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CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



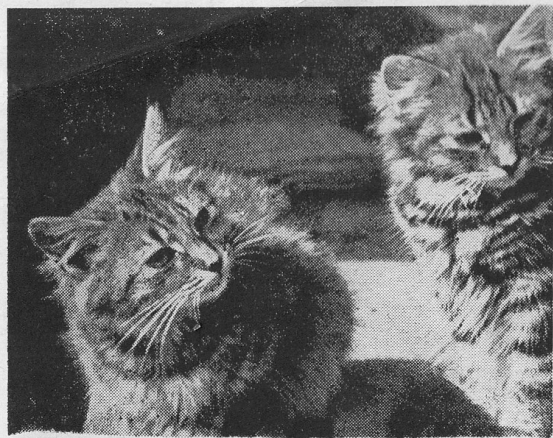
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SEPTEMBER, 1947

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CATS AND KITTENS

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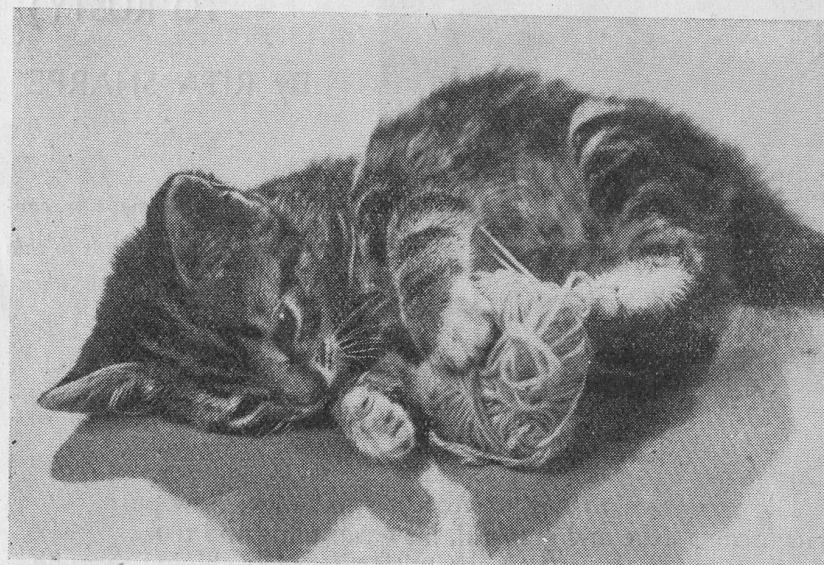
SEPTEMBER, 1947

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MERCIA STACY

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PLAYTIME

Hubert Davey.

The photograph on the cover is by Ian Harman.



To Your Pet and Mine

(DEDICATED
TO RUSTY)

By RITA SHARPE

*Miss Rita Sharpe has con-
tributed several stories to this
Magazine.*

Editor.

Our ginger cat called Rusty, has cream and orange fur,
His ears are high and pointed, his voice a mellow purr.
His form is lithe and graceful, his nature fine and true,
His eyes are clearest amber, with sweetness shining through.

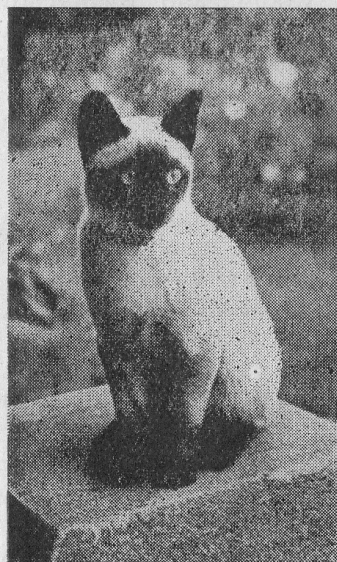
When we are out he watches, perched in the window seat,
And when he sees us coming, he runs on joyous feet.
He waits sometimes for ages, but always tries to show,
That he would wait for ever, if we should wish it so.

He bears us no resentment, but does his very best,
To do his little antics with loving skill and zest.
He springs around the rosebeds, and rolls upon the lawn,
He rollick's and he frolics, as nimble as a fawn.

We christened our cat Rusty, p'r'aps yours is known as Mick?
Whatever name he goes by, to you he seems the pick.
Pets give us of their sweetness (if they be large or small),
So this poem is intended, for Rusty and them all.

They are so very charming, so carefree and so gay,
They can express in movement far more than words can say.
They welcome us in gesture, and do their best to show,
How much they really love us, and want to tell us so.

So animals all over, whatever shape you be,
We thank you for your beauty and for your loyalty.
You give us much that's lovely, and teach us many things,
And this is not forgetting, the little things with wings!



Dingo (left) and Duffy, the
pets of Mrs. Vera M. Harrison
of Hampton Hill, Middlesex.

Richly Rewarded

By ROSA GOODBODY

MISS Spencer was always tired when she'd mounted the three flights of stairs to her one-roomed flat. Inserting her key she would sigh with relief, visioning the comfort she was approaching. This morning she sighed with distress, visioning that which she'd passed—a dismal cat—crouched in the doorway of an empty shop.

It's lost—that's certain, she mused, dolefully. This is the third time I've seen it. I suppose I ought to be doing something about it. But there! I don't know what to do. So leave it to someone else who is used to cats. I'll see to my shopping and have my dinner. Then I'll settle to needlework.

But at dinner came the disturbing thought—I wonder how long it is since the poor creature had a meal. Ah. She smiled. You may cheat other people, but you can't cheat yourself. I do know how to feed a cat. Down the stairs she went with basket and meagre purse, though half hoping the cat had disappeared.

But no. It was there. While she stood hesitating it stirred and sat up. She found herself thinking I like those stripes

round its neck. It could look beautiful, clean and well-fed. A moment they eyed each other, then it curled and settled again, as though intending to stay.

To her amazement Miss Spencer found she was glad. Off she hurried towards the shops, hoping it would be there when she returned.

It was. She felt excited. It could be her possession. But how to possess it. Dared she lift it and carry it up the stairs. Cats were funny creatures. Many people loved them. But they scratched when they thought they would, and their claws were sharp. Still she must make some effort to secure the poor thing.

Bending she stroked it. At its sudden rousing she became anxious. Would it ladder her stockings or scratch her shoes? Whimsically she smiled. Neither stockings nor shoes attracted. It was the fish in her basket that drew its attention, and held it while with basket dangling, she went briskly to the flat's entrance.

The cat was even more sprightly, following jauntily, mounting the stairs with bounds. And as with occasional halts it

looked back at her, she was sure it smiled.

Maybe it's my fancy, she amended. But anyway, it's got a nice countenance.

She was glad it advanced without howlings or wailings. For she was passing the various doors with dread lest someone, with accusing finger and loud outcry, should forbid its entry. For wasn't there a notice somewhere prohibiting the lodgment of cats upon these premises—'FELINE ENCUMBRANCES' they called them.

"Oh, dear," she muttered, when she reached her door. "I'm breaking rules." Nevertheless she hoped it would follow her in. It did, without hesitation. And without hesitation she shut the door.

"There Pussy—" she almost whispered. "Now we'll cook your fish."

She shrank a little as the cat came towards her. But she was soon smiling, relieved. For with gentle though persistent geniality it was winding and winding round her feet, and with tail upraised expressing its thanks—no doubt—for benefits thus far conferred.

"You dear creature," she murmured. "Now I love cats—well—this one." Again and again she stroked it. Thus with flatterings and caressings, and equally fervent purrings they

made conversation while the fish was cooking.

The cat was fed. Miss Spencer was idling between her stitching, watching the furry paw extending in wider and wider circles round the furry face. "You're beautiful," she declared, when the patient tongue had fully disclosed two white lines in the grey fur that encircled its neck. "Your people would love to find you. But there! You seem contented."

Later she thought, still he would like to be out of doors. And opening a window she said, "Look, Pussy. You may sit out there on the leads. You can't get down, it's too high up. And you'll be safe. There's a little wall round it." The cat sprang to the sill, then to the leads and sat there awhile.

Thus the first day passed with pleasure and satisfaction to both. Other days followed with affection growing between them. "My loneliness is all gone," she would tell him. And he would look at her and purr, as though to say, "and my misery."

Very soon he brought to perfection his beautiful coat of grey and white. Miss Spencer had a special liking for the circlet round his neck. And he had a special liking for rolling and sprawling on the leads. But one day she saw him sprawling on the little wall. Carefully

lifting him down, she said:

"I'm sorry you're beginning to get up there. What should I do if you fell into the street. It's a long distance. You'd be killed. You may not know it, but cats don't always fall on their feet."

Perhaps he didn't believe her. Or perhaps he had a stubborn streak. Anyway, sprawl on that wall he would, till at last she declared she must do something about it. So with the cat shut safe in her room, out she went to buy wood fencing, or wire netting.

The shopman shook his head. "Little to be had nowadays. Though it's easier with the war over. Tell you what—they might have some at the Stores along there." Patiently he directed her. "It's a long way. I should take a tram."

Blithely she made that journey, anticipating success. A safe barricade for the cat—ease of mind for herself. Never anticipating the pang she was to experience—not because she couldn't get fencing in wire or wood. Not because she'd be too late to buy fish in her own district—but a pang at the sight of a photograph in the fish shop of this locality. A photograph of a cat. She eyed it with a sick feeling of dread. Those fluffy stripes—the long white whiskers—the upright ears—the large bright eyes. And the smile.

No other cat could smile like that. It was—her cat. She read with a dull ache. Lost cat. Possibly strayed to this district. Answers to the name of Moochey.

Moochey. Moochey. With dreary persistence the name was drumming in her mind. In mute anguish she left the shop. During the long ride back the question came with wearying repetition—Will he answer to that name!

Passing through familiar streets her outlook sharpened. There was the shop where she'd enquired about fencing, when perhaps he'd never have fallen. And here in her fish shop they were still serving. It was a pity she'd gone to the other. She'd never have known.

But was it a pity? Wouldn't Moochey be happier with his own people—if it was Moochey. Well, she'd soon know if she tried. But should she try when if so, she'd be alone again?

But back home, watching him approaching so gentle and trusting, she knew she must make the test. Though not now, while he was curling round her feet, purring with delight. She would see later on. And later on, when he was leisurely washing after his feed, she murmured—"Moochey."

Dropping his paw he gazed at her, reflectively. "Moochey,"

she repeated. He came to her, excitedly, rolling at her feet, and purring loudly.

Yes. He's Moochey. He belongs to the other people. But he's happy here. Why should I disturb him, and distress myself.

But she was burdened with distress already, and longing to be relieved said, wistfully:

"I must take him to his people." Suddenly she realized that in the shock she hadn't observed the address.

Next morning found her there, reading it, and the name—Miss Tucker. And looking further she saw "REWARD." She turned away with sick repulsion. Nothing could compensate for the loss. But she must take it—and see.

With that resolve she returned. The cat came eagerly to meet her. Gently she stroked it. Then set seriously to work, rummaging in the cupboard for a basket. With the same firm purpose she placed the unsuspecting cat inside, and fastened the lid. She could have wept as she descended the stairs. She'd be all alone again, if it really did prove to be Moochey.

The cat travelled very placidly, though it was over an hour's ride. And Miss Spencer was aware of a glimmer of hope as they journeyed through one district after another. How could it be Moochey? How

could he have strayed all this distance?

She alighted at a village green, and soon discovered the cottage she wanted. Hesitantly she opened the gate. Advancing along the path, looking at the flower beds and rustic porch—she thought—Fortunate people living in this lovely place, and owning this lovely cat, if it is their's.

At her knock a slender little lady opened the door. With head held askew in bird-like fashion, she exclaimed:

"Dare I hope you've brought my Moochey."

With wriggings and mewings and desparate clawings at the basket, the cat declared that he knew the voice.

"Evidently I have," Miss Spencer replied, wistfully. "You are Miss Tucker, I suppose."

"Yes. And that's my Moochey. Come in please, and tell me how you found him."

Indoors, and free, the cat's every action proclaimed that this was his home. He fondled his mistress as lovingly as she fondled him. At her movement to prepare food he eyed his familiar dish and purred again—a pain of joy. And Miss Spencer watched him in dumb misery.

Miss Tucker watching her in the bird-like way roused her, with:

"Now Moochey's fed we'll have something to eat. And please tell me all about him." Miss Spencer having told in full detail added—"But how could he have strayed all those miles?"

"I can tell you." Miss Tucker smiled. "I can laugh about it now. A carrier who lives round here fancied a cat jumped out of his van when he was delivering in that district. Seeing my notice in these shop windows he thought it might be Moochey. He would have me give him that photograph, and he arranged about the notice you saw. How pleased he will be. It was good of him. And it's good of you. I thank you very much. And now I suppose we ought to be speaking about the reward."

"Reward." Miss Spencer protested. "I don't want a reward. Nothing could make up to me for the loss of Moochey. But I'm glad he's back here, with his people."

"His people!" Miss Tucker laughed. "There's only me."

"Only you. Then you must have been unhappy. I know I shall be, back there without him."

"Well you needn't be back there without him. You can be

here with him, and me."

"Here with him, and you!"

"Yes. I have a room empty. I thought I'd never see Moochey again. I was so miserable and lonely I decided to let it. Come and see if you like it."

"If I like it." Miss Spencer stood enchanted in that enticing room. "The size of it," she cried. "The cheerfulness." Going to the window she exclaimed. "The view." Then "Look! There's Moochey sprawling on your wall. So that's why he would sprawl on mine."

"Yes. That's why, I expect. But this is low, so he's safe and happy. But do you suppose I could be happy looking at him, and thinking of you back there without him?" And what a poor reward. But you'll come, won't you? I've taken to you. I hope you will."

For a moment Miss Spencer could not reply, her happiness was so great. Soon she must go back alone. But later on when they had brought her goods, she would be there with him, and this kind friend.

"Yes," she said, with a joyful smile. "I will. Thank you. And oh, what a rich reward!"



Leo Friedman.

MISS BEATRICE KAY AND HER PET IN THEIR CARAVAN

See Page 23 for details of Christmas Cards and Calendar.

CATS OF GREAT WRITERS

By M. F. Norman



IV. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS CAT

Great is the name, the glorious name of Dickens!
 If you were born a cat, oh! would you, could you,
 Venture to tease a man so greatly gifted,
 Daring to hinder,
 Hinder the flow of genius resplendant?
 Listen, and marvel at the tale I tell you,
 Night after night the master wove his stories,
 Toiling till midnight.
 But not alone, for his cat was there beside him,
 Watching he sat, till boredom fell upon him,
 Then he would rise, and with a gentle paw-thrust
 Put out the candles.
 Then would the master gather up his papers,
 As best he could in darkness, taking Pussy,
 And so to bed, to rest his weary genius,
 In a soft slumber.



Illustrated by Kathleen Spagnolo.

Extraordinary Creatures, Women!

By ARTHUR BAKER

MY wife complained of mice in the flat. I said she'd better get a cat. Next day I saw her shopping list which included such items as nail varnish, earrings, Bing Crosby records, scissors, meringues and other details which now escape me, for this was pre-war; the last entry was cat.

She came home late for lunch and said she had seen **THE MOST ADORABLE CAT**. "What did you pay for it?" I asked. "Oh! I haven't bought him yet," she said, "I want you to see him first." Since she knows I don't know one end of a cat from another, I thought this was a stupid remark but I didn't say so.

After lunch a taxi took us to a small and rather gloomy shop in Kensington where, after some scuffling in the back-yard, a cat was produced and placed on the counter for our inspection. The shop was very dark and in that particular lighting all I could see was two crimson eyes. "Isn't he **SWEET?**" said my wife. He was nothing of the sort but I said if we had to clutter up the

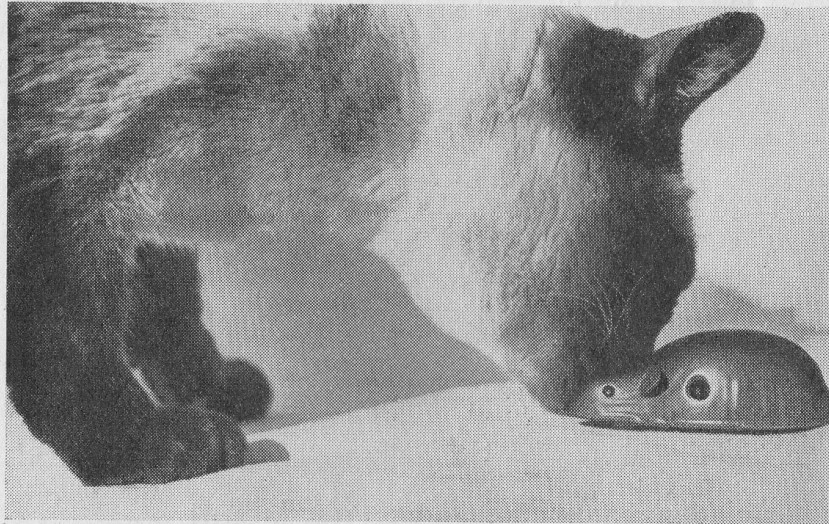
flat with a lot of animals I suppose he would do as well as another. I added that three guineas seemed reasonable, though I didn't really think so.

I drifted to my club by easy stages and called for an evening paper to see the racing results but before the waiter brought it, I suddenly saw two crimson eyes again. Damn silly, but the next moment I was at the telephone. "Did you get that ruddy cat?" I asked. "Yes," came my wife's reply. I called a taxi.

When I got home I found the cat installed. He wasn't a bad looking brute. "I expect he'll want some milk." I said. "He's had some." I was told. "Well, I should get in some fish for him." I suggested. "It's in the 'frig.'" said my wife. "He'll need a basket or something to sleep in, won't he?" I enquired. "There's one coming at five o'clock" was the answer. "Well, what about his thingumajig—you know?" I asked, lighting a cigarette. "I bought a tray and some earth on my way home," answered my wife as she stroked him behind his left ear. Extraordinary creatures, women!

Half an hour later my wife said, "I thought you were going round to see James this evening?" I told her that James had become rather an old bore lately and I thought I would just sit around a bit. We discussed the cat's name and I found that the man in the shop had called him Mickey. Apparently he was a Siamese with a funny tail like a question mark. I looked at him again, in a way he was rather handsome.

During the night I thought I heard a noise and as my wife was asleep I crept out of bed to see that everything was alright. When I got back—for everything was alright—I found my wife wasn't asleep, she had turned the light on and seemed to be smiling at something.



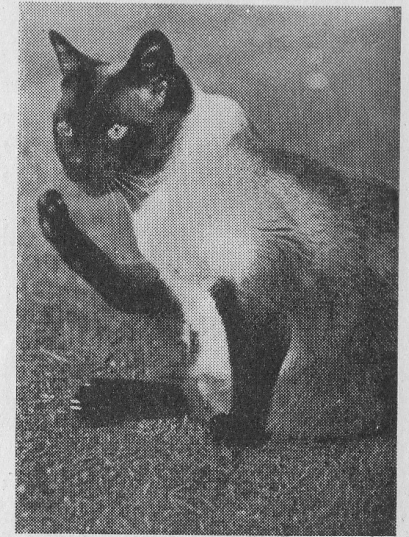
Of course, I knew from the very first that my wife would become an absolute slave to that cat and such, indeed, was the case. Marvellous the way women can fuss round after animals, yet in some ways they seem almost callous! I remember a couple of months after we got home, Mickey developed a shocking cough and even I got rather worried. I sent for the vet for I didn't want my wife to get upset, but the chap said we needn't be anxious. As a matter of fact he added that we were giving exactly the treatment that he himself would have prescribed. I later discovered that my wife had got hold of some clap-trap book on cats and what to do with them when they were ill!

I don't pretend I actually *disliked* the cat, for I realised the joy he brought my wife; and anyway, he was quite well-behaved and seemed to sleep a great deal.

We had the most gorgeous Spring that year and I had a feeling that my wife would like to get Mickey away to the country where he could see trees and birds and things. I suggested something of the sort and she seemed very surprised and said she always thought wild horses wouldn't drag me out of town. Of course, I didn't tell her that it was purely on her account that I had thought of this. Since the whole idea seemed to fascinate her, I went through with the necessary arrangements and in due course we moved to a charming little village in the heart of Sussex.

I remember trying to buy Mickey's ticket at Victoria. He had to undergo the most degrading performance of being weighed *in his basket*, just like a box of groceries or something. I spoke very strongly to one of the officials about it but I don't think it did any good.

Our decision to live in the country was amply rewarded for, after Mickey's feet had got accustomed to the hard ground he decided he was in Paradise. He hunted, basked in the sun and built himself a sort of



Country Club in some tall grasses and undergrowth at the bottom of the garden. The days passed happily and all too quickly. Then, suddenly, 'came the war!' Mickey, ever a true blue aristocrat, disliked any change in his well ordered life; he failed to understand the shortage of Argentine liver (the only sort he would touch) and although I went to town and tried to come to some arrangement with the big Stores, it was no good. The little tit-bits, which he had come to regard as his right, also grew fewer and finally we were faced with that cold spell early in 1941.

Mickey got ill. I said we must have the vet. and got a first class man over from Brighton.

Apparently Mickey was bad; he had jaundice. I was afraid my wife would take this news terribly badly but she was amazingly calm and, incidentally remarkably efficient in the way she looked after him. He became desperately weak and we had to carry him out to the heated greenhouse and prop him against the wall, for he couldn't stand by himself.

Looking back on it all now, I sometimes think my wife was almost as calm as I was. Its funny the way women will fuss when there is nothing to fuss about and yet seem to remain almost indifferent in the face of a crisis!

One Sunday, early in February, Mickey got worse. My wife was up with him most of the night and I didn't sleep too well myself. Early next morning I phoned the vet., I must say he was a good chap for it was snowing hard but he was with us soon after ten. I managed to have a word with him privately as he got out of his car. I tried to explain how fond my wife was of the cat and how, if there was any *really* bad news he must not say so in front of her. He seemed to take in the situation and told me not to worry myself.

We went into the drawing room where my wife was kneeling beside Mickey. The vet,

examined him and pulled up one of his eyelids. He didn't say anything for a minute and I was petrified that he would forget my instructions and blurt out something silly. Curiously enough it was my wife who spoke first. She said in a low, steady voice, "It will be quite painless, won't it?" "Quite," answered the vet. reassuringly. She was stroking Mickey's head just behind his left ear. A tear splashed noislessly on the carpet narrowly missing that small black face. Suddenly she got up and said she thought she would go upstairs for a bit. At the door she turned and smiled at me, dry-eyed, I thought. She looked again at Mickey, then the door 'clicked' behind her.

The vet, produced two tablets and asked for a spoon. He seemed a very gentle man. Mickey gave a little gasp and swallowed; then he lay still. A few minutes later the performance was repeated: Mickey didn't move any more. I asked if he were dead but the vet. didn't seem to hear me; instead he filled a hypodermic syringe with something. I turned away and looked out on the softly falling snow: how Mickey loved sunshine and warmth! Suddenly I heard his voice, quiet and sympathetic, "We all come to it sooner or later," he said. "Yes, but we aren't all as faith-

ful as that ruddy cat." I remember answering rather fatuously. We both had a large whiskey—you could get the stuff in those days—and shook hands rather more forcefully than was necessary. Then he left me.

Luckily Monday was one of the gardener's days. I watched his spade cutting through the snow and down into the earth beneath. 'Make it quite deep,' I said, "and wide." I had chosen a little sheltered place beside the "Country Club." I collected everything I could find, basket, blanket, collar and lead, his brush, an old cotton reel and the clockwork mouse that were his only toys, even the fountain pen filler from which we had given him his last drops of brandy. I wanted there to be no remembrances.

My wife was remarkably brave during the days that followed and astonishingly solicitous for my welfare. An outsider might have thought that she was trying to cheer me up instead of the other way round as was really the case. Luckily I think she has now forgotten, for she seldom mentions Mickey's name. Of course none of it ever meant a thing to me except in so far as she was concerned. I never cared much for cats.

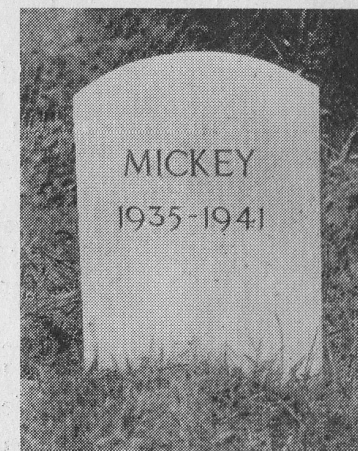
Only yesterday I had to speak

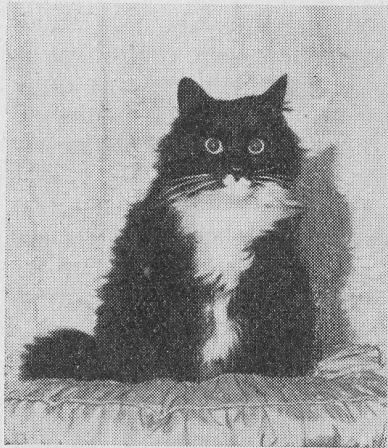
to our gardener about Mickey's grave. There were several weeds on it and the grass was quite long in places so that one could only just see the stone itself. My wife came out whilst I was protesting and asked what was the matter. When I told her, she slipped her arm in mine and we walked a few paces away. Then she returned to the gardener who was about to put things ship-shape. "Don't bother, Hubbard," she said, "leave it just as it is." She looked up at me and squeezed my arm, "I think Mickey would really have preferred it like that," she whispered.

I looked at the grave with its warm inviting undergrowth and gently swaying grasses. It looked very unpretentious.

Perhaps she was right.

Extraordinary creatures, women!





Robert

IN MEMORY OF WHOM
AN ANIMAL CLUB
WAS FORMED

By

C. AUDREY BELL

IN in the winter of 1936, on November 13th. Robert arrived one evening at my house, "on approval." He was just a little ball of black and white fluff, with great, big blue eyes and magnificent white whiskers.

I could not resist him. From the moment I opened the tiny, cardboard box and he looked up at me with his big, blue eyes, I knew that I must have him.

He was a cat of very great intelligence, possessing a vocabulary of nearly fifty words, the meaning of which he clearly understood. He travelled about with me whenever I went on holiday, sitting peacefully on the seat of the railway carriage and making no attempt to leave the train when we reached a station.

He was a one person cat, and while accepting the advances of cat lovers with friendly dignity, had little use for anyone but myself. Many stories could be told of his intelligence, including one instance when he gave warning of fire, but space forbids the recounting of these anecdotes.

He was put to sleep on December 5th, 1942. aged six years, for incurable eye trouble, following dropsy. He left an imperishable memory in the heart of his owner, until a future life reunites them for ever.

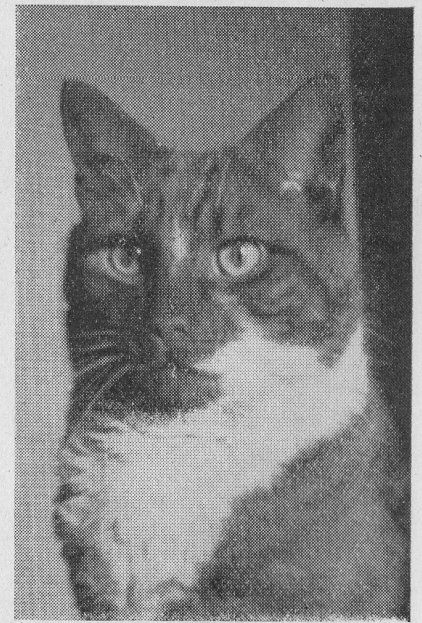
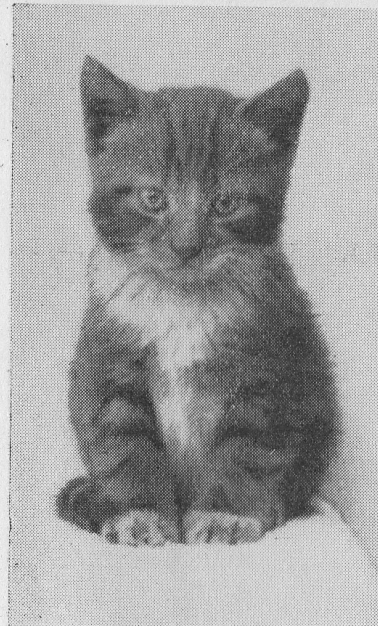
In memory of Robert, his owner founded a society called "Robert's Animal Club," which has for its object the benefiting of all other existing animal societies and helping animals whenever possible.

The first object of the club is to raise £300 to endow a "Hutch" for strays and unwanted cats at the Ipswich and District Animal Welfare Centre, and the campaign was opened by a successful concert at Ipswich in November of last year, when £23 was raised towards the £300 target. Another concert follows on February 19th, and a third on March 19th of this year, in addition to other proposed activities.

Robert's animal club has raised £43 with concerts since November, 1946, and the club is now supporting two hutches for stray and unwanted cats at the Ipswich and District Animal Welfare Centre.

Please wish us success in our efforts.

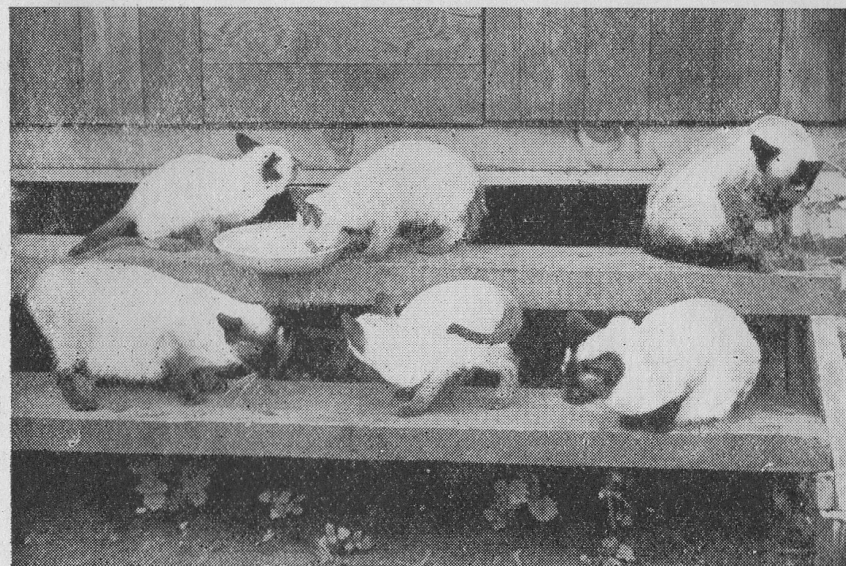
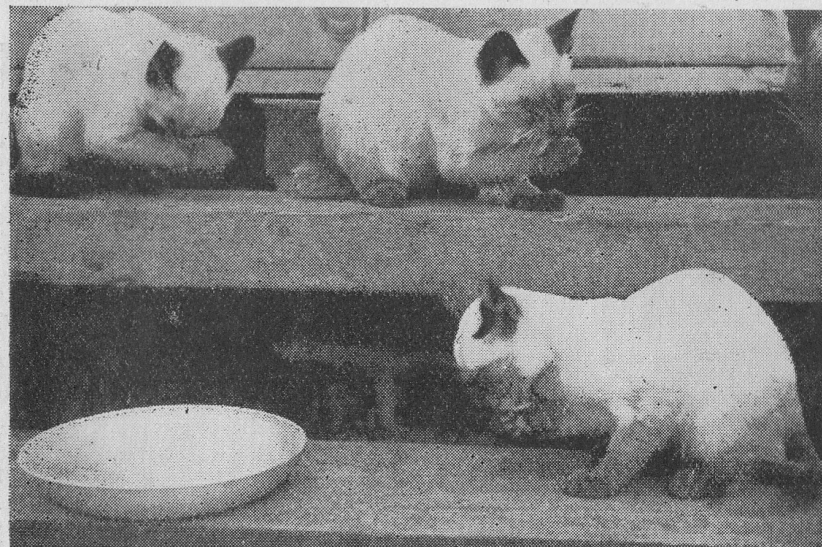
Readers' Own Pets



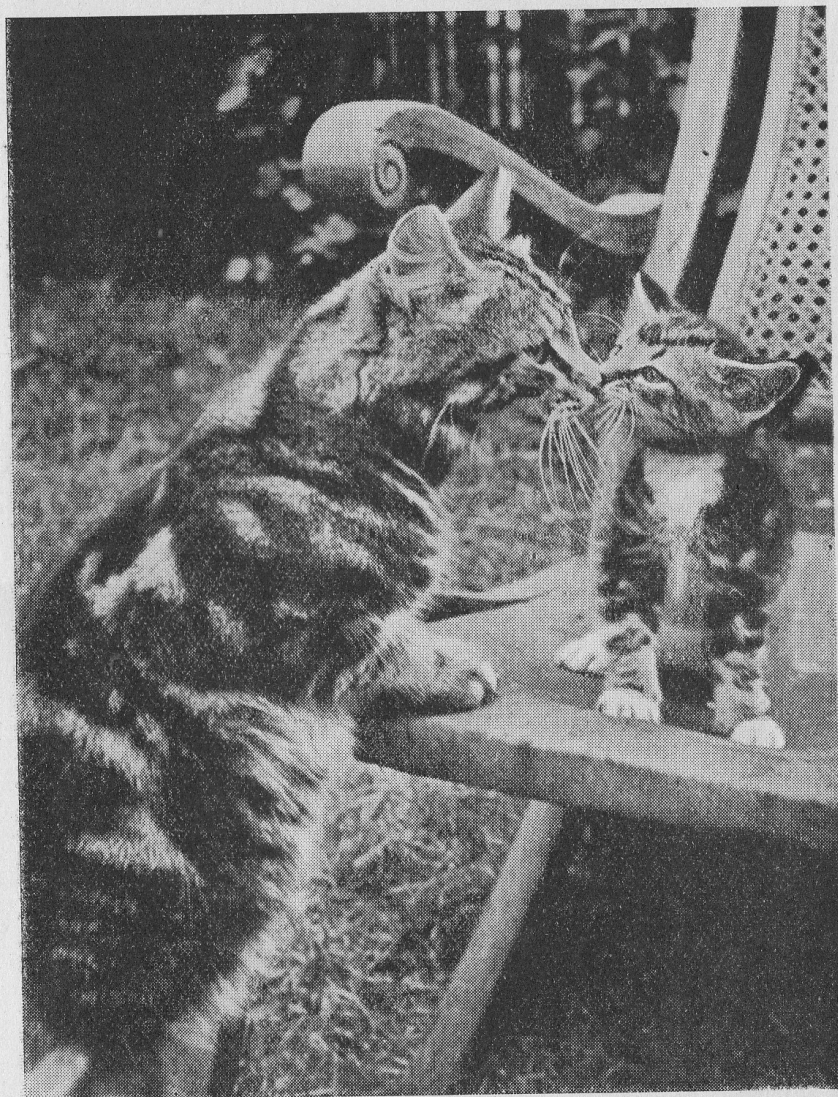
The above two photographs show Sunny, when aged 5 months and when 5 years old. He was the pet of Miss Helen E. Cattley. He was a deep marmalade with a lovely white chest and paws, and most beautiful eyes. He died when 10 years old.



MRS. FRANCE AND HER JERSEY CATTERY



A MEAL OF PILCHARDS—AND AFTER
(Some of Mrs. France's Kittens)



A. H. Claxton.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION

Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA

JUST before the July issue went to press, we were preparing for three weeks holiday, two of which were spent in the Lake District—the only two weeks of fairly bad weather this summer—and we promised to tell you about the cats we met, if any. Part of the last week we spent with a friend in Shropshire, and met Benje, a cat of cats, but more of him later.

First there was Satan who belonged to the Hotel in West Cumberland in which we stayed. Satan is a blue short-hair who wandered in from the wilds when a kitten—there are many semi-wild blue short-hairs in that part of the country—however, when we were introduced she was nursing four kittens, two black and two tabby Manx! The origin of the Manx ones seems to be wrapped in mystery, so thereby hangs no “tail.”

Her stable companion is a most beautiful Alsatian dog called Sylva, who sits firmly by her basket and guards the little family most carefully. It was most amusing to watch him wash them all over, each stroke from his powerful tongue almost swept the kittens from their basket, but however they seemed

to survive and even thrive on it, Satan remaining quite confident and entirely unperturbed.

Now we come to Benje whose real name is Benjemin. He is quite old, very clever, and he cannot be said to belong to, but is a beloved member of the family of Mrs. Baldwin of Church Stretton.

When Benjemin was very young he learned twelve tricks, he is not asked to perform very often, but he never forgets, and can complete his whole repertoire without making a mistake. After each performance of each trick he is rewarded with a tit-bit. He will sit up and salute with his right paw, when his Lady says “Two paws “Benjie” he puts up two paws, one each side of his nose. He shakes hands with his left or right paw, and knows the difference, rolls over for his dinner, dies for his country, says Grace with his chin on two paws, and we think the cleverest of all his tricks is to “Trust” like a dog. He does not balance a piece of meat on his nose, but sits motionless beside it until he hears the words “paid for” and then he pounces upon it and gobbles it up.

Benje is a most companionable creature and he talks, how he talks! in a silvery purring little voice, truly we have never met such a cat, he is a long-haired tabby and his years sit lightly upon him; may he live as many more years as the care and devotion lavished upon him would seem to merit. We have some photographs in the making, they are not ready yet but one day we will show him to you.

Mrs. Hardie, the owner of Panda—the cat who boxed the ears of any of her fellow farm cats who dared to eat until she had finished—has sent us another little story about her. It was noticed that Panda was allowing one cat, Susie, to eat with her. Susie had only one kitten at the time, while Panda possessed four, but Susie had taken all four of Panda's kittens and nursed them with her own. Apparently Panda was grateful for being relieved of her responsibility, so now, after being sworn enemies, the cats were to be seen sitting purring at one another like two gossiping old women.

We have already received some Birthday Subscription orders in response to our suggestion for helping to sell our

extra copies, also offers to boost the Magazine from other Readers. Splendid! please keep the good work going. We should also like to thank you for the many charming and appreciative letters that we continue to receive. It is a most comfortable feeling to know that we have such a number of real friends in so many parts of the world.

We hope you like the photograph of our secretary on the cover.

BLUE PERSIAN CAT SOCIETY.

The TENTH CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW of the B.P.C.S. will be held at HOLY TRINITY HALL, GREAT PORTLAND ST, LONDON, W.1. On WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1947.

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Sussex.

For the Children

BEST FRIENDS

By Janet Overton, aged 13½

WE had always lived in a London flat, so we could not have any pets, although I loved animals very much. At long last we moved into a sweet bungalow. At the end of the garden, there was a factory where I often saw cats wandering about the yard.

One day, I saw a lovely ginger and white cat walking slowly down the path. I called to him, but he was very nervous. At last, he crept up to me, and sniffed my hand. After that we were great friends. He loved running after a piece of string which I dragged along the grass. I called him Goldie, although he wasn't our cat.

We called him Goldie because he had lovely golden eyes. He was gentle and good natured. Just before I came home from school each day, he would go up to my mother and say, "Miaow, Miaow" as if to say "Has she come home yet!" Then he would sit down, and wait for me. As soon as I came home, we both had games. At last, when he was tired out, he would lie down, and go to sleep. One day it rained, so we allowed Goldie to come into the house. We had a fire in the grate, but Goldie would not sit near it, and stared at it from afar. He seemed to wonder what it was. All this went on for a long time, until one day Goldie didn't appear, and I never saw him again. I don't know, what had happened to him and I have never seen him since.

When Goldie went away, my parents said I could have a cat of

my own. We knew a cat, who had six kittens, three black and white and two tabby and one Ginger. The ginger one was the sweetest thing, very like Goldie in markings.

I had a weakness for ginger cats, so I took him and called him Fluffy, not a very good name for his character, for he was certainly not the sweet fluffy ball of good nature I expected. He was a proud and grand kitten. On the day of his arrival at his new home, he seemed very bewildered and wandered around the house sniffing at every thing. At last we had a game, and he played, then we put him in his basket where he fell asleep.

Fluff hated to be picked up, or cuddled. If ever a cat put on airs, Fluffy did.

One day, as I was coming home from school, I saw a few people outside our gate. I hurried round, and saw Fluffy sitting on the gate post, being admired; he looked at the people as if to say "am I not a fine fellow." As soon as he saw me he dashed into the undergrowth but I caught him and gave him a lecture about showing off, but he didn't listen to a word. The only purpose in Fluffy's life was eating, sleeping and hunting.

I went away soon after this and when I got home again I found that Fluffy had grown a good deal. He wasn't a naughty little kitten, but a full grown cat. When I came home Fluffy became jealous.

Just before my Party, he was very wild one night. It seemed as if something was calling him from

outside, then we let him have a run in the garden, but he didn't come back. That was the last we saw of him. What seemed so queer to me was that two ginger cats should disappear.

One night we had a mouse in the bungalow. My mother is terrified of mice, so my father suggested the latest kitten of Fluffy's mother. It had exactly the same markings as Fluffy, only it was a tabby. It had lovely green eyes, and was a female. When I saw her I thought how pretty she was, so I called her Beauty. Where Fluffy had been bold, brave and dignified, Beauty was rather silly, timid and gentle. She loved being cuddled, and having a fuss made of her. Where Fluffy had been so clean and always washing himself, Beauty was just the opposite as she hardly ever washed at all.

Later we had to move back to London again. Beauty hated the moving. When we got to our new home, we shut her in the bathroom, where she could recover from her

fright. When we had got all the furniture straight we let her out into the flat, while we went to have a cup of tea. When we came back, Beauty wasn't to be seen. We hunted and called all over the place, but she did not come. We then thought she might have run away but all the windows were shut. I was very upset but the next morning I went into the lounge, and there she was coming out of the piano, just under the key board. She had slept all night there. She settled down very well after that never going very far away.

Beauty is now 1½ years old and she does not seem to miss the garden. She has just had two kittens, both like herself and she is very happy with them. They are growing very fast. Their names are Fluffy and Ballerina. Fluffy is just like my first cat. Ballerina is just like Beauty but not quite so timid. I wonder what adventures Fluffy and Ballerina will have in years to come.

WE have had Mitzi three years now. I had her as a Christmas present when she was a few months old. She was very frightened at first, and it was only a year and a half ago that I was allowed to go near to her, without her spitting and running away.

Her first family consisted of a boy (deep blue eyes, and nice points) and a girl (pale eyes and kinky tail). The girl ate some string and so she fell ill. Freda, (as she had been called) stayed with us. She has a lovely character.

Freda has been caught in a trap twice. At the moment we have ten kittens. Four of Freda's and six of Mitzi's, (which are a week older than the others). Freda removed hers from their box, to Mitzi's box, and there they have stayed.

Last holidays, we had a parcel just before tea. The parcel had only been on the table about two seconds, when Mitzi jumped up and sat in it.

Freda has an old sock of mine tied in a knot, with which she plays. This sock has been everywhere, even in the fire once, and is now with the kittens. When she wants to play with it, she brings it (with a great deal of noise) and dops it at our feet. We then throw it and she runs off to fetch it and brings it back, and the whole performance begins again.

Wendy Hanson, 13½

FIRST AID CORNER

By HILARY JOHNS

A WORD OF WARNING

I came across a rather tragic case the other day which I think is worth writing about in the hope that knowledge might save similar trouble in other cases.

A cat of eight years old was in kit. As the appointed time drew near, she produced one kitten but it was obviously premature, and was born dead. The owners were, naturally, a little concerned but as the cat showed no signs of being out of sorts or in discomfort of any kind, they were reassured and assumed it was merely some outside accident which had caused a miscarriage.

More than a fortnight later, the cat showed signs of discomfort—nothing very tangible, just un-ease when sitting down, or getting up or jumping. Her appetite went off a little too. You might fairly describe her as a little listless, but there was nothing obviously wrong.

As, however, she remained off colour, she was taken to the vet. who was told about the dead kitten, and the question was raised whether there might be another kitten or kittens which had failed to come away. (This particular cat never had large litters; only two's and three's). The vet. said he would keep the cat under observation and the owner was advised to telephone in two or three days.

The telephone call gave a report that "the little cat was quite all right" but that the vet. intended to

operate in another few days and spay her because he felt there was the likelihood of a recurrence of the trouble, in view of her age. The owner agreed, and was to fetch the cat home for convalescence.

When the owner went for her pet, she was told that the operation had taken place and a terrible state of affairs had been disclosed. There had been another kitten, also dead. It had, of course mortified with completely disastrous results and there was nothing to do but to put the cat to sleep at once. The vet. added that he would not have believed a cat could live more than a couple of days in such circumstances, yet she had lived for four or five weeks.

I quote this instance to show the amazing stamina of cats, and how highly advisable it is to act at once if there is any suspicion of anything being wrong. It is easy, of course, to be wise after the event, but had the cat been taken to the vet. immediately she showed signs of trouble, or even after the premature birth of the dead kitten regardless of the fact that she seemed quite all right then, it would have been possible to save her.

I heard, a few days later, of just such another case, where the operation had been completely successful and in this case the cat was ten years old.

One naturally hates to be unduly fussy, or to trouble vets. unnecessarily but...

THE CARE OF YOUR CAT by Grace Cox-Ife and Hilary Johns. An easy reference guide to feeding, breeding, grooming, first-aid. Price 2/9 post free, obtainable from "CATS and KITTENS" MAGAZINE, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

For The Small Breeder

Mrs. L. M. Bruce's two
year old Blue Persian

"V.J." bred by Mrs.

Barckley of Edinburgh



Enthusiasm

By P. M. SODERBERG

THOSE of us who become enthusiastic about cat breeding frequently suffer from the temptation to add another variety to our stock or at least the very least to purchase just one more cat.

When we succumb to this temptation, which frequently happens, it is more than likely that we shall later regret our weakness, for at present any livestock breeding is difficult if only from the point of view of feeding.

All households have some scraps from the table, but usually these are

few, as we, like our cats, have become far less fussy over our diet during the past few years. All the time that our pets are kept within the limits of our table scraps, the problem of feeding is not great, as, if we cannot buy horsemeat or fish offal, we can usually make do. When food for the animals definitely has to be bought, the problem becomes a continual worry and quite often entails long hours in queues. If anything, the situation is even more difficult now than it was during the later years of the war, and the cat breeder would be

advised to keep a very firm hold on his enthusiasm unless he is assured of an adequate food supply.

Even from the point of view of time the idea that two cats can be looked after as easily as one does not hold good. Feeding may take little longer, but the hundred and one odd jobs which fall to the lot of the cat breeder take considerably more time when only one more is added to the stock. Particularly is this the case with the long-haired varieties for whom daily grooming is essential. In these days, when the ordinary business of living takes up so much of one's time, it is only too easy to turn a pleasant hobby into a burden and thus destroy much of its value and most of its pleasure. In cat breeding it is the addition of that extra variety which produces this unhappy sequel.

During the past thirty years I have bred many different varieties of small animals, and I know from personal experience how easy it is to kill one's enthusiasm by a failure to use one's common sense.

The trouble often starts in cat breeding when one has bred a particular variety for a few years, and then at some show or other sees a kitten of another variety which attracts. Speaking for myself, it is colour which attracts me most, and the addition of a new colour is always a temptation.

To those who are similarly tempted one can recommend the Blue-Cream. Suitably mated, a Blue-Cream female will perhaps in one litter produce three different colours—Blues, Creams and Blue-Creams, and here for most of us is a most attractive combination.

If one desires to show cats, the Blue-Cream in itself is not easy, as those specimens in which the blue and cream appear delicately intermingled to produce a shot-silk effect are few and far between. Cream

patches on head or legs are only too common, but the occasional specimen which approaches perfection makes the effort worth while.

Creams, both male and female, of the highest quality may be produced from a Blue-Cream female, and provided the pedigree contains sufficient blue, type will approach that of Blues which at present easily excels all others.

The Blues born from a Blue-Cream, and their number will depend largely on the amount of blue in the pedigree, are not likely to be of the highest quality when compared with Blues which have been pure-bred for many generations. Blues from a Blue-Cream will themselves be true breeding, but perhaps they are safer as pets than breeding stock.

It is not difficult, and certainly interesting, to work out the possibilities from the mating of a Blue or a Cream male to a Blue-Cream female. Mendelian principles obviously operate here, but one's forecasts will rarely be correct unless one is dealing with a number of queens and therefore many kittens.

No mention has so far been made of the Blue-Cream male because he is a very rare gentleman, and if he should appear, he would most probably be sterile. Some males have, however, been registered.

Thus, if you must have more than one variety in the kitten stage, at least there seems to be a possibility of satisfying the desire with the Blue-Cream.

Some time ago it was obvious to me that my enthusiasm was getting the better of my common sense. My Blue-Cream female is, I hope, the remedy, and I am daily expecting the variety of colours I want. I hope I shall not be disappointed.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT CATS

By

GRACE COX-IFE

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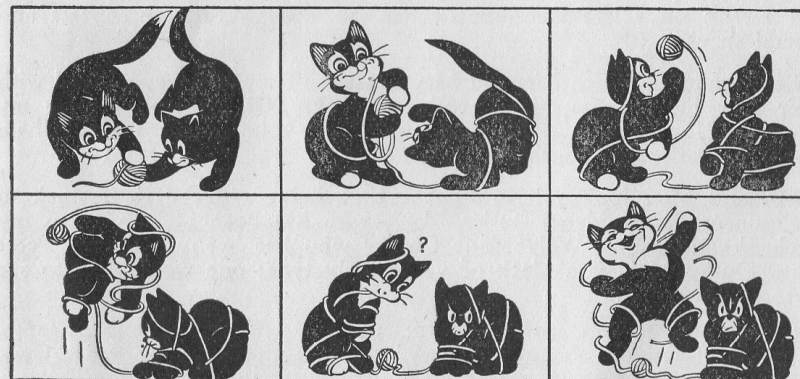
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Meet The Breeders

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

THE breeding season is now in full swing and though I fear for many people the early matings have been rather a disappointment, one is hearing of more kittens on the way now.

I recently paid a very interesting visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harrington-Harvard who in their new home at Stafford have ideal accommodation for their cats. The late Miss Albrecht's two lovely males Oxleys Peter John and Oxleys Tommy Lad are both happily installed in their own houses, which Mr. Harrington-Harvard also bought and both cats, when I saw them were looking very fit and in lovely condition.

My little cream girl Woburn Carolyn (who at the Notts. and Derby Show last January was awarded her first challenge certificate) is in kitten to Oxleys Peter Pohn and I am eagerly awaiting events. Stanforth Dauntless Lady (daughter of the late Ace of Pensford) was also looking in lovely condition as were her two daughters, Trenton Georgette and Trenton Suzelle. Georgette, I am pleased to say, is in kitten to Deebank Michael. She, as will be remembered, was shown as a kitten at the Notts. and Derby show last December when she was awarded three 1sts and several specials.

I also paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hariott. They are very pleased with their new little cream girl Karulino Naughty Girl, litter sister to my Karulino Honeysuckle. Both are promising young queens by Pelham Major ex Parkwood Sunshine.

Mr. and Mrs. Jopson have for the time being reduced their stock to two queens, Walverdene Dusky Maid, who has been on a visit to my Deebank Panda and Walverdene Cherry who has been to Oxleys Peter John. Dusky Maid is a black of very lovely type; one would like to see more blacks about.

I have recently sent my Carlton Tunice who is by The Playboy of The Court ex Carlton Black Bess to Mrs. Cyril Tomlinsons Ch. Black Beret. I am hoping to get a good black female from this litter.

This week I am paying a long promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. Broxton and the Misses Robinson and am bringing back with me Mcvely Triona, the latest addition to the Deebank cattery. I hear they have a number of lovely chinchilla kittens which I am greatly looking forward to seeing. On my way down, I hope also to visit Miss Miles. She has recently purchased Bayhorne Shelley, a cream boy by Ch. Widdington Warden ex Ch. Pelham Silver Girl, and I am particularly anxious to see this young male, who should be of outstanding quality.

Also going through Bridgeholt I hope to look up Mrs. Henn. Two of her queens have just been visiting my studs.

This week, my little queen Skeete Gaye, who is a daughter of the late Deebank Roy, presented me with a lovely litter of six Blues—sire Gaythorne Gremlin. She is very young and very inexperienced and was completely bewildered when she saw the size of her family! She overlaid one the first night, but has managed the other five very well and is proving herself to be an ideal mother.

My "notes from the north" have, I regret to say, been rather few and far between, but I have been so busy settling into my new house, it has been impossible to find time to pay many visits and collect news. I hope from now onwards to have items of interest each month and shall be very glad if breeders will send me news of their stock and new arrivals.

M. Bull.

BLUES

THE B.P.C.S. were sporting enough to run their first post-war Championship Show as an "all colour" fixture at Nottingham last year. On October 15th next, they revert to "Blues only" and the show is to be held at their old venue in Great Portland Street, W.1. It is hoped that a celebrity will be persuaded to attend. Mrs. Brice-Webb will again be Show Manager, and Miss Fisher and myself are very anxious that the coming Show may be a record one. Blue Long-hairs are deservedly popular and there is a demand for females which is ever a healthy sign. They are, as a rule, most docile gentle cats, ideal for flat dwellers or country homes. Their vanity is proverbial, and even the less good-looking specimens if well bred can produce a "best in show." I remember the late Miss Albrecht, then a novice, some years ago quite unexpectedly scoring a triumph with a Blue kitten.

G. Campbell Fraser.

WHEN YOU ARE AWAY

I want to remind readers to provide suitable accommodation for pets, cats, dogs, rabbits, birds, etc. before leaving home. There are usually some holiday homes for pets advertised in this magazine, but some families may-care to board friends' cats. I don't board any, so please don't write to me! I haven't got time; in fact, I have too much on hand now.

Don't just tell your neighbour to look in and see to puss. She may promise you she will, and undoubtedly means to, but something else turns up and she forgets. When she remembers, there is nothing suitable to eat in the house for puss and the shops are closed. So puss may, with luck, get a drop of milk, and so on. A good many cats don't take easily to strange places and strange people, so you want somebody who really loves them and has the necessary patience and understanding. I have heard of some people just shutting them out of the house and leaving them to the mercy of neighbours and the world at large. I have fed many such a poor cat. People will say, "Its only an ordinary sort of cat." The poor thing needs food and some sort of comfort just like a well-bred animal. It often beats me why on earth some people keep animals, when looking after them is too much trouble! I remember one poor neuter cat passing from hand to hand in this way. The original owner left the house and neighbourhood.

A friend wanted him and kept him for a few weeks, then somebody else had him and passed him on again. In the end the poor cat found its way back again to its original home, but the new tenants had brought two cats and a dog, which was not appreciated by puss.

I think my cats must have attracted him in some way, and now he turns up at our house at feeding time, and I have looked after him for the last eight years. He was the only cat of those I call my "lodgers," who in fact survived the bombs and he is still going as strong as ever. He is docile enough with me, but quite used to a roaming life now. He will not stay indoors at all except when there is a heavy thunderstorm; then he comes to the back door begging to be let in and dashes quickly under the gas-cooker for shelter. As soon as the storm is over he goes away again. He is at least ten years old, but strong and healthy; we all wonder where he sleeps at night. Strange to say, he is never wet, even if he turns up during the wet weather, and never wants to come indoors, however cold it may be.

So reader, if you go away to enjoy yourself, see that your pet or pets are left happy and well looked after. He or she will repay you with love and devotion.

A. H. Cattermole.

SIAMESE

I had a very interesting visit from Mr. and Mrs. Walton, who returned from Siam a short time ago, and brought with them a pair of Siamese cats, which were given to them as a present by a prince of Siam. Mrs. Walton told me that although she has bred Blue Persians, she has not before bred Siamese. She wanted to see my cats, so that she could make comparisons. I haven't seen the cats yet, as they still have some time to stay in quarantine, but I am looking forward to doing so, and will give my impressions in later notes.

When I came to Jersey I didn't bring any Blue Persians with me, but always felt I would like to breed them again. Now I have Beaucourt Dandi, who did so well when shown under Mr. Bolton. He is a beautiful cat, and has the gentle and affectionate nature of his parents, Bunchi and Tweedle-dee of Dunesk. I hope to get a good queen for him, so that I can breed some kittens and also to place him at stud, as I do not think there is a Blue male on the island.

Lilian France.

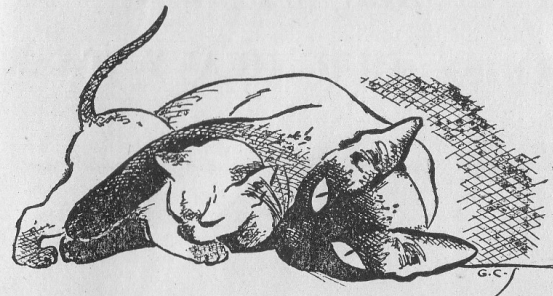
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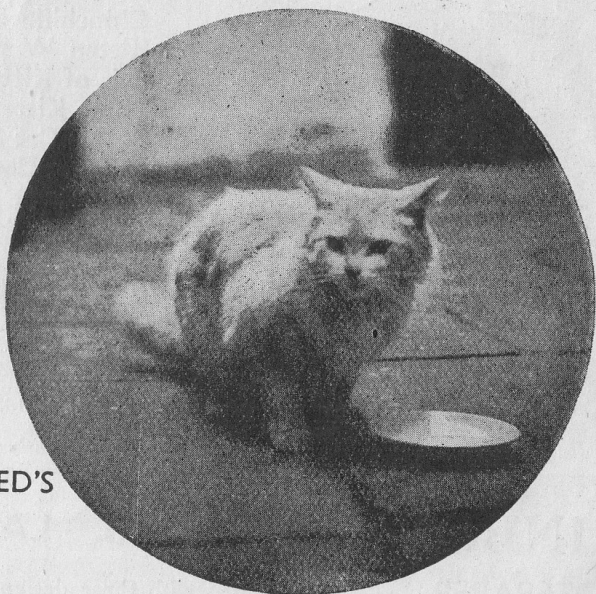
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SIAMESE S.P. KITTENS by Larchwood Clover ex Hillcross Hao Kan, born 12th May. 1 female, 3 neuters, very fit and affectionate, perfect type, lovely pets to good homes only.—Mrs. Walters, 41 Smitham Bottom Lane, Purley. Tel.: Uplands 8135.

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(Continued on next page)

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