

## THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS' GUILD

THIS ASSOCIATION was founded to afford an opportunity to those who love their animal pets to do SOMETHING PRACTICAL for the rescue of all lost or stolen dogs, cats, etc., also all poor creatures used in the course of cruel scientific experiments "vivisection."

In return for a LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEE of two shillings you receive an attractive numbered medallion for the animal's collar, together with registration certificate of the Guild.

Since the Guild was started it has been our happiness to RESTORE MANY LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED DOGS AND CATS TO THEIR RELIEVED OWNERS, AS THE RESULT OF THESE MISSING PETS WEARING THE GUILD'S MEDALLION.



Why not enrol your dog, cat or other pet at once? All you have to do is to fill in the form below and despatch, with a remittance of two shillings to the REGISTRAR.

### APPLICATION FORM.

FOR MEMBERSHIP OF THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS' GUILD.

Address: The Registrar,  
The National Anti-Vivisection Society,  
92, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

PLEASE enrol my Faithful Friend (named).....  
as a Member of The Faithful Friends' Guild.  
I enclose his/her Entrance Fee of 2s. (two shillings) which entitles  
him/her to receive a collar medallion and a membership certificate.

Signed.....  
(State Mr., Mrs., Miss).

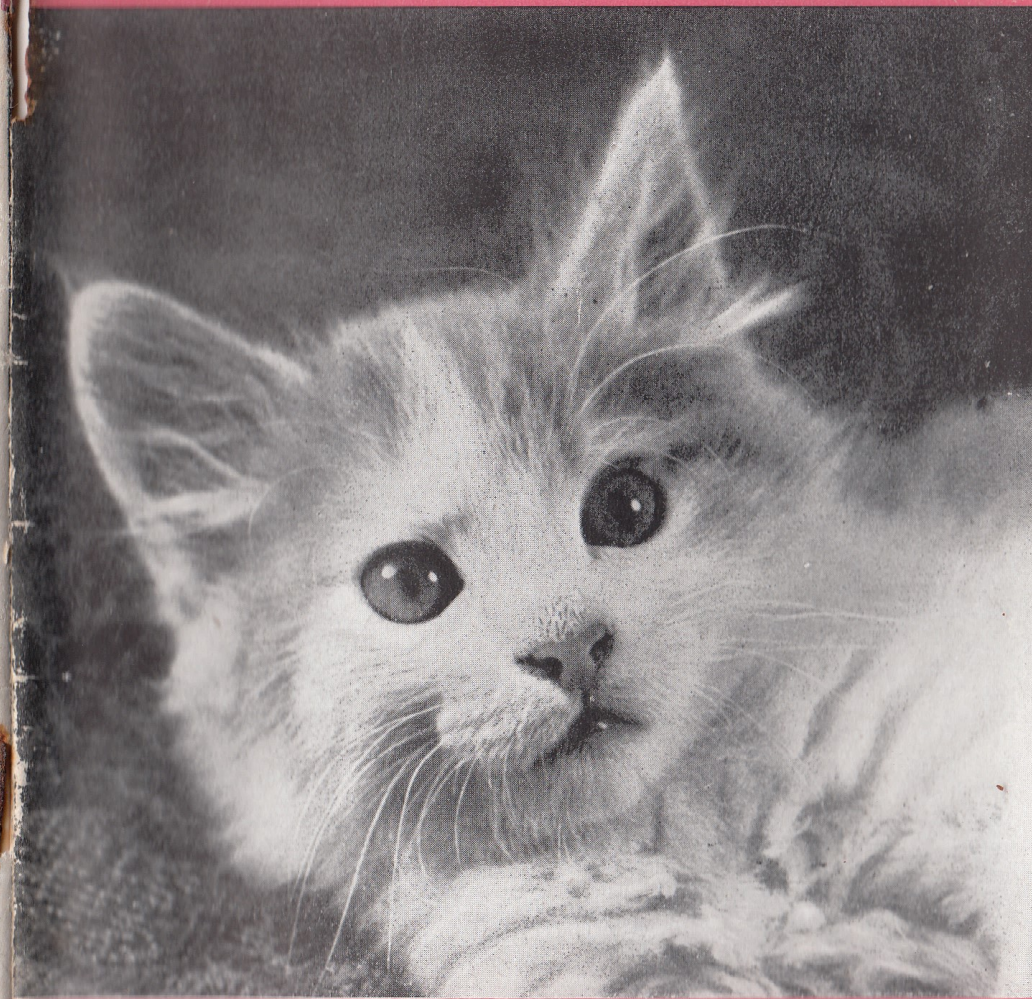
Address.....

Note: If you do not wish to cut your magazine, copy this form out.

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# CATS *and* kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



DRAWING CAT PICTURES

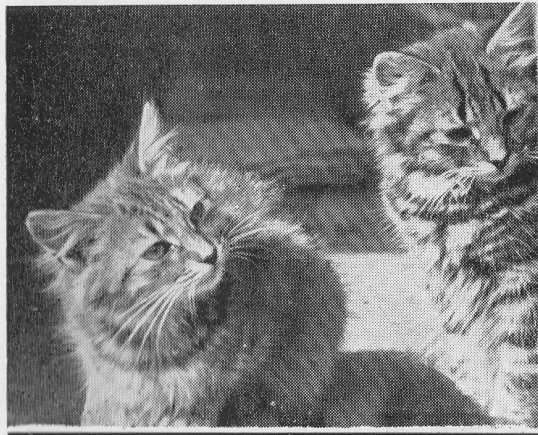
By CLARE DAWSON

Pages 11, 12, 13 and 14.

MAY 1947

Price 1/-

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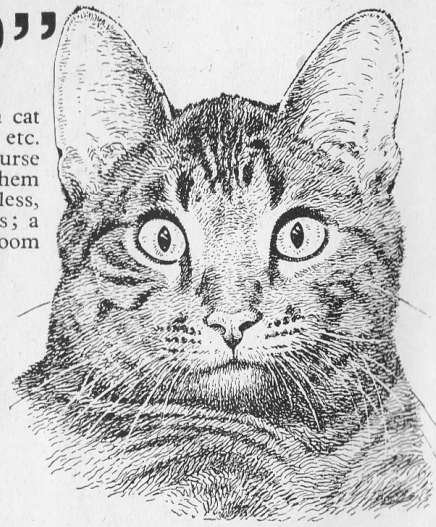
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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

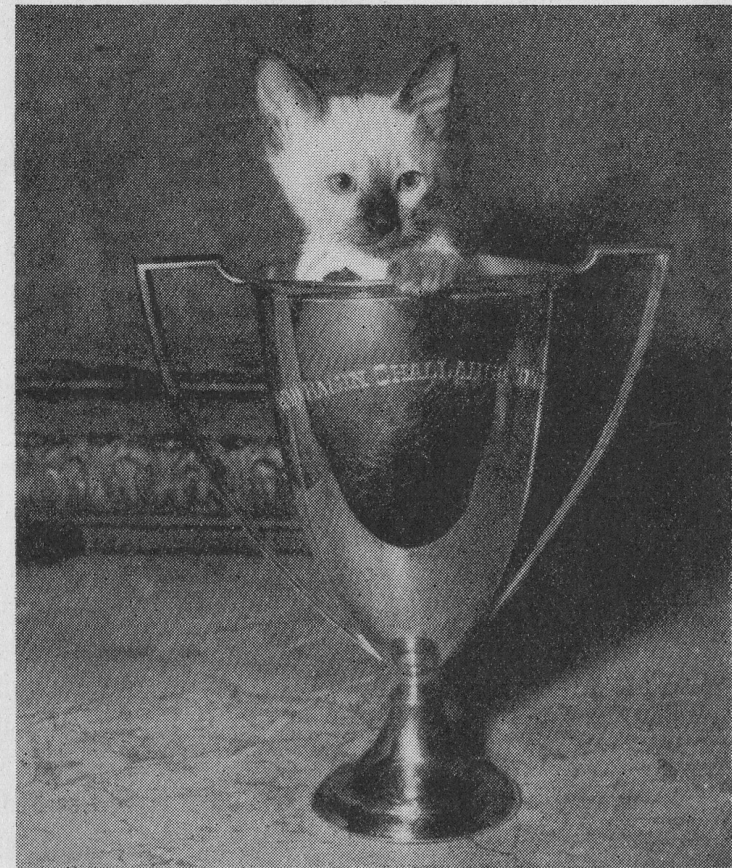
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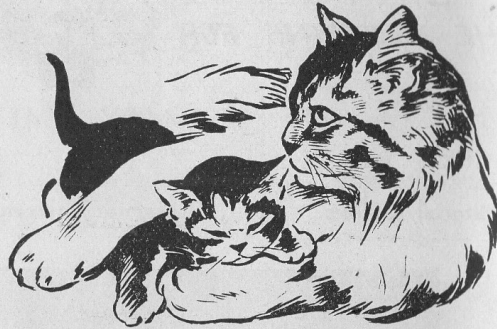
**T**HIS 10-weeks old Siamese kitten, lolling comfortably in one of the prize cups, was one of the awards offered as a raffle prize at the Pekingese Club of America Speciality Show.

The Photograph on the Cover is by Maurice Smith.

## Mother and Son

By

M. F. NORMAN



Adorably they play,  
Mother and son,  
With lissom poise and sway,  
With frolic fun.

Trapezing here and there,  
They make no sound,  
Leaping from chair to chair,  
A giddy round.

They bite, but cause no smart,  
And give no pain,  
Then lightly fall apart,  
To clasp again.

Oh! lovely is their play,  
Kitten and Cat,  
All on a Springtime day,  
Enchanting—that!

## Thrashing the Cat!

Tabs, the big farm tom cat, lost two or three of his nine lives the other day. The men were thrashing and while they had their elevenses Tabs must have crept into the drum to look for mice. When they started up again, he was still inside and a few minutes later the man on the straw stack was astonished to see a dazed cat travelling up the elevator towards him! Just at that moment, the machine stopped. The cause of the trouble was two broken fans.

Tabs must have been whirled round by the fans, and then shaken up on the sieves before he finally came out with the straw!



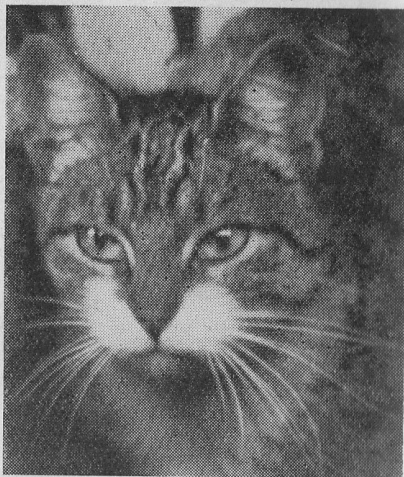
Pictorial Press.

Miss Peggy Waller with Champion Troy of Mon Desir

## READER'S OWN STORY

# The Story of Wush

By C. FLOWER



**T**WELVE years ago this September, my husband and I were at breakfast when we were surprised to find a little tabby cat sitting at our feet, gay with white chest and paws. We had been in the house a few months, and were, at the time, catless. She, as it proved to be, politely accepted a few bits from the table and later disappeared.

I was disappointed as I had hoped she had come to stay.

After tea the boys, who had returned from school, came rushing in saying the cat we had told them about was in the shed with a kitten "such a wild one." A wild one it certainly was, it tried its best to remove my thumb and behaved generally like a very active firework. Such a tiny one not more than six weeks old, a perfect miniature of its mother.

Little did I think then it would be my special pet for twelve years. They stayed with

us for a while and very soon it—a she, would creep out of the box to climb on my knee, scuttling back to its mother at the first sound of the boys' return. A week later, the mother, having seen her kitten safely provided for, disappeared never to return. 'Wush' for that, for some unknown reason, became her name, grew to be a great favourite.

While still a kitten she nearly died of a chill caused by one of the boys trying to see if she could swim in the bath while we were out!

With great care and having milk pushed down her throat with a spoon she recovered.

She always showed a marked preference for me, one of her ways of showing it is to run up

and down the table when I come down in the morning especially, and if I stop she stands up with her paws on my shoulders rubbing her face on mine and purring loudly.

This isn't just a hint for breakfast as she often does it when no food is about and meals are over.

One day, nearly three years ago, looking very fit, she went out and did not come back for nine days. On the ninth day—a Sunday morning, she came crawling back with what we first thought was a trap on her right front paw. To my horror on examination I found it was the paw itself, flattened and enlarged to about three times the normal size, and so begrimed it was some time before we could see the injury.

After bathing we found a thin wire cutting to the bone. For a fortnight she lay in a large cardboard box, getting carried to the garden at intervals. The paw was, at first, as heavy and as cold as stone. Part of it mortified later and she lost a toe-pad. After two months treatment and the help of a vet. it showed signs of recovery. For a long time she went about on three legs holding up the bandaged one which had a little sock sewn over the dressing.

She was wonderfully good over what must have been most

painful dressings—never clawing or biting; she would turn her head away as though she couldn't bear to see it. Now she walks, climbs and washes her face like any other cat.

There is no fur for about an inch on the front of the leg and the three remaining claws are fixed out of position. The bottom pad is quite sound. Towards the end of the treatment she was lost again this time for fifteen days. We had almost given up hope when one stormy night she drifted in looking more like a ghost than a cat, she was so thin.

She must have been shut up somewhere as she was uninjured and very hungry. She soon was herself again with food and care.

I love most cats but have had two really devoted to me with a long interval between them. As I write, Wush is my book-rest—she often is. She is just as affectionate as in her youth, she has had many kittens and has not yet retired from family life.

When anything troubles me she always seems to know, showing it by extra rubbing or purring. I hope she will be my pet for a few more years yet. We had one that lived to be 17. We have another adopted cat, quite a character, but that is another story.



Mirror Features.

And so to Bed

## Strange But True

Series 2

II. "NELSON"

By KIT WILSON

I suppose that any person or animal with any connection with the sea or sailors and who had only one eye would naturally be called Nelson, and in spite of her sex this was the only name she answered to. She had been born in the docks, where her mother was one of the hundreds who kept the rats down, and helped to preserve the cargoes of grain and other foodstuffs which were unloaded daily. How she lost her eye, was never known, but her misfortune never inconvenienced her, and she never seemed to feel its loss. She was free, belonging to no-one only herself and having no-one belonging to her, as, like all dock cats she was cast on the world by herself at an early age, and just became one of the many kittens who scuttled and played among the sacks and crates. But yet she was different, perhaps long ago her ancestors had been ships' pets, and had just strayed and become merged with the great majority, who can say.

Unlike her fellows who shunned rather than courted the friendship of man, she was always to be found where they

were working, and it is not to be surprised that before long she had become a ship's pet, and when the cargo boat steamed out of the dock she was aboard, curled up in the captain's cabin.

She liked the sea and after she had got her sea legs, would spend hours on the deck, watching the sea birds, or running up and down trying to catch the spray as it spattered over the side. She went to the galley at meal times, and was acknowledged as one of the ship's company.

When the ship reached port, she would stroll the quayside, but never going far. She knew as well as any of the crew when the last of the cargo was stowed away, there she was sitting on a coil of rope, waiting for the signal to sail, and then as the ship left the quayside, she would take a stroll round to see that all was well before going below to investigate her own plate, and to ascertain that her accustomed bed had not been moved. Back in England she mingled with her fellows round the docks, and perhaps told them sailor's tales of "furrin parts" but she was always there

when the ship was ready to set sail again, in fact with that superstition which is part of all sea-faring folk, the Captain would almost have missed a tide rather than sail without his mascot. And so life went on. Once during a spell of dirty weather she fell overboard, but luckily she was seen by one of the crew, who threw a lifebelt on to which she scrambled and remained until a boat was lowered, and she was returned to the Captain's cabin, wet and a little scared no doubt but otherwise unhurt. The crew made jokes about her having only eight lives, but she knew that if it lay in their power to preserve them she was safe.

Then on one voyage, strange things began to happen, the Captain seldom came to his cabin, the crew had a strained look, and constant watch was kept over the side, once the ship stopped, and on her going up to investigate, she saw strange men being hoisted on board from a lifeboat, she didn't understand that England was at war, and constant look out had to be kept for U-boats; but at last port was reached, and it seemed ages to her, till she set sail again. But how different it was this time, no longer were the same crew aboard, and no longer as the shores of England faded from sight were they

alone on the waters: they were in line with other ships, a long stream of them, and how different it was on deck. Where she used to sun herself on a coil of rope there was now a long tube from which came great bangs, and when it banged she could hardly keep her feet on the deck. She was thrown back so she soon learnt to keep as far away as she could. The crew too talked differently to those who had been her friends, at least some of them did, but they were kindly and she soon made friends. One day there had been such terrific bangs that she had kept below, she was frightened, intuition told her that something was wrong, and a cat's intuition is nearly always right, For what seemed to her hours there was droning and banging and then one enormous thud which made the whole ship shiver. A great cry went up from the crew, and there was a great deal of running about, and water started to come into the galley where she was crouching. She was terrified and the water was getting nearer; she leapt on to a cupboard, but the water was nearly up to the top. Suddenly a door opened and she was seized by the scruff of her neck. She felt the wind blowing her fur, and it was bitterly cold and quite dark. She clung on to her rescuer, who talked to her in

a strange tongue. Suddenly down they went and she shut her eyes. When she opened them again she found she was in a small space surrounded by men, and water was spraying over them; she snuggled into her rescuer and waited for whatever might happen next.

When it became light, she saw that the water was all round, and the little boat was bobbing up and down in the sea; she was very hungry, and the salt water made her coat damp and sticky. Darkness fell and light came again, it all seemed endless, then suddenly one of the men gave a shout and after a while she found herself on dry land once again. She kept very close to the men, especially to her rescuer; darkness which had been steadily coming on, was intense now. Once again she was picked up, and she and her rescuer were going along a road. She was tied up in a damp piece of cloth, but somehow she felt that she had better not struggle as what was being done was for her good. At last they came to a halt, and she found herself in a room, with strange people, her rescuer was talking fast but there was a fire. She sat by it and started to lick her fur, presently a plate was put down and she enjoyed a good meal, after it she slept. When daylight came she took stock of her surrounding; she was in a very strange place,

there were animals there that she had only seen before being driven on to ships and in the distance she saw green fields. It was all so different to what she had been used to. She returned to the house and found the galley, there was a woman in it not the cook she had always been used to, but there was food and milk, so she decided that it was not so bad after all. She set out to look for her rescuer, she could not find him, she was worried, and yet that same intuition told her that he was not far away. When darkness fell, and the curtains were drawn, she saw him again; he suddenly appeared in the galley, and there was much more talking, she sat on his knee and purred. So life went on for some time, she never saw him except during the hours of darkness. Through the day she spent her time hunting rats round the barns, then one day she found him, hidden behind some bales of hay. With a little cry of welcome she greeted him, but he grabbed her roughly, and wouldn't let her go till darkness fell. Then he took her to the galley; she was fed and put in a room from which she couldn't escape. When light came she went off to the barn but he was not there so she set out to find him, which she did, hidden in an old cart under some sacks. He was more pleased to see her

this time, and so it went on. She always found him wherever he was hiding and it became a sort of game.

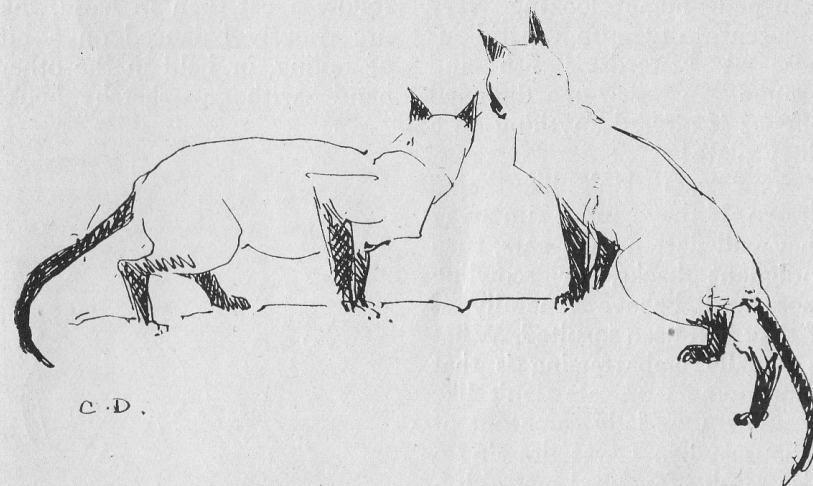
One night they were all in the galley, when there came a great pounding on the door; her rescuer jumped up from the table and disappeared. The door was opened and strange men came in; they talked a lot, and began rummaging round the room; one knocked her off the chair on which she was sitting and got a scratch for his pains and she got a cuff for hers. After a while the strange men went away, and there was a great deal of quiet talking among the occupants of the galley. Light came and she went to find her rescuer, but she failed. Disconsolate she returned to the house and the same thing happened the next day. That night her rescuer appeared again; she was overjoyed and sat on his knee and made a great fuss. Then a strange thing happened to her; a small leather strap was put round her neck with a little disc on it, she didn't care for it at all and tried to get it off, but failing and being of a stoical disposition she decided to put up with it. The following day as usual she set out to look for her rescuer, and to her delight she found him but in a different place this time. He talked to her quietly, and while

doing so removed her collar, and took from the disc a tiny piece of paper; then he put the collar round her neck again, and after some time she went back to the house. That night he did not come as usual, and it was some time before she found him again, search as she would. One day to her great delight she found him in a different hiding place, and the same thing happened; he took the small piece of paper out of the disc, replaced the collar and was gone again. The men with the harsh voices often visited the farm and disturbed its peace, but they took no notice of her as she sat by the hay ricks looking for rats. Had they guessed that the little collar round her neck was of such importance they would have had no compunction in killing her, and the occupants of the farm as well; one even stroked her but she kept her secret well. How were they to guess that she was the messenger of the underground movement of an occupied country, and that round her neck she carried messages of vital importance right under the noses of the Gestapo.

Nelson lives in peace on the farm now; she has taken the nationality of the country of her adoption, also a husband, and when I heard of her last she was rearing a fine sturdy litter of kittens.

## Drawing Cat Pictures

By CLARE DAWSON



(Miss Dawson illustrated "Cats' Company," Mr. Michael Joseph's book reviewed here recently).

**MRS. BEATON'S** famous receipt beginning "First catch your hare" is an excellent bit of advice and quite applicable to drawing cats. I have walked more than a mile through London streets without seeing a single cat. Once having spent a fruitless afternoon seeking models, I turned a corner and came on a particularly interesting specimen and for no apparent reason it gave me one look and immediately vanished.

Usually, if one knows a street where there are one or two cats, it is possible to start at the top and work one's way down, as it were cat by cat. There may be cats in windows, on door steps, in trade entrances and yards (in Paris I saw a magnificent cat, in beautiful condition, tied up in a yard like a dog and apparently quite happy). Cats run out of shop door ways or stroll up area steps, pounce after unconcerned pigeons or yes! I have seen them examining

with great interest the contents of a dust bin! And not lean hungry looking cats either, but sleek well fed, well cared for creatures, who no doubt returned home looking very innocent, to turn up a fastidious nose at yesterday's fish and assume an air of dignified offence if offered anything on a dirty plate!

Some cats don't like being drawn. If they cannot run away they will flatten their ears, turn indignant backs, or scowling faces and behave generally as if they had been insulted. What is equally embarrassing is that some owners of cats don't like it either. One lady came out of a house when I was drawing a nice sandy, favoured me with a cold stare and without a word took the cat inside and shut the door. Another woman looked at me and looked at the cat and said uneasily, Now Tommy you stay where you are. Don't you go following no-one." And, looking at me, she added with a sniff; "There's so many cats gets took away these days." I promised not to take Tommy away and indeed I should not have liked to carry him far. He must have weighed a stone.

To offset this rebuff another woman in the same street, insisted on taking me to a neighbouring shop to draw a young kitten. This was very useful

as kittens are not often found in the street, most people having the good sense to keep them in.

On the whole passers by are friendly about one's efforts to follow a cat, pen in hand, ink precariously balanced on a bit of railing, or held in the other hand with a sketch book.



Children are sometimes a nuisance—they offer to help! Or worse still, they are so filled with admiration for a cat that is considered fit to draw that they completely hide it from view or drive it away by endearing remarks and unwanted caresses. They are quite good as a rule though, and see the reasonableness of keeping away from the model.

If any one wants to draw cats in natural positions a great

deal of the work must be done from memory. A cat's movements are so rapid that one may get no more than a fleeting glance. It would be impossible to record the pose except from memory. When washing a cat may keep more or less the same pose for a minute or even longer, and a cat watching for birds is still—until it springs. Sometimes I have approached what seems to be a very comfortably settled cat thinking I shall be able to record markings at leisure. Never once has the cat remained comfortably settled. Either its own curiosity brings it leaping down to inspect me, or annoyance compels it to take a dignified departure. Even a sleeping cat will often wake and go when he finds himself being drawn.

Shop windows are good places for observing cats. At the week end, when the shops are shut, cats are shut in to discourage the mice and they very often choose to lie and sleep in a sunny window. I suppose they feel secure behind the glass for they will often ignore what goes on outside, unless they are very young and then their cries are pitiful. They are lonely until they get used to being left so long.

Drawing a cat on it's own ground is different but hardly easier. I was given permission

to draw two Siamese and was shown by a maid into the room where they were sitting. The older cat looked at me very hard, decided I was harmless and went to sleep curled up with her head completely hidden. The younger cat took no chances. She dived under a big chair and I just had to sit and wait for her to come out. When she did come out she was very friendly; too friendly for my purpose. She went to sleep on my knee! I would have got no drawings that day if a slight sound in the garden had not attracted their attention and the cats leapt silently on to the back of a sofa and stared out, tails twitching, muscles taut. They were a lovely pair.

When I was invited to a house where there were pedigree Blue Persians and Siamese I thought such aristocratic animals might be a little stand offish,



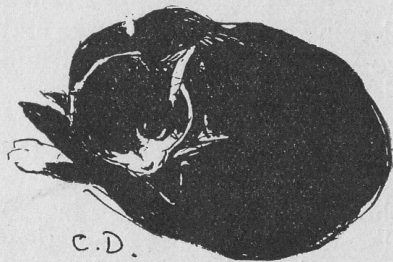


but not at all. They were so willing to accept my attentions that a series of scuffles and spitting matches went on round my feet each one trying to oust the others, especially the rival Siamese. The Siamese command of language on such occasions is truly superb. On the whole Persians and Siamese got on quite well together but if they met, for instance, on the door step, the Siamese, head lowered, eyes blazing, would at once dispute the right of way. The poor Blues, having no such language at their command, looked rather less aristocratic as they blinked and hurried past.

To make drawings in a place where there are several cats, free to perform the most engaging actions together or separately, one must be determinedly selective. The situation is hopeless so far as actual drawing goes if one allows one-self to look from one proud beauty to another. It is

very distracting when you are drawing a cat chasing a butterfly, to see out of the corner of an eye, another cat dragging her babies home to bed, or violently washing them. Speed is essential. There must be no hesitation or indecision. Everything depends on swift concentrated action. And even then—!

Wilson Steer, when asked how to do good water colours replied to the effect, that, as every good water colour is a fluke, the only way to get a large number of flukes was to do a *very* large number of water colours. I think that is also true of drawing cats, or any living moving animals.



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

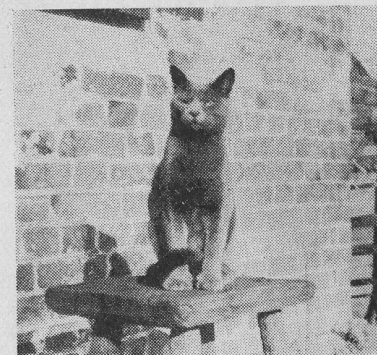
**CATS IN RHYME** by Lindy Lou, with 24 black and white illustrations and attractive 2-colour cover. Price 2/9 post free.

Both booklets obtainable from "CATS and KITTENS" MAGAZINE, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-sea, Sussex.

## Readers' Own Pets

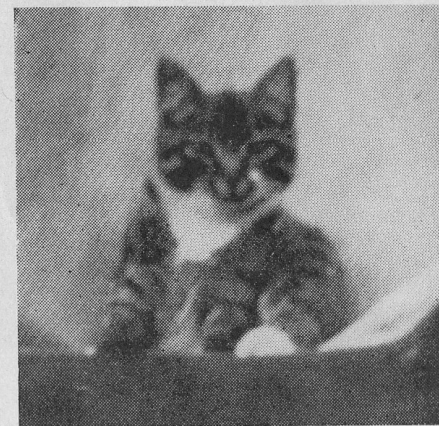


**GOODYESIMBA**, a cream and orange Manx, owned by Mrs. Camm of Witcombe.



**SIR JASPER FEATHERWAYS**, a Russian blue with golden eyes, owned by Miss Platt, also of Witcombe. Miss Platt and Mrs. Camm are neighbours.

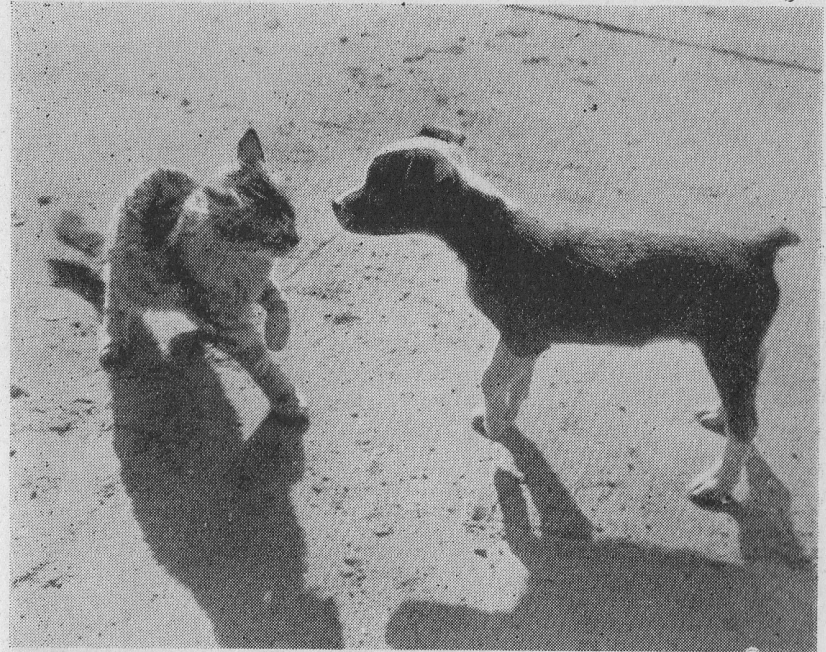
**TOBIAS**—faint but courageous, was sent in for Miss Dorothy Durbridge, a girl who has been ill for two years, and is just getting well again. We wish her a very good recovery and hope she likes Tobias.



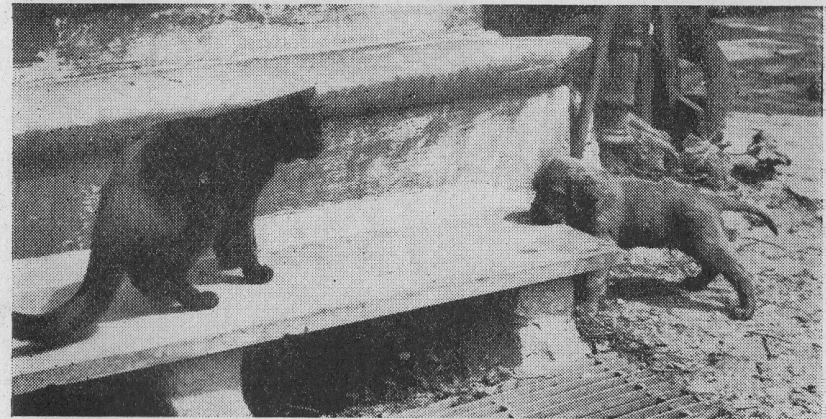


Keystone.

FRIENDS

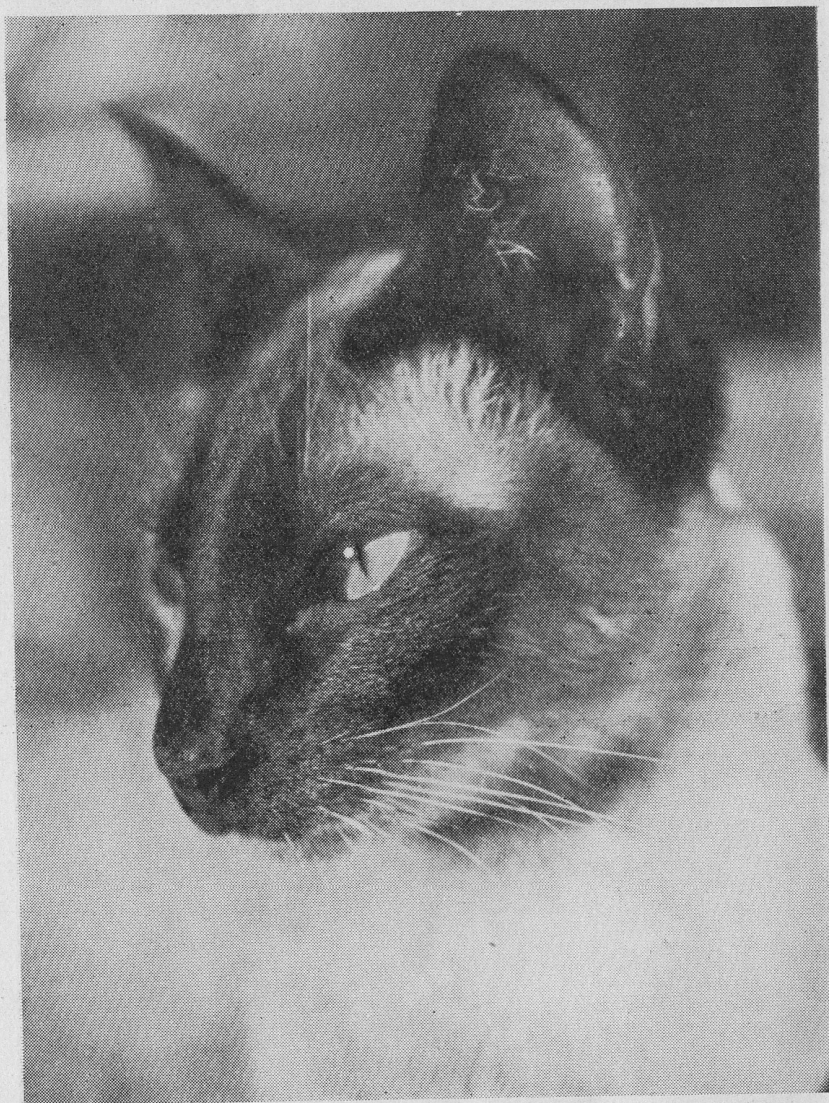


Pictorial Press.



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

AND FOES



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

TING-SAN

## Your Cat and Ours

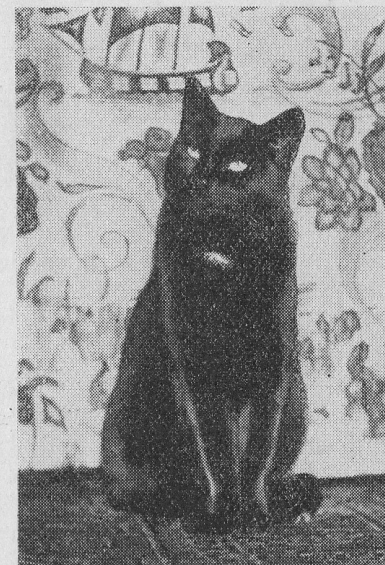
By FELISIA

**YOU** can see just by looking at Inky Pooh, that he is a Gentleman! Sleek and dignified and full of grace, he lived with us for nine years and was one of our most beloved cats. The story that we are going to tell of him is one answer to the eternal question—"Is there any cat alive, who, if the opportunity arises will not steal?" Well here it is. In the days of plenty before the war, Inky had his own standing order with the butcher for meat, delivered every day when the butcher boy called for orders. How delighted we should be now if we could only get hold of a similar parcel of nice juicy pieces for a steak pie or so, off the ration! However on one particular morning we were busy cutting up his breakfast, when we were called downstairs to help with a little job, leaving Inky Pooh's meat half prepared on the table.

After about twenty minutes he appeared at the head of the stairs in great distress. "Mieow!" he said, then rushed all down the stairs to our feet. "Mieow! Mieow'!!" and rushed up again. "Whatever is the matter with the crazy cat" we thought. "Is the house on fire?" And then it penetrated;

poor little cat, we had forgotten his breakfast. He led us up the stairs, right back to the place where his meat was still laying on the table half cut up and entirely untouched.

We told you Inky was a gentleman, and we are sure you will agree. As for the present three—well, perhaps a discreet silence would be the better way. but it seems only fair to look at both sides of the question. We did say "any cat alive," and Inky unfortunately is no longer with us. One day Woolley Boy



INKY-POOH

said to his Red Setter pal, "Do you know I think they are all out, and there is a cupboard with a very groggy catch in my kitchen, if one bangs it with one's paw in a certain way—there might be a shoulder of lamb—" There was a shoulder of lamb, and when we arrived on the scene, they had polished it off nicely between them and were just starting on some apple tarts!

It was a very good two course luncheon; however, needless to say, after that the catch was changed. We are afraid that we have not proved anything one way or the other, except perhaps that Inky Pooh was a very special cat.

A very interesting letter came along recently from Mrs. Roy Smith, of Millwaukie, U.S.A. She wrote, "The story of Miski in the January issue reminds me of a strange experience. My beloved Siamese Tom, Huey, died after a brief illness. Several months later I dreamed of him. We seemed to be talking; after discussing the other cats I asked him if he had suffered much, but he replied "That nail in my head sure hurt!" I repeated "but Huey did it hurt very much before you went away?" He didn't answer but said again "That nail in my head sure hurt!"

"Then I woke, and although it was the middle of the night, I woke my husband and told him of my queer dream.

"That's strange" he said. "It happened when you were out. Chu Chu the queen hit him on top of the head with her paw. He yelled and I found a piece of her claw imbedded in his scalp, and had to use pliers to get it out." I didn't remember ever hearing anything about this incident. My friends think there must be a rational explanation but I prefer to think otherwise."

Well it's all very strange, and anyway we hope there will be cats in Heaven, we think it would be bleak without them.

Now for a word on the practical side. We have been trying to work toward getting the Magazine out nearer the beginning of the month. We were doing very nicely in that direction, when the fuel cuts came along and foiled us, however we are trying again. In order to do this we shall need to send out renewal notices well in advance, so if you receive your notice considerably earlier than usual, do not think that we are being unduly greedy. We are doing this to enable readers to know in plenty of time, when their subscription runs out, and thus to keep the machinery running smoothly for earlier (we hope!) publication.

## No Slugs for Septimus

SEPTIMUS had been put to bed as usual on his own special cushion in the kitchen. I had left him curled up and purring himself cosily to sleep. I was just ready for bed myself when suddenly there were howls of protest and anguish from the kitchen. What was happening! I tore downstairs and flung open the door quite expecting to find my treasured Septimus at grips with some intruding enemy. But no! There he was, sitting up very straight on his cushion, apparently just practising singing exercises.

"What is the matter, my Septimus?" I cried.

He turned eyes full of agonized entreaty upon me, then looked away and 'pointed' with a howl to a spot on the floor. There a large, pale slug, a horrid creature, was steadily pulling its slimy length across the room. Enough to terrify any sensitive, nice-minded cat!

The slug was removed, and Septimus, purring his thanks, settled down to sleep again at once.



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## For the Children

### NICODEMUS THE KNOWING CAT No. 3

#### THE PIECE OF CAKE

By A. R. I. BROWNE

"COME along, Mollie, tea's ready!" and my old friend came into the sitting room to join me. The cats must have heard the rattle of the tea cups, and they both came too. A gentle paw on my knee made me aware of their presence, and I gave each one a little piece of cake. Nikko ate his slowly; Kippie sniffed his, apparently not caring much for it, but a side glance showed that Nikko was eating his bit and Kippie always liked to do what other folk did, so he ate up his portion hastily. "You know Isabel, I believe Nikko thinks a lot. I've noticed several times since I came to stay here, that a look passes over his face as though he was reasoning something out."

"Yes, he's a clever cat," I answered proudly, "there must be a reason behind some of the strange things he does."

I gave each one another little piece of cake. Nikko didn't seem interested and was just going to turn away, when that strange "thinking" look came into his eyes, he picked up the cake quickly and ran out of the room. Kippie looked surprised, but copied Nikko's action, as that was evidently the correct thing to do and hurried out.

"I wonder what they are up to now," I said. We went on with our tea, and about five minutes later Mollie looked out of the window and exclaimed, "there's Nikko with a mouse and Kippie is looking so envious. I expect he is too fat and lazy to catch one for himself."

The next day the same thing happened again. I gave each cat a

piece of cake and without hesitation they grabbed the bits and rushed out. Mollie and I got up and went to the window, but we could see nothing. In a few minutes Nikko walked slowly across the grass carrying a mouse in his mouth and Kippie followed a few yards behind.

On the third afternoon Mollie said, "Isabel, have you seen that green lizard made of India rubber that I was going to send to little Margaret for her birthday?"

"Last time I saw it, it was on the top of the writing desk."

"Well, I've lost it," said Mollie, "and it's rather annoying but I suppose it will turn up again."

Kippie was nowhere about at tea-time, but Nikko came in and I, deciding to try an experiment, went on with my tea and took no notice of him. Mollie and I were busy talking, and I had placed my plate on the arm of my chair, which was perhaps a foolish thing to do, because a little grey paw came up and gave it a gentle pat, knocking it on to the floor.

"That was very clumsy of you, Nikko, you tiresome boy!" I exclaimed. He had sprung back when the plate fell, and then reached forward, seized my piece of cake and skipped out of the room. We both had to laugh, it was so funny, and Mollie said, "that's what you get for ignoring him," and then added quickly, "Come along, let's see where he goes to."

We slipped quietly into the garden, but there was no sign of Nikko. A little way off, Kippie was sitting near the wall, looking up at

it with an earnest expression and making an extraordinary chattering noise. We walked a little further till we were near the tool shed, and there was my nice sultana cake crumbled up and scattered on the door step and just inside the shed.

"Look, Mollie, do you see what he has done?"

Nikko came out from under a bush, and rubbed against my leg, purring loudly and obviously pleased with himself.

"I've been very lucky," he said, "I've caught several mice that way, and now there won't be so many to steal your hens' food."

I looked towards Kippie, whose jaw was still going "chatter-tatter-

tatter," and whose eyes were still fixed on something on the top of the wall.

I turned back to Nikko and said "You're a good boy, helping to catch those troublesome mice, but can you tell me why Kippie is sitting over there looking so idiotic?"

"Oh, yes," he said in an off-hand way, "I couldn't have him padding about the path with his great feet, the silly sausage-cat, disturbing my mice, so I just fixed that lizard up on the wall to keep him occupied, goggling at it."

"Well, I never," said Mollie, going up to the wall, "if it isn't my little green lizard!"



THE MODEL

Donald McLeish.

## FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

## HOW MUCH FOOD DOES A CAT NEED?

I so often get enquiries as to how much food a cat really needs that I think I ought probably to say something about this food question, probably the most worrying problem for cat-owners these days—as is also for themselves, incidentally!

In the first place, how often should a cat be fed? I think the answer is twice a day, morning and evening. In summer, the main meal is certainly best given in the evening rather than in the heat of mid-day and to give one meal first thing and the other at night all the year round simplifies things. (Note: I am talking of adult cats, of course: kittens should have "little and often;" say three or four light meals a day).

The morning meal should be of bread and milk—the bread moist but not actually sloppy. Cats hate getting messy when they are eating and sloppy food annoys them. If you are lucky enough to have a drop of milk to spare, give it separately as a drink. If you have to use powdered milk, mix it with warm (not hot) water and after you have poured it on the bread, sprinkle a little dry powder on top. This works excellently with my cats: they seem to love it, and the youngest is not to be trusted with the tin left on the table. If she can get her small head in she helps herself ad lib!

The main meal should consist of meat, fish, rabbit—anything that is available—and vegetables chopped up, not only cabbage but carrot, etc. Most cats decline onion or even

gravy tainted with onion. Fat is not good but I know some has to be included sometimes these days. Horse flesh is good, but be sure and cook it well: I have been told the nutritive value is not very high. Offals such as liver, lights, heart, etc., are very welcome when available, but do remember liver is very aperient and should not be given generously or too often (not much fear of that, did you say?). Lights are low in nourishment value. Don't forget roe when thinking of fish; cats love it, lightly boiled, and there are no bones to worry about.

Cheese is nearly always popular. Grate it or run it through the mincer. A scrap of grated cheese will often induce a cat to tackle an otherwise unattractive dish.

Do be firm with a cat who has a marked preference for one type of food and refuses all else. This is just nonsense, and is bad for the cat, as well as worrying for you. Everyone needs variety. Be firm, and let him go without if necessary; he will soon learn when he is really hungry.

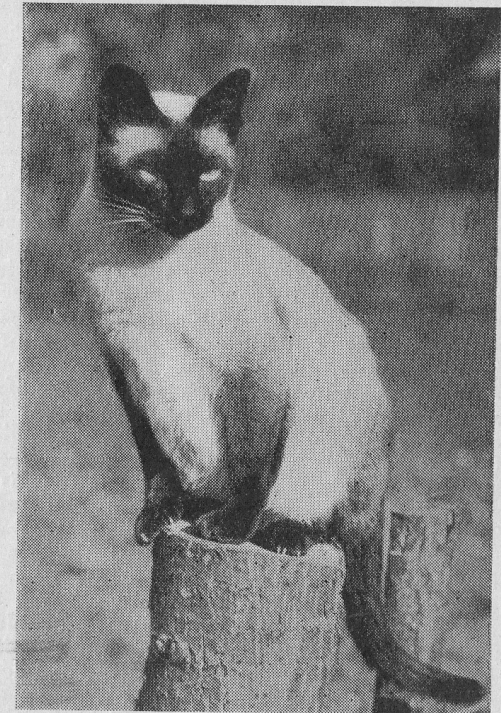
As to quantity, I am chary of laying down the law because animals vary so. Taking my own as rough guide, I find they eat a good slice of bread moistened with milk for breakfast. For supper, the same amount of "ballast" and whatever else is going. If we happen to be well off for fish or meat, ballast is reduced a bit. This just as a guide. Study your own cat: if he clears his food up very quickly, give more. If he leaves some, give less. Don't feed between meals!

## For The Small Breeder

Siamese Queen

Owned by  
Mrs. D. A. StuartFINDING A  
PURCHASER FOR  
THE KITTENS(Conclusion of this  
series)

By S. E. ARCHER



THE time is now approaching when the kittens will have to be sold, and it is only fair to the purchaser that the breeder should prepare for this event. A kitten that has been properly weaned before being sold is much easier to deal with in the new home than one which has still been left with the mother right up to the last day. From the point of view of the purchaser, a ten-week kitten is much better than one of eight weeks. It provides little satisfaction to either buyer or seller when a newly purchased kitten goes wrong soon after reaching its new home. The

cause of the trouble may well be the lack of experience of the new owner, but that does not prevent a sense of dissatisfaction, and a possible recruit to the fancy may be lost. Breeders should make it a rule never to sell a kitten that they would not be prepared to buy, bearing in mind always the purpose for which the purchase is made. Some people buy a kitten merely as a pet with no thought of breeding or future showing. The breeder's conscience is then perfectly clear if the kitten sold is only a fair representative of the variety to which it belongs, and at the same

time is robust and obviously of strong constitution. If a "breeder" is required it must be obvious that the kitten must conform with the breeder's own idea of what he would expect if he were making the purchase for himself. Be perfectly fair in the assessment of the good and bad points of your own stock and sell them accordingly. There is a normal obligation in this matter, and if one is a novice breeder one should certainly ask for the help of someone who is more experienced. The guineas may be a temptation, but if one intends to remain a breeder there must be satisfaction, and ignorance can never be put forward as a justifiable excuse.

When the kittens are being sold at ten weeks, by the end of the eighth week the queen will be away from them all day but will be returned at night. Then for the last week she can come away altogether. They will still have companionship and warmth of brothers and sisters for this final week. This gradual process of weaning is valuable also from the queen's point of view as it allows her milk supply to dry up by slow stages, and there is then little risk of trouble.

It is now necessary to find purchasers for the kittens. Good class pet shops are always prepared to purchase pure bred long-hairs at a price which will show them a satisfactory profit on re-sale. That is only fair and purely a matter of business, but most breeders are anxious to know for themselves that the kittens are to have good homes. The only way to achieve this is by selling direct to the person who wants to buy the cat as a permanent requisition. One can soon tell from the letters written before purchase what the possibilities are in the new home. If you are not interested where the kittens go it is far better

not to breed them.

After one has been breeding for some time kittens are usually sold by recommendation from satisfied purchasers of earlier litters, provided always that the stock sent out has proved satisfactory and one has achieved a reputation for fair dealing. At first, however, it may be necessary to advertise. A small advertisement in any periodical dealing with cats will probably produce sales, and naturally any publication dealing with cats exclusively is an excellent medium for such advertisements. The automatic dailies, if you know which they are, will bring your kittens to the notice of a wide public, but the cost of such advertisements is rather high. Usually, however, one finds little difficulty in selling kittens at the present time.

It is a great advantage if the prospective new owner can come to see the kittens, but this is not always possible.

When a kitten has to be sent on a rail journey one must provide a suitable box which will exclude all possibility of undue exposure. If one looks up the best available train and informs the purchaser so that the kitten can be met as soon as it arrives, little harm will be done and most kittens are not distressed by new experiences. You will already have sent the diet sheet so that the new owner can be well prepared, and there is nothing more to be done for your first litter has been sold, and probably some new breeders are just starting as you did not so very long ago.

Thus these articles have come to their natural end for we have completed the life cycle of the cat. There are many other aspects of cat breeding still untouched, but these must form the subject of future articles.

## A READER'S STORY

(Sent by Mrs. W. Lloyd)

**M**Y Mother and Grandmother lived at one time in a very old flat in Fleet Street. Also therein lived Michael and Blackie.

Mike was a tabby, affectionate, lovable and withal a perfect gentleman. Into his world one day came Blackie a stray, lean, small, very nervous and cross-eyed. Despite all these misfortunes, her personality was and is strong, her appetite large and her affections seemingly non-existent. Also, her manners are not good, always we had to stand guard over Mike's plate.

One day my Mother and Grandmother hearing a piteous miaowing, searched and searched and eventually traced Blackie out on a narrow ledge high up on the roof, her poor little eyes unequal to the task of guiding her back. Gentleman Mike came running, my people in great consternation and quite helpless, put him out. He saw Blackie, and at some risk to himself, walked along the ledge, and talked to her, they touched noses, he turned and slowly walked back stopping en route and looking back encouragingly, Blackie followed, all her bravado gone. Soon she was safe in Mother's arms.

Two regrets I have to add. Even this did not change Blackie's manners. Also one day Mike aged nine and a great home lover disappeared without trace.

Blackie, now over eleven, is still alive and very well thank you.

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## Meet The Breeders

### SENDING TO STUD

**P**LEASE do see that you send your queens to the stud directly they show signs of being in season. It is no good waiting until the third or fourth day, as if queens are sent on a journey they are put right off when they reach their destination. I have had several queens in to Smasher and Kong and have had to send them back not mated. It is such a waste of time and expense.

One queen was sent to Smasher who apparently started to call on the Friday and was not sent until the following Wednesday. I kept the little lady for a week but it was no good.

Usually, if a queen starts to call very early in January, it is only flirting. I like to wait until the second call, which is about a fortnight later, and one is almost sure then that the queen is really in season.

All of my last year's kittens with the exception of one have gone to their new homes and their owners are delighted with them. The remaining one Ronada Mighty Atom, I am not anxious to part with at the moment. He is a grand little fellow and favours his sire and dam, Oxleys Jewel and King Kong, and should do well at stud.

D. Brice-Webb.

### THE QUEEN'S BED

**A** breeder (beginner) told me that, for no apparent reason, her young female dropped the litter. Could I think of a reason why? So I asked the lady how the cat was being kept, etc.

When the litter of kittens, of which this queen is one, had been sold, she and another female lived together. The above mentioned queen came into season and was successfully mated. A few weeks later the second female was also mated. Now experience has taught me that it is better to keep a pregnant queen by herself. She loves to be petted and fussed during pregnancy, but gets often restless and even bad-tempered in the company of other cats. On the other hand, once she has given birth to her family and all is normal and well, some don't mind the company of another cat; they may even like to show off their litter, or maybe share it with another mother, but it depends entirely on the cats. I find it best to let the mother cat have her own way in these matters. It's the same with her maternity bed. The owner means well and gets the bed ready, but the queen, for reasons best known to herself, doesn't like it. She has her eye on a certain deep drawer, or your hat box. Well why not clear out the receptacle, put a blanket in (best when she is not about) and let her find it; then she thinks she has cheated the owner and found her own bed. I never make heavy weather' about anything like that. It's the short cut to peace and quiet.

When a queen of mine is pregnant about six weeks, I keep her in a room where I am mostly busy and get a bed ready, but never 'dump' her in. She can sleep where she likes but when she knows she is going to start kittening the queen goes into her chosen bed, which usually she has

inspected beforehand. Sometimes she turns the blanket over and makes herself a nest, and when everything is to her liking settles down contentedly. As soon as she starts being in labour I keep near her. Some cats when left alone, start running about the room, that's not so good as she may then scatter her litter all over the room, and a scattered litter never lives. Why that should be so, I don't know, but it is! That's my experience at any rate.

A. H. Cattermole.

### BLUES

15 years 8 months! So ends the long and happy life of "Winsome of Rayleigh"—She won 2nd under me at the S.C.C.C. in a strong class, and her owner and breeder Mrs. Voss is kind enough to mention this win of Winsome, when she wrote to me telling of her dear pet's passing. Mrs. Voss only has two Blues at present, Victoria and Rayleigh and a charming Blue male kitten—a kind gift to her by Miss Phillips. The Rayleigh strain has long been noted for their pale Blue, and long flowing coats and her late blue Caesar of Miss Folly has left his mark on many up to date pedigrees.

The "Hendons" stood up to the terrors of winter and early spring well. I tried to feed extra well during the bitter weather for like ourselves the cats are more hungry in cold. Their Force was always warmed, for their water in their house was solid blocks of ice. Beds were reinforced and changed when the frost turned to rain. Hendon Blue Robin's son Hendon Loyalty will be a year old in June and keeps his sire's deep round copper eyes and tiny ears. Elegance of Hadley who was a most generous gift to me from Miss Fisher has shaped into a massive cat—his dam Vera of Hadley is a daughter of Ch. Laughton Laurel, so I am lucky to have such good progeny of my dear Robin.

G. Campbell-Fraser, (Mrs.).

### THE KENSINGTON KITTEN CLUB AND NEUTER CAT CLUB

**T**O-DAY the Kensington Kitten Club and the Neuter Cat Club have amalgamated and have become the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club (incorp.).

It is hoped to be able to hold a show on July 10th (but this date is not confirmed) at the Parish Hall, Vicarage Gate, Kensington.

This Show will be an exhibition of Kittens (pedigree) two to nine months old, and neuter cats. Kittens will have to be registered with the Governing Council in the usual way, but Neuters will not. There will also be classes for household pets.

This Club should appeal to all cat lovers and full details will be given in the June issue when all details are to hand.

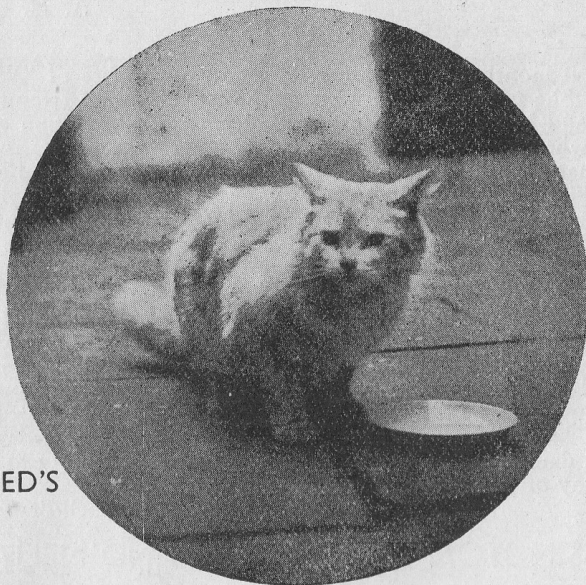
The joint Hon. Secs. are Mrs. Newton, "Crabtree," Hamm Court, Weybridge, and Miss Kit Wilson, The Loft, 18, South End, Kensington, W.8.

Will Show Managers please let us have details of forthcoming Shows in plenty of time, to ensure publication in the Magazine at a sufficiently early date to be really useful.



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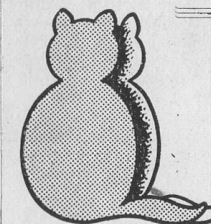
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(Continued on next page)

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