

## 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.*

\* \* \* \*

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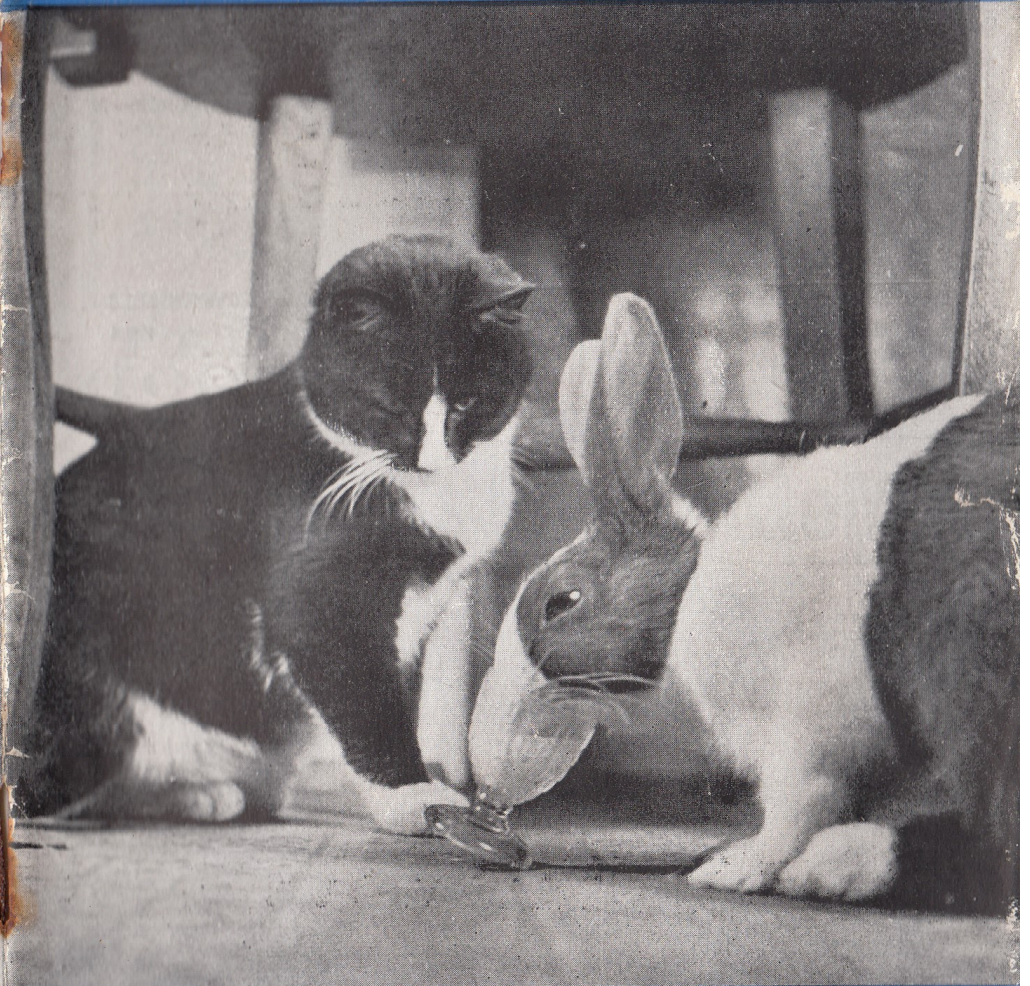
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# CATS <sup>and</sup> kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



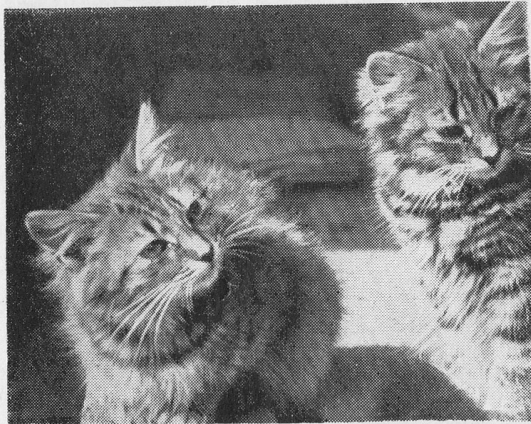
NEW YORK  
CAT BEAUTY PARLOUR

Photographs on Pages 16, 17 & 18.

MARCH 1947

Price 1/-

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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER.

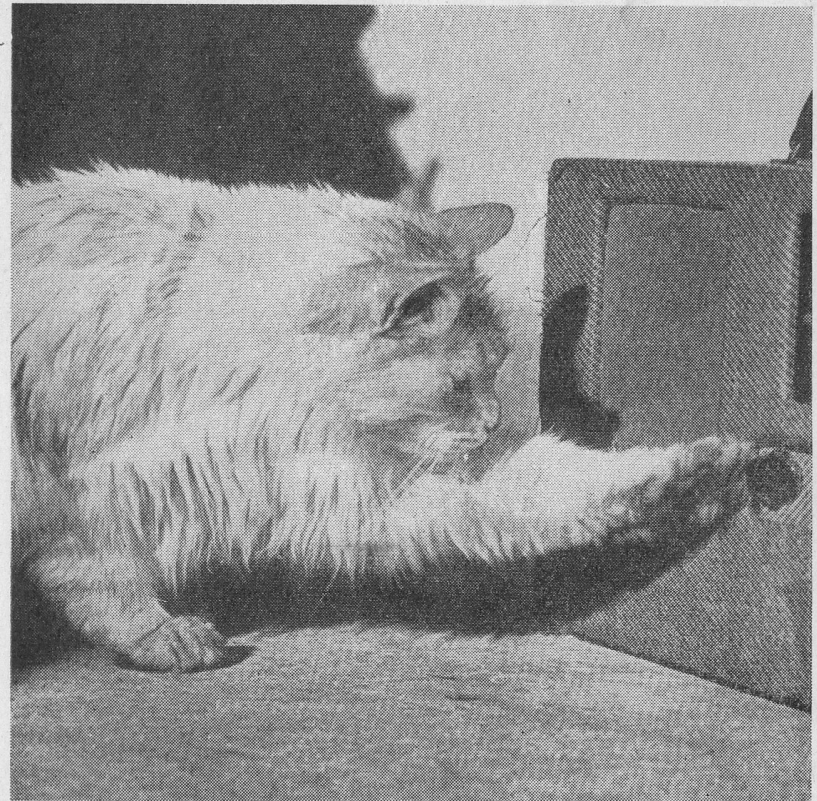
MARCH, 1947

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

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



Pictorial Press

### THE THIRD PROGRAMME!

Cover picture is a Mirror Feature. "The Good Companions" are Bertie the rabbit and Minky the cat, aged 6 and 12 months respectively. Not a drop must be left—Bertie rudely tilts the glass.



## Old Cat Stories.

**D**O you know why Cats always wash themselves after a meal? A cat once caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with the remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This annoyed the cat very much and he said, "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards."

\* \* \* \*

**I**N an old copy of "Punch" published about 80 years ago there is a picture of an old lady sitting up in bed and pricking up her ears to the music of a mewling cat. "Oh, ah! yes, it's the waits" says she, with a delighted chuckle; "I do love to listen to 'em. It may be fancy, but somehow they don't seem to play so sweetly as they did when I was a girl. Perhaps it is that I am getting old, and don't hear so well as I used to."

\* \* \* \*

**I** AM credibly informed that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his cat, and that in order to do it there had been got together a great quantity of mice, but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all.

Mr. Spectator, in No. 5, March 6th, 1711.

\* \* \* \*

**A**T the village of Barnborough, in Yorkshire, there is a tradition of a serious conflict between a man and a wild cat. The inhabitants say that the fight began in an adjacent wood, and that the man and the cat fought from thence to the porch of the church, where each died of the wounds received. A rude painting in the church commemorates the sanguinary event, and the red colour of the stones are, of course, said to be blood stains, which all the soap and water in the world could not remove.



Donald McLeish.

One of London's old-established Trades.

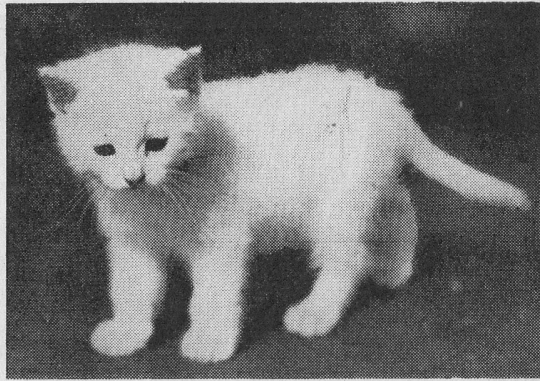
The Cats' Meat Man and an eager customer

# Shorty.

A STORY by

MAURICE

HAMMOND



Dorien Leigh.

JOHN SPENCE was a widower of sixty years and lived in a house in a cobbled back street of a Northern town. Each evening of the week, his married daughter, Rose, came from a nearby street to ensure his comfort and tidiness and to chat with him on the day's events. Twice a week, as regular as the sun, she cleaned his house and its windows from top to bottom, and in that firm way grown children have with their parents she would scold him for his neglect of himself. These filial remonstrances he would suffer with quiet, and understanding, and after some discreet attention put on his cloth cap and go out so as to give his daughter an uninterrupted way with her cleaning. It was on such an evening, of a day two years before the outbreak of war that John Spence

found—or better to say WAS found, by a kitten. He had taken his usual walk to the corner of the street, and without any loitering there because of a sudden dark turn of the weather, started on his way back, when this kitten ran neatly between his legs by way of introducing itself and thereafter continued to follow him closely. Reaching his door he would have closed it upon the kitten, but the weather breaking at the moment he allowed it to follow him inside from the rain, deciding to enquire into its ownership as soon as he could, for it was such a pretty kitten he felt sure some child would already be grieving its absence.

The sight of the kitten filled his daughter with delight and she pleaded with her father to let her call it her own then and there but this he forbade

because of the decision he had already made. He promised her however, that should he not be able to trace its owner on the morrow she could keep it then. Next morning he made careful enquiries in the street in which he lived and two adjoining streets but no one claimed ownership of it, so, calling upon his daughter he presented her with the kitten and went his way home. He had not proceeded far before something passed neatly between his legs, and on looking down saw it was the kitten caught up with him. Retracing his steps he gave it to his daughter again, bidding her keep a more watchful eye on it, but though she placed it in her scullery this time, with the door closed upon it and a saucer of milk set before its nose, it escaped through a window and caught up with her father again. Unable now, to repress further, a certain warm feeling he had for the kitten, and experiencing a subtle working of his conscience in the face of its almost resolute affection for him, he continued upon his way with the kitten contentedly following, having decided that if anyone was going to own it he himself was.

In length and height the kitten was shortly built, but its legs and neck were thick, and strongly formed. It was about

a year old. It was coloured white with not another coloured hair visible on its body, and from the snowiness of its bold face gleamed two pink, phosphorous orbs, that were its eyes.

At first John Spence was minded to call the kitten Snowy, but so impressed did he finally become with its shortness and apparent strength he agreed upon the name Shorty.

John Spence and Shorty became inseparable pals: As other Northern men walked out with their dogs, so he walked out with his cat, and it was 'woe betide' the 'Tyke' that ventured too close to the heels of Shorty's master. At the time of writing, John Spence was working at a cotton mill.

He lived a quiet life, taking only an occasional drink of beer. Sometimes he would let his daughter walk him out to a cinema show, but this would only be to please her pride and fancy rather than any desire he had for such pleasures. He liked best, his fireside, and the books which he borrowed from the town library—and now; he had Shorty. Of an evening he would lay aside a book and talk to the cat. His words would bring back again to the fireside the presence of his beloved wife, whose illness and death fifteen years ago had left in his heart an empty space which had

never been filled. Shorty, with his head cocked attentively and his bright eyes upon his master's face, would listen, and though never quite understanding, reveal in the depth of his eyes a fulness of that selfless—almost fanatical devotion, which despite man's omnipotent claim to all that is fine in living, remains the prerogative of all four footed creatures.

And so in this quiet backwater of circumstances, each day succeeded another with little variation for John Spence, until that first Sunday in September, 1939, when the people of Britain and the Empire—quite alone, declared war upon a Germany that was once more rising and taking up arms to conquer and enslave the world.

From the cotton mill John Spence went to work in a war factory which was built on the outskirts of the town. After the epic of Dunkirk he joined the L.D.V., which was destined to become the Home Guard Army, and despite his now, sixty two years became a quartermaster sergeant. In these activities Shorty followed him with the naive persistence of that first night over two years ago. Many times John Spence safely housed him while he went about his work and duties, but on the few occasions he failed to contrive an escape and follow him, he

protested so loudly and indignantly behind the door, he chose letting the cat follow him as the lesser of two evils for it.

The sight of the grey haired quartermaster and his small sturdy cat passing through the streets together was always a touching and unusual sight. Folks wove fanciful tales about the pair, and young and old were vociferous in their admiration. Strangers would accost John Spence and politely voice their curiosity about the cat. With a simple, warm pride he would answer their questions, and Shorty, in reciprocation of their strokings would stiffen and arch his back and neck, and wreath his tail like a plume of white smoke, for though his heart belonged wholly to his master he always had a generous reserve of friendliness for those who showed kindly towards him.

Those first two years of the war went by: The suffering and privation they imposed need no emphasis in this or any other narrative to the courageous people who bore them with a smiling fortitude that will never be surpassed. The street in which John Spence lived was gutted by half yet the cat remained with him. Not all the terrors of the night—bomb and fire, could shake it from his heels. Those who witnessed its

uncanny persistence to be beside its master, its high courage which was so startlingly purposeful caused its name to become a legend throughout the cobbled streetways. But on the night of Thursday, February 9th, 1941, disaster overtook both Shorty and John Spence. The town was subjected to its heaviest air raid. Two bombs fell in the street in which John Spence lived and he and Shorty became buried beneath the wreckage of his home. It was not until the wet dawn of the next day that the rescue squads were able to dig through and rescue him and his cat. They cut John Spence's arm from his body before they freed him properly. He had also received terrible injuries to his back. He was too much of a man not to know he was going to die. He asked for his daughter Rose, and for his cat. Shorty appeared none the worse for his experience, but in actual fact he had been blinded through injury to the nerves of both his eyes. His daughter refrained from telling her father of this, not wishing to make his end any the more painful. Placed on the bed besides its dying master the cat became wild with joy at his touch again, no doubt finding blessed solace for its own poor soul, terrified as it must have been at the blackness which had

fallen upon it.

John Spence died as he had lived many a time of an evening—with his beloved Shorty beneath his hand and the name of his dead wife upon his lips.

His daughter took the stricken cat, and circumstanced as she was with the closing of her father's affairs and his burial, nursed it as well as she could. At her request a neighbour took it to a Veterinary Surgeon who declared it to be uninjured in body and limb, but blind. Despite this, Shorty showed no will to live, and on the day John Spence was buried he disappeared. It was not for some time—after the wreaths had withered and died on John Spence's grave, that his body was found beneath them. What power had guided his blind eyes to his master's grave no one will ever know, but his death was caused by something for which the finest Veterinary has no cure—a broken heart.

It is an age old custom of the people of the North to keep a simple Roll of Honour made off wood and glass upon the walls of their streets. Perhaps the best tribute that was paid to the little white cat, was when the people of John Spence's street recorded after his name, "And Shorty his pal."

## “Victory for Siam”

By ARTHUR BUSH

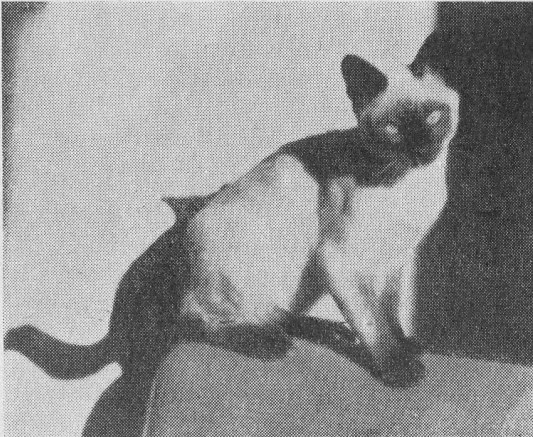
HE'S lying over there, in the arm chair, wrapped in a blanket, with two hot water bottles behind it. An infinitely pathetic little bundle, just twelve weeks old, the markings of his Siamese ancestors scarce formed on the creamy body that in such a few short hours just droops sadly on his tiny frame.

Its just two hours since his doctor gave him the first treatment—the next two or three hours will tell whether that wholly delightful little being is to go for ever—or, once again, maybe have a chance to frisk and gambol about after his ridiculous little bits of paper at the end of a string, scamper

madly after his bouncing ping-pong ball or roll destructively in the fresh sheet of the morning paper. Would that every newspaper for all the mornings to come were unreadable so long as he may stay to have his pleasure with them first.

A bird chirrups in the garden; the gorgeous blue eyes open wider and, mercifully still clear, gaze wonderingly towards the sound. They move slowly round the room and fix me with a gentle look of recognition, then back to the sound of the bird still chirruping. The little body heaves itself painfully from the blanket folds, flops to the floor and stands, wavering and uncertain, on its long, slender legs—so terribly thin and wasted now.

I pick him up and hold him close to give him the warmth of my body—the tiny pads with their needle-sharp claws curl round my fingers as if seeking strength and comfort and gradually he falls asleep again.



ROMEO BEX

Gently back into the blanket and there he lies, fighting with his instinct and the help of modern medicine for the life that has been his for so few short weeks.

A knock at the door—his ears twitch, his head moves slowly round and as his doctor comes into the room does he perhaps look up with a little more life than last time? Tenderly he's lifted on to the table, nobly he submits with a bravery born, it must be, of his age-old ancestors—his own twelve meagre weeks could surely not have taught him that. Then back to the blanket and the warmth with a little whimper that seems to voice his understanding.

The hours seemed days—useless to keep on staring over to

the arm chair; and yet may be not useless. There is an appeal for company, for tenderness for strength from those wide open blue eyes that slowly, so slowly, begin to lose their awful bigness. The panting becomes a rhythm that dims into breathing. The bedraggled tiny body heaves itself again from the blanket and flops weakly to the floor. A gallant attempt at a stretch that so nearly becomes a fall, and then a wavering, uncertain stagger round the room, a passing glance of interest at the idle ping-pong ball, a grateful sit down by the fire and a long drawn out sigh that becomes an almost normal call.

The battle is over—he has won a victory for Siam!

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## THE COLD SPELL IN JERSEY

DURING the cold spell I have thrown the scraps outside the kitchen window for the wild birds, and have been very interested in the many beautiful varieties which have come to feed. Even the gulls have been coming right up to the house. Gilda and Romeo spend a great deal of time watching the birds through the window. It is very amusing to see their intent interest, and there is no danger to the birds.

Queens are already calling, but I prefer to keep mine back for a while, so that the kittens arrive in the warmer weather. Jersey has had its first real fall of snow since 1940, and everything is blanketed in white, with frozen pipes and no water! The cats spend most of their time in front of the fire, and only Galadima, who is tough, still sleeps in his outside house. When I let him out in the morning, it is very amusing to see how he walks through the snow, rather like a stage villain.

Lillian France.

## CATS OF LEGEND AND HISTORY



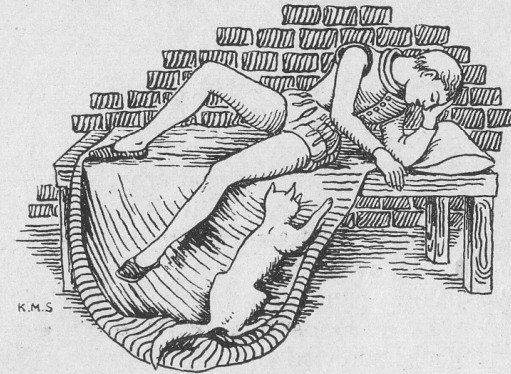
## V. CARDINAL WOLSEY AND HIS CAT

Cardinal Wolsey sat in state,  
 For he was Lord Chancellor too,  
 And some, they feared him, and some did hate,  
 And some came favours to woo.  
 But one there was who sat by his side,  
 And he was prouder far  
 Than the Cardinal's self, for none denies  
 That beautiful, pussy-cats are.  
 And the Cardinal petted and fondled him,  
 As in pomp and power he sat;  
 For he rightly felt;—it was no mere whim.  
 He was not so fine as his cat!



By M. F. NORMAN

Illustrated by Kathleen Spagnolo.



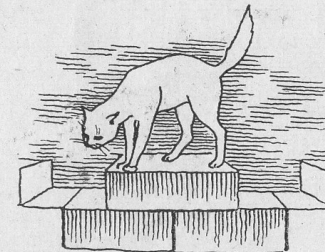
## VI. THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS CAT

The Duke of Norfolk was a foolish youth,  
 And angered good Queen Bess, of glorious fame,  
 Because he even tried to wed, forsooth,  
 Mary of Scotland, that unlucky dame!

Elizabeth then threw him in the Tower,  
 And sad his fate, but for one faithful friend,  
 Who, finding entry barred, abode his hour,  
 Resolved **his** days in prison he would spend.

With agile tread, and powerful clinging claws,  
 He climbed that fortress, then like chimney sweep,  
 Slid down the chimney, with foul sooted paws,  
 Of that same room where that poor lad did weep.

Oh, wondrous thing that he should know the room,  
 Or even to that fortress find his way!  
 Elizabeth was wise, with voice of doom, (x)  
 She cried—"God led the cat, then let him stay."



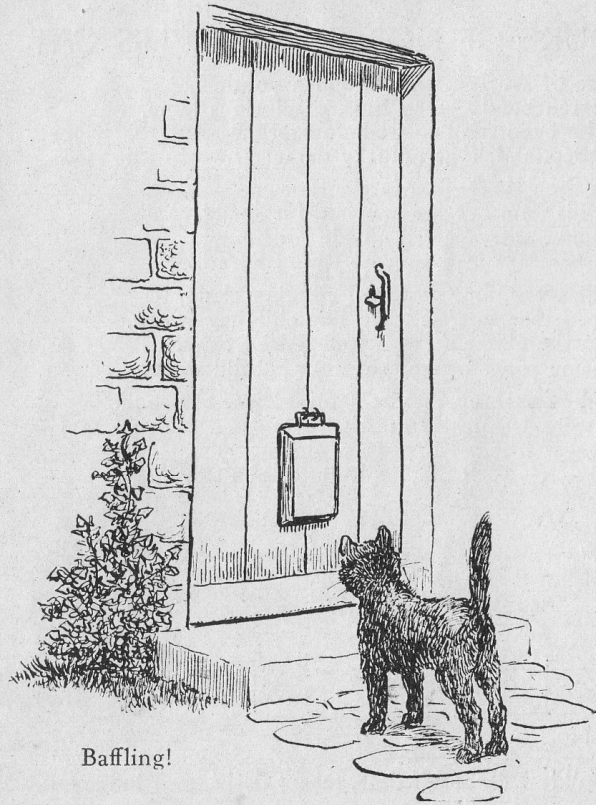
x. "Doom" in Elizabeth's time, meant decision or judgment.

# A Cat Valve.

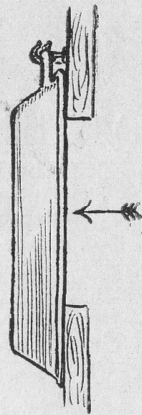
By D. HARTLEY

DO other owners have the problem of how to leave something open for their cat to get out, but find that other cats use it to come in? If so here is a simple cat-valve, made with a common tin baking pan, hung by its flat tin wire loop, on to two cup-hooks screwed into the door

The hole in the door is open, but put two plain screw cup-hooks either side of—



Baffling!

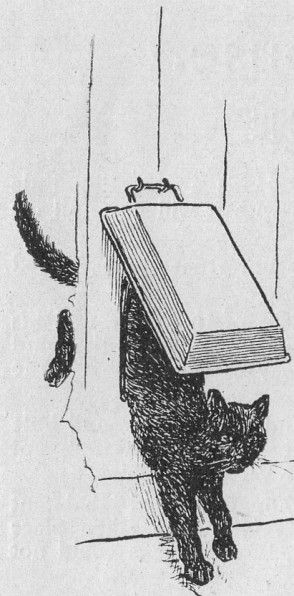


—the hole to hold up the baking pan.

underneath, the SLOPE OF THE DEEP TIN BAFFLES THEM (they can do it easily enough with a flat board or tin). Two hooks either side of the hole make it easy to transfer the tin inside or out; accordingly as to whether you want the cats to come in, or go out.

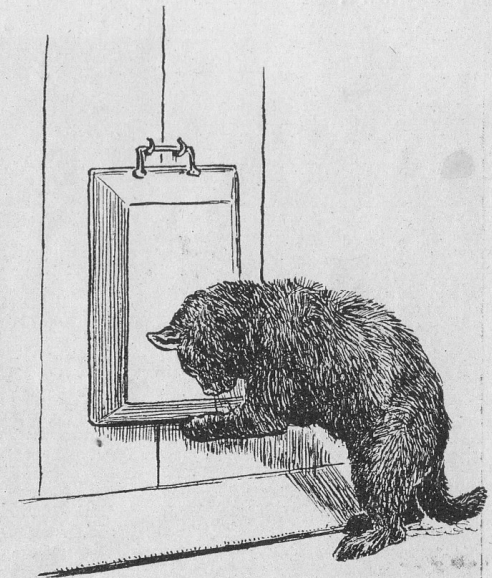
For an emergency exit in the night, its excellent.

I hereby present all readers of "Cats and Kittens" with full rights to the domestic patent CAT VALVE, known as the Bake-pan-baffle-cat.



I can get out easy enough, but—

above the cat-hole. The cats can put their heads through the covered hole and so push their way out easily enough, but (though they all scabble hard, and cunningly), I've not yet found any cat quick enough to flap the tin up high enough to curve in



—other cats cannot get in!



## The Cat House.

By G. PENNETHORNE

CLOSE by the church at Henfield, Sussex, stands a charming little thatched cottage. But the story associated with it will make all cat lovers shudder with horror.

The owner of the cottage had a canary, which unfortunately was killed by the vicar's cat.

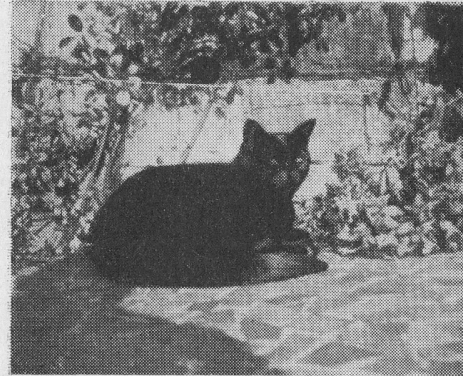
The canary's owner proceeded to put up a frieze of tin cats round his house, each cat carrying in its claws a bird. The cats jangled as the wind blew. His idea was evidently either to scare away cats or to shame the vicar.

On the end of the house is a small window and below it a round hole called "Zulu Hole." Through this hole this benighted man took pot shots at any cats coming from the direction of the Vicarage.

No one can explain the name "Zulu Hole," though one old inhabitant of Henfield suggested to me that the episode might have taken place during the Zulu War. "At any rate," she said, "Such things could not happen now"!



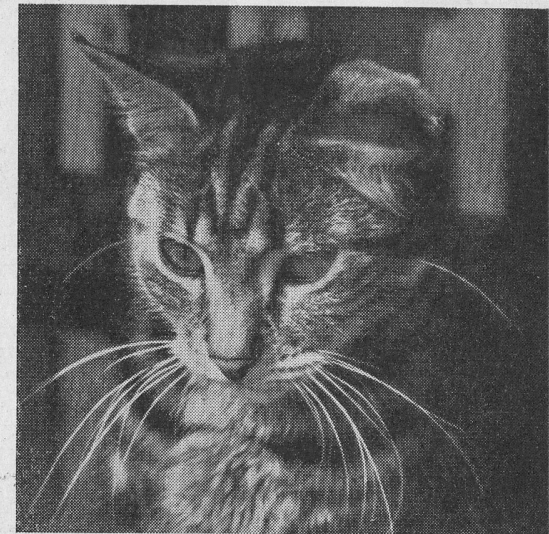
## Readers' Own Pets

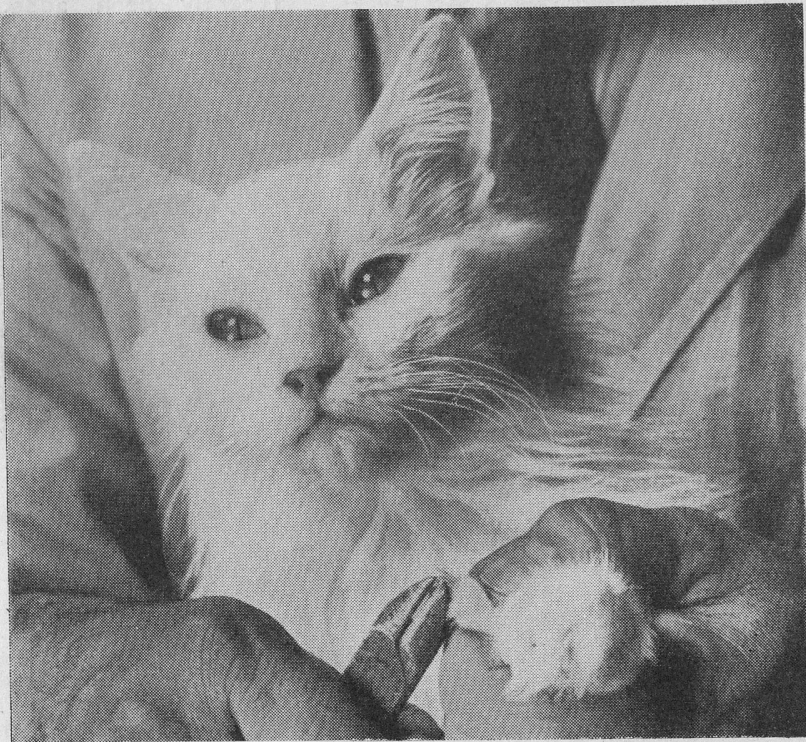


"Mr. Binks," the pet of Rosemary Hyde-Service. He is now nearly 11 years old and his mother was a Siamese. He has all the loveable qualities of his mother's breed and is a most good-tempered cat. A small Siamese kitten has recently been added

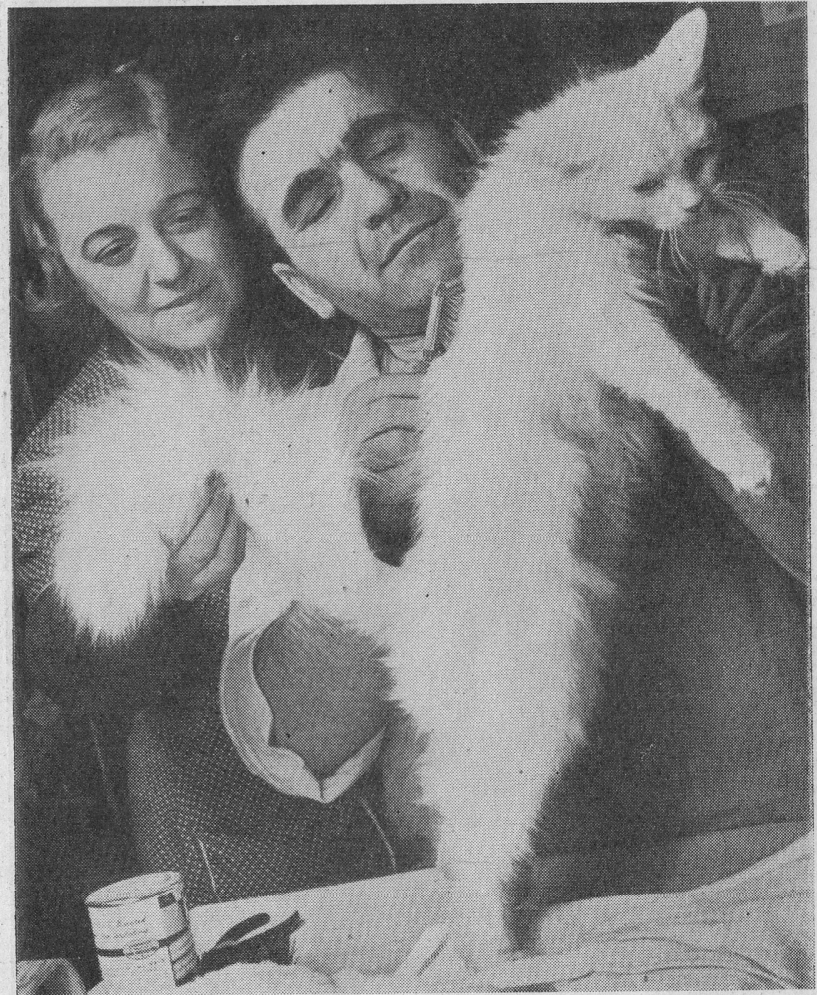
to the family, and "Mr. Binks" is most devoted to it.

The cat "Carrie," the pet of Mr. H. W. Dean. He is a regular "stop-out" and shows signs of words with the dog in his damaged ear.





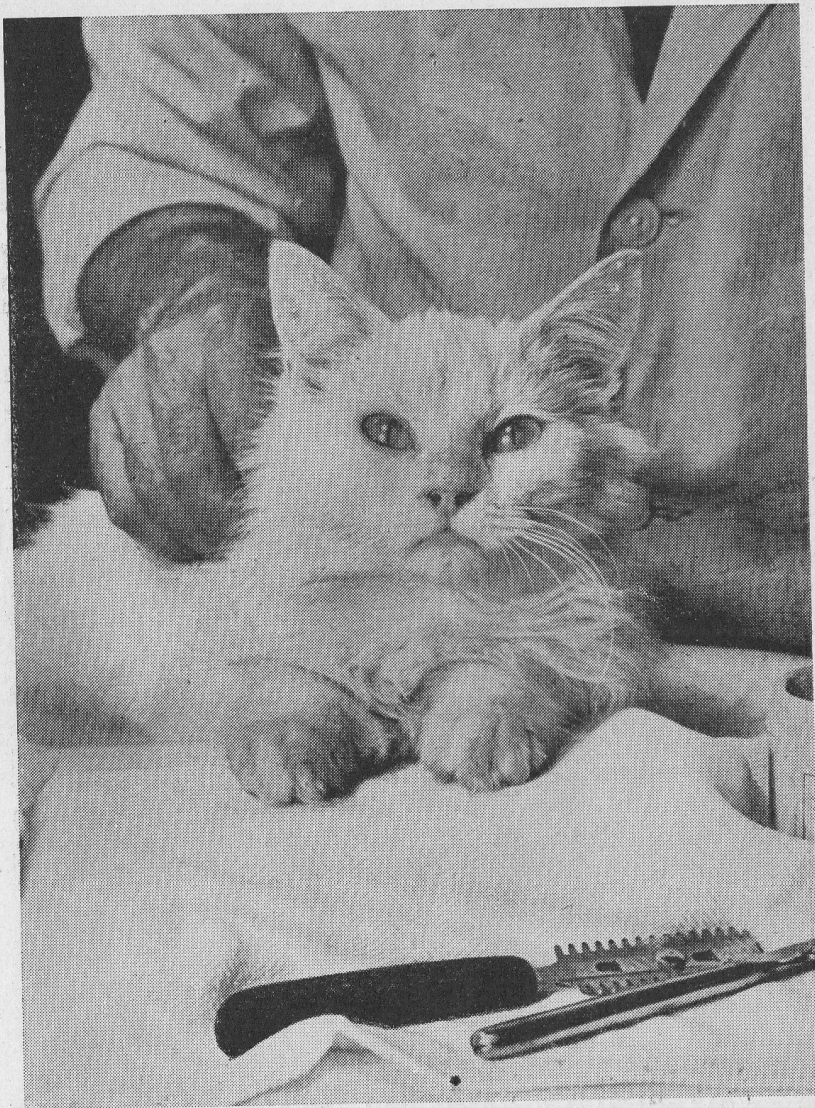
Top left: Cream is put on the cat's paw, and afterwards, Bottom left: the nails are clipped and filed after they have been cleaned.



Pictorial Press..

## CAT BEAUTY PARLOUR IN NEW YORK

Above: the cat is "dry cleaned," a process which softens as well as cleans the hair.



The Cat looking soft and radiant, clean and comfortable, looks quite contented.

## Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA

LALLY'S God has let him down, and for the second time in a few short weeks; for Lally is a fire worshipper. Above the fireplace runs a wide marble mantelshelf which reaches such a degree of heat from the fire beneath that we hardly can bear to touch it for more than a moment. Not so Lally, who invariably makes a pilgrimage up and over convenient pieces of furniture until he reaches his Mecca; there he pours himself out like treacle over the hot marble and drips and dips his silky paws and little nose over the edge towards the blessed heat.

The first shock came at Christmas time; the pilgrimage began as usual and all was well until the final leap, and then disaster! Dozens of gay greeting cards fell about his ears, and crashed with a bothersome clatter into the hearth below. This was altogether too much for his sensitive soul, he fled—and did not venture near for weeks. Now again something is wrong; coal is short so instead there is an electric radiator, the shelf is icy cold, and Lally's God sleeps! It is all very sad and very difficult to explain to a cold little cat.

We think his special craving for heat is inherited from his Siamese forebears, he is so very Siamese in all his character and much of his appearance, except that he is completely black. He is always with us, everywhere we go, he goes; out through the door with us and back again, except when he is not quite slippy enough and gets left in the cold hall. He talks and walks, and like a dog comes we whistle, but he is not really like a dog, more like a slippy black streak.

We have had so many nice letters from readers this month; we hope to answer them all in a little time. One came from a reader who, after seeing our picture of the cat with only three legs, (in our January number) wrote of her own experience. She says, "My cat was caught in a gin one Saturday and on the following Tuesday struggled home with the gin attached to his leg, he tried to drag it through a neighbour's hedge and collapsed. He was taken to the vet. and nearly died. His foot has been taken off and he is going on nicely, but he has suffered agonies, and is so gentle and sweet. Two days later a neighbour's cat had a

whole leg amputated for the same reason."

Some years ago we were living in the country near to a branch railway line; one day the little train was puffing its way along from village to village, when the driver pulled up and got out, he had seen our little black Nigger, who had managed to drag himself, with a gin attached to his leg, to the middle of the railway track, the kindly driver released him, and the train went on its way. The stopping of the train to save our cat was great news in the village, and that was not the only time he was taken out of a trap.

We know that rabbits *must* be coped with, but they are jolly little beasts. We put them on our Easter and Christmas cards, and children love them, and so it seems to us that in an age of world-shaking inventions, surely somewhere, there must be a kindly scientist among the "back room boys" who could think up a new humane trap, and thus save great suffering to wild creatures, as well as to innumerable domestic pets.

Cats Magazine tells us that "The Fancy's greatest freak was born and died in El Paso, Texas in September 1946. It was a two faced Red Persian male of a litter owned by Mrs. Crumlett of Shalimar Cattery.

The twin faced feline lived from Saturday, September 7th, until the following Thursday. One of the tiny heads was busy feeding while the mother tenderly washed the other. Mrs. Crumlett states "When the kitten died, the mother continued to wash its little body; we removed the kitten and for more than an hour she cried and searched, and finally she lay down and wailed with almost human grief."

We suppose almost everyone must have heard or read in the Daily Press, the story of the cat Smoky who walked back from Bexhill to Trevoll near Newquay in Cornwall. We who think we know cats so well, do we really know them? If we did not know it to be true, could we believe this story? What would we not give to have been "in on" that trek, or at least to have been able to take an occasional peep. How did he go? By the road? Surely not the A.A. route! Could he have hitch-hiked or did he cross country as the crow flies? But then the crow *flies*, and on foot there would be rivers and ditches. We once owned a cat who walked back from Yarmouth to Norwich after being taken for a summer holiday, it took him two weeks, but that was twenty miles, and Smoky travelled 300!



## Book Reviews.

By E. M. BARRAUD

**"Cat Jeffrey,"** by Christopher Smart. (The Critic Press. 2s. 6d.).

Obtainable from "Cats and Kittens," Office, price 2s. 9d. post free.

Some of you may remember my singling out for comment Christopher Smart's "Cat Jeffrey" which was included in that excellent anthology "A Clowder of Cats." Now The Critic Press have published the poem by itself in an attractive little booklet illustrated with some nice little drawings by Stanley Odell. Poor Kit Smart ended, as you probably know, in the mad house but he loved and knew cats. How is this as a description of some cat antics we have all seen:

"For he can spraggle upon waggle at the word of command." And this for a cat annoyed:

"For he camels his back to bear the first notion of business."

Nor is the swimming cat such a novelty. Smart write:;

"For he can swim for life."

**"Shah-Pashah"** by Elsie Hart. (Obtainable through the Siamese Cat Club 25, Pewley Hill, Guildford. Price 2s. 6d.).

Although this little booklet is titled after her own Siamese, Mrs. Hart sub-titles it "A practical hand-book on The Siamese Cat" and it is to be recommended particularly to those who are owning a Siamese, or thinking of doing so, for the first time.

Mrs. Hart stresses the fact that Siamese are not hot-house plants, and that all they really need is common-sense treatment and feeding. She reminds us, however, that many Siamese are not keen on milk and I am interested to see that she does not consider greenstuff a necessary item on the menu, her argument being that it is not a natural cat food. However, she does make the point that all cats need access to fresh grass. She has some sound remarks to make about training, with particular reference to house manners and the tearing of soft furnishings. Her notes on cat illnesses and ailments are useful.

**"Domestic Wild"** by Joy Frances Wilding. (Animal Pictorial Books. 7/6d.)

Much of "Domestic Wild" has appeared in "Cats and Kittens" in serial form and this book therefore needs no introduction to our old readers. To newcomers, I may explain that it is the story of a cat who walked very much by herself, with only the lightest of contacts with humanity. It runs to nearly a hundred pages and there is at least one excellent photograph on nearly every page. Incidentally, next time you want an unusual name for a cat, I suggest you borrow one from this book if you want to get away from Blackie, Sooty, Nigger and Tiddles!

## For the Children

### NICODEMUS—THE KNOWING CAT

#### I. THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By A. I. R. BROWNE

IT happened when Aunt Edith was staying with me. One afternoon, after having a long walk in the morning, we were comfortably seated by a cosy fire. Nicodemus, (Nikko to his friends) was stretched out on the hearth rug, and beside him was his half-brother Kippie. His real name was Kipandi, but no one ever called him this, and he had many pet names, such as Sweetie-pie and Sausage Cat. Now Nikko was a knowing cat; he knew lots of things. But Kippie never thought out anything for himself, though he liked to join in everything that was going on, especially if there was food to be had.

As I sat quietly, I felt Nikko jump on to my lap, and then two paws on my chest, and a little soft nose and whiskers brushing my cheek.

"Will you give me a few pennies please," said a gentle voice. "Please do," said Kippie, who had climbed on to the arm of the chair.

"What for?" I said.

"It is Auntie Edie's birthday tomorrow, and we want to buy her a present." "Auntie's birthday," echoed Kippie. I reached out my hand to my desk, took an old envelope, and put a few coins in it.

"I want a quarter-coupon too, please," went on the soft voice.

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, please." "Please," echoed Kippie.

The coupon went in with the coins, I folded down the corner of

the envelope, and Nikko took it between his teeth. The last thing I saw was two little figures racing down the garden and disappearing over the wall, Kippie not quite able to keep up with Nikko because he was too fat.

The fire was very warm, and I so comfortable, and I turned slightly to stretch myself, when I became aware of two little furry friends, one on each arm of the chair. And then the purring started, with little whiskers touching my ear, and this was the story they told, as I understood it. They ran down the street to the village shop kept by old Mrs. Bennett, slipped through the door and jumped on the counter, much to the astonishment of Betty Bennett.

"Come here, Mother, surely these are Miss Rose's two cats from Ivy Cottage, and one of them has something in his mouth." The old woman came through from the back shop. "Yes, so they are," looking over the top of her glasses, "What do you want, pussies?" "Purr, purr" and Nikko put down the envelope.

"Purr, purr," said Kippie.

"I don't understand that language," said Betty, and she opened the envelope and took out the money and the coupon.

Nikko looked from one to the other, and then his eyes twinkled. "Sniff, sniff," he went, "pish-tish-oo," and rubbed his nose hard with his paw.

"Tish, tish," said Kippie in a

high voice.

"Push, tush-oo," and Nikko rubbed harder than before.

"Tush, tush," from Kippie in a deeper tone.

"I know what it is," said Mrs. Bennett, laughing, and she pulled out a drawer, and set it on the counter. Nikko craned his head forward, and Kippie came a step closer, while Mrs. Bennett displayed her goods one by one; but none seemed to please. Then Betty brought out a box, and began turning over the contents. Suddenly a gleam came into Nikko's eyes, and reaching out a gentle paw he delicately lifted on one claw a pale blue handkerchief, with a rabbit embroidered in brown silk in the corner.

I heard Aunt Edith's voice saying, "The fire has made you very sleepy."

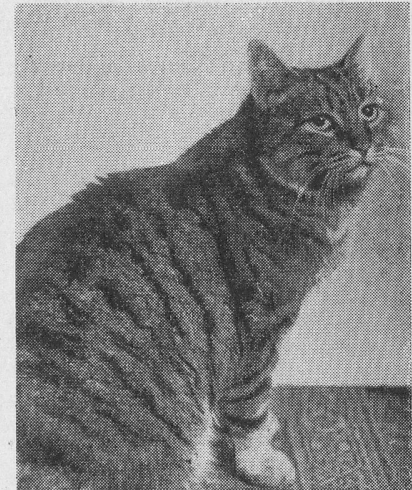
"Purr, purr, purr, purr," sounded close in my ear, and I put my arms round them both.

"You are clever darlings, but you didn't really, did you?" And there on my knee lay the envelope, the flap lifted, and something pale blue with a spot of brown showing in the opening. I wonder how it got there!

#### MY FURRY FRIEND

By Anthony Bradshaw (aged 13).

THE tabby cat, who has now lived with us for nearly eight years, and whose name is Dandy, is an unusually large cat. He has a soft silky coat, that is almost ginger underneath, which seems to indicate that one of his parents might have been a ginger cat. He is a mixture between a long-haired and short-haired cat and is well beloved by the family.



He had been living in a home for stray cats, where my mother procured him. When my mother entered the room where he was kept, he immediately went up to her and coaxed her and looked up at her with pleading eyes as though asking to be taken to a good home. He settled down with us very happily, until during the blitz of 1940, when we evacuated to Cornwall. We were very unhappy at the thought of leaving our beloved pet, and we would not do so until we had found a good home for him, with one of our neighbours. During the time we were away my father visited our house and was usually greeted by Dandy sitting on the front gate, as if awaiting our return. Though several bombs dropped around about him, he luckily escaped all injury.

We were able to return home after 15 months and Dandy was soon settling down again, as though he had never left us.

## FIRST AID CORNER

## ABSCESSSES AND SEPTIC WOUNDS

By HILARY JOHNS

**T**HERE is no doubt about it that cats are rather prone to suffer from minor injuries that turn septic. Sooner or later every one of mine has suffered in this way and my neighbour nearly lost her lovely red tabby with a really awful abscess that covered the whole of his rump near the base of the tail.

In human beings a tendency to abscesses or septic conditions arising from quite trivial injuries would be attributable to bad condition of the blood, but I have a different explanation for cats suffering in this way. Partly the explanation is hidden in a saying we have in our part of the world. There's venom in a cat's bite or scratch. It isn't in the wound itself, but in the fact that a cat's claws particularly are sure not to be clean, and dirt is taken into the flesh with the wound. But a still more obvious reason for cat injuries inflicted by other cats in fighting is, I believe, in the nature of the wounds themselves. Thinking back to my first aid studies for my Red Cross exams, I remember being particularly warned about puncture wounds because they went deep and were apt to seal and appear to heal on the surface when there was still dirt inside. The injuries inflicted by a cat's claws or his teeth are essentially puncture wounds. What is more, a small hole deep under the fur will not be noticed until it has turned septic, when there will be swelling and obvious discomfort and examination will reveal a state of affairs which can be very shocking to the inexperienced. I remember how terribly upset I was the first time Bill got bitten through the leg. By the time it became apparent that

he was in trouble, the leg was swollen and almost useless, and when the abscess broke you could have put a thick pencil into the purulent hole which gaped from angry flesh.

There is only one thing to do: keep a very watchful eye on any cat, particularly an undoctored tom and particularly if he is out much and you have reason to believe he is courting. At the first sign of any discomfort, subject him to careful examination: he will pretty soon tell you if there is any trouble. Then you must try and bring the abscess to a head, by frequent applications of heat. Even plain hot water is better than nothing, but a bread or kaolin poultice is usually more effective, of course. Once the wound has been opened, it should be kept open and cleaned by frequent attention with hot water with a mild disinfectant in it: I find T.C.P. is excellent and the cats don't seem to mind the smell.

It is really not very much good recommending bandaging wounds on cats. If it can be done, it is of course a good idea since it keeps out the dirt, but cats are so adept at wriggling out of the most careful strappings and very often the wound is in such a place that it is impracticable to apply a dressing. I have found a dusting of one of the new powders—sulphanilamide, for instance—very helpful in promoting healing, or even our good old friend boracic powder, but you should not encourage healing till the wound is really clean.

Provide something extra in the way of food—let it be particularly nourishing, and varied, with green-stuff to help keep the blood pure, and plenty of fresh water.

## For The Small Breeder



BLUE  
PERSIANS,  
GLENSHEE  
GREY BOY  
AND  
GLENSHEE  
TIGER, owned  
by Mrs. M. J.  
ELPHICK

## The Birth and After.

By S. E. ARCHER

**T**HE kitten is produced in a bag and is followed by the placenta still joined to the kitten by the umbilical cord. Few queens need any help at this stage, and will do all that is necessary without assistance. The sac is bitten and the kitten is thoroughly washed by its mother. This process of washing is doubly important, for it is not only a cleaning process including the cleaning of mouth and nostrils from mucus, but it is also a means of stimulating circulation. The roughness of a cat's tongue is well suited to this friction rub, and that is really what is happening. The queen will also sever the cord. Sometimes, however, a queen is too concerned with the next kitten which is already on the way, and neglects to do these essential tasks.

If this happens the owner must deal with the matter immediately. A kitten left in the sac will quickly die, and a wet kitten is one that can easily become chilled. When one has to help it is best to split the sac with the thumbs and first fingers, rather than to use scissors for the purpose, and the same remark applies to the breaking of the cord. Hold the cord firmly with the thumb and first finger of the left hand, about an inch and a half from the body, and then pull gently with the thumb and first finger of the right hand. It is essential that there shall be no strain on the cord between the left hand and the body, or a rupture may result. The operation may sound formidable, but it is in actual fact quite simple. There is rarely any bleeding

when this little job is done carefully, and a touch of Dettol or some mild antiseptic on the broken end of the cord will make everything safe. The drying of the kitten with a piece of soft towelling should then follow. Most queens eat the placenta and should be allowed to do so if they will as its composition is such that it has a beneficial effect on the milk supply, and also on the bowel action of the queen. Do not be in a hurry to remove the placenta, but wait until you are sure that the queen is not interested. That will be when all the litter has been born, and she has settled down happily to feed them. If the weather is cold it is sometimes advisable to put the kittens in a box with a well covered hot water bottle while the mother gets on with the business of producing the rest of the family. What you do about this, however, must be decided by the attitude of the mother. If she is disturbed because you are touching her kitten, then leave it in the box with her, but cover it over with a piece of blanket and place a well covered bottle underneath.

When the litter is complete the queen will collect her kittens and settle down with them, and in a very short time one should hear the sound of contented sucking. Place a saucer of milk near at hand in case the queen wants a drink, and then leave her and the family severely alone. The provision of a clean blanket may well be left for some hours, and when the time comes to take out the soiled newspaper and to put in the bed which is already prepared, this should be done with as little disturbance as possible. Both the queen and the newly arrived family will benefit from rest and quiet. The great event has happened and there is

nothing further for you to do.

A queen with her kittens is a most fascinating sight. An ideal litter is four, but the number of kittens which actually arrive varies between two and six, although exceptional individuals produce one while others may have as many as eight. When the litter is large there is always a strong temptation to allow the queen to rear too many. It is a great mistake to attempt to rear a large litter, for the drain upon the queen will be so great that it will be a long time before she is fit for further breeding. A large litter, too, makes it necessary to help with the feeding of the kittens soon after they are three weeks old. This is a trying business and a definite test of patience. It is perhaps permissible to allow a queen to suckle five kittens, but it is most unwise to exceed this number, as in normal times it is very difficult to dispose of female kittens unless they are of exceptional quality. This is a factor which helps one in deciding what kittens to destroy. For some time now the demand for kittens has exceeded the supply, and consequently there has been a good market for females. It would, however, be unwise to assume that this state of affairs will long continue. There is a moral issue to be considered here also. If female kittens are not wanted, the price falls, and just anybody can afford to buy a pedigree female. Such kittens sometimes may have most unhappy lives because human nature is such that it often only appreciates an article in proportion to the price that had to be paid for it. In the early thirties Siamese females could be bought for a few shillings, and many of them would have been better off had they

been destroyed at birth. It need not happen again!

For the first twenty-four hours the queen's diet should be confined exclusively to milky foods, and meat should be avoided. This policy usually fits in with the queen's own ideas on the subject, for she is usually so attached to her offspring in more ways than one at this time that she cannot easily be persuaded to leave them. Liquid food is particularly valuable at the beginning as it promotes the secretion of milk by the queen. For the first week, while they are still small, the kittens are not a great drain on the mother, but after this her diet must become progressively generous. Four meals a day—two main meals and two of a milky nature—is probably the best arrangement. The queen herself must be satisfied if the kittens are to be fed adequately. When kittens are being well fed they spend the greater part of their time in sleep during the first fortnight, and their daily programme alternates between feeding and sleeping. If the kittens are restless and noisy it is a sure sign that there is something wrong with the feeding.

Some queens are poor producers of milk, but fortunately this is rarely the case. Should you find that your queen is short of milk it is a good plan to add Lactagol to her milk food as this will help considerably towards remedying the deficiency. In making this suggestion one is making the assumption that conditions have again returned to normal and that Lactagol is available for animal feeding.

A little observation will permit the breeder to form a reasonable opinion as to the cause of the trouble when the kittens are noisy

and restless. If the kittens apply themselves to a nipple and remain for some time, probably falling asleep while still sucking, then the chances are that the supply of milk is adequate. If, however, after a minute or two, there seems to be a wild scramble from nipple to nipple, then it is obvious that the mother has an inadequate supply of milk. When the kittens all seem to have had a satisfactory meal and go to sleep, only to awaken again within half an hour and then to cry, this is a clear sign that it is the quality of the milk rather than its quantity that is at fault. Some queens do produce milk that is too acid in quality, and this will cause digestive trouble in the kittens. In bad cases it may even produce death. When the mother's milk is acid the kittens may give the impression to the eye that they are particularly well fed, whereas a closer inspection shows distended stomachs. It is always wise to assume that the queen's milk may be too acid, and to add a two-grain tablet of sodium citrate to her milk food. This small tablet, if dissolved in a teaspoonful of water and then stirred into the milk, will certainly do no harm and may do a great deal of good.

From the time that one knows that the queen is really in kitten it is a good plan to add a teaspoonful of limewater to the milk. Certainly this should be given without fail from the time that the kittens are born. One desires to see good bone development, and consequently the adding of lime for the mother will have beneficial effects upon the growth of bone in the kittens. Six-pennyworth of this liquid purchased from the chemist will supply adequately the needs of the mother and her family.

## Meet The Breeders

I WAS very grieved to learn of the death of my dear friend Miss Albrecht, really to have known her was to have loved her. She was cremated at Manchester on January, 29th and Mrs. Bailey of Derby attended the service.

Miss Albrecht never bred cats for profit, she really loved them, and many a beautiful animal was given as a gift if she knew it was to be loved and looked after properly.

Her own wish was to see a cat of her breeding given a Ch. certificate; this happened, I am glad to say, in the last year of her life. Oxley's Blue Poppy was first and Champion at Sandy Show last year and Oxley's Smasher first and champion at Croydon. Her delight knew no bounds when she heard the good news and I was glad this came about before she died. She will be a great loss to the fancy and to her many friends.

D. Brice-Webb.

### THE NATIONAL CAT CLUB SHOW

THE National Cat Club held its 50th Championship, and first post-war All Variety Cat Show, and the last show of this present season, at the Kentish Town Baths, Prince of Wales Road on Tuesday, January 28th. Unfortunately the weather which I doubt could have been worse, prevented many exhibitors, and members of the public from getting to the hall.

The judges, some of whom had made a long and freezing journey from the Midlands, just for the fun of the thing, had before them an array of lovely exhibits, and it was a treat to watch their expert handling of every one. The thanks of everyone must go to them for the way they handled their task, and also to their stewards who seemed tireless. The other officials too in their white coats, got down to work, with a cheerfulness which made one forget the snow outside, and only notice the warmth inside, and the enthusiasm of the fancy for the fancy.

Just after three o'clock the event that everyone had waited for, was announced, the judging for the Best Exhibits in the Show. First the Long-haired Cats. Each judge brought out his or her best, and the pens in front of the stage were quickly filled, with a Black, a Blue, a Cream, a Chinchilla and a Tortoiseshell, each judge examined them all in turn and then handed up their ballot slips. These were counted and the award went to Mrs. Cyril Tomlinson's magnificent Black Male Ch. Black Beret, bred by Mr. Cyril Yeates the Chairman of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, a very popular win.

Among the numerous cups, trophies and specials, that this exhibit won, was the Gold Medal, presented by Darak, the Danish Cat Club, and sent over by them for the show, and the Silver Spoon, presented by the Dutch Society of Cat Breeders and Cat Lovers.

Then with the exception of this exhibit the pens were cleared,

and in place of the Long-hairs one saw a Siamese, a British Red Tabby and a Manx, they were there to compete for the Best Shorthair in Show, the same procedure, the judges handed up their slips, here was a tie, each exhibit getting three votes, so Mr. Yeates, as referee judge was called upon and after a very thorough examination of each exhibit, gave his vote for the Red Tabby, a triumph for Britain, this was Stanton Red Elf, owned and bred by Miss Wrightson. Then came the kittens, the best Longhair being an exquisite blue Sweet September of Dunask, owned and bred by Mrs. Brunton, whose blues are as well known all over the world as they are in this country. The best Shorthair, was an enchanting little Tortoiseshell and White lady, described in the catalogue as "all particulars unknown," and owned by the genial treasurer of Croydon Cat Club, Mrs. Axon, so by winning all her classes this little unknown, competed with and very nearly won Best Kitten in Show.

The Neuters was won by "Squire" a glorious Smoke. Then out of all the winners came the judging for the Best Exhibit, and Champion Black Beret, became Champion of Champions, and with this award the judges sat down for a well earned rest, the exhibits returned to their pens which by this time had been decorated, in some cases with cushions and hangings by their owners, but in all cases with the coloured award cards.

So much for the show, but there are some interesting facts that are worth regarding, the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, who exhibited at this show, and won a first prize with a Manx, exhibited at the first National Cat Club Show held at the Crystal Palace in 1896, and at that time swept the board with her exhibits, taking as many as five championships, not only was this lady an exhibitor at this present show, but she visited the hall, during the afternoon, to take her winner home. Miss Edith Harmer who has been interested in showing and breeding since 1900, stewarded at this show, and also at the one in 1921. Another lady who has reached the fourscore years, Miss E. C. Busted came all the way from Windsor, to visit the show, and see what her own special breed Siamese had done, she has forgotten more about this breed than most of us to-day have learnt, and her experience, and knowledge are of great help to the breeders of to-day.

There was a really gallant display of Short Hair Cats other than Siamese, Abyssinians, Manx, British and Russian Blues, not forgetting the winners who have already been mentioned, and it looks as if there will be quite a formidable array for the next season, if this interest is kept up. I would advise all who scan these notes, with perhaps the house-hold pet sitting purring on your knee, to visit a show if there is one in your vicinity, do you know that many champions of the past would never have reached that position had not someone gone to a cat show and seen an exhibit 'just like our Tiddles'!

"Cats and Kittens" had a most attractive Stall, presided over by our editress Mrs. Stacy, and great interest was taken in the original photographs by her husband, which have delighted so many when reproduced in the magazine. Well next season when the shows start again, round about the end of August we shall hope to see YOU!!

Kit Wilson.



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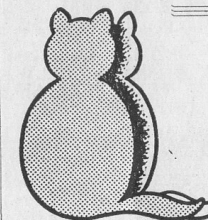
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(continued on next page)

### Miscellaneous—contd.

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**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.

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**CORRECTION.** The telephone number of Mrs. E. Jackson, Idmiston, Mayfair Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey, was incorrectly given in her advertisement in our February Issue. The correct number is Derwent 1265.

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