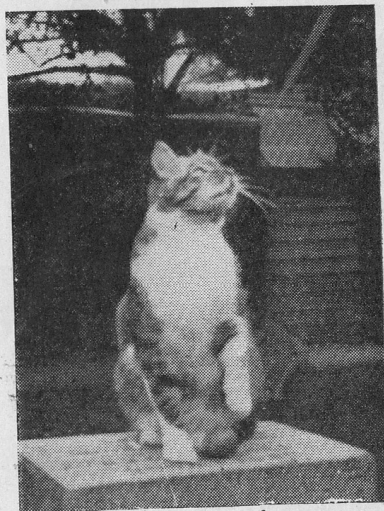
We have two little booklets here before us, written by Miss Frieda Le Pla. Miss Le Pla is herself blind and deaf, the first booklet is called "Alone in the Midst," it is partly a cat story, but altogether a story to show one how much, and yet indeed how little one can do to compensate those who, through physical circumstances are so tragically cut off from light and

sound. This one costs 1/6d. and the entire proceeds of the sale will go to The National Deaf Blind Helpers League, and copies can be obtained from the head office at 40, Green Road, Hall Green, Birmingham 28. The other one—"Are Animals Given an After Life?" is an interesting essay and the title explains itself, the views of the author should interest animal lovers. This one sells for 1/- and the entire proceeds are for The Peoples Dispensary for Sick Animals. The Booklet is obtainable from P.D.S.A., 14, Clifford Street, London, W.11.

Christopher Calls it a Day

By LILLIE LE PLA

IT was the day on which a Cat Magazine appeared with an article on the soothing properties of cats, their serenity, dignity and calm; and the happy



Christopher

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

effect they had on cases of nervous prostration. Over breakfast we agreed enthusiastically with the writer; and our own particular Soothing Influence sat and blinked at us with a wise, withdrawn expression in his half-shut eyes.

It was his fish day; and it is his custom to start asking for his dinner at 9 a.m. on fish days, although on other occasions his clock is very accurate. After he had spent some time purring round our legs, wailing by the larder door, putting himself where we could most conveniently fall over him—he achieved his object, and got his dinner.

The usual procedure is a walk directly afterwards, and then a long, blissful sleep. To-day to our horror he began asking for his fish all over again! Had he forgotten he had eaten it? Not a bit of it. He was acting. He is a first-rate actor, and can take any part at short notice—the neglected cat crying at the front door (this for the benefit of passers-by who are not to know that the back door is open); or the wise old gentleman blinking benignly at the follies of youth; or the fussy manager of the house, bustling round to oversee all that is going on. Incidentally he has a habit, when milk is poured into his saucer, of giving a melodramatic start, as who

should say, after the fashion of Wemmick; "Here's some milk! Let's drink it!"

He almost succeeded in convincing us that he had *not* had his dinner! In vain we played with him, coaxed him to his basket, shut him out and tried to forget him. We were haunted by piercing cries, by a sad, reproachful gaze, and by a tail spread out to be trodden on in every possible place.

Worse was to follow. We left a titbit for him on the table, intending to give it to him later. He knew it was there; but he is a gentleman and never steals. And when the less scrupulous cat from next door helped herself to it he was terribly shocked and upset. He mourned over the empty saucer; he sat and brooded over feline depravity; he was always on the wrong side of the door; and by tea-time we were sure that the house held twelve disgruntled cats.

Late that evening we found ourselves going about on tip-toe and hushing each other if we made a noise. For—at very long last—the Soothing Influence was asleep.

And next day—such is the lovable, maddening perversity of cat-people—he purred all day, gazing at us with serene affection, trampling his way on to our laps and into our hearts at the same time.

For the Children

PRETENDING

I am a tiger, ferocious and
brave,
Stalking an eagle home to
its cave.
But really I'm only a little
striped cat,
And my eagle's a sparrow
who eats worms so fat.
I am a lion so big and so
bold,
Chasing a Zebra out on
the wold,
But I'll tell you a secret,
its only a mouse,
And I am the pet who
lives in the house.

Betty Robertson.



CHILDREN'S LETTERS

I am a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" and would like to tell other readers about my cat Pickles. He is black, with a mysterious but pretty face and a long slim body like a panther. One day Pickles was accidentally shut in the study. Near the door is a table, and when about an hour later, I happened to go into the study, I found him on the table, patting the handle with his paws, trying to open the door. Probably he had seen us open it and thought it was the way to get out.

He is a very mysterious cat, his doings are his own and no one may interfere. At night he goes out and prowls and hunts, or sings on the roof. "And he went back through the wild wet woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone." But he is very affectionate, and sometimes I can hold quite long conversations with him.

Gillian Blumfield. (aged 13½).

'RAINBOW' NOTE PAPER

Specially Designed
for CHILDREN

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

Price 1/6 per packet.

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

Obtainable from :

CATS AND KITTENS,

1, Grosvenor Crescent,

St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

RESEAL LABELS

Printed with these designs:—

Siamese Cat and Kitten.
Siamese Kitten.
Tabby Cat and Kitten.
White Cat.
Persian Cat.
Three Kitten Heads.
Kitten Washing.
Kitten Pair.
Chinchilla Kitten.

and Mark Twain quotation:—

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

Price 1/3 per packet.

(Post free).

from CATS & KITTENS,

1, Grosvenor Crescent,

St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

ONE day as we were going to school, we saw a black cat high up in a tree top overhanging the road. It was hanging over a hill, so it was difficult for it to get down. We didn't think that we would do anything about it because we were sure that someone else would see it and get it down somehow. But, on our return from school the cat was still there. It had evidently been up there all day and perhaps all night too, so when we arrived home we told about the cat. After tea we rang up a neighbour and asked if she knew whose black cat it was, but later we were told that the cat was going to be brought down by a fire engine after the men had put out a fire. Next day we saw the scraping of a ladder on the road and a branch cut off from the tree, but the cat wasn't there. I hope it was safely brought down.

Jua Laszlo, (aged 11).

RESULT OF COMPETITION IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Copying and colouring the picture of
the cats at the Christmas tea table.

1st prize of 5/-. Janet Rawlins, aged
15, of Horsforth, Nr. Leeds.

2nd prize of 3/6. Dora Lendall, aged
14, of Horsham, Sussex.

3rd prize of 2/6. Jaqueline Berchier,
aged, 11½, of Folkestone.

A consolation prize of 1/- has been
awarded to Derek Garland, aged 8, of
Forest Hill, London, for a very good effort.

Unfortunately, several children did not
give their names or addresses, so their
entries were disqualified. In future
competitions, children should note that
names, addresses and ages must be given.

New readers may not know that 5/- is
paid for all children's letters and photo-
graphs which are published in "Cats and
Kittens" Magazine. The Editor welcomes
such letters and photographs of their pets
from children.

FIRST AID CORNER.

By HILARY JOHNS

ODD THINGS ON THE MENU!

I have had one or two enquiries lately from readers who are worried about their cats' appetites. Perhaps I should say their unofficial appetites since the complaints are of the animals eating such things as bedding, coal, pieces of wood and the like.

In particular, owners of Siamese are worried because their pets have made wholesale inroads on woollen materials provided by way of bedding.

Such depraved and abnormal appetites naturally lead one to feel that the cat is not getting something that his system craves, yet in all the cases cited I am confident nothing is being overlooked. A desire to eat cloth material of any sort would seem to indicate a roughage deficiency for instance. Certainly if a cat were being given a diet with undue preponderance of soft food I should at once say this was the cause of the trouble since any animal must have a fair proportion of hard food, not only for the sake of its teeth but also for the sake of its digestion. Such hard food may be biscuit, meal, toasted stale bread crusts unfit for human consumption. Nor must the effect of the hardness be taken away by soaking such food in gravies, milk, etc. Cats need it **hard**. They should also be allowed occasional bones—good straight-forward ones without splinters or small chopped bits. I think we are sometimes over-cautious about bones, as a matter of fact. When you think what a cat will eat in the way of birds, rats, mice, etc. on its outdoor foraging, it is seen to be rather pernicketty to finger every mouthful just because we offer it on a plate!

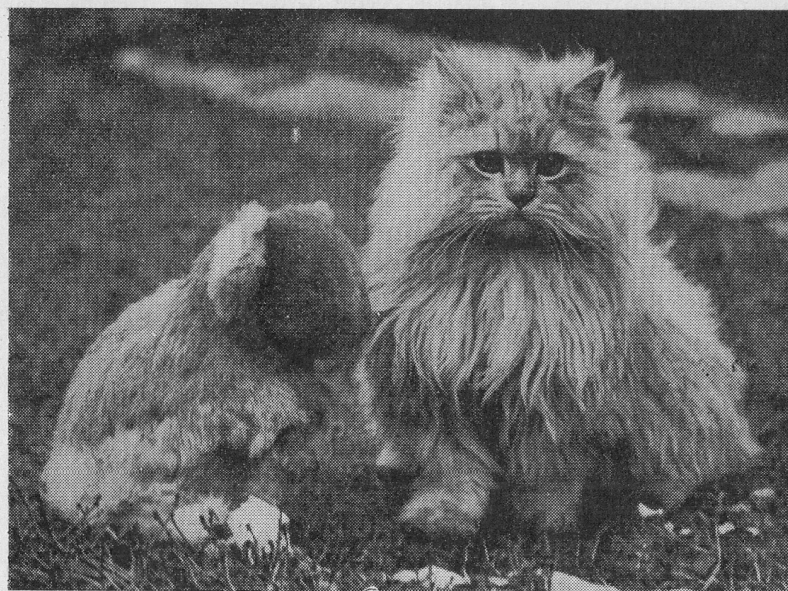
People also sometimes write to me in alarm because their cats show

a fondness for items of food which are sound enough in themselves but not usually regarded as suitable for cats. I heard only recently of a cat who adored tomatoes, another who loved cucumber and beetroot, and a third whose passion was Camembert cheese! To this last, my only comment was "Good luck to him! I wish I could indulge my own liking for it!" Seriously though, most animals have odd personal peculiarities and tastes just as we have, and in moderation there is no harm whatever in letting them have their way occasionally. But when it comes to a cat sitting down to a half pound of black currants, I **would** draw the line: as a matter of fact, I have to with Bill. He adores all dried fruit and is even more eager about cake than about meat. Another weakness of his is a caramel or nougat: he seems to like the jaw exercise.

The great thing to keep a cat's diet on the right lines is **balance**. He needs a little of everything, roughly speaking. Meat, of course, since he is a carnivorous beast: fish, poultry and rabbits, offals such as liver and lights. But he must also have green-stuff. True, he will eat grass but he eats grass as a medicine, the roughness of the blades acting as an emetic. He needs greenstuffs as a food. Some cats are awkward about greens but most will eventually take it if it is introduced into their diet gradually, chopped very fine and well mixed with the meat, gravy, biscuit meal, etc. Some cats really like it and will eat cabbage alone. Do persist in feeding it to your cat. Nothing keeps a cat fitter.

And don't forget water. Milk is more food than drink, and many cats (particularly Siamese) are actually not keen on milk anyway.

For The Small Breeder



Hillview Monarch, bred by Marion K. Jude

The Birth of the Kittens

By S. E. ARCHER

THE kittens are born between the sixty-third and sixty-ninth day if everything is normal, but the favourite day seems to be the sixty-fifth. Kittens have been born on the sixty-first day and lived, but this is unusual, and if the sixty-eighth day passes without any sign of kittens, the advice of a vet. should be sought. Many things can go wrong at this time, but fortunately they rarely do. It would, however, be extremely unwise to shut a maiden queen up in the room by herself and go back three hours later

hoping to find that all was well. It is, nevertheless, an excellent thing to allow the queen to conduct her own affairs entirely without interference unless it is obvious that help is needed.

When the kittens are very near the queen usually goes into her box and starts to purr with every sign of complete content. Many young queens like the owner to be near at hand at this time. It seems to give them confidence for an unusual experience which they cannot quite understand. If your queen is of that

kind it will be sufficient for her to know that you are in the room, a fact of which she will be fully aware without your having to sit right in front of her box. When the actual labour starts the purrs from the box will grow louder, but you must not be either surprised or alarmed if the queen cries out from pain. Some queens do, whereas others never utter a sound. After about half an hour you may quietly approach the box to see what has happened. Whether there is a kitten or not does not really matter, for provided the queen is not distressed, all is going well. Queens vary greatly in the time it takes to produce the first kitten, and also in the intervals between the birth of each individual. Some queens will produce a litter of five in an hour, whereas others take five hours to achieve the same result.

The queen with whom all is going well stays in her box, but the one who is in trouble comes out on to the floor and walks round the room while she still strains from time to time to produce her kitten.

There are three main causes of trouble at this time, and it is as well to recognise them for at some time the knowledge may be useful. The least troublesome is the big kitten. Some queens, although they are not large themselves produce large kittens and have a good deal of trouble in giving birth to them. The very size of the kitten seems to prevent the queen from exerting sufficient muscular pressure to expel it. When the vet. has assured him-

self that there is no obstruction preventing the birth, he will probably give a half milligramme tablet of ergometrine which will produce strong but rhythmical contractions of the uterus. This usually produces a successful result and the rest of the litter is born without trouble.

The second possibility is a "breech birth" in which case the kitten is presented tail first. With a little care one can help the queen over this trouble, for as part of the body and tail are protruding one can grip this firmly but gently, and pull as the queen makes her own effort.

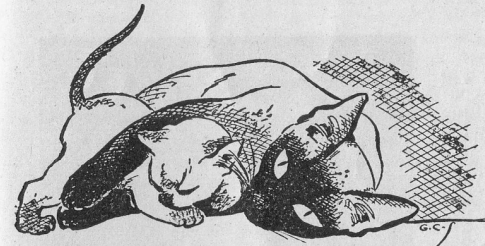
The third trouble is the worst and provides a problem which cannot be solved by the amateur. It is the "butt end" kitten. What happens is that as the kitten is coming head first along the passage, its head gets turned under. No amount of effort on the part of the queen will solve this problem, for the kitten is firmly wedged, and the greater the effort the mother makes the worse becomes the situation. Such a kitten must be removed by the vet.

Perhaps these three misfortunes seem to indicate that kitting is a chancy business, but accidents of this kind are rare on the whole, though if one keeps a number of queens one is sure, sooner or later, to be faced with something of this sort. Never let your queen carry on to the point of exhaustion, and if you feel that help is necessary and you are not confident of your ability to provide it, send for the vet.

There will be a "Cats and Kittens" Stall at the National Cat Club Show at Kentish Town Baths, on January 28th. It was not possible to give this information in our last issue.

CAT LOVERS' WRITING PADS

Supplied with the following designs :



Black Cat
White Cat
Persian Cat
Siamese Kitten
Chinchilla Kitten
Kitten Washing
Pair of Kittens
Three Kitten Heads
Tabby Cat & Kitten
Siamese Cat & Kitten

PRICE 2/9 EACH plus 4d. postage on one pad, 1d. on each additional pad.

PACKETS (assorted designs and colours) 2/6 & 4/6 post free.

PADS are available in the following colours—BLUE, BUFF, LEMON, PALE CREAM, PALE GREEN and PEACH PINK. When ordering please give choice of design and colour. Send 1d. stamp for Illustrated List.

CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE,
1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Tricky Entrance

SCRATCH, scratch, scuffle, scratch!

I had just settled down to some work, and did **not** feel inclined to be disturbed.

Lennie, who had been curled up apparently fast asleep, sat up, yawned, and looked inquiringly at me.

"Aren't you going to open the door?"

"I am not," I said emphatically, "you can let him in yourself."

Another stretch. "Oh, well, I suppose I must." Lennie jumped from his easy chair, and trotted to the door.

He sniffed at the lower corner, then lay down and tried to insert

one paw in it. Nothing doing. He turned on his side and clawed at it, to the accompaniment of sniffs and scufflings on the other side. Still the door remained put.

"Ha, I know," he leaped up brightly and dabbled at the handle a few times. This having no effect, he hugged it with both paws and hung on.

There was a click. A grey bundle flashed through the opening, Lennie rolled over, then streaked after the Buddy cat from next door, and the fun began.

There is always a ten to one chance the lock of that door has not fastened properly, so why should I worry?

Meet The Breeders

BLUE PERSIANS.

THE years roll by! It was the early part of this century I owned my first Blue Persian, and up to date I have never been without one. I like a well-balanced specimen with round head, small ears and broad, short nose. My strain has always been the pale lavender colour which resembles the blue-bells at Kew—and I have prided myself on cobby shapes, copper eyes, and short tails. We all aim for perfection but seldom obtain it. Just lately Mr. Felix Tomlinson has let me purchase a very charming daughter of Adrian of Pensford out of his well-known Pickles of Knott Hall. Tulip carries a flowing coat and should blend well with the Hendon Blue Robin breeding. Elegance of Hadley, Robin's son has grown into a huge cat of the loveliest shade of blue imaginable, and fulfills his breeder, Miss J. M. Fisher's early opinion. Elegance was a year old last June and in the Spring I shall allow him his first queen.

G. Campbell-Fraser.



Sarisbury Seraph
Mrs. E. C. Warren's Chinchilla Queen

CURIOSITY!

CURIOSITY killed the cat! An old and well-known saying. I don't quite know about killing the cat, but cats certainly are very inquisitive creatures. Change their quarters, take them to a new place, or into a strange room and what happens? Some may appear a little nervous or frightened, but usually not for very long; then curiosity gets the better of them. First, slowly and carefully everything is inspected on the floor or under the furniture. When no notice is taken, then puss ventures on to the furniture; next he or she has to find out what is inside large vases or other

ornaments. I find that the best way to stop them is to let them have their own way! Recently I brought my two male kittens from an upstairs room down into a larger one. Little "Titch," the white one, was very scared and disappeared immediately, but "Smoky" started nosing around straight away.

As flowers have been scarce and dear through the winter months, I have been trying to get an ice plant and have been successful. It is coming along nicely and looks pretty. "Smoky" first inspected everything in the flat, including his quarters, bed, pan, etc. Then he went a little further afield, on to the table and discovered my plant. It was comical to watch him. First he went round it carefully and then he tasted it. But Nemesis overtook him as Missus thought it wiser to give him a tap and take him down. Now both kittens are so used to it that they leave it severely alone.

The entire fireplace had to be replaced after being bomb-damaged and the ledge on the new one is not quite as broad as the old one, so I removed a certain large vase and placed it on the floor. Quite unexpectedly my little "Titch" wanted to see the inside of it and tried to get his head inside, so I had to take it away. Once a kitten of mine caught its head in a milk jug and I was just on the point of smashing it when I was able to remove his head. I had been out shopping and just arrived in time. Curiosity, thy name is Cat!

A. H. Cattermole.

RED TABBIES

THE Mayoral chains, the oyster shell on sides, and the butterfly on shoulders is a homely paraphrase of the correct markings of a Tabby. In text books the lateral stripes down the back and the ringed tail are included. The tabby variety includes brown, red and silver respectively, but it is of the Red Tabby Long Hair that I mean to speak. Unfortunately the beautiful Red Self Long Hair is almost extinct, and it is most doubtful if they can be bred dark enough in colour to show no stripes whatever. The U.S.A. is richer in the Red Self, but it needs much patience and enterprise to perfect them.

Long Hairs are always difficult for striped breeding as length of coat detracts from continuity.

The Red Tabby female is somewhat in the minority in most red litters. The Tortoise steps in as a very useful asset for producing first class Red Tabbies.

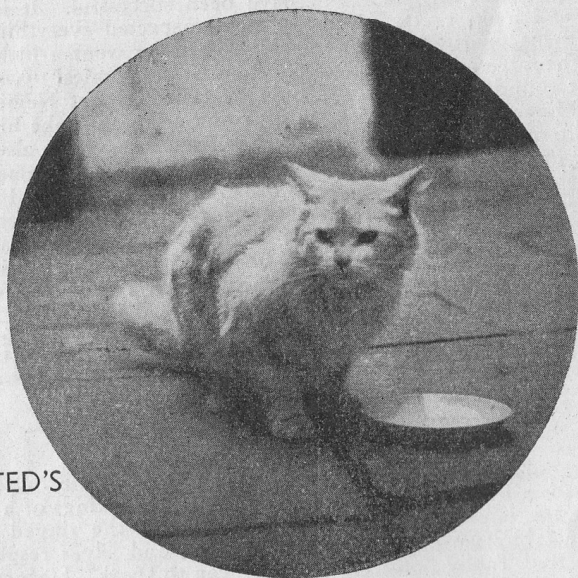
The words "Ginger" or "Marmalade" are now entirely ruled out and "Copper" replaces them. Some judges prefer a slightly paler background to show up the stripes.

Red Tabby, at a distance should resemble a fiery furnace, a grand sight on a cold winter day, or in summer time on an emerald lawn. Eyes should match colour of coat as near as possible, heads should be massive, and features well balanced, limbs sturdy, coat foxy in texture, and plume well feathered. Breeders have almost eradicated the tiresome light tip at the end of the tail. Red Tabbies are excellent mothers and their stocks sell well and quickly. They are beloved by the male sex for their intelligence and fearlessness.

G. Campbell Fraser.

A LITTLE HELP IS ALL WE ASK
TO MINIMISE OUR HEAVY TASK

WE HELP
THE
STRAYS
THE SICK
AND THE
UNWANTED'S



WILL
YOU
HELP US
TO HELP
THEM?

YOU CAN EASILY DO SO BY MAKING YOUR
CAT A "TAILWAVER"

Please Address Your Donations and Enquiries to:—
THE CATS' PROTECTION LEAGUE "TAILWAVERS"
29, CHURCH STREET, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Mrs. L. FRANCE

"PORT SELAH," ANNE PORT,
JERSEY, C.I. (Tel. Gorey 334).

At Stud :

**SCO-RUSTON
GALADIMA**

Young, Virile, Typey, Glorious Eye-Colour.

FEE 2 gns. and return carriage.

Chinki Siamese Kittens for breeding or as pets,
sired by Galadima from the following lovely
Queens : SEALSLEEVE SHAH TRES-CHIC,
SEALSLEEVE SIMI, BROMHOLME CHEN
WAN.

Kittens despatched from London.

MRS. L. K. SAYERS

Southwood Cattery

BLUE POINT AND SEAL POINT SIAMESE
AT STUD.

CHAMPION ZY. AZURE PHANDAH
(B.P.). Sire: Zy. Azure Dah. (B.P.). Dam:
Zy. Azure Phantasy (B.P.). Fee 50/- and
return carriage.

ORIENTAL SILKY BOY (S.P.). Sire: Ch.
Angus Silky. Dam: Sirius Valentina. Winner
2 Ch. Certs. Croydon 1938, Exeter 1939. Fee
45/- and return carriage.

TYPIC PITA (S.P.). Sire: Ch. Jacques of
Abingdon. Dam: Phantom Beauty. Winner 1st
and Champion and Best Cat all Breeds. Sandy
Show 1946. Fee 45/- and return carriage.

SOUTHWOOD KUCHING (S.P.). Sire:
Prestwick Person. Dam: Ho-Tu. Winner every
time shown, excels in eye colour. Fee 45/-
and return carriage.

**Southwood Farm, Farnborough,
Hants.**

Tel. Farnborough 773

DANEHURST CATTERY

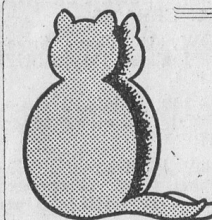
BLUE PERSIANS
BLUE CHINCHILLAS
CREAMS

Kittens only sold to good homes.

CATS AT STUD—See separate
announcement. Also STUD
REGISTER (G.C.C.).

GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S.,

DANEHURST,
SWAINES ROAD,
BEMBRIDGE, I.O.W.
'Phone: Bembridge 291.



*First-Class
Pedigree
CATS*

**SIAMESE
PERSIANS
(Blue, Black or Smoke),
CHINCHILLAS**

Kittens usually available

CATS AT STUD.
Please note change of address :
Mrs. Tibbetts, "Whiteways Cattery,"
Funtington Hall, Nr. Chichester, Sussex.
Station : Chichester S.R. Tel. : West Ashling 302.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Prepaid Advertisements under this heading are inserted at the rate of 1/- per line per insertion (minimum 3/-) with discounts of 6 insertions for the price of five and 12 insertions for the price of ten. Additional charge for use of Box No. is 1/-. Instructions and remittances should be sent not later than the 12th of the month preceding the month of issue to Mr. A. E. COWLISHAW, 4, CARLTON MANSIONS, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9.

At Stud

SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian) sire Southway Nicholas, dam Sco-Ruston Kalisa.—Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291.

SIAMESE Seal Pointed—Henry of Abingdon. Siamese Blue Pointed—Zy. Azure Lukie. Fee £2/2/0 each and carriage.—Mr. B. A. Stirling-Webb, Asgill House, Richmond, Surrey. Tel. RIC 1561.

DONERAILE SUTRA (SIAMESE), a new young Stud. Sire: Isthmus of Kra. Dam: Bronholme Minda. Fee 2 gns. and carriage.—Mrs. K. R. Williams, 92, Chiltern Road, Sutton, Surrey. Vigilant 1389.

Breeders' Cards

GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291. **BLUE PERSIAN, BLUE CHINCHILLA, CREAMS.**

MRS. D. M. BENBOW, 10, Corve Street, Ludlow, Salop. Tel. Ludlow 133. **BLUES AND CREAMS (L.H.).**

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

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

MRS. CATTERMOLLE, 96, Dalberg Road, Brixton, London, S.W.2. "LOTUS" **WHITE PERSIANS.**

MISS J. M. FISHER, Evely, Standford, Bordon, Hants. Tel. Passfield 228. **HADLEY BLUE and BROWN TABBY L.H.**

MRS. FRANCE, "Port Selah," Anne Port, Jersey, C.I. **SIAMESE AND BLUE PERSIANS.**

MRS. CAMPBELL FRASER, Little Primrose, Godalming, Surrey. Tel. Godalming 522. "Hendon" **LONGHAIR STUDS.**

MRS. LAMB, Grange Hill, Halesowen, near Birmingham. Tel. Halesowen 1226. **SIAMESE AT STUD.**

MR. B. A. STIRLING-WEBB, Asgill House, Richmond, Surrey. Tel. RIC 1561. **SIAMESE.**

For Sale

SIAMESE KITTENS, Seal Point, excellent pedigree, Typic Pita/Sco-Ruston Campanula. A winner at S.C.C. Championship Show in last litter. Housetrained. Males 8gns.—Gray, Spire View, Nunton, Salisbury.

MRS BRICE-WEBB offers for sale exquisite Blue Persian Male Kittens by Oxleys Smasher and King Kong—See Breeders' Cards.

SIAMESE KITTENS, grand specimens, wonderful pets; highest pedigree. Born Oct.-Lewis, Sunnybank, Much Hadham, Herts.

PEDIGREE BLUE PERSIAN CATS, unrelated pair, very handsome, 2½ years of age.—Turner, Alra Vista, Higher Warberry Road, Torquay. Phone 3289.

Miscellaneous

MONOMARKS. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential. 5/- p.a. Royal patronage.—Write BCM/MONO79, W.C.1.

WHY not have your **CAT PHOTOGRAPHED** at home? Moderate fees. Jackson, Idmiston, Mayfair Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey. Derwent 1265.

"HOW CATS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW" Leaflet and other helpful information about **CATS**, free from The Cats' Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks. Stamps to cover postage would be appreciated.

WHY NOT make your Cat a **TAIL-WAGGER?** All particulars from the Secretary, The Tail-Waggers' Club (Gt. Britain) Ltd., 356/60, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

WANTED TO FORM an Association. Cat lovers who desire an Island of their own. Write Box 6, c/o "Cats and Kittens."

Wanted

MRS MICHAEL JOSEPH requires a Cook-Housekeeper for easily run country house in village between Newbury and Reading. Two furnished or unfurnished rooms available, with own bathroom. Child and/or animal pet welcome. Write Mrs. Joseph, The Garden House, Stanford Dingley, Berks.



Tel.:
FULham
6201

PEDIGREE
BLUE
PERSIANS

EIREANNE CATTERIE

At Stud in London
NEUBURIE BAMBI

Sire of Best Male Kitten, Croydon 1946. A lovely pale blue son of Blessed Mischief of Henley, Dam Neuburie Meuna. Exceptionally tiny ears, siring large litters of palest blue kittens, copper eyes.

Fee 2 GNS. and CARRIAGE.

Queens met.

Kittens usually for Sale.

Pekinese puppies also for sale.

Mrs. EIREANNE MARLOW,
38, VEREKER ROAD,
BARON'S COURT, LONDON, W.14.

IDMISTON CATTERY

BLUE & CREAM PERSIANS

STUD: TIMOTHY OF KNOTT HALL.

By Dickon of Allington ex. Pickles of Knott Hall. Pale sound blue, small well-placed ears, large round copper eyes, massive physique, sire of outstanding kittens. Winner of numerous prizes and specials.

FEE 2gns. AND CARRIAGE.

MRS. E. JACKSON,

IDMISTON, MAYFAIR AVENUE,
WORCESTER PARK, SURREY.

Phone: Derwent 1625.

1947 CALENDAR

Beautiful Camera Studies—one for each month. Cover in Two Colours with Picture. Backed Card and with Spiral Binding for ease of turning over.

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY

Plus postage and Packing. Add 4d. for one copy, 1d. each additional copy.

ORDERS TO BE SENT TO

CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

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