

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.

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

CATS *and* kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



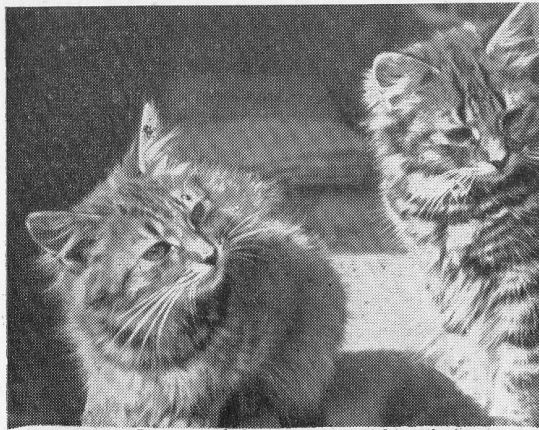
CLARE T. NEWBERRY
the artist and
her pet

PICTURES ON PAGE 16 and 17

JULY, 1947.

Price 1/-

This is purr-purr-perfect!



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

SPRATT'S CAT FOOD

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

"Red walls Snowstorm," owned and bred by Mrs. E. M. Hacking. Photo by Joseph Wilday.



"I'm fine, thanks!"

SHERLEY'S ARE A GREAT HELP

Here's a kitten to be proud of! A Chinchilla, bred by Mrs. E. M. Hacking of Liphook, Hants, it owes not a little of its happy well-being to Sherley's Cat Condition Powders. "I always use your make of any medicine I may need," she writes. Her wide experience confirms that listlessness, loss of appetite, falling coat, etc., caused by impurities in the bloodstream, are quickly corrected by a course of Sherley's Cat Condition Powders. Tasteless, and easily given, they are obtainable from Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants at **7d.** and **1/8d.** per packet including Purchase Tax.

SHERLEY'S CAT CONDITION POWDERS

A. F. SHERLEY & CO. LTD., 16-18 MARSHALSEA RD., LONDON, S.E.1

CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

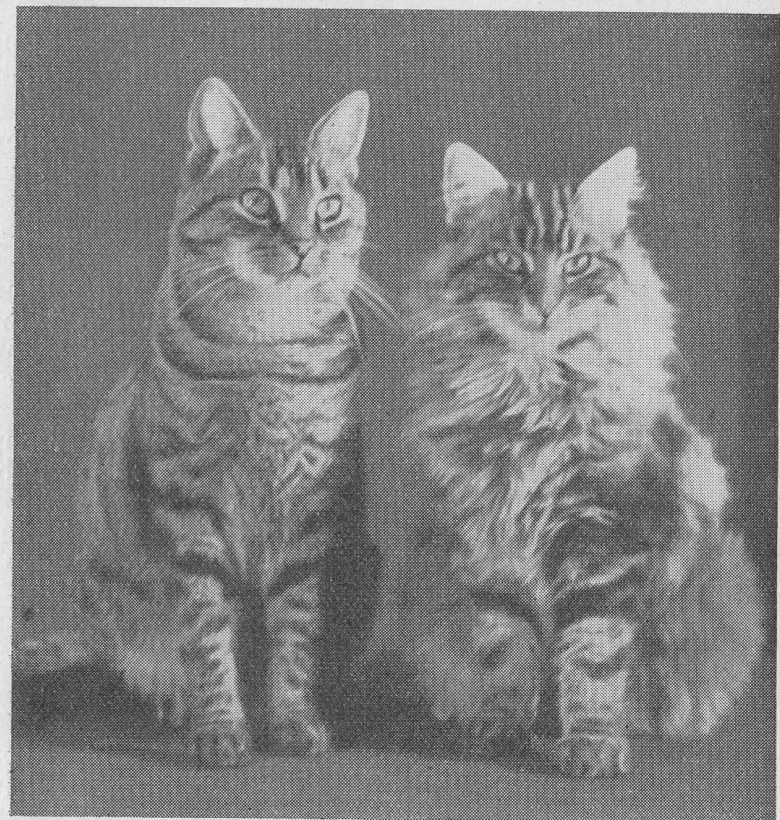
JULY, 1947

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

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



BOY MEETS GIRL!

Mrs. Barlow

News from Here and There

OUR cover picture. Of all the 46 model houses at the Federal Housing Administration exhibit at the California Pacific International Exposition, Mitzi, the mascot, picked this one as the most ideal for her family. All five were born here, and absolutely refused to move out. Our three, Lally, Peter and Woolley say this would suit them fine, so what about it!

Photograph by the New York Times.

JIMMIE and Joey are the cats at the farm where I worked all through the war as a Land Girl. They were named when they were kittens but it was soon apparent that mistakes had been made and both cats, who are sisters, have now produced numerous fine kittens!

Like most farm cats, Jimmie and Joey have to earn their living by catching rats and mice, but from the beginning they really *have* earned their living as we had a money box for them in the cow pen and into this box has been put a sixpence for every rat we have seen them catch.

They soon learned that a dead rat was matter for approval and petting and would bring their victims to me. I would then take the rat from the hunter, cut off its tail and return the rat to the lawful owner. The tail was then presented to the farmer and the sixpence claimed and put into the cats' money box.

Jimmie and Joey have their milk ration, of course, and any household scraps, but they are also very partial to Bovril and fish, and their larder is supplied from the contents of their money box.

I have never heard of any other cats who had a money box for their blood money, and thought other readers of "Cats and Kittens" might be interested to hear about it.

Sent by Miss M. J. Spurgin.

A Stockport N.F.S. officer rescued a black cat which had become stranded above the River Tame at Stockport recently. A large crowd of people on a nearby bridge saw the officer descend a 30ft. brick wall by means of a rope and later watched a straw-lined box lowered to him. Though the officer had his hands encased in asbestos gloves he did not require them for the cat was so relieved at its rescue that it never thought of offering resistance. It was estimated that "pussy" had been marooned for over three days.

Stockport Express.



CONNIE MARSHALL IN A SCENE FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX FILM, "HOME SWEET HOMICIDE"

Burr Saga

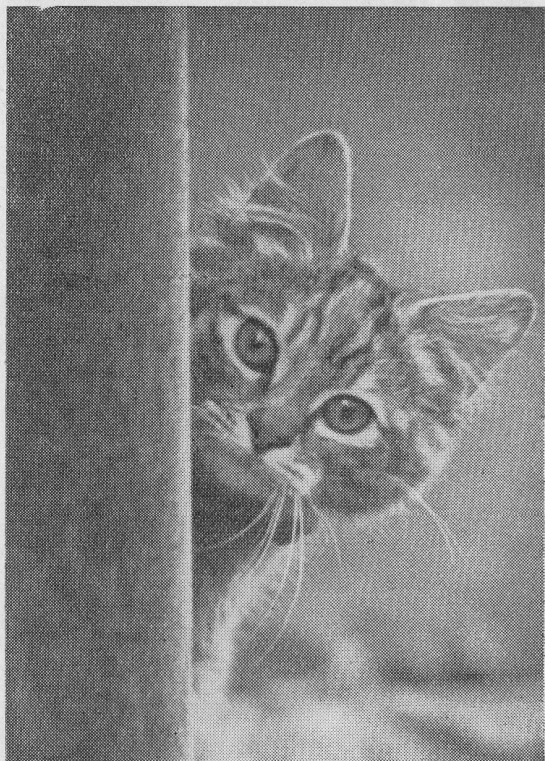
By

BERYL MALEK

FROM the very beginning he was odd. Our first sight of him was in the window of an animal shop in London, where he and his brother occupied a small cage. Serenely regardless of the roar of passing omnibuses, which drew up and re-started immediately outside, he was playing with a chicken bone. (Yes. Chicken! But this was early in 1939).

"A pure English Tabby," said the proprietor; and added,

"A country kitten, very strong." Plucked forth from his cage, and placed on the counter for inspection, he seemed quite unabashed at being the cynosure of all eyes, and at once decided that the floor would be more interesting. Forthwith, he hurled himself into space, to make anything but a parachute landing on the boards, but, undaunted by the re-sounding impact, he started on an immediate tour of exploration.



Forman

Admiration for his imperviousness to the hard knocks of life, as well as for his handsome markings, decided us, and with some protest on his part, he was securely packed in a stout cardboard box, ready for the journey to his new home in Surrey.

And what a journey it was! Would anyone ever have believed that anything so small could have made its voice heard so plainly above the din of the London traffic, the roar of the

bus, and the even greater noise of the hurtling electric express? Everywhere the cardboard box went, heads were turned and people told each other, "There's a cat somewhere." "Cat," be it noted. They could never have conceived that the sounds came from the smallest of kittens who could hardly have left his mother more than a few days, and was evidently now missing her sorely.

Arrived at his new home, the whole family gathered round expectantly, while the cardboard box, now sadly the worse for wear, and rocking violently from the movements within, was deposited in the centre of the circle. All means of exit from the room were closed, and a saucer of milk placed invitingly. Then the box was opened, and out stepped Benjamin Burr, as he was henceforth to be called; not a timid and journey-worn Benjamin Burr, as might have been expected, but a gay and debonair person who immediately rolled at his hosts' feet and gave forth the loudest of aeroplane purrs. This of course, was a move designed to capture all hearts, and naturally met with immediate success. After this came a complete tour of inspection of his new surroundings, and the rest of the evening was given up to the most

riotous behaviour, without any appreciable diminution of an apparently inexhaustible supply of energy. Only once was a pause made, and that was when the wireless was turned on for the nine o'clock news. The sound of the announcer's voice, proceeding from space, quelled the antics for a moment, but only for a moment. Once he had overcome his astonishment, and recovered the use of his limbs, he flew down the room to where the instrument stood, and swarmed up the back of a nearby chair to get a closer view. There he remained wrapped in wonder and amazement, till the news came to an end. This interest was not maintained, however, for more than a few nights, and no further notice was taken of the wardens of the ether, until one evening we turned on the French news bulletin. The small kitten immediately noticed the difference, and hastily scrambled to his former vantage point; but after a while he decided that foreign languages were not so interesting after all, and descended to other plays.

It soon became apparent that we had with us a person of exceptional intelligence, and very odd ways. No cat we had ever had before was so observant. Nothing escaped his notice, and the smallest action

on the part of his hosts was received with interest. Every nook and cranny was carefully investigated, and even a narrow rack for ornaments above the picture rail, was visited and walked along, until it ended abruptly, and presented a nice problem in turning in considerably less than one's own length.

Keyholes had a special fascination, and an eager eye was applied to all within reach, including the one in the bureau, and even the tiny mother-of-pearl one in an antique work-box. All were carefully examined and felt with a delicate paw.

The Burr, as he was mostly called, had a passion for picking up and carrying about with him, like a dog, objects both great and small. These included thimbles, stones, leaves, and particularly hollyhock leaves which he would fetch from a special place at the end of the garden. Then he would come rushing in, almost tripping up in the big leaf, which was about the same size as himself. On arrival, the trophy, whatever it might be, was carefully laid in the middle of the floor, for all to admire. As he grew bigger, inanimate objects became less popular, and a large toad or frog would be brought in and placed on the carpet, with not the faintest sign of injury on it.

These offerings were not always received with enthusiasm by the family.

An insatiable curiosity filled him, and all household affairs had to be fully investigated. The sound of running water had a irresistible attraction, and as soon as the bath taps were turned on, he would come running and take up a strategic position on a chair beside the bath, in order to have a commanding view of the proceedings. Twice his eagerness led him to overbalance, and fall into very hot water, but he emerged quite unperturbed, and after a brief sojourn by the gas fire, was ready to continue his experiments.

Unfortunately, the sound of a plug being pulled in a certain apartment, was even more of a magnet, and he would frequently wait outside the door for the occupant to emerge, so that he could rush in, leap upon the seat, and watch the ensuing cascade of water. This was rather embarrassing when there were visitors in the house, especially as his vigil outside the door was spent in howling lustily for admittance!


The Burr grew apace, and it soon became evident that he was going to be very handsome. His dense short fur was supple and silky, and he was beautifully marked in sooty black on a

silver ground. He had ankle-socks and mittens of the same black, and he often wore his long whippy tail curved over his back so that the tip almost touched his ears. This trait led a friend to remark that he carried his tail like a Siamese, and when we came to think about it, there were other Siamese-like traits about him. The chief of these was his voice, which was in constant use, and had a piercing and sirenlike note, and many varieties of expression. No cat we had had in the past had ever been so chatty. Every remark addressed to him received a reply, and very often we were quite unable to keep

pace with the number of remarks addressed to us!

The Siamese train of thought ended in the verdict that he was not so likely to be of Siamese descent, as Abyssinian. None of us had ever met the breed, but the characteristics of a hatchet-shaped countenance large round eyes, small delicate paws with black pads, a specially lustrous coat with broad stripe down the back and along the tail, which was long and whippy, together with a saffron-coloured undercarriage, pointed to Abyssinian forebears in part if not in whole.

(Next month there will be more about Benjamin Burr).



Champion
Pelham Silver Girl
LOVELY BLUE CREAM
QUEEN

Owned by—
Mrs. DULCIE BENBOW
Downderry Lodge,
Downderry,
Torpoint, Cornwall.

Please Note
New Address

I Arrived at the Office as usual—

By ROSEMARY TIMPERLEY.

I arrived at the office as usual this morning. It was deathly quiet and the main entrance doors were still closed.

I crept round to the back and climbed in at the typists' window. The typewriters stood hunched on desks, like old women clutching their shapeless garments round them. It was dim, as the blinds were still drawn.

I shivered, and a shadow of dismay chilled me—everything was so strange, so still. Work should have started over an hour ago. There should have been the rattle of machines and voices and the electric fire blazing.

Why was the office deserted? What had happened?

The clock outside struck. They were over an hour late—Miss May, severe, white-haired, but kind—inside; Miss Vander, big, raw-boned, with an effusive manner, but unkind when no one was looking; Miss Fairholme, young and inexperienced, very much wrapped up in herself and her appearance, but ready with a friendly word.

I missed them—where were they? I waited.

An hour later, I felt stone cold and frightened.

I climbed out of the window again and tried other windows on the ground floor. All the offices were dark and deserted.

Suddenly I began to cry, in panic because it was so queer. Why? How? Why? How? I cried, over and over again, my screams rising and echoing through the deserted building.

Deserted?

Surely I heard a sound—a welcome, haunting little sound.

It was old Joe the caretaker's, tuneless little whistle, and it was approaching.

"All right, all right! Now what's all this? I'm coming! There, now! There, there!"

A large hand came out of the dimness and caressed my head, caressed me in the warm familiar way that old Joe had—groping a little because he could not see me properly though I could see him perfectly—and gentle—gentler with his great clumsy hand than all the girls with their varnished fingers.

"Forget all about you on the Bank Holiday, did they? Well! You and I must have a spot of lunch together!"

He picked me up and, nuzzling my face against his rough chin, I gave a sobbing, grateful little—purr!

Cats of Great Writers By M. F. NORMAN



II. DR. JOHNSON AND HIS CAT

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a famous lexicographer
 Doubtless you know exactly what I mean,
 By that rather pompous word! Quite so—he wrote a dictionary
 Where many such like words are to be seen.
 For I fear he was long-winded and in general conversation, he
 Used words quite baffling to the other folk;
 But he had another side to him, the side I love to think about,
 He was a slave to Hodge and wore the yoke.
 Now Hodge was *not* a ploughman but a very charming stately cat
 And he had a most unusual taste in fish;
 For cod and plaice and whiting, he had no special liking,
 He *could* eat them: they were not his favourite dish.
 His Lordship fancied oysters, but the servant would not buy him them,
 He thought—(vile wretch!) them wasted on a cat.
 As if anything could be too good for such a wondrous animal!
 But there *are* brutes who sink as low as that.
 So Dr. Johnson would go forth himself and buy the oysters for
 His darling cat, then listen to his purr,
 With the rapture of a lover, and would silence any protest
 From friend Boswell, with a fierce—"How dare you sir!"



Illustrated
 by Kathleen Spagnolo

No More Cats By ELIZABETH CROSS

I'll not have any more cats! declared my mother firmly as she picked up Stripey and deposited him outside the back door, "Why, it's worse than having a cat of your own."

And indeed it was, far worse. Since Tom Pussen had disappeared and been mourned for far longer than is seemly, we had been gradually invaded by the Neighbourhood Cats. The village is a very small one but almost every house supports one or more cats, (although it must be admitted that Stripey, the meek-appearing but valiant one, sometimes supports his humans himself, by bringing them home a rabbit), but there are two unattached cats who were said to belong to "the farm." As there are three farms, one of which is worked from the next village, this was not very clear. It soon became so.

The word went round, by whatever means cats have—perhaps they put signs outside like tramps and gipsies—and every morning there was a queue outside the back door. First of all Tiny, (shockingly misnamed, as he is a large, acrobatic and quite terrifying tom), who worked his way into our affections by his likeness to the dear departed, then Stripey,

modest and with a silent mew, Old Tige, battered and mournful of face and a dreadful liar, a real old soldier, saying he hadn't had a bite for three days when he'd come straight from his owner's milk pail, Snubby Nose, who was rather like a chorus girl, Pushkin, who had a literary owner, and then Those Two. Those Two were the homeless, a Fluffy and a plain.

It appeared that four kittens were born in the barn and not discovered until it was too late. "Well, you couldn't do nothing, could you," excused my neighbour, "we never came across them till their eyes was open, well you couldn't drown 'em then. Anyway Father couldn't, he's much too soft." So the neighbour took two, one of whom is Stripey, and the other Snubby Nose, which left Those Two to fend for themselves. Well, fend they did, pretty successfully until the word went round that there were some new people at the Thatched Cottage who had the right attitude towards cats.

It was only too obvious that one of the two was about to become a mother. Equally obvious when the event was over. In any case she was terribly hungry. So all the other cats had to take second, third

and fourth places. Saucers of this and that were saved and put out for the Nursing Mother (which is her permanent name now), and also, because we couldn't help it or bear the reproachful look on her face, for her Orphan Sister (also a now permanent name).

"This village has too many cats" we said, hardening our hearts, "someone must do something about those kittens." We said this often enough and then heard that someone had. That our neighbour had sent "Father" about his horrid task and that he had done his duty, all but one kitten, who had run off, having been dealt with. "It seems a shame" we said, "but we can't manage to support them." We felt rather guilty because Those Two had managed pretty well on the whole, and it seemed a bit hard that they shouldn't have a kitten or so. We needn't have worried.

"Do you see what I see?" and "But I thought Mr. H. had..." but he couldn't have been very successful, for there was the Nursing Mother outside the back door, smiling all over her face and introducing two of the most charming black kittens you ever saw.

"I knew," she seemed to say, "that once I could get them past the awkward age, you'd be bound to fancy them."

"It's awful," we grumbled, "how can we have them, it's bad enough to have to feed the dog, although of course cats do eat a great many bits of things that he can't manage—anyway, we mustn't encourage them." Proceeding not to encourage them by weakly giving them breakfast each day. You simply couldn't do anything else, for the moment they heard the bathroom tap go, there would be the Nursing Mother emerging from the raspberry thicket with those two bits of black fluff covorting around so hopefully. And then, with a remarkable sense of time, she would bring them again each evening at 5.30 to clear up the dog's dinner, waiting patiently until he had finished with his dish.

"But you give him too much," I protested, "he always leaves some." "Of course he does, and I must, it's for the Nursing Mother!"

The final straw came today when, pouring with rain as it was, I had to leave a comfortable potato box outside for a shelter for them. On my return to dinner I found that *their* dinner was ready in the box, two very dead mice. Could any hint be plainer, it's clear that we need some cats to keep down the mice, so what's the good of saying No More Cats?

Cats, Kittens and Cameras

By A. GALEOTA



Self Portrait.

CATS generally are not camera shy although some are very temperamental when photographed.

During my thirty years of photographic experience I have been able to make quite a study of cat photography, and I am writing these few hints and ideas just to help the cat-lovers who like to take interesting pictures of their pets. Specially in view of the wide-

spread and ever growing popularity of this fascinating hobby.

Practically all my cat pictures including the ones illustrating this article, are not casual candid shots (good candid shots are not easy to take). These pictures are all framed in my mind in advance and when I think the season, the day, and the cat's humour is right, I then set to work, mostly,

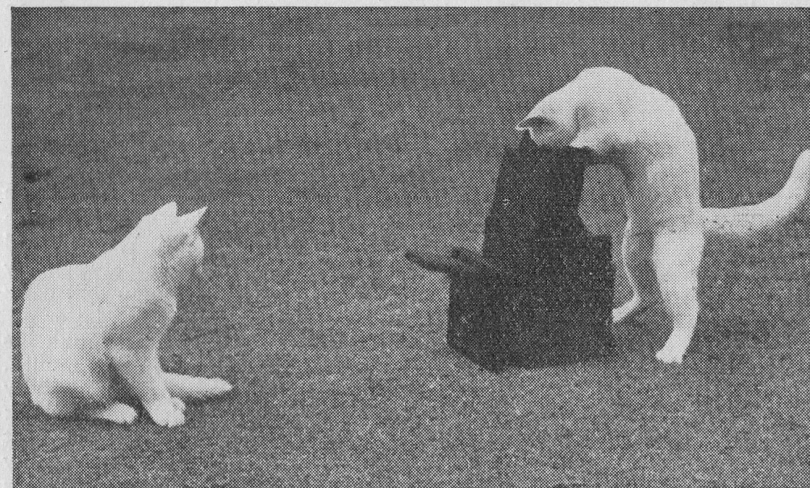
single handed but at times with the patient collaboration of my wife.

I like to photograph cats in quick action, jumping or playing, and in natural attitudes of everyday life. The picture must tell a story and not be only a portrait of a cat. Therefore I always pre-arrange the set, choosing a suitable spot in the garden, with appropriate background. The background is of course very important and should be simple and possibly monochrome and be a good distance away without interfering with the subject. Blue cloudy sky offers great possibilities for a striking picture, if panchromatic material is used in conjunction

with a yellow or orange filter.

"Self Portrait" was taken indoors, table and chair being placed to suit the natural diffused light. The camera was fixed on a sturdy tripod, focussed and set beforehand and the shutter fitted with a long pneumatic release which I comfortably held in my hand unseen. "Perla" the little female kitten would always come and make a fuss of me whenever given a chance, so I had no difficulty but to wait for her to get into the right place and attitude. The exposure given was 1/5th of a second and Ilford soft graduation plates used.

The two white kittens with my reflex camera, are also the



Hold it!

result of a properly prepared scene. The camera for photographing was fixed on tripod and the reflex camera placed on freshly cut lawn. For a radius of three feet round the reflex everything was in sharp focus. It was a cloudy August afternoon with strong diffused light. The shutter was set at 1/500th of a second. My long pneumatic release was used while with the assistance of my wife we managed to coax the kittens into getting an interest in the black mysterious object and very soon I got what I wanted. We two of course keeping just far enough away not to spoil the picture.

My advice to all beginners is always to get their pets in a suitable spot. Do not force them, but interest them to get there with a piece of string or other preferred game. Avoid having the cat in full sunlight or strong artificial illumination

I have a very intelligent "marmalade" and white cat named "Sam," he is most affectionate but also a mighty hunter, bringing in birds, mice and young rabbits—all alive and unharmed in his gentle mouth. Weasels and Stoats he first kills before laying them by my bed, if possible between my fur-lined bedroom slippers, so that it is up to me to look somewhat carefully in the half light of the early morning before putting on the latter.

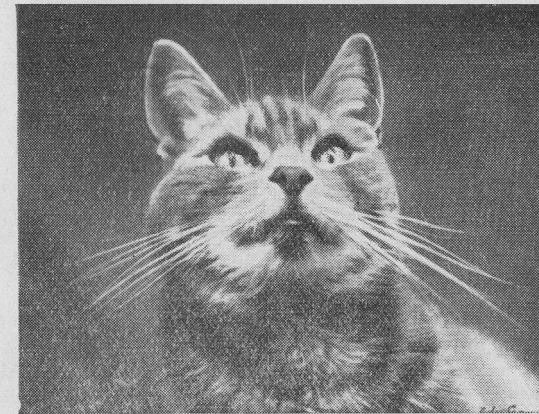
Yesterday evening Sam surpassed himself. I saw him come through his little trap-door always left open for him, with something in his mouth. Following him to the sitting room I was amazed to find him gazing wildly up at the ceiling where a large bat was flying up and down! I cannot think how he managed to catch it; my husband saw it too, and he confirms that it really was a bat. We opened all the windows and eventually it flew away apparently quite unharmed. I wonder if any of your other reader's cats have ever caught a bat?

Sent by Mrs. Dorothy Dix.

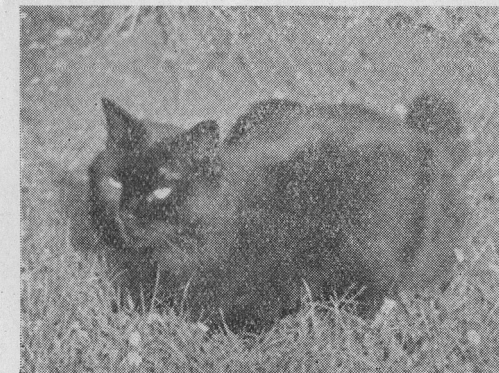
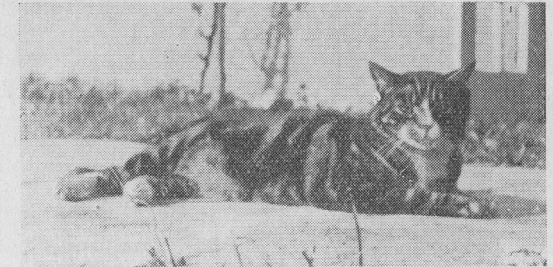
direct in their faces or time after time they will turn the head away. Patience and perseverance are more important than the price of the camera. You will sooner or later be rewarded by getting your cat in a charming attitude and then it is up to the photographer to be quick and not miss the opportunity. If you do get a really fine picture and intend to submit it for publication or sell for commercial purpose whether you do your own developing and enlarging it is indispensable that the enlargement should be of a fair size, strong and sharp with full range of tone. Use white paper with glossy or at least satin surface; small grey prints are useless. Do not get disheartened by adverse criticism of your friends but remember that what counts is the decision of the Editor and such decision is final.

Readers' Own Pets

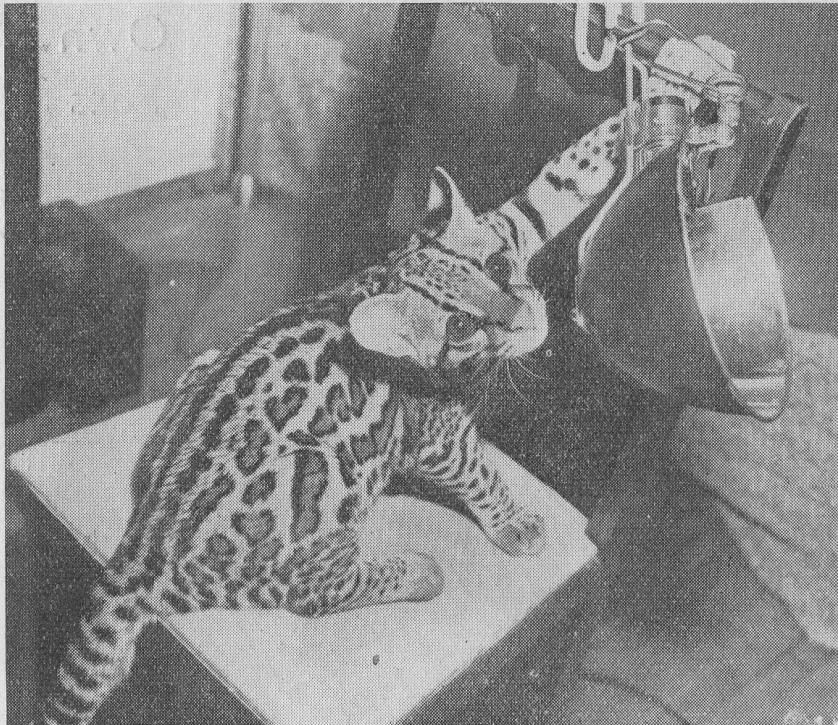
Prize winning
Manx "Rumpie,"
sent by Mrs.
Whitehead.



James, the nine
year old pet of
Susan Roberts,
aged 13½ years.

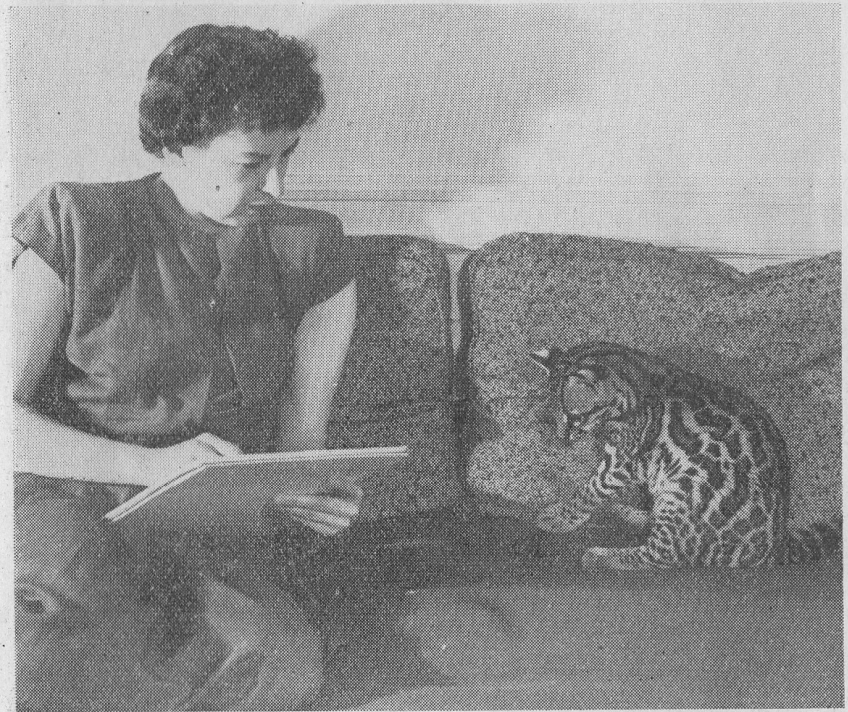


Henry, the pet
of Mrs. D.
Bartlett.



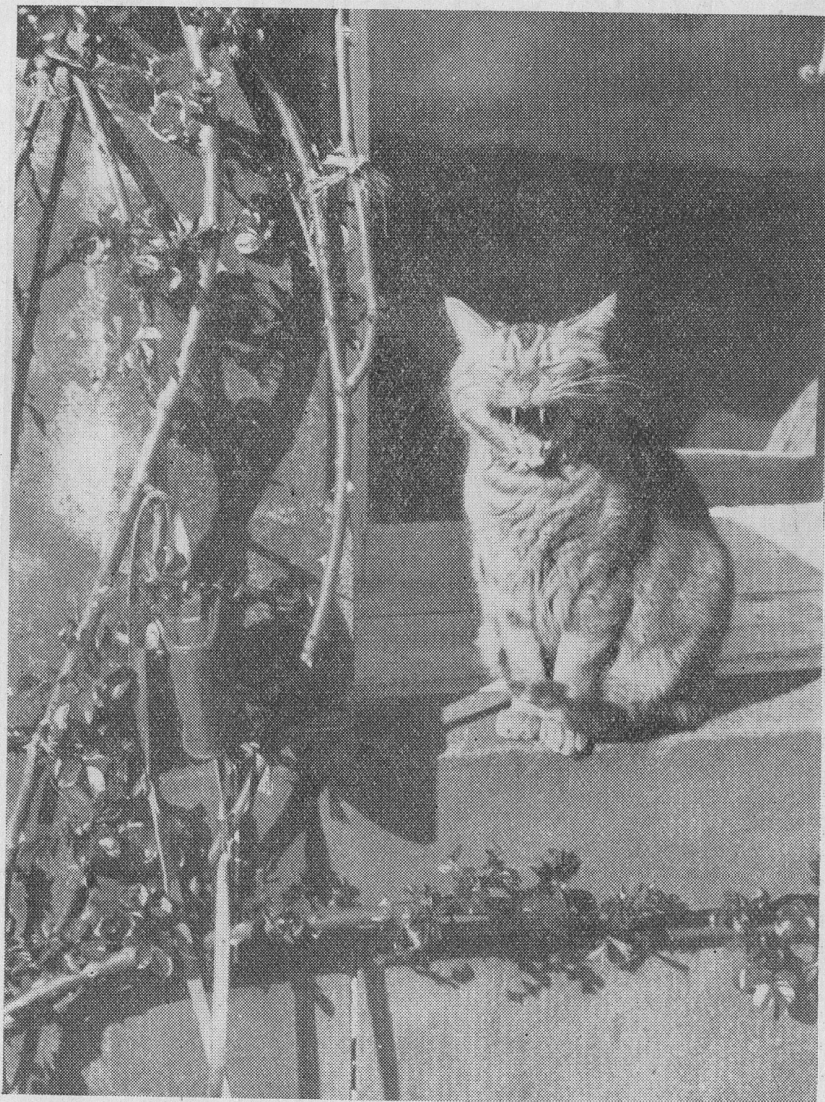
Keystone

Any Offer for an Ocelot?



Keystone

Mrs. Clare T. Newberry, famous for her drawings of cats, bought a month old kitten which turned out to be an ocelot, and when only four months old it weighed 10 pounds. When fully grown it will weigh about five stone! She is trying to find a new home for her pet.



Pepper

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA

THIS month it will not be so much Your Cat and Ours as Your Magazine and Ours, there being a few Magazine details we should like to tell you about.

Until a short time ago we were barely able to supply all our readers with copies, and any request for a back number was pretty hopeless. Then we managed to raise enough paper to print a few hundred more. Now a large quantity of these have been absorbed, but we still have a number of spare copies to dispose of, and we do want to sell them all. This is where you come in!

Many people do not know of our existence, we were speaking on the phone to an Animal Welfare Society, when the voice at the other end said "What is Cats and Kittens? I have never heard of it, could you please send me a copy?"—so please will all you faithful readers and friends help us to sell our extra magazines. What about that birthday coming soon? a subscription to C. and K. would be a nice gift—without coupons—for a friend who loves cats. Get your copies from your local newsagent, he will be able to get them, or from the Cats and Kittens office, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

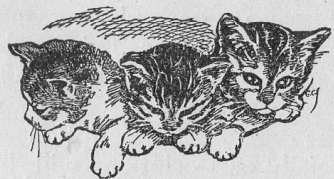
The next thing is that this year in addition to the usual calendar, we are publishing a series of six Christmas cards in packets. The details are not yet available, but they will be very attractive and we thought you would like to know in advance.

From the beginning of July until the 19th the Editor will be on holiday, so would contributors of stories, articles, photographs, etc. very kindly save them up until after that date, also readers' personal letters to the Editor. This would be a great help to our small staff. All general correspondence, orders and subscriptions—especially subscriptions will be dealt with as usual.

We are often reminded of the late Mrs. Cox-Ife's amusing little poem "Curiosity" from Cats in Rhyme which you probably know, it goes like this.

The Curiosity of cats
Is something quite astonishing
They peer and pry and pat
and poke
Their noses into everything.
They're always asking
"When?" or "Why?"
And "Who?" and "How?"
and "What's this thing?"
And "Is it good to eat or not?"
They cant keep out of any-
thing.

Recently we had some electric wires laid for power, which meant floor boards up here, there and everywhere. Our Three had a wonderful time, they disappeared down a hole in the bathroom re-appearing in single file up through the floor by the sitting room fireplace, down another hole in the hall—this went on for a long time and at last the electrician said "We're boarding up now M'am better have a roll call! So we had a roll call and all was well.



'RAINBOW' NOTEPAPER

Specially Designed
for CHILDREN

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

Price 1/6 per packet of 30 folded sheets.

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

Obtainable from: CATS AND KITTENS, 1, Grosvenor Crescent,
St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Whilst we are speaking of Mrs. Cox-Ife's poems we should like to say that Cats in Rhyme by Lindy Lou, written by her of course, have always been published at 2/9d. postage free. We now find that we can put them on sale at 1/9d. postage free.

In case you have not met this little book, we should like to say that we think it the most charming collection of "Cats to the Life!" verses that we have ever come across.

RESEAL LABELS

Printed with these designs:—

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

and Mark Twain quotation:—

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

Price 1/3 per packet (50).
(Post free).

Some True Tales of Cats and their Adventures

By TREVOR HOLLOWAY

SOME folk imagine that cats are not so intelligent as dogs. For many years I have been interested in stories of cats and their adventures and I feel certain that such people are very much mistaken. Here are a few tales which illustrate the remarkable reasoning power some cats possess.

A stray cat named Billy was adopted by the staff at Churston Station, near Paignton, Devon, and soon became a great favourite with the regular passengers.

Every day, in open defiance of railway regulations, Billy jumped aboard the train for Brixham (without paying his fare, of course!) and on arrival walked sedately down to the fish quay and had a grand feed. When he could eat no more he made his way back to Brixham Station and caught the next train home! Who says that's not intelligence?

A few years ago a society was engaged in trapping half-wild and starving cats on a site where houses were being re-built. One cat in particular seemed very reluctant to be caught, so it was decided to tempt it into the open by setting down a dish of food.

Shortly after, a watcher saw the feeble creature appear, dragging behind it another cat who was too weak to reach the food itself. Surely this is proof of a cat's reasoning power?

In a letter to the Press, a Manchester cat-owner tells the story of two cats who made use of the judgment of Solomon! Both cats

gave birth to kittens at about the same time, and each was convinced that all the kittens belonged to itself. The feud was very bitter and the climax came one day when both cats came face to face—one carrying a kitten in her mouth. Each struggled for possession, and the kitten was killed in the fray!

Jeep was a ship's mascot who refused to go to sea in war-time. He always knew when his ship, H.M.S. Woolston, was preparing for sea, and stepped ashore just before she sailed. But Jeep was always waiting on the dock-side for the Woolston to return. He knew full-well that the ship's cook would have a few dainties saved up for him!

As you know, it is sometimes necessary to remove or destroy newly-born kittens. This will often cause a cat to go to great trouble to beg, borrow or steal another family upon which to lavish her mother-love. If a cat cannot find more kittens, she will often "adopt" other creatures. Several cats have brought home young squirrels from the woods, and reared them quite successfully.

Ermintrude was a Cornish cat who was unable to find any kittens to make up for her own loss. Then, one day beside a pond, she spotted a moorhen with a newly-hatched brood of six chicks. Watching for a suitable opportunity, she waded out to the nest, carefully lifted out one of the chicks and bore it home in triumph!

For the Children

WE have got an Old English Long Haired Tabby cat called Tigger. My sister has a small dairy farm, and as she was being troubled by mice we tried to persuade Tigger to live down there, by giving him a saucer of milk every milking time and making him sleep there.

From the first he showed signs of making friends with a cow called Countess. When in the morning my sister went into the stable there was Tigger asleep in Countess's manger, from then on they were firm friends, Countess will kiss poor Tigger and knock him quite over, but he takes it all in good part.

The other day we actually found him on Countess's back trying to wash her!

He takes his position of stable cat very seriously, and mouses very hard, but he is very pleased to come up to the house and sleep during the day.

We have two other cats, Smoke a blue persian, and my own cat, Nicholas, a white persian.

Stella Sandford (14).

MAY I begin by saying how I look forward to the arrival of your magazine. For quite a long time we couldn't get it, but I am glad to say it is now delivered regularly at our house.

I love all animals, but cats are my special favourites.

I have two of my own. A Persian called Mr. Septimus Grey and a Siamese called Chiang. They are very intelligent. When Mummy is writing letters, they sit watching her and as she addresses the envelopes, they run to the door expectantly. They walk with her to the posting box and as she is near-



"My name is Archibald,
And I'm climbing up a tree;
I hope you like this picture,
Of clever little me."

Ilse Harvey (10).

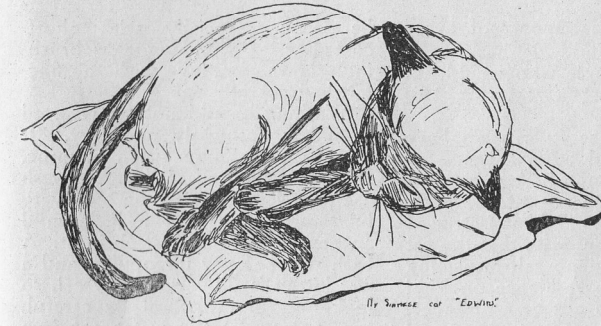
ing it Mr. Grey runs a little ahead and touches the box with his nose showing he knows why they have come out, Chiang the Siamese always looks both ways before crossing the road.

I had a story about my pets broadcast last December in Northern Children's Hour. It was called "Mr. Grey Chats About the Family." The organiser congratulated me over the air. I was very thrilled.

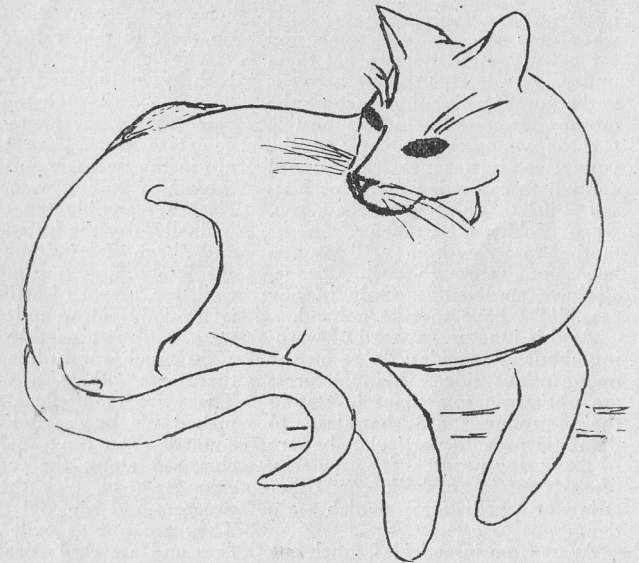
I wish we could have a Cat Show in our town. I have never seen one.

Julian Allan (9 years).

Winning Drawings in the Children's Competition



First Prize
Winner
Drawn by
Leila
Proctor,
aged 13½
years



First Prize
Winner
under 11
years.
Drawn by
Felicity
Bateman,
aged 10¾
years

FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

Fleas are a Nuisance

FLEAS are the bugbear of every cat-owner, and I have even come across people who would not consider keeping a cat for this reason.

Well, let's face it: cats **do** have fleas, any furred animal has fleas, and I just do not believe anyone who tells me "Oh my cat has never had a flea on him!" If it is true, I feel it can only indicate that the cat is below par and no self-respecting flea will take up residence on him!

But fleas need not be a nuisance, to the cat or its owner. A normal healthy cat will always keep on top of his fleas, so to speak. There is, however, one stage in a cat's life when fleas can be troublesome, and the cat may need help to get them under control. This usually happens at the point in kittenhood where the mother has ceased being responsible for the youngster's toilet and the youngster is not yet experienced enough to care adequately for himself. Such a point is reached, too, when a kitten is taken from its mother to a new home. All my cats have gone through such a stage, all have survived it. Only in one case did I have to take a hand.

At this juncture, a word of warning about insecticides: do be on the over-cautious side. Manufacturers are optimistic sometimes in stating their products are harmless to domestic pets. In particular, beware of using dog powders for cats; they often contain carbolic or other stringent palliatives which are dangerous to cats.

Apart from insecticides, much can

be done—especially with short-coated cats—with vigorous brushing, and combing with a fine-toothed comb.

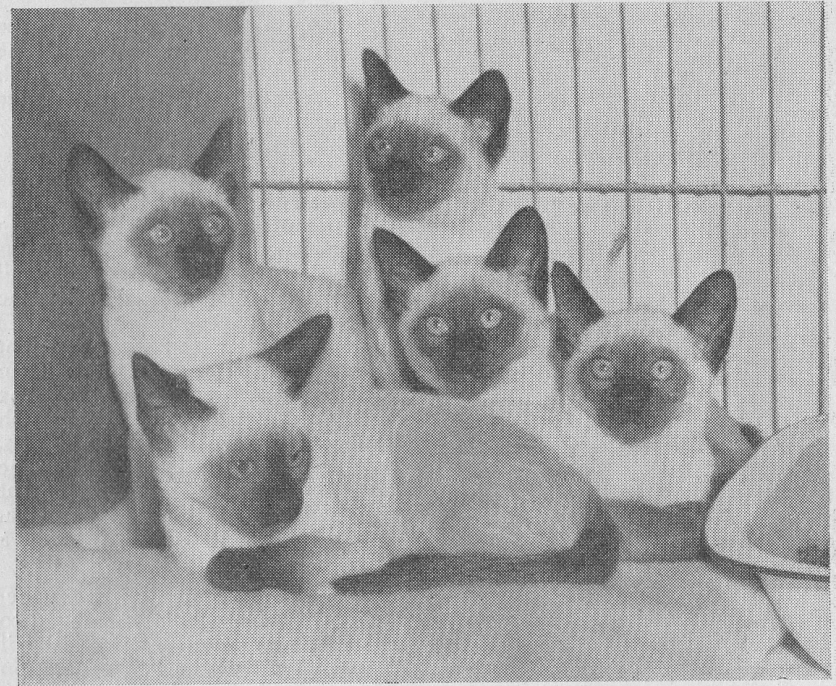
Washing should not be resorted to unless absolutely necessary. It was, with that one kitten of mine. If you decide you really must wash a kitten, let the water be only very luke-warm, and put a little mild antiseptic such as Dettol in it. A bath will be very unpopular, and a wet kitten is slippery as any eel, so look out for scratches! Be careful, too, not to let the water get into the ears—on the other hand, wet round the base of the ears straight away, to prevent the fleas rushing up there to take refuge.

The fleas will not be killed by the bath but only dazed. You will then have to go through the coat with a pair of tweezers, removing the comatose pests. Give each a sharp nip in the tweezers and drop it into a basin of **boiling** water beside you. Fleas are terribly tenacious of life!

Finally, dry the kitten thoroughly, and keep it indoors till it is absolutely fluffy again. If it is a cool day, a spot of artificial warmth is a good idea, and a drink of warm milk is advisable in any case.

So much for ordinary fleas, but there are others, a summer pest. These are rabbit fleas and may be picked up by cats living in the country. You can usually see them clustered along the edges of the ears. Remedy, pick them off with tweezers and nip and drown them. They are not as agile as ordinary fleas and are easily dealt with.

For The Small Breeder



Associated Press.

A litter of Siamese kittens photographed at the 1946 Siamese Show

The Chinchilla By S. E. ARCHER

FEW cat lovers will quarrel with the statement that the Chinchilla is one of the most beautiful varieties, and to many its grace and delicate colouring make it the most beautiful of all cats.

Unfortunately, however, the quality of present-day stock seems to be lower than it was in pre-war days apart from those few outstanding animals which were born in 1939 or earlier.

At the shows the classes attract few entries, and those which are shown, apart from a few notable exceptions, are lacking in some of those qualities which are considered essential to the first-class Chinchilla.

The reasons for this loss of quality are not hard to find. Certainly during the war years there were few breeders of this variety, and as one can see in the list of registrations published by "Fur and

Feather," kittens born are very few in number. Furthermore, any variety in which there are few studs at public service, particularly when the pedigrees of several of these show a fairly close relationship, is bound to deteriorate.

The standard demands a brick red nose, yet few cats seen today excel in this attractive feature. The colour of the nose changes from day to day, and even during the day, but there is definitely room for improvement.

Eye colour should be emerald green, but few modern specimens are really good in this respect, and it is very difficult to know in what direction to turn to find an out-cross to bring about any improvement. If there were a wide selection of good Silver Tabbies, one might try this cross despite the fact that one would be introducing tabby markings which had to be bred out before the modern Chinchilla was produced. There is little hope of help here, however, for Silver Tabbies are much less numerous than Chinchillas. Type would certainly not be improved by this cross.

The only real hope of improvement seems to lie in the cross with a Blue. This is no new idea, for the cross has been made on a number of occasions, but few breeders who have tried the experiment have persevered sufficiently. This is not at all surprising, for the Blue/Chin. is not a recognised breed. One may produce many kittens which are neither Blues nor Chinchillas, and even those Blues which are produced from the mating together of the cross-bred generation will invariably be well below standard.

The only successful method of using this cross is for several breeders to carry out the experimental matings, and then to make available for each other the more

successful results. In this way the time needed to produce first-class Chinchillas from cross mating should be appreciably reduced.

I have myself started along these lines, but the continuation of the experiment has so far not met with much success, and much patience will be required to achieve any worthwhile benefits.

An outstanding female Chinchilla was mated to a Blue male of pale colour and of excellent type. From this mating a pale female kitten was kept. At birth she was to all appearances a Chinchilla, and as she developed she retained many of the desired qualities. Type was excellent and colour was good apart from rather heavy ticking on the shoulders. The one feature which spoiled the cat as a Chinchilla was, as one expected, eye colour. The orange eye of the Blue is dominant to the green eye of the Chinchilla, and thus orange eyes with only a trace of green appeared.

Using the terms of the geneticist, this "Chinchilla" belonged to the F.1. generation. Theoretically if two members of the F.1. generation were mated together and four kittens were produced, one should have green eyes, two a mixture of green and orange which, allowing for the dominance of orange, would certainly not look green, and the fourth kitten would have orange eyes. I say theoretically because these proportions would only be found correct when one was dealing with a large number of kittens. When dealing with as small a number as four it is quite likely that all would appear with orange eyes of various shades. On the other hand, if the F.1. generation is back-crossed to Chinchilla, the expectation would be that half the kittens would have green eyes although dominance would still exert its

influence.

Thus the back-cross appeared likely to achieve the desired result and was the one selected. Four kittens were produced and all appeared to be Chinchillas. Queens, however, have no respect for scientific endeavour as on the second night the exhausted lady overlaid three of her family.

The survivor was a female and developed into a pale but nicely ticked Chinchilla. Once again the weakness was eye colour which was a yellow green. Although this is thus a story of failure for the present, the F.1. female still survives for a repetition of the experiment, and sooner or later the eye colour will be satisfactory. A Chinchilla which won full championship honours has been produced in this way, Champion Taurus, and there is no reason why the success should

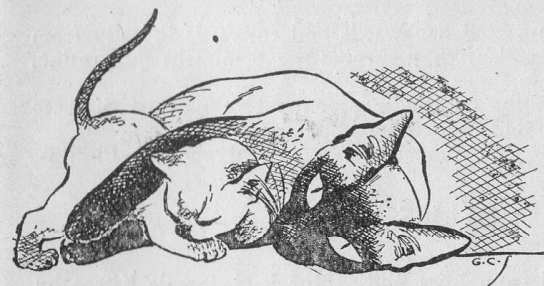
not be repeated.

The advantages are improvement in type, a quality in which Blues excel. Strength of bone should also be increased provided that the right type of Blue male is selected. Ticking would also be more well defined than it is in most modern specimens.

Just one word of warning! The kittens produced from these cross-matings will not be pure breeding for at least three generations, if not more. Thus explain to any purchaser what he may expect if he uses such animals for breeding. The appearance of a cat may be deceptive in that it will not necessarily show its genetical make-up. It would therefore be far better not to breed from such animals apart from those specimens needed to carry on the experiment.

CAT LOVERS' WRITING PADS

Supplied with the following designs :



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

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

PACKETS (assorted designs and colours) 2/6 (50 sheets) and 4/6 (100 sheets) post free.

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

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

Meet The Breeders

AN EXPENSIVE PAIR OF SIAMESE KITS.

READERS may be interested to know of this rather curious occurrence. Last September, my Siamese Queen produced a fine litter of six kittens (by Penybryn Mont out of Bransgore Charmer), which I sold with great ease and rapidity.

Two I sold to a man and his wife who were going out to New Zealand in five days time, and there was much activity having a travelling box made, etc., etc. The kittens were perfect little pets, full of beans, and their new owners' chief anxiety was whether or not they were going to get a cabin to themselves on the ship where they could have the kittens with them.

From Port Said I had an air mail letter, however, saying all was well, that they had a lovely cabin to themselves, the kittens were in boisterous health, eating enormously, and worshipped by all on board.

Then last Sunday I read in the "Graphic" under the heading of "The Kittens on the Quays" that on the arrival of the ship at Sydney, the poor mites had been refused admission because the owners had filled up the health certificate wrongly. They had paid sixteen guineas for their fares, plus a surety bond for fifty pounds, and that they were to be sent back to this country for which they would have to pay a further seventy-five pounds in quarantine fees, fares, etc.

As they have had to pay so much, and are great siamese lovers, I am wondering what will be the next step.

Those two poor babes, buffeted backwards and forwards literally from world's end to world's end, will, if they survive the 6 months quarantine, possibly cross the world again.

I should imagine they **might** be the most expensive pair of Siamese kittens of nine weeks (when sold) on record.

L. Dubois-Phillips.

BLUES

MISS Fisher has purchased from Miss Bull a Blue L.H. female Kitten by Playmate of the Court SX Pansy of Pensford. Playmate, Miss Albrecht's noted stud, sire of so many winners is a wonderful sweet Blue with a wealth of coat, but we all wish his mistress was in better health to enjoy the Oxley proess.

Since now I am the owner of Tulip of Knott Hall, I was delighted to note two wins of her brother and two sisters at the Notts. and Derby Ch. Show. Mr. Felix Tomlinson their breeder gets splendid coats on his stock, and they are always shown to perfection. His pets are pals and respond.

Mrs. Clarke showed my daughter some excellent photos of her Blues the other day, and Miss Langston also had a goodly batch of studies of the Allington's.

I had an enquiry from the Isle of Man for a Blue female kitten for breeding. I hope the delightful little Manx is not being forgotten. For the benefit of the novice, may I remark there are pale Blues, medium Blues and dark Blues, all carrying the same points and as much evenness as possible, perhaps the pale shade is the most popular.

G. Campbell-Fraser.

COVENTRY CAT SHOW

THE Cat Section run in conjunction with the Coventry Fur Fanciers on May 3rd was most disappointing as only ten cats were entered. Mrs. Phil. Gardner worked awfully hard to make this section a success, it was a great pity it didn't get more support. Of course, May is a very bad month to run a show as most queens are either nursing families, or are in kitten, the studs too are busy. The cats were penned in a separate room and the lighting was excellent.

Blue M. and F.Ad. 1st Mrs. Gardner's Ronada Debonair. A very fine Blue male, pale sound coat of lovely texture, excellent type, nice wide open eyes of good colour. 2nd Mrs. Bastow's Westbridge Angela. Blue female of ultra modern type, good bold eyes (one just a little weepy) pale coat, very full short brush. 3rd Miss M. Sherburn's Blue Jeepers. Another good male, lovely pale coat, glorious eyes, beautifully shown. ex. 3rd. Mrs. Jones Nicky Leroy. Blue male of fair type, fails head and ears to winners. Abs. Dawn of Laburnham. A. V. Neuter. 1st. Mrs. Tolley's Blue Caliph. Massive Blue Persian in grand form, well presented. 2nd. Same owner, Tinkie. Pretty black and white Persian female, beautiful copper eyes, lovely soft coat. 3rd. Miss Rainbow's Blue Robin of Laburnham. A very nice Blue Persian male, coat very rusty, needed more show preparation. R. Mrs. Tolley's Peter Piper. A white and black persian. A lovely little pet, in grand condition.

Many thanks to Mrs. Phil. Gardner, my most able steward who filled the breach as Mr. Barker was unable to attend.

D. Brice-Webb.

CATS IN RHYME by Lindy Lou, with 24 black and white illustrations and 2-colour cover. Reduced price 1/9 post free.

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.

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

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

WE HELP
THE
STRAYS
THE SICK
AND THE
UNWANTED'S



WILL
YOU
HELP US
TO HELP
THEM?

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

Please Address Your Donations and Enquiries to:—

THE CATS' PROTECTION LEAGUE "TAILWAVERS"
29, CHURCH STREET, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Mrs. L. FRANCE

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

At Stud :

SCO-RUSTON

GALADIMA

Young, Virile, Typey, Glorious Eye-Colour.

Fee 2 gns. and return carriage.

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

Kittens despatched from London.

MRS. L. K. SAYERS

Southwood Cattery

BLUE POINT AND SEAL POINT SIAMESE
AT STUD.

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

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

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

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

Southwood Farm, Farnborough,
Hants.

Tel. Farnborough 773

DANEHURST CATTERY

BLUE PERSIANS
BLUE CHINCHILLAS
CREAMS

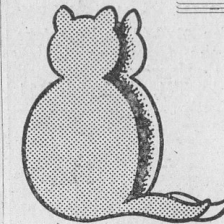
Kittens only sold to good homes.

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

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

DANEHURST,
SWAINES ROAD,
BEMBRIDGE, I.O.W.

'Phone: Bembridge 291.



First-Class
Pedigree
CATS

SIAMESE
PERSIANS
(Blue, Black or Smoke),
CHINCHILLAS

Kittens usually available

CATS AT STUD.

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

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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

At Stud

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

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

BLUE POINT at Stud, proved Sire, RAARD BLUE SACCHI, Winner of two Firsts. N.C.C. Dam, Prestwick Blue Pettie, Winner of First and other awards only time shown. Sire, Ch. Zv. Azure Phandah, Grand Dam. Ch. Larchwood Lilac. Fee 2 gns. and carriage.—Mrs. Macdonald, "Woodgate," London Road, Ewell, Surrey. Phone Ewell 4181.

DUFFINGTON MICHAEL, Seal Point SIAMESE, vigorous young son of Parkhill Scatterbrain. Fee 2 gns.—Duffington Kennels and Cattery, Helena, Church Road, Ramsden Bellhouse, Billericay, Essex.

OXLEYS PETER JOHN and OXLEYS TOMMY LAD. Fee £2/2/0 and carriage. Both by Playmate of the Court ex Oxleys Blue Pearl.—Mrs. D. H. Harrington-Harvard, Milford Lodge, Stafford. Tel. Milford 351.

Breeders' Cards

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

MRS. D. M. BENBOW, Downderry Lodge, Downderry, Torpoint, Cornwall. BLUES AND CREAMS (L.H.).

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

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

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

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

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

Breeders' Cards—contd.

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

MRS. D. HALL, 54 & 55, Pole Street, Preston, Lancs. THE "BARBILLE" SIAMESE CATS.

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

MRS. EIREANNE MARLOW, 38, Vereker Road, London, W.14. Fulham 6201. "EIREANNE" BLUE PERSIANS. Blue Persian at Stud.

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

For Sale

LOVELY BLUE KITTENS, 2 female, 1 male, by Tancor Boy Blue. 4 & 5 gns.—"Oakleigh," Lower Road, Sunbury, Middx.

PEDIGREE SIAMESE Kittens, Seal Pointed, from winning parents.—Mrs. Bateson, 40, St. Davids Road, South, St. Annes-on-Sea.

SIAMESE Kittens, S.P. Pedigree reg. from Challenge Certificate winner, 1946, 5 gns. 8 gns.—Mackenzie, Slades Cross, Combe St., Nicholas, Somerset.

LOVELY KITTENS at reasonable prices to Cat Lovers only, semi-Persian.—Mrs. Donaldson, North Lodge, Colesgrove, Cheshunt, Herts.

MRS. HEATH'S PARADISE CYNTHIA and P. SELENE have fine Seal Point SIAMESE Kits. by MRS. BUFFARD'S PARK HILL TRITOMA. Several ch. each pedigree. Enquiries, 138, Nightingale Road, Carshalton, Surrey. Telephone: Wallington 3055.

SIAMESE Kittens, Sire Sealsleeve Shah Gentil, Dam Shantung Salla. Males 6 gns. females 4 gns., ready mid-July.—Barnes, 53, Watford Road, Radlett, Herts.

MISTY (Blue Shorthair) and JUDY (Black) are Cats of especially attractive character. Very good homes are wanted for their Kittens, healthy, house-trained, used dogs. Price according to colour, sex 15/- to £1. No long rail journeys.—Miss Breeze, Kingston, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.

(Continued on next page)

For Sale—contd.

SIAMESE KITTENS, males 6 gns., females from 3 gns. Good homes essential.—Prichard, Powler's Piece, E. Putford, Holsworthy, Devon.

PEDIGREE CREAM and BLUE CREAM Kittens for sale.—Write Box 10, c/o. "Cats and Kittens."

SIAMESE Kittens, highest pedigree, beautiful eye colour, house trained. Sire Oriental Silky Boy.—Mrs. G. Bush, Flat 1, Block 8, Caerwent, Nr. Chepstow, Mon.

Miscellaneous

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

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

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

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

HAVE WE HAD YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

A few additional copies are now available each month for subscribers. This is your opportunity if you have been unable to obtain your copies in the past. Orders may be placed with your News-agent or Bookseller, or direct with the Publishers, CATS & KITTENS, 1, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, SUSSEX.

RATES—13/- (post free) per annum
6/6 " " for six issues

ORDER FORM:—

Please send me the next.....issues of "Cats & Kittens," for which I enclose

remittance for.....

Name.....

Address.....

Introducing TYPIC PANDA



A grand new stud by SHREWSBURY ROMEO, out of PHANTOM BEAUTY. Has the glorious eye-colour and wonderful temperament of his illustrious forbear HOVETON EMPEROR. Mr Bishop will be pleased to collect Queens in his own car in West Sussex, East Hampshire, London & Surrey for an inclusive fee of 2 GUINEAS. Outside this area return carriage must be paid.

Mr & Mrs. C.H.J. Bishop, 212, Lagoon Rd. Pagham, Sussex. Phone: Pagham 82.