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* * * *

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CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

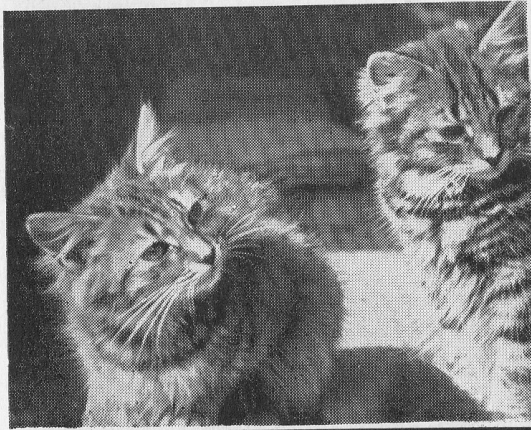


'STRANGE BUT
TRUE"
SERIES 2, No. 1.

APRIL, 1947

Price 1/-

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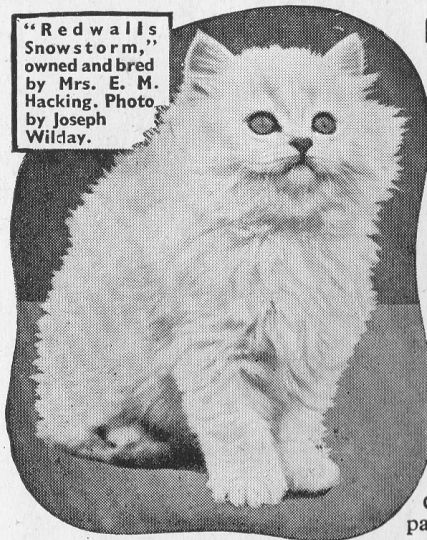


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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

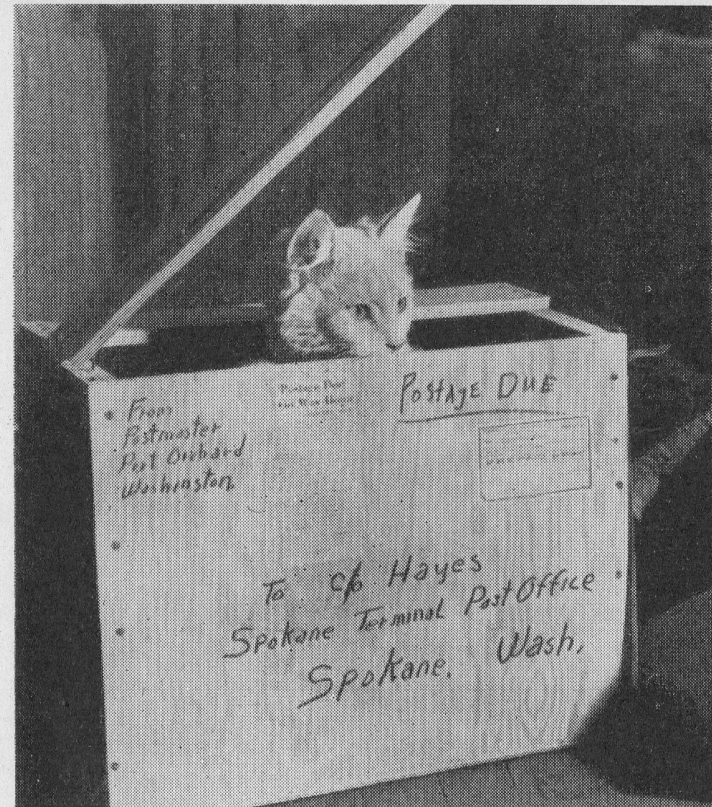
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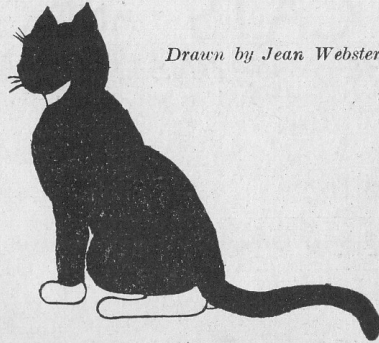
"POSTAGE Due," the travelling cat, peers from its crate at the Spokane, Wash. Post office, December 2nd, after having been found in a mail bag at Port Orchard, Wash. The cat was returned to Spokane, where it is regarded as the official mouser in the Post Office terminal.

The Photograph on the Cover is by Henry C. Stacy, A.R.P.S.

Miaw !

By

H. OLIVER HALL



Drawn by Jean Webster...

O. Mistress dear, I cannot bear
 The tales about poor cats I hear!
 They say we're sly and cruel and proud,
 Stay out at night and howl aloud,
 And love to torture birds and mice
 In short, alas! we are not nice.
 We have no heart. We only seem
 Friendly and nice when there is cream
 Somewhere poured out in a saucer,
 And have our share we think we 'oughter.'
 Now Mistress dear, be strictly fair,
 And realise we DO our share,
 We rid you of the mousey pest,
 With rats and moles we do our best,
 And if at night we grace a tile,
 Its only for a little while,
 While YOU go out with painted faces,
 (We think such things are sheer disgraces)
 To auction bridge and cocktail teas,
 Where IS the difference, if you please?
 And if sometimes we make a pass,
 When the moon shines bright, at a likely lass,
 Forget it! for you might do it too,
 If the hour and the lad where O.K. by you.
 So mistress sweet, next time you meet,
 The gossips who such lies repeat,
 Stand up for us poor downtrod folk,
 And all such horrid tales revoke,
 Speak up the truth, and don't forget
 To rub it in—MY CAT'S A PET.



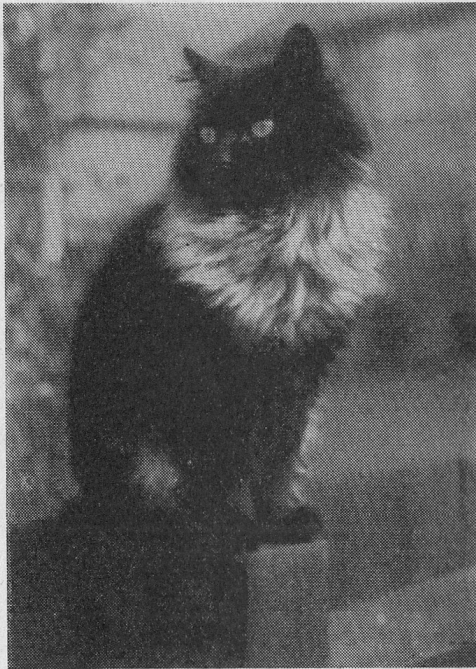
Donald McLeish.

A LITTLE LADY OF VALENDAM
 AND A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

Inky
 ———
 The Cat
 Who
 Blacked
 Himself Out

By

ROBERT ABBEY



WE always say that Inky is our step-child, and so he is, in a manner of speaking, for it was on the door-step that we found him one cold autumn morning in 1936. On the previous evening we had heard a faint mewing in the garden, but looking for a black cat at night is like searching for a nigger in a coal cellar, so we gave it up. But next morning we found him in the porch, a frightened, dirty little bundle of matted fur, with pieces of bramble sticking to him.

He was so small that he

looked more like a rat with his fur flattened with mud. He was so timid and unused to human beings that it was difficult to catch him. Eventually I made a successful grab and carried him into the kitchen to a saucer of warmed milk, but he was so young that he could not lap properly. I dipped my finger in the milk and in his hungry eagerness he bit me. After a time we got him to eat and drink a little, but he certainly was very wild. In such cold and wet weather as we had had recently it was

remarkable how he had existed, for he could not have been more than a month old.

Next day I took him along to the vet. to ask him his opinion. He examined the dirty dishevelled object and confirmed that it was a tom. "He might develop into quite a nice animal," he said. "Leave him with me for a couple of days. I'll give him a bath first." And when I called two days later, what a transformation! He looked like a real cat this time, a tiny bundle of long fur who could stand on my palm with room to spare.

Inky grew into quite a good-looker and compared quite favourably in our inexperienced eyes with a "Sally" champion of which we found a photograph in an encyclopaedia. Nevertheless he was wild, and he still is. He can be very fussy, but when he plays with you his wildness soon comes out and before long

you feel his claws and teeth.

During his second and third years he developed a most distinguished looking light-grey ruff, contrasting strongly with his otherwise complete blackness. Visitors always commented on this distinctive feature, but just after war was declared his ruff gradually began to change colour and by the Spring of 1940 he had obeyed the Defence Regulations to the point of producing a complete black-out. We hoped that at the end of the war he would go gay again but so far he remains in total mourning.

Although he likes the fireside and a lap to sit on as much as any other cat he is really the athletic type and in his tenth year he is certainly a model of fitness. He is a great hunter—proof, no doubt, of his wild ancestry—and as long as he continues to hunt he won't develop a middle-aged spread.

Our cat had an accident to his tail when he was about a year old. We never knew what happened—maybe he was shot, or run over, but he had quite a nasty time as he got an abscess, and lost all the fur about two inches from the tail-root. Ever since, his tail has seemed weak; he never curled it neatly round him and it was always getting trodden on, and he could never carry it erect over his head like the other cats. When I went down the other morning, I heard a cat crying in the kitchen. It was Samuel, and his tail was frozen to the floor in the leakage from a burst pipe under the sink! I thawed it out with some warm water and released the prisoner. Since then, his tail seems perfectly normal, he now curls it comfortably round himself, and can hold it up straight as a poker when he comes running to meet me!

Item from the Press



L. Englefield.

WHAT NO CHIPS!

Strange But True

Series 2

I. The Theatre Cat

By KIT WILSON

IF he ever had a baptismal name, it was lost in obscurity, but as he was regarded in universal affection, and everybody called him something different, it is problematical if he would have answered to it anyway. He was in fact, the Theatre Cat, and as such, was affectionately called, Moggy, Tiddles, Nigger or Puss, and as each name meant a friendly pat or tickle ear, he couldn't have cared less, and answered to any of them if he felt so inclined. His arrival at the stage door had been in the days of his extreme youth, when, feeling a spirit of adventure during the absence of his mother on a dustbin expedition, he had wandered from the only home he had ever known out into the cobbled streets of a Northern town, and in a very short time had found himself, hopelessly lost, very frightened, and extremely hungry; added to which it had started to rain, and so he was getting very bedraggled. Wailing plaintively,

he wandered into the first open doorway he had come to, and probably in his tiny mind had hoped for the best.

That was a long time ago, and good food and warm milk and a nice sit by the fire, in the doorkeepers box, had seemed good, so he had decided to stay. At the time of this story he had become part and parcel of the staff, large and black, with a sleek coat, most imposing whiskers, which were the envy of every villain who played on that stage, and large emerald eyes.

The staff and visiting companies alike held him in deep affection, for those were the days when the same companies visited the theatres regularly Autumn and Spring.

He learnt the first commandment of theatre cats at an early age, "thou shalt not be heard or seen upon the stage while the lights are lit." In his extreme youth, curiosity had led him just to have a "look see," unfortunately for him he had chosen a

most inopportune time to do so. He did not know that the lovely red paper he played with so prettily was make-believe fire, and his game coincided with the dramatic scene which was the forte of a highly temperamental, and slightly passé actress. The audience had enjoyed his act more than the one they had paid to see, and roared with laughter at his antics, but the rage of the lady at the fall of the curtain, and the solidity of the varied things she had thrown at him, had so terrified him that never again had he dared set foot on the stage while the lights were lit.

When he was small there was generally somebody to play with, but as he grew up he put childish things away, and would spend his evenings in the artiste's bar, either sitting smugly on the counter, or asleep on the one comfortable chair, until the orchestra started to play "God Save the King." At the opening bars he would rise, stretch himself, and with that dignity, that only cats can attain, stroll up the stairs to the now empty stage, where he would remain till the last member of the audience had left the theatre, the curtains were up, and every artiste had, in turn, departed; then when all was quiet, and he was alone, king of his realm of make believe, he

played his part. Without a sound, he would perch himself on the red plush ledge of the stage box, and sit there waiting and watching, his emerald eyes gazing into the now empty stalls, his ears pricked listening; at last he heard the sound that was music to him, a slight scuffling in the distance, sometimes heralded by a faint squeak, his whiskers trembled, the scuffling was getting louder, it was getting nearer and nearer, and nea...with a spring, he leapt into the auditorium, the squeak became a shriek, the scuffling receded into the distance again. He returned to the stage via the rail round the orchestra pit, laid the body of his first victim on the apron, and returned to his vantage point in the box. Throughout the night he worked, till there was a neat row of bodies, lined up with the precision of the opening chorus. When he was satisfied that he had had a good bag, he would retire either to the most comfortable piece of furniture on the stage, or if the company had been so thoughtless, as to fail to provide such a piece, to the property room where there was always a pile of cushions or curtains, or something equally soft, there he would sleep soundly, until the arrival of the day staff, when he would lead

them in triumph to his night's work, and then receive his reward, a good breakfast. In the back of his mind he must have regarded that breakfast as a reward, and probably thought that if his row of inanimate vermin were not there he would have to forgo his delectable meal, however as he had never failed in his self imposed task, no such emergency had arisen, until one day when trouble overtook him.

By some mischance, it was again curiosity that nearly killed the cat, a new play visited the theatre, and among the properties that was used was a bird, a mechanical contrivance on a very strong spring. I have said that as he never visited the stage during the performance, he had never seen this bird in action, so when he followed his nightly routine after the show was over and saw this thing for the first time, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. Here indeed was the reason for a particularly good breakfast, but had the thing no sense, there it sat and stared at him, the mighty hunter, without so much as the bat of an eyelid. He dealt with a couple of rats! Yes there it was the silly thing still staring at him, he crept nearer, still it didn't move, nearer still; this was far too easy a game, but it might

move if he made a little sound, he hit the boards with his hind leg; still the creature just stared at him; he could bear it no longer, he sprang—it seemed as though a fire bolt had gone up his front leg, the world went dark. How long he lay there he didn't know, but when he came to, the bird had gone, and he found that he could only hobble on three legs, one of his front ones was useless.

He waited for what seemed endless hours for his friends, when they arrived it did not take them long to discover what had happened, the spring had broken his leg, and the offending bird was lying in a feathered heap in the front row of the stalls. Tenderly they picked him up, and set off with him to the nearest vet., who, on hearing the story, set the broken bone in a plaster Paris case, and advised complete rest. Back in the theatre, a box was provided, and he was made as comfortable as possible. For the first few days he did not want to move, in fact it was an effort even to rouse himself to accept the offerings of food and drink which were brought to him. Then the awful thing occurred which he had so often feared, one morning the staff arrived, and there was no breakfast for him; of course he wasn't to know that there was a very good

reason for the omission, or that it would be rectified in a very short time. The fact remained that he had had no breakfast, and the reason was perfectly plain, no job, no breakfast, and although he fed well that day, nothing made up to him for that early meal. The following morning, the staff who had left him snugly in his box by the warm pipes after the performance the night before, were amazed to find on their arrival, two rather battered corpses in the usual place, and more amazed still to find the same thing the following morning, so they decided to watch (it must be stated here that by this time the little matter of breakfast had returned to normal). When all was quiet in the theatre, two of the staff crept back, there he was in his box his splinted leg stuck out, just as it had been since his accident; it was fantastic, yet, what was the

mystery of the mice? From the distance they watched, then slowly, and with difficulty, he got out of his box, hobbled up the few stairs to the stage, and over to the far corner where he waited: they hid behind a piece of scenery and watched. He crouched, supporting his body against the wall, with his injured limb on the outside, suddenly there was a squeak and a scuffle, a mouse had emerged from the hole, down had come the splinted leg on its tail or hind quarters, so holding it immobile he killed it and hobbled painfully to the apron where he placed the body in the usual place, and with slow determination returned to the corner, to watch and wait.

And if you don't believe this story—well blame the person who told it to me, anyway I knew the cat and would believe anything of him.

Coffee—A Siamese Kitten

By BRENDA G. MACROW

WHEN I first walked into the sunlit Hertfordshire farmhouse, Coffee's mother growled at me like a dog. Coffee, who was playing with her little cross-eyed brother and sister on the floor, scuttled under the nearest

chair.

Her eyes were enormous, bright blue, and shining like jewels. Her coat was darker than that of the rest of the litter, and, already, she had the long, sleek lines and narrow

muzzle of her graceful mother.

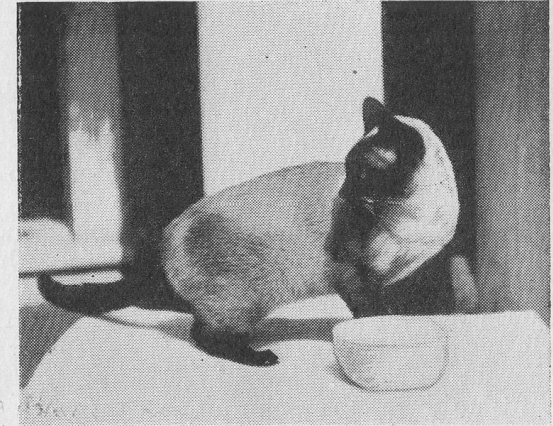
She was the only kitten left for sale—the other two had been already spoken for. I did not mind in the least. I liked her best on sight.

Knowing little of the breed, I studied her pedigree and made what I hoped were appropriate comments. All my life, I had wanted to own a Siamese cat. I tried not to appear excited as I picked her up.

She was unbelievably soft, a bundle of rippling cream-and-brown velvet, trimmed with ivory and sapphires. Unlike her mother, she was very friendly.

I made out the cheque, and carried her carefully outside. She did not approve of that, and began to struggle. I put her in my bicycle basket, and tied a scarf over the top. Several farmhands came to watch, grinning and offering suggestions. At last, I was ready to start. I stroked Coffee under the scarf, and she promptly dug teeth and claws into my hand. I mounted the cycle, somewhat chastened, and rode away.

All along the winding Hertfordshire lanes, over the border into Essex, she howled like a



strangling baby. The noise was excruciating. The simple country folk hung over their garden gates in horror as I went by. I began to have misgivings about her attitude to my Skye terrier and vice versa. Jeannie was used to cats, but had had no acquaintance, so far, with a banshee!

It was dark when I reached the cottage. Switching on my torch, I untied the scarf and gathered up a struggling bundle of fur, teeth and claws. Then I unlocked the door.

Jeannie flung herself upon me in an ecstasy of welcome—and Coffee spat in her face with the force of a pop-gun. Jeannie retreated precipitately, in hurt amazement.

I shut all the doors and windows, and put Coffee down on the floor. She at once burst into a string of foreign oaths,

spat at the dog, leapt on to the piano (presumably to take better aim) and spat again from there. She was like a little fiend let loose. One could scarcely credit that she was barely six weeks old.

I introduced her to her sleeping quarters. There is a wee "upstairs" room in my bungalow, which is reached by climbing a small ladder. I thought perhaps she would feel safer up there. She took to it at once, stopped swearing and only muttered darkly as she gazed down at Jeannie through the open trap-door. I had been told that she drank only water, but tried her with some milk, as she seemed so very small. She lapped it up thankfully. When I went up the ladder a few minutes later, she was sound asleep in the middle of the bed. Obviously, she took life as she found it!

I came "downstairs," and set about explaining matters to the bewildered Jeannie.

A month passed before Coffee would inhabit the same room as the dog without protest. I had never known a kitten take so long to make friends. Jeannie used to watch her from a distance, a would-be maternal expression in her brown eyes, her tail hopefully thumping the carpet. But her advances were either violently repulsed or

studiously ignored.

Then, one day, Coffee got caught in a shower. This was altogether too much for Jeannie, who at once trotted up and began to lick off the excess moisture. To my amazement, Coffee endured these ministrations to her need. She even purred a little! From that moment, they were fast friends.

It is amazing how few people, in this district, know a Siamese cat when they see one. The first time I took Coffee into the nearby market town of Bishop's Stortford, she created a minor sensation. Granted, the little brown, pinched face with the huge blue eyes must have looked quaint as it peeped out of my coat—but I had anticipated that almost everyone would recognise the breed and express only a mild interest. Instead, people literally crowded round to look at the strange, foreign-looking animal, referring to it solemnly as a baby fox, a puppy, even a pet ferret! (This last was too much for Coffee, who gave an indignant miaou of contradiction). I had bought her a tiny collar, which she wore with grace and dignity from the first. Her manners were charming, and she made no attempt, now, to get out of my arms.

Much has been written about the diet of Siamese cats. I can only say that Coffee has never

shown any sign of fastidiousness. She will eat almost anything, with a preference for raw fish and cheese. The only thing I have seen her refuse is, oddly enough, a mouse! She has a tremendous instinct for hunting, and will try to catch any small thing that moves. She is incredibly fast, too. I once saw her leap off the back of a chair and catch a moth between her paws in mid-air—an uncanny feat of timing. No "varmint" can show its nose at Rose Cottage with impunity since she came—and yet, she will not eat them. While they are alive, there is no peace. Once they are dead, she has lost interest.

Even in the days of her extreme youth, when she was still very small and unsteady, she would "try anything once." Her favourite pastime was descending the ladder from her "bedroom" into the lounge. It was impossible to refrain from laughing at her antics. Invariably, she would start off tail-first, try to turn round on the next rung, slip, somersault, grab wildly at nothing, and finish the descent in a manner reminiscent of Jack and Jill. Or, sometimes, she would scorn the second rung of the ladder altogether, launch herself into space like a flying squirrel, land on the piano, and skid madly along the shiny lid into the sofa

cushions.

Coffee does not share the traditional feline dislike of water. Periodically, she will try to walk on the pond in the front garden, expressing only a mild surprise when the surface fails to support her. It is amusing to watch her trying it from all angles, in the hope that one side may prove to be more solid than the rest! She will spend hours standing under dripping taps and peering down lavatories!

Another of her enthusiasms—and a rather embarrassing one—is for men with rough chins. If you belong to the "stronger sex," and have forgotten to shave, you are definitely "in" as far as Coffee is concerned. There is a neighbouring clergyman who occasionally obliges in this way. Coffee will sit on his shoulder and lick his bristly chin until further orders! She also has a passion for buttons on coats or dresses—or, at least, she prefers them off, and will work quietly and steadily until this end is accomplished. The buttons are then taken away and hidden among her private hoard.

She will obey simple commands, such as "lie down," "find the ball," "go to bed," etc., and will often answer with a friendly "brrr" when called. For some time, now, she and the dog have been inseparable.

Their games together have to be seen to be believed. What cunning in stalking; what growling, spitting and play-acting goes on in the cottage every night when the lamps are lit! What heroic charging over obstacles—what ripping off of chair-covers and trampling of cushions! Occasionally, I hold my breath for a treasured vase. More often, I protest feebly, amid helpless laughter, while the battle rages under my very feet. Sometimes, in the thick of it, Coffee will retire up the ladder for a rest—to return with new zest to the fray as soon as she has regained her breath.

To me, she is the most affectionate kitten I have ever known, and is never happier than when curled up on my lap or shoulder. Her one failing is her passion for warmth. She will lie full-length on a scalding hot radiator, or sit huddled up away from the draught like a little sparrow on a twig. She will spend hours under the coal-range, and emerge covered with dust and black-lead. She has even, in one of my unguarded moments, managed to creep into my bed, where the gods who take care of little cats mercifully preserved her from suffocation.

Her chief attraction, to the

stranger, is that she will travel anywhere, at any time, without the least sign of alarm. I have never once, even on long journeys, put her into a basket or on a lead or restrained her in any way. In 'buses, cars, trams, trains—even the noisy London Underground—she will sit proudly on my lap surveying her fellow-passengers with tranquil blue eyes, while I write, knit or read as if unconscious of her presence. Occasionally, she will yawn, wash herself, or even play with my fingers—but she will make no attempt to get down on to the floor. I am always asked how I trained her to take life so calmly, and wish I could think of a suitably impressive reply.

She is growing up, though. Her coat has darkened to suit her name, the "points" are nearly black. Her slim, svelte body and long legs are exactly those of her beautiful mother. She has a new sense of responsibility. Only the other day, she growled like a dog at the paper-boy. And, sometimes, I catch her looking into the fire with a strangely-mature expression on her quaint, pointed face. The Call of the Wild is already sounding from afar; and the problems of adolescence are giving her food for thought!

Do Cats Think?



Jackie

IT is usually little use arguing with folks who don't like cats, concerning their oddly human-like characteristics. But the following little story will illustrate my contention that they do think: no other explanation seems to me to be possible.

I wanted "Jackie" photographed and the appointment was duly made. We had to go some little distance, so out came the hamper he usually travels in when I take him to an old friend who looks after him when, as sometimes happens, I have to go away. Would he get into it? No. I tried pushing and pressing him. Not a bit of it. There was no luggage about and he couldn't understand why I was suddenly taking him somewhere: he

may have thought he was being taken away altogether. I don't know. However as the appointment with the photographer had to be kept, in he had to go, and after a good deal of persuasion and cossetting I got the hamper fastened down, and we arrived in good order at the photographer's.

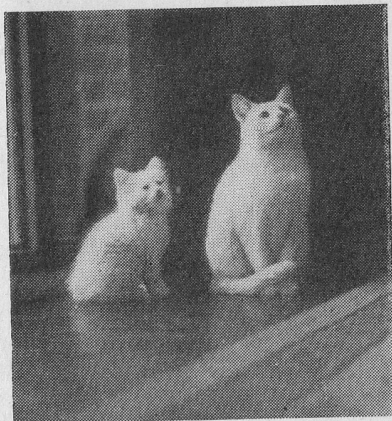
When we got there, he wandered round the studio, as cats so often do in a strange place and finally he decided (not the photographer!) to sit for his picture on a cushion on a window ledge. The camera had of course to be wheeled to suit his convenience, and two pictures were taken. **Immediately** they were done Jackie jumped down and made straight for his hamper which was standing open on the floor and jumped in and sat down. He considered that two pictures were quite enough and wanted to go home, reasoning no doubt that if he got into his hated basket he would be taken there. The photographer was much amused. I think this shows conclusively that cats do think.

A. M. de L.L.

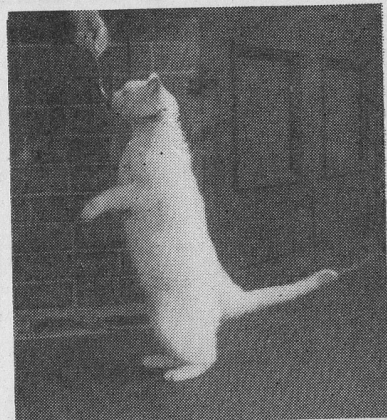
DINKY (see picture overleaf) is a very sweet lovable cat. Her two black companions are very rough with her at times, and will chase her upstairs and downstairs, until she has to take refuge in a cupboard or under the bed.

I wonder how many of your readers take their cats for motor rides. We usually take one cat with us on a picnic journey in Summer. They will sit in the back of the car and watch the passing traffic with interest. Once at the traffic lights we pulled up by a horse and cart. Dinky was most intrigued with the horse, having never seen one at such close quarters before.

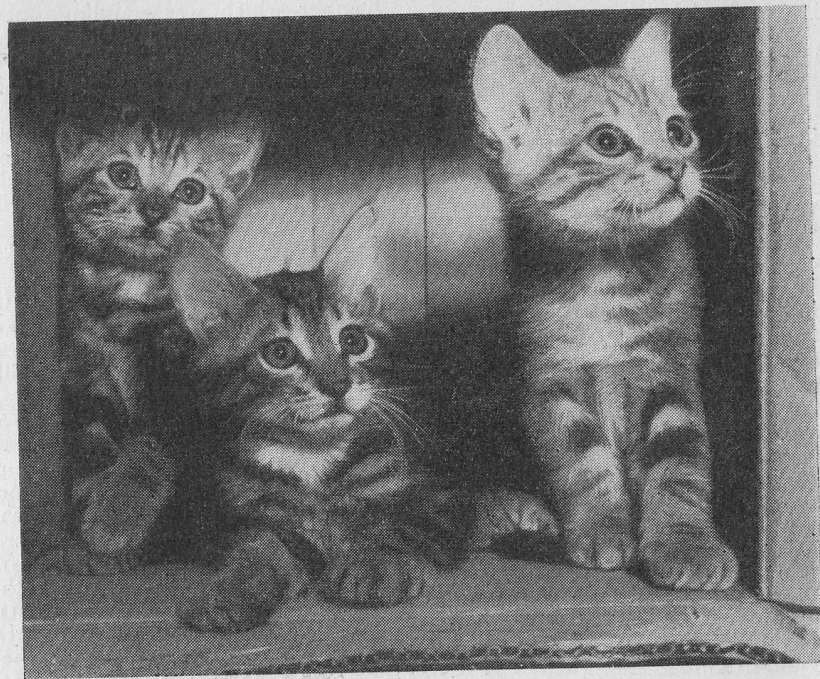
A Gallery of



Dinky and Pansy
Pets of Mrs. Irene Feather



Kim, the pet of Mr. and Mrs.
A. N. M. Garry



Kittens in France adopted by Frank Spagnolo and his fellow G.I.'s.

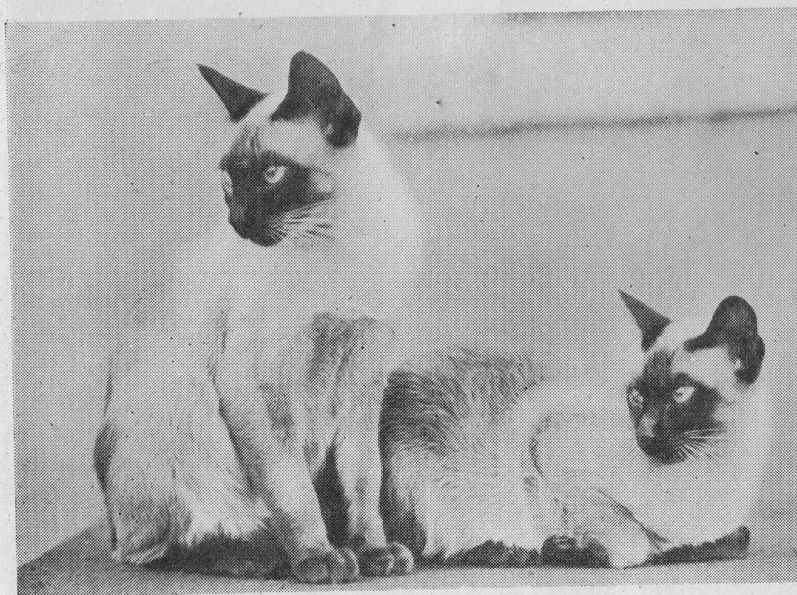
Readers' Pets



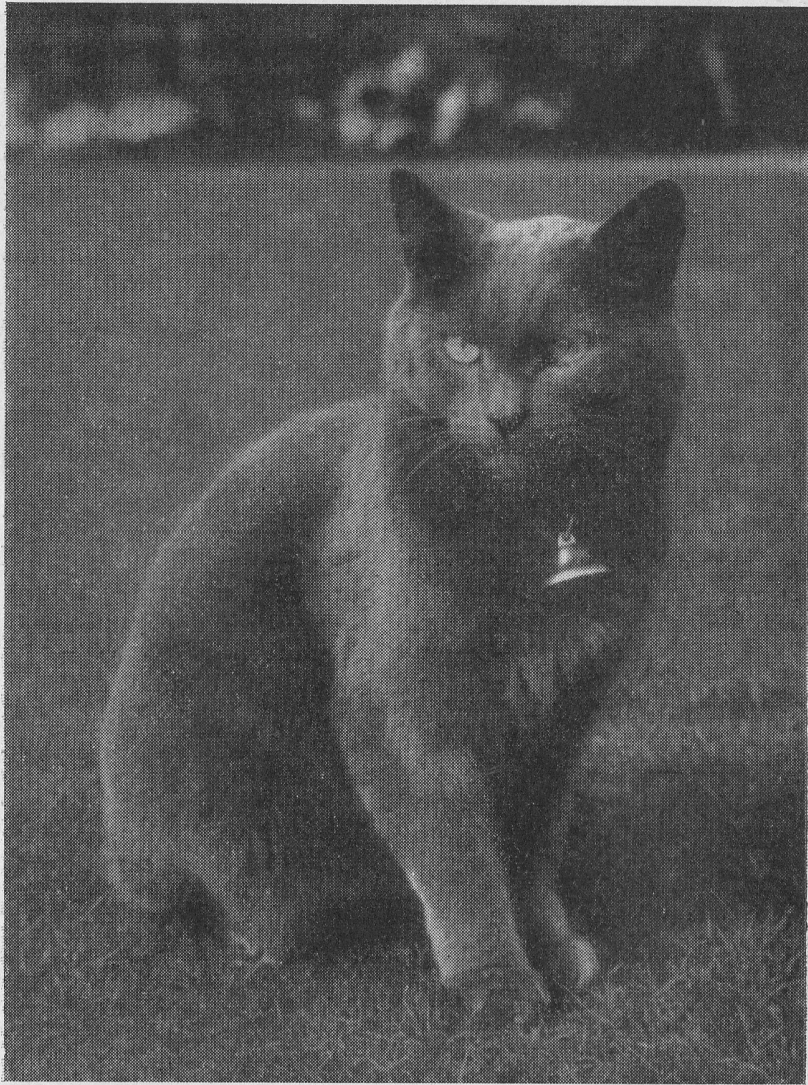
The daughter of Mrs. N. Green
and her Siamese



The pets of Mrs. M. A. Elwell



Terry and Tim, the pets of Jenny Reid



SMOKY

H. S. Butterworth.

Your Cat and Ours

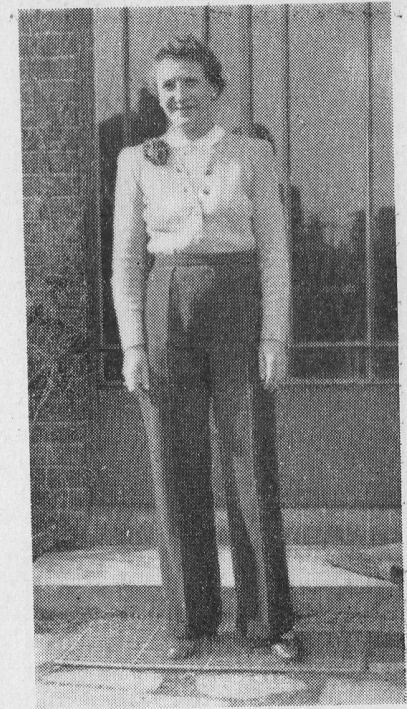
By FELISIA

Just over two years ago, Peter came to us in a rather odd sort of way. We found him—a damaged little cat, sitting pathetically in an old basket near to the fruit market. No one seemed to know from whence he had come so we collected him. The Vet. decided that he had landed on his head from a high building, his palate was split, his face was cut and bruised, for three days he scarcely moved and we feared he might die, then one day in the middle of office tea someone said "Oh look, Peter Rabbit!" and there he was sitting bolt upright, with his paws turned over and his back like a ramrod, so Peter was his name.

He was a round chubby red tabby, about a year old and we have never been able to decide whether he is most related to a rabbit, Teddy Bear or a lion cub, perhaps a little of all three. He has always been a clown. When he decides that he would like to go out for a little, he prays in the corner by the door, both paws upstretched against the wall with chin on paws. It is no use saying "Don't be silly Peter, it's snowing!," he will then beat the wall in supplication, until, unlike the snow, our

heart melts and out he goes.

Coming in has its comic side too; on a particularly evil, wet, cold night we call, and call, until we literally are blue, nothing happens. We think, "Poor Peter he will freeze to death!" Then at last our cries penetrate and with a gay little "Brrp! M'ow, thanks for calling me I'll come in now"—he



The Editor.

emerges from the tomato house where he has been asleep!

At no time will he come until he has been "found," he will creep stealthily to our feet and lie still and silent until we notice him, then he seems to say, "You didn't see me come did you?" and oddly enough we never do.

You will notice that Smoky on page eighteen is wearing a bell with considerable pride. His owner Mr. H. S. Butterworth wrote that the bell was hung on a ribbon round his neck, to give the birds in the garden warning of his hunting expeditions. At the end of the season the bell was removed, but Smoky was so distressed and humiliated, that it had to be restored. He now wears it continually and is quite happy.

We have had one or two inquiries as to why we were unable to announce the particulars of the National Cat Show, at the Kentish Town Baths in January, in time for entries other than for those breeders who received schedules. The reason for this was that Miss Kit Wilson the show manager, had the greatest possible difficulty in obtaining a Hall. She was at last successful, and we just managed to phone the printer at the last minute and get the notice into the January Number, by this time Miss Wilson was almost

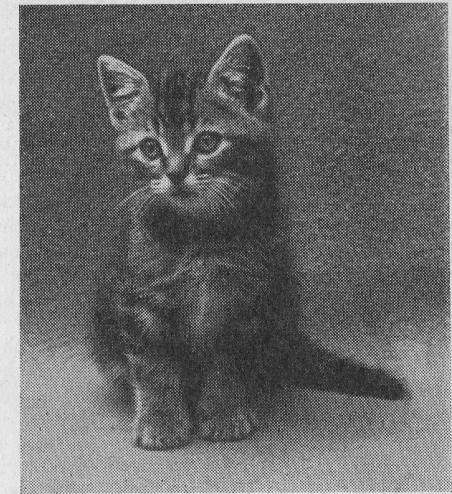
on her knees. It is incredible how difficult it can be to find accommodation for such an exhibition in London, especially in January.

We tried to find a nice flattering picture with the three Cat Boys, but it seemed impossible, so instead we have one with a pair of trousers and no cats. We will try the cats later. As this Editorial goes to press we look back on many long dreary days of snow and cold and fuel cuts, which incidentally caused the March issue to be late, however we hope this number will be punctual, and that by the time it is in your hands, the sun will shine, birds will sing, and spring will be with us once more. Cats, however, have been amusing in the snow from time to time: a reader, Mrs. Wakefield of Caterham tells me that her two boys were building a snow house Eskimo fashion, in the garden, her cat Sandy decided to help.

Vigorously digging with his paws he excavated holes through the snow walls, dashed in and out of the tunnels he had made and rolled over and over in the drifts playing with lumps of snow held between his paws. Truly Sandy enjoyed Winter Sports, but as we said before, April is the time for sunshine, and may it shine a long time.

The Stray Kitten

By
SHEILA
COOPER



A. Galeota.

I'm lonesome, tired and very cold,
The rain has wet me through,
So that my fur sticks to my sides,
I don't know what to do,
I've wandered round for hours and hours,
I'm hungry as can be:
I've come to ask for shelter here
And something for my tea,
I haven't fed for days and days,
That's why I am so thin,
I'm cold and wet and miserable,
Oh! please may I come in?

For the Children

Nicodemus, The Knowing Cat

No. 2 THE BLOB OF CREAM By A. R. I. BROWNE

WHEN I got my milk bill for last month, I couldn't understand why I was charged for two pints and a half for the second part of the month, although I always had just two pints a day. I called at the dairy to enquire about it, and the girl who delivers the milk said, "I thought you wanted two and a half pints Miss Rose, because you put out two pints bottles and a half pint bottle at the back door for me to collect." I said I had never taken in more than two pints of milk, nor left out more than two empty pint bottles.

We talked about it for a while, wondering if somebody was playing a trick on me.

"There's one strange thing," said the girl, "the pint bottles are always washed out, but the half pint bottle never is and I know how careful you are," and as I left the shop she added, "Ivy Cottage comes early in my round, Miss Rose, and you are not up when I call, but your two bonny cats always give me such a nice welcome."

In the afternoon I took a rug and my knitting to a sunny spot, sheltered by bushes, where Nikko had already made a nice little nest for himself in the grass. His half-brother, Kippie, was a yard or so away, curled up and asleep.

I sat down beside Nikko, tickled him behind the ear and said, "You evidently fancy yourself quite a bit among the primroses and daffodils." He uncurled and stretched, showing

his lovely white underneath with little grey waistcoat buttons in pairs, then tucked his head under his paw, half curled in the other direction and started to purr loudly.

The events of the morning passed through my mind, and I thought them over while I was knitting, and yet I couldn't find any solution to the puzzle. Then, suddenly, the girl's last remark came back to me with a new meaning, and I began to think aloud, talking to Nikko, as I often did, as though he could understand and reason.

"Look here, Nikko, do you know anything about a half pint milk bottle?" Was it my imagination, or was there something like a wink in one of his lovely green eyes? "Come on, tell me now!"

The purring grew louder, and I listened attentively. "You know, Slave"—yes, he konws who is master in this house, and he calls me Slave—"you know, a big fellow like me needs a good bit of milk to keep him really fit."

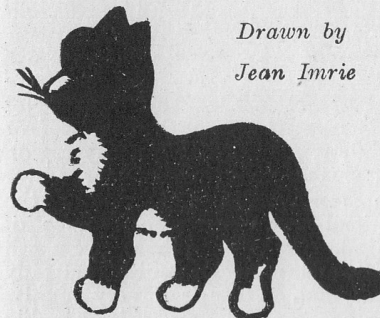
"You're a greedy boy, and you get plenty of milk."

He looked rather hurt. "I felt I could do with a bit extra," he purred, "and I found a half pint bottle lying in the hedge."

"Then, do you mean to say that for the past fortnight you have been putting out a bottle every night and taking away the full one before I am dressed in the morning?" Another wink and more purrs. "But where do you take it

(continued on page 29).

Drawing Competition



Drawn by

Jean Imrie

Look at the drawing on this page and also the one on page 2.

Don't you think that they are good?

This month we are offering four prizes of 5/-, 3/6, 2/6 and 1/6 for the best drawings sent in. Read the following simple rules.

1. Name, address and age of entrant to be written on the backs of all drawings.
2. All drawings to be in ink, if possible, in black ink, but ordinary writing ink will be eligible.
3. All entries must reach "Cats and Kittens" office not later than Saturday, May 10th.
4. The prizes will be awarded in this way. 5/- for the best drawing, and 2/6 for the next best drawing by any child up to the age of 15. 3/6 for the best drawing and 1/6 for the next best drawing by any child up to the age of 11.

Any drawing not having the age of the entrant written on it will be disqualified.

Now see if you can do better than the drawings you see here.

The results will be published in our June Issue.

THE CASTLE "GHOST"

RETURNING late from a delightful picnic, Joy and Shirley decided to cap their day by a visit to the old castle. At the gate they brought their admission tickets and a history of the castle. "Gosh, Shirley, look at this," cried Joy reading, "The old hall is reputed to be haunted by a white ghostly form, and sometimes screams are heard."

"Crikey," said Shirley, what if we saw the 'white ghostly form.' "

"What a lot of bats there must be, all hanging upside down," giggled Joy.

"Yes, and spiders," said Shirley "I sav. Iov just look."

Noiselessly, a white shape was gliding through the hall. It never paused till it was near the wall, then seemed to fly up and vanish, through one of the old slits.

"Must be our imagination," muttered Joy, "Come on, Shirley, I don't like this."

As they made their exit they heard a high-pitched scream, followed by another and another.

"Awful," said Joy, when they were outside. "Gosh though, we ought to write up to a paper or something."

Out of the darkness came a white cat.

"Hullo, pussy," said Shirley, "Where do you come from? You must belong to the castle."

Suddenly Joy jumped. "I have it!" she cried "What silly asses we were! This cat was the ghost. It only looked like a shape because of the dusk. When it seemed to fly up it was jumping, and of course a cat could get through one of those slits. The screams we heard were the cat miawing."

After that, they often saw the white cat. From that day onwards, he was always known as Spooky.

Alison M. Lanning. 11years.

FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

BLADDER TROUBLE

I have had one or two enquiries lately about cats having difficulty in passing their water.

I am sorry to say this is not at all a rare complaint with cats, particularly with doctored toms. The physiological balance is, after all, a very delicate business and it is not difficult to put it out of gear and there is no doubt that neutering **does** cause disturbance of internal secretions and therefore has its drawbacks.

Bladder upsets can be inconvenient to the owner as well as painful and unhealthy to the cat, because once the bladder mechanism is disturbed it may well be that not only can the cat not pass water when it wants to, but it may be compelled to pass it involuntarily and to have no control over it once it begins.

As to treatment, there is little that one can do in the way of effecting a cure, and the most that can be done is to help the patient to maintain as nearly natural a state of affairs as possible, with regular action of the bladder.

A light diet, with the chief solid fish, will help, and plenty of water and other drink should be given. Gin is useful to promote urination, and a dose of a five-grain tablet of potassium bicarbonate may help, but keep your eye on the patient after dosing as it may well be that

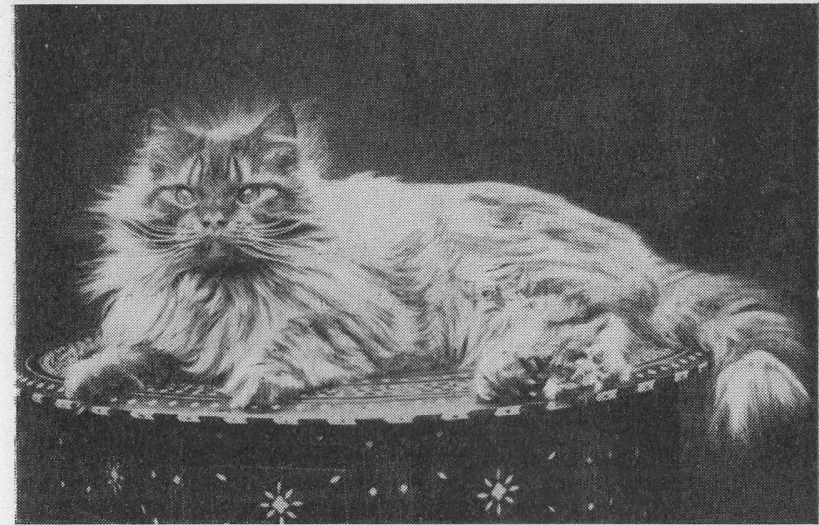
the effect is quick and uncontrollable.

In the case of cats which are not doctored toms, there may be various causes of urinary troubles. Not forgetting nervousness, or grief or anxiety. If you know of any reason of this sort, do all in your power to remove it and restore the animal's happiness and peace of mind. At the same time, give a fish diet, and plenty of liquid, as already indicated. A cat is a very highly-strung animal and its bodily functions are very liable to be upset by emotional disturbances. I remember a young tom whose bowels were completely upset when he was about twelve months old and first began to take part in the courting of neighbouring queens. He was, of course, set upon by older toms and was so terrified that although up to then his house manners had been exemplary, he disgraced himself time and again from sheer nerves. He was afraid to go outside, and his motions were terribly loose. We cured him by taking him out into the garden and waiting with him until all was well. After a month or two, his nerve returned and all was well.

To revert to bladder troubles, if there is any doubt, do consult a vet. If there is any sign of blood in the urine when it is passed, go to the vet. **at once**. This is a sign of some serious internal disturbance.

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. Obtainable from "Cats and Kittens" Magazine, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

For The Small Breeder



Mrs. V. E. Major's "Hendon Typhoon"

Feeding the Young Kittens

By S. E. ARCHER

FOR the first fortnight of their lives kittens are far better if they are interfered with as little as possible. It may be a hard rule, but it is certainly a good one to allow no visitors for the first ten days. There is a big temptation to show off the litter to all one's friends and relations, but the temptation is one to be resisted.

The kittens' eyes will begin to open about the eighth day, but there is often a variation of a day or two. This is a normal process which rarely presents any difficulty, and the eyes are completely open in about three days. It is at this

time particularly that one should make sure that the kittens are protected from any direct bright light. The eyes, when first open, are extremely sensitive, and most kittens keep well to the back of the box for the first few days. As they gradually grow accustomed to the light they will approach the front of the box from time to time, and thus gradually accustom themselves to the brightness of the outside world.

Although eye trouble with young kittens is not the general rule, one does have to deal with it from time to time. Sometimes it is just one

queen who produces kittens whose eyes will not open without a good deal of care being shown by the breeder. In some years one seems to have trouble with a number of litters from various queens. Fortunately the matter can usually be put right by gentle bathing with a weak boracic solution.

If the kittens' eyes have opened perfectly naturally, and then while they are still feeding from the mother you notice that one has inflamed eyelids, it is as well to examine the queen. It may be that some fur round her nipples has become hardened with dried milk, and that this is the reason for the trouble. The constant rubbing of the eyes against this rough surface while feeding, has produced a temporary inflammation. The cure in this case is obvious.

If the kittens are obviously satisfied and their growth is apparent, it is well not to attempt to feed them until they are more than four weeks old. A queen with a litter of four or five may need some help with feeding after the third week, but until they are a month old the condition of the kittens must be the guide. In the fifth week weaning should begin.

The first feed requires considerable patience on the part of the owner, for between the fourth and fifth week lapping does not seem an instinctive process. Some breeders suggest the placing of a teaspoonful of warmed milk in a small saucer, but kittens at this stage are usually so unsteady on their legs, and so little in control of their neck muscles, that they make a very poor job of it. They find it far easier to get this milk on their chins, or up their noses, than into their mouths. It is essential that a kitten should not be frightened by this first attempt, or it is probable

that several days will pass before it has mustered sufficient courage to make a second attempt.

Suggestions that the kitten's nose should be gently pushed into the milk are best neglected. Success in getting a kitten to feed itself can be achieved by presenting the milk in a small spoon. Get the kitten in a position of rest, and then present the warmed milk in a coffee spoon. It is not difficult to give the kitten a taste of the milk without causing fright at the same time. Usually one finds on the second attempt that the kitten will make an effort itself, and after a day or two the milk can be given in a small saucer. From that stage all is plain sailing. You will find that all kittens in the litter are not equally advanced in the matter of feeding themselves, for those that are greedy by nature are still satisfied by the lion's share which they obtain from the mother. It is a good plan to give one teaspoonful on the first and second days, double the number of feeds on the third and fourth, but do not increase the quantity. From then until the end of the first week of feeding, provide three of these small meals each day. All the milk given must be warmed, and it is a good idea to see that all food provided for the first eight weeks brought to a temperature approximately to that of body heat. Even grown cats prefer warm meals. Goat's milk is to be preferred to cow's milk, but it is not always possible to obtain a regular supply of this. There are also on the market in normal times a number of milk foods prepared for animal feeding, and one of these may be found suitable. The disadvantage is that they need preparation, and when the quantity required is so very small, the labour of doing this several times a day is somewhat

irksome.

From the end of the fifth week the food may become more solid and the quantity slightly increased. Opinion varies as to the best type of food to use, and practically all the baby foods on the market have been recommended from time to time. Just as all these foods would not be found suitable for a human baby, so it is with kittens. If one intends to use some proprietary article it must be used as an experiment. Kittens find some too laxative, whereas others are not satisfactory because the kitten does not like them.

It is a great advantage if one can keep the diet as simple as possible, and the experience of the war years has shown that kittens can be reared quite satisfactorily without all those patent foods which were regarded as essentials in pre-war days.

When kittens are five weeks old, replace one of the milk meals by a small quantity of scrambled egg. Prophecies have been made as to the ill effects that would follow this diet, but fortunately none of them have yet appeared. Kittens are very fond of this when it is made to the consistency of egg custard, and adult cats regard it as a great delicacy. After three days on which one egg meal is given, another solid

meal may be added at mid-day. A small quantity of steamed fish is excellent. Thus by the end of the sixth week the kitten will be having milk twice a day, at seven and at five, and two solid meals at twelve and nine. The mid-day meal will be fish and the evening meal scrambled egg. In addition to the food that is thus provided the kittens will also be feeding from the mother. After six weeks, however, it is a good plan to remove the mother for several hours before one of the solid meals is given. This is a good plan from the point of view of the queen who thereby gets a rest. She may not appreciate this separation at first, but it does much to improve appetite in the kittens. During the seventh week cooked and finely cut meat can alternate with fish, and towards the end of the week a small quantity of vegetable can also be added. The egg meal can be continued indefinitely. The only reason for discontinuing it at any time will be where there are obvious signs of constipation. Egg is not good in these circumstances, but kittens are rarely constipated. Thus by the end of the seventh week the diet will be just that which has always been detailed for growing kittens. Do not forget the golden rule that all changes must be gradual, and then the chances of trouble are really very small.

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Meet The Breeders

SOME BLUES

WITHOUT a break I have owned and bred Blue Longhairs since 1900, and have never regretted my early choice. I brought Hendon Pooh Bah and his brother to Hendon in 1917 and so started showing in real earnest. Very few Championship shows have taken place since without a Hendon representative. I feel gratified that two world wars have not induced me to part with my pets. Perhaps I have been more lucky than most fanciers in being able, in some way or other to feed them. Now we have an excellent slaughter house within cycling distance of Little Primrose, which has taken anxiety off one's mind.

Hendon Blue Robin was born in London and still heads my Blues studs, supported by his two Blue sons, Elegance of Hadley and Hendon Loyalty. Hendon Lady Griselda, Robin's winning daughter at the B.P.C.S. last year and Tulip of Knott Hall, comprise the Blue ladies. Griselda is to visit Mrs. Cheney's beautiful Deebank Michael and Tulip is to be home mated. Tulip, bred by Mr. Felix Tomlinson is own sister to Mr. Tomlinson's winning Trio at Notts. last December.

G. Campbell-Fraser.

CATS AND SUPERSTITIONS

WE all know there are all sorts of superstitions going about and plenty concerning the cat. Most people will have it that a black cat is lucky, and a white one unlucky. As most people know, I am a breeder of whites; I have bred and shown them for the last twenty-six years and I adore them. I fail utterly to see why white cats should be unlucky, yet I have heard it said often enough. Some people still have it that only black cats are lucky! When I was very young, newly-married in fact, I owned a black short-haired cat. He had no pretence to beauty, although very sweet and intelligent, but as for being lucky, I am quite sure he did not prove lucky to me! My next pet was a white Persian lady, and she started me off seriously in white Persians and she brought me better luck.

I remember once, on a boat coming back to England, we noticed that a black cat had strolled on board, so did some of the sailor boys who chased it off. When we asked why, we were told that a black cat on board meant disaster, and that a tortoiseshell and white, or a tabby and white cat was the proper 'ship's cat.' Then again I remember, when still a student on the Continent, I heard that a cat suddenly crossing your path meant unpleasantness, and so it proved to some of us. A friend and myself had gone to a nearby fashionable spa to spend the day with some friends. We were walking to the station that night to catch our train back again, when suddenly a little cat scuttled across our path, nearly tripping me up, and my girl friend screamed and said it meant bad luck for the four of us. We certainly all got into trouble that night. We had caught our train, a long distance express, only to find that the compartment was filthy and we badly soiled our dresses.

My girl friend had forgotten her latch-key so her young man tried to gain admittance by an open window, when a policeman turned up and took them both to the Police Station. All this we put down to the little cat crossing our path. Sheer coincidence, you will say. Perhaps; I don't know.

Superstition or no superstition I love white cats; in fact I adore all white animals, and have kept as many as forty cats and kittens at the same time, but owing to having been bombed have very few at the moment. I think, a good many people like them, but only fear the trouble of keeping them clean. Believe me dear reader, they are not only very beautiful, but highly intelligent. A. H. Cattermole.

A BLOB OF CREAM

(continued from page 23).

to? And how do you get it out of the bottle? I've never seen any milk spilt anywhere."

"A bottle rolls quite easily," he said complacently, "and of course I make Kippie help me and then there is an old pie dish under the bush by the tool shed." His little paws worked and he licked his lips at the thought of his stolen drink. "Of course I always lift off the cover myself and have the first drink, because there is such a nice blob of cream on the top, and Kippie doesn't need it as he is disgustingly fat already; but I give him a good share of the milk."

By this time, Kippie had woken up, heard us talking about food, and came to sit beside me. On hearing this last remark he exclaimed indignantly, "I'm not too fat, I'm just comfortable!" adding with a sigh, "and I'm always hungry."

"You're always after food, if

tha't what you mean," said Nikko. "What about the day you got wedged in a rabbit burrow, because your sides stuck out such a lot, and I had to pull you out by the tail? And then, that other time when there was a little yellow birdie—

"Oh, be quiet! You make a fellow feel such a fool!" and Kippie lashed his tail furiously and walked off to look for field mice in the bank.

"You're just a pair of naughty boys," I said, tickling the waistcoat buttons, "and now I must go into the house and get an orange because I am feeling thirsty."

Nikko stretched himself again and yawned. "When you come out again, Slave, you might bring me a saucer of milk," another yawn, "and just a blob of cream on it."

And did he get his milk? Oh yes, we all know who's master here!

And with blob too?

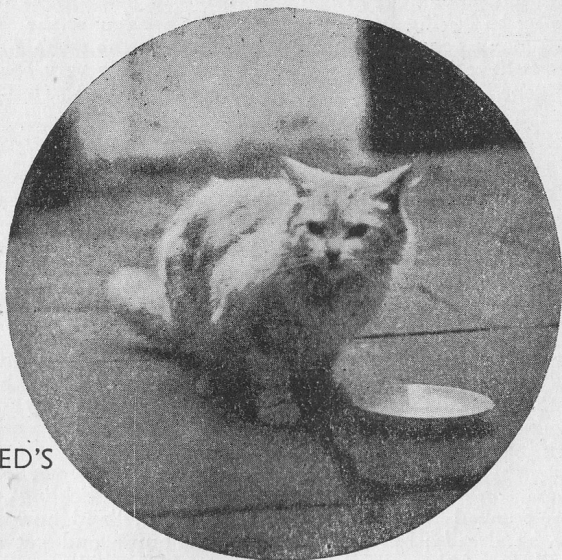
Oh yes, with blob!

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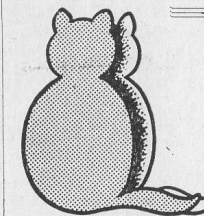
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