

The National Anti-Vivisection Society

Putting it very briefly, here is the Policy of the National Anti-Vivisection Society:—

1. To deliver defenceless animals (cats, dogs, monkeys, horses, guineapigs and other species) from abominable torture in the scientists' laboratories.
2. To advocate a rational mode of living which is certain to benefit the general health far more than experiments on animals can be expected to do.
3. To urge the vitally important ethical consideration that the perpetration and toleration of cruelty is injurious not only to the animal victims, but is destructive of what is most precious in human nature.

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

Support the

National Anti-Vivisection Society

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(Free literature gladly supplied on application).

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CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



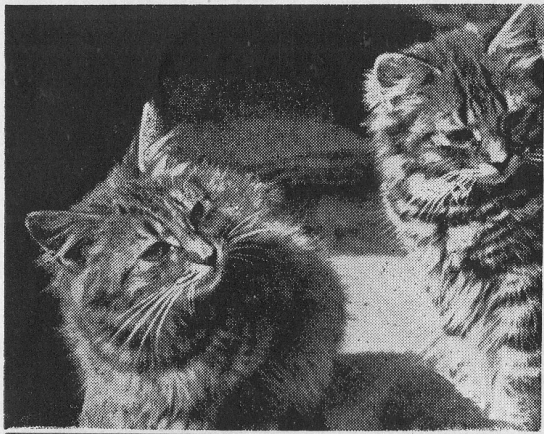
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Pictures on pages 16 & 17.

NOVEMBER, 1947

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

NOVEMBER, 1947

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

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



SLEEPY HEADS

The photographs on the cover and the one above are by Hubert Davey.

Rhymes from Readers

LORDSHIP

Across the lawn, with lightly cautious tread
 That scarce the dewdrops from the verdure shake,
 Whence comes his Lordship, what gay revels fled,
 And what mysterious journies did you take?
 Let's in, and by the fire sit down and laze
 Whilst I the ancient briar draw in a glow:
 Now from your purr and kind, though lordly, gaze
 I take it that you've said all I should know?
 O, I'm a fool I know, for men do say
 "None but fools talk wisdom with a cat."
 But, thus, I've learned Contentment—in a day
 When men are blessed with all—except just that!

Edward Gibney.

SIMON

The pale moon rises through the clouds of night
 All grey and silver in its shimmering light.
 Soft where a shadow stirs its silvery thread,
 Your smooth form moves, as silent as the dead,
 With green eyes glowing in your lifted head.
 As in the blazing sunshine, hot and bright,
 You lay soft sleeping in its warmth and light.
 You sun your silky fur in flowers red and gold,
 Your gleaming blackness smooth against the wold,
 Your ease and comfort grateful to behold.
 You eat, you sleep, you purr in ecstasy
 In winter, by the fire, its warmth to see,
 In summer, in the grasses soft and small,
 And love the dark fir trees; you know them all.

Jean Imrie.



Donald McLeish

THREE LITTLE DUTCH GIRLS AND FURRY FRIEND



HE was not, on first acquaintance, a prepossessing animal. His fur, one felt, was not very good quality—utility fur-fabric, possibly, and dirty, at that.

But from the moment we first stopped to speak to him as he wove his thin body in and out of some area railings, he took to us. When we reached our flats, some five minutes later, and were about to step into the lift, a raucous "Wow" behind us made us turn our heads, and there he was. Taking advantage of our astonishment, he strolled between us, jittering his stringy tail, and calmly seated himself on the floor. We submissively followed him in.

He strolled out of the lift first, when we reached the fifth floor, and waited, looking over one shoulder; quite plainly he was saying, "Kindly show me the way to your flat and don't keep me waiting like this."

We led the way, meekly, and I unlocked the door, standing aside to let him go in first. He

Ebenezer

By SHEILA COOPER

swaggered into the dining-room with the air of an aristocrat who had seen better days. He inspected the kitchenette, and as he stalked into the bedroom, and, leaping onto the bed, tested its springs, we both found ourselves hoping it would meet with his approval. Evidently it did. He settled down to sleep on the silk eiderdown on my bed with every appearance of satisfaction.

Sanity descended on us with a sudden leap.

"Look here," said Angela, "He can't possibly stay. We're always saying there isn't room to swing a cat. Well, there isn't."

"I know," I said weakly, "But he seems to like it here."

Angela looked at me with annoyance. "This flat is my flat," she said coldly. "Moreover, it is officially a one-person flat. But because we went to school together, and because you had nowhere to live, I, out of the goodness of my heart, took you in."

"And who pays for the lion's share of the food, and half the rent?" I retorted.

"Who eats the lion's share of the food, then?" she said.

The cat on the bed sat up and yawned, to show his extreme indifference to the whole question. Then he settled himself down, turning round and round in the opposite direction. We looked at each other and laughed. "Sorry," we both said, and I added, "He is rather a smelly brute, isn't he?"

We took him back and deposited him by the railings where we had originally found him.

Next morning when Angela got up to put on the kettle, he was sitting just outside the bedroom door. He looked at her out of half-shut eyes that said, more clearly than words, Fine sense of hospitality you've got, keeping a fellow out all night."

How did you get in?" she asked him, but he ignored her.

Angela said we mustn't feed him, or he'd keep haunting us. As we passed the area on our way to the station, we deposited him by his railings. We left him happily fossicking in a dust bin.

When we got home that night, he was sitting inside the flat, waiting for us!

Angela looked at me. I looked at Angela. Then we both looked at the cat. The cat regarded us with sleepy eyes, and then, suddenly re-arranging himself, he began to lick the felt pads of his hind legs with vigour, biting the knotty bits.

"I wish he didn't remind me so much of someone I knew," said Angela. It was halfway through supper that she suddenly thought who it was.

"Ebenezer!" she exploded suddenly. The cat and I looked at her with alarm.

"Ebenezer Trindle," she explained excitedly, "Is the old jobbing gardener at our home in Somerset. He wears all his employers' cast-off clothes, and they give him a look of shabby gentility, a sort of 'I've seen better days' look, and this cat's just exactly like him. Let's call him Ebenezer."

"But he's not stopping," I reminded her.

"Oh, no," said Angela.

She deposited him at the area after supper. I returned him on my way to the station next morning. But we were both a little half-hearted about it.

That evening on our way home, we saw a little old woman by the area railing. We asked her if the skinny tabby tom we sometimes saw there belonged to anybody.

"No, the dirty crittur," she said. "Allus 'anging round 'ere, 'e is; allus in the dust-bins."

Ebenezer was waiting for us. This time we were quite glad to see him, we greeted him more warmly than ever before.

"You know," said Angela, "I'd have been awfully dis-

appointed if he hadn't been there."

"So should I," I said, "He sort of grows on you, doesn't he?"

We fed him. His manners were good. He washed his face before and after he fed, and ate delicately, although he was obviously very hungry. He kept his whiskers clean, and his paws didn't stray onto his plate.

"He's not very beautiful, is he?" I said.

He wasn't. His fur was well marked, but moth-eaten. His left eye was slightly smaller than his right; part of his right ear was missing, to say nothing of the two jagged slits in the portion he still owned. He was obviously down on his luck.

"Let's bath him" said Angela, so we did.

We mixed soap-suds in the bathroom basin. Neither too hot nor too cool. He stood submissively in the basin, shivering a little with nervousness, while we rubbed him gently. Dirt darkened the lather. Ebenezer never attempted to get out, but from time to time he growled softly, and swished his tail to and fro.

He looked a miserable sight with his fur clinging to his lean skeleton, but still aggressively male, with his long nose, and his slit ear. We rinsed him in two waters.

"I've never seen anything so obviously masculine, have you?" said Angela.

We rubbed him down with a warm towel, and set him before the fire. He licked himself vigorously, twitching the loose skin over his back.

Later, a warm, dry, contented animal crept to my bed, and spent the night enthusiastically purring on my chest.

"I'm determined to find out how he gets in," said Angela, so we decided on a plan of campaign.

Angela took him to the railings, and waited for about a quarter of an hour while he examined some fish-bones in a dust bin. Then she followed him back to the flats. He marched into the hall, and stood waiting for the lift to come down. Evidently he had not discovered the stairs, which were behind a swing door. As it was Sunday, the lift was not running so frequently at that hour of the morning. Finally it arrived.

As the gates opened, someone said, "Nice puss," and stooped to pick him up. Ebenezer avoided the outstretched hand, and stalked into the lift.

I was waiting on the fifth floor landing. I saw the lift pass and re-pass the door, but at last it stopped on our landing. Ebenezer's head appeared as the gates were opened. He looked

up and down, and, satisfied that this was the correct floor, he sauntered out, and sat down in the corridor to attend to an urgent bit of washing that had just cropped up. Then he walked straight to the door of the flat.

I was watching round the corner. I saw him stand well back, spring up, and squeeze through the letter-box! A second later, I could just see his hind quarters slithering through. He jerked his tail in after him.

I should never have thought it possible. True, the letter-box measures seven inches by two-and-a-half, to allow the passage of small parcels, but even so, it was quite a gymnastic feat. The letter-box is four feet above the ground, and once through that, he would have to lift up the lid of the wire basket inside before he could jump out.

We were very touched by his persistence, and he was told he might stay.

All this happened a couple of months ago. Since then, he has put on weight steadily; his coat has improved enormously, and he looks more aggressively male than ever. Ebenezer being considered rather a mouthful, he is now called Benny. He is always waiting outside the door for us when we return, nowadays, due to his increasing bulk, he can no longer enter through the letter box. We hope that he will 'Live happily ever after' for years to come.

Oh! And by the way, he had four kittens this morning.



Quo Vadis?

By REX COLEY

WERE we surprised? No cat was aboard the train when we left Venice, everyone was assured of that, yet here, spread out in the corridor of the "tourist" special" was His Nibs, a lovely white kitten, basking in

the strong Italian sunlight that poured through the windows.

Up and down the train I went; people thought I was joking, but they came to see, and admire, the interloper, who beamed on one and all.

"Quo vadis?" someone murmured at my elbow.

"Yes, indeed," I said. "That's 'Whither goest thou,' in case you don't understand Italian," I informed the kitten. "Come now, how did you steal aboard this very exclusive train and where are you bound for, pray?"

His Nibs smiled, nay, sniggered, and covered his face with his paws.

People trotting to and fro along the corridor stepped carefully over the fully-extended animal, all mystified as to the why and wherefore of his existence.

The train stopping at Vicenza station, I hurried into the corridor.

"I say, there. Vicenza; would you like to get out here?"

His Nibs shook a dainty head. Not interested.

Later, we halted at Verona. "Come now," I urged, "this is a famous town. You must recall Shakespeare's 'Two Gentlemen of Verona;' are there, by any chance, two gentlemen, or ladies maybe, in modern Verona, who are anxiously awaiting your return?"

The cat's brow furrowed. "Verona, Verona," he seemed to mutter. "No, I can't say I recall the place!"

On again, and no response when porters cried "Brescia,

Brescia." Just a flick of an ear, disturbed by the raucous shouts.

No stop now until Milan, then as the train drew to a halt, His Nibs stretched himself so lengthily that he appeared to measure fully three feet in length for a moment, and with a masterful tread stalked to the door at the corridor's end.

Disdaining offers of help, the elegant creature jumped lightly to the platform.

"I say, you know," I called anxiously. "Are you all right? This is Milan, as we call it, or Milano, as that nameplate declares. Is this the place you wanted? If not, don't go too far away; we stay here only ten minutes before pulling out for Stresa."

The cat shook his head and said something I couldn't catch. It sounded like, "Please don't worry about me. I know some fellows here and I'll be all right. Good-bye!"

The whole train's company watched the dignified little figure stroll purposefully to where "Uschita" led to the busy everyday life of Milan. Tail waving magnificently, His Nibs passed through the ticket-collecting barrier (where the attendant offered no check, but appeared to nod respectfully) and the "tourists' special" seemed all the poorer for his going.

CATS OF GREAT WRITERS

By M. F. Norman



VI. Henry James and His Cat

You may or may not care to read
The works of Henry James:
At times, I really could consign
His writings to the flames.
His claim to greatness you perhaps
May doubt, yet he was grand
In quite another way—a way
We all can understand.
He loved his cat most dearly,
And a peerless beast was he:
For his proud privilege it was
To help the *man*, you see.
For Henry James found writing hard;
But, when his pussy sat
Upon his shoulder, flowing words
Came swiftly. What a cat!



Illustrated by Kathleen Spagnolo

We Called Her Mimi

By JANUARY MILLER

TO all cat lovers comes a time when, having lost a dearly loved pet, they say "Never again." To this they firmly adhere until confronted with a mass of tumbling furry balls, bright wistful eyes, and all the appeal that a basket of kittens makes, when they weakly murmur "Oh, the darlings! Well, perhaps just this once." But however many times they may have weakened, and however many cats they may have loved, there is always one who forever holds their hearts. In my case it is Mimi.

To tell the story of Mimi I must go back to the time when her mother (Popsy) was brought to me. Popsy a dignified young queen, whose correct name was Incents Heavenly Blue, came to me when she was a year old.

In the usual cat manner, Popsy resented having her home changed, and showed it by staying up the chimney in the spare bedroom for a few days. In vain did we try to coax her down with fish, milk and what we considered seductive voices. There she sat, just out of reach, her amber eyes glowing like

coals in the stygian darkness. We left her food in the middle of the room, periodically collecting the empty saucers, and waited as patiently as we could for the time when she would relent, and add her beauty to our fireside.

One evening, about three days after her arrival, Popsy gently pushed open our lounge door, and sat herself under the coffee table, lured, we always like to imagine by the music. No amount of coaxing would bring her nearer to us, and when her ladyship considered it time, she retired to her chimney. The ice, however, had been broken, and the next night, to my intense satisfaction, Popsy calmly curled herself up in my lap and slept. My husband tried to wean her from me, but she would have none of him until a night or two later when she seated herself on the arm of his chair, and from that moment she became one of the family. Her acceptance of us, however, was always a condescension, and we never really broke through her aristocratic hauteur.

As soon as we considered it time we had Popsy mated, for I wanted to commence breeding

a line of Blue Persians of my own. We chose a lovely good-tempered Tom called Don of Bredon for her husband, and great was my joy when seven lovely little kittens were born.

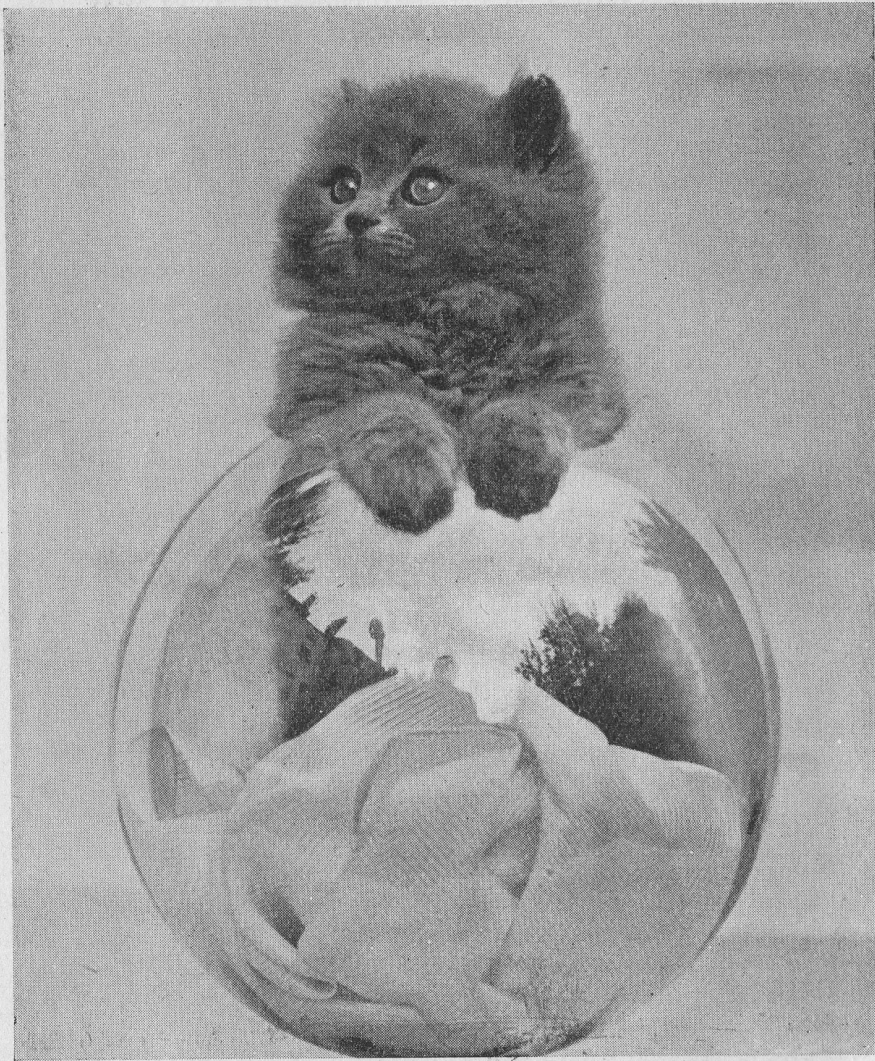
I was a novice in the cat world, but my litter gained a consolation prize the first time I exhibited them at a cat show. It was here I realised how much one little kitten had got its tiny paws round my heart. I called her Mimi, and even now, after twelve years, I soften at her memory. No matter how I tried I could not let myself sell her. All my other kittens went, not without a pang I must admit, but Mimi I had to keep.

Popsy and her daughter lived peacefully together until Mimi was about six months old, and then Popsy decided it was time she had the house to herself again. Nothing however, would swear at her (though one hardly likes to use such a word of a perfect lady) then Mimi would retire with a puzzled look in her little pansy-like face; did Popsy fight her, then Mimi would just get out of range; but no sooner did she espy her mother sitting quietly than she would come up and gently wash her. At last, even Popsy had to give in to such an angelic temper, and managed to live in grudging peace with her.

As for my husband and I, we simply adored the little thing. Her endearing ways were too numerous to mention, but when I picked her up she would put her soft furry paws round my neck and hold on like a little child until I put her down.

When Mimi fell ill with pneumonia my husband and I postponed our summer holiday so that we could be with her, but it was of no avail. One night I heard a weak little "Miow" and managing to get round the door where Mimi had crawled to try and get near me, I sat with her until she breathed her last. With tears streaming down my face I got back into bed and cried myself to sleep on my husband's shoulder. His eyes too, were wet when he buried our little pet in the morning.

We have had many cats since Mimi, and then Popsy passed away, though I have never tried to breed again. When my little girl who loves our present old Tom says "Isn't he a darling Mummy?" I always reply "Yes, but I do wish you had known Mimi," and Jennifer never tires of hearing all the tales of Mimi's kittenhood that I can remember. I tell her, too, that when she is grown-up and no longer needs me, then perhaps I will try again to breed Blue Persians, and, if possible another Mimi.



THE CAT AND THE CRYSTAL

Feline Facts and Fallacies

By IAN HARMAN

THERE are many facts and fallacies surrounding our feline friends. We have only space in this short article to deal with some of the more interesting of these.

It is a fallacy that cats hate water. Certainly, no puss feels overjoyed on having a bucket of water hurled unceremoniously over his person by some irate householder whose sleep has been disturbed by the vocal activities of an amorous rooftop "moggie." But most cats definitely do like water.

A dripping tap is a never-failing source of interest to many cats, especially Siamese cats. One that I had used to sit for hours in the sink watching the dripping water, and seemed delighted when I ran some of the water over his head in a vain effort to cure him of the habit. All cats can swim well when it is necessary for them to do so.

Incidentally, there is a large species of cat, rather like a super-sized tabby, called the fishing-cat. This cat lives in India, and subsists entirely on fish and shell fish.

Many believe that all white

cats are deaf. This is not strictly true, though many white cats are hard of hearing.

A little-known fact about cats is that, unlike the proverbial leopard, they sometimes "change their spots." White kittens are frequently born with a splash or dab of grey on their heads. This apparently serious blemish (from a show point of view), is only temporary, and as the kittens grow the dark hairs vanish.

Tabby markings are often visible on blue cats when first born. But in due course these quite disappear, leaving no trace of stripes or bars on the fur. All Siamese, when very young, are pure white. It takes nearly a year before the characteristic markings of the breed are seen at their best.

A cat is not by any means always angry whenever it moves its tail. There is nearly always some motion in this organ because the cat is a highly sensitive creature. In fact, with the exception of monkeys, cats are the most highly strung of all animals.

When puss is gently wafting the tip of his tail from side to

side he is in a good humour; but when a steady movement of the whole tail from flank to flank sets in, puss is in no mood to be interfered with.

There are two popular fallacies concerning cats' eyes. The first is that cats can see in the dark, and the other is that their eyes shine in the dark.

Neither cats nor any other animal can see in *total* darkness. They would not be able to see an inch in front of their noses if shut up in a space from which every vestige of light was excluded. Cats' eyes were never intended for seeing in complete darkness. These splendid organs of theirs enable them to collect such light as is obtainable at night, to concentrate it and see by it.

Similarly, a cat's eyes only shine when there is some illumination, however slight, such as a candle or a street-light. There must be rays from somewhere, for there is nothing productive of light, such as phosphorous, in the eyes themselves.

The gleaming effect is produced by a reflecting layer in the back of the eyeball. This is called the tapetum. It acts like a concave mirror, sending out

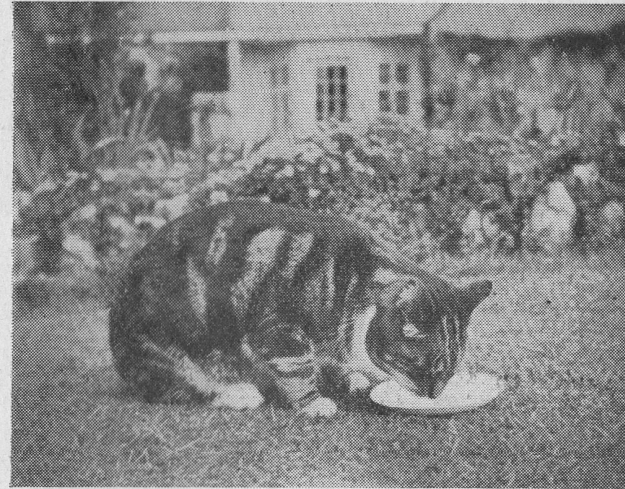
again the scanty rays of light which have already entered through the pupil, which in darkness is widely dilated. As the rays of light pass out again from the eyes they are concentrated, and thus appear more brilliant than the original source of illumination.

The reason cats can move about so easily in the dark is that they use not only their eyes, but their whiskers also. A famous scientist has declared, "Cats see in the dark mostly by their whiskers." This is quite true. A cat's whiskers are not merely ornamental. They are complex organs of touch.

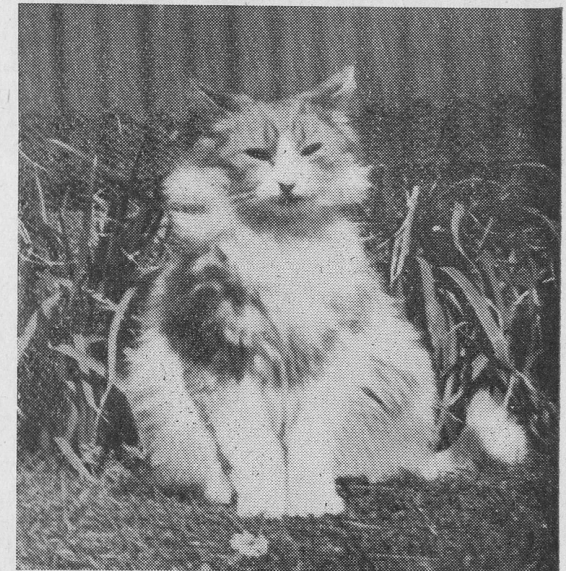
Each bristle is equipped with highly sensitive nerves, and with these a cat can feel the slightest obstruction in its path. This enables a cat, when chasing a mouse, to keep its eyes fixed on the rodent, while the nerves in the whiskers serve to guide it past any obstacles.

The slightest contact of its whiskers is felt most distinctly by the cat, although the hairs themselves are insensible. Bearing this in mind, children should never be allowed to torture poor puss by pulling his whiskers.

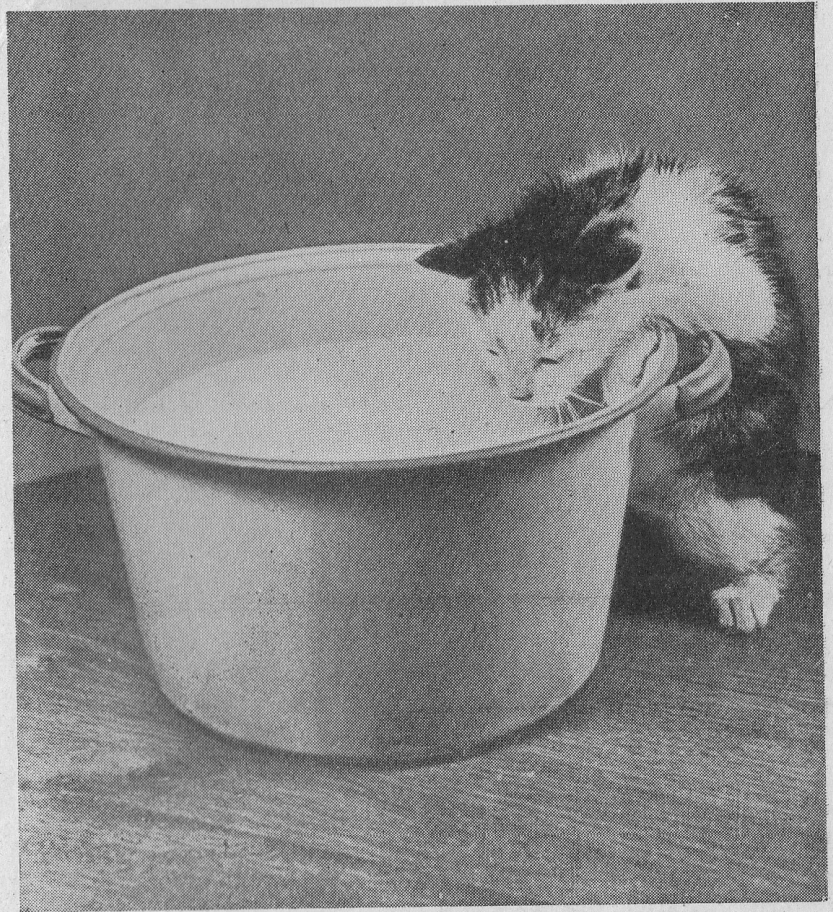
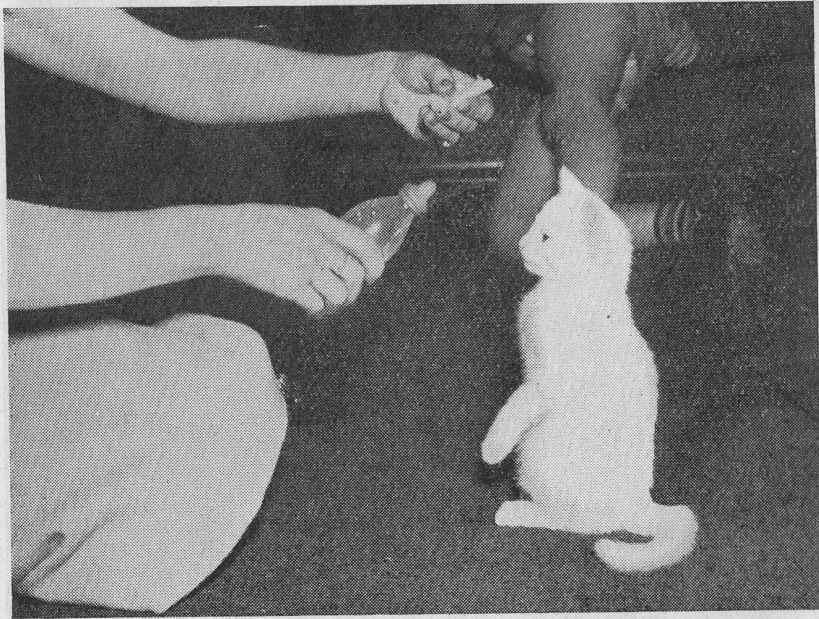
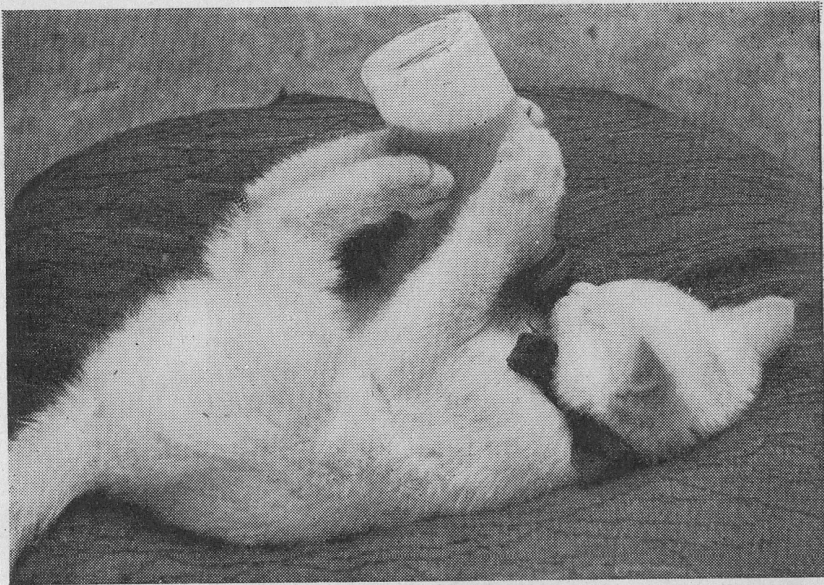
Readers' Own Pets



TIBS THE
PET OF
M. H. K.
IRWIN

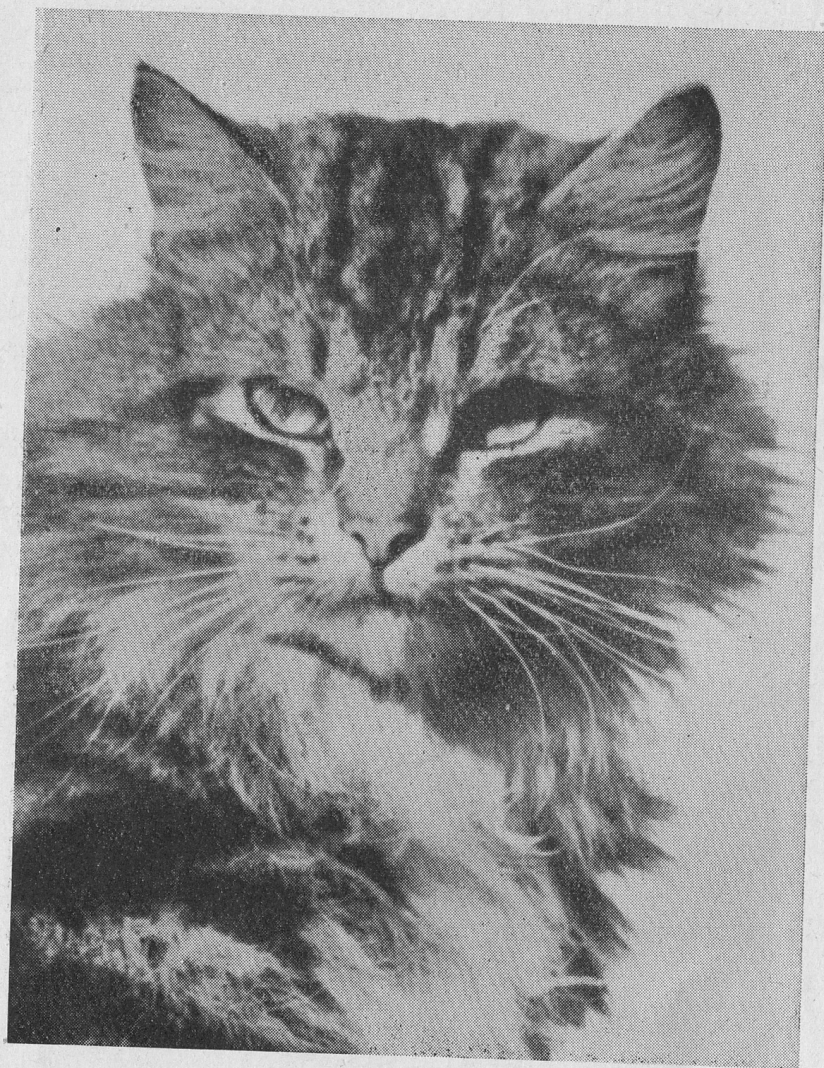


CAROL, THE
PET OF
R. E. MORRIS



HOW WILL THEY FARE NOW WITH THE MILK
SHORTAGE ?

Photographs by Pictorial Press



KITTY

R. A. Newman

Fireside Companion

By N. J. HALLEY

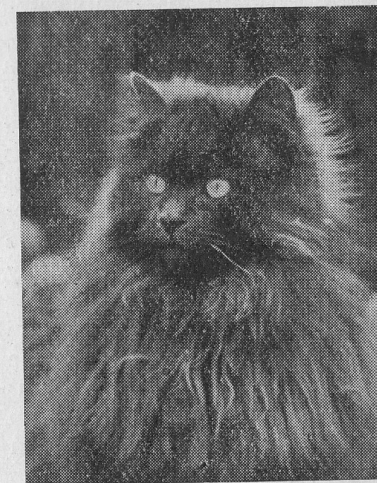
HE lies beside the hearth at my feet—a magnificent blue Persian. His large orange-red eye bright with glowing fires of their own.

A movement I make disturbs him, and he glances anxiously up at me, to ascertain whether I can be relied upon to remain seated? Evidently he assumes that I can, for he relaxes into a comfortable curve of drowsy ease.

My memory wanders back over the incidents of his life and together we dream.

Our first meeting was one of utter surprise. I switched on the light late one evening and there, all alone, on the very top of the high-backed settee he sat, an absurd ball of fluff in so large a room.

I held my breath, for a thoughtless gasp of amazement would, I felt sure, send that grey feathery ball floating up to the ceiling out of reach. To my



delight, he arched his back, dug his tiny claws well into the best cretonne, and SPAT! his minute tail positively bristling with fury.

Rapidly the kitten grew into a sleek young cat, gaining strength by frequent boxing contests with his next-door neighbour. In fact his energy was atomic. He would race himself up and down the staircase like a hurricane. By smashing an odd vase, and climbing to dizzy heights from which he could not descend, he soon became a self-trained acrobat, secure, balanced, and dignified, on all future occasions.

Among a shelf of valuable China, I have seen him coquettishly threading his way like a Ballet dancer, neat, firm

and dainty, in his complicated steps.

A blue Persian is indeed a cat of great beauty, creating around himself an air of refinement, luxury and charm. His long coat is kept in spotless perfection with his rough comb-like tongue, and his nails are manicured and sharpened many times throughout the day.

In his nature he is affectionate usually I must admit, at the most inconvenient, or most unexpected moments. He is no slave, preserving always an independent spirit.

Admittedly, this is My house, and that My Cat, yet I know only too well there are moments when he is guilty of assuming that WE'RE HIS!

No matter how demure and effeminate he may be inside the house, the garden is his Jungle. In it he becomes akin to his Cousins of the Wild—a hunter—born and bred.

By endless patience, stealth, and silent movements, I have seen him pounce on many an unsuspecting prey. His crowning achievement was the day he killed a stoat, the animal was itself stalking a bird at the time, and was unaware of the cat, which seized it at the moment when it had the bird in its mouth.

On a hot afternoon Bluebeard has his secret hide-out among the

shady lupin leaves. The catmint plant has been badly flattened after many a happy roll and chew at the mint flavoured stems.

All the year round mice are caught with monotonous regularity. When the grass is high, all that can be seen is a small grey head bent low with mousing worries, or during emotional strain the sudden twitch at the extreme tip of the tail.

Woe betide any stray cat or dog to be seen in the garden, with a growl and a flying leap out of the nearest window, the invader is to be seen flying for dear life. Our friend returns through the window and resumes his bask in the sun, but, with one eye moving like a searchlight over his territory.

As I look at him now in his ninth year, I know his life has been filled with all that fully developed senses can bring, the vigour of a body in perfect training, the quickness of mind, and the inner purr of deep contentment.

Looking down at as he lies across my feet, I notice a growing desire for sleep, warmth, and quietness.

Yet between us there is an even stronger bond of affectionate understanding, which has grown out of a long background of Companionship.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

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Sussex.

For the Children

I am a great cat lover and I would like to tell other cat lovers about my cat, Fluffy.

She is black and white and although she was fluffy when a kitten she is now very smooth-haired and her name is most unappropriate!

When I was younger I used to take Halibut liver oil and malt after every meal, which was kept in a locker in the dining room. When Fluffy used to see me get up from the table with a spoon or fork in my hand and go towards the locker, she would jump up on to the top of it and sit there, eyeing me closely as I opened the lid of my malt jar. Then when I was putting the spoon laden with malt in my mouth, she would grab my arm with her paw to try to make me give it to her! Of course I never gave her the whole spoonful, but if I did not leave her a little bit at the end, she used to be very cross indeed.

I suppose it was the fishy taste that she liked in the malt, but I was very surprised to find that she did not mind her teeth and whiskers getting stuck up with the malt!

Melanie Thorne.

A letter to Minette from Mrs. Tizzy Wizzums, sometimes known as 'The Muff,' from her appearance and also because she was once seen something on an advertisement saying that muffs were coming into fashion again. Dear Madam Muff,

Many dances and cat-calls beneath the moon have passed, since last I took my pen in my snow-white paw, to write to you.

When I was but a girl, I wrote to you for advice on the upbringing of my first kittens. I do not remember,

honoured ma'am that you replied to my letter, but no matter. Experience has been my teacher. Although, frankly I find young cats something of a bore, I am glad to say I have reared some fine sons, now well placed in the world and able mousers, due to my early tuition, if I do say it. Would that I could have kept them all with me. Just as they begin to be really interesting playmates. They are taken from me and I am left to play alone. The wish of my heart is that I might form a cat's team for chasing the ping-pong ball round the drawing room (a favourite sport of mine) but I fear it is not to be.

My principle reason for writing to you at the moment, dear Mrs. Tiz, is to ask if you have considered joining the Tailwavers Association. I myself have become a member. With the last full moon I uttered a prolonged howl and turned over a new leaf. I am no longer the kind of cat who thinks only of what is in her own saucer. I now hold out a helping paw to other cats less fortunate than myself. Each day a little of my dinner is saved for any nocturnal visitors that may come this way.

My woman co-operates with me in this matter, leaving the kitchen window ajar at night, that my friends may enter at their ease. I have even lent my blue velvet cushion to a tired tabby and I am rapidly becoming known as the protectress of the poorer puss.

Well, dear Mrs. Wizzums, I will now close, wishing you a merry month's mousing.

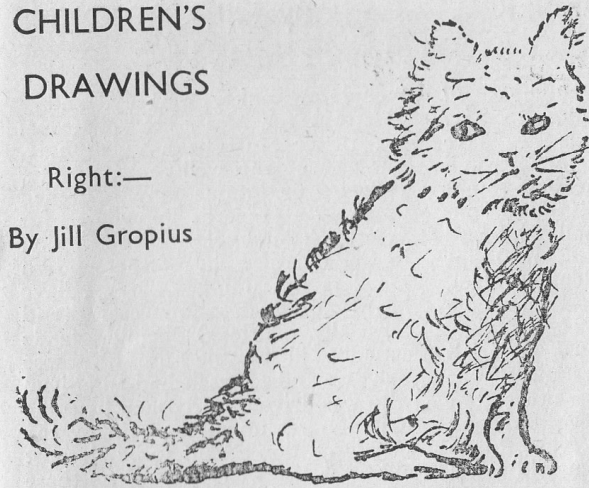
May all your kittens have cold noses. A polite purr from your pussy pen pal Minette.

Alison Raymont.

CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

Right:—

By Jill Gropius



Below:—

Original lino-cut

by

Carola
Braunholtz,

Aged 12



FIRST AID CORNER

THE CAT'S MEDICINE CHEST.

By HILARY JOHNS

IN response to a number of requests I am going to risk repeating some things I have already said from time to time, and give you a note of the best things to keep in the house (and preferably in a box or small cupboard ear-marked for the cat's use) for emergencies and accidents in fact, the cat's first aid and medicine chest.

First of all, the usual materials for bandaging, dressings and so on: some bandages or old white cotton rags (well-washed), cotton-wool, lint. Tape is useful for tying things on to the patient, and an old towel for handling the patient and protecting the operator. A pair of scissors—preferably those round-nosed surgical ones—some orange sticks and a pair of tweezers will also be useful (remember match sticks will serve in place of orange sticks in emergency). An old but clean teaspoon should also be in the outfit.

As to actual medicaments, etc., boracic crystals and boracic powder form a most essential stand-by, so does liquid medicinal paraffin and tincture of iodine. As to antiseptic, it cannot be too strongly stressed that for cats these must **not** be over-strong. For internal use, you cannot do better than T.C.P. while Dettol is excellent for external application. One word about iodine: it has a sealing action, and should never be used on any deep wound unless you are absolutely certain there is no dirt in the wound, otherwise the entrance may seal over, when the dirt still inside will at once begin to set up poisoning and the last result will be much worse than the first.

It will also be a good idea to

include a canker remedy, and a deterrent for fleas, etc. Personal experience must be a guide here, but any of the well-known canker powders or lotions may be relied upon. As regards powders for vermin, I do suggest a little caution in the use of some of the modern powders containing D.D.T. I have heard of cases of cats (and especially kittens) being made actually ill by the use of these powders and I myself had an animal who was driven nearly mad by some irritation set up in the skin by the powder. I don't want to be alarmist but it is as well to know these things can happen. Should such a thing happen to you, at once discontinue the use of the insecticide.

You will see I have not included any ointments in the suggested contents of the first aid box. This is deliberate. Cats do so hate their fur being messed up, as it inevitably is by ointments, and if any trouble can be dealt with by lotion or powder, this is far the best way to deal with it.

Having noted the things which it is useful to have in the house for emergency, I now feel inclined to say: "Having got them together, forget them!" The average cat is, or should be, a very healthy small beast if properly fed and properly exercised and nothing is more likely to upset a cat than continual fussing about its health. On the other hand, just because cats are healthy, they are liable to be ill without the seriousness of the condition being realised until it is too late. Very difficult, I know, but I have yet to mention the most important item in the medicine chest: plain common sense!

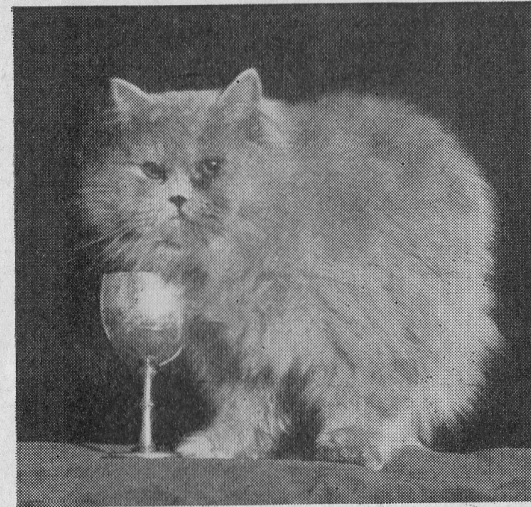
For the
Small
Breeder

Mrs. D.

Brice-Webbs'

"Oxleys

Smasher"



Selling Kittens

By P. M. SODERBERG

I have during the past twelve months received many queries relating to the sale of kittens from two points of view, namely that of the seller and also of the buyer. Consequently it may be helpful to consider this matter under the headings of "Selling Kittens" and "Buying Kittens."

At the present time there are a large number of novices who are breeding cats, and most of them seem to have one or at most two queens. Such breeders are usually most enthusiastic, and when it comes to the sale of kittens are more interested in the finding of a good home for the kittens than in the price they are to receive. This, within limits, is certainly as it should be, but the idea of a good home needs some definition. It has

little to do with social status, but a very great deal to do with the attitude of the new owner towards domestic animals, and must also consider his knowledge of the treatment which cats need. It would be interesting to know how many kittens which are healthy when sold finally reach a robust maturity. I should not like to hazard even a guess, but from what I do know, many kittens must die before they become adult.

Many of these deaths could be prevented if the seller made perfectly certain that the new owner had sufficient knowledge to deal with a kitten. The fact that we who breed have learned, often by bitter experience, that rearing kittens is not as easy as "falling off a log" implies that the new owner should

be given the full results of our own experience not only at the time of the sale, but also afterwards, if such help is needed.

One of the most serious dangers with a new kitten is that a change of diet will produce a digestive upset which may have fatal consequences. Certain it is that a setback of this type will usually require considerable time and patience to overcome.

Thus the seller of a kitten should make reasonably certain that the new owner knows the kitten's normal diet. This is, of course, the one which the breeder has found satisfactory in his own experience. There may be many diets which would have been more satisfactory from the start, but that doesn't matter, for the main danger with kittens occurs when there is a considerable change in feeding. Always write out a diet sheet and state on it not only the time of the various meals, but perhaps even more important, the quantities. Many kittens will over-eat, and Siamese are notable in this respect. Increase in quantity, unless it is very gradual, is as dangerous as change of diet.

Some breeders keep kittens with the queen until they are sold, but this is not a practice which is helpful to the new owner. I think that one can say without fear of contradiction that the novice should always be sold a kitten that has been completely weaned for at least a week. Admittedly this is more troublesome for the breeder, but it definitely gives the new owner a better chance of a trouble-free start.

It always seems to me that the beginner would be well advised to purchase a kitten which is older than eight weeks. It may be a little more expensive, but "penny wise and pound foolish" is not sound policy.

The statement that no kitten should be sold unless it is perfectly fit would seem to be superfluous were it not for the fact that there seem to be several standards of fitness. Not one breeder in a thousand would think of selling a kitten which he knew to be sick, but some certainly do not take sufficient trouble over what would appear to be minor details and yet which may make all the difference between satisfaction and disappointment.

Even the slightest indication that the kitten is "off colour" should mean that the sale is delayed. After the mildest attack of diarrhoea the breeder should keep the kitten for at least a week to make certain that all is well. Lack of appetite should also be considered a sufficient reason for postponing a sale.

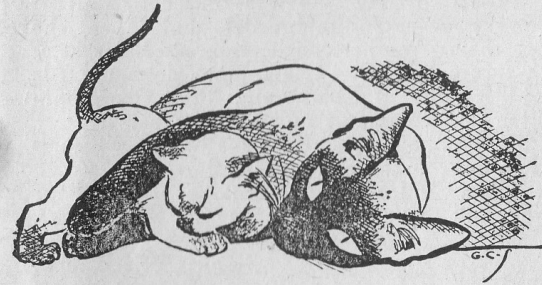
There are two other points that I should like to mention here, as recently I have had several letters on both subjects—fleas and canker.

I know that there are breeders who say that their cats never have fleas, and I have no right to disbelieve them, but I cannot claim the same "cleanliness" for my own stock. From time to time all my cats have fleas, and sometimes there are several which are playing host to these troublesome parasites despite careful grooming and dusting with insect powder. Great care should be taken when selling kittens to ensure that the little animals are as free as possible in this respect. A fine comb will usually achieve this result, and the use of insecticides on kittens is not to be recommended. Unfortunate consequences do sometimes result from the use of such powders which experience has shown to be quite harmless with adults.

(Concluded on page 29).

CAT LOVERS' WRITING PADS

Supplied with the following designs :



Black Cat
White Cat
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Pair of Kittens
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and Mark Twain quotation:—

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

Meet the Breeders

BREEDERS will no doubt be interested to know that Mrs. Barlow's winning blue Persian kittens by my "Oxleys Smasher" out of "Westbridge Silver Rose" have gone as future breeders and I hear the new owners are delighted with them. Another female from the same litter has gone to Switzerland as a future wife for "Champion Talesman De-la Chensie" who is owned by Millse Bridgett Charmonin. Millse Charmonin is charmed with her new kitten and comments on its lovely pale coat.

"W Silver Rose" has produced some very fine kittens one of which is "Westbridge Angela" who has done quite well in the show pen.

A daughter of my "King Kong" and a son of "Smasher's" sailed for America (New Jersey) this year and I sincerely hope they do well for Mrs. Bullock their new owner.

Doris Brice-Webb.

THE ordinary common garden cat is the pet of everybody, and most people love kittens. That's all very well, but even the ordinary cat or kitten needs a little care and attention, and so many people mean well, but are often careless and sometimes even cruel. Readers may ask why?

A very pretty little kitten is acquired, regardless of ascertaining what sex the little mite may be. In nine cases out of ten it's a female. The kitten runs about and has it's freedom, and is often turned out deliberately at night. The nights should be spent indoors to start with. At about the tender age of four months old, a good many of these female kittens come "into season" and are mated by the first male cat that happens to come along. These poor mites stand no earthly chance, it's bound to happen. For a few more weeks all is well. But as soon as the owner notices the kitten is pregnant one hears: "Oh, I don't want a lot of kittens, I cannot be bothered with them" or it is "I did not know she was a female, I thought we had a male cat!" What happens then is that poor puss is turned adrift. Now that is all wrong. When getting your cat, make sure about the sex to begin with. If you want a male to be neutered, or in common parlance "doctored" make sure you get one, if a female is preferred, then have one. Females as a rule are much better hunters than males. Some neuter cats are too lazy altogether to catch anything. In factories and warehouses mostly females are wanted for that reason, and these cats are usually well treated and looked after.

When the litters arrive as they naturally will in time, **one male** kitten should be allowed for the mother to bring up, but the remainder should be put to sleep straight away. That is the most merciful way. The Dumb Friends League and other Societies will do that. This advice I have given to numerous people. A cat without a home is a miserable creature, she will come to grief sooner or later. Some are run over, or worse still, some starve to death. We animal lovers and cat lovers ought to do all we can to prevent as much misery as possible. We should explain to people who are careless, and thoughtlessly cause much unnecessary suffering to our dumb friends. Time and again I have been told, "Oh, why worry about the cat, he or she will fend for herself!" How, I should like to know?

A. H. Cattermole.

THE BLUE PERSIAN CAT SOCIETY'S 10th CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

THE Show Manager's thanks to all who helped to make the above Show such a delightful event.

Especially do I wish to thank Mrs. Bridgett who came from Switzerland to act as Referee Judge and also for the lovely Specials she brought with her from the various Cat Clubs abroad, including a watch for Best Female and an Angora Pullover and Jacket for Best Type in Brace or Team which were offered by Mrs. Bridgett herself. I am sure the donors of these Specials would have been amply rewarded if they could have seen the delight on the face of each winner as Mrs. Bridgett presented them.

My most grateful thanks to Miss Kit Wilson, without whom I should have been lost. She, Mr. Allt and Mr. Parsons stuck to the gate all day, and I am sure even a mouse could not have passed without paying!

Mrs. Brunton ran a prize draw which brought in £12; well done, my dear, and thanks.

Miss Fisher, our Secretary, with Mrs. Bailey were at the table all day, Miss Phillips did the Award Board—in fact everyone was most kind and helpful. I mustn't forget Mrs. Bastow and Mrs. Beedell who did quite a lot of running about, both at the Show and the day before.

On closing, I wish to thank all judges and their stewards for their very difficult task in placing the awards, as the quality of the exhibits was exceptionally high.

If there is anyone I have forgotten to mention, please forgive me.

Doris Brice-Webb (Show Manager).

(Concluded from page 26).

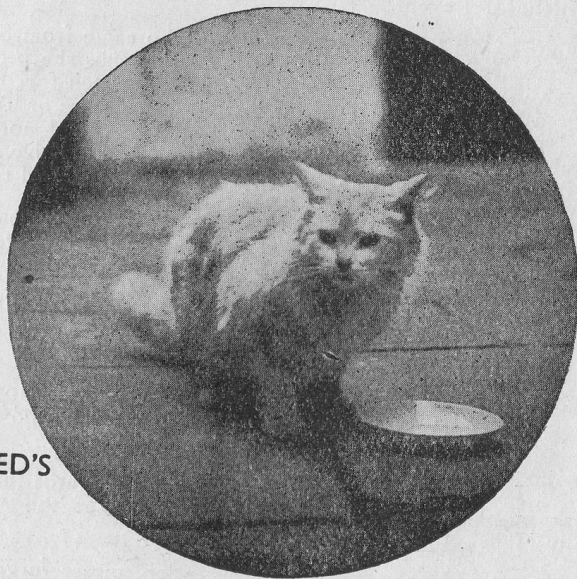
Recently I had a letter in which the writer complained bitterly that two kittens purchased from different parts of the country had arrived suffering from canker. I am sure that this experience is as unusual as it is unfair. No eight-week kitten should be suffering from canker as this fact would indicate that the breeding stock had not been watched sufficiently carefully for this trouble. From the age of four weeks onwards the ears of all kittens should be regularly examined, and

if necessary cleaned. If this is done, no kitten will go out with unsound ears. After all, it is only a matter of that routine inspection which all live-stock needs.

The sale of a kitten should mean that one has added a new member to the fancy, and if complete satisfaction is given, that is the usual happy result. If one examines a kitten which one is selling with the same critical eye that one would use on a kitten one intends to buy, all will be well.

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

WE HELP
THE
STRAYS
THE SICK
AND THE
UNWANTED'S



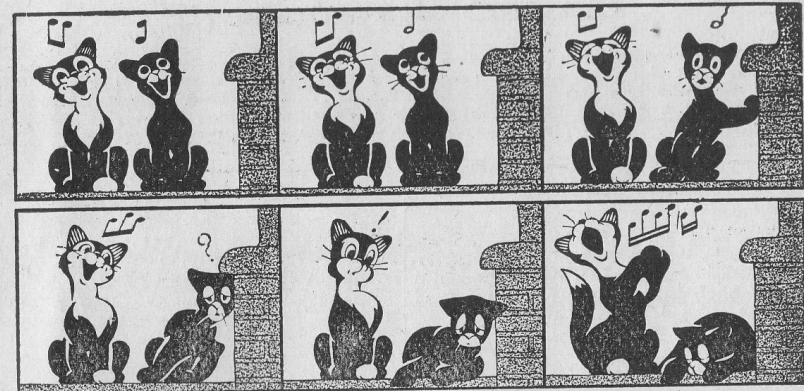
WILL
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HELP US
TO HELP
THEM?

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

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29, CHURCH STREET, SLOUGH, BUCKS.



Is your cat a silent sufferer?

If your cat is drowsy, idle, listless, he urgently needs your help. But don't wait until these danger-signs appear. Give him one 'Tibs' Cat Powder every day and he will get those correctives which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. He will take 'Tibs' readily in food or drink. 'Tibs' will help to keep him fit and frisky, keen to play and quick to purr—always at concert-pitch.

★ 9 powders for 7d. 27 for 1/6d. from chemists and corn merchants. New enlarged Cat Book (3d. in stavps) from Bob Martin Ltd., Room F 102, Southport, Lancs.

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KEEP CATS
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Kittens only sold to good homes.

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CHAMPION ZY. AZURE PHANDAH
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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.

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.

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.

MOLESEY ALI BABA, fee 2 gns. and carriage. Cream Persian, Sire, Ch. Tweedledum of Dunesk, Dam, Molesey Mischief.—Gordon, B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291.

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, Downerry Lodge, Downerry, Torpoint, Cornwall. **BLUES AND CREAMS (L.H.).**

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

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

MRS. FRANCE, Priors Barn Farm, Borrowash, Nr. Derby. **SIAMESE AND BLUE PERSIANS.**

MRS. L. DAVIES, 502, Drake House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1. Tel. Victoria 1355. **PRIORY BLUE PERSIANS (L.H.).**

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

Breeders' Cards—contd.

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

For Sale

PEDIGREE SHORT-HAIR BLUE KITTENS, very rare, lovely colour.—Miss Rochford, 92, Bexley Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Phone: Eltham 5935.

SIAMESE KITTENS for Sale. Seal pointed, good pedigree.—Wilkinson, 94, Osborn Road, Windsor. Tel.: 813.

BLUE POINTED SIAMESE Kittens, 4-8 gns., by Prestwick Blue Thunder, g. dam Ch. Larchwood Lilac, g.g. sire Ch. Zy Azure Phandah, house reared and trained and used to dogs.—Tindale-Davis, Barford Mill, Churt, Surrey. Headley Down 2287.

BEAUTIFUL orange-eyed short hair BLUE and WHITE Queen, 18 months, excellent health, 30/-.—Mrs. Hughes, 23, Beresford Road, Cheam, Surrey. Vigilant 3284.

CATTERY SEAL POINT Pedigree SIAMESE, lovely colour, 2 Stud Cats, Fine Cherokee and Kotiki, 3 excellent Queens, 5 large cages complete with specially made sanitary pans.—Neaverson, The Dene, Kirkheaton, Nr. Huddersfield, Yorks. Tel.: Hudds. 2334.

BLUE and BLACK PERSIAN Kittens, excellent pedigree from 6 gns.—Root, 14, Thrale Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

CHINCHILLA Kittens, good pedigree, born 2.7.47.—Mrs. W. S. Werry, Stone Briggs Farm, Ulverston, Lancs.

SIAMESE KITTENS, born June, strong, wonderful pedigree for show or breeding, most affectionate pets.—Lewis, Sunnybank, Much Hadham, Herts.

PEDIGREE BRITISH BLUE S.H. Kittens, also **SILVER TABBY**, females 2 gns., males 3 gns.—May, June and August born.—Quamichan, Valley Road, Swanage, Dorset.

SIAMESE KITTENS, reg. prize winning pedigree, healthy, very beautiful, 3 months, females 3 gns., males 4 gns.—White House, Kingcoed, Llandenny, Monmouthshire.

(Continued on next page)

For Sale—contd.

LOVELY BLUE PERSIAN Queen, 3 years old, beautiful amber eyes, affectionate pet to good home, 5 gns.—Write Arundel Holt Court, Bedham, Fittleworth, Sussex.

SIAMESE Kittens, Blue Pointed.—Mrs. Lauder, 9, Southcote Road, Reading.—Tel.: Reading 2371.

LOVELY BLUE PERSIAN Kittens and one Male Adult, excellent pedigree.—Mrs. Coulson, Barton-le-Street, Malton, Yorkshire.

PET SIAMESE QUEEN, pedigreed, 1 year old, to good home.—Mrs. Irvine, W. Barnham, Sussex.

LOVELY RED TABBY, half-Persian Kitten, born August 17, big, perfect marks, no white, house-trained, 2 gns.—Gilbert, Rokeby, Berwick.

Wanted

R.A.F. OFFICER desires quiet surroundings for writing and study, minimum 3 rooms and kitchenette. Could exchange 3 room mansion flat, S.W. London or would share with genuine cat lovers, where own 2 well-trained pets would be welcomed and permitted in garden. In return for this privilege, wife would gladly co-operate hour or so mornings, shopping, care of pets or light household duties, within 40 minutes Central London if possible, normal amenable couple, any suggestions welcomed and acknowledged.—Box No. 14, c/o Cats and Kittens, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Wanted—contd.

SIAMESE TOM CAT or Kitten for stud purposes in exchange for beautifully bred female kitten related to advertiser's queen.—Mrs. Robbins, Impkins Farm, Charing, Kent.

Miscellaneous

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

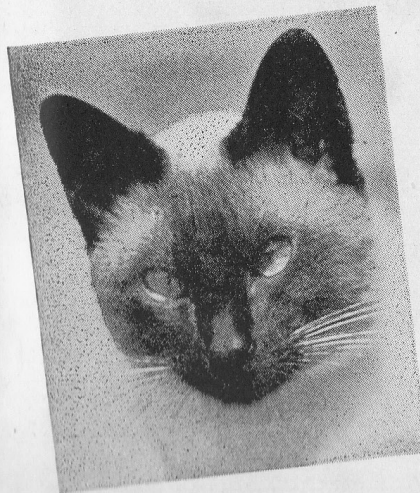
"HOW CATS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW" Leaflet and other helpful information about CATS, free from The Cats' Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks. Stamps to cover postage would be appreciated.

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.

GLEN BLUE PERSIANS, Mrs. D. G. McLaren has now moved from Barnet to Invermentie House, Riseley, Nr. Swallowfield, Berks. Tel.: Spencers Wood 83122.

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

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