

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

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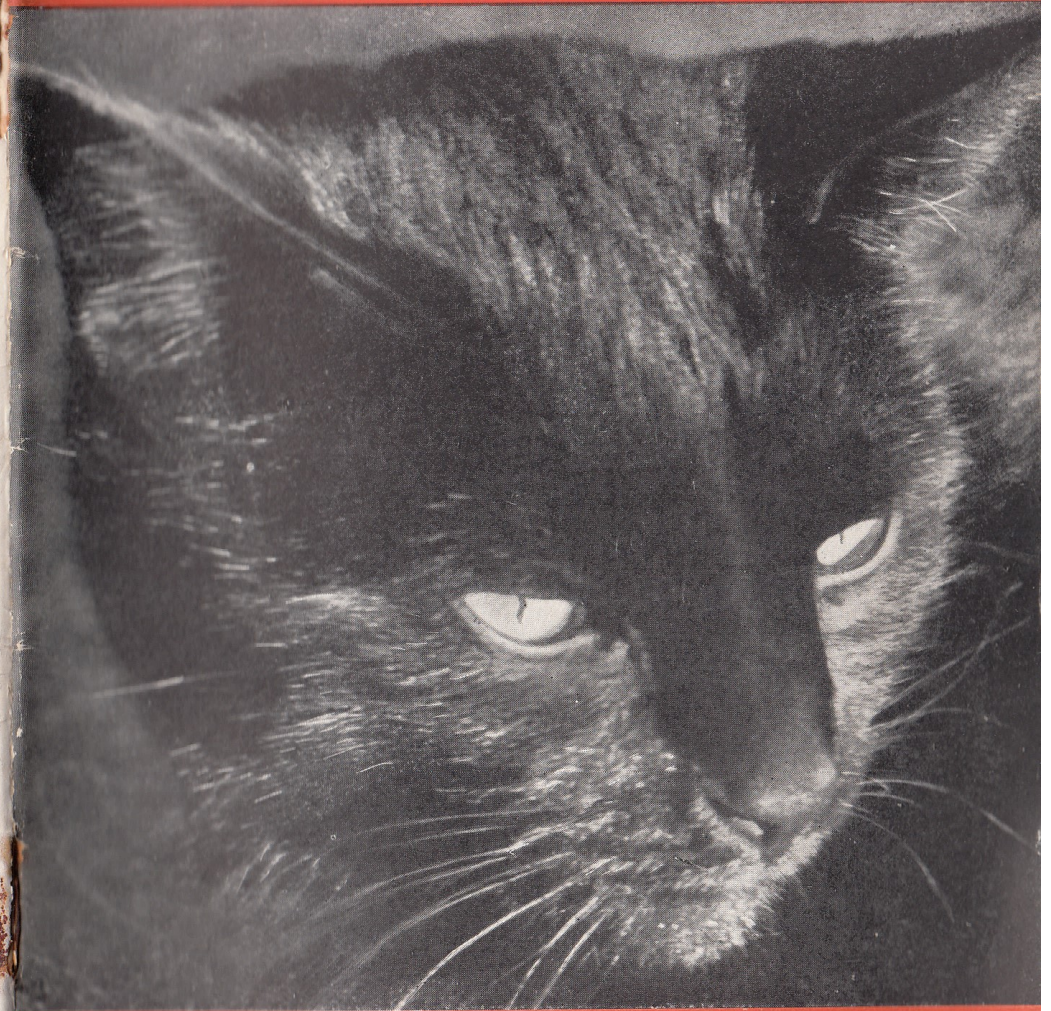
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CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

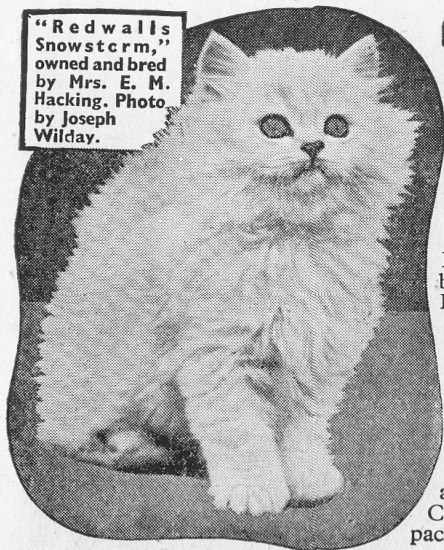


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JANUARY, 1948.

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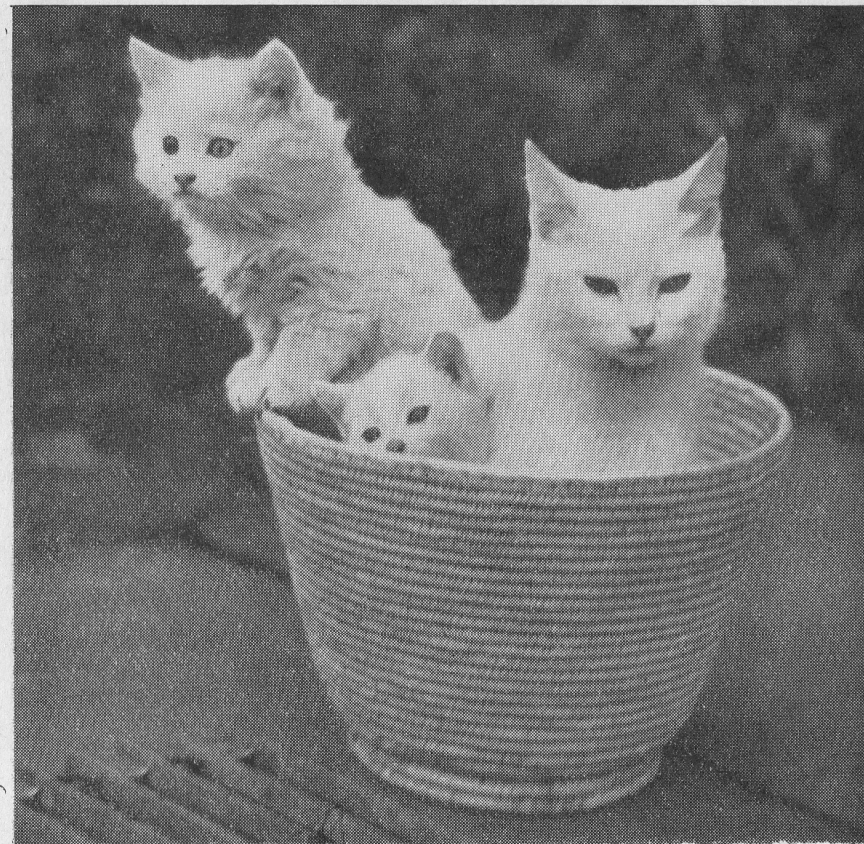
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CATS AND KITTENS
THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER.

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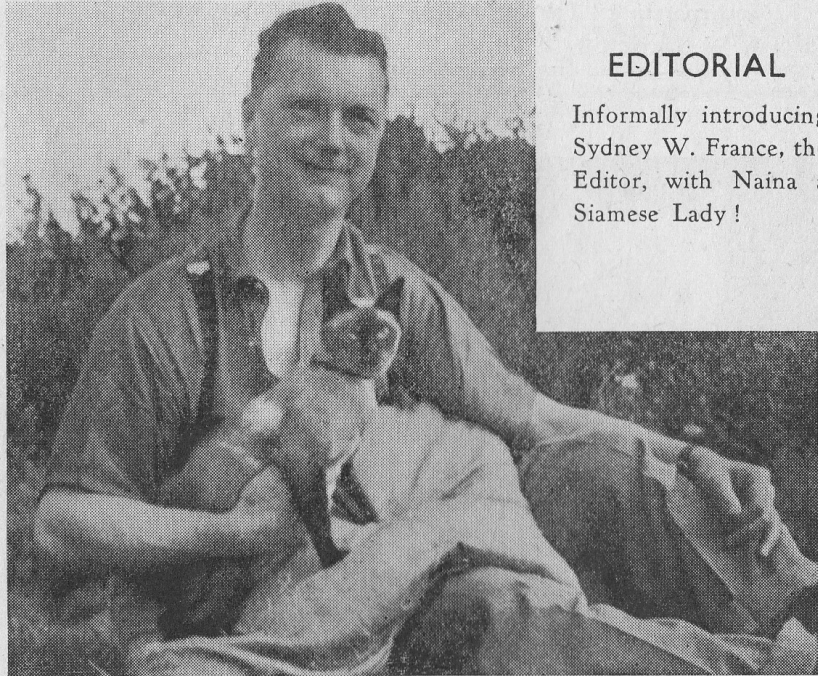


Hugh D. Martineau

PERSIL BABIES

"Satan" cover photograph by Thos. A. Langley, A.R.P.S.
Pages 3 and 18 photographs by Hugh D. Martineau
Page 21 photograph by W. A. Fleet

Regular Contributors from now on are Mrs. Elsie Hart, expert on Siamese, and Mrs. F. H. Thompson, authority on Persian and Long-hair cats.



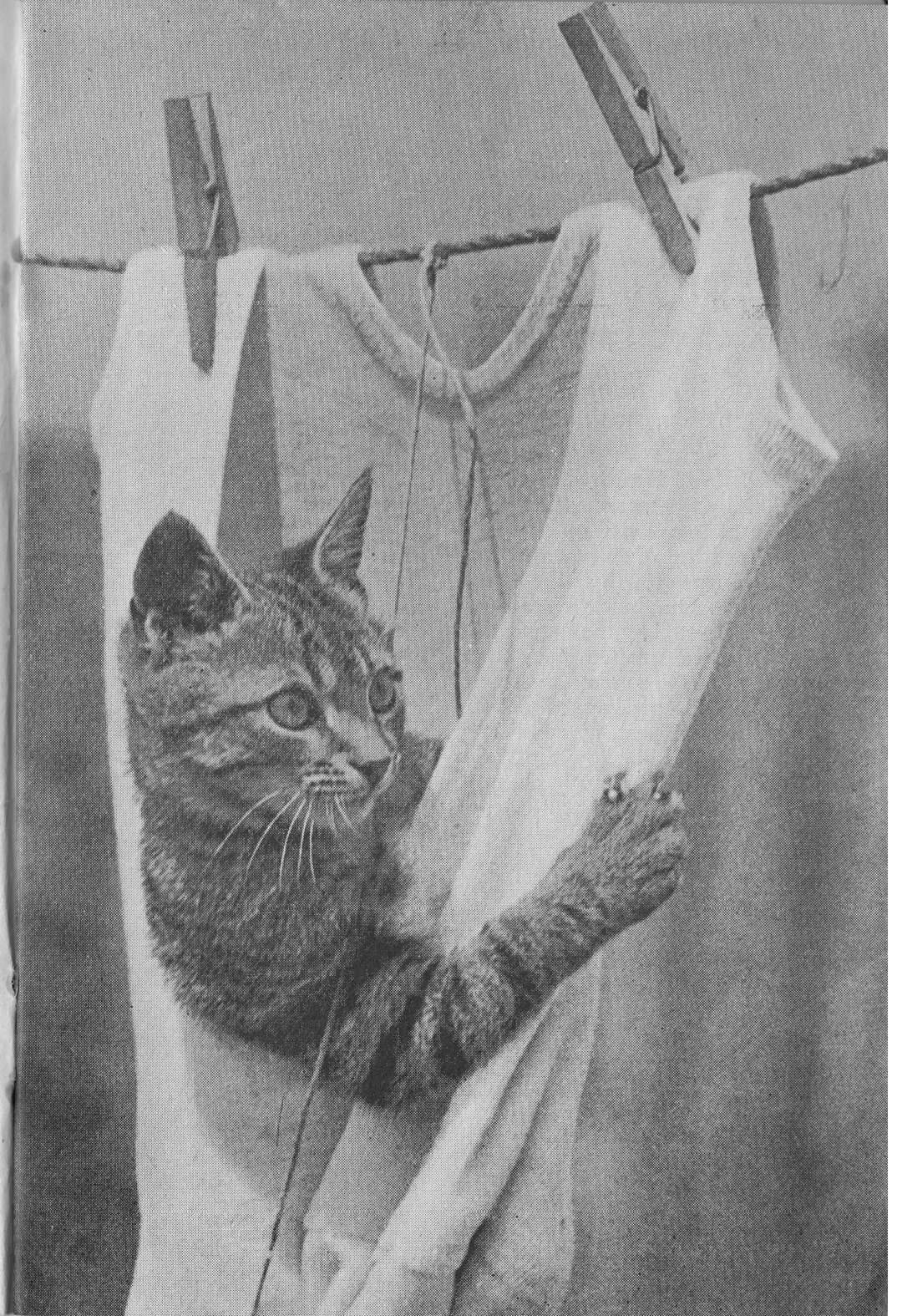
EDITORIAL

Informally introducing
Sydney W. France, the
Editor, with Naina a
Siamese Lady!

AU REVOIR!

Soft pawed, but claws of steel, brown ears and knotted tail,
Stalking supercilious, so dignified and svelte
Searching slant-eyed, the streets of God's gold heaven
For her—the Sun and Moon of all his universe.
One jewelled summer day she'll come and that he knows full well,
So waiting, washing head and tufted ears
Sitting, so still. So certain of his faith
And listening, listening, all the time.
In fields of daffodil in far Elysium
Watching the ghostly rabbits out at play
He wanders. Here is peace but loneliness
Slit eyed, he waits, knowing that one day Mistress assured will come;
Bounding across the little fields, at last he'll find
Beloved, as though there were a single day between.

Arthur Heald.

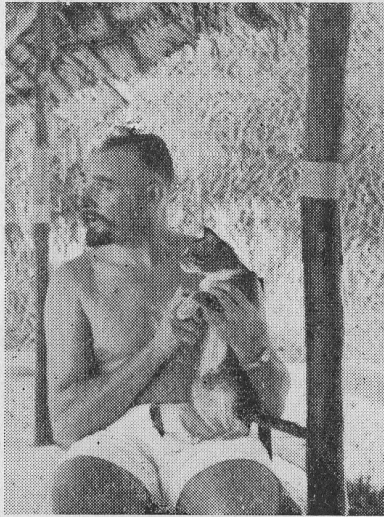


The Story of Tiggie

By PAT LAWRENCE

THIS is the story of Tiggie—no ordinary cat, as you shall see.

In 1943 I was one of a small naval party stationed in Ceylon, where we lived on a remote coastal strip hemmed in by the luxurious growth of the tropical jungle. Our billets were cadjan huts erected by the natives from poles and plaited palm leaves dried in the sun and in these we installed ourselves as comfortably as the heat, flies and crawling things would allow. Off-duty hours were passed pleasantly enough in sleeping and bathing and although some members of the party found life intolerably dull and monotonous, there were others like myself who discovered an endless source of entertainment in the jungle and the amazing variety of things that flew, walked, crawled and climbed. Here unfolded the great drama of 'the survival of the fittest,' comedy in plenty was supplied by the swarms of monkeys and fear by some rather unpleasant varieties of snakes.



THE AUTHOR AND TIGGIE.

The jungle was always full of surprises and it was in December that it provided me with my biggest one—a rather unusual kind of Christmas present!

Returning to my cadjan from a turn of duty one day, I heard a movement on top of the shutter. These wooden shutters were left in a raised position inside the hut and were only lowered when the monsoons blew. Snakes, I immediately thought! Mounting a convenient chair and placing it at a safe distance away, I was able to get a view of the shelf formed by the shutter and there I saw—well, what on earth was it? It

looked a little like a domestic kitten, but more like a rat on stilts. It had very short hair and it certainly knew how to spit and fume. Closer inspection revealed my visitor as a jungle kitten, probably the survivor of a litter that had fallen prey to a snake or some other enemy and which had rushed to the hut for safety.

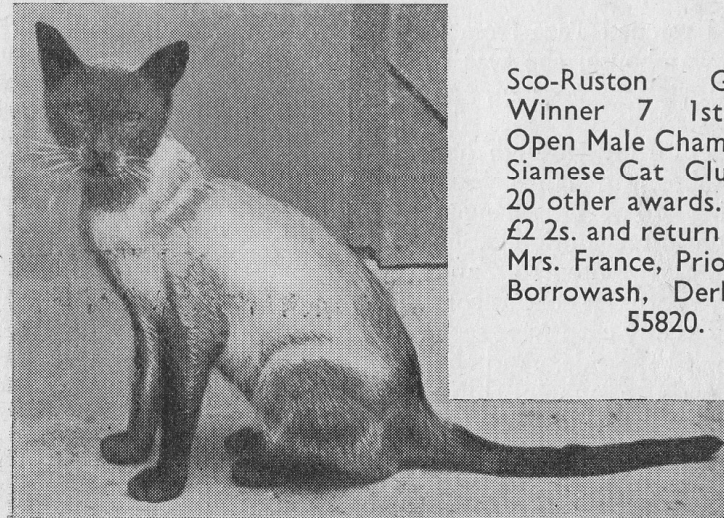
For some days it stayed on the square yard of the shutter top.

Eventually I decided to take the risk of placing a saucer of milk on the edge of the shutter, first wrapping my hand in a heavy towel. The drink was appreciated and soon my little visitor grew more trustful and would condescend to take the milk and other tit-bits placed for him on the floor.

A few more weeks passed

before I could establish complete confidence, but it was finally achieved and the photograph will serve to show that Tiggie and I grew to become great pals. He would follow me all over the camp and he loved above everything else to have his tummy tickled. Most nights would see him on some hunting expedition in the jungle and he often returned with some unusual trophies, snakes amongst them.

Tiggie stayed with me for nearly two years and so complete was his trust in me, that on one occasion he allowed me to perform a painful operation on a growth that appeared on his head. I expected to be scratched and bitten, but Tiggie's attitude during the operation was one of patient resignation.



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The Cat from Calcutta

By

GEOFFREY HUMPHRYS

ALTHOUGH Taza was recognized by the crew of the *Cirrus* as being the ship's cat, nobody really disputed my right of ownership to her. I found her in India, a country in which few domestic cats are seen, and felt so sorry for her that I brought her aboard with me. She sailed with us for three years, from East to West, North to South, through rough and smooth seas, always a good sailor, a delightful pet and companion.

When I rescued Taza from a Calcutta warehouse, she was a small half-starved kitten, so emaciated that her ribs protruded pitifully through her scrawny tabby fur. Three years good living however, changed her beyond recognition. She grew plump, contented, and eventually sported a coat as soft and glossy as any cat I have seen by an English fireside. And she made friends, a whole ship's crew of them, for every manjack on the *Cirrus*, from the skipper down to the fourteen year old

galley boy, had a soft spot for Taza. Hence the reason for her regal corpulence.

Taza was the ship's lucky mascot, but she meant more than that to me, for I had never had a truer or more faithful friend. During the long boring weeks at sea she kept me in good spirits. I used to lay on my bunk with Taza beside me, and talk to her as if she were an understanding human being. I am sure she understood it all. Her inscrutable green eyes would blink at me, and she would nuzzle closer as she hummed her deep throated melodious purr.

Often when I sat reading for a whole evening, if I did not happen to be on watch of course, Taza would snuggle into my lap, and lay there perfectly content to act as my book rest providing I had a hand free to caress the silky texture of her fur. But plump and comfort loving as she was, Taza was by no means merely an ornament on the *Cirrus*. She had a task as important as any other member of the crew. She was not only a good mouser, but a ratter of the first order. In fact many of the hands informed me that our Taza was a ratter equal in calibre to the finest terrier dog.

Taza, meaning as much to us as she did, it is only natural that

when after being at sea for seven days, she disappeared completely, the whole ship's complement were greatly concerned. Search parties were organized, the entire ship combed from bow to stern, and from port to starboard without success. She had been gone for two days, when passing one of the drainage ways leading from the galley over the side, I chanced to notice several tufts of her fur clinging to the deck rail. The solution seemed obvious. Taza must have been on the sluice way when a stream of bilge had been let loose from the galley, and taking her by surprise, had swept her against the rail and over the side. I mourned her loss as deeply as if she were a human being. Never in all my seafaring career had I felt so despondent.

Laying on my bunk that night, staring at the iron girders above me, I thought what a grand pet and friend Taza had been. I tried to read, but even as I did so, my hand slipped automatically down to the spot where she used to lie. The sense of loneliness overcame me, and hard bitten sailor though I may be, a gigantic lump came to my throat. The ship's engines thumped monotonously, and a sudden jerk of the ship as we road a heavy swell, jarred my

cabin door open, but I felt too miserable to get up and close it.

I lay in this position for what seemed hours, and must have dozed off to sleep. Suddenly, I was awakened with a start as something jumped on to my bunk.

There was Taza with a small kitten held gently in her mouth.

The proud mother dropped her baby at my side, looked at me with eyes full of apology, then went through the cabin door and returned a few moments later with another of her babies. She repeated this ritual six times before she jumped into her own position on my bunk, arranged her babies around her, and lifted her head to be stroked.

As I caressed her tenderly and joyfully, I was reminded poignantly that Taza came from India. It seems she must have Indian habits, for when native women of certain sects are about to give birth, they go into recluse, and only reappear, full of pride, when the baby is born. So it was with Taza.

Where she had hidden remained a mystery, but the whole ship's company were overjoyed at having her back, and even though we now have seven ship's cats, Taza will always be granted just a little favouritism.

St. Ives, Town of Cats

By MARY HALL

I recently visited St. Ives in Cornwall and the first thing to strike me was the number of cats. I saw them where ever I went, dozing on doorsteps, perched on walls, wandering near the pier amongst the fishermen, and mingling with the gulls along the wharf. Being a cat-mad person I was delighted and took as much interest in them as in the lovely little town itself, with its tiny streets and busy, colourful harbour. Indeed the cats seemed to me to be a predominant feature of the town, but then I am prejudiced.

The black and whites were, I think, the most common. Then came the tabbies and the 'marmalades' which seemed to be about the same in number. Except for an odd black one I saw no others. They were all on the small side and rather lean. This is natural for they tend to live hard, finding some, perhaps quite a lot, of their own food. But they are happy cats, of that I am sure, and they would not care to change places with the rich hotel cats in the other part

of the town.

Cats are always said to be independant, but none I feel can be quite so independant and so delightfully unafraid as the cats of St. Ives. Walking unhurriedly about the narrow streets, which seem no more than footpaths, but up which motor traffic noses its way, they appear calm and collected, however crowded and noisy it is. Busy about their own doings, and thinking their own thoughts, they seem to ignore everything else around them, or at most to view it with detached tolerance. I always had the feeling that the cats were the real owners of the town, and I daresay they feel the same. They are appreciative of any attention and not bored as one might expect in a town which has so many visitors, many of whom would be eager to stroke and pet them.

There are a good many dogs about the town, but they take little notice of the cats, being amiable but aloof and equally busy with their own doings. In the case of visiting dogs it is sometimes different. Watching one I saw his expression brighten naughtily when he sighted a cat sleeping on the harbour edge. He hurried forward and attempted to make it run by sniffing round. Rather to his consternation the cat did not run but rose slowly to its

feet and gave him a frigidly inquiring stare. After a second he moved away looking foolish, and the cat re-arranged itself neatly and closed its eyes again. On several other occasions I saw dogs change their minds at the last minute after a devastating stare from a cat, and saunter carelessly away.

The harbour is a favourite place for the cats. They sit on the walls dozing in the sun and use it as a playground. They also spend a lot of time watching the tide sharply and go down on the sand to beach-comb when it recedes, vying with the gulls in getting the bits of fish that are washed up. There is a good deal of this at times for when the boats come in certain kinds of fish are cut up on the spot and the unwanted parts thrown over board. It is a pretty sight to see the cats and gulls together. Neither interferes with the other though in fact the gulls are slightly afraid of the cats. Each will watch the other with a piece of fish but will not attempt to take it. The young cats stalk the gulls, I think only in play, but they take it seriously and keep moving away and looking nervously over their shoulders. When I threw food on the pavement for the gulls two cats came forward and strode into their midst to eat it. The gulls

scattered and kept a foot or two away, watching but not quite daring to eat with them.

In the old part of the town lying round the harbour the cottages have no gardens or even back yards. Because of this washing is strung up in the streets. For the same reason I often noticed cats going down on the sands to scratch holes for themselves, and I saw little else that could be of convenience to them. On one occasion I saw a cat carefully place itself over the edge of a street drain, but I doubt if this is a general habit.

The fishermen are very fond of their cats. One told me angrily of how his 'Ginger' had been stolen, and how he traced it because it had a bent tail and got it back. I sometimes thought I was being watched rather attentively by fishermen when I was petting the cats.

I was also told by a fisherman that the cats will climb into the boats at low tide and sometimes go to sleep. When they are discovered the boat is often at sea and cats, he assured me, get sea-sick. If they wake in the harbour and find the tide in they swim ashore, he said. I find this hard to believe, but certainly the cats of St. Ives give the impression of taking everything in their stride.

SHOW DAY

IT is, I think, nearly ten years since

I attended a cat show in an unofficial capacity so it was with great pleasure that I paid a visit to the Croydon Cat Club's championship show held at Lime Grove, on November 10th. Mr. Towe, the Honorary Manager, is to be congratulated on such a successful undertaking.

Judging from the number of visitors, I imagine people are becoming more cat-minded than ever. So great were the crowds that at three o'clock in the afternoon it was practically an impossibility to see the exhibits.

Being a Siamese fan I made a bee-line for these Eastern exquisites to find Mr. Stirling-Webb's Ch. Chirmon Lon looking really magnificent, and no wonder, for she had been judged the best short-haired cat in the show. Here is indeed a lovely specimen; Purest cream allied with dense seal points and mask from which gaze glorious blue eyes. A cat to be proud of. Her owner, young, debonair, and charming as ever, was receiving congratulations from a crowd of his and her admirers, obviously pleased with his success. Sealsleeve Petit-Laid carried off another championship to the delight of Mrs. Hetherington, while Mr. Pope repeated his triumph at the Siamese Cat Club Show with Pagan Goddess.

Every variety of cat was represented but it was impossible to see them all. Miss Hill-Shaw was youthful and gracious as always. It would be interesting to know how many Croydon shows she has seen, bless her. Mrs. Sayers, red-haired, with eyes as blue as any Siamese, called in to judge owing to Miss

Dixon's illness, had only time for a few hurried words with me. The stewards seemed to be vieing with each other for originality in overalls. Mrs. Carbert would surely take the prize for she had a line of "Any Other Varieties" embroidered across the front of hers. American breeders were trying to buy the male champion, not for sale, at any price.

Miss Ruxton selling her admirable mice in aid of the Cats' Protection League with Mr. Steward, the Secretary handing out leaflets, sex diagrams and cocksfoot grass.

A brick-bat, why oh why was the award board perched up in the gallery, necessitating a trek outside the hall and up the stairs to find the winners.

Mrs. France all the way from Derby with her blue male Beaucourt Dandi, whose friendliness captivates all who make his acquaintance. He has a fancy for ice-cream and devoured with relish the remains of a cornet offered by a very young visitor.

Mrs. Thompson was busily judging blue cats, young and old. Miss Yorke poring over her specials. Mrs. Rendall, smarter even than usual in a corner discussing the body colour of blue and seal points with Miss Gold.

One sad note amongst a happy gathering, the news that Miss Gordon-Jones' outstanding Siamese male Salween Conqueror had been run over. A great loss indeed to the Siamese world as he was last season's big winner with two championship certificates to his credit.

Blue-Pointed Siamese were well to the fore with Mrs. Lamb's Zy-Azure-Kvm being awarded his 3rd and final certificate to make him a full champion.

One genial figure was missing as Mr. Yeates was unable to judge owing to illness. Miss Dixon too was absent for the same reason. All their friends will wish them a speedy recovery.

Did the cats enjoy themselves? Watching Oriental Silky John rolling on his back to have his tummy tickled, I should say, yes, they did.

MRS. HUGHES of Shrewsbury writes she has sold her kitten Bachgen who made his debut at the Siamese Cat Show. Bachgen has gone in for law and joined a legal firm as an articled clerk with every hope of becoming a partner later on. Good luck to him, he will probably end up as head of the mouse department.

I motored to Southampton to see Miss Gold, Vice Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club, off to New York on the Marine Marlin. From there she is travelling overland to Vancouver Island, returning to this country next spring. I have no doubt she will meet many of our cat friends known to us only by name and it will be interesting to hear how the American and Canadian cats compare with our own.

Congratulations to Nottingham show manager, Mrs. Hancox, on her schedule. It is the best I have seen for years. Good paper, correctly printed and put together with attractive efficiency. If this is a sample of Iris' management the show should be tops. Siamese

breeders are loathe to make the long journey at a bad time of the year, but this enterprising club needs support, so please help fill the classes. Old exhibitors thought it odd last year to have the cats vetted inside the show hall. The taking of temperatures and inspection of ears seemed somewhat useless when infection may already have passed along the pens to the vet's table.

No basic makes travelling difficult but it was worth the long bus journey to see Mrs. Macdonald and her Blue-Pointed family. Raard Blue Sacchi has an ideal house for a stud and was looking very well. He is becoming very like his sire, Ch. Zy Azure Phandah, and is a most sweet-tempered male. There were blue-pointed kittens too of lovely type as well as a huge tabby neuter who must have weighed about a ton.

David Wright reporting from Montreal on his two females from England, says as mothers our two pussies have been fine. Ah Koo was bent on getting her family out of the cage and finally we had to give in. She evidently figured that if Fa Ying could have her kittens on the bed so could she! So there is one big happy family on one of the beds in Mrs. Wright's room. When the kittens can climb out of the surround of pillows and cushions, we will try to get them back into the cage. Canadians seem to love their cats, but you won't get them back into the cage Mr. Wright, once out they never go back.

Missie Hart



Sport and General Press

THE SIAMESE CAT CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW.
MRS. MURRELL WITH MAJOR MURRELL'S LITTER
OF SIAMESE. 1st PRIZE CLASS 14.



Sport and General Press

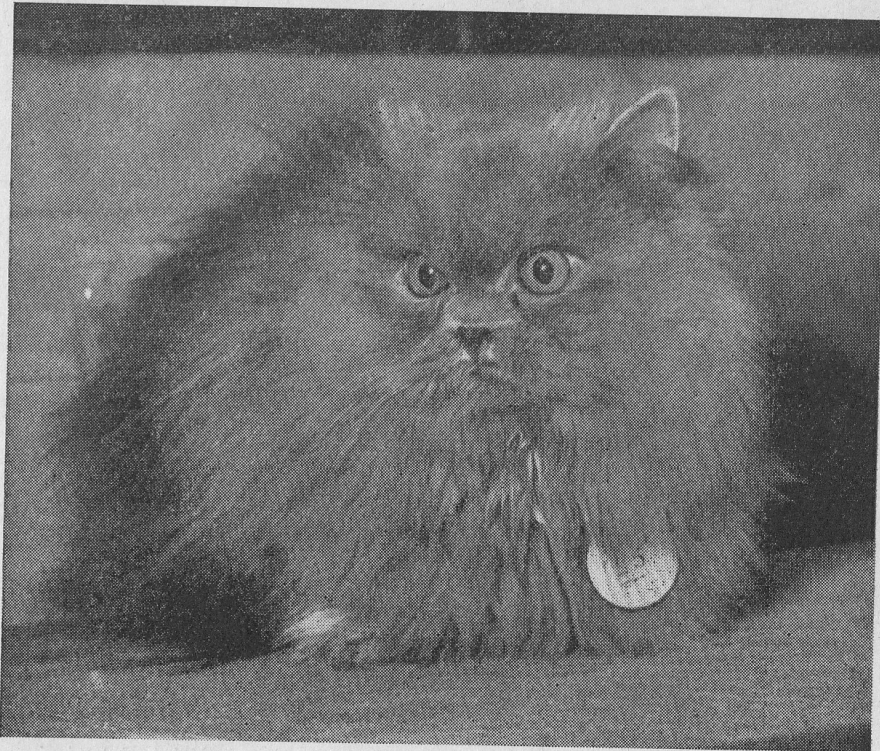
THE SIAMESE CAT CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW.
MRS. HART, THE HON. SECRETARY WITH
MRS. HETHERINGTON'S "SEALSLEEVE PETITE-
LAID." WINNER OF THE OPEN MALE
CHAMPIONSHIP

CROYDON CAT CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW
 MISS EVELYN LANGSTON'S "MAIR OF ALLINGTON"

By Champion Deebank Michael. Ex Ve Day.

1st and Winner of The Open Female Championship

Best Exhibit in Show.

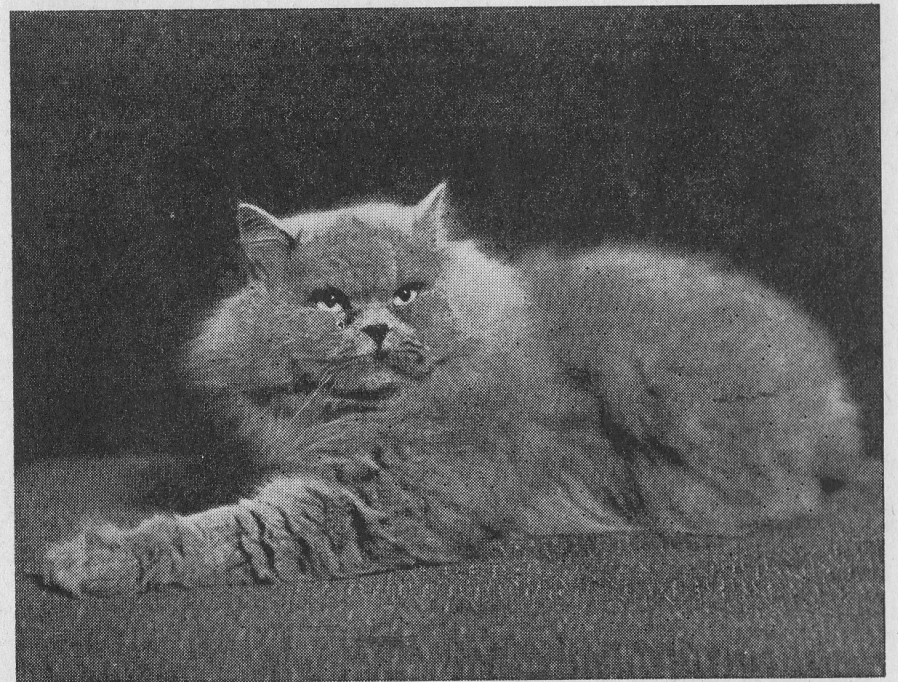


Associated Press

CROYDON CAT CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW
 MRS. D. H. HARRINGTON-HARVARD'S "OXLEY'S
 PETER JOHN"

By The Playmate of the Court. Ex Oxley's Blue Pearl.

Winner of 44 Awards. 1st and Winner of the Open
 Male Championship. Reserve Best Cat in Show.



CAT SHOWS

ALTHOUGH many readers have not yet been to a Cat Show, I am sure they will find them very interesting if they can arrange a visit, and agree that Cat loving exhibitors are ready to welcome potential breeders.

When one sees the lovely cats and kittens disporting themselves at Shows it is an inducement to buy a female kitten and try one's luck at breeding winners.

Novices, who commenced during the war, and bought good stock have scored some remarkable wins; and to their great credit in many cases, it has been with varieties in which competition is at its keenest, namely Blue long-hairs and Siamese. The second post war champion Blue male, **CHAMPION DEEBANK MICHAEL** was bred by Miss Bull of Cheshire in 1943, from one of the first pedigree Blue litters she had ever bred. He was sold when a kitten as a companion to his litter brother **DEEBANK MONTGOMERY** to a young novice Mrs. Cheyney of Stoke-on-Trent.

Exhibited at Ch. Shows 6 times, he was never lower than second in his open class, except at Nottingham Ch. Show when he was third to Lady Eardleys Wilmot's Ch. **SOUTHWAY NICHOLAS**, and Mrs. Clarke's **ADONIS OF THE COURT**.

To become a champion, a cat must be three times first in its open class under three different judges. Mrs. Clarke also commenced breeding Blues during the war and has been awarded many firsts with Glengory Christopher, Glengory Timothy and Glengory Diana all bred by herself, her cats and kittens have always been shown in excellent condition and looked as though food rationing was something they had heard about but never experienced.

Mrs. Harrington Harvard, another comparative newcomer started off with great gusto at her first Championship Show by exhibiting the best Blue female kitten at the Blue Persian Cat Society Show at Nott's. January, 1946, and in the autumn at the same place was awarded the special prize for the Best Blue kitten, with one of her own breeding named **TRENTON GEORGETTE**.

Mrs. Harrington Harvard's latest triumph was on November 16th, when at Croydon Cat Club Ch. Show, her Blue male, Oxleys Peter John was awarded 1st and Challenge certificate and later Reserve Best Cat in Show.

The Best Exhibit in Show, Mair of Allington, being owned by the very well known pre-war judge, breeder and exhibitor, Miss Evelyn Langston. I was judging Blues on this occasion and congratulated Mrs. Harrington Harvard on the condition of her cat and the way it was presented. Needless to say these remarks also apply to Miss Langston's lovely queen. Many other newcomers have exhibited winning Blues, but the above will suffice to show the potentialities of cat breeding and that the highest awards are within the reach of all.

Few visitors to Shows realize the many weeks of preparation and the immense amount of work entailed in organizing a Championship Show. One has to be behind the scenes to appreciate how devotedly some breeders give their services to benefit their fellow fanciers.

When a Show Manager is given an honorarium it is negligible in proportion to the work involved. Croydon Cat

Club Ch. Show, held in London on November 10th was the most successful ever organized by this club and the number of persons attending it probably a record for a Show entirely confined to Cats. Some of the incidents Show Managers have to contend with will probably interest readers.

The Committee decided to hold it at the usual venue, Central Baths, Croydon, and when everything was settled they were informed the roof was to be repaired and the Baths re-decorated. Mr. Towe then had to look round for another Hall which would be available on a suitable date in early November. This was no easy task as owing to so much war damage, every London Hall is in incessant demand for dog shows, dances, etc. This difficulty settled, the next headache was to procure material suitable as backing for the pens; everything really attractive demanded clothing coupons, so Mrs. Towe came to the rescue and after dozens of visits to shops, the familiar beige hessian was decided upon, on which she subsequently spent hours machining hems and sewing tapes to the top of pens.

continued on page 29.

Your Cats and Mine

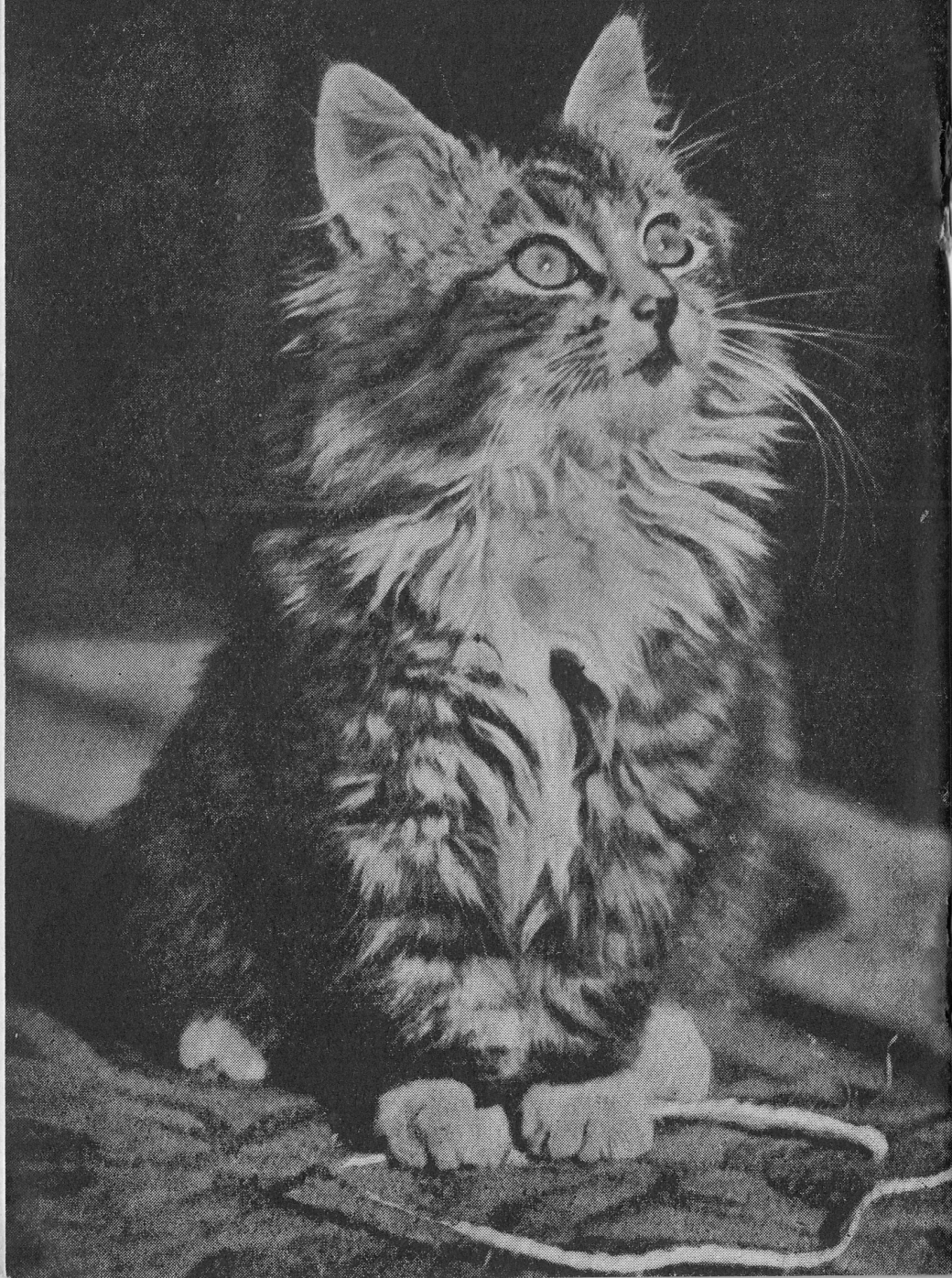
By LILIAN FRANCE

MOST readers will know by now that my husband and I are back permanently from Jersey. Our new address is Prior's Barn, Borrowash, Derby, and when I entered for the first time, I was handed a telegram from Mrs. Joan Thompson, which said Welcome Back to England. I was very thrilled by her kind thought.

The prospect of transporting fifteen cats and kittens by air was rather a headache, but everything went smoothly. The cats were no worse for the long journey, and are now quite settled in their new home, which they appear to like very much. There are fields to roam, trees to climb, and the orchard and barns to explore. My first visitor was Mr. Meade, who came over from Nottingham to see his Blue Persian male, Beaucourt Dandi. Dandi came to me in Jersey when his owner commenced his military training. He made a great display of affection, but as he usually does so with everyone, it is difficult to know whether he remembered or not. Mr. Meade was, of course, very pleased to see Dandi and thought him very much improved by his open air life in Jersey.

The Siamese Cat Show on October 16th, gave me the opportunity of meeting many old friends; but as I was stewarding for

Mrs. Hindley—and thoroughly enjoyed it, it left me very little time to talk to anyone. I was pleased to see Mrs. Southall again. She had made the long journey from Hereford, bringing with her several fine kittens, sired by Balolo, which she hoped to sell at the show. Commander Pigott was also there. He has now left his house in Yorkshire and gone to live in the South, where it is warmer. As he had to live in a flat in London between moves, it necessitated giving up his Siamese queen, Chinki Pandora, whom he bought from me as a kitten. I was delighted to learn she had gone to Mrs. Cattermole of Ipswich, who already has a neuter, Chinki Jaffra, bred by me. I was very pleased to have the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Cattermole, who tells me Pandy has been mated and is now in kitten. Commander Pigott is very keen on Siamese, and as he likes very pale coat, I advised him to try a Blue Point. He arranged to do so at the show, so I expect the young lady, is quite settled in her new home now. I had a most interesting chat with Mrs. Jennings of Mundesley on Sea, about Siamese in general. She was keen to hear about the two kittens I bought in Jersey from Mrs. Walton which were bred from a pair brought by her direct from the King's Palace in Siam, and born in quarantine. Unfortunately the male died, and I now only have the female. She has a lovely cream coat which I hope will remain pale. Later, I shall mate her to Sco-Ruston Galadima, and hope the progeny will have his lovely eye-colour and shape. Owing to all the upset of moving and getting resettled, my cats were not looking their best, but my stud, Sco-Ruston Galadima was second to the Champion, Sealsleeve Petite-Laid,



also winning seven firsts and specials for his eye-colour, so I felt he had done very well. Mrs. Hart should be congratulated both as Show Manager and Breeder of the winning male, Petit-Laid. As usual, the show was very well arranged, and I am sure every one enjoyed it. I know I did!

My queen Sealsleeve Shah Treschic—"Minky," travelled from Jersey with three babies born on August 30th, two boys and a girl. Such an early move did rather set them back, so I have kept them longer than usual before attempting to let them go to new homes. The only trouble is, one gets so fond of them. They are no longer a litter, but each one an individual with loving and endearing little ways.

The Blue Persian and Siamese Show were no sooner over than the Croydon Show was here. There was a splendid entry and a fine array of cats. Most of all I was impressed by the Abyssinians, a most fascinating breed, and one I would like to take up.

Miss Chafer who travelled from Doncaster told me she now has three blue persian queens, but is afraid she may have to part with one owing to the difficulty of getting meat for them.

Mrs. Cannons of Edgware was visiting the show. She and her husband are keen Siamese fans. They have two queens, which up to date have had no kittens. I expect they will not call now until after Xmas or early new year, especially if it is very cold. So here's success to your breeding, Mrs. and Mrs. Cannons, in 1948.

I was very glad Mr. and Mrs. Lamb obtained their third Challenge

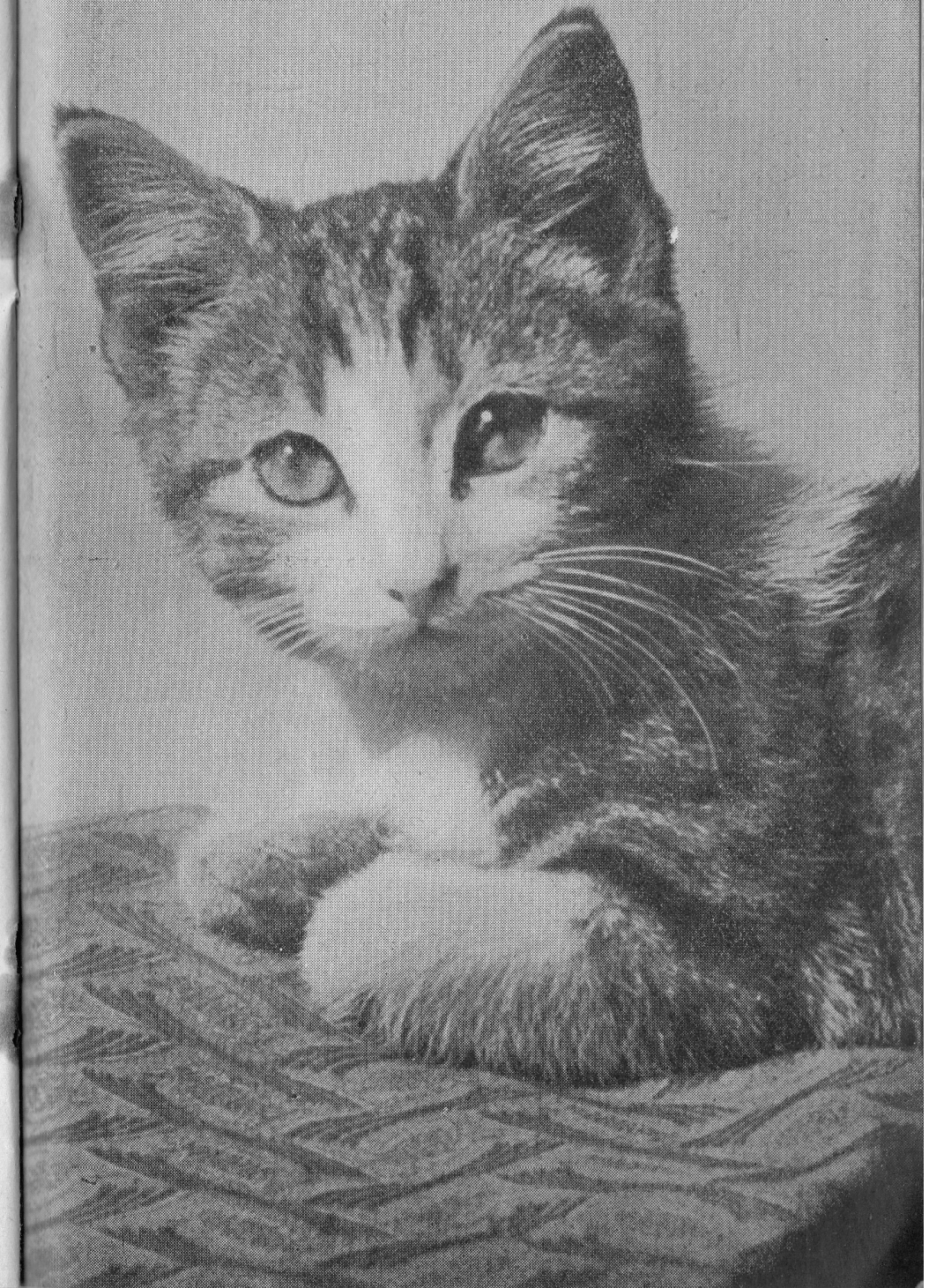
Certificate and a full Championship for their Blue Point, Pincop Azure Kym. I saw them the night before, tired after their long journey to London, but it must have been well

Mr. Allt was also there from I.O.W. He had brought two lovely Blue and two Cream long-hairs. Mrs. Carbert arrived from York with her White Persian Queen, and Mr. Harrington-Harvard, with his Blue long-hair, Oxley's Peter John, who won his first championship certificate. Peter John is a beautiful cat and was very well shown and in perfect condition. Well done!

Mrs. Hart brought her small daughter Joanne along. I hadn't seen them since they spent a holiday with me in Jersey, and I rather suspect Jo. had almost forgotten me; but when she saw my husband, there was not doubt she remembered and they spent most of the afternoon buying ice-cream, balloons, etc.

Those of you who have never been to a cat show would scarcely believe the number of people who flock in to see the exhibits. Only with the greatest difficulty can one squeeze through the crowd. The Show Manager, Mr. Towe, was very busy all the time, and I never got near enough to speak to him. I am sure everyone wished to congratulate him on a marvellous show.

Just before I went to Croydon, Miss Lant of Loughborough brought her young queen Beaumanor Bess for a mating to Galadima. Bess is by Mystic Dreamer. Miss Lant's mother and brother were with her, and as we had not met since the old "Rusholme" days, we had a very enjoyable chat, over a cup of tea. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing many of my friends at Prior's Barn in the near future.



FELINE FRIENDS

By UNA-MARY
NEPEAN GUBBINS

Reprinted from "The Weekly Scotsman"

I have five special feline friends. Their names are Rolly, Babykins, Plumpey, Edward and Lionel.

Rolly is a dark, handsome cat, with large golden eyes.

Babykins is soft and cuddly, with pleading green eyes.

Plumpey is a highly-strung temperamental artistic cat (his hobby is writing poetry).

Edward is a dignified black cat, with long whiskers, and a noble head, and Lionel is a ginger cat—a real descendant of the King of the Jungle. He has a sweet face, and in a pleading mood, is impossible to resist.

One evening every week, these five friends meet at a certain rendezvous.

First they have a meeting (Edward takes the chair) where they all relate their adventures of the past week. Rolly caught a mouse, great excitement, and a word of praise from the Chair. Babykins was nearly caught by a dog. He was much congratulated on his escape. Plumpey contemplates marriage with the beautiful Persian cat next door. He flourishes a poem about her blue eyes. Edward scoffs at his sentimentality.

LIONEL! the air about them tenses, they lean forward eagerly. Trust Lionel for a good yarn; HERE IT COMES! He was driven away by a lorry, and dumped by the coast,

and by accident found himself on a ship, sailing away from land. He jumped into the water and swam ashore, and after many thrilling adventures, arrived home footsore and weary, but rather happy. Then Edward tells a story with a moral, after which they have a great feast. Ah! such tasty fish. Such tender meat. They sing and dance until the moon is high in the sky, when they all slip back to their respective homes, and the meeting is closed for another week.

CAT'S HOLIDAY

By MISS A. G. COOPER

(age 14)

WE solved the holiday problem last year by taking "Ginger" camping with us. He is twelve years old, and has moved about a great deal. Besides, we have holidays, so why shouldn't he? All was well when we were in the train as we could release him from his box, which had seemed plenty big enough before, but either the cat swelled, or the box shrunk. Anyway it was a terribly tight fit. Once there, he snooped around the farmhouse in a most suspicious manner! He appeared to imagine all sorts of awful bogies in the corners! We slept in the farmhouse that night. He settled down very well. Next morning we pitched the tents, and brought Ginger (otherwise known as Whiskers, the object, his lordship etc.) out, to view his new apartments. He gave one look, and bolted back to the farm house. Mother pursued him, and returned with wreaths of kicking cat!

More About Mitzie and Freda

By WENDY HANSON

(Wendy is 13½)

WHEN the time drew near of our removal, the question arose "What was to be done with the Siamese cats?" It was eventually decided by my step-mother (to whom both cats are devoted), that they should be sent with the remainder of their kittens to a breeder whom we know and who lives in the district. This duly happened and for the first few days all was well.

But soon Freda fell ill. The vet. said there was little hope of her living and so Miss Neaverson, to whom we had sent the cats, phoned my step-mother, who went at once. She decided to bring Freda and Mitzie home, and to nurse Freda herself (she had been a nurse).

On arriving home, Mitzie was very busy inspecting the new house. She was in every cupboard, and drawer. But poor Freda hardly had the strength to walk.

In a few days Freda was improving. She had taken a few laps of milk on her return home, and before all food had to be injected into her.

Both Mitzie and Freda are now as healthy as ever. Mitzie has a fine litter of kittens, and Freda is expecting some in a month. So we presume that Freda was only fretting to come home, where she is now going to stay.

There are two more incidents I should like to mention!

One morning Mitzie was missing. We realized at once that Pat—whom we got with the house, but whom we have now given away—the dog had chased her. She was missing for 3 days. And after advertising in the local paper, a lady rang up to say she had seen her on a wall. She was making her way back to our old house. Anyway we retrieved her again.

The other incident is also about Mitzie and her wanderings. This time, she disappeared on the Friday night. There was no dog to chase her away this time. Freda went frantic running up and down all day, and at intervals during the night, calling for her. By Sunday morning we were beginning to wonder if the dog, had chased her away, when a worried old lady came running up our drive. She said she was the next door house-keeper, and had we lost a cat, there was one in her attic and she daren't touch it. So Mitzie, very hungry and talkative returned from her second wanderings, and a week or two later had her kittens. Our only explanation for her attic escapade was that she—as usual—wanted her kittens upstairs and we are now living in a bungalow.

Inns and Cats

HOW often have we seen Inn signboards bearing dog names? Dog and Duck, Dog and Bear, Dog and Gun, Dog and Partridge, Dog and Pheasant, even Dog and Hedghog and Dog in Punchbowl, but our love for domestic animals does not allow us to forget the cat. Nothing uncommon, is there in an inn called The Cat? but surely the Cat and Bagpipes is just a little surprising! "Cat and Fiddle" is another name we all have heard, but have you heard of The Cat and Cage, Cat and Lion, Cat and Parrot, Cat and Wheel, Cat and Basket and last but not least Cat and Kittens? Then there's The Black Boy and Cat, and The Fishing Cat, The Hare and Cats, The Mad Cat, Puss in Boots, Salutation and Cat.

"As I was going through a street of London, where I had never been till then I felt a general faintness and cramp all over me, which I could not tell how to account for till I chanced to cast my eyes upwards and found that I was passing under a signpost on which the picture of a cat was hung." This little incident of the cat hater was told in No. 538 of the Spectator and is proof of the presence of cats on signboards, but now very rarely. There was a "Cat" at Egremont in Cumberland, a Black Cat at St. Leonard's Gate, Lancaster, and a Red Cat at Birkenhead.

There was a sign of the Red Cat in the Hague, Holland, put up by a certain Bertrand, a Frenchman who had left his native country, having been mixed up in some conspiracy against Mazarin. Arrived at the Hague he opened a cutlers shop, and put up a double sign, representing on the one side a cat, and on the other a portrait of his

Eminence Cardinal Mazarin in his red gown and with his bristling moustache, underneath he wrote "Aux deux méchantes Bêtes" (the two obnoxious animals). Holland, however, was at peace with France at the time, and so the Burgomaster afraid of offending the Ambassador, requested Bertrand to alter his sign. Mazarin's face was then painted out and another red cat put in its place.

There was a Cat and Lion at Stockport, bearing also this verse, "The Lion is strong, the cat is vicious,

My ale is strong and so is my liquors."

The Cat and Parrot was, in 1612 the sign of Thomas Pauer a bookseller near the Royal Exchange. At Santy near Dublin, was the Cat and Cage which is represented by a Cat trying to pull a bird out of a cage. Cat in the Basket was a favourite sign on the booths on the Thames when the river was frozen over in 1739. The sign was a living one, a basket hanging outside the booth with a cat in it. It was revived when the river was again frozen in 1789. This sign of the cat in the basket or cage, originated from the cruel game of shooting at a cat in a basket. Brand in his "Popular Superstitions" gives a quotation, from which it appears that, a similar sport was still practised at Kelso in 1789, but instead of shooting at the cat, it was placed in a barrel, the bottom of which was beaten out.

The Cat and Kittens was about 1823, a sign near Eastcheap, it may have come from the publicans slang expression, Cat and Kittens, as applied to the large and small pewter pots.

In the police courts years ago it was not uncommon to hear that someone was "had up" for Cat and Kitten stealing, i.e., stealing quart and pint pots. Sydney France.

Postscript for Chum

By JEAN MARION

BAXTER

A little jasmine-wreathed cross marks a newly-dug grave under the prunus tree. Chum loved to hide in its slim branches and peep, whiskers quivering, from among the delicate leaves, so it is appropriate that it should overshadow his snowy resting place.

Chum came to us in the eventful Summer of 1940, when no dark rumours could daunt the gay flowering of scarlet frilled hollyhocks. I always remember the sunny morning when my friend arrived unexpectedly in the garden, carrying a little black scrap of fur. Two turquoise eyes looked at me questioningly. The scrap, it appeared, could boast no pedigree, no elegant, delicately-treading ancestors. His father was a green-eyed, wild streak of a cat living by tooth and claw in the outhouses of a factory. His mother was soft-furred, black and white, and domesticated enough to bring her three kittens into the factory itself. There was no place for them, so homes had to be found, and Chum arrived "on approval" one bright June morning.

We could not resist the combined appeal of round eyes, long quivering whiskers and four white paws. Half an hour later he was eating a plate-

ful of bread crumbled in beef gravy, his thin tail stuck out stiffly with pleasure. From the first he could not purr properly. He wheezed like a rusty little clock or rubbed his head against my hand until he nearly overbalanced.

Chum grew into a handsome cat with a snowy white ruff and an air of benign solemnity that earned for him the affectionate sobriquet of "Vicar." There was so much for him to see and learn. Autumn that brought the crackling brown leaves to chase wildly across the garden. Winter with the curious, soft white snow and a Xmas tree hung with coloured things that sparkled entrancingly just out of reach. Then gradually came the warm days, when he could lie stretched out on the green lawn, watching butterflies skim over the candytuft while sunshine fell like a warm caress on his black fur.

He was nervous, shy and unaccountable, but a personality. Through the war years he was part of the family life, sharing the rations and diving under a table at the approach of irregularly chugging planes. He loved to sit on the arm of the easy chair, his head on one side, his curious turquoise eyes gazing raptly into the glowing heart of the fire. Marvellous eyes they were, that could blaze suddenly and swiftly into glittering chunks of emerald.

And now his familiar place is empty. The restless puzzle of life is finished and he lies quietly under his favourite tree. He was not famous or unusual; just a black and white cat whose only claim to remembrance lies in the fact that he was typical of the many cats who sat steadfastly by the home-fires during the long years past.

THEATRE CATS

By WINIFRED ROBI

AS an actress and stage-manager I have played in many theatres throughout England, and the cats encountered when touring were both interesting and varied. I remember one theatre that boasted of two cats, a very well behaved mother and her new daughter who was an exact miniature of her. I say well behaved because they never appeared during the show, but stayed downstairs underneath the stage. But the minute "God Save the King" had been played, up they came, running on to the stage and generally mixing with everybody and being very sociable. Unfortunately it was the habit of a certain ballet company which visited there to have the "King" played before the performance instead of after. On Monday night the overture finished, the "King" was played through, the show was about to begin—and up came the cats! They couldn't understand it. I can imagine them saying to each other. "It has been a short show tonight!"

The Princes Theatre at Bradford housed a darling little coal-black kitten, a tiny little fellow with a fluffy coat that made him look like a ball of Angora wool. Love scences meant nothing to little Billy, and we had to keep a sharp look-out for him at such critical moments. But he foiled us one night and in the middle of a scene in "Acacia

Avenue" between the vamps and the son of the house, out popped little Billy from behind the settee and stood there, furry coat standing up like a porcupine's, blinking in the glare of the footlights. The audience was delighted, but the actors weren't.

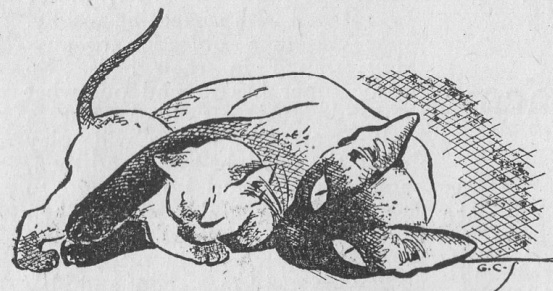
At Richmond Theatre the cat, with a clever sense of timing, walked through the door on the stage into the "dining room" where the "George and Margaret" family were having breakfast. It looked so natural that one of the actors immediately poured a little milk into a saucer and put it on the floor, where pussy lapped it up and amused the audience considerably.

I have never forgotten the cat that begged in Birmingham. He was really a stray but allowed into my landlady's house each day to eat—she let him sleep at nights in the kitchen—and he would come to my table, sit solemnly back on his haunches with his front paws hanging limply in front of him and look up at me with such a solemn, pathetic expression in his tabby face and green eyes, that I gave him all the tit-bits he wanted.

There was one cat that had a special mention in the newspaper write-ups of the company at Sunderland Empire. It had ruined nearly every important scene in the play at different times by its unexpected ambles across the stage, but being black it would have been considered unlucky to get rid of it. John Stuart, making his farewell speech there, said he hoped to return and would look forward with great pleasure to seeing everyone again, even—(with a whimsical smile and a significant lift of the eyebrows)—even the theatre cat!

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How To Keep Your Pets Warm

A hard winter is predicted again! I get so many letters from readers of Cats and Kittens asking all sorts of questions. Lately several have asked me "How to keep cats warm during the very cold weather." Is artificial heat needed? Several seemed very worried about it and, as one lady wrote, her husband objects to having cats indoors, as they ruin the furniture with their claws. So did my husband. Sometimes, he liked one or the other but mostly only tolerated them, and yet I have kept as many as 40 cats and kittens.

Cat houses should be well built, draught proof, water proof and off the soil. Otherwise, the cats get damp and catch colds. I have always found that the actual cold does not harm a cat at all. In fact, my own cats seem to enjoy the cold, frisk and run about and seem to enjoy their food much better than during the warmer weather. However, a nice, warm, cosy bed has to be provided. One lady asked me: "How about warm bottles?" Well, a rubber bottle is no good to a cat. He or she is so pleased with it that the cat pierces the rubber by pawing it too affectionately and the owner will find cat and bed sopping wet in the morning. She does not

like lying on a "switchboard" and simply leaves the bed or drags the bottle on to the floor. Some cats may accept a stone water-bottle. When offering the latter, please cover it well with something woolly. Some cats take objection to anything strange in their beds. So the beginner has to find out what the individual cat likes. But a healthy cat or kitten will play during the daylight hours and then, happily tired, curl up and go to sleep. I know mine do. When keeping kittens indoors in a room, the little wretches will often sleep all day long and race about and play all night. Strange, but true! Years ago, when everything needed was available, including paraffin, some heat-giving lamps were on the market and several fanciers I know used them. But there is always the danger of fire and besides all paraffin lamps smell in my opinion. I am one of those unfortunate creatures who have a "nose."

Good nourishing food rations somewhat bigger (than our own, I nearly said) than in summer time helps to keep the cat cosy and well, and if really fit and well the dry cold feels invigorating. My own cats get no artificial heat whatsoever, not even last winter, and kept fit and well all through. Now, just try it and see, reader. Nature helps itself. Your pet will grow a magnificent coat, thick and warm, for protection. And what breeder does not like a nice, thick coat on a cat?

A. H. Cattermole. (Mrs.).

Mrs. Cattermole is the well-known Judge and Breeder—Editor.

BLUE PERSIAN NEWS

MRS. Prince of Derby showed her young stud, Arely Rondo, at the Blue Persian Ch. Show, and Mrs. Yeend spoke of him as a promising youngster with a nice coat. After this, Rondo travelled to the Alexandra Palace was televised, and behaved perfectly. Rondo was bred by Miss Clarke, dam her pretty queen, Bayhorne Blue Dawn, and his sire is Hendon Blue Robin.

Mrs. Loughborough was a winner with Blues pre-war, and many people were interested to see and hear her husband. Doctor Loughborough on the television screen the other day. Her daughter,

Miss Mathers, accompanied her stepfather but this time she was demonstrating how to milk a goat. Dr. Loughborough is President of the Surrey Goat Club. Mrs. Loughborough has two young Blue Queens and she is also keen on breeding some Chinchillas.

Miss Hatfield writes:—"I have at the moment six kittens and one Blue Queen who has just had a litter by Miss Langston's noted Dickon of Allington. Miss Annabelle Lee, one of them was shown at the B.P. and took a 2nd prize and other cards. I have quite a large cattery with a play pen, especially built for kittens. A tree, and various toys keep them amused all day. I mean to show at Croydon though most of the big Cat Shows are over two hundred miles from us in Yorkshire."

G. Campbell-Fraser.

Cat Shows continued from page 16.

In the meantime our very capable Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Axon was on a four month's tour of Canada and U.S.A. and had not forgotten the needs of Croydon Cat Club so she procured sixty yards of wide calico, this as it happened was not needed. I think most of the Committee were mentally turning it into pillows cases and sheets when they heard about it, but Mrs. Axon was glad to utilize it for her own family.

If this article induces readers to visit our next two Championship Shows at Nottingham on January 6th, and London on January 26th, it will not have been written in vain and if they fall in love with a fascinating female kitten and join our ranks, I feel sure they will eventually agree they have found a delightful hobby, and a vivid interest for themselves in these times of austerity, when so many pleasures are in abeyance.

Mrs. L. H. Thompson.

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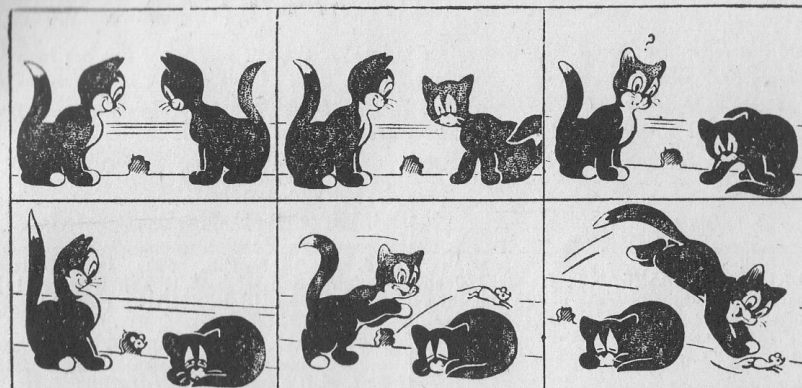



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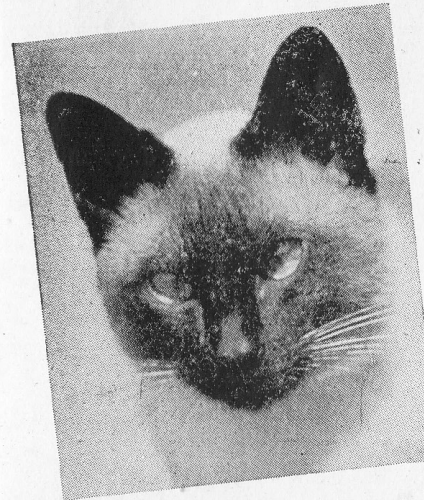
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