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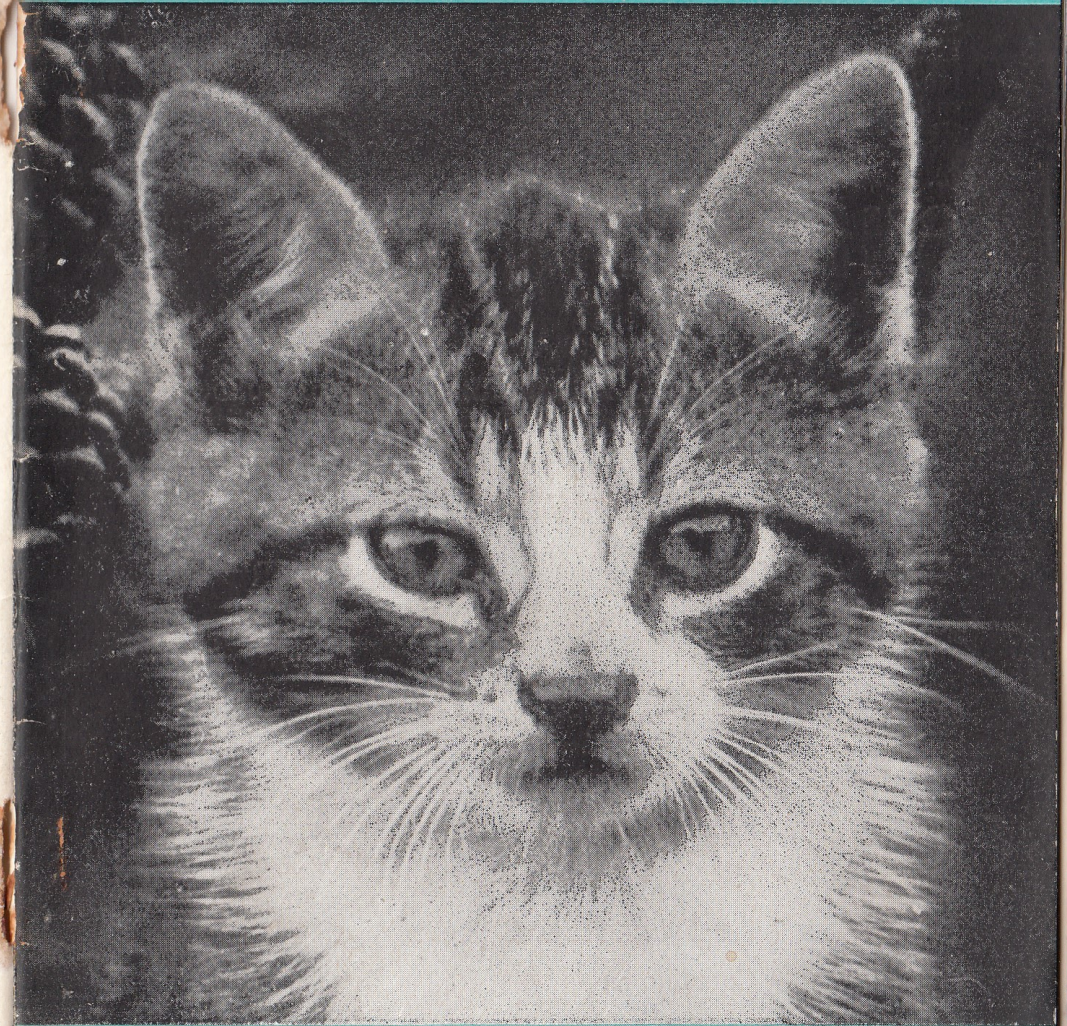
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CATS *and* kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



FEBRUARY, 1948.

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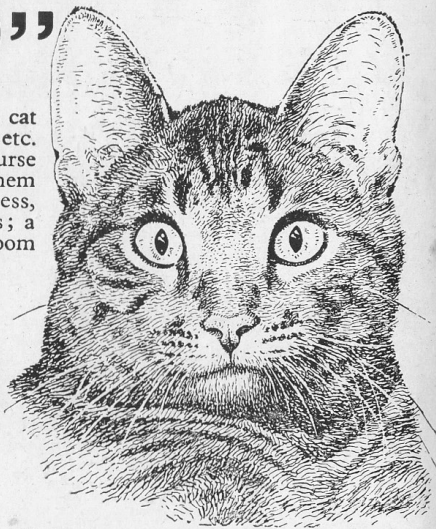
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CATS AND KITTENS
THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



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EDITORIAL

Readers' Own Page has been one of our most popular features, and many of our readers and friends sent us letters and photographs of their pets. Many suggested that these photographs should find a place on that page.

With this issue, we commence LETTERS and PICTURES to the Editor, and we welcome your letters and photographs, from which we hope to publish a selection each month.

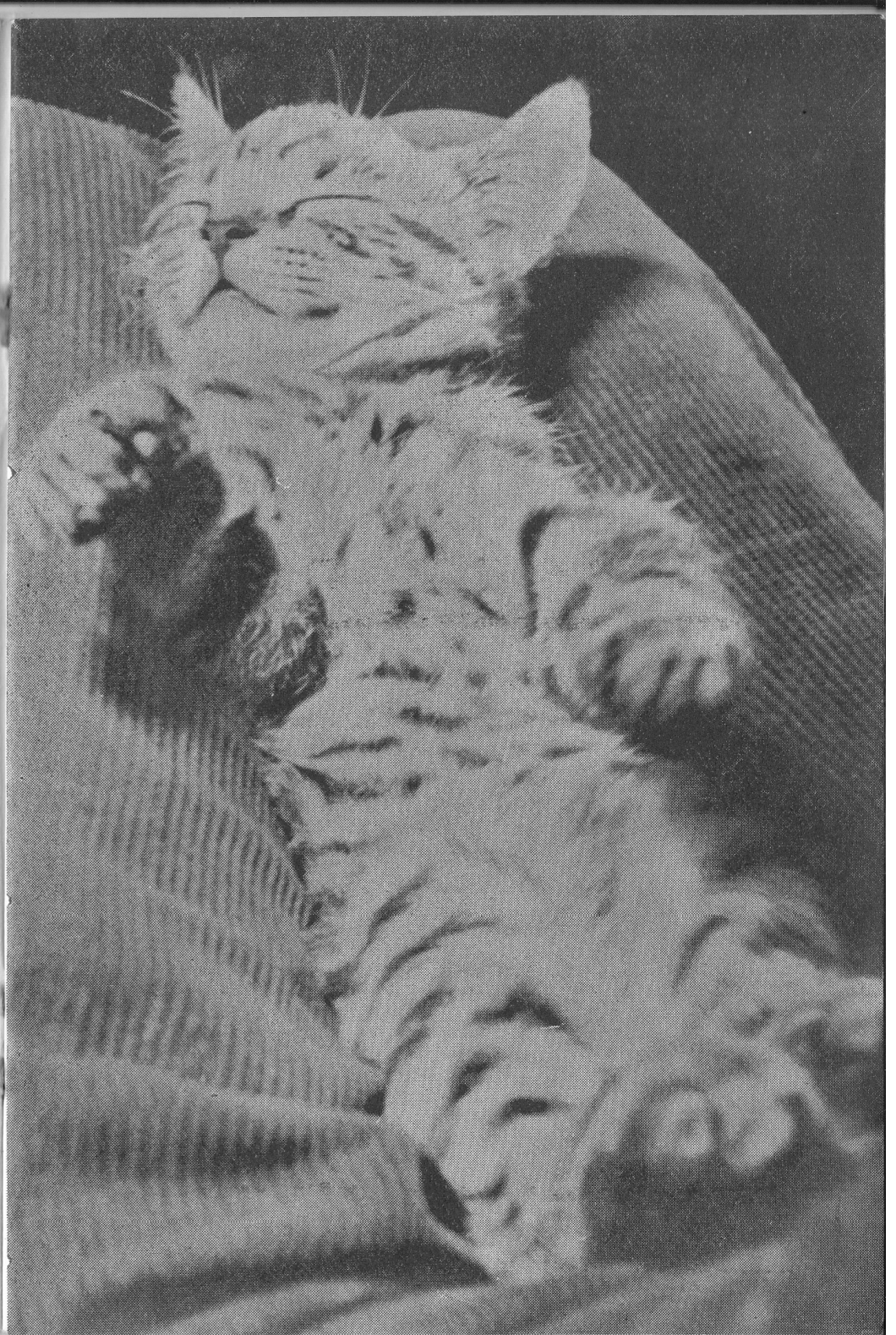


Adolph is not a godly cat
 He's really getting much too fat.
 He never takes much exercise
 But sits, with winking golden eyes.

Until you mention milk, or meat,
 Then, slowly rising to his feet,
 He stretches, arches, smiles delight,
 Transfigured by his appetite,

Until, before an empty plate,
 He sits, and dreams of what he ate.
 Yes, Adolph sits, and sits all day,
 He doesn't think, he doesn't pray.

E. M. Devereux.



PEDIGREE CATS

By KIT WILSON

I suppose that if a census of domestic animals was to be taken the cat would without doubt top the list, yet, how many people really know anything about them?

Ask the average man in the street, and, while he could tell you the names of many varieties of dogs, a cat, to him, is just a cat, and all he knows about it is that it is either fluffy or not, and he might perhaps be able to give a very vague description of its colouring; yet, in this country, and in many places abroad, cat breeding has been a fascinating and lucrative hobby for over half a century. Practically everybody has heard of the Kennel Club, and can tell you that it is the body which governs the breeding and showing of pedigree dogs, but it is doubtful if one person in a thousand has ever heard of The Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, which exercises the same control over pedigree cats.

Since 1887 when the first Cat Club, called The National Cat Club was formed, thousands of registration fees have been paid by breeders of pedigree cats, so that since 1891 a Stud book has been issued annually, (War years excepted) and the pedigrees of feline aristocrats have been as carefully preserved as those of Blood-stock or dogs.

It all began in 1871 when an artist, and great cat lover called Harrison Weir, although laughed at by all his friends, persuaded the Crystal Palace authorities to organise a cat show, and, in spite of ridicule the show was a great

success. Naturally none of the exhibits had any sort of authentic pedigree, but in spite of this, certain classifications were made, and in fact, the event was so popular that it became an annual attraction. This show was followed by others held at Brighton, The Alexandra Palace, The Albert Palace, The People's Palace and Birmingham. In the February of 1875, the first Scottish Show was held in Edinburgh with an entry of 560. So by 1887 Cat Shows had become so popular that it was decided to form a Cat Club, with the object of ensuring purity of breeding in each variety, and to maintain and keep a National Register of Cats.

The National Cat Club had as its first president Harrison Weir, and became the foundation body of the fancy, and no cat was permitted to be exhibited unless it had been registered with it. It set standards for the different breeds, which standards, with very slight alterations, due to increased knowledge, are still adhered to. It held two shows annually one at the Botanical Gardens, in association with the Ladies Kennel Association, and another at the Crystal Palace. Harrison Weir was followed as President by that genius of the pencil and brush, Louis Wain, whose drawings of cats were the subject of books, post-cards (then at the height of their popularity), Christmas cards and hosts of other things. The National Cat Club reigned alone until 1898, when, as so often happens, it was split by a feud. A number of members resigned, and, headed by Lady Marcus Beresford, formed a rival club, which they called "The Cat Club," they followed the workings of the National except that they held most of their shows for Charity. As they had left the

National, they refused to accept the registrations held by that club, and issued their own! Round about 1900, different breeds and varieties had become so popular that Specialist and District Clubs were being formed, to mention a few: "The Siamese Cat Club founded, 1900, The Blue Persian Cat Society (1901), "The Chinchilla, Silver and Smoke Society" (1900), "The Short-haired Cat Club" (1901), The Manx Cat Club (1901), The Midland Counties Cat Club (1901). The Manx Cat Club is a specialist club (now amalgamated with the Short-hair Club) for furthering the interests of Manx Cats as a breed, not, as might be assumed confined to members residing in the Isle of Man. By 1910 so many people were interested in showing cats that it was found impracticable to have two registering bodies, so a meeting was called, and it was decided to form a Governing body similar to that of the Dog Fancy, which would legislate for the whole of the fancy, to this the National Cat Club, which after all had been the real founders of the fancy, agreed, with certain reservations, and so The Governing Council of the Cat Fancy came into being with the National Cat Club taking its rightful place as the leading affiliated Club, and having the right to have four delegates on the Council irrespective of the numbers of members in the Club. All Clubs and Societies who become affiliated to the Governing Council, have the right to send a delegate for every fifty fully paid up members, but out of respect for The National Cat Club no other club may have more than four delegates.

The Council have quarterly meetings, or more if the need arises, and the Council at their April meeting, which is the first of the year elect an executive committee,

of a small number of delegates, with the Chairman, Vice Chairman and Secretary as ex-officio, this committee, study knotty problems, which would otherwise take up a great deal of the Council's time, and make recommendations to the Council at its next meeting. Shows are held under licence from the Council, which issues the Challenge Certificates. To become a full Champion and exhibit has to win three of these certificates under three different judges. The Council employs a full time secretary, with an assistant who deals with the registrations of Siamese only, these registration forms are carefully checked, with the pedigrees, and no exhibit can qualify for any award unless it has been properly registered with the Council.

No prize money can be paid out until the catalogue has been carefully checked by the secretary, in case of any errors.

At the early shows cats were in some cases shown like dogs on collars and leads, and in copies of old cat books, illustrations taken from photographs of the time show this method of judging in progress, but at one of their meetings, the Council decided that this was not really a satisfactory way of judging, and altered its rule to that which is in use to this day. Each exhibit is allocated a pen, which is numbered, this number is coincidental with that in the judges book, and, during the judging, only the judge and the judges stewards handle the exhibit. No distinguishing markings are judging, and each exhibit wears its allowed in the pens during the number on a small tally round its neck tied with white tape or ribbon. The public can view the judging from a suitable enclosure, but no exhibitor, or member of the public is allowed near the exhibits while judging is in progress. The British

Cat Fancy, is considered the leading authority on everything appertaining to Pedigree Cats, and Foreign Cat Clubs accept the Standards of points as set down by the Council, these Foreign Clubs cannot be affiliated to the Council, but may be associated with it, but the Council will not accept any association from Clubs which do not conform with the British method of judging. British judges have officiated at shows in France, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and are in fact still doing so, before the war they also went to Germany and the U.S.A., in like manner judges from U.S.A., France, Belgium and Germany have been invited to judge at British shows.

Even throughout the war years cat fanciers on the Continent have kept the flag flying, and Holland, France and Denmark are holding successful shows. There is a large fancy in the U.S.A. and Australia too has its clubs which hold successful shows.

Collectively the British Specialist Clubs have cups and trophies worth several hundreds of pounds, pre-war these used to be on show at the Club shows, since the war however, it has been deemed wiser to leave them in safe custody, but they are put up for competition at the shows and small mementos are given to the winners. One Club has had all their cups and trophies photographed, and the winner receives one for every win. Naturally if the cup is won outright it is sent to the winner. Another Club has small shields which are sent to the winners of cups, and silver spoons when available are sent by other clubs.

Before the war the National Show which was held at the Crystal Palace, was a two day affair, but with the burning down of the Palace, (luckily just before the show

which thanks to a very astute show manager was not abandoned but was held at 24 hours notice at the Paddington Baths), this custom went out, and since then shows have been for one day only. On the Continent however, shows last for two and sometimes three days. The show season starts with the Siamese Show in early October, and ends with the Southern Counties Show in late January, but there are two shows in the Summer, The Kensington Kitten Show and Sandy, which at one time was a championship show, and will in all probability go back to that status this year. The only specialist clubs to hold their own shows are the Blue Persian and the Siamese, but with the ever increasing interest in the Cat Fancy, and with the growing membership of all the clubs, in all probability there will be more Club shows in the very near future. It has been stated by so called experts outside the fancy that pedigree cats are delicate and hard to rear, and that this is the cause of the prices asked by the breeders for their stock. This is a complete falacy, pedigree stock is no more delicate than ordinary stock, if the ordinary common sense is used, any animal whether pedigree or not, will go sick if it is not properly cared for, and as for prices, well, naturally a well bred animal is of more value than one of uncertain parentage, pedigree dogs are of higher price than those from a dogs home, and nobody thinks anything of it, why therefore should there be comments that the price of a pedigree cat is more than that of one from a litter of unwanted kittens.? Again it is argued by some people that pedigree animals have not the intelligence of mongrels, how little those people know. While certainly not decrying the non pedigree cat, which is always a fascinating pet, why not have one which has a family tree?

ERKONWALD

By L. N. SMALL

ST. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate, in the City of London receives many visitors during the course of a week and many go through the Parish Room to see the little garden beyond. Quite often they stumble over a cat which lives in the Parish Room and usually a good deal of surprise is caused by the fact that a Church owns a cat. They ask his name, and on being told that it is Erkonwald are even more surprised, though when it is explained to them that Erkonwald was at one time Bishop of London and brother of St. Ethelburga light breaks. Usually the cat is picked up and made much of, and it is on these occasions that the visitor begins to doubt his own eyes.

The cat has six toes on each foot, one of them being stuck on like a human thumb, and his ancestors came from Northern Russia. In 1940, there was a plague of rats and mice in our Northern ports and to combat this the crews of many ships brought back cats from Archangel, some of which had remarkable feet. Erkonwald's mother "Jezebel" had two feet affected but out of all her children, only Erkonwald had all four feet enlarged. In spite of this, he is a quick mover and a valiant fighter, evidently taking after his illustrious namesake, who fought fiercely against the Danes in days gone by. His two sisters and a brother now live in Alderney and were sent there in response to an S.O.S. The island was over-run with rats and mice and the feline population was very small. The two sisters have

been taking the situation well in hand and the latest reports of the brother show that he has grown enormously and tackles with great spirit and success, rats nearly as big as himself.

When it was decided to send the kittens to Alderney, they were brought to London from their Surrey home and lodged in the Parish Room for the night. Erkonwald had been in residence for a fortnight and resented this unwarranted intrusion. Ties of blood were forgotten when his sisters helped themselves to fish from HIS plate and his huge feet were used with good effect. The following day he parted from them without a sign of sorrow, they were put on the 12.30 train from Paddington to Weymouth and after having their creature comforts dealt with completed their journey by cargo boat. This sorry episode in the life of a Church cat is not now referred to as it is a delicate matter but his complete lack of charity was appalling. However, human beings, especially jealous ones, are apt to act in much the same way, so who shall blame a cat? While Erkonwald continues to grow physically, it is doubtful if there has been a similar increase in Grace, but as he is but seven months old at the time of writing there is time for a miracle yet.

How exciting it must be for a cat to live on the premises of an historic City Church, to have such a name, and to have so many exciting things to explore! However, the Scouts and Cubs attached to the Church do not allow him to be dignified, for their name for him is simply "Kipper-feet." He does not raise any objection to this: he merely "raises Cain" when he wants his breakfast.

FAILURE IN COLOUR BREEDING

By FRANCESCA ENNS

ONE day I read in a book about the breeding of cats, that one can produce self reds, or self creams, by mating a marmalade Tabby with a self grey queen. As I was the proud possessor of a beautiful specimen of marmalade Tom, called Rufus, I thought it a good idea to procure a self grey wife for him and to try my luck with colour breeding.

Strangely enough it was not at all easy to find the required female. Many grey kittens were offered to me, but none was absolutely self grey. In the end I heard from people in London who had one and wanted to get rid of it, as it had turned out to be female. Living in a flat they preferred a male.

Next time I went to London I arranged to take over the young cat at Waterloo. She was self grey, and very pretty.

The journey passed uneventfully until we arrived at Exeter when disaster befell me: the cat escaped and crossing the busy lines went out of sight. With the help of porters, after an exciting

search, she was found unhurt, but deadly frightened, under a stationary goods train.

Rufus was delighted with his bride, who was quite friendly to him but refused to be mated, and I regretted having embarked on the breeding idea at all.

About a month after her arrival, coming home late one night, I found two premature, dead kittens on a dining room chair. I understood now the reason why her first owners had been anxious to get rid of her and was wondering whether the excitement of the journey and the chase was responsible for the mishap.

This happened at the beginning of August. "Smoky," this was the unoriginal name of the grey queen kept me waiting till next spring, when she mated with Rufus. I began to dream about red, or cream kittens, though I surmised the chances of succeeding at the first time would be very small.

At last the day arrived and Smoky gave birth to two healthy kittens of beautiful pale silver grey, with faint markings. They were enchanting creatures and I soon forgot my disappointment. Her son was called Silver, her daughter Sylvia. One was given to a friend, the other to my charwoman. Both lived in the neighbourhood and I was able to watch them growing up.

When Smoky called again, Rufus, who had been injured in a fight, was too ill to bother about her, and she chose a vulgar black cat. The next time instead of being with his wife, Rufus preferred courting a half wild Siamese queen and did not come home for several days. Smoky did not miss him, she had acquired a taste for her black lover, who appeared whenever he was wanted, in fact Smoky and Rufus never again cooperated towards the fulfilment of my colour breeding scheme.

In the meantime their only two children reached maturity. Both were uncommon looking cats; Silver, pale grey with strange pink markings, Sylvia of the same silvery grey with brownish Tabby markings.

Sylvia's first litter, and consequent ones were always common Tabbies.

Two years had past, when one morning my charwoman

brought the incredible news that Silver had produced kittens. As Silver was supposed to be a male and for two years had led an exemplary life, this was indeed a surprise. "Lovely kittens, Ma'm, two grey ones, like him."

"She had only two?"

"No he had three. One was a dirty white looking one."

"Dear, dear. You mean to say she had a cream kitten?"

"Yes, it was off white like, so to speak. We didn't like it, my hubby drowned it."

I heaved a big sigh, "I wish you'd waited a little and told me first. I should have liked it."

I took the trouble to go to the woman's place and to exhume the corpse from the compost heap. As I had suspected it was a perfect cream self.

"We'll let you have one next time, Ma'm."

Will there be another one, I wonder?

TO SWANDA MY CAT

(before undergoing an operation).

Grant to the vet: the necessary skill
To use the scalpel on my little friend;
Do Thou as Surgeon at his side attend
Whose hand is set to cure and not to kill.

Jessie B. Heard.

CAT SHOW

THE NOVICE.

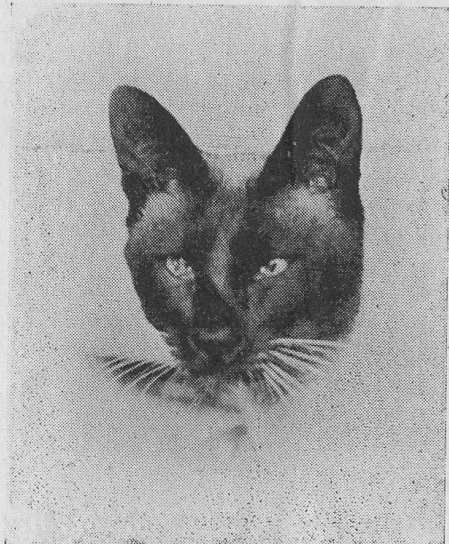
Awake at 5 a.m. Cold, dark and wet, must be mad to have entered Simon. Give him a good meal. All the books say do not feed before starting in case of accidents en route, but it seems a shame to make precious Simon go without. Go without myself, too excited to eat. Put Simon in his basket, nicely covered with brown paper, as per instructions. He objects violently and howls all the way to the hall. Arrive to find crowds before me, wait in queue for vetting. Suppose Simon does not pass, or gets out of his basket, or bites the vet. But all is well. Lots of catty looking people everywhere. Celebrated breeders come and look at my cat, see them criticising. Never mind, we shall see. Judging commences, watch horror-stricken when my darling is taken out of his pen. The steward will be sure to let him go. No! he is back again. Has he won a prize? Heartbreaking moment. Rush to the award board. What joy, he has! Must go and phone the family. Simon's won a prize, bless him!

THE VET.

Show day again. More exhibits than ever, never get through in time for judging. Hope there are no sick ones, always trouble over them. Here's one in a hat box, mind it doesn't escape. That's over, Phey! I can do with a drink.

THE OLD HAND.

Managed to get vetted first. Hall seems to be full of novices. One or two good looking cats here, but nothing to touch mine if the judges know their business. Plenty of



Ch. Prestwick Pertana
Bred by Mrs. Duncan Hindley

photographers about, may as well have another picture in the papers and some free publicity. There's still a thrill in winning a championship after all these years.

THE JUDGE.

How many classes? I can never do all these. What a class. They all look alike, think I'll leave them and come back later. Still look alike only more so. Whatever I do will be wrong and one can't please everyone. Well, I like a pale coat, so here goes.

THE SHOW MANAGER.

The pens did arrive and the hall didn't burn down, but a dozen exhibitors will come without their tallies, the cats will be put in the wrong pens, the catalogues will be wrongly printed and several exhibits will escape. The classes will be wrong and the judges will take their

Special slips home with them. The championship certificates will be missing. I shall get a hearty vote of thanks for running the show, a million complaints, a headache and vow I'll never run another show as long as I live.

THE CAT.

Roused out of delicious snooze. I thought so, show day again. Ears cleaned and all this grooming can only mean one thing. Horrible journey in basket. Hauled out and mouth opened by strange man. Same old pen, same old smell of objectionable rivals. What wouldn't

I give to beat them up! Good mind to try it on when they take me out. Now for some fun. Shall curse the steward, might frighten her. Refuse to stand up and open eyes. I don't care what colour they are. Judge thinks I'm rather nice. Of course I am, the best cat in the show, you should see me fight. That's over, now for some sleep. I'll get under my blanket, I'm tired of these gaping humans and a Siamese Champion needs a little privacy. But I've more red tickets than ever before and these mean lots of girl friends very soon. Purrs! I'll show them I'm just as good at home!

Missie Hunt

LUXURY CAT

By MARJORIE FRANCIS

MICKY is the largest Persian cat I have ever seen. And perhaps the most beautiful. As for intelligence, well, no dog can hold a candle to him.

A short while ago, Micky was taken very ill at night, and was obviously in great pain. So the vet. was sent for at 12 o'clock. "The cat has a stoppage, and an operation is necessary to save him," he stated after examination: to which the distracted owner replied: "Do everything you can for him." So Micky was at once taken to the vet's hospital for cats. On telephoning next day it was learned that

Micky had had his operation, and was going on "as well as could be expected." "But it will be some weeks before he is able to return home," said the vet. "And in the meantime he must not see anyone he knows."

Micky was convalescent for six weeks: then came home more beautiful than ever. His coat was silky, his eyes sparkling and his inside (so the vet. said) in perfect condition. "He's quite like a new cat," stated his proud owner. "And may live for many years now." (I believe he is ten years old at the moment).

But when I was told the cost of the operation, housing, attention and food, I gasped. It was **SIXTEEN GUINEAS!**

HEADS TAILS & WHISKERS

THREE FOR DICK. The new Mayor of Lewes is Alderman Dick Whittington. He has been presented with three black kittens by the retiring Mayoress.

A LAST WISH. A sad story comes from Bodmin, Cornwall, where, in a near by village, a retired grocer committed suicide because he felt himself alone in the world after the death of his wife. All his affection became centred on Mollie, his cat, and in a last message he asked for the cat to be buried "in the box with me."

LATEST IN NAMES. Miss P. Murray recently gave a delightful cat story to the London **Evening News**. It opened with a spot of electrical trouble in a South London home. The electrician was called in to investigate and whilst he was busy on the job, he heard the mistress of the house call from the next room, "Spiv, come here!" The workman, somewhat startled, hesitated for a moment, then dropped his tools to obey the call. The situation was saved when he saw a cat enter the room from through another door and run up to her mistress! Which reminds us that an entry at the National Show was named "Spiv, son of Sausage."

B.B.C. BEATEN. The radio experts in Country Questions were off the map recently when they said there was no such thing as a Russian Blue. They were beaten again more recently in the Round Britain Quiz, when they were asked to give the correct word for a group of kittens, in other words the noun of assemblage. Professor Brogan mildly suggested litter. The wanted word was "kindle."

LUCKY! News comes from New Jersey that two tom cats have inherited £8,000 from their late mistress. This generous bequest represents a lot of fish and meat! The cats are to enjoy board and lodging at 5/- each per day.

ALL MEE-OW. Messrs. Sands and Co. Ltd., of 15, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2., have just published under this title an attractive and appealing work by Joseph Meaney, who is perhaps better known as a writer of human stories. Cat lovers will enjoy this book, both from the point of view of presentation and illustration. They will chuckle over Mr. Meaney's quaint characters and their antics. There are stories of Doss-house Dan, Mutt-the-Fool, Nickey the Slick, Moses McCarthy, Frying Pan Frank, Fighting Frank of Wapping and several others. Excellently portrayed are the lives of Mrs. Squeak, the little lady who gave birth to quads at the Old Bailey, Black Sam, who lorded it at the Home Office and Uncle Ebenezer, who belonged to an actress in Maida Vale and who had a penchant for stealing Turkish delight. "All Mee-ow" costs 6/-.

NICE PEOPLE! Four young men employed by the Surrey War Agricultural Committee amused themselves one day by daubing paint on two kittens. Their distorted idea of fun cost them each £7 and 31/6d. costs at the local police court. Fortunately their act was seen and reported by a German prisoner of war. It was disclosed in the evidence that the kittens were in terrible pain and agony through trying to clean themselves.

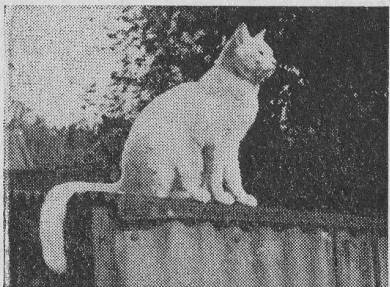


LETTERS and PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



Mrs. Betty Stewart of 29, Ferrars Avenue, St. Neots, Hunts., and her pets.

Would you care to introduce our pet in your magazine? say the Misses E. Whitehorn, and H. Longman of 79, Withermoor Road, Winton, Bournemouth. How could we refuse? His name is Field Marshall Montgomery (Monty for short).



"Bunney Boy,"

much loved pet of Jeanne Hutt of "Delmas," 22, Matlock Way, New Malden, Surrey.

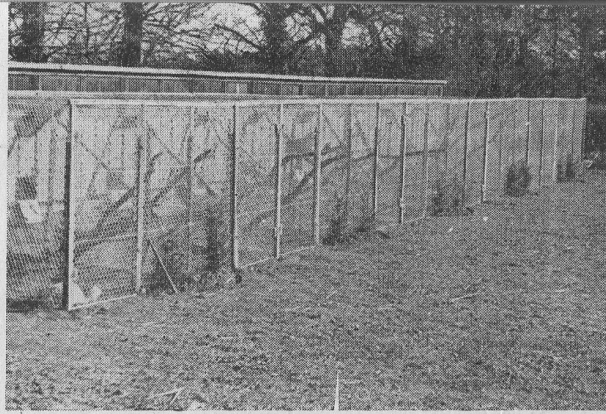
He now lies asleep, she says, in the garden, beneath the bird-bath, at the base of which grow primulas and pansies. His toys, a rubber mouse and a woollen rabbit are with him. Her letter finishes:—"Yes, I miss him terribly, but I am convinced we gave each other eight years of the utmost happiness, and in a way, I still have him near me in the garden, to say "Hello," Bunney Boy—sleep tight, darling."

LETTERS and PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



MRS. KAYE WITH ONE OF HER CHINCHILLAS

MEET A HAPPY FAMILY



A corner of the paddock at Danehurst, where each cat has its own house and run.

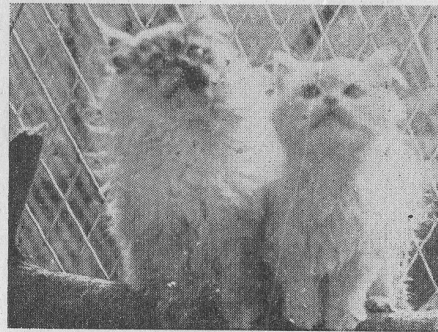
TO visit the Isle of Wight at any time of the year is a delightful experience. To spend a day there—a day of Autumn 1947 vintage—and in the company of two genuine animal lovers and their four-footed friends; that indeed is a red-letter occasion.

From Portsmouth by ferry across to Ryde and a short road trip to what is almost the extreme easterly tip of the island. There, in the village of Bembridge, reside Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Allt with their large and fluctuating family, which consists of pedigree Persian cats, Pekingese and Great Dane dogs, plus certain less well-born but none the less important members of the household.

Danehurst Cattery has its foundations in another village situated many miles away on the mainland. During the war years, Mr. and Mrs. Allt resided at Leverstock Green, near St. Albans in Hertfordshire. Mr. Allt has for many years been a

Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society and during the weary months of the heavy bombing raids he very naturally turned his thoughts and attentions to the care of animal sufferers. The plan he adopted was a practical one. There was room enough to spare in the grounds of their home, and so the Allts soon had a set of "very desirable residences" erected for bombed-out cats. Each poor unfortunate had its own house and run.

Some of the evacuees were received in sorry shape. One family of three had their London home collapse on them and



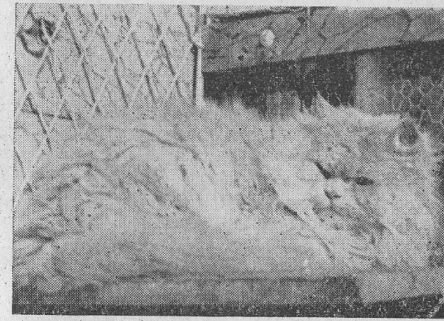
Two alert Danehurst Kittens.



Sco-Ruston Ravisant.

several had spent days in the ruins. It speaks volumes for the care and attention they received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Allt that not one boarder died. At one time the Allts had over 40 boarders and during 1945, over 100 cats passed through the home at Leverstock Green and several of them spent over two years there.

Last year brought well-earned retirement to Mr. Allt and the whole family moved to Bembridge. He has given up the job of looking after other people's animals in order that he can give his time to improving



Molesey Ali Baba.

the Persian stock. His three stud cats are Sco-Ruston Ravisant, a virile Blue by Southway Nicholas out of Sco-Ruston Kalisa; Molesey Ali Baba, a handsome Cream whose parents were Ch. Tweedledum of Dunesk and Molesey Mischief; and Redwalls Silver Birch, a Chinchilla who has won much notice at the shows. In addition, there are nine fine queens, three of each variety.

Each cat at Danehurst has its own run (see picture) and the guardians of the paddock are two Great Danes who consider it their duty to "take charge." In the same protecting way, the stud cats are deemed to be the special charge of a wire-haired terrier and Mrs. Allt's Pekingese bitches.

One more member of the household remains to be mentioned. She is "Mrs. Gibson," the house cat, who is now ten years old and who, although she claims no pedigree, considers herself a Persian!

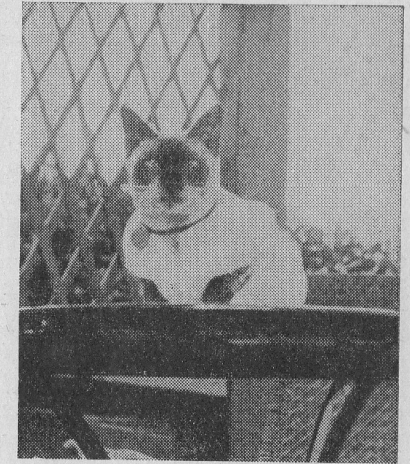
My own happy little experience is yours for the asking, when next you are visiting the Island. Any cat lovers will find a welcome awaiting them at Danehurst provided, of course, that due notice of the intended visit is given to Mr. and Mrs. Allt.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

A letter from Jane Curteis, who is at a convent school in Bruges, tells how she misses her Siamese pet, Melissa Minette P'row; as animals are not allowed at the convent. When I knew Jane was worried about where "Lissa" could go, whilst she was at school, I said I would look after her, so she was sent by air to Jersey. "Lissa" soon settled down with us, and proved to be a most determined young lady, who liked her own way. She always insisted on sitting on the corner of the table at meal-times.

She didn't like my cats at all, and spat and growled at them as though it was her house. She had always worn a collar and walked perfectly on a lead. She enjoyed the lovely Jersey summer days, and spent hours lying by the little gold fish pool, or, with a spurt of energy, springing into a clump of flowers to chase a butterfly. I had intended mating her to one of my studs, but, alas, it was not long before I began to suspect that "Lissa" had already found a mate before coming to Jersey, and this proved to be the case. A month after our arrival in England, she presented us with



" Lissa "

two black kittens and one tabby which we promptly changed for three Siamese babies whose mother hadn't much milk. "Lissa" never knew the deception and nursed them devotedly. I still have two of the kittens, and although "Lissa" doesn't now live with them, she always gives them a thoroughly good wash whenever they meet. I expect she will "call" again soon, and then I can mate her to a Siamese.

Meanwhile she is as determined as ever. Should my studs Galadima or Romeo, be in the same room, "Lissa" never misses an opportunity to soundly box their ears for no apparent reason, except that she thinks all "Toms" should be kept in their place. So Jane only has the news she gets from me about her little

pet. I am hoping she may be able to see "Lissa" sometime when on holiday, but one day, there will be a very happy re-union—then we shall miss our little pet.

Whilst in Jersey, I had an enquiry from Mrs. Murdock for Siamese stock which she wanted to take to America with her. I had nothing to offer, so gave her Mrs. Southall's address and now hear she purchased a young queen, with which she is delighted. Mrs. Murdock wrote from Carolina to say how wonderfully well the kitten stood the long journey. She also sent Mrs. Southall a lovely parcel of "eats," which I am sure was most acceptable in these hard times.

Mrs. Adney has just sent her Siamese queen for a mating to Galadima. She is by Newlander

Rex, ex Man. When I received the stud list, and saw Mrs. Adney's stud advertised, I wondered why she had sent to me, but she now writes to say he was shot whilst out hunting. He was Adeney Tantalus, sire Timothy of Sabrina. Most people advocate letting our cats run free, but one hears of some very sad losses through doing so.

Up to now, my cats have not taken advantage of the opportunity of freedom. As I have thirteen cats and kittens, they take it in turn to have free time. I let them out of their houses, and they usually make a beeline for the house, from which they seldom budge. Perhaps in the Spring they will get the wanderlust, but at present they all prefer to stay at home.

THE CAT WHO FORGETS

By ERIC W. B.
WHITEHEAD

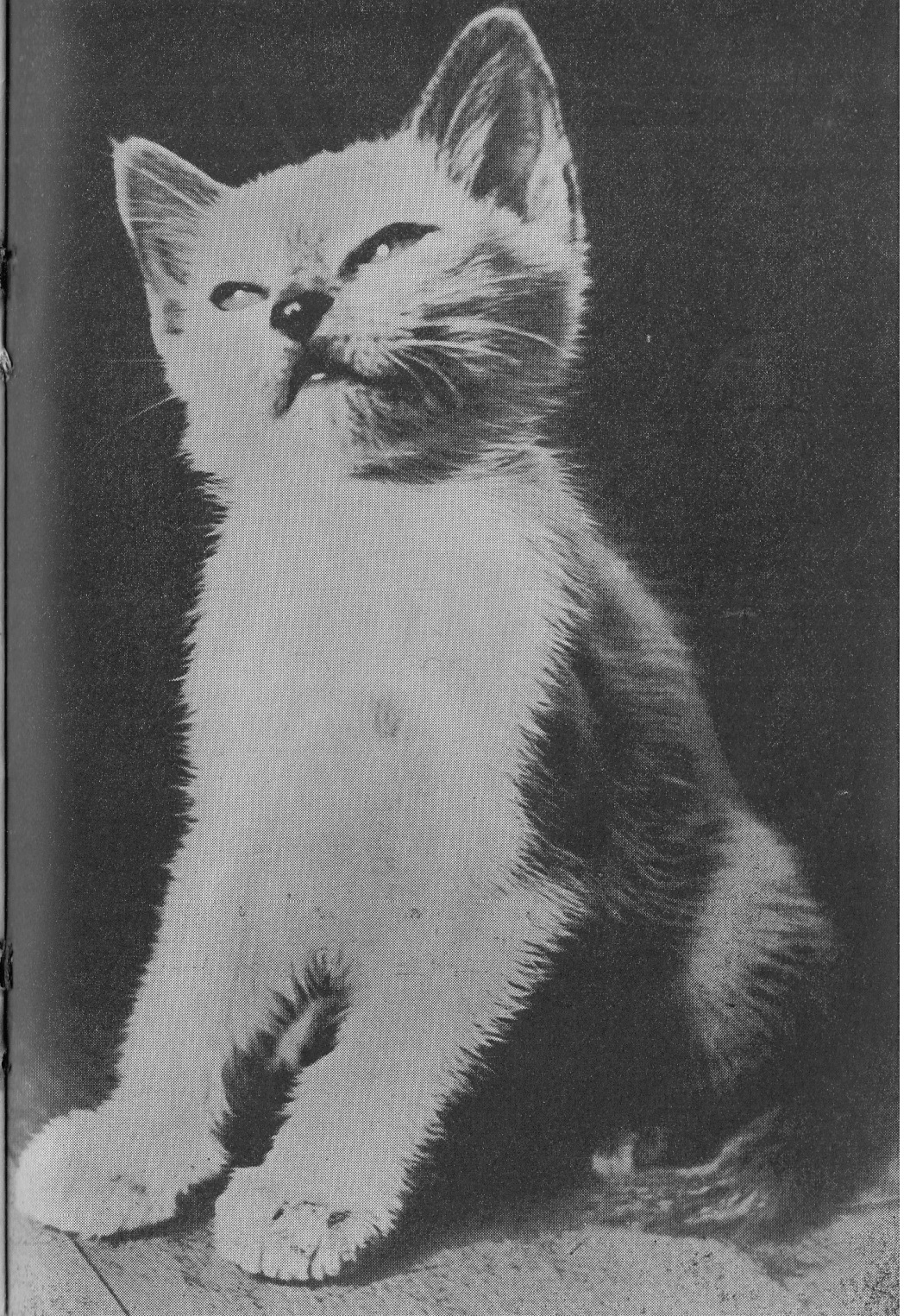
DO you think all cats have good memories? A friend of mine has a cat who, when she has kittens, is a very good mother—but a very forgetful one!

She is always thinking of the comfort of her babies and will often move them about several

times in a day when she finds spots in which she thinks they will be more comfortable. She will put them in a shopping basket, in an open drawer, at the bottom of the wardrobe and in lots of other less likely places.

When the weather is warm and sunny she even takes them out of the house and carries them across the road to a field in front of the house. Here she will find a really sunny spot and lay down her babies on the softest grass she can find.

(continued on page 23).



THE CATS GO SHOPPING

By UNA-MARY
NEPEAN-GUBBINS

EDWARD, Lionel, Plumpey, Rolly and Babykins were going on a shopping expedition.

Plumpey, chewing his pencil thoughtfully, turned to Edward.

"We'd better get some herrings."

"Soft roes?" interrupted Lionel.

All five decided to buy fish, milk and whale-meat, but each cat wanted to buy something for himself as well.

Rolly, a keen sportsman, wanted a pair of boxing gloves, Babykins a muffler.

Lionel was determined to get a set of paints and brushes, Edward said it would be better to get something useful, Lionel mollified him saying he wanted the paints so that he could do Edward's portrait.

Plumpey wanted a present for his lady-love, the Persian cat, and note paper with his own monogram, for his love poems.

Armed with baskets and money, they set off.

Edward had a sedate basket with a lid, while Lionel gaily swung a shallow basket, trimmed with roses.

The shop windows were gay with lovely things and soon they were dashing to and fro, seeing what they liked best.

The chilly Babykins not only bought a muffler, but fur boots and mittens, while Rolly got a skipping rope as he'd once heard it was good for the muscles.

They had a glorious morning, and all too soon their shopping was done.

Lionel had, when buying some fish, got into serious trouble with a man who said he hadn't given him enough money, but Edward came nobly to the rescue, and paid up.

He afterwards gave Lionel a lecture about buying things, without having enough money for them.

They were well on their way home, laden with heavy baskets, when Lionel exclaimed suddenly:

"I do feel hungry. Let's have a kipper."

So they sat by the roadside and had a good meal, after which they went their separate ways, feeling much better, and greatly pleased with their morning's shopping.

I don't call my kitten Peterkins, his name is Peter for short. Peter has black and brown mixed fur one inch long, he has a black nose, black lower lip, also a black roof to his mouth.

always out. The name for it is, his bit of red rag.

It doesn't matter what stranger comes into the house, Peter isn't afraid. He starts singing. Next, up he jumps right upon the shoulder, singing the whole of the time. Then he walks from one shoulder to the other, rubbing his head against you. I've noticed, the eyes of a cat or kitten are wonderful.

When Peter was on my lap looking up at my face, his eyes just a black slit I wriggled my finger upon my shoulder. His eyes I noticed got bigger and bigger. If you ever get a chance, take a look at your cat or kittens' eyes. It's eyes are just like two sliding doors. Notice the blacks. The slit is the black handle; say to the green doors either side. You push the door open and it opens into a dark room. That is just what my Peter's eyes look like.

Written and illustrated by Perdita Smith, age 14.



Out of Peter's ears there are $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of fur growing and Mum calls those his feathers. Mum has given something else of Peter's a name, that is his tongue. When he is walking about or asleep, his tongue is

THE CAT WHO FORGETS

(continued from page 20).

Pussy carries her babies one at a time of course and she never seems tired of making the journeys. Not even a saucer of milk or a piece of fish will tempt her until she has got all her kittens to the place she has chosen. But once she has finished her job, she has the habit of

leaving the kittens by themselves and going off for a sleep.

When she wakes up there is a terrible comotion. Poor Pussy always forgets where she has left her babies! She starts running about the house in a most agitated way and looking in every possible place, but very

(continued on page 29).

NOTTS AND DERBY SHOW

By Mrs.
F. H.
THOMPSON



Judy of Pensford, Breeder
Mrs. F. H. Thompson

The third Championship Show of the Notts and Derby Cat Club, held at Victoria Baths Hall, Nottingham on January, 6th was a very enjoyable event.

Congratulations to the Committee for their preliminary work, also their wisdom in selecting Mrs. Hancox as Show Manager. Everything was in apple pie order on the day, and all the judges had finished and were enjoying an excellent lunch soon after 1 o'clock, to say nothing of copious draughts of tea which were available to everyone.

The Best in Show Specials were awarded by a panel of three judges, which judging from the remarks I have heard at the two Championship Shows where this method has been tried, is not the popular way with the majority of exhibitors. I am sure they prefer to know that all judges at a Championship Show, usually seven to nine persons, have the opportunity of recording their opinion by a secret ballot, which I, also consider is the fairest way to arrive at the verdict.

The Victoria Baths Hall has a splendid expanse of glass roof, so none of the exhibits were penned in a mixture of day and artificial light, which so often, at Shows in the past, has cast peculiar shades on some varieties, particularly the Blue long hairs; not to mention the tricks it plays with their eye colour. Blazing copper eyes vary very little in any light, but such depth of colour, is comparatively rare and the usual orange eyes do appear to vary according to the light. The Blue Persian Cat Society standard states:—"Eyes, Deep orange or copper; large, round and full, without a trace of green."

The Best Exhibit in Show was the dainty and typical Siamese Female, SEALSLEEVE PETIT FEY, sired by Penybryn Mont and bred by Mrs. Elsie Hart, Honorary Secretary of the Siamese Cat Club, this Cat was my choice for best Seal Pointed Siamese adult. The Siamese entry which awaited

me was excellent and consisted of eight males and fifteen females. The average quality of the latter was better than the males.

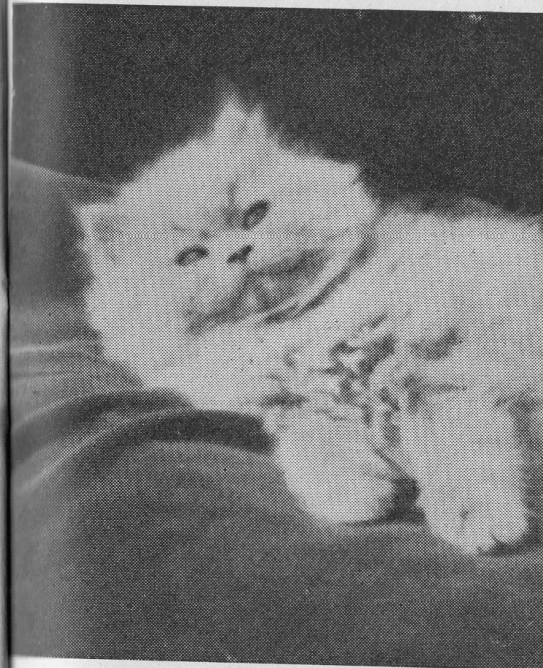
Miss Wilson, who judged the Siamese Kittens, and myself, were unanimous about the lovely quality of the seal pointed kitten, exhibited by Mrs. Jones, named WESTBERE SALADIN, which we both brought out for best Siamese kitten and which was subsequently awarded the Special for Best short hair kitten in Show. Sired by SALWEEN CONQUEROR, so tragically killed in an accident, one must hope it will grow up to emulate his sires distinguished show career.

Mrs. Lamb's Blue pointed male CH. PINCOP AZURE KYM was looking particularly well. Although his body colour does not conform to the new standard of the Blue pointed Siamese Cat Club which now demands "glacial white, his blue points are a lovely soft pleasing shade of blue, and knowing the flair of British breeders to produce the colour and type of domestic animals they decide is the ideal, Kym should be a great asset at stud and an excellent medium to help to attain the ideal.

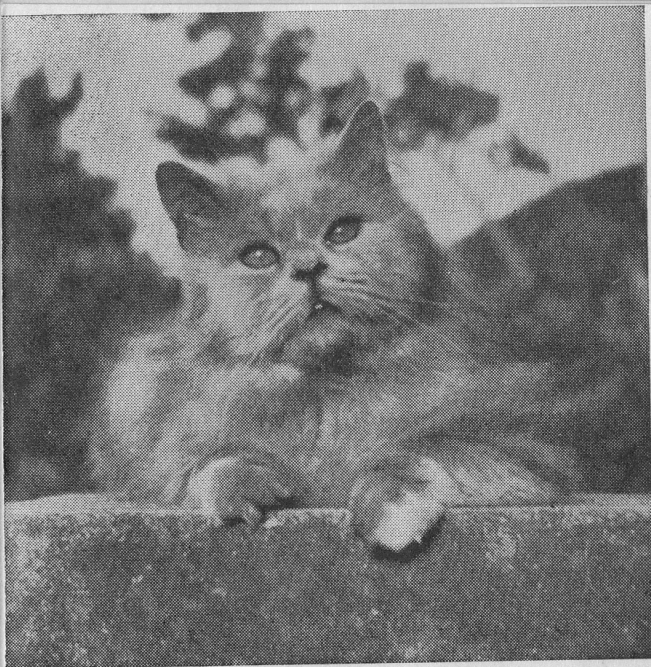
The Best Long Hair in Show was Miss Langston's Blue female MAIR OF ALLINGTON which was awarded her Third and Final Challenge Certificate, making her a full Champion, congratulations to her owner MAIR is a lovely female and well up to the very high standard we expect in Blue Champions, she excels in type and has remarkably beautiful eyes, for colour, size and shape.

The Best Kitten in Show was Mrs. BRUNTON'S Robin Redbreast of Dunesk by CEDRIC of HADLEY; he was shown to the minute, and looked a picture as he sat in his pen in full pomp. The sympathy of all Cat lovers will be extended to Mrs. Brunton in the tragic loss of his mother Ch. Dream of

Below: Donovan of Pensford, Breeder
Mrs. F. H. Thompson



Dunesk, the first post-war female champion, she was killed on the road a few days after Christmas. Dream was a great pet and her loss will be shared by the Cat Fancy as well as her owner as in addition to being a show cat she was a good breeder and a splendid mother, her son Sweet September of Dunesk by Ace of Pensford exhibited at the National Cat Club Show in January, 1947, was awarded Best Kitten in Show and his little sister Sweet Delphinium of Dunesk 1st in the three to six months female kitten class. Mated to the same sire she produced the first, second and third prize winners in the Open Class, five to nine months at the Blue Persian Championship Show on October 15th, one of these: CHERRY BLOSSOM OF DUNESK again being best kitten in Show.



Beaucourt Dandi

For one female to produce three Best in Show Kittens in one year is a unique record.

The surprise of the Notts and Derby Show was a Tortoiseshell and White male, Mrs. Morland's LONGGOVICUS SMUTZ, a great rarity and the first seen for many years.

Mrs. Oakley's Blue Cream short hair. FLEUR OF GREENGATES was a little gem, her colour was so beautifully distributed on her body, and it was especially commendable on her legs and tail. To make the day complete I was blessed with a first class steward, Mr. Felix Tomlinson, he

handled the Cats so well and all were on their best behaviour.

After the Show, Mr. and Mrs. France motored me to their delightful house at Borrowwash, Derby, and the hours flew until midnight when we retired after discussing several aspects of Cat breeding.

A few of their lovely Siamese females trooped in to pay us visits during the evening and one fascinating little soul captivated me, she is a perfect miniature and has refused to grow since about ten weeks of age, she has the airs and graces, also the intelligence of a normal kitten of her age which I gathered was over four months. One wonders if she will suddenly start to grow again, but I proffered the suggestion that she has a gland which is not functioning normally, however she is very happy and a great pet.

In the morning I paid a hurried visit to the outside cat houses and the really spacious lengthy runs. In addition there are a variety of large out-buildings with potentialities to convert into unlimited accommodation for kittens, cats and visiting queens. Sco Ruston Galadima was crooning merrily to a visiting queen and every member of the cat family was in lovely condition.

Mrs. France is very kindly looking after the Blue male BEAUCOURT DANDI for Mr. Meade who is in the Army for two years, DANDI is by Tweedledee of Dunesk, so an excellent outcross for a number of queens in the Midlands.

Two attractive Blue queens complete the cat family. Few cat breeders have such an abundance of buildings and sheds that they out number the cats but that appeared to be the case at Priors Barn, and it should be conducive to rearing fine healthy stock.

I was delighted to hear that all the cats enjoy a certain amount of liberty in suitable weather.

I feel quite sure that a freedom loving and active animal such as a cat needs plenty of exercise if it is to keep thoroughly healthy and happy, and to ensure that the females produce their young expeditiously and without complications.

Mrs. F. H. Thompson.

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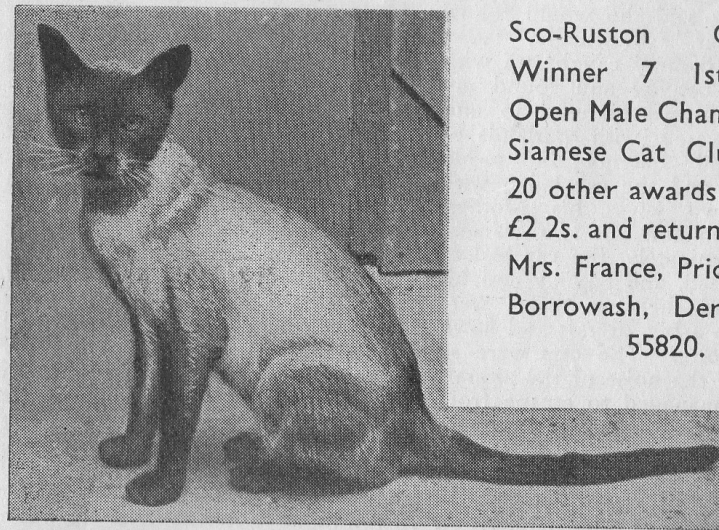
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THE ADVENTURES OF OMAR

By Mrs. L. V. SPENCER

THIS story begins in Rangoon, Burma, during the last few weeks before we completely evacuated it. The Japanese were daily getting nearer to Rangoon and my husband decided that I should go by air to India. I had to leave my beautiful Siamese Queen, Omar, and her grown-up daughter behind, in the care of our Madrasi bearer, Sammy. Sammy, who was as black as ebony, loved the cats and could be trusted to die for them, if necessary.

When it was finally decided that everyone should evacuate Rangoon, my husband went up the Burma Road in a Staff car, and left our car for Sammy, and told him he could sell it, or do what he liked with it, but Sammy said he would follow "the Master." Eventually, many days later, Sammy caught up with the Army convoy and found my husband. He was amused to find our car covered with garlands of flowers and Sammy in proud possession, and the car laden with Sammy's two wives, his Mother, two children and our two Siamese cats. Unfortunately, the car had to be abandoned, and Sammy and his family (and the two cats) were loaded into a big aircraft and flown to Chittagong. The cats were so terrified of the noise of the aircraft that they managed to escape from their box, while the aircraft was in flight, and as there were a number of Sikh soldiers who had been wounded and were encased in plaster of Paris, lying helpless on the floor of the aircraft, the cats

created a diversion and amused them. Sammy managed to catch them, after a long chase, and put them back in their box. Sammy and the cats stayed in Chittagong for a few weeks and were then given a passage on a ship to Calcutta. We are quite sure our Siamese cats were the only cats evacuated, but several dogs accompanied their Masters, who did the long walk on foot. It was a terrible journey, as it was on a little-used route over high mountains and across swollen rivers, and lack of food and the ever-present menace of malarial mosquitoes and Black Water Fever didn't improve matters.

I had flown from Rangoon to Calcutta and from there had travelled to a Hill Station in the Himalayas up near the borders of Thibet (a four day train journey). When Sammy arrived in Calcutta he was looked after by some friends of ours and to the great surprise of everyone Omar had a family of four pure Siamese kittens a few weeks after they arrived there. We presume her husband was the Siamese who lived near us in Rangoon. Our friends arranged for Sammy, his family, and Omar to travel and join me and they arrived at the Hotel one very hot afternoon looking very travel-weary, and Omar was terribly thin. However, she soon became her usual sleek self in the bracing mountain air. We all stayed there until it became bitterly cold and the whole Hill Station closed down, and we set off for Delhi. Omar had a very cosy travelling box and she was carried down the mountain on the back of a coolie and we were pulled in a rickshaw by two husky coolies. The next part of the journey was by bus, driven by a Hindu at break-neck speed round the most awful hairpin bends. He kept his finger continuously on the horn to warn all and sundry of our rapid

approach. We then had a 24 hour journey in a train. The terrorists were busy at that time and had derailed a train on a bridge just in front of our train, so we all had to leave and walk over a hastily erected pontoon bridge and get into a train the other side of the bridge. Omar registered her disapproval of all this by loudly yowling all the time. We arrived in Delhi and spent a very pleasant cold weather season in our flat. One day Omar disappeared, and after she had been lost for 36 hours we heard her calling loudly from a nearby building. We reported it to the Police and they found her shut up in a tiny room. They rescued her, much to our relief.

In India it becomes so hot on the plains that all the women and children must go away to the Hills for about four to six months. So I decided to go to Kashmir. Omar always wore her collar and she walked on her lead just like a dog. We always took her out of her travelling box in the railway compartment and we invariably had a crowd of Indians crowding around the window to gaze at her, and they would ask the proud Bearer if she was a monkey! Sammy was always most indignant.

We had to do the last 2,000 feet climb on ponies as it is so steep that no cars go there, and Omar was carried on the back of a coolie. Omar loved our mountain shack, and every day she would bring in

THE CAT WHO FORGETS

(continued from page 23).

rarely can she find them by herself.

The hunt usually finishes by Mother Cat rubbing herself against my friend's legs and miaowing very loudly. I am sure she is saying "I have lost my babies. Please find them for me."

By now my friend is

a mouse or bird, but one day to our intense surprise a most handsome male Siamese cat appeared at our front door. He was the first Siamese cat I had seen in India. Sammy promptly shut the visitor and Omar in a nearby tent and came to me later, rubbing his hands, saying, "Memsahib, we will be having very good kittens!" She had her kittens when we arrived back in Delhi. Our next move was to Poona (another three days and nights in the train) and while we were there Omar had another litter of kittens. I sold all her kittens and gave the proceeds to the Red Cross Fund—so she was quite a patriotic cat!

The lady who had given me Omar in Rangoon was doing a job in an Army Headquarters and had been evacuated to Delhi, and I met her one day and she asked me what had become of Omar and she was vastly surprised to hear I had her in Delhi with me, so we agreed that when I left India I would give Omar back to her. A year later we left Poona for Bombay, en route for England, and sent Omar back to Delhi with a friend. He was a little dubious when we asked him to take her with him on his train journey to Delhi but he told us afterwards that he had so much enjoyed her company on the 50 hour journey that he had booked one of her next litter of kittens for himself.

We rather wonder how Omar will fare in the present day disturbed India.

always prepared for this search. When Pussy is seen carrying her babies about, a careful watch is kept to see exactly where they are taken. So far my friend's memory has not failed her. It will be just too bad for Pussy and the kittens one day if both my friend and the cat forget where the kittens are.

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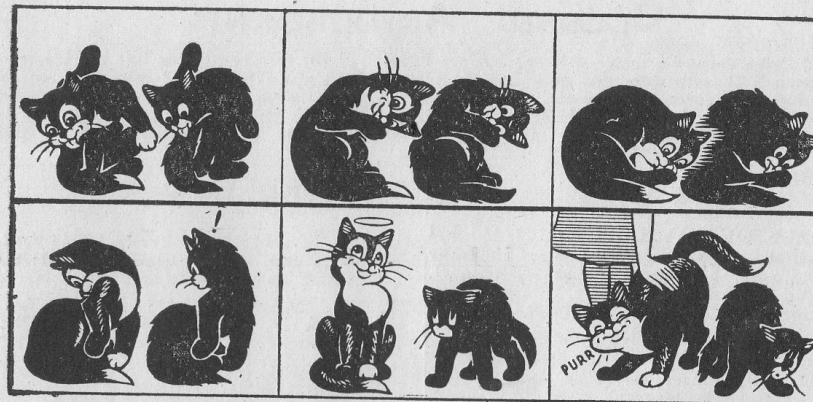


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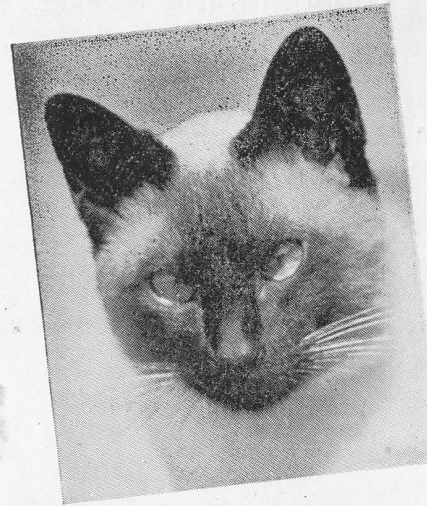
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