

You will probably say "How Cruel!" Yes; but remember....

Many Cambridge and district people read with horror the newspaper report of the eight cats sent in an orange box from Eire to the University Physiology Department. Included in the report was this:—

"Inspector Turner of the R.S.P.C.A. found the cats exhausted and distressed. It was some time before they revived. They were emaciated and some had bitten others. They ate and drank ravenously. A veterinary surgeon found next day that five of the animals were so badly injured that they had to be destroyed."

Yes; of course that was abominably cruel. But what so many of the public fail to realize is that ANY SUFFERING OF ANIMALS ON THEIR WAY TO THE VIVISECTION LABORATORIES IS ONLY THE PRELUDE TO WHAT IS OFTEN FAR WORSE SUFFERING WHEN THEY GET THERE.

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CATS *and* kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
See Pages 21, 27.

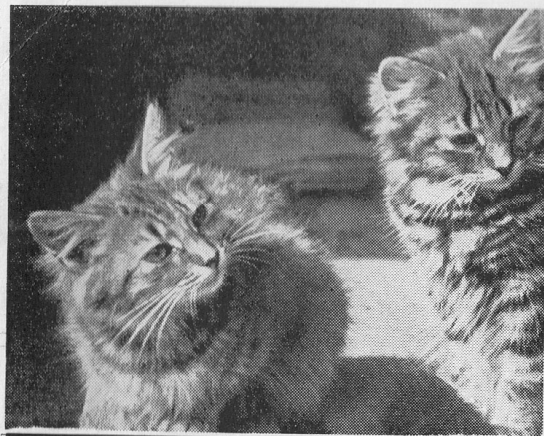
James Mason and His Cats.
Pages 12, 13, 14, 16, 17 & 18.



DECEMBER, 1947

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Redwalls Chinchillas, owned and bred by Mrs. E. M. Hacking. Photo by Joseph Wilday.



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CATS AND KITTENS

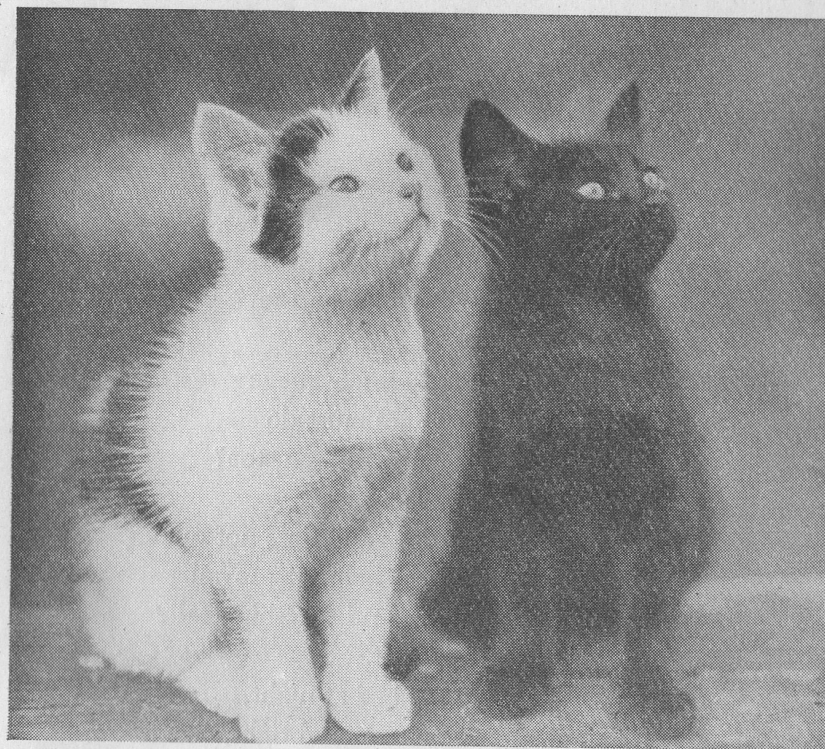
THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



DECEMBER, 1947

Proprietor and Editor: SYDNEY W. FRANCE, Prior's Barn, Borrowash, Near Derby.

General Office: 1, Grosvenor Crescent. St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.



S. Pugh

WHAT CAN THAT BE?

The photograph "Christmas Presents" on the cover is by T. Longworth Cooper.

PERSIAN CAT



Who scorns to hunt the nimble rat,
 Or sleep on my war-veteran mat,
 But rests on cushions blue and fat?
 My Persian, loud of purr.
 Who makes me linger in a queue
 For fish, when sausages must do
 For husband, self and children, too?
 My Persian, long of fur.
 Who meets great dogs and does not quail,
 Knowing their pluck shall not prevail
 Against arched back and threshing tail?
 My Persian, hissing jet.
 Who curls upon my bed at night,
 A ball of softness, warm and tight,
 Who is a Queen, a heart's delight?
 My Persian, perfect pet!

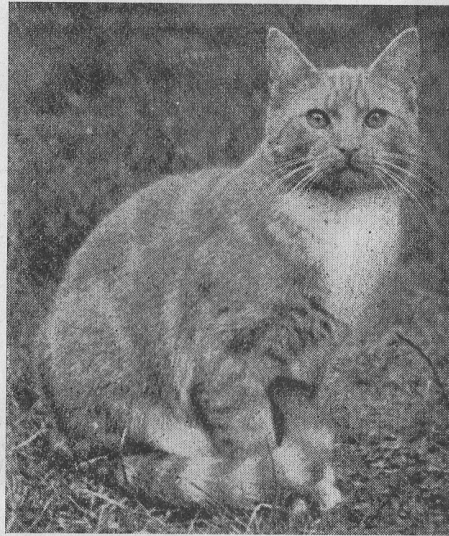
Beatrice Gibbs, Fosters, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex.



V. Major

DEATH OF THE GENERAL

By
MAURICE
HAMMOND



NO matter what The General would not leave the barracks at Woolwich. First one gunner would try taking him home, and then another. But it was no good—he always came back. One time it took him best part of a week to get back from somewhere in the Midlands.

Finally I said:

“Leave him here and have done with it. It’s what he wants. He won’t go as long as there is one of us here. It’s a code he’s obviously got of his own and we’ll have to respect it.”

We were the remnant of the 136 Batty of the 21st Airborne Regiment kicking our heels in Woolwich after being flown out of Germany.

We left The General in peace after that, as far as trying to get him settled down in Civvy Street with a member of the regiment that is. But of course we saw that he got no end of a fussing and stroking and plenty to eat. The General was our regimental cat. To say that we merely loved him would be a travesty of understatement. He came out of Dunkirk with us, advanced with our guns at historic El Alamein, and flew with us at “D” Day into Normandy. He was a big boned rusty fellow with alert pricked ears and a breast as white and clean as sea foam. Leaned, almost to gauntness by hardship he moved with a limp where a

shell splinter had carried away two of his toes, yet when called upon he showed amazing speed and was always more than a match for any dog that got fresh with him.

The time of which I write was late September ’45, and by the following February all the other members of the regiment had been demobbed or posted. There was only me left, a sergeant, with The General in Barracks. I was painfully sensitive to my position. I had taken on for another two years in the army, and before long my dreaded posting orders came through. I was to go back to Germany.

I’ll not forget the last day I spent with The General! I tried pretending it was no different than any other day. I rose and went to the mess taking The General with me and sharing my breakfast with him. He had slept snugly on my bed all night. Afterwards I went into the ante room and sat looking at the papers, not reading a word of any of them. The General sprawled majestically across my knees. On past such occasions I had been happy and contented sitting thus with The General, for more often than not admiring soldiers come overnight to the great barracks from the four, far flung corners of the war which had ended, would stroll over to my chair saying,

“What a beauty! Hello there you old rascal. You are a beauty aren’t you, eh?” and while these gallant, simple fellows were affectionately tickling his ears or stroking his back, I would crackle my papers and pretend not to be interested, when all the time I was bursting with pride for The General and simply aching to relate his story. How he came out of Dunkirk with us on a coal barge, dropped in a glider with us on the white sands of North Africa, and rode through the snow for a day and night on a gun barrel as the regiment swept Southwards across Germany to the Ardenne to stem the lightning German break through there.

But this last morning with The General was different. Memories and voices crowded my heart making it seem impossible that I could ever leave him. I cursed the Fate that had chosen me to be the last one with him.

At last I rose and replaced The General on the chair as if I was only going out of the room for a minute. I left the mess and gathered up my kit all ready beside my bed in the barrack room. But it was no use, as I approached the gate I saw The General sat there waiting for me. I ought to have known, for there was a world of wisdom in the splendid shaped head of The

General, making it possible I'm sure, for him to probe the very core of a man's heart. I felt like a criminal and it fair broke my heart to see him. Such a look I had never seen before in The General's velvety, brown eyes. Tenderly I picked him up and tried to reason with him. Oh how I wanted to take him with me! Yet I couldn't, it was against regulations. In the end I shut him in a barrack room with some soldiers who understood and promised to look after him. I cried as I did it, then I went to Germany.

As I have said already, that was in February '46, a year and a half ago. Last week I returned from Germany. I arrived at Aldershot but without staying to have a meal there I caught the first train for Woolwich to find The General. I felt that if he was still alive he would be there, waiting and hoping. Anxiously I enquired up and down, but times had altered. The old barrack rooms were filled with new, young soldiers who had no time for the strange story of a veteran of thirty about a cat called The General. But at last I found someone who remembered. An old soldier, an old sweat, content now to peel potatoes in one of the great cookhouses.

"The General" he said, "Ah, I remember him. Belonged to

the 21st Airborne Regiment. Went away and left him."

"That's him" I said, "do you know anything about him, where he got to."

"He's dead" said the old soldier with simple solemnity.

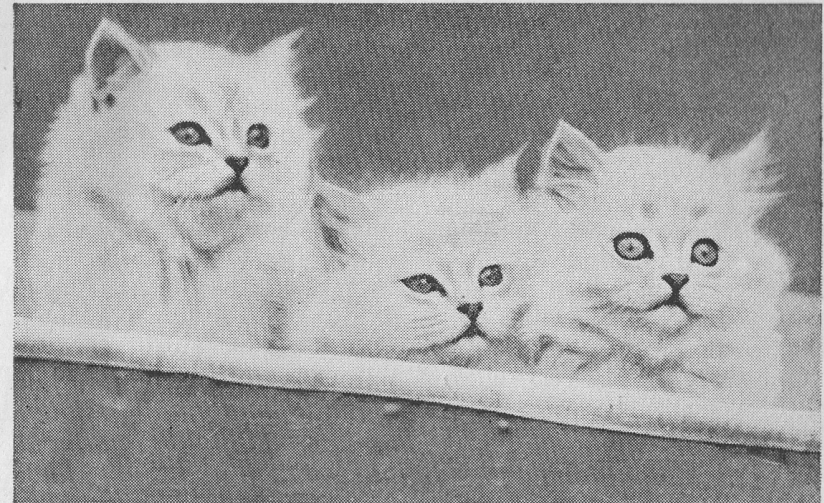
"Dead!" I echoed, dismayed.

"Funny thing about the way he died" he mused. "Went about for days without eating. I tried myself to feed him, but it was no use, he just wouldn't eat. If ever a cat died of a broken heart that one did. Reminded me of a cat that belonged to the Suffolks in the last war..."

He would have gone on interminably but I turned sadly away.

"Thank you" I said, and left him.

I went from Woolwich feeling gravely responsible for the death of The General. Yet what could I do? I had my orders to leave and go to Germany. A soldier must obey orders. I'm not a poet but there's things I think about that cat that would make poetry. I only hope, wherever they are scattered, one soldier of the 136 Batty of the 21st Regiment of Airborne Artillery will see this and read it, then someone will be helping to share the burden of my sorrow.



Joseph Wilday

Redwalls Snowstorm, Powder Puff and Silver Birch Bred by Mrs. Hacking.

THE Seventeenth Annual Siamese Cat Show was held on Thursday, 16th October, at Lime Grove Baths, Shepherd's Bush.

Entries were high and a very large number of Siamese enthusiasts came along to see the exhibits. The winner in the Male Championship Class was Sealsleeve Petit-Laid, owned by Mrs. Hetherington. This cat afterwards became best Adult in Show. The winning kitten and Best Exhibit in Show was Mr. and Miss Pope's lovely little female Pagan Goddess, so it was again the novice exhibitor's triumph. The best female was Mrs. Buffard's Parkhill Nigella and the runner up Mrs. Lamb's Blue-Pointed male, Zy-Azure-Kym.

Mr. E. Keith Robinson, Secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League, kindly judged a class of neuters on condition the winner being Mrs. Coldham's Slade's Cross Sala. Several well-known cats, put in an appearance and did very well in competition with the youngsters, notably Mrs. Sayers, Oriental Ting Sah, and Mrs. France's Sco-Ruston Galadima.

The litter class brought forth some beautiful kittens, a good many of whom promptly departed to new homes.

Mrs. Hansen, of the Danish Club "Racekatten" flew from Copenhagen to attend the show and kindly presented the awards to the lucky winners.

The attendance was very good and the show a great success, proving once more that Siamese are the most fascinating of creatures, why not have one and see?

Elsie Hart.

(Elsie Hart is the well-known judge of Siamese and is Secretary of the Siamese Cat Club.—Editor).

CATTISH WAYS

By Herbert Stovely

MY reasons for liking cats are legion, though grit is the deciding factor. No fawning pet is a cat. He will be friendly, but human friendship is nothing compared with his individuality. His independent tail in the air, he laughs at human whims and remains aloof, for ever.

Our piece of black sleekness called "Chali," because he is always singing as was Chaliapin after whom he is named, spends his days and nights at the rick down the lane, which is infested with rats. This genial sportsman has won the reputation of 'being a better ratter than a dog' from men who pride themselves on their dogs. But then, like most of his tribe, his whole body is composed of grit.

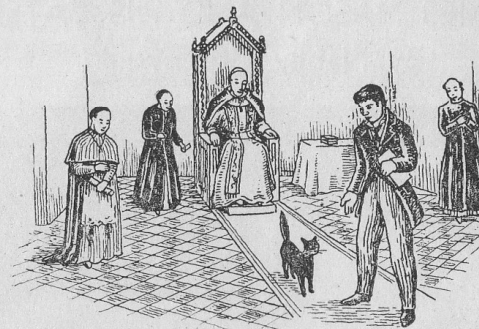
Furthermore, cats are so intelligent. 'Chali' often walks with us through fields and woods to the delight of passers by. Immediately I get my walking stick he gives a loud 'mieow-w-w,' runs to the gate glancing backward to hurry our progress, and tail on high, away he goes, quite naturally for a cat, the acknowledged leader of the expedition.

Long ago we had Tiddies, whose intelligence allowed him to catch a table tennis ball when told to, 'on the bounce.' We are convinced he understood that

command, for if it was not given he would let the ball bounce for ever. Again, at times, we used to change bedrooms, and he would serenade us always at the right window. He never made one mistake through the whole of his adventurous nine lives. When called away in the approved catty manner by feline friends or relatives, we used to leave food, and promptly at 1.0 a.m. he would arrive through his window entrance with a bump, and to allay our fears announced his arrival with a ringing 'mieow-w-w.' Supper consumed, he would away to the fields and woods for further adventures, and in the morning would be deposited field mice, baby rabbits, or other trophies of the chase, which always had to be inspected before final consumption.

Intelligence! Cats! Indeed they have! Timbo, our latest specimen of claw and fur from the wilds of Wensleydale, well displays this trait. 'Chali' sits up with a stiff back. Seeing the reward this brings Timbo soon copied. Then one day came a dog able to wave his paws when told to beg. Timbo saw, and immediately copied, with advantage, and has retained that advantage, but only when told to beg.

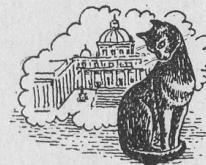
Famous Cats of France



CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS CAT

Now listen while I sing to you of famous cats of France;
 For France they struck for freedom so they love their cats quite free,
 And in 1865, a judge, their welfare to enhance,
 Spoke of their great importance to such folk as you and me.
 And so we're not surprised that Chateaubriand when he wrote,
 Extolled their independence and described himself as one,
 Who, though he might be reckoned a writer of some note,
 Yet worshipped cats as humbly as Egyptians did the sun.
 Egyptians worshipped cats as well, being of all men most wise,
 And, in their days of greatness, they believed he went to Hell,
 Who dared to injure one small cat. But enough, for I surmise,
 It is of Chateaubriand's cat you're wishing me to tell.
 Well then, it chanced that, visiting His Holiness the Pope,
 Leo the Twelfth, he promised that, when that Pontiff died,
 He would—lest dear Micetto, the Pontiff's cat, should mope,
 Adopt him, and for always he would keep him by his side.
 And so that glorious creature left Italy for France,
 Gave up splendours of the vatican for a famous author's home,
 The years passed by serenely, if at times, a backward glance,
 In thought transplanted him again to spacious days in Rome.

M. F. NORMAN.



Illustrated by Kathleen Spagnola

CATTY PUBLICITY

JAMES MASON AND HIS CATS

By Nancy Greenwell



Keystone

James Mason and his wife interrupted by "Fish"

JAMES Mason likes cats. From the amount of publicity his cats get, anyone would think he was alone in this!

They (Mason and wife Pamela Kellino) keep four cats. A lot of feline friends for two people? I don't think so! They live in a large seventeenth

century farm house, which stands in five acres of wooded grounds.

Olleberrie Farm is a most suitable environment for rearing cats. My grandmother kept three on much smaller premises.

Mason has said that one of his hobbies is admiring cats.

Well, with Top Boy, Fish, Whitey and Lady Augusta Leeds, roaming about the house, he has plenty of scope!

Lady Leeds is a beautiful tabby. She was picked up by James and Pamela on Leeds station in 1937, when James was playing in Dodie Smith's "Bonnet Over The Windmill."

James was seeing Pamela off at the station, when a very undernourished kitten was nearly run over by a station luggage van. They rescued it, and when the train left the dilemma was what to do with the kitten. Station authorities pronounced it a stray.

Pets were not allowed in Mason's hotel. To leave the kitten at the theatre would mean that she would get no attention all day. The problem was solved by a car and fish and chips.

James kept her for a week in his car feeding her on fish and chips. When he returned to London, Lady Leeds went too, ostensibly to be a yes girl for Top Boy. When she arrived she took charge. Or maybe Top Boy like a wise fellow lets her think she's boss.

In 1940 the Masons had an unpleasant adventure involving Whitey. They were living in a country cottage near Maidenhead. Not having been married for long, just being alone with their cats was an ideal situation.

There was one snag. Living in a country cottage without staff meant that they had no one to look after their pets, if they wanted to leave home. On one occasion when they simply had to go to London, the feline family went too.

When Pamela and James were safely on the train (in an empty carriage) they secured the doors and windows, and allowed the cats out of the baskets. Everything was fine until it was time for them to go into their baskets. Whitey was missing! They searched in every possible place, but no Whitey!

At the station they were told, "A cat cannot get out of a compartment. There is a sheet of metal down between each one." That was no help!

All the stations on the route were informed about the missing cat. The help of the R.S.P.C.A. was enlisted. They were very sympathetic, and assured the Masons that pets had been found in the strangest places.

By now it was very late. The other cats were taken to the home of Mrs. Mason's mother.

At eight o'clock the next morning, equipped with a set of tools and prepared to go the whole journey of the train, James and Pamela arrived at the station. They found the train they had travelled in, but the coach they wanted had been

removed. The station master did not know where it was. By now they were feeling desperate.

An old man who serviced the coaches proved helpful. With the aid of a large chart, he traced the whereabouts of the missing coach. It was in a siding. After hurrying over there, clutching the tools with which they were determined to dismantle the coach if necessary, they opened the door. Out jumped a very black Whitey.

It seems he had crawled up the back of the seat, and finding no exit that way, he dug his claws in unable to turn around. How long he hung onto the upholstery of the seat it is impossible to tell. Eventually fatigue had forced him to let go.

The experience has shaken him considerably. To this day he is as nervous as a kitten!

Exploits of Top Boy made the Masons move from this cottage. One night he went for a stroll around the estate. He entered the home of Mr. Mason's landlord, and feeling quite sure of his welcome, went straight upstairs.

A room in darkness holds no terrors for Top Boy. He entered, leaped on to a bed getting a good hold with his claws. The shrieks of the lady occupant sent him streaking home.

The next morning the order went forth, all cats must be

chained or locked up at night! As they were unwilling to do this the Masons moved.

I wonder why people who do not keep pets regard animal lovers as cranks.

Rumour insists that the Masons give up their meat ration to their pets. They will not get very fat on two rations anyway! James and Pamela are supposed to live on a vegetable diet. If they do, they don't need their meat.

The fact that they have a trap-door from their lounge, which leads into the grounds, has repeatedly been commented on. This is not new!

Even some of Mason's films have a 'catty' flavour. The title of one "The Night Has Eyes" suggests pussy to me. If you saw "The Seventh Veil," you saw James play most of a scene while fondling a most attractive cat.

I think the Masons proved their almost fanatical love for their cats by taking them across the Atlantic.

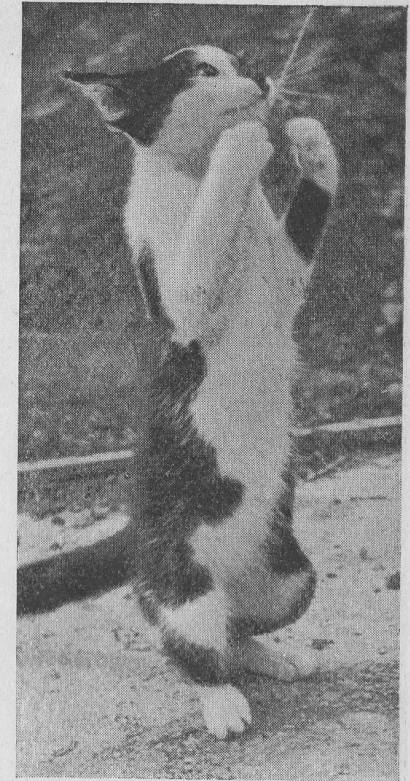
When the Mason films made a hit in America, his new fans wanted to know all about him. In the absence of real information some of the film magazines in America fabricated. This included stories about the cats.

When the Masons were aboard ship they were reported to have with them five cats

(maybe Lady Augusta has increased the tabby population) and two dogs. A vivid word picture of Mason and a couple of stewards manhandling several crates between them, on to the deck was circulated. Did they expect him to keep his cats in bird cages?

I sympathize with their catty problems. Other celebrities may collect anything from first editions to alligators, without half the fuss.

The latest to come out of Hollywood about their pets is that an ambulance has been hired to carry the cats about. The cat populace is now said to be eight. It could be, but there is a smell of publicity about it!



MISS D. SNELL'S
PET—GODFREY





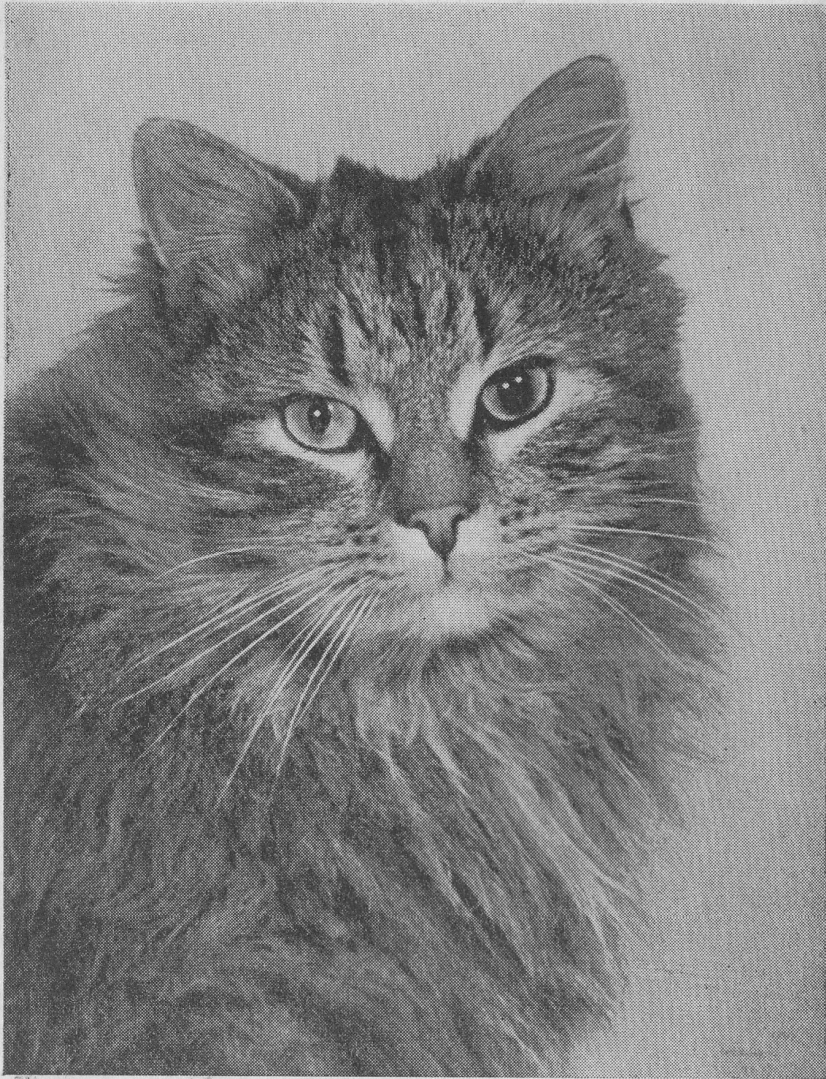
Keystone

Mr. and Mrs. Mason with three members of their cat family in the garden of their Herefordshire house



Keystone

"Top Boy" and "Whitey" with Mr. and Mrs. Mason



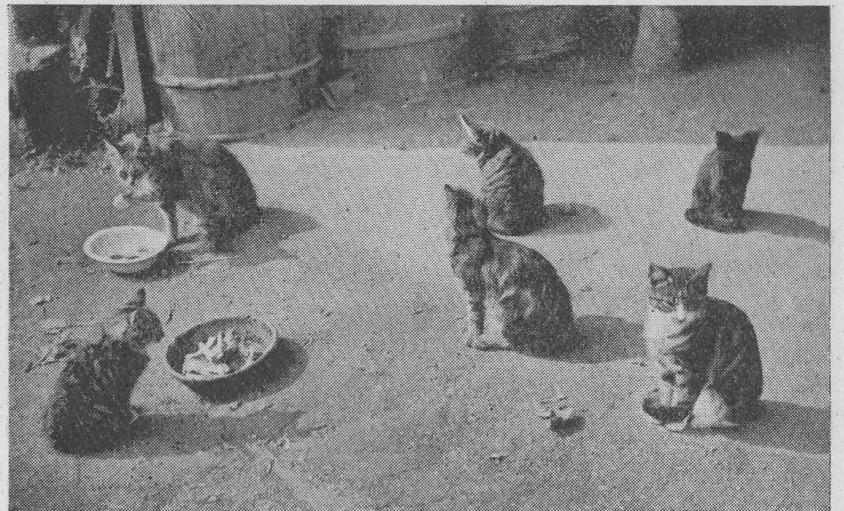
H. W. Dean

PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY



V. G. Diméché

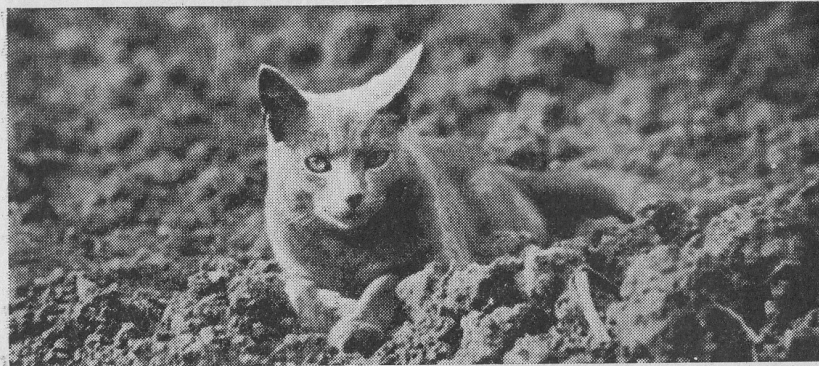
"GOSH! DID I MAKE THAT NOISE?"



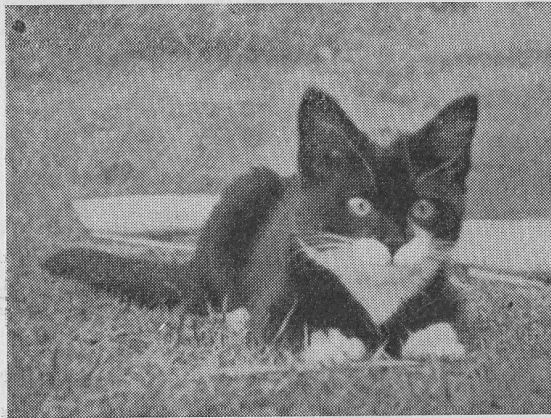
G. Pennethorne

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF CATS

Readers' Own Pets

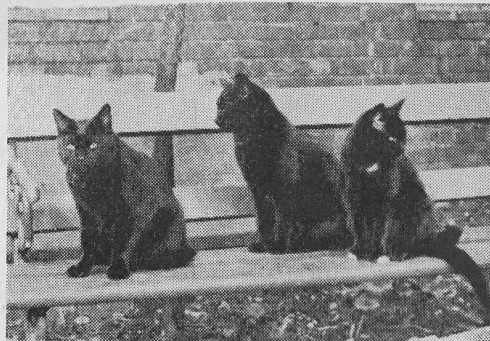


Johnny Thomas Welshman, the pet of Winifred Statton Brown, of Duffield



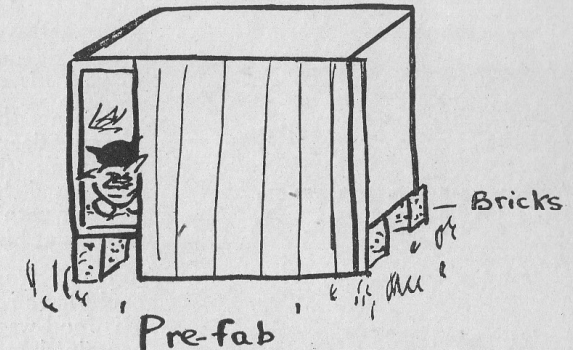
Augusta,
the pet of
R. V. Mysott

Three Pets of Mrs. D. A. Edge. These three were all strays, yet when they got used to living together, they agreed like brothers



Pre-Fabs for Cats

By
ELIZABETH
CROSS



DOGS have kennels, why shouldn't cats have houses? No reason at all except that no one seems to have thought they wanted them. Proper cats, you may say, very properly, live indoors with the family. True enough but there are occasions when a cat wishes to spend some time out of doors and when the door or window may, through some shocking oversight, be shut, and it comes on to rain. Or, on other occasions you may find yourself feeding and more or less owning a semi-wild cat who does not wish to live indoors at all.

The last was the real reason for our "Pre-Fab." We haven't any cats of our own, (that is if you don't count the kitten that was left on our hands by its mother and who has decided she isn't wild any more but will come indoors, thanks), but we have garden cats who have stopped being farm-yard cats. These garden cats sit and wait for us to get up every morning, then shout at the back-door for breakfast. Well, that was fine in the summer, when it was fine. Then the rain descended and the cats sat, miserably, under a most inadequate bush. It was obvious that something must be done.

"Perhaps they'd care for a little shelter such as we should like at the bus stop?" Lo, it was done, a potato box turned on its side and the cats, most intelligently, sat inside.

It rained more, the box leaked. That wouldn't do. So the box was creosoted, then it was covered with waterproof canvas, then stood on four bricks, to keep it off the damp grass. Finally, and this made it most high-class, we put another, slightly smaller wooden box inside, arranged a straw bed and surely that was that?

But it rained still more and the rain blew in and the cats grew damp.

At last came the brain-wave—a sliding door! It was, indeed, fortunate that we had just had a new draining board and so were able to use the old one as an ideal draught excluder. We keep the door almost quite shut, leaving just space enough for a slim cat body to creep in. On cold, damp days you may see three heads poking round the edge, wondering when the dinner bell will go. On fine sunny days we take the door off so the inhabitants can have a sun bath in comfort.

The Pre-Fab is much admired by all, and the village children make it their business to have many errands to our back-door in order to see the cats in their little house.

Elizabeth Cross, The Thatched Cottage, Idbury, Kingham, Oxford.

NIGGER

By H. THOMASON

NIGGER, the warehouse cat was big, middle-aged and handsome. He was so self-contained, so aloof, so austere, that you could never imagine him being a small ball of black fluff, which indeed he was, seven years ago. He was born in the warehouse and never left it except on one occasion, when the Boss's wife took him home. One of his most peculiar idiosyncrasies was that he never sought the companionship of his kindred.

Nigger would have graced any cat-show with his long hair, his piercing eyes, strong teeth and firm pads. One tap from his paw and the spine of a mouse was broken.

If you ever sauntered into the office or warehouse where Nigger enjoyed dominion after dark, you would soon see what looked like twin searchlights focussed upon you. One step toward him, however, and he would vanish with a loud hiss.

Switch on a light to count his bag which he used to arrange neatly on the floor, and in a flash he'd be on top of a partition or pile of

boxes and would glare down at you absolutely unmoved by your efforts to gain his confidence.

During the day he would coil himself deep in the sub-basement and slink into hiding if anyone penetrated his lair. He was not popular with the porters who aimed missiles at him whenever they could.

Apart from the porters, no cat could have received better attention. His food was specially prepared and contained the most nourishing ingredients. He dined off his own plate and lapped up milk from an always clean saucer. Nigger would not deign to look at food that was sour or dirty.

Living in his grand, solitary seclusion he was a worthy descendant of his ancestors who had come over with the Romans nearly two thousand years before.

At night time the inner doors of the sub-basement were left wide open in order to allow Nigger to operate freely. Each morning, the Boss would collect 'the kill' and the Boss would praise.

Alas! poor Nigger never had the pleasure of hearing his praises sung, for during a raid he was deafened by blast.

One day, the Boss's wife came down to the warehouse and was so delighted with Nigger's handsome appearance that she begged her husband to put Nigger in the car and have him taken back to their flat.

Nigger protested vehemently and though they managed to get him into the car, he beat frantically at the window as he was driven away.

Within a week Nigger was back where he belonged, travelling under his own power.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A set of Six folding cards, size 5 x 4 inches, from photographs of Cats and Kittens, printed in dark brown on art card with envelopes to fit.

— :: —

Price 2/6 per set of Six.

Post free.

1948 CALENDAR

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— :: —

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CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

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Sussex.

For the Children

The Christmas Present that ran away by Alison Lanning (aged 12)

"HE looks SO good" said Mrs. Dunning sentimentally; but he only looked good. Never will the Dunnings forget the trouble that Christmas present gave them.

"He" by the way was a ginger kitten with brown eyes that were pools of innocence; but who could read the wicked thoughts in those innocent eyes?

The Dunnings hopefully thought that they could keep the kitten without Rachel finding out, Rachel being the girl for whom the kitten was intended. But they were wrong; as Mrs. Dunning afterwards remarked: "We've never before had a Christmas present that ran away."

The kitten found the back door open, and took the opportunity of running outside and investigating. But the Dunning's dog seeing a kitten in his own garden, if you please chased the kitten out on to the road; another dog joined in the chase and the poor kitten had to fly. By the time it was at the end of the road both the dogs had given up the chase. The kitten went on. He smelt an appetizing smell and squeezed through a hole in the fence. He left two distinct paw-marks on the doorstep and went through into the kitchen.

On the hearthrug was a tabby cat who turned a belligerent eye on him. He took no notice but strolled over to the window sill and jumped up and sat down between two pots of geraniums.

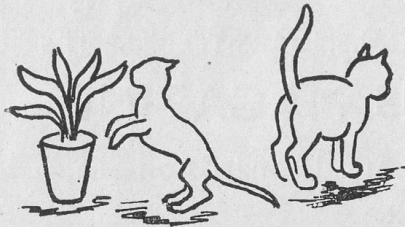
Presently two boys and a girl came into the kitchen. Hey, look at that cheeky kitten sitting on the window sill" cried one of the the boys. "You leave him alone he's SWEET" said the girl.

For a while he played with them, but he began to get tired of them because they would shout. So he ran out at the door of their playroom, down the stairs and out at the door.

In the next house that he came to there was a woman who shrieked "Go away!" to him. He ran away, surprised that there should be anybody who didn't like cats.

Then as he was walking down the road he met a girl with long brown plaits. He rubbed against her legs. because she looked nice. She picked him up.

"Purrrrr-rrrrr-purrrr" said the kitten. He was sure he liked this girl.



"I'm sure we'll never find him" sighed poor Mrs. Dunning. "He's been away for such a long time now."

Just then, Rachel walked into the room. In her arms she carried a small ginger kitten.

"Do you think you could find a home for this kitten?" she asked "I found him a few days ago and I took him home but Mother won't have him in the house, because he stole some butter from the larder. I brought him to you because I know you're so fond of cats."

When she had gone, Mrs. Dunning laughed for a long time "To think of him going to the very person he was meant for" she said. "We'll keep him now as Rachel's mother doesn't want him."

And he is always known as "the Plotter" because you never can tell what he is up to.

Canford, Deepdene Avenue, Dorking, Surrey.

ANOTHER WINNER



I am a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" and would like to tell other readers about my Peter, a white Persian cat.

A week ago I came out of my bedroom and without bothering about Peter in there, I shut the door on him. After dinner I went up to wash and as I passed my door I heard Peter scratching at the door very fiercely. I opened the door and let him out. He then purred round my legs and licked them, and looked up at me. Then he ran down stairs, out of the back door, and raced to the end of the garden to a flower pot which was upside down, with a heavy stone on the top of it. He pushed it over and there was a mouse.

Wasn't Peter clever?

From Norma Dunning (aged 10½).

Decorations by Mary Claison

THE OLD STRAINS ARE STILL WINNING!

By Elsie Hart

AT the recent Siamese Cat Show the male championship was taken by a young cat bred from the Penybryn strain, out of a queen combining Ch. Pita with the Oriental. With the death of Miss Gold's Penybryn John this strain became practically extinct, until by chance I was told of a male cat living quite near to me bearing this prefix. A visit was arranged and I was delighted to find a worthy descendant of the well-known line. Gitto took to stud work with gusto. Whenever his mistress, Miss Kempster picked up his basket he immediately rose and accompanied her to the car evidently knowing a lady-friend was requesting his presence. At the same show another winner was Sco-Ruston Galadima. This male has a perfect wedge-shaped head with wonderful eye-colour. Here we have Prestwick breeding. Another grand cat making a belated appearance was Oriental Ting-San by Hoveton Emperor, whose mother was Oriental Natascha, again well-known strains. The breeders of today may be novices but the cats are the direct descendants of those who blazed the Siamese trail so many years ago.

How does the ship's cat know when she sails? On docking puss immediately goes ashore on business of his own, often disappearing for days, but you may be sure that he will return for the date of sailing. I recall an instance when the time of departure was unexpectedly altered. When Blackie arrived on the dock the gangway was up. He immediately let out a howl which drew all hands on deck, whereupon a passer-by heaved him aboard to his intense satisfaction.

Double conceptions seem to be rather frequent these days. It is possible though somewhat unusual for a female cat to give birth to kittens sired by two different males. One example of this was sent me by Mrs. Burgess who owns a Siamese male bred from imported parents on both sides. This cat is a magnificent creature in every way, but for the fact that his eyes are an extremely pale colour, a fault most usual with imported stock. The Siamese lady of the household decided to make her own marriage arrangements and in due course four large and hideous black kittens made their appearance with one pure white one. This proved to be a pure Siamese with the most amazing blue eyes. So Ricardo had not been so dumb after all!

Unable to be present at the Siamese Cat Show owing to a visit to U.S.A. Mr. Michael Joseph entered a kitten for competition. What a source of interest to Siamese fans to see the successor to the celebrated "Charles." Unfortunately, they were disappointed. James Gray is not an early riser and could not reach the show hall in time for judging.

I had the pleasure of visiting Miss Dubois-Phillips at her home in Southampton. Miss Phillips has a flair for amusing names for her kittens. Her first litter consisted of five females and one lone male who was promptly christened Chad—Wot no boys? Then came the Flying Gremlin who had a passion for disappearing, to be located in the oddest places such as under the floor boards, necessitating the services of a carpenter to rescue him. Finally, Clemmy, the mother, has now produced the Heinz quins., 57 Varieties!

LOOKING BACK

By P. M. Soderberg

THIS year's breeding season is now almost finished, for few breeders like litters after the end of September although at times there are special circumstances which make such late litters an unwelcome necessity.

For most of us then the time has come to look back over the season and view in retrospect our successes and failures. Rarely does one reach this time of year to find that one has achieved all that one hoped, and for me certainly this is not one of the "vintage" years although I have known other years in which failures have been more numerous.

The hard weather in the early part of the year ruined many a breeding schedule, for there were weeks on end during which it would have been most unwise to send queens away to stud. There were some early litters, however, but they were mostly from queens who had a stud on the premises. Even when the weather improved and it was safe to send the queens away, many breeders found that these first visits were not successful.

Several breeders to whom I spoke at that time mentioned that their studs had found the winter hard, and that the food difficulties had not helped the males to achieve early in the year that fitness which is so necessary for breeding stock.

Personally I am not at all keen on very early kittens as until the weather is reasonably warm the difficulty of rearing is much greater. My own first litters were born towards the end of April, and with them there were no difficulties until they were weaned, and then nothing to worry about.

Food has been more difficult this year than ever before, but I do not know whether that has been the experience of breeders generally. The weekly supply of horse meat which had been the great stand-by for years suddenly ceased, and the dealer could do nothing about it as his allocation of animals had been drastically cut. When the use of food fit for human consumption is forbidden, such a situation calls for considerable ingenuity if the stock is not to suffer.

There was only one solution and that was to abandon all thoughts of adding to one's numbers and also finding good homes for one or two animals which were not satisfactory breeders. This, problem of "passengers" is usually a very difficult one, but in times when all may have to suffer if numbers are not reduced, the only solution is to find that good home where the animal will become a pet and the new owner is not interested in breeding.

In June I experienced one of those blows of ill fortune which come to all of us at times. Two queens were within a fortnight of having their litters when we had a most violent thunderstorm. The queens were frightened, but not terrified, and I hoped that all would be well. However, that was not to be, and a few days later both queens produced premature kittens and all were dead. Naturally the Blue-Cream about which I wrote in a recent article was one of the victims of this misfortune. I cannot explain why a storm should have this effect, but other breeders have experienced the same misfortune in the past with

either dead kittens or kittens with open eyes. That, I think, was the most disappointing experience of the year, but as both queens were perfectly fit the morning after the birth of their families, there were some grounds for satisfaction and there was still time for another litter. That, however, must be another story, and providence shall not be tempted by counting kittens before they are born.

A minor tragedy just before this was the necessity of having a Siamese queen spayed. She had produced several very promising litters, but on each occasion the help of a vet. had to be obtained. The first litter several years ago was produced by Caesarian section as the number of kittens was too great and the kittens themselves were individually too big. Apparently as a result of this operation adhesions had occurred which made the normal production of a family impossible. No one was to blame; it was just one of those results of an operation in which Nature decides the issue. After the spaying recovery was rapid, and I must admit now to a feeling of relief that this particular Siamese love song will be heard no more. Siamese are charming cats, but an ardent Siamese female can be a definite trial. This one certainly was.

With cats and kittens enjoying full freedom during the summer, cat breeding seemed a very pleasant hobby. The long, dry spell with brilliant sunshine, however, had to be paid for.

Some breeders seem never to have any fleas on their cats, but I am afraid that I can make no such claim. This August, however, has been the worst month for fleas that I have ever known, and I am somewhat consoled to know that some other breeders have suffered the

same nuisance. It literally took weeks to gain the upper hand, and almost a month before complete victory was gained. I have heard it said that there is a plague of fleas every seven years. Perhaps this was the seventh year and one can expect little trouble for another long period.

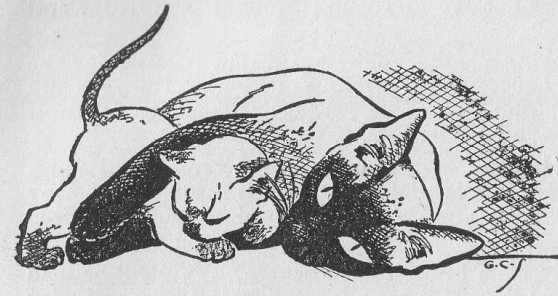
No kitten can thrive if its life is made a misery by the irritation caused by these parasites, nor must one ever forget the fact that the flea actually lives on the cat. Anaemia and even worse ills may result from a heavy infestation.

One aspect which always worries me when fleas are in evidence is the fact that the flea is an intermediate host for the tapeworm. Thus, if one has suffered from the inconvenience of fleas, the thought that the stock should be wormed always occurs. With adult cats that presents no serious problem, but with kittens it is entirely another matter. It is never safe to worm kittens even for round worms until they are more than four months old, and even after that age the treatment cannot be regarded as being entirely safe. It is certainly an unwise breeder who attempts to eradicate tapeworms in kittens without the aid of a vet. Well, that is the problem at the moment—has the stock acquired tapeworms as a result of the fleas? Time will provide the answer to that question, but it is an unpleasant thought, and one can only be vigilant and hope for the best.

To finish the year with a feeling that, despite the set-back, the year has been successful on the whole, the last litters must develop satisfactorily. We cannot expect the wonderful weather of the summer, but we can hope for a mild autumn with some sunshine.

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Meet the Breeders

MR.S. Boothby, best remembered as the breeder of the white long-haired queen, Champion Jasmine of Farnborough, when she was unmarried and her name was Richardson, came down and brought Tulip of Knott Hall.

It is good news she is taking up the hobby again, but is busy, for she and her husband run a very successful Tea House in Berks. I hope Tulip will prove an asset to Mrs. Boothby, as all Mr. Felix Tomlinson's Knott Hall pets are good breeders and gentle cats.

Tulip was an even medium Blue, well shaped, with a broad head and a big pair of deep copper eyes. A sale of Blue kittens is assumed, as many of Mrs. Boothby's patrons have already been wishful to buy fine bred stock.

Miss Dorothy Clark writes from Stourport-on-Severn, "You will be glad to hear, I know, that your pal "Dawn," has a lovely litter of four by Oxley Peter John. They are beautiful, pale, and already sitting up and taking notice."

Mr. Harrington Harvard tells me he has decided to sell Oxley Tommy Lad, as it is pointless keeping two brothers at stud. Tommy is a really fine fellow and his eyes are the deeper, and copper in colour. My Areley Belinda is a kitten to him.

Mrs. Campbell-Fraser.

WHILST on a holiday in Cornwall I seized the opportunity of visiting friends en route.

Passing through Cirencester we looked in at Merely Cattery and had a peep at the cat family. I quite fell in love with Merely Babette, a sweet little Blue girl by Mokoia Taffete, ex Merely Meg. I hope we shall be seeing her again at some of the forthcoming Shows. Merely Moisha, the oldest member of the family, was also nursing some nice Chins.

From where I am now staying at Looe I have been able to visit Mrs. Benbow. Her new home at Downderry is most delightfully situated and her cats were revelling in the sunshine in her lovely garden overlooking the sea. I was particularly interested in her two latest additions to her family, PELHAM BENNE BEAU, who is by VICTOR of GWERNERYN ex WIDDINGTON TREASURE and WIDDINGTON WELLADAY who is by Ch. WIDDINGTON WARDEN ex PELHAM THELMA. P. BENNE BEAU is a very nice little four months old boy. He carries a most lovely pale flowing coat and is a most promising little fellow, and I also liked the little girl very much. Ch. PELHAM SILVER GIRL who was heavy in kitten, and her daughter BAYTHORNE DAMASK were both looking as beautiful as ever. The only one I did not see was dear old THEYDORE SHEILA who, Mrs. Benbow tells me, has settled down very happily in her new surroundings. On my homeward journey I hope to look

in on Mrs. Henn again, as I hear she has some nice kittens to show me, sired by DEEBANK MICHAEL. It is very nice to get away for a holiday but I never like to leave my pets for long. People sometimes say that cats have not much intelligence, but I think, from the many stories one hears about them, that they prove themselves to be creatures of great intelligence, and they appear to have wonderful memories.

A few days after I left home I was greatly concerned when I received a letter telling me that my special pet SOUTHWELL PRUNELLA, had completely disappeared. A search immediately commenced, the police were notified, and before very long dear little PRU was discovered back at my old house which I moved from nearly twelve months ago.

Marjorie Bull.

FRIGHTS CATS HAVE GIVEN ME!

EVERYBODY knows that I am an animal lover and a cat lover in particular, and am not afraid of them, even when they have "tantrums," as sometimes they will have. But even so, when you happen to come upon them in unexpected places, or out of the ordinary times even a cat can produce a shock, as the reader can judge for himself or herself.

I have attached to the back of my house a handy little out-house where I keep the sawdust for my cats, also gardening tools. So on a very dark night, I went to fetch some clean sawdust for a young mother cat who had just had kittens in my bedroom. As it was "black-out" and I can find most things in the dark, I had taken no torch with me. I opened the door of the out-house and just noticed two bright green lanterns stare at me, then something jumped on to my shoulder and disappeared into the dark garden. It all happened just in a jiffy, much quicker than I can mention, and it just gave me somewhat of a shock. When I realised that the top of the door has about a six inch piece missing, and a cat had taken shelter there for a night's rest.

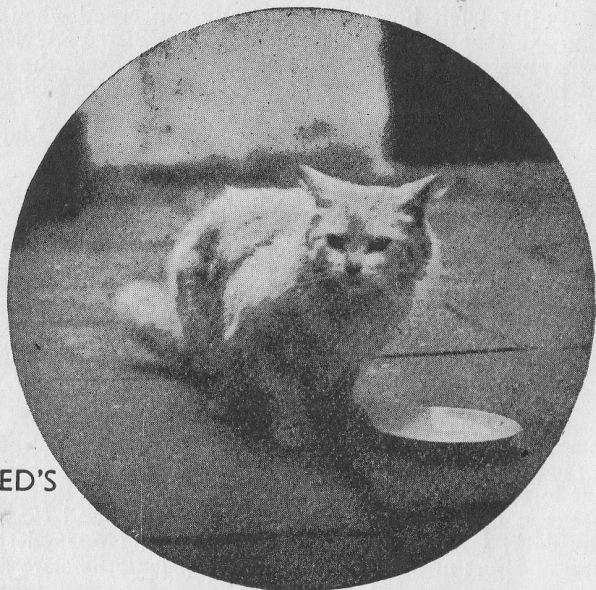
On another occasion I was ill in bed with 'flu and as my lungs were affected my breathing was rather laboured. It was dusk and I must have been dosing for a while when opening my eyes everything seemed hazy, but as I had been running a high temperature was nothing very unusual. But I felt a tremendous weight on my chest and with my bad breathing, felt like choking. Suddenly I felt eyes staring at me and then I heard a rather peculiar sound—purring—and realised that a strange black cat was sitting on my chest. At the sound of somebody approaching my room, puss bolted through one of my open windows, the way she quite evidently had entered.

Then again, when trying to find something in a certain place and not looking. I touch soft fur, one of my kits. holding a siesta, its a little eerie in the dark! Readers may think: not much in that! but just try it and see!

A. H. Cattermole.

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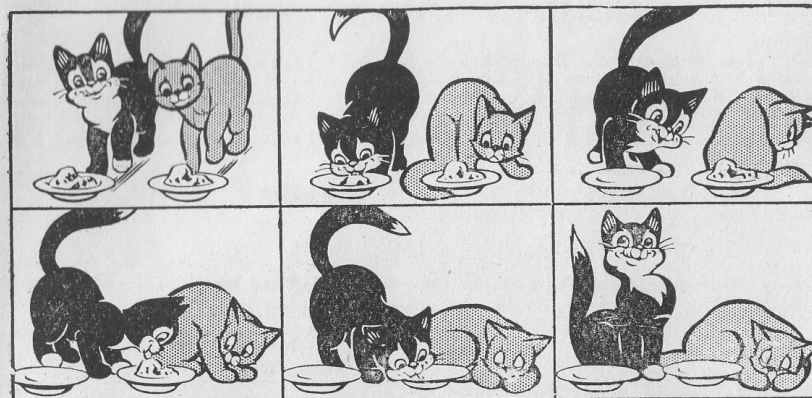


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(Continued on next page)

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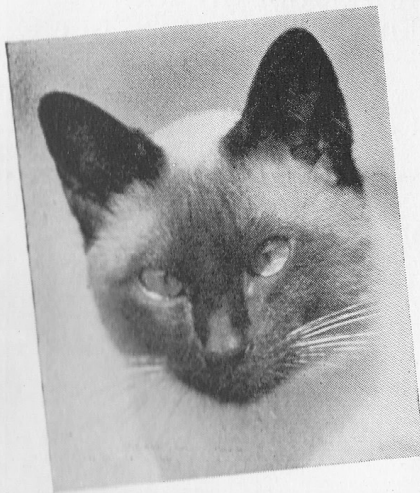
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