

“The Animals employed in this experiment were Cats.”

Anyone who reads the abstruse scientific journals in which the vivisectors record their procedures will often have come across that statement.

Cats are just the right size for many types of laboratory research. They are cheaper than dogs and, unlike the latter, do not make an embarrassingly loud noise when they are being ill-treated.

In a limited number of experiments the feline subjects are lucky because their brains are destroyed or their spinal chords severed at the start. In other cases insensibility is produced through anaesthetics. But here, of course, unconsciousness is only temporary, and—as explicitly sanctioned by the law—a horribly mutilated animal may come to and be allowed to live for days and weeks while its symptoms are being observed by the researcher.

All who object to the torture of cats and other animals in the alleged interests of science should support the

NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY

92, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

(Telephone : **VICtor**ia 4705).

Director : R. FIELDING-OULD, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.A.

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, Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4.

CATS *and* *kittens*

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



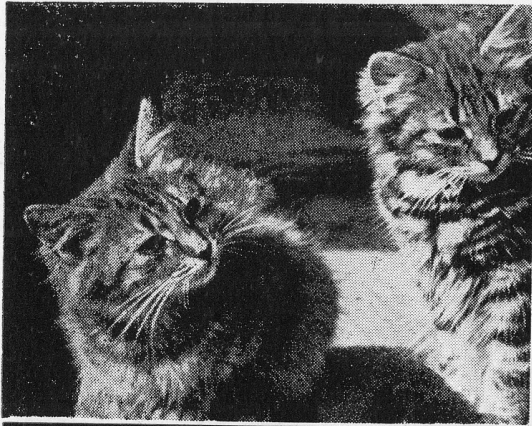
A PICTURE OF PUNCH

AUGUST, 1947.

See Pages, 4, 5 & 6

Price 1/-

This is purr-purr-perfect!



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

SPRATT'S CAT FOOD

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

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

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

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

SHERLEY'S CAT CONDITION POWDERS

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



CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER.

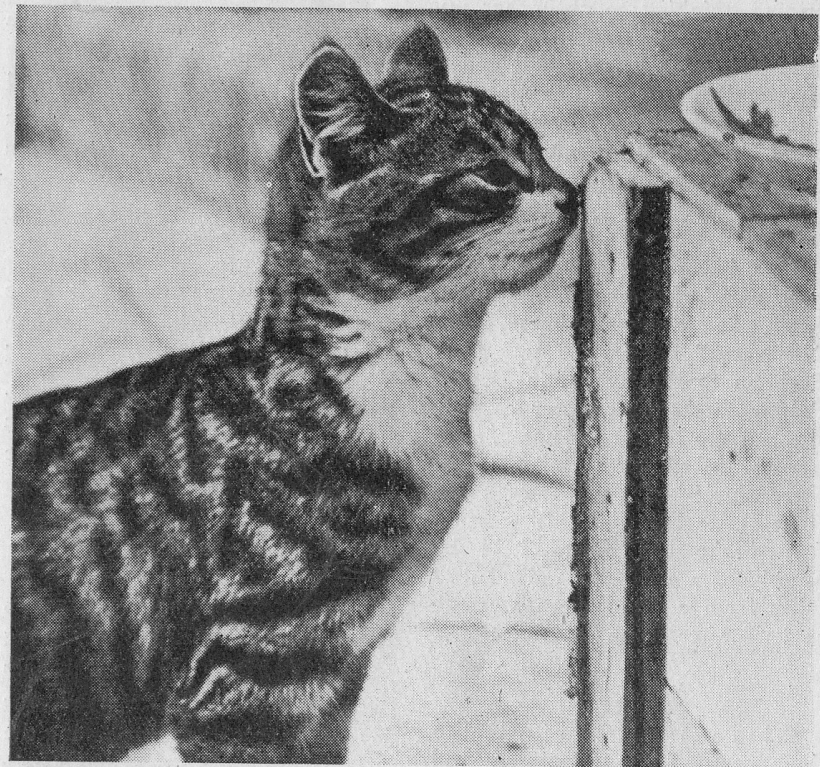
AUGUST, 1947.

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

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



Hubert Davey.

FOLLOW YOUR NOSE!

The photograph on the cover is of "Nata," by Alex. Nifosi.

Some More True Tales of Cats and their Adventures

By TREVOR HOLLOWAY

One of the strangest foster-mother stories concerns a cat that would not be comforted after having her kittens removed. Her owners, thinking to cheer her up, offered her some young rats as a tasty treat. The cat was delighted—but she didn't eat them as expected. She promptly adopted them and cared for them as though they were her own babies.

* * * *

Cats, like racing pigeons, have a most wonderful sense of direction. Peter, a black Siamese, was "evacuated" during the war from Surbiton to Ashburton, in Devon. A few weeks later Peter casually strolled into his former home, after having hiked 180 miles from Devonshire! Officials of the R.S.P.C.A. said that this amazing feat broke the record held by Whiskers, a cat who walked 172 miles from a Paddington vicarage to its former home in Doncaster.

* * * *

When a cat makes up its mind to do a certain thing, nothing will divert it from the task. A Cumberland cat-owner sent her cat in a covered van to a relation sixty miles distant. Shortly after arrival the cat gave birth to three kittens.

Three weeks later the cat arrived back at its former home—with her three kittens! Her owner stated that as the kittens could only just crawl, the cat must have carried one at a time. It would seem that the cat completed the journey in relays and probably covered well over three hundred miles. Such is a cat's tenacity.

* * * *

As a keen naturalist, I have studied many theories regarding the homing instincts of animals and birds, but am still none the wiser. Yet your own cat, stretched on the hearth before the fire, knows the answer to this riddle.

* * * *

Sometimes, for no known reason, a cat will go "native" for long periods. A friend of mine who lives close beside a Wiltshire wood, one day saw his cat disappear among the trees. It wandered home, completely unconcerned just over **two years** later, resuming all its old habits as though it had been absent only for an hour!

The

Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's (incorp) Show

This show, which was held at The Parish Hall, Vicarage Gate Kensington, on July 10th, almost qualified to be called the "Cats and Kittens Show," so great was the interest shown in it by readers. It was the first Post-War Kitten Show, and many and varied breeds of kittens made their bow to the public, together with some very lovely Neuters. An added attraction to the show, was the inclusion of Household Pets and Shop Cats, and of these I can only quote the words of the Vet. and of Mr. E. Keith Robinson, the genial Secretary of our Dumb Friends League who judged them, "we have never seen such an array of lovely cats in such wonderful order." As they came in each one seemed larger and fatter than the last, and Mr. Keith Robinson told me that he had several more grey hairs at the end of the day, after trying to pick the winners. Eventually he gave the silver cup for the best shop cat to Victor, a massive orange and white Persian, exhibited by The Yellow Cat Tea Rooms, Church Street, Kensington,—a well deserved success, and the second prize, a silver spoon, to "Korditoo," exhibited by Mr. Godfrey Clarke of North Kensington. The Silver Cup for the best Household Pet went to Mrs. Redfearn's "Bunny," another orange, but short-hair this time. The silver spoons for second and third going to Miss Stenson's "Minza," and Mrs. Towe's "Peggy." The prize for the oldest in best condition went to Mrs. Baker's "Kitcat Baker," aged 7 years, and the prize given for the best Tabby, in memory of a dearly loved pet, went to Miss Culyerwell with "Winston Culverwell." The prize for the youngest in best condition went to Mrs. Ruddell with "Scrap" and "Scrapie." The prizes were given away by Miss Rachel Ferguson, who has contributed to Cats and Kittens in the Xmas numbers, and who is, as can be imagined, a great cat lover. She was introduced in a few well chosen words by Mr. Keith Robinson. Miss Claire Dawson, another friend of Cats and Kittens was in the Hall with sketch book complete, so there are hopes that there will be some impressions of the show from her able pen at a later date.

The Cats and Kittens Stall was well patronised, but we missed our Editor, Mrs. Stacy, who was on holiday. Readers turned up by the score, and it was almost impossible to have a chat with any of them owing to the vast crowd. Had we known how popular the show was going to be we should have had to have had a larger hall, as it was, the one we had was packed to overflowing, at times it seemed as though the walls must have burst, there were so many people packed and jammed in the aisles. By 5 o'clock nearly 600 people had gone through the doors. It is interesting to note, and any of you who think that you would like to take up cat breeding as a hobby, will be interested that the chief prizes in the pedigree classes nearly all went to novice exhibitors.

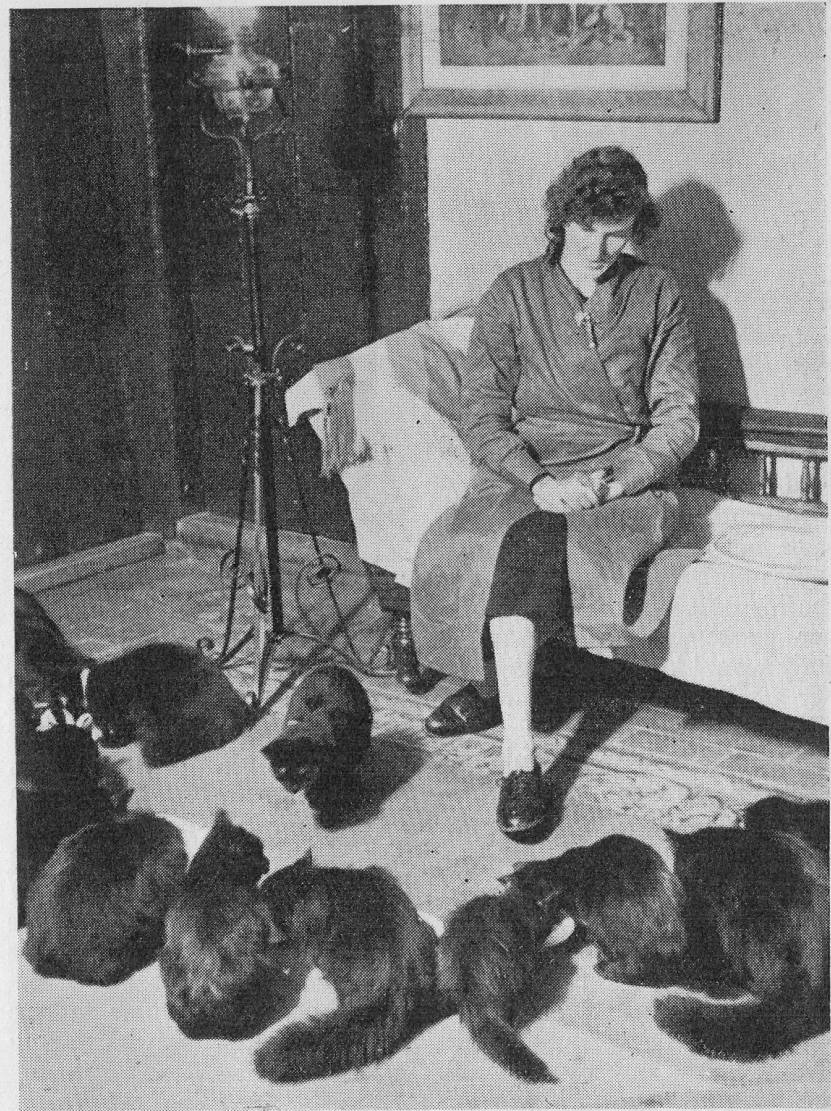
The best Short-Hair Kitten in the show, went to an enchanting little Abyssinian, bred and shown by Mrs. Anderson, this really is a fascinating breed, and the litters of them were a sight worth seeing. The breed is so rare that the breeders were only putting them up for sale to people who would carry on the breeding, but, even with this qualification many people were interested, and it will not surprise me if there are not some potential breeders of Abyssinians in the offing.

The best Neuter in Show went to Mrs. Allen's "Sammie" another who had never been before the public, and who took to it like a duck takes to water, so from being just "Sammie-Stay-at-Home" he has now become Glamour Boy No. 1 with five wins on Club Cups, and glamour engagements at forthcoming shows. The best Long Haired Neuter was Miss Mabel Ingrey's "Tudor Prince" a really lovely blue Chinchilla. Miss Ingrey had thought to put him in the Household Pet Classes, but when I saw him I asked her to put him in the pedigree classes, with this result, I hear from his owner that he is very proud of his success. Mr. Norman Fisher brought his exhibit "Prince" on a collar and lead, and the veterinary surgeon was most amused when, as they entered, Mr. Fisher said "Up," and "Prince" jumped on the table and opened his mouth for the vet. to look inside. She said that in long years of experience she had never had this happen before. Prince, however did not care for being judged, and rather objected when the stewards came to handle him. However, he got some prizes.

This first experiment in ordinary cats at Cat Shows was definitely a success, and the interest shown by the general public and the press is an indication that such shows can be very successful, as indeed this one was. It is to be hoped that this will be the forerunner of many more pet shows all over the country.

I again take this opportunity to remind readers that the Club will welcome one cat owners, and that we are hoping to have some socials for members and their friends throughout the year when their favourite topic can be discussed, and talks on Catty subjects by experts will be given.

In the pedigree classes the best in show went to Mrs. Chappell of Uxbridge, with Gaythorne Glenister, a lovely little blue Male, and a well deserved success. An interesting feature of the show was the grand array of reds, this breed is forging away since the war, and the classes were filled almost up to pre-war numbers. Another breed in which there were a considerable number of entries were the Foreign Blue Short-Hairs. Unfortunately the exhibits entered by Mrs. Parker of Kingston were absent, if this had not been so, there would have been the greatest number shown for many years. Several kittens changed hands, and it is to be hoped that their new owners will continue with their success. We hear that many people would like to come to cat shows but do not know when they are held, from October onwards there will be one a month at Lime Grove Baths, and I am advising Show Managers to put the dates in this paper. We hope to welcome many readers to these shows, and any help that they may require, should they want to know anything about the Fancy, will be gladly given by members of the Fancy. So come along and join us, and let us all help to make the Cat as popular in the home and on the show bench as the dog.



Camera Talks.

MRS. PIDDESSEN AND SOME OF HER TWENTY CATS, NEAR TONBRIDGE.

Picture of Punch

(A TABBY'S TALE)

By RICHARD OGLE

IT was a "Punch and Judy" Show,—or so the "grown ups" used to say,—because Judy a big Airedale pup, and I, the tabby kitten, used to romp together and make the children laugh.

We would eat out of the same bowl, too, but Judy had such a big mouth she always got the bigger share. Sometimes, in her excitement over a game, Judy would knock me over with her gambols, and then I would climb on to the greenhouse roof next door, where I could sit peacefully in the sunshine.

Here there was an intriguing skylight, and I would peer through to see a man seated before what "humans" call an easel making marks on canvas and paper. The "grown ups" called him an artist, and he seemed to like me, and would encourage me into his room. A tortoise used to come in as well; but it is such a dull thing for a kitten to play with.

It was quiet in the artist's room, and as he would give me



H. C. Stacy

The Author and Mr. Punch

milk, which I could lap in peace, afterwards going to sleep on his warm knees, I used to spend quite a lot of time with him, which was a rest cure from Judy.

In fact the artist and I became very friendly, and I began to take an interest in his work, often sitting on his shoulder to watch it, and sometimes putting a "paw in the pie," as he would laughingly say.

On one occasion I was turning round on his shoulder to get more comfortable, when my tail dipped into a bright piece of vermilion paint on his palette.

What a time I had with that paint! The artist tried to get it off for me, but it only spread up my tail, and the turpentine, he used, made my fur smell worse than ever.

When I waved my brightly coloured tail it made people laugh; but I couldn't see the joke, and it took a moult finally to get rid of it.

Life, however, was pretty good until one day my master and mistress suddenly began packing all their belongings. I didn't really know what they were up to; but sensed we were going to leave the house—and my artist next door.

I suppose instinct told me this, and when the day for moving came Judy got so excited she nearly knocked out one of my eyes with her wild romping.

I tried to bundle off to my artist next door, but was brought back and put in a basket.

That journey was a nightmare I shall never forget and, when I was let out of the wretched basket, I found myself in a strange house, with fields all round instead of buildings, and my nice artist had disappeared.

Of course Judy barked with delight and scampered about in the fields; but I was only intent upon finding my artist and his quiet room.

Leaving Judy to her gambols I ran across the fields until I came to a strange house that had no doors nor glass in the windows.

I had a wild hope that it might be my friend's home; but, as I was fruitlessly looking for him, some rough men came into the building and I quickly jumped down a hole in the floor, and squeezed into a dark corner.

It was a long time before my mistress found me, because the men hadn't seen me and were nailing down the floor-boards over my head. You see they were building a new house, and I should probably have been buried alive but, hearing my mistress's footsteps overhead, I had just sufficient strength left to cry out.

My mistress, who was really kind-hearted and had been as frightened as I, must have guessed why I had run away and, popping me into her basket, once more carried me away.

I wasn't nearly so frightened this time, and, when I felt we had reached our journey's end, began to sniff a familiar smell of paint!

My mistress opened the basket and there was my artist standing in front of her!

Of course I sprang straight on to his broad shoulder purring

and rubbing my head against his.

It was good to be back in the old neighbourhood once more with the familiar gardens, and my old friends on the walls.

I now lived with the artist altogether. As there was no Judy to take half my food I was thoroughly spoilt, excepting for a week or two each year, when the family would go away, as they said, for their holidays. Then I was taken to an old animal doctor, who kept me in a cage. He was very kind, and knew the cat language better than any human I ever met; but I always welcomed my artist when he came to fetch me, or sometimes the artist's son and daughter, who fussed over me almost as much as their father.

"Ah, yes," the doctor was accustomed to say as he stroked my head, "a well-nourished cat—a very well nourished cat."

So life went on peacefully for me. Visitors would admire me as I sat on the roof of the greenhouse, and make remarks about my beautiful white bib. Sometimes the artist would paint me; but, you must know, I wasn't a good sitter, because I preferred to curl up and sleep.

At last, however, my new master also moved his home.

Our new house wasn't very far away, in the same street and much the same kind of place; so

I contented myself with visiting the old home once in a way.

I could get to it by walking upon a brick wall that stretched along the bottom of all the gardens; but one evening my curiosity got the better of me, as it sometimes does with pussies, and I started to explore an empty house at some distance.

A neighbour must have opened the window, through which I climbed, for airing the house, while I was chasing some mice, because, when I came to go home, it was shut, and so I was made a prisoner.

I was shut in there for four whole days and, but for the mice, would have starved.

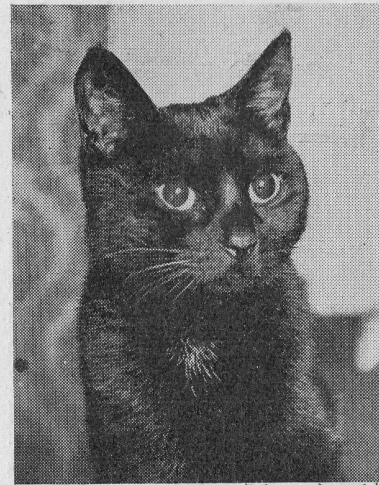
But, at last, the window was opened again and escaping I crawled home rather weak and thin.

Wasn't I made a fuss of! The artist and his family kept on feeding me until I fell asleep. I never wandered away again I can tell you.

I am now getting old and staid and disinclined for adventure, preferring to sit on the artist's lap, or in a nice soft armchair in his studio. But sometimes I pose for visitors to admire me.

One of my master's friends took the pictures you see here, showing me as rather a

(concluded on page 8).



Tinker

I remember so well, it was a bright, sunny August morning when Tinker arrived. He came from a big store in London, packed in a roomy cardboard box. Wasn't he glad to get out of it! He was just an ordinary looking black kitten, but he had the most wonderful green eyes I had ever seen. I have had many cats, but Tinker had more intelligence than any of the others. I watched him as he made a careful study of the room. He looked into every corner, jumped on every chair and table, then looked at me with his beautiful, green eyes, and gave a gentle, little mew. Just at that moment the door opened and in bounced Teddie, my six months old puppy.

Tinker

THE CAT WITH THE MAGNETIC EYES

By JESSIE ANN
HOLLISTER

"Look, here's a playmate for you," I said.

Teddie jumped up at the kitten. To my surprise the kitten was not a bit scared, but stretched his head towards the excited puppy. I put Tinker on the floor. The puppy was not quite sure of himself, and backed a pace or two, and barked a squeaky, little bark.

They became the greatest of friends, and had many a good game in the garden.

But one afternoon poor Teddie met with an accident. He was knocked over by a car, and brought home by the driver. He looked very sad as he sat in his basket, blood dripping from his poor, broken nose. Tinker soon found him. He rubbed his head on the basket. "Um, um!" he purred, but Teddie growled, "Keep away from me, I'm hurt," he seemed to say. So off went Tinker, out of the house, down the long gravel path, and over the fence at the bottom of the garden. A kindly neighbour saved bores for Teddie. She

used to put them in paper and leave them outside my garden gate in the private road. Teddie knew of this, and always looked for them and brought them home.

I was sitting in a chair on the lawn when I heard a thump, and saw a large bone fall on to the gravel path by the back gate, and Tinker jumped down after it. He dragged the bone along the path, stopping now and then to look round, and at last he reached the kitchen door. He gave a little cry at the door, for he knew Teddie was in the kitchen. I got up from my seat on the lawn and opened the

kitchen door. Tinker proceeded with the good work. He partly dragged, partly carried the gritty bone to Teddie. Teddie, forgetting his troubles for the moment, snatched the bone. Tinker sat back watching. I could see a look of satisfaction in his soft, green eyes. He did not get any thanks for his trouble. Teddie just growled when he moved, but I'm sure little Tinker did not want any thanks. I have never seen a dog do anything like this for a cat.

I could tell you many stories of Tinker. He was a wonder cat, so gentle and loving, and specially fond of dogs.

(concluded from page 6).

respectable old gentleman, who only appears "kittenish" when he sees some of his favourite liver in a glass jar and tries to hook it out!

"Heigho—life has been very full, and my old age is a pleasant one sitting quietly with the artist in his studio—helping, I hope, to make his pictures, and listening to the noise which come out of his wireless box for, you must know, I am very fond of music.

But I am coming over drowsy as I tell you my life history; for I am getting quite old—turning fifteen years in fact—and I want to go to sleep on the

artist's lap where it is warm and comfortable for a tired—though "well-nourished" old tabby cat.

Long ago, when earth was young,
Dog our true companion came,
Cat moved on her ways alone,
Even now she is not tame.
We feel pleasure when she comes
For a warm fire, and our cream,
On our laps to wash her face,
Or upon the mat to dream.
With the night her love forsakes
us,
Wild hunting instincts, make her
roam,
But in the morning we will find
her,
Safely back in her own home.
Lindsey Donaldson.

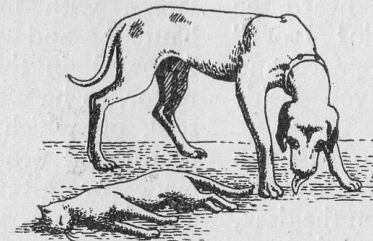
CATS OF GREAT WRITERS

By M. F. Norman



III. SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS CAT

From childhood, nearly all of us
Have loved Sir Walter Scott,
And yet, when he himself was young,
One love in him was **not**.
He did not care for cats; how strange
In such a charming boy!
But, grown to manhood's wiser years,
One cat became his joy.
Dear Hinse of Hinsefeld won his heart;
Then fifteen years sped by,
Till Nimrod—mighty hunting dog
Caused poor old Hinse to die.
One snap of Nimrod's powerful jaws,
And darling Hinse lay dead!
Sir Walter grieved: for Hinse's sake
He loved all cats, 'tis said.
So Hinse—he did not die in vain,
A gallant heart was won
To love where love was well bestowed,
When Hinse's day was done.



Illustrated by
Kathleen Spagnolo

Ivor Embarrasses Us

By MARJORIE P. WHITAKER

IVOR hates wet weather, but snow even more. One Saturday morning his green eyes gazed with disgust at the fairy-like sight of the trees, shrubs and grass delicately covered with "cotton wool."

Balked of bird stalking, he sneezed, and with his tail held high, he walked along the hall tiles, and disdainingly following Satan, my tiger cat, he sat on the mat outside my husband's study, who, incidentally, had given orders that he must on no account be disturbed for an hour at least.

"The Rector's busy. Come along with us." I ordered, knowing my husband would be concentrating on polishing up his sermon notes.

Ivor ignored my persuasions and after a baleful stare, began his elaborate toilet. I had not gone more than half a dozen yards when in answer to an imperious "Miow" I heard the rector's meek, "Hello! Ivor!" Then the door was opened and quickly shut with Ivor inside the study.

Having occasion to pass the study windows later, I saw the favoured cat, sitting on the desk, his bushy tail dangerously near

the inkwells, solemnly watching the rector scribbling.

I hurried over to the church hall. There were several women helpers busily decorating the stalls for the bazaar to be opened in the afternoon by a benevolent resident who was a new-comer to our village. Everything was running smoothly under the guidance of efficient workers.

After lunch, the rector and I took some more "gift bundles" over to the hall. One of them was a patchwork quilt which felt unreasonably heavy, until we found that Ivor had thought it would be a cosy mode of transporting himself to the bazaar, in preference to using the snow-covered path.

Where the Rector goes, Ivor likes to follow, but he is a genius at avoiding discomfort.

Ivor suffered the admiration and caresses of the various ladies, with his usual air of hauteur and boredom, then followed in the wake of the rector, as he went from stall to stall, on which were exhibited useful and ornamental articles made or given by generous church members.

At last, everyone's necks

were craned towards the clock over the door. Lady M..... was about due. The rector moved towards the porch, with Ivor of course at his heels. I was there when Lady M... who is what is politely termed, "generously proportioned," made her entry, which was not at all dignified. She was carrying a large flaxen-haired doll, for which she had made beautiful clothes. She said the doll must be raffled. Her husband, not to be outdone by her generosity, had brought a small aquarium in which were some small tropical fish which zoomed about in an alarmed state.

As my husband expressed interest in the gifts, more genuinely in the prettily coloured fish, Ivor made his faux pas. He sprang from under the seat of the harmonium on to the rector's shoulder just as he was about to relieve Sir—of his aquarium. The fact that Ivor is a heavy cat, would be enough to upset any person's balance under the circumstances, but the rector, being used to Ivor's sudden pounces, was unperturbed until he saw the small object plop from Ivor's mouth with a splash among the fish.

With a startled exclamation, Sir— withdrew his hold on the aquarium a second before the rector was about to take charge

of it. One minute there were fish in water in a glass tank, the next, there was water over everybody around, especially on the rector, Sir—and Lady—and her beautiful doll.

The poor gasping little wriggling fish were in danger of being trodden on among the glass splinters. As for Ivor, he behaved like a mad thing. He flew about and pounced and pounced and sprang as if electrically propelled. Lady M screamed and so did other ladies, who a moment before, were outwardly calm, dignified and capable.

There was a frenzied rush for chairs, window-ledges, anything or anywhere that was above floor level. Lady M had almost succeeded in climbing up on to the White Elephant stall, but the village postmistress is a wiry, vigorous little woman, and Lady M might have been a mere half-penny stamp by the way she was brushed aside, whilst the panting postmistress achieved her desired position.

"Go on, Ivor! You have him. Keep him. Don't play with him," the rector was shamelessly speaking with the frantic zeal of a punter on a third rate race course. Sir— grew purple as he showed his enthusiasm for sport and also voiced his encouragement to Ivor.

(concluded on page 20).

Burr Saga By BERYL MALEK

(Continued from last month)

He had a curious and chameleon-like quality of reflecting the colour of his surroundings, due, no doubt, to the high lustre of his thick short coat. Against a corresponding background, he would appear silver grey, brown, or even of a slightly green tinge.

There were two trials in the Burr's life—the piano and the telephone. For some reason the sound of the piano terrified him, though at the same time it seemed to exercise a horrible fascination, so that he could not run from it, but would crawl in deepest gloom under a nearby chair. He would frequently come in from outside, if he heard it, only to retire under the chair in his usual state of depression. No other instrument produced this effect, nor did he pay any attention to the various sounds that came from the radio, unless there happened to be a piano in the score, and then misery was instantly his lot. Fortunately, now that he is older, he has outgrown this fear, and pianos have now no terrors for him.

The telephone, however, is

another matter. His dislike of it is really rooted in jealousy. He cannot bear to see and hear the members of the family talking to someone who is invisible, but who nevertheless is occupying time and attention that might, (or so he thinks), be more advantageously bestowed on him.

When the bell rings, it is often a race as to who can get there first, and as soon as the conversation begins, he jumps on a table close at hand, and YELLS his loudest. If that fails to distract the speaker's attention, he will push some object to the edge of the table, so that the conversation has to be suspended to rescue it from destruction. Flowers may be hooked out of vases, and scattered dripping in the polished surface, or worse still, a flying leap will set pictures on the wall swinging perilously, so that again the conversation is interrupted for rescue and salvage operations. If offered the telephone for his own use, he will sometimes reply with a loud yowl if the caller speaks to him, but he generally applies

his eye to the receiver, as though it were a mousehole, and finding he cannot see round the curve, gives up in disgust.

In the garden, his activities are many and various. Like a dog, he will always accompany anyone on a tour round it, either at a trot or a run, according to the fancy or ability of his companion. Being remarkably quick and agile, birds, alas are only too frequently his prey, and almost every morning, if he has been out all night, an offering of one or two mice is to be found on the doorstep; while his penchant for toads and frogs still persists, in spite of a markedly cold reception from the family. Several squirrels too have fallen to his hunter's prowess.

Once, on a tour of the garden, accompanied by the Burr, the daughter of the house had the misfortune to catch her foot on a small obstruction, and fall headlong on her face, on the stone path. No damage was sustained beyond a bruised forehead and a good shaking, and she felt tempted to lie where she was, and see what the Burr would do. He had stopped and was sitting contemplating her with grave attention; and only the thought that the neighbours might think her position a little odd in the middle of the afternoon, deterred her from remaining prone, and feigning un-

consciousness, to see what the Burr's reactions would be. She therefore got up slowly, and returned to a chair on the verandah to recover herself.

The Burr immediately followed her, eyeing her as he came, with a look of anxious enquiry. He stood in front of her and looked her carefully all over, and then, observing that she was somewhat dusty after her fall, set to work methodically licking her stockings and shoes, to furbish her up again. He continued to do this so long that her stockings were quite wet with his well-meant efforts! She had no grazes or broken skin, so there was no smell of blood to attract his attention. It was simply another instance of his powers of observation, and it is the only occasion on which he has ever been known to lick anyone.

Air raids and doodlebugs troubled him not at all, though he always discovered the family should it retire to the shelter, and would arrive with loud cries through the ventilator, at the top of the door, to settle down to share the warmth, and any hot drinks that might be going.

While on the subject of food, it should perhaps be mentioned that in this connection he has not always considered honesty to be the best policy. His appetite was always insatiable, and when

he first joined the household, he found it hard to understand why he could not help himself to anything that took his fancy; so we had to be prepared for a sudden leap into the middle of the table, or a lithe body flying through the hatch into the kitchen after the departing joint.

In order to curb these youthful activities, a grand plan was devised. A wire-mesh meat cover was borrowed from the larder, and under this the Burr was confined at meal times, until it was his turn to be served. This saved the company a lot of gymnastics, but did nothing to cope with the excited screams and yells and anticipatory "chat," that came from the prisoner, and which never ceased until at last he was presented with his portion.

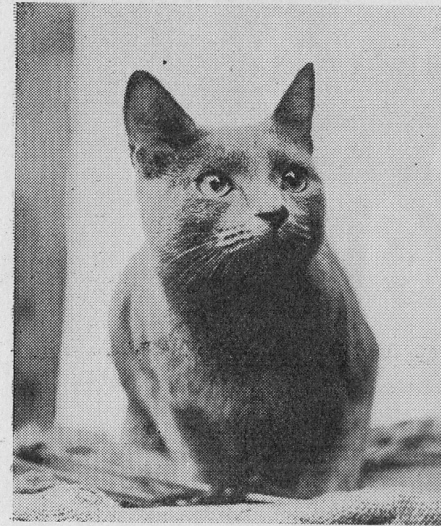
The Burr is now seven years old, but his honesty is still not quite 100 per cent. Recently the head of the house met him walking through the hall carrying a mysterious white parcel in his mouth. On investigation this proved to be the entire family bacon ration, which he had abstracted from the larder still in its paper wrappings. The parcel had been partially undone, and the contents slightly nibbled, but it had to make the family breakfast nevertheless.

Every morning, the household

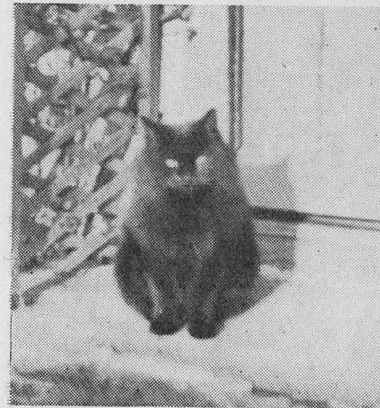
is roused by a series of ear-splitting yells which can be heard approaching through the garden and up the stairs. These yells, or perhaps bellows would be a more accurate description, are positively siren-like in quality and duration; but their tone changes instantly, as soon as some response is made by a sleepy member of the family, and a light tone of enquiry is substituted, to be followed by ecstatic purrs and rollings on being admitted to someone's bedroom. These preliminaries over, he retires to bed, and only condescends to get up when he has assured himself by a prolonged scrutiny, that his erstwhile bedfellow is now completely ready for breakfast. Useless to tell him it is time to go down, if one is not completely clothed. A contemptuous stare is the only response, followed by ostentatious settling to further slumber.

Fortunately, no note of tragedy mars the end of this saga. The Burr is now in his full prime and glory. Never did any monarch receive more whole-hearted adulation; never was there a more benevolent despot. Long may he continue to provide his entourage with joy and entertainment, and to hold his sway over a household where all are his devoted slaves.

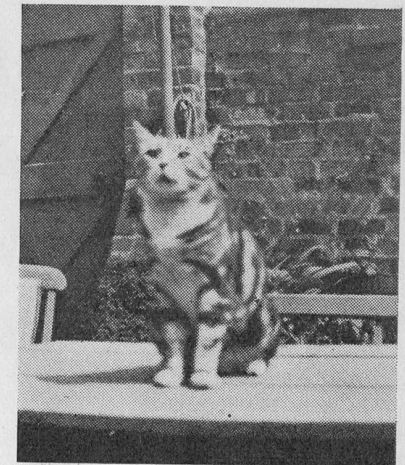
Readers' Own Pets



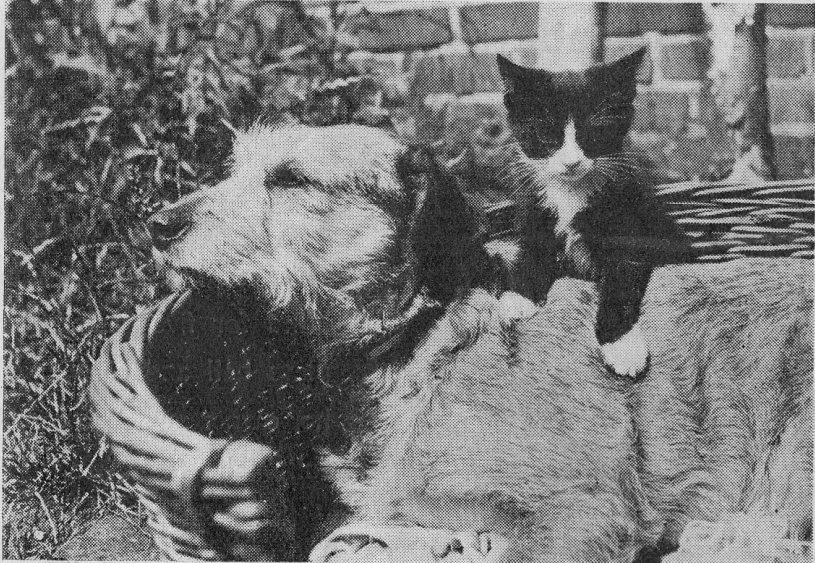
Russian Blue "Nervia Grishovana," the pet of Miss E. M. B. Vincent. This cat has been quite blind for five years, but plays ball and climbs; if her owner says, "go carefully" she feels her way with her paw, but if the call is "O.K.," she knows it is all right.



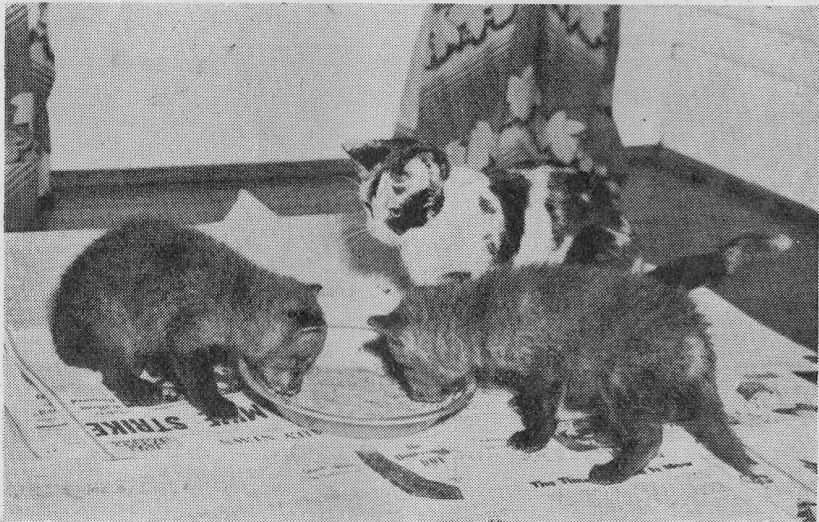
"Monty of High Beech," the pet of Miss M. G. Hind.



"Tiger Tim," the pet of Miss H. F. Tverman.

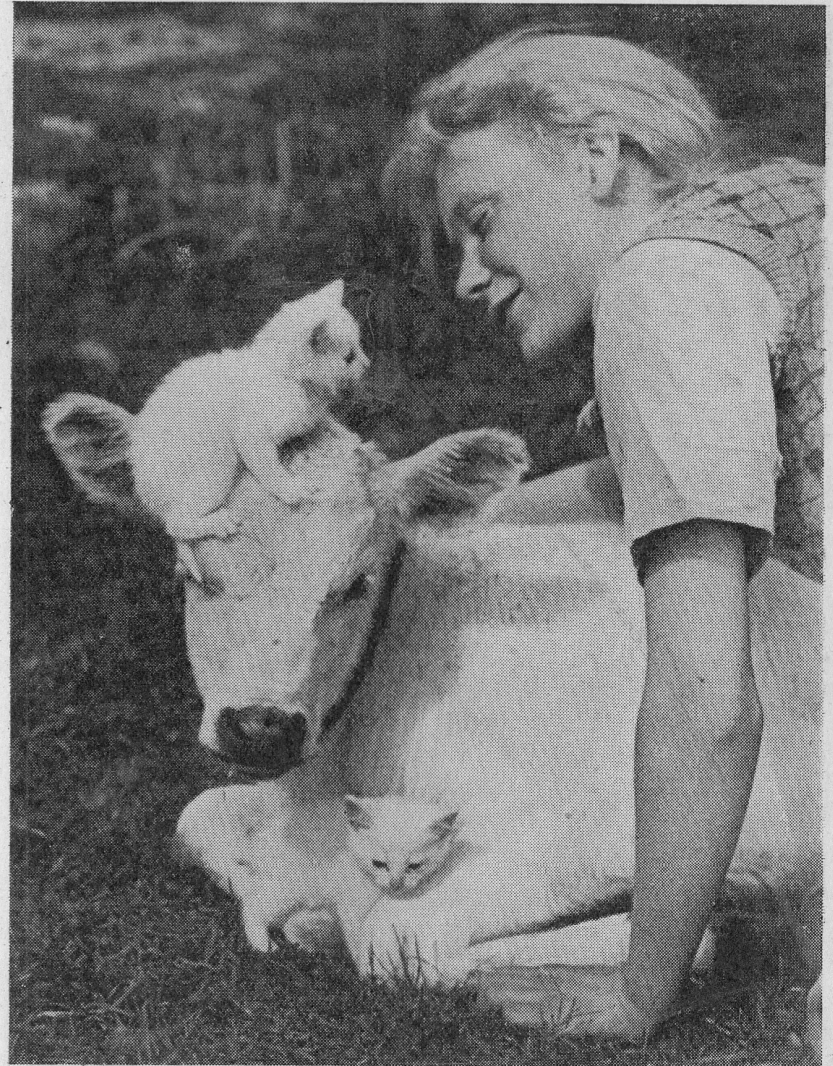


Mirror Features



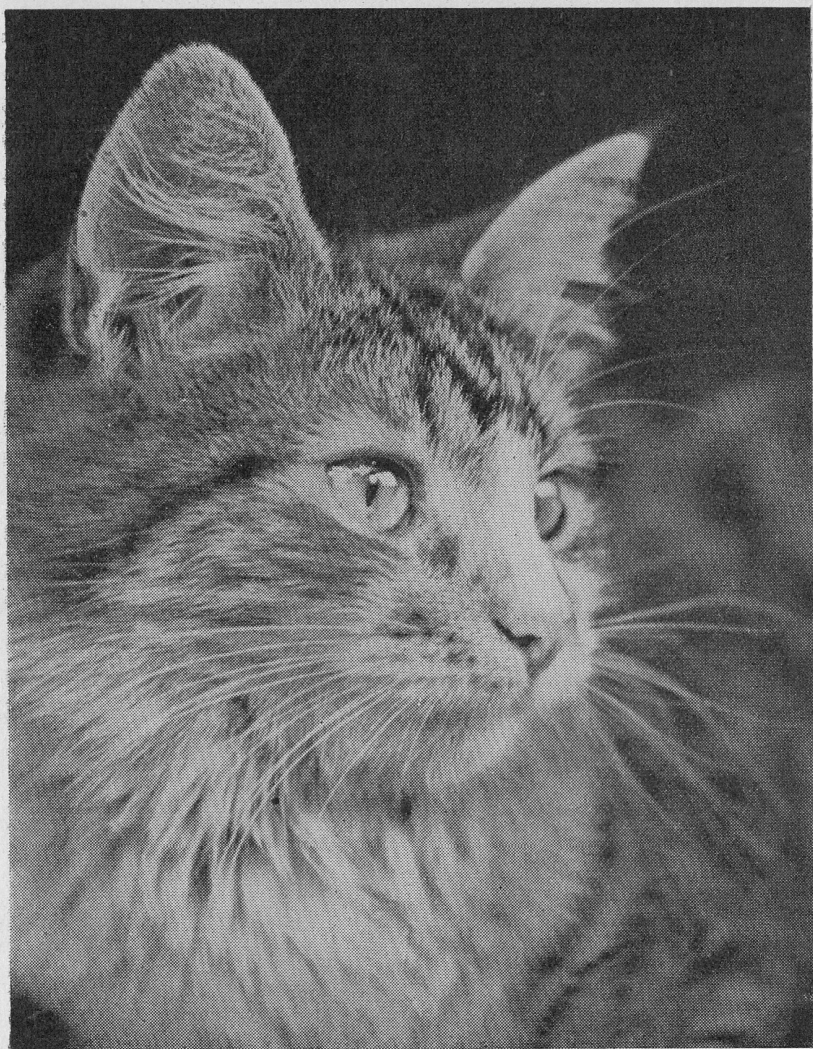
Associated Press

AN AMERICAN CAT AND HIS FOX CUB PALS



Mirror Features

MORE CATS AND STRANGE FRIENDS



P. C. Doresa

BEAUTY

Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA

ONE day a friend said to us "Cats and Kittens! is it a veterinary book?" "No" we said "it is a magazine." "About cats?" We said "Yes about cats." "But what is there to write about cats!"—

Well! well! we only wish we had space to print half the stories that find their way into this office. We who live with cats know so well that every day we can learn something new and surprising about them. During the month of June we experienced a really terrific thunder storm which made us realize more sharply, something of which we were already aware in a general way, the great difference in the temperament of our Three.

The rain fell like a cloud burst so we looked around for the boys. Woolley was missing but instinctively we did not worry about him, he is the most independent of cats and we felt fairly sure he would just crawl into a comfortable hole and watch the storm. Lally was different, he would be frightened, so we looked for him and found him under the bed, looking rather strained and wide-eyed. Lally's house fell about his ears in 1940 when he

was only about six months old. Thunder refreshes a long if dim memory of similar shattering sounds and it is impossible not to sense the fear he feels. Now we come to round, comfortable Red Peter—fast asleep on a chair with a smug look of supreme indifference on his face. When it was all over, Woolley Boy walked in from the outer world—completely dry; When we came to think of it, it was exactly what we would have expected of all three.

Lally though sensitive to thunder and some other things is really lion hearted. Large dogs retreat from his penetrating eye in spite of his small lean body and the street has no terrors for him. He follows like a dog and rides in the car, looking very self-possessed in his collar and identity disc, worn on these occasions just in case.

We were amazed to read in the press, the story of a shipwrecked cat picked up after being afloat for two days on a little raft. He was given milk and fish by the crew of the ship that rescued him and gradually recovered from his exhaustion. It seems incredible that he could have survived for two days in the open sea.

Without dwelling unduly on a depressing subject we would say one word more about humane destruction. We should like to make it clear that the opinion expressed in this column in the June issue is our own opinion on a still very controversial subject, and is the method that we feel most happy about one's own beloved cat. However Nembutol (the yellow capsule) is not obtainable except through veterinary sources and many people are doing excellent welfare work about the country who will not be able to obtain it.

It may be a great comfort therefore, to know that we have

had a letter from a gentleman who has had many years experience in cat welfare who assures us that many cats can be passed on very comfortably in the lethal box without previous doping, and it is by far the "lesser evil" when it comes to strays for which there is no hope of a home, or injured and unwanted cats. A great deal depends on the temperament of the cat and the skill of the operator.

A reader has written that her little boy on seeing a Manx cat said "Oh look Mummie, a utility cat!" which all goes to show the times we live in.

(concluded from page 11).

Then Ivor ceased fooling and tantalising the small animal. His body grew taut, then he made his final spring and in the awed silence, we heard the curious ticking sound coming from Ivor's jaws.

The rector looked alarmed and puzzled.

"It's the death rattle. Ivor's done for. The excitement's been too much for him," someone said, dismally.

But just then, our most cherubic choir boy thrust his fingers between Ivor's jaws and extracted the animal. We expected to see a mangled body after Ivor's treatment, but the

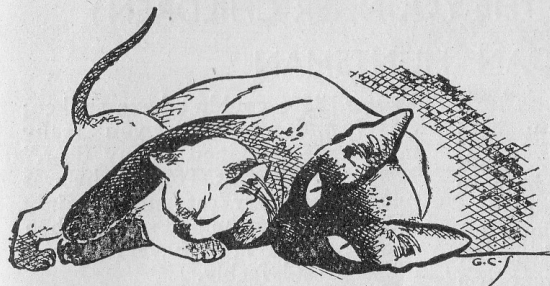
choir boy said, confidently. "I can easily glue that bit of velvet on again. I can still have lots more fun out of it after this."

Whilst all the ladies, including Lady M and the post-mistress now the best of friends, staggered off to the tea-room, the rector asked Sir—"to declare the bazaar open."

I sent the cherubic choir-boy for a broom and shovel and whilst he and I swept up what had been an aquarium and its now deceased inmates; my husband poured some of his tea into a saucer for Ivor, who purred with the blissful contentment of feline innocence.

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.

'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.

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:—

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

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

The Cat that Talked

(A STORY FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN)

By JOAN HUNTSMAN

"MEOW" "Meow!"

"Oh bother that cat," said Mistress, her arms and hands covered with flour. "He'll have to wait until I've finished making this pie before I open the door for him." And she went on making her pastry, while the cat went on mewling outside.

At last, when the pie was in the oven, Mistress opened the door, "Come along in Tommy" she said, to the little tabby cat sitting outside on the doorstep. The cat rushed in, "About time you opened the door, it was cold outside," he said angrily. "Then come and get warm now," began Mistress. "Oh, goodness! you spoke!" she gasped, suddenly realising what had happened.

"Of course I spoke," said the cat crossly as he went over to the fire and carefully began to arrange himself for sleep on the rug.

Mistress just gazed at Tommy as if petrified. Then she let out such a scream that Master came rushing into the kitchen.

"Whatever is the matter, dear, have you hurt yourself?" he asked, for Mistress was trembling all over. "No, I'm alright John," she gasped, "It's the cat—he spoke!" And she pointed at Tommy, with trembling finger.

"Spoke!" cried her husband, "Of course, he didn't, whatever are you talking about?"

"But he did speak, I heard him—he said it was cold outside."

They both looked at the cat, but Tommy had curled up on the rug and was fast asleep and took no notice of them. "Well," said

Master, "He couldn't have spoken; cats just don't speak, you really must have imagined it, my dear." Mistress looked at Tommy, he was just an ordinary cat and certainly didn't look as if he had spoken then—or ever. "I must have imagined it," she said feebly.

The cat just slept.

A few days later, Miss Wigglesworth came to tea. Tommy did not like her, she sometimes gave him sly kicks under the table, although, when Mistress was looking, she stroked him and called him "Dear Pussy."

Mistress had prepared tea in the drawing room and it was nice and warm, so Tommy settled himself for sleep in the most comfortable chair, waiting for the time when he would get his saucer of milk passed down from the tea table.

Miss Wigglesworth arrived. Tommy could hear her in the hall, although he was half asleep. Then Mistress brought her into the drawing room and told her to take a chair near the fire.

"But don't sit on me," said the cat, lifting his head lazily.

Miss Wigglesworth jumped as if she'd had an electric shock. "Goodness! He spoke!" she cried.

Then collecting her wits, "But of course he didn't," "Mrs. Jones, I didn't know you were a ventriloquist," she said.

"She isn't," said the cat sleepily.

"Ha ha," laughed Miss Wigglesworth feebly, "What a good joke, really Mrs. Jones, its most amusing."

"But really," began Mistress, "I didn't speak, it was the cat, he's

spoken before, only John wouldn't believe me when I told him. I'm going to ring him up and tell him," and she ran out into the hall and telephoned to her husband that Tommy had spoken again, and that Miss Wigglesworth had heard him too! She forgot all about the crumpets for tea and Miss Wigglesworth did too. Master didn't really believe it, but he couldn't help feeling a little excited at having such an unusual cat, and he hurried home from work that evening eager to hear for himself the cat that spoke.

When he got home, Mistress was very excited.

"We could put him in a show," she said, "he'd make our fortunes!"

"But perhaps he would refuse to speak when he got there," said her husband doubtfully.

"Well," said Cat, thoughtfully, "I might speak providing—"

"Yes?" prompted Mistress, "Providing what?"

"Well, I'd like to sleep on your bed at nights and—"

"On my best silk eiderdown!" interrupted Mistress.

"And I'm rather fond of salmon," continued Cat, taking no notice of her interruption.

"Salmon at 20 points a tin!" screamed Mistress.

"Tin?" "Who said anything about tinned salmon?" asked Cat, "I mean fresh salmon of course."

"Goodness, Tommy, fresh salmon is 9/6d. a pound," wailed Mistress, "And you'd eat a whole pound in one meal."

"Two pounds," corrected Tommy.

Master and Mistress looked at each other helplessly.

"But if you'll agree to make our fortunes as a talking Circus Cat, you shall have all that," said Master at last.

"I'll think it over," said Tommy,

"There may be a few other conditions which have slipped my memory, but I'll let you know tomorrow."

And he stretched his legs, humped his back like a camel, and strolled over to the window.

"I think I'll have a run round the garden now," he said.

When he had gone, Master and Mistress sat down to discuss their plans for putting Tommy in a Circus. They were very excited and talked until it was time for bed.

"I must let Tommy in," said Mistress and she opened the window and called "Tommy, Tommy, Tommy," but he didn't come.

"That's funny," she said, "He always comes when he's called, I wonder why he doesn't come now?"

"Just being perverse," said Master, "I should leave him out all night, that will teach him a lesson." And with that he went upstairs to bed.

Mistress didn't like to do that, but although she called Tommy again and again, he didn't come, so at last she went to bed too.

After some hours, Mistress, who was still awake, heard a strange noise in the garden. It was like a low rumbling, and as she listened it grew louder, and she could hear hissing noises too. She roused Master, who sat up in bed and listened.

"It's like a dog growling?" he said.

"But one dog wouldn't make all that noise," said Mistress, "I must look out of the window, for Tommy may be out there" and she got out of bed and drew back the curtains.

It was moonlight, and there on the lawn she saw a strange scene—a great circle of cats all hissing and growling at one tiny shrinking cat in the centre. As she looked, the

(concluded on page 27).

FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

FITS

FITS and convulsions may be a passing phase in the life of a kitten, usually connected with teething at about four to six months, or they may be symptomatic of something more serious, in a fully grown cat. Convulsions are also a symptom of some forms of poisoning.

Let's take the case of teething fits in kittens first, as being the simplest and least worrying.

They are due to a general disturbance connected with the shedding of the baby teeth and growth of the adult set. Many people do not realise that cats do shed their first teeth, but sometimes you will find a baby tooth on the floor or a chair where the kitten has been lying.

The symptoms of teething fits are that the kitten may fall over suddenly, make violent kicking movements of the legs and biting movements with the jaws while saliva comes from the mouth. It may alternate these movements with rushing aimlessly about, bumping into things.

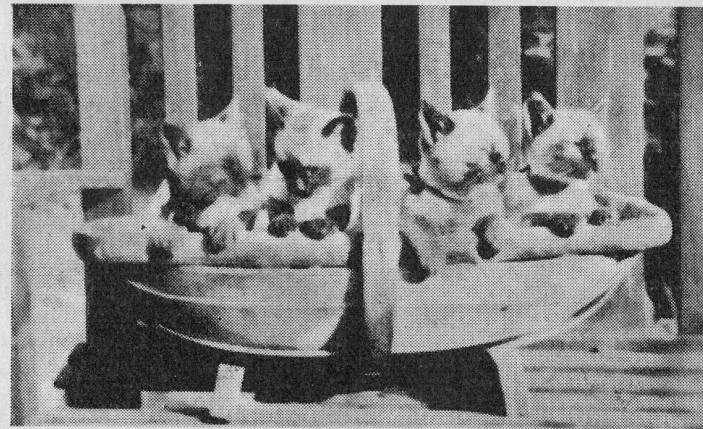
Treatment is to secure the patient and keep it quiet. Great care must, however, be taken to avoid hurting the kitten. Do not grab wildly at a leg or even the body. The easiest way is to throw a light rug or cloth over the kitten, and then gather it up gently. Put it in a basket, but not too small a one and preferably with a lid, and place the basket in a room apart, where the kitten can be kept quiet and away from other members of the household, particularly other cats and children.

Once the fit has passed off, the patient should still be kept quiet for a few days and given a light diet of bread and milk, boiled fish, etc.

Fits are more serious. They may—as in human beings—be epileptic or apoplectic. In apoplexy—usually only found in older cats there is heavy breathing, with fixed staring eyes. Quiet and fresh air are helpful, but veterinary advice should be sought without delay. Apoplexy is, remember, very like a stroke. Epilepsy may be suspected when a fully grown cat has recurrent fits; here again quiet is a help, but veterinary aid should be sought for treatment.

Convulsions are a symptom of strychnine poisoning and here, I am afraid, everything is likely to be over before anything can be done. The outstanding feature of strychnine convulsions are that the hind legs are stretched out backwards, the front feet drawn up and the head drawn back on the neck, with cessation of breathing. When the spasm relaxes, there will be heavy breathing, and then another convulsion. The only hope is to induce sickness at once, with ipecacuana wine, but death usually occurs too rapidly for any first aid measures to be given. The only advice is: Keep your pets away from anywhere where poison is likely to be put down for vermine. This applies very strongly in the country, near farms. Modern rat poisons are supposed to be harmless to pets but—the danger is, with young cats, who pick up bodies of poisoned vermin. Older cats are wiser.

For The Small Breeder



GARLAND JASMINE, JAUNTY, JENNY AND JINX,
BRED By MISS SHEILA COOPER

The Home Stud

By P. M. SODERBERG

S. E. Archer now disappears and I take his place, but as he and I were one and the same person in fact, it only means the end of our Jekyll and Hyde existence.

This article expresses a change of view, for until quite recently I was convinced that it was unwise to keep a stud unless one possessed quite a number of queens or was prepared to make almost a business of receiving queens for mating. Thus, as the previous series was intended for the small breeder, my advice was that a stud should not be kept.

Males vary considerably in the number of queens which will keep them fit and contented during the breeding season, but careful use of

a stud when he is young will help considerably in preventing him from becoming oversexed. No hard and fast rules can be given, but a wise distribution of queens over the period from March to perhaps the end of September will preserve virility in the male and prevent him from becoming a nervous wreck.

Few long-haired males are ready to sire before they are eighteen months old, and some are not ready until they are two. Whenever the male matures it is only sensible to limit him to one queen a month for his first season.

It is sometimes stated that when a young male is advertised at public stud, all his queens seem to follow each other in quick succession.

Naturally queens will not call to order, but when bookings are accepted for a young stud, it is reasonable for the owner to make such appointments conditional upon the stud not being asked to undertake tasks for which he is not fitted. The majority of owners of queens will understand this, and most of them will also appreciate the fact that an overworked stud, whether he be young or old, is not likely to produce satisfactory litters. The counsel of perfection will perhaps be not to put a young stud at public service during his first season. Usually one is able to obtain a few queens to keep him happy without any advertisement.

Thus, if one possesses only two or three queens, few outside queens will be needed for this first season.

Before the next breeding season comes round it will not be difficult to assess the value of the male. He will not only be a proved sire, but there will also have been an opportunity of considering the value of the progeny he has produced. If he is worth retaining as a sire, he will almost certainly need more queens than in his first season, but one mating a fortnight should be enough for even the most active male. Obviously much will depend on the circumstances of his immediate environment. A male not brought into daily contact with females, and fed reasonably, should not be distressed by periods of inactivity even when these extend beyond a fortnight. Quarters which keep him out of sight and sound of calling queens will be the most satisfactory.

Thus, one of the main objections to keeping a stud will largely disappear if the owner displays sound common sense.

The main advantage, on the other hand, is that on the whole a

queen is more easily got in kitten at home than by sending her away. Maiden queens are notorious for their habit of going away more than once before they are successfully mated. On this subject I can speak quite feelingly, for during the past two or three years not one of my maiden queens has had kittens as a result of a first visit to the stud. One female which later proved most fertile was sent away four times. In such cases the stud is rarely to blame, for a young queen just reaching maturity is not only disturbed by her own physiological changes, but is often further upset by her journey. Probably if the queen could be taken on a comparatively short journey by car, the chances of success would be greater. For most breeders, however, a train journey is necessary.

This year there have been a number of stories of fruitless journeys and consequent disappointment when it was quite clear that the stud was siring kittens. Such queens might have been more successfully mated at home.

It would obviously be unwise always to use the home stud as he may not produce the type of kitten one requires when mated to a particular queen. Sending to a well-known male of proved breeding quality would thus certainly be wise policy, and outstanding males will always be needed at public service.

The main difficulty would seem to be in finding the right male for home use. It is not every male kitten which develops into a likely looking young stud. Such males can be found, however, if one is prepared to pay a fair price.

Thus I feel that the keeping of a stud is worth consideration by any breeder who keeps only a few queens.

(concluded from page 23).

cats gradually moved in towards the centre cat, spitting and hissing at it. Then she saw the centre cat was Tommy. "Oh goodness," she cried, "They're going to hurt him!" and she grabbed her dressing gown and rushed downstairs into the garden and snatched up Tommy from the midst of a great mass of scratching, kicking, biting, angry cats.

"Oh, my poor darling Tommy," she soothed, as she cuddled him in her arms and hurried him indoors, "What were they going to do to you?"

She wrapped him in a blanket and lit the fire to warm him, and when he was warm and had stopped trembling, he told her.

"The other cats had found out that I was talking," he whimpered, "And they were very angry because it's a secret between cats. We can all talk really, but we prefer to let humans think we can't, it's more fun that way, and easier too, and it's a point of honour among cats not to speak to humans, but I tried

to show off, and gave away the secret, and now they are angry with me."

"Oh, you poor darling Tommykins," said Mistress, rocking him to and fro in her arms.

"But I must never speak again," added Tommy, "so I shall not be able to go in a Circus and make your fortunes after all."

"Never mind, darling Cat," Mistress said softly, "It doesn't matter as long as you are safe" and she took him up to sleep on her bed that night and kissed the top of his furry head, and said.

"You shall still have salmon—just a taste—say once a week as a special treat and you may sleep on my bed always, even if you don't ever speak again."

So Tommy sleeps on the best silk eiderdown and has fresh salmon once a week, but he has never spoken since, and no other cat has spoken either, so the cats' secret is still a secret—except for you and me—and we will keep it won't we?

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

In addition to the usual "Cat-Lovers Calendar," there will be six "Cats and Kittens" Christmas Cards in packets for sale about September. See next month's issue for full details.

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.

Meet The Breeders

CATS IN TRINCOMALEE



Mrs. R. Hunter

the local type of alley cat, which I have found interesting, and about which readers may like to hear something.

As it is with cats, so it is with dogs—we have no aristocrats. But while all the dogs are almost identical large-sized terriers, differing only in regard to the proportion of their brown or white patches (white on brown dogs; brown on white dogs), there is a great variety in the colours and markings of cats. The one characteristic they have in common is the peculiarly small and narrow skull, resulting in a somewhat “peaked” little narrow face and pointed chin.

Now Trincomalee is an isolated Naval Base. We have the sea in front of us, and jungle up to our back doors, and nothing but jungle and native villages between us and Colombo. True, Colombo is only 165 miles away, and that we can get down by car in 5 or 6 hours; but cats don't have the advantage of modern transport, so our Trincomalee cats are of necessity a self-contained community, and their characteristics are the natural outcome of their isolation, with no recent mixing from other districts. There are two sources from which the cats on this Island must have developed—first in direct line from the wild cat, and secondly there must have been some European cats brought here either by ourselves or during the Dutch or Portuguese occupations. This would account for the variations in colour and markings, and possibly also for the narrow skull. The local wild cats are all striped, and all have broad heads. Where did the narrow skull come from?

WHEN we came out to Ceylon this summer I wondered what the cat situation would be—whether there would be any serious breeding of the various types or not. In Colombo, where we spent our first three weeks, I believe there were a few breeders before the war, but as war came very near to Ceylon, and all American and European civilian women were evacuated both cat and dog breeding as hobbies came to an end.

In Trincomalee I don't think anyone has ever taken cats seriously, though now that civilian wives are gradually arriving here too, most homes have acquired at least one of

There are large genuine wild cats in the jungle, and there are also smaller editions of the same wild cat, which we call “jungle cats,” and which have been seen to come around the houses at times, and to fraternize with our domestic cats. It is because of this fraternization that a perfectly quiet mother will sometimes produce a brood of almost un-tameable little fiends. All the “jungle cats,” like the real wild cats, are striped, and have ringed tails—rings of black along the whole length of a tawny tail. Often these little spitfires reproduce ringed tails as well, but not always.

My daughter has a 5 month's old kitten, which is perfectly black (and, strangely, has no fur on the backs of his ears), but although he shows no jungle markings we can see the jungle in his nature. Soon after we arrived we began to look for a kitten, as we always do in whatever part of the world we find ourselves. We heard of a family of 2 month's old kittens, so went to investigate. There were three of them, two of which seemed so very quiet and docile that Sheila chose the third, as he appeared to be playful and lively. During the time of “domestication” I think she must often have wished she had chosen one of the quieter ones. For the first week he refused all food and drink, and would hardly let anyone go near him. He lived on the upstairs verandah, and slept in Sheila's room at nights—if he could be caught and coaxed into his box. We were very worried, as he just became thinner and thinner; and then one day he drank a little milk, after which he gradually began to eat and drink more normally, but it was nearly a month before we felt he had really settled down. He still has an unpredictable temper.

Even a little spitfire can be just a pathetic baby when he gets lost, and one of Skittles' favourite tricks is to lose himself under the tiles of the roof. Our roofs consist of large red fluted tiles which hang in slightly overlapping rows on horizontal strips of wood, with a depth of several inches between the tiles and the inner wooden roof beneath them. Somewhere in our verandah roof there must be a small hole which we have not yet located, but big enough for Skittles to squeeze himself through, for on numerous occasions we have heard piteous mewing coming from above. We look at each other, all realising the inevitable truth that Skittles is under the tiles again. Once through this hole, the whole roof is his, and he soon loses track of his “doorway,” and when feeding time, or boredom, comes along and he wants to get out, he finds he is a lost cat. So someone—usually Father—has to climb up on to the roof, while the rest of us lean over the edge of the upper verandah, and we all try to locate the mew so that the right tile can be lifted off, and Skittles hauled out. He is always very sweet when he comes out—the jungle in the background—just a little frightened kitten who wants to be comforted.

John Still has written a very lovely book called *Jungle Tide*, in which he predicts the jungle will never really be conquered. It will always ebb and flow according to the advance or retreat of civilization in various places at different times. So it seems to be with our cat—first the jungle is dominant, and then is hidden by the thin veneer of civilization he has acquired, only to appear again at some unexpected moment. And I think that with these cats, as with the wild life all round us, the jungle will never be conquered entirely.

Mrs. R. Hunter.

**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
CHANNEL ISLANDS
CATTERY**

SEAL POINT SIAMESE AND BLUE PERSIANS AT STUD. FEE EACH 2 GNS.

SCO-RUSTON GALADIMA (S.P. Siamese)
Sire: Prestwick Prithie Pal. Dam: Yanina.
Best male Coventry, 1945. Runner-up Notts. Ch. Show, 1946. 1st Prize Siamese Ch. Show, October, 1946. Many specials for eye shape and colour.

BEAUCOURT DANDI (Blue Persian)
Sire: Tweedledee of Dunesk. Dam: Bunchi.
Best Kitten Wombwell, 1944. Judge, Mr. Bolton. Beautiful pale coat, lovely disposition.

CHINKI SIAMESE AND BEAUCOURT BLUE PERSIANS USUALLY FOR SALE TO GOOD HOMES.

**PORT SELAH, ANNE PORT,
JERSEY, C.I.**

Tel. Gorey 334

**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

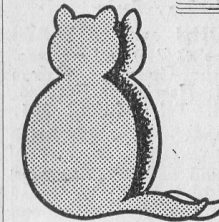
BLUE PERSIANS
BLUE CHINCHILLAS
CREAMS

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/- per insertion. 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.

SEAL POINTED SIAMESE DONERAILE DECKO, grandson of Champion Jacques of Abingdon. Fee 2 gns. and carriage. Queens met at London termini.—Mrs. K. R. Williams, 92, Chiltern Road, Sutton, Surrey. Vigilant 1389.

Breeders' Cards

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

MRS. D. M. BENBOW, 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.**

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.**

Breeders' Cards—contd.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

CHINKI SIAMESE Kittens, born June 2nd from prize-winning stock. Excellent type and pedigree. Sire, Sco-Ruston Galadima. Dam, Bromholme Chen Wan. Males 6 gns., females 5 gns.—Mrs. France, Port Selah, Anne Port, Gorey, Jersey, C.I. Gorey 334.

MALE TORTOISESHELL Kittens for Sale. Home-bred, splendidly healthy. Sex, health, etc. guaranteed by vet. surg.—Harvey, 2, Bentfield Gardeps, Stansted.

LOVELY BLUE S.H. Kitten, 2 gns., also Blue Persians and Chinchillas, house-trained.—Jude, 3, Hillview Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.

(Continued on next page)

For Sale—contd.

SIAMESE KITTENS, excellent pedigree, grand specimens, make affectionate pets.—Lewis, Sunnybank, Much Hadham, Herts.

PEDIGREE SIAMESE Kittens, gentle dispositions, male 6 gns., females 4 gns.—Midgley, Shephall Old Rectory, Stevenage, Herts.

SIAMESE KITTENS, Seal Pointed 4-6 gns. Blue Pointed 4-10 gns.—Tindale-Davis, Rose Cottage, Burrow Hill, Chobham, Woking, Surrey.

Miscellaneous

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

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

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

Wanted

TOMMY Kitten, short-hair **SILVER BLUE**, reasonable price.—Bell, 108, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.

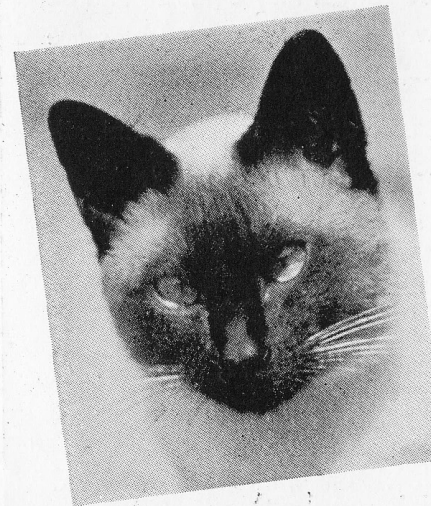
IS ANYONE able to give a good country home to a beautiful **TABBY CAT**, once deserted and now being cared for by someone much distressed at being unable to continue to care for him.—Write Box No. 11, "Cats and Kittens."

LADY DESIRES POST as Housekeeper in home where she can have her thirteen cats.—Miss Skudder, The Old Vicarage, Gt. Amwell, Ware, Herts.

WANTED, **KIND** permanent **HOME** with understanding and genuine cat lovers for half Persian Queen, Tabby and White.—Miss Norman, Telham Cottage, Telham Lane, Battle, Sussex.

WOULD ANY experienced Siamese Cat Lover like tiny furnished Cottage with all modern conveniences rent free, including fuel and light, within easy daily reach London, from August 22nd—September 20th in exchange for looking after 3 Siamese Queens, one with kittens? Or, alternatively, would anyone within easy motoring distance Woking, take Blue Pointed Siamese Queen and kittens for same period, as boarders or in exchange kitten? Write Box No. 12, c/o "Cats and Kittens" Magazine.

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.