

HERE'S WICKEDNESS!

The following news item is taken from the London *Star* of January 27th, 1948:—

"Women wept and one fainted during an identity parade of dead cats held in the yard outside Bow Street Court to-day.

"The parade was in connection with charges against two livestock dealers, Grindlay Forbes, 35, and Donald Frederick Day, 27, both of Loughborough Road, Brixton.

"They were accused of stealing cats belonging to Mrs. Mary Warwick, of Lillington Street, Victoria, and Mr. Edward Dykes, of Gonsalva Road, Battersea, and of conveying four live cats at Moreton Terrace, Victoria, in such manner as to cause unnecessary suffering.

"They were further accused of cruelly illtreating and torturing eight cats by tying them in sacks and putting them in a box.

"Mr. J. S. Williams, prosecuting, said two policemen saw Forbes and Day with a lorry in Victoria. Forbes picked up a cat and when questioned said, 'I was not picking cats up, I was releasing them. They get in the loft where I keep my pigeons.'

"The officers, said Mr. Williams, saw four cats tied up so tightly in two sacks that they could hardly move.

"At the home of the men was a box in which were two sacks containing three cats and a sack containing two cats. The cats were taken to an animal dispensary. Three were dead on arrival and the others were destroyed."

One of these blackguards was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the other to four. They refused to say for what purpose they wanted the cats. **VERY LIKELY IT WAS FOR ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION WITH ITS FURTHER AGONIES.**

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CATS ^{and} kittens

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER.



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MARCH, 1948.



"JEBBIE"

Cedric Rogers

"Bumble" cover photograph by Cedric Rogers.

"Pagan Goddess" page 9, Associated Press.

Pages 16 and 17 "Byways Buttercup" with kittens. Photograph by Adolph Morath.

"The Prisoner" page 21. Photograph by George Konig.

EDITORIAL

ON pages 16 and 17 readers will be interested in the splendid photograph of Miss Marjorie Bull's well known winning long-haired Cream, Byways Buttercup, with her two kittens Deebank Micky and Deebank Monty.

The Siamese on page 9 is Mr. and Miss Pope's female "Pagan Goddess." This has been probably the most consistent winner of the show season.

IN MEMORIAM

(FOUR LITTLE CATS)

Farewell, my Jim! Swift as a panther, lithe and full of grace;
Your large, translucent eyes perpetual wonder held. To you
Your little world was all your heart desired, a happy place
Of love and fun and tasty meals, soft chairs and comrades true . . .

My darling Vick, farewell! Still, in my memory I feel
Your little face, so soft, pressed lovingly against my cheek;
I hear your gentle purr, I see those sweet eyes that reveal
Your love for me . . . eyes that, tho' closed for evermore, still speak

Farewell, my little Simon-boy, my babe, so young, so dear!
Wee thing! destined for such a little time with us to dwell—
Yet so much loved, but four short months you tarried with us here
In perfect happiness . . . then went. My tiny love, sleep well! . . .

And farewell, Benjie—taken ere your little eyes had seen
The sun and stars, ere life or love had entered in your ken;
Your little life was cut unknowing all the might-have-been. . .
A long farewell, my four lost loves . . . until we meet again!

Margaret Hodgkinson.

MISCHIEF

A TRIBUTE

By ADELE ELCOME

IT is exactly 13 years ago today that I first discovered him in the kitchen, on returning from an after-breakfast survey of the new garden. He was playing with an eggshell extracted from the coal-box—the quaintest little black and white kitten—with pointed face, ridiculously long legs and the most absurd antics. I picked him up. Two tiny black paws tipped with white closed confidently round my neck and the breathless staccato purrs, while indicating overwhelming approval, seemed likely to burst the thin little ribs. It was, I think, love at first sight; he was quite irresistible.

Quickly and happily he settled down in the home his own discrimination had selected, and if we became his devoted slaves it was due to no feline imperiousness, but from sheer inability to withstand his soft blandishments. When he wanted anything he would jump on to my shoulder, push a damp little nose into my ear and give voice in short excited little purrs. A 'dog' whistle would always bring him home at a canter and he would roll over and over ecstatically if we whistled tunes to him.



MISCHIEF

Photograph by E. S. B. Elcome.

From a large black tom in the neighbourhood whom he persistently followed, hero-worshipping, he learnt the art of hunting and became adept and ardent in the chase. He loved to hide his trophies in a shoe, a habit I found horribly disconcerting. On one memorable occasion he returned triumphant with a writhing stoat; it was his invariable custom to 'bring 'em home alive.'

He scorned the use of doors, preferring to make his exits and entrances by way of the ventilators at the top of the casement windows, even when the door was open. Every window in the bungalow bore the impress of

his paws, but we never complained, regarding the accomplishment as a useful one. In time he even learnt to open the kitchen vent himself. After being put to bed in the kitchen and the window carefully closed, we would be mystified to find him curled up on our bed in the morning. This led to disputes between my husband and me until one night, we watched, and caught him in the act. Standing on his hind legs, he raised the securing bar with his paws, pushed the window open with his head and crawled to liberty—and a more congenial resting place! After this, I maintain none but the stoniest-hearted could deny him the coveted corner of the eiderdown.

When we returned from our holiday last year, it was to learn from the kind friend in whose care he was left, that he had been suffering from an abscess on the chin. The place was healing, he was as playful as ever and, as always, wildly delighted to have us home again.

The Vet. whom we consulted advised extraction of the broken and decaying tooth that caused the trouble. We delayed the evil day for a while, but felt that postponement would only heighten the risk—for he was no longer young—though his youthful appearance and friskiness led us to overlook the sad

fact. So one day, with reassuring words I coaxed him into his travelling basket and took him for the hated operation to be performed. Reluctant, yet reassured, I left him. A phone call in the evening brought news of the success of the 'operation' and joyfully I agreed to fetch him home in the morning.

At midnight, as I undressed, I heard his unmistakable gentle 'miow.' Immediately there came to my mind stories I had heard of cats finding their way home under the most astonishing circumstances. I went to the door, but he was not there. Suddenly there rushed over to me an overwhelming misgiving, making a travesty of sleep that night. In the morning I hurried to the Vet's, but one look told me what, during the sleepless night, had almost become a hideous conviction—Mischief had passed out at midnight, still under the effects of the anaesthetic. Had the gentle cry I heard been occasioned by some telepathic bond endeavouring to bridge the gulf between us? Was he comforted by a last vision of his happy home and lover friends? We cannot know, we only know his passing left a sad little void we feel no other cat can fill, and time that softens will never wholly erase the memory of Mischief, most lovable and charming of his kind.

CATS IN LAW

By KIT WILSON

AT a recent 'Brains Trust' held at the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's tea party, some very interesting questions were asked, and it will perhaps be interesting to cat lovers to follow some of these up and study them from their commencement. One question was:—"Is it true that cats are regarded as vermin in the laws of this country?" The reply given by the secretary of one of the largest of our animal protection societies was this:—"Cats are unprotected by law, except that no animal may be subject to cruelty or neglect,—owing to the fact that as they are an unlicensed animal they are therefore no concern of the state, and as such are unprotected in the way that dogs, or farm animals are." I have no intention here of entering into the question of licensing, but it may interest readers to know a few facts about past laws regarding cats, and some of the vicissitudes our little friends have passed since their early days up till now.

Every cat can trace its ancestry back for generations, but its history except in early Egypt is not very clear, except in fable, in fact there is no proof that it was domesticated in Babylon or Assyria, but one thing is indisputable, and that is that the domestic cat has altered very little in form and structure

throughout the ages. References are made to cats in Sanskrit writings, and it is certain that cats lived and were loved in Ancient Egypt, in fact they were more, they were worshipped and venerated. The goddess Pasht, depicted as a woman with a cats head, had her special temple at Bubastes a city on the banks of the Nile, this temple being described as being 'the fairest of them all.' It was here that the annual fete in honour of Pasht and all cats took place, which would I suppose compare with our Bank Holiday. Holiday makers coming by boat from up and down the Nile enjoyed dancing, music and revelry, until the small hours. It was also to this temple that the mummified remains of feline pets were sent for burial, those of the rich in the finest linen wrappings, and enclosed in jewelled, or ornately decorated caskets, those of the poor in humbler method, but both after due and reverent mourning, which sometimes included the shaving of the eyebrows. As can be expected in Egypt the cat was protected by very stringent laws, and any maltreatment was punishable even by the death penalty.

After the fall of Egypt, the cat seems to have also fallen into obscurity, nowhere is it mentioned in the Bible, and it seems also to have been practically neglected by the Romans, although about 100 B.C. figures of cats might be found emblazoned on the shields and flags of the Roman soldiers. In Greece, although cats were sacred to the Goddess Diana, there is no mention of them in the writings of the time nor are there any monuments, which depict a cat. In India and China, however, the cat was domesticated at a very early period, and it was introduced into Japan in

the 10th Century, probably from China. However, in both these countries it would appear to play rather a domestic part in folk-lore and legend, yet to kill a cat in Japan was considered a sin for which heavy spiritual penalties were inflicted, and writings and pictures would show that between the years 986—1254 it was petted and pampered but after that date its associations with devils and demons became such superstitions with the people that the reverse was the case, and it became an object of persecution. In the tenth century it is interesting to note that the cat was protected by law in Wales. Howel Dda a King of South Wales formulated in conjunction with the priests and wise men three codes, one of which the Venedotian states "the worth of a kitten until it shall open its eyes is a legal penny, from that time until it shall kill mice two legal pence, after it shall kill mice four legal pence." The legal penny at this period appears to be the value of a lamb or kid, two legal pence, the value of a gander, and fourpence the value of a sheep or a goat. The other codes were the Dimetian, and the Gwentian in these distinctions are drawn between cats. The former says:—"the worth of a cat killed or stolen its head be put downwards on a clean even floor with its tail lifted and thus suspended whilst wheat is poured about it until the tip of its tail be covered, that is to be its worth. If the corn cannot be had, a milch sheep with her lamb and its wool is its value, if it be a cat which guards the king's barn." The Gwentian code provides that 'whoever shall sell a cat is to answer for her not going a caterwauling every moon, and that she devour not her kittens, that she have ears, eyes, teeth and nails and

is a good mouser.' This code also provides that there shall be no tail-less (Manx?) cats, as a cat must be perfect in all respects. It would seem that Wales was the only place where there were these laws regarding cats as throughout Europe in the middle ages cats suffered unspeakable tortures mostly on account of silly superstitions, which included witch-craft and sorcery, and were also vilely persecuted in the name of sport. From writings of the times it would appear that the only place the poor animals were safe from the cruelty of man, was in the cloister of a nunnery for, owing to an edict of an early Pope the only pets the nuns, and even the Abbess were allowed to keep were cats, so it must be assumed that many sought sanctuary with the holy women. Thus things went on until in the early 17th century in France, where, owing no doubt to the fact that many famous men had affection for cats, they began to come into their own again as pets, in fact all houses built in this period were furnished with "chatieres" or little openings in the doors which enabled cats to come and go at will. There is however, no proof that any laws protected them against maltreatment, but it is certain that from this time the French led the way in kindness and charity to cats.

In Turkey where the people were noted for their cruelty to their fellows, probably owing to the fact that Mahomet showed great affection towards cats, they were treated as favourites, and were allowed to roam at will in the Mosques, and it is safe to say that they have always been treated in a most kindly fashion and shown every consideration in Siam, Burma, and Tibet, especially among the priests and monks.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

The Cat who Posted Himself

By JUNE TAYLOR

HIS name was Blackie. He lived with Miss E. Rowarth, the Postmistress at the little village of Hope, in Derbyshire.

We know nothing of Blackie's early history. He was about eight months old when one Autumn evening, seeing Miss Rowarth walking along the street, he decided to follow her home.

Blackie was invited by Miss Rowarth to partake of refreshment within the precincts of the Post Office, and was then politely shown out of the back door. But Blackie, who had enjoyed the excellent meal served to him and Miss Rowarth's company, was of a very determined nature and was not to be put off so lightly. The next morning at 6.15 when the Mail man arrived at the Post Office door, Blackie arrived there also. He had decided to become The Post Office cat.

For the next six months Blackie lived a very happy life indeed. Most of his time was devoted to his favourite game, which was playing with a ping-pong ball and carrying it about in his mouth, eating fish whenever possible, and, of course, sleeping! Though often he was to be found sitting on the counter, showing great interest in the sale of stamps and postal orders, and the general activities of the Post Office.

It was on Saturday, 8th March, shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon, that Blackie made up his mind to broaden his knowledge of official procedure.

Seeing an open mail bag, half filled with parcels, he decided to post himself. Unobserved, he

slipped into the bag and settled himself to await events.

Events followed quickly. Miss Rowarth's assistant, feeling refreshed after her cup of tea, proceeded energetically to cram more parcels into the bag. Blackie remained at the bottom, still unnoticed.

"I put in the registered parcels," Miss Rowarth told me, "also the official green bill, which goes in a small pocket provided for that purpose. It was rather low in that particular bag. I know, because I put it in myself. Then I tied up the bag and my assistant sealed it."

Although Blackie must surely have been aware of these activities, he made no indication of his whereabouts. At 5.27 p.m. he was travelling by train to Sheffield, in one of His Majesty's Mail Bags!

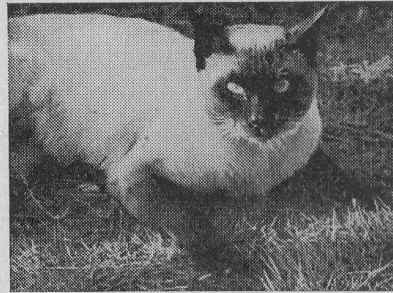
Exactly what Blackie thought of the journey we shall never know, but it can be easily imagined from his language when he finally emerged from the bag in Sheffield General Post Office, and came face to face with the astonished officials who had the job of 'sorting' him.

This Department, quite accustomed to dealing with emergencies, (though not to the extent of discovering cats in mail bags) quickly rose to the occasion and immediately informed Miss Rowarth by telephone that a cat had been received.

Miss Rowarth, who had become concerned at Blackie's absence—most noticeable at supper time—was astounded to learn that he was at that moment eating his supper (by courtesy of the Sheffield G.P.O.) fourteen and three-quarter miles away.

Nine o'clock that evening found Blackie comfortably installed in a huge basket of the kind usually used for birds, on the train travelling to Hope—and Home!

Elsie Hart's Column



"KOKO"

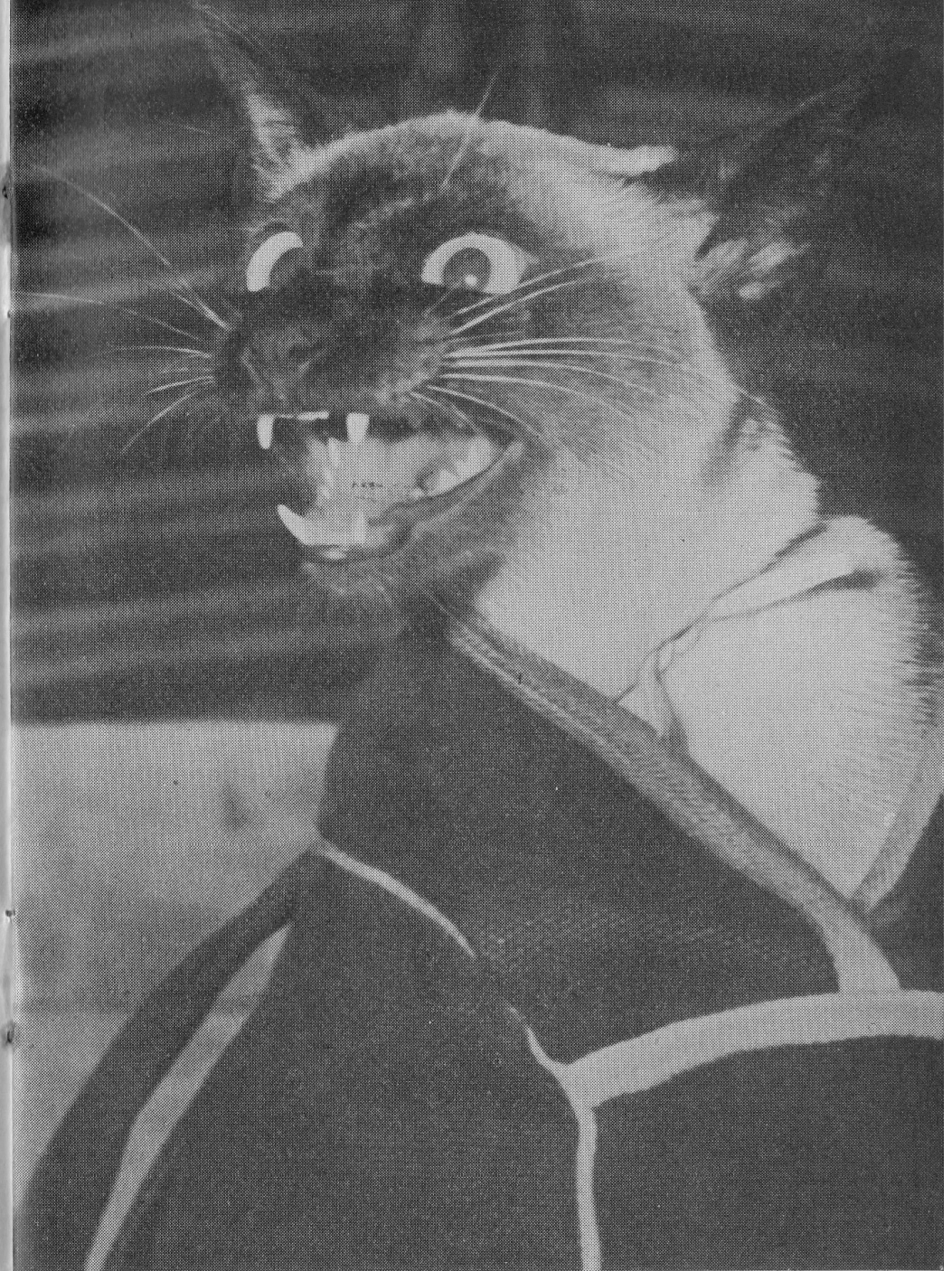
ON January 21st. Captain Sir Charles Madden, Bt. R.N., sent out a signal to the C.C. Dockyard that H.M.S. Battleaxe had that day taken on as ship's mascot a valuable Siamese cat and should he stray he was to be returned to the ship at once. The presentation ceremony took place on board and Mystic Ong-Noi, otherwise Koko was formally handed over to his new master by his owner, Mrs. Blackman. A luncheon party followed at which a number of naval notabilities were present. Afterwards the visitor's book was signed, Captain Madden drawing a cat's head against the name of Koko. Photographs were taken before the assembled ship's company and he was unanimously voted a "smashing cat." Detailed to act as special guardian is ward-room steward Stubbs. Admiration was mutual, so much so, that when Mrs. Blackman was leaving and wished to say good-bye to her pet, she was unable to do so. Reason, he was fast asleep on steward Stubb's chest, who was likewise fast asleep, both evidently replete from celebration lunch. That's how they do things in the Navy.

News from Miss Gold en route for Vancouver, is that she is visiting the well known American breeder, Mrs. Cobb of Newton, Mass. In 1938, Oriental Nanki-Pooh, bred by Miss Gold, left these shores for

Newton. He swept the show benches and is well known throughout the States, still going strong at ten years old. What a thrill to meet Nanki again after all these years. David and Lois Wright were also visited at Montreal. They are keen Canadian breeders and anxious to do well with their English stock.

A new cat club makes its bow. Organised by Mrs. Price of Bushey with Miss Kit Wilson as president, the Hertfordshire and Middlesex Cat Club comes into being. Subscription 5/- no entrance fee. Good luck to them.

Siamese are proverbially prolific when it comes to families. The record was a litter of twelve bred by Mrs. Gunn before the war, but Mr. Dean's ten runs it close. At the time of the birth I had twelve kittens myself (two litters), all housed, rather foolishly I admit, in the room where the telephone is installed. A busy morning, the telephone rings, open the door and out dash the twelve demon Seal-sleeves and disport all over the house. It is to tell me of the remarkable litter of ten. I duly congratulate the proud owner, gather up the kittens and return them to the room. Five minutes later, tele-



phone clamouring again and little angels once more investigate the entire establishment. Owner of stud to tell me happy tidings, ten at a birth. I am always polite.

Something new. A cat's brains' trust. Organised by the joint Hon. Secretary's of the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's (Incorp.) members were invited to tea followed by questions answered by a panel of experts. An excellent idea. Miss Kit Wilson presided as Question-Master, with Miss Rachel Ferguson, Miss Val. Prentis, Mrs. Vize, Mr. Michael Joseph and Mr. E. Keith Robinson answering the queries. If a British cat had kittens on a Siamese ship in Siamese waters what nationality would they be? rather stumped them. Answer, Ask the father!

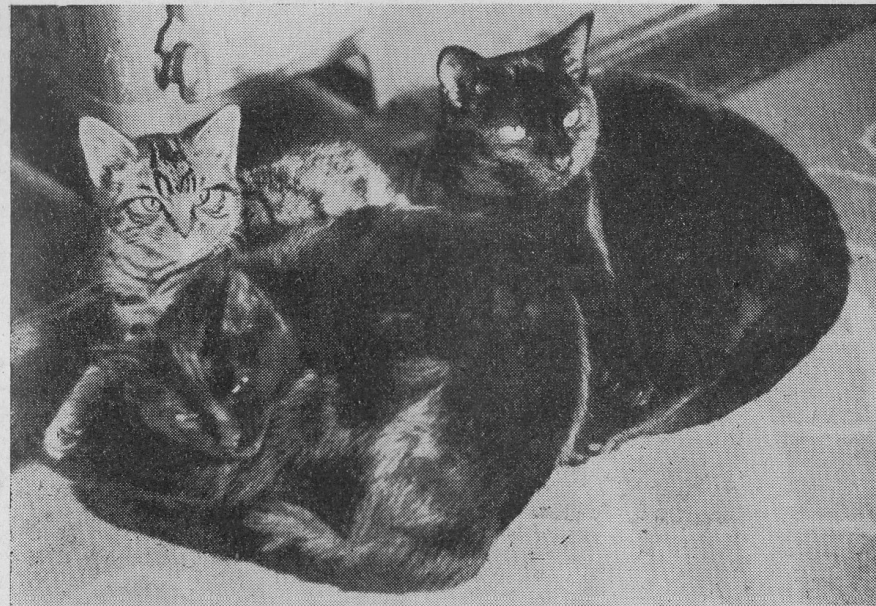
Making her debut as Show Manager, Mrs. Frank Williams, scored a hit on January 26th when she piloted the Southern Counties Cat Club Show to a successful climax. Although judging kittens, slave-driving Editor (no apologies) insists on show news as well. For originality Mrs. Williams takes 1st and Ch. Where did she beg, borrow or steal the fascinating cat caricatures which decorated the walls. The hall simply bristled with celebrities during the morning. Actress, Mary Clare viewing the judging and dispensing charm. Dianna Morrison taking a day off from Itma to be photographed with a litter of kittens. Did they both enjoy it? I'm almost sure, though not quite, that Mae West was also looking around!

Having charged through the barrage of photographers, B.B.C. and Gaumont British News officials we came to the cats. Quality of the Siamese exhibits, with the exception of the winners was poor compared with previous shows. But Mr. Pope's consistent winner, Pagan Goddess, making her first appearance as an adult took 1st and Ch. in the female class. Best Siamese kitten was Mrs. Richardson's Morris Tudor, sired by that fine male Sam Slick. Mrs. Hindley's Prestwick Penolima-Pertama carried off the male championship. It was good to see a Prestwick in the show pen again. Dr. MacLaren's lovely Blue-Pointed female won in this variety.

That good fairy Mrs. Macdonald as usual handing round cups of tea just when one wants them. Mr. Yeates looking very fit after his serious illness. Miss Dixon also well again, struggling with the championship classes, very firm in her opinion that the cats are nothing like so good as they were before the war. A pleasure to see Miss Winifred Peake again and to hear she is starting up the Kentish Cat Society again. A thousand thanks to those indefatigable play-boys Mr. Martin and Mr. Stirling-Webb, my excellent, if somewhat distracting stewards.

A fine show with every variety well represented. I leave descriptions of them to my colleague Mrs. Thompson. Best in show judging commenced at 3.30, when I left at five o'clock it was still in progress, maybe it still is. How about a change of method?

Missie Hart



"The Cat in front is Heebie"

HEEBIE, JEBBIE and BUMBLE

By CEDRIC ROGERS

LAST year, some of my cat photographs were published in this magazine. Popsy and Michael, the subjects of these pictures most unfortunately are both dead now, the former through pneumonia and the latter through a street accident. But we now have three cats. Heebie, Jebbie and Bumble are all strays and the way we came to have them is rather amusing.

One evening, rather late, a young black cat arrived on our doorstep obviously looking for a home. Having room for a cat we took her in and decided to keep her. She was a quaint, spruce little thing, unlike

any cat I had previously had. For a day or two she seemed to be summing us up and taking stock of our home. Then she disappeared. We hunted for her in vain for two days, but on the third morning there she was, curled up on our doorstep, and seemingly glad to see us. A little while after we let her out to play but when we went to fetch her in we found there were two black cats, apparently identical.

It seemed to us only too clear that our first cat, finding a home for itself had gone off to find its brother (for the new cat was a tom) and tell him the news. She had come on ahead of him and then gone out again to find him. They seemed so alike as well as being obviously of the same age that they must have been brother and sister. Anyway we took them in.

When the 'she' arrived first of all we called her Heebie, for no

particular reason except that it appealed to us. An odd coincidence occurred when on the day of Hebe's Heebie's disappearance, I was reading a book by C. S. Forrester and one of the characters turned out to be a lady's maid, she was a little black girl and her name was Heebie! Anyway when the second one arrived they made such a perfect pair that a name pairing with Heebie seemed the thing so we called him "Jeebie." And as my wife remarked they both acted as if they had the Heebie Jeebie's anyway.

The photographs have not quite caught the subtlety of their characteristics as well as I would have liked but they show to some extent. Heebie is very dainty and agile, her tail is long, thin and supple. Jeebie is a dear but he is also a pig. He has the biggest appetite I have come across in any animal his size. He is the gentlest, most good natured cat, but without any conscience at feeding time. When he first arrived he was very touching in the way he followed us around, and would sit as close as possible when we stood still, and when we tried to get him outside to play he was pathetic in his attempts to stay inside. His previous encounters with the big world were plainly unhappy ones and he was afraid of being cast adrift again. Even now he never leaves the immediate vicinity of the front door step when he is out.

A month or two after the advent of H. and J. my father rang us up and asked us if we knew of anybody who wanted a kitten. As it happened we did know of someone. I asked him to describe the kitten and he said the best way he could describe it was that it was about the size and colour of a bumble bee. A few days later he brought it to us to pass on to the people we knew

wanted a kitten. It seemed he had found this minute frightened little thing in the gutter being barked at by a huge dog. He picked it up and enquired everywhere near by to find its owner, without success. The police couldn't help either. And so he came to us to find it a home.

I am very frequently seeing kittens that seem to me to be the most adorable kittens I have ever seen, and the blue-eyed ball of stripey fur that arrived that day was one of these. Anyway, he was so irresistible that in spite of our conviction that our flat was barely suitable for one cat we ended up that day with three. His name was almost a foregone conclusion because apart from his appearance he seemed to act like a bumble bee. This consisted of what can only be described as bumbling, a sort of fussy preoccupation with whatever he happened to be doing or playing with at the moment.

Jeebie, after a few misgivings took to Bumble at once and mothered him completely. Heebie took much longer to accept him. For several days Jeebie monopolised Bumble, they always slept curled up together, while Heebie sulked. Jeebie and Bumble played together constantly and it was fascinating to see the way Jeebie, who if the truth be told is rather clumsy and not at all agile in the ordinary way, would make ferocious attacks on Bumble yet hardly touching a hair of him by swerving at the last minute.

Bumble is now growing into a pretty but sporty young cat. They are all great friends now and spend most of their waking hours rampaging after each other, round the flat, in some game generally instigated by Bumble who is now big enough to give as good as he takes although still only half the size of the other two.

The Southern Counties Cat Club Show

THE Southern Counties Cat Club Show on January 26th terminated a very successful Championship Show season.

Mrs. Williams, Honorary Secretary of the Club made her debut as Show Manager and received congratulations from all quarters on a very well organised show.

Captain Williams loyally gave a tremendous amount of time to the preliminary arrangements, and between them they thought of every detail for the comfort of cats, judges, exhibitors and stewards.

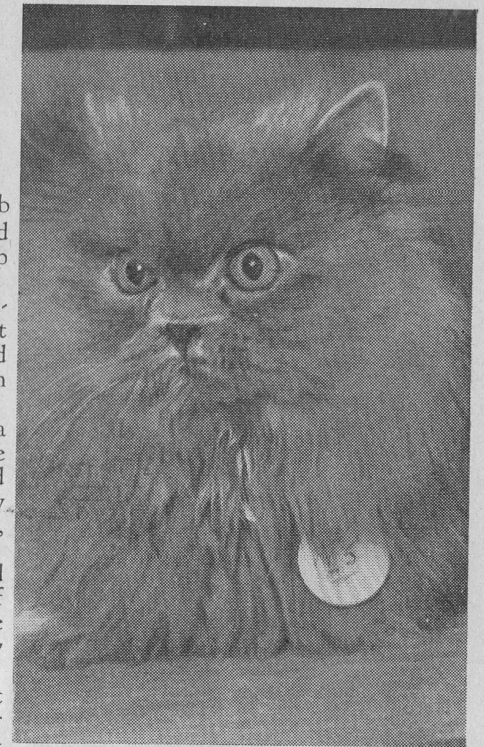
Mrs. Williams even remembered to have the glass in the roof cleaned, which was a wise precaution, as it was a dull showery day.

Fortunately the weather did not appear to effect the gate. Over eight hundred visitors attended the show and the Hall was thronged during the afternoon.

Captain Williams was in charge of the gate and Mr. Thompson helped him. During brief conversation with some visitors, as they left the Show, they said how enjoyable it had been and that it was a surprise to see the different varieties of pedigree cats, and observe how very lovely they were.

The entry of 256 cats and kittens entered in 1,126 classes was a post war record and a great encouragement to breeders to produce potential winners for next season's shows.

It was very nice to see the President of the S.C.C.C., Mrs. Campbell Fraser, she was formerly Hon. Secretary for seventeen



MISS E. LANGSTON'S
CH. MAIR OF ALLINGTON

years and did a tremendous amount of work for the Club in pre-war years previous to her resignation in 1940.

It was due to her and the splendid organisation of the S.C.C.C. shows by Mrs. Sharman, that the Club found itself with a comfortable bank balance to run its first show since January 1939, and funds to cope with all the incidentals of a flourishing cat club.

The Best exhibit in show was Mrs. Polden's Poldenhills Pussolini, a lovely Chinchilla kitten by Ch. Foxburrow Tilli Willi.

The Best cat in show, Mrs. Cyril Tomlinson's Ch. Black Beret by Ch. Chadhurst Barry, was looking very fit, the same owner's Red long-hair female Pekeholm Paprika by Ch. Hendon Sir Roderic was awarded first and Challenge certificate.

The Blue Persian Cat Society and S.C.C.C. special prizes for Best Blue adult male or female, were awarded to my Gloria of Pensfold by Gathorne Gremlin, she was also awarded the specials for best eyes and soundest coat in Blue females.

The winners in the Open Blue male class was Mrs. Jackson's Timothy of Knott Hall, he was in lovely coat, and sounder in colour than the majority of Blues are at the end of January.

The special prize for Best Seal pointed adult was awarded to Mr. and Miss Pope's Pagan Goddess by Salween Conqueror, this is a wonderful achievement for a cat just over nine months of age, although her remarkable career as a kitten promised well for the future.

The winning Seal pointed male Prestwick Penglima Pertama was bred and exhibited by the very well known Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club. Mrs. Duncan Hindley.

Mrs. Macdonald of Ewell, Surrey, bred and exhibited the winning Siamese Blue pointed male Raard Blue Sacchi. Doctor MacLaren the winning Blue pointed female Velvet Mask Dinah. Miss Audrey Steer's Chinchilla Ch. Langherne Winsome was best long hair female exhibit, she is an exceptionally lovely cat and I congratulate her owner on exhibiting her in such splendid condition at nearly ten years of age.

Several well known breeders visited the show and it was a pleasure to see Mrs. Askew of Bishops Stortford and Mrs. Herbert all the way from Bournemouth, the

latter tells me she is no longer breeding cats but is very pleased with a lovely blue kitten which she has purchased from Miss Bull of Thornton Hough, Cheshire. Mrs. Askew owns some glorious Blacks, Blues also Tortoiseshell long hairs, but so far we have been unable to persuade her to show them since the war ended. A few cats which have been consistent winners this season were not present, the owners preferring to concentrate on the breeding season which has just commenced.

A notable absentee was Miss Langston's Ch. Mair of Allington, she is fit and well but is just beginning to moult so she was wisely kept at home.

Another absentee was Mrs. Harrington Harvard's Oxley's Peter John. I hear from the owner he is very fit and well, he has been a most consistent winner. At the Blue Persian Cat Society on October 15th, he was second to Ch. Deebank Michael, then followed a Challenge certificate at the next show and on the next two occasions he was third in his Open class, he also won well in his side classes and altogether he has been awarded nine firsts this season.

Mrs. Peppe's of Pembury, Kent, purchased his full brother Oxley's Tommy Lad, from Mrs. Harrington Harvard and is delighted that he also has distinguished himself by winning the Challenge certificate at the National Cat Club Ch. Show, and second in his Open class at Notts and Derby Ch. Show.

Tommy Lad made his first appearance as a kitten when I was judging at the first post war Ch. Show of the N. and D. Cat Club. I awarded him the Blue Persian Cat Society special prize for Best Blue kitten. Thirty two Blue kittens were competing on this occasion.

Major and Mrs. Peppe's are seeking a country house or small farm in Kent as they have both become very enthusiastic cat breeders, and want safe grounds where their cats can enjoy more liberty. In addition to Tommy Lad they have Deeday of Allington a Blue male bred by Miss Langston, and several attractive Blue females.

The Clubs are already thinking of next season's Championship Shows. Croydon Cat Club with a fully paid up list of 171 members, have already had a committee meeting and decided to apply to the Governing Council for the date, November 4th for their next Ch. Show. Although their last show held in London attracted a record number of visitors the committee decided to hold it at the former venue. Central Baths Hall, Croydon. The Chairman, Mr. Towe has kindly agreed to arrange it again, this year and the following judges have been invited to officiate. Blue adults Mrs. Wize who is making her first post war appearance in this capacity, her last judging engagement was at the Southern Counties Cat Club when she judged Blue kittens, 1939. Mrs. Brice Webb has kindly consented to make her debut as a judge for Blue kittens; a variety which she should know extremely well as she has been breeding Blues since 1934 and has been awarded many first prizes. I believe she has not missed attending every Ch. Show, to say nothing of the smaller ones since her first show.

Mrs. Duncan Hindley, Siamese adults. I am very pleased to hear that Mrs. France and myself are to have the pleasure of stewarding for her at the show.

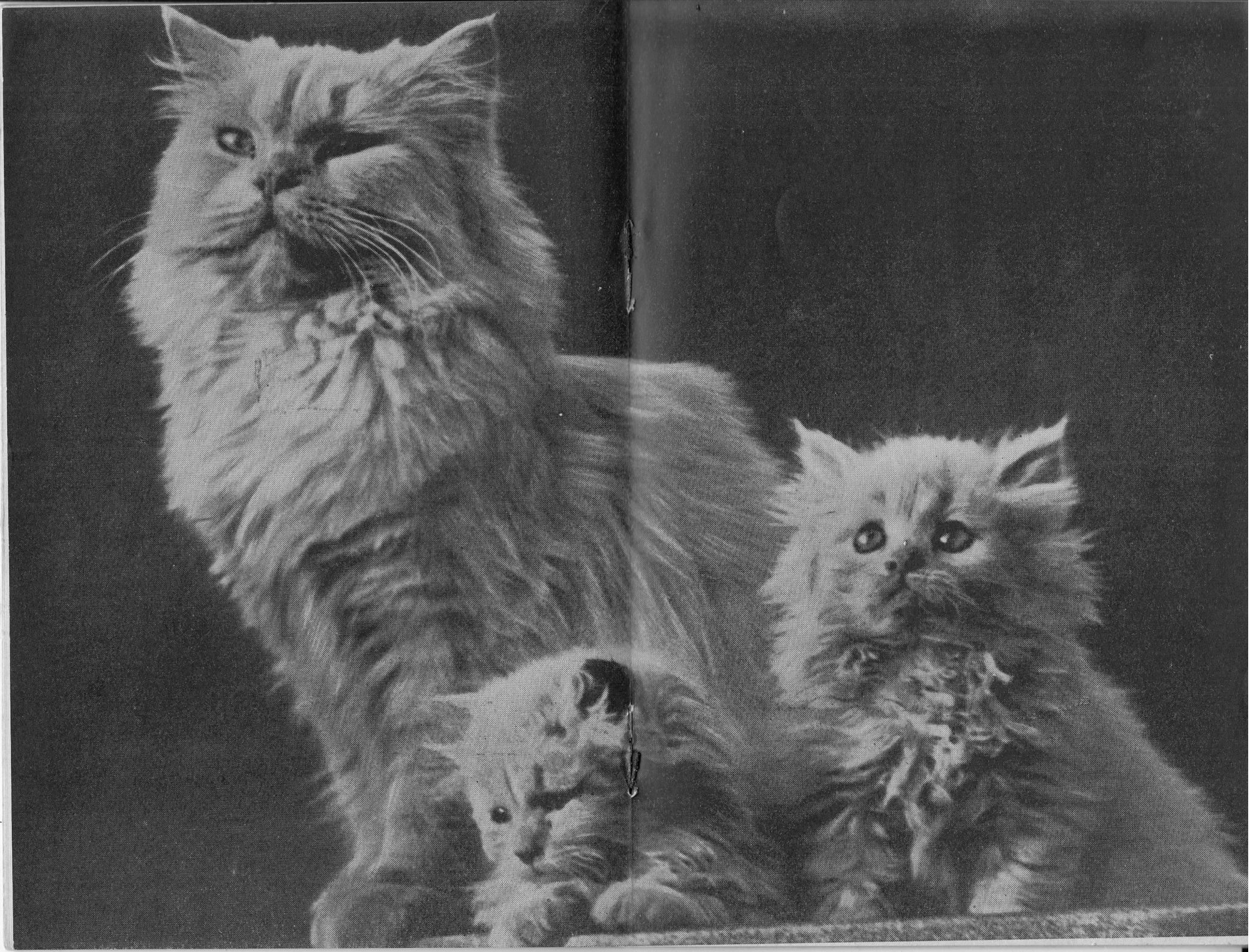
Miss Dixon, Siamese kittens, I feel sure this will be a popular choice.

Mrs. Bazeley, Creams, Blue Creams, Red also Brown Tabbies

and Tortoiseshells. Miss Rodda, Blacks also Whites. Short hairs. The Rev. Basil Rees, and last but not least we hope Mme Gibbon or her sister Mme. Bridgett will kindly consent to come all the way from Switzerland to judge Chinchillas. Mme. Bridgett last officiated at Croydon when she judged Blue adults in November 1938. Mrs. Ask St. Barbes, Ch. Heatherland Blue Boy was the winning male, and Captain Guy St. Barbe's Ch. Arosa Lindy Lou the winning female on this occasion. She has been very generous to the British Cat Fancy this season and given exhibitors some lovely special prizes. Croydon Cat Club General Meeting takes place at Stewart's Restaurant, Victoria, on March 17th, and the Committee have a very satisfactory balance sheet to present to the members. This is due to the splendid team work of the Chairman, Mr. A. Towe and his capable wife; the Hon. Treasurer Mrs. Axon; and the Hon. Secretary Miss Helen Hill-Shaw. They are already full of fresh ideas for the next Ch. Show.

Cats usually commence to loose their coats in early January. In some cases it appears to cause a mild irritation as they may wash themselves more than usual. If this is noticed it is advisable to give them a weekly, or twice weekly, dose of medicinal paraffin in any case it is a wise precaution to give it as a preventative.

Fur accumulating in the intestines can give rise to serious illness. At this time of year if a cat loses its appetite and becomes lethargic without exhibiting any other symptoms it is probably due to fur ball. One teaspoonful of medicinal paraffin is the correct dose for an adult cat, but in an emergency I should not hesitate to give it night and morning until it had the desired



effect. Always give cats medicine in a spoon large enough to hold the dose without overflowing. I dip the spoon into hot water first as the oil will quickly slide off the hot spoon.

When dosing cats one must be quiet and expeditious, they are very sensitive to an unusual situation and soon on the defensive if one tarries.

Invited by Mrs. K. Williams, Hon. Secretary of the S.C.C.C. a few of the winners were televised on January 28th. Arising with the lark I met her, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Chapman and Miss Steer at Broadcasting House. We all had cats except Mrs. Williams. After greetings, we left London at 10.15 a.m. by the B.B.C. private coach to Alexandra Palace. On arrival we found ourselves in a wilderness of dressing rooms, scenery, cameras, lights and all the paraphernalia of television and sound. A charming hostess Miss Allgood took charge of the party and showed us to two dressing rooms, in one of which we found Mrs. Macdonald already installed with her winning Blue pointed Siamese male Raard Blue Sacchi and her two winning kittens. Raard Blue Pamela and Raard Blue Wynne, she knew we would be there for the day so came provided with cat sanitary pans, food, drink and other items.

Sacchi was very self possessed and spent the day, when he was not on the air, making overtures to Mrs. Douglas's Sealsleeve Petit Fey, who was looking very lovely, she, however, was bent on keeping him at a distance and spent the time in her basket, or peeping coyly round the corner of a suitcase.

Miss Steer's beautiful Ch. Langherne Winsome did not allow strange excursions to disturb her routine so ate, drank and slept peacefully in her large basket with a glass front.

My Gloria of Pensford would not fraternize with any of the others, so remained in her basket and declined all overtures to tempt her to eat and drink although she quickly made up the deficiencies on her return home.

A charming person, whom everyone called "Joan" and whose surname I did not hear, compered the show when it went on the air soon after 2 o'clock. Mrs. Williams handled the cats and with great Sang-froid answered the questions about their various awards at the S.C.C.C. show and their show points. They behaved very well in their unusual surroundings and with so many strange faces around them. Ch. Langherne Winsome and Gloria of Pensford were least affected by the camera which must have appeared alarming to a cat as it was a gigantic affair with seats on a movable tripod.

After 2.30 we found ourselves with time on our hands until 9 p.m. so we filled it in listening, also viewing several interesting items, watching rehearsals and visiting the canteen, where we all enjoyed the best and most inexpensive meals we had obtained in a restaurant for some time.

We left Alexandra Palace about 10 p.m. after a very interesting and enjoyable day.

Television is a marvellous medium for publicising cats so I hope it is a prelude to future appearances.

Mrs F. H. Thompson.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

A welcome visiting queen was Forethought de Listinoise. Mrs. Scotton bought her from me, and I am sure she remembered me. She was very friendly and talked to me in her deep voice. Bred by Miss Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, she was one of a pair called Forethought and Afterthought. They were given these novel names because one was born one day and one the next. Her pet name is Mira, and she has lovely deep eye-colour, and is in wonderful condition. This time, she has been mated to Galadima.

Last month I said my cats had not taken to wandering, but almost immediately, Galadima slipped out, returning about two hours later, streaming with blood and badly frightened. We found his legs badly bitten and came to the conclusion he had been attacked by a dog. I don't think "Gally" would allow another Tom to beat him. He is a terrific and brave fighter. However, by the next day, his perkiness had returned, and except for a little stiffness, he appeared to be his usual self.

I was sorry to learn from Mrs. Philips, who has moved from Crewe to Birmingham, that she has had her two Siamese queens "Dusky and Petalina" spayed, as she cannot cope with three calling queens. Ningi is still going strong and nursing four bonny boys by Mrs. Lamb's Chinki Warrior. A visitor to Prior's Barn was Mr. Lynham, who brought his Siamese queen for mating. I remember his buying her as a kitten, from Mrs. Southall, at

the Notts and Derby Championship Show in 1945. She was a daughter of my stud Chinki Paladin, a grand young male who I lost that same year. After recovering from cat 'flue, he succumbed to bronchitis. Mr. Lynham's queen has been mated to Chinki Romeo, who is a complete outcross, and I do hope she has a nice litter. She has disappointed her owner about matings, and then found her own mate. It is difficult to keep a determined Siamese lady in, but this time I hope she will make up for her past misdemeanour.

A very sad letter comes from Mr. Goodchild. Whilst I was in Jersey, he bought a male kitten from me as companion to his Siamese neuter. Now Chinki Sebastian has died, of the dreaded gastro-enteritis, of which there was an outbreak in the district. Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild are true cat lovers, and are terribly upset that in spite of all they and the vet. could do, nothing could save their little pet. Mr. Goodchild, who is first officer on the cross channel boats, saw the litter the day they were born, and called frequently until Sebastian was old enough to travel to Weymouth with him. He was the only male in a litter of six, and Mr. Goodchild says of him—he was so sweet and did so enjoy his life during the short time he was with us. Mr. Goodchild has promised he will one day write the story of "Blackie," the ship's cat, and his special pal.

The Notts and Derby Championship Show held at Nottingham on January 6th, proved a most successful event, and I welcomed the chance to renew acquaintance with many old friends whom I had not seen since before I went to Jersey. Mrs. Hart again had a great success as the breeder of the winning Siamese female, Sealsleave Petit-Fey, who was 1st and Champion. The

winning male Siamese was Mrs. Mathie's Mystic Dreamer, who won his 2nd Challenge Certificate. There was a splendid entry of cats and a specially interesting one was Mrs. Oakley's short hair female "Fleur of Greengates," sired by Beaucourt Dandi. Her coat was a charming mixture of pinky cream and blue, and she was very much admired. Mrs. Hancox was making her debut as show manager, and everything went splendidly. I know I had a thoroughly enjoyable day.

The last Championship Show of the season, the Southern Counties, was held at Lime Grove Baths, Shepherd's Bush, on January 26th. The baths are ideal for a cat show, so clean and light, and Mrs. Williams, the show manager, had everything in apple-pie order the night before the show, when I saw some lovely exhibits which had arrived early. The balcony was decorated with some very clever caricatures of cats in all poses, and I thought the pennants directing one to each class of cat were a great innovation, though an added improvement would be to have them printed on both sides. There was a bumper entry of cats, and the gate—possibly owing to an interview with Mr. Thompson in the Sunday Express about the next day's show, was all any show manager's heart could desire. Mr. Pope followed up his wonderful success with his Siamese, Pagan Goddess, by taking 1st and Champion with her. Mrs. Duncan Hindley, the very well known breeder, and Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club, won 1st and Champion with her male, Prestwick Penglima-Pertama. I very much admired his lovely long head. So many of the present day Siamese fall short on this point.

In spite of spending most of Sunday getting there, and having

to rush away at 3 p.m. on Monday to get back to my cats, my husband and I thoroughly enjoyed the show and thought it all very much worth the trouble.

Mrs. Adney mentioned in a letter that she sold a Siamese kitten to a gentleman who had resided many years in Malaya, who said they were not considered pure-bred there without a kink. This point could easily start a controversy because there are many people who have actually lived in Siam who hold that the cat common to that country is really a Malayan cat, complete with a kink in its tail, with appearance, coat and points as the Siamese cat, but what we would call poor eye colour. My attention was recently called to an article in an American periodical. "No Siamese Cats in Siam," where the writer said he had tried to buy one there to bring back to his American home, but only had Malayan cats offered to him. He was told the only true Siamese cats were kept in the Royal Households.

Readers may remember my mentioning a visit I had from Major Walton, now of Verona House, Grouville, Jersey, who told me that whilst in Siam last year on the Rice Purchasing Commission, he found that the only true Siamese were in the Royal Palace. He was fortunate enough to have two adults, a male and female, presented to his wife by the ruling Prince of Siam. He had a marvellous basket for them, made by a Chinese craftsman, and in that they travelled to Jersey where they spent six months in quarantine. I saw them and must say they are not like ours, inasmuch as their tails are longer and more whiplike (a very desirable feature), their coats of fine texture and colour, with svelte lines and fine bone. Very definitely however, by our standards, they fail in eye-colour, having eyes which could best be described as hazel.



LIONEL'S LIFE

By UNA-MARY-NEPEAN
GUBBINS

EDWARD, Lionel, Babykins, Plumpey and Rolly were having a meeting one night, when Lionel said:

"Plumpey, you like writing, don't you?"

"Oh yes."

"Could you write the story of my life?"

"Who wants to hear about your life?" remarked Edward.

"Lots of things have happened to him," said Babykins.

"What shall I write about you?" sighed Plumpey, gazing at the stars, and wishing the beautiful Persian from next door were there.

"Write that he's a very clever brave cat, and tell some of his adventures," cried Rolly.

"Begin when I was a beautiful kitten and got stuck in the poplar tree, and couldn't get down," said Lionel.

"Your Mother never taught you much, did she?" said Edward. "One of the first things

my mother taught me, was how to climb down a tree backwards."

Lionel ignored this.

"I got stuck in this tree, and was there for hours and hours and hours! Then a nice Lieutenant, R.N., climbed up and fetched me! I was very proud of this because he was later on the EXETER."

The others were most impressed.

"When I was young," said Babykins, "I was brought down from a tree in a dreadful way!"

The others asked what had happened.

"A horrid human threw a great lump of earth at me, and knocked me off the branch, and I fell all the way to the ground."

"Were you hurt?"

"Oh no, we never hurt ourselves, when we fall, but I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"It was your fault for climbing the tree!" said Edward, with an elegant wave of his tail.

"Humans say that curiosity killed the cat," said Plumpey.

"Rubbish," retorted Edward.

"With a certain amount of intelligence nothing can kill a cat!"

"What shall I call this book?" said Plumpey, getting bored.

"Lionel's life!"

"Then the whole world will know what a clever cat I am!" said Lionel.

Letters from our Younger Readers

Dear Editor,

A few days before Xmas, I saw something that I thought I would tell you about.

We, as you probably know, we have three cats. A short-haired blue persian with white down her front called Doodle. Another one is a short haired blue persian with yellow eyes and a loud purr called Squeaker. And the other is a black one called Sabina.

Just outside our gate is a cottage in which three people live. They, a few months ago got a stray cat, made friends with it, and called him Simmy. He is like Squeaker only bigger.

Well one day just before Xmas. I was in the garden waiting for my sister to come for a walk with me. When along came Simmy. In about a minute Doodle came along and said a loud mee-ow. Simmy did the same and then they sprang on each other and fought.

Then suddenly they saw me and they ran into the bushes. I crept over to the bushes and saw Doodle racing up a tree so quickly that Simmy hunted for her and in the end not finding her gave up.

On Boxing Day we gave our cats some turkey but they would not eat it. But Simmy came in and we gave it to him and he loved it. Doodle saw him and glared through the window very jealous.

One day we brought Simmy into the kitchen when Doodle was there. But, when Doodle saw that we had brought him in she did not attack him. But when he came in, not brought in by us she at once attacked him.

Angela Cross.



Drawn by Clare Laurence
(age 12)

Dear Editor,

Micky is no pedigree cat, just an ordinary black one, with a few white hairs under his chin. This is one of the most peculiar things he has done.

Cats are supposed to dislike water intensely. But one day as I was preparing breakfast I heard an unusual sound in the scullery. Now the day before, my Mummy had been making jam and had left her big shallow jam pan filled with water on the floor to soak. I cautiously opened the door between the two rooms to find Micky frantically pawing the water in the pan. I was more amused, however, when I found him scooping up water in his paw and then drinking it. I think he must have been fishing for his own shadow. After a time he became tired of this, so jumped up on to the side of one of the tubs.

Finding it empty he proceeded to get into it and to paw the tap. I went to the tub and turned on the tap just enough to let him see the water. To my surprise he started at the bottom of the thin thread of water and ran his mouth up it until he reached the top. It was a long time before he tired of this game and went to lie down, looking a little astonished at being wet.

Margaret E. Smith. Age 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ years.

HEADS TAILS & WHISKERS

A Monthly Miscellanea arranged by "MICKEY"

A FALSE SCENT. Said counsel in a court case at Bow: The two cats in this case are really red herrings!

OVERCROWDED. A story of distressing living conditions came to light during a Rent Tribunal case in South-west London the other day, when it was disclosed that a landlady kept seven dogs, fourteen cats and two parrots in a kitchen which was shared by several people.

CAT CALLS. Plaintiff in another court case complained that the defendant has meowed at her and shouted "Cats whiskers" at her whilst she stood in a queue. She further complained that the other lady in the case had cut her cat's whiskers and fur. Case dismissed!

A BRIGHT IDEA. Ten-year-old David Lye, of Welling, Kent, had an idea when his pet was lost. He sat down and wrote to the Editor of a London evening paper as follows: "Can you please help to find my cat Tim? Description: grey tabby, white breast, tummy and legs with a black line along his backbone, very silky fur and a pretty face, very playful and affectionate. I hate to think of him roaming about this terribly cold weather." We hope David's enterprise was rewarded.

NEW AT THE ZOO. Four cat-bears, a species of panda, have reached the London Zoo after a perilous trip from the Himalayan Mountains. This animal, which is actually a relative of the giant panda, has red chestnut fur, a lovely

bushy striped tail and red lines from eyes to mouth. He is about as big as a terrier and he loves milk, eggs and butter—when he can get them!

R.I.P. Charlie, the famous cat of Sidcup Station, is no more. Although he had been trained never to cross the line, he was caught and killed by a passing train. It is thought that someone must have carried him across and that he was making his way home when the accident occurred. Charlie, a great pet with the regular passengers, had a clever trick of squeezing his way through the grille of the ticket office. His obituary notice appeared on the station notice board.

MORE CRUELTY. A shocking case of cruelty was revealed at Bow Street when two self-styled livestock dealers received sentences of imprisonment for stealing and causing unnecessary suffering to a number of cats. Police officers saw the men with a lorry pick up a cat and investigation disclosed four cats tied up so tightly in two sacks that they could not move. Further search at the home of the men revealed a box in which there were two sacks each containing three cats and another sack containing two cats. Three of the poor victims were dead and five had to be destroyed. There were distressing scenes when women attending the court tried to identify their missing pets. As one of the defendants had eight previous convictions, one cannot help wondering if six months in gaol is anything like adequate punishment.

A NEW A B C. Those of our readers who have enjoyed Mittens, Babette, Pandora and the other delightful books of Clare Turlay Newberry will wish to make a point of getting "The Kittens" A B C, her latest work. For those few cat lovers who have not already met a Newberry cat, this A B C will be a charming introduction to her work. There are 26 drawings of big cats and little kittens in this book, each with a verse of what Mrs. Newberry calls 'catterel.' Hamish Hamilton are the publishers and the price is 7/6d.

D.D.T. WARNING. This warning comes from the National Veterinary Medical Association of Great Britain and Ireland: Veterinary surgeons are concerned at the number of cases among cats of poisoning by D.D.T. Several dusting powders sold for the purpose of destroying fleas and lice, and harmless if correctly used, contain this drug. Care must be taken to use such powders very sparingly on cats, and not too frequently. Poisoning usually results from the cat licking its fur after the powder has been applied.

THE MASON CATS. The pets of the famous film star James Mason and his wife are often front page news. And it is nice to place on record that Mason's love of cats is not just another film stunt. Proof of the Mason's genuine love for cats comes from Mr. Albert A. Steward, the popular Secretary of the Cats' Protection League. He reports that a sum of roughly £160 has been received by the League in regular donations from Mr. and Mrs. Mason during the past 18 months and that much of this money has been spent on feeding and rescuing the unfortunates of the feline world in London.

BACK AGAIN. Tommy, a big tabby, has returned to his accustomed place at the Law

Courts, London, after an absence of four years; this to the delight of his old friend, Mr. Adrian Hassard-Short. Up to January 1944, Tommy used to take his place on the blotting pad on the desk of Mr. Hassard-Short. Then came a flying bomb to upset the tranquility of life in this legal sanctuary. The blotting pad was demolished and Tommy fled. A few weeks ago he returned to his old resting place on the desk, looking well and sleek, apparently satisfied that serenity and calm have returned to the Law Courts.

GOT QUITE A TURN. The month's best story comes from Milwaukee, U.S.A., where Gabby, a pet cat, was vastly intrigued by the new washing machine which his mistress had brought home. When the machine was in operation and the door was open, Gabby jumped in to find out for himself just how the darn thing worked! He was discovered inside the machine after it had stopped automatically; but not before he had taken about 200 revolutions. Gabby was quite a dizzy cat for some time afterwards!

ENJOYED BY ALL. The Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Clubs (Incorp.) held a successful tea party recently when about 40 members attended and were welcomed by the President, Mrs. Sharman. Both pleasure and profit were gained from a Cat Brains Trust, over which Miss Rachel Ferguson, the vice-President, presided. Experts in attendance included Captain Michael Joseph and Mr. Keith Robinson (Dumb Friends' League) and Miss Kit Wilson officiated as the question master. A number of interesting questions were raised and discussed. Credits for the success of this function must go to the Joint Hon. Secretaries, Miss Wilson and Mrs. J. M. Newton.

A SALE

By

Mrs. A. K. CATTERMOLE

I can always see the funny side in everything. Sales, as a rule, are dry and matter of fact but I have had some very interesting and very funny ones. Here is such a one.

It was in the year 1938, I think. I had been selling some kittens and had only one little male left when I received a letter from a lady writing from a provincial town asking for a male kitten. I replied that I had one little boy left and gave all particulars, adding that she could come and see him if she wished to do so. I got a letter by return saying that she would be in London on a certain day and would come and see him. A lady and a gentleman arrived on the given day to view the kitten. Both seemed delighted with him and everything went swimmingly until the gentleman, who had been talking all the time, asking questions, said: "Now I want you to guarantee me that this kitten will not get distemper, either now or at any other time." I replied: "How on earth can I? No one is able to tell what is going to happen in the future." "But," he said, "as you are the breeder you must know." "Look here," said I, "all I can guarantee you is, that this kitten is a healthy, happy, strong kitten now, and that is the best I can do." "All right, then I am not going to buy him," was his reply.

"Very well. Suits me," said I and picked up my kit, to put him back in the nursery. Coming back, I heard them arguing and the lady saying "What did you want to do that for, I want the little boy." (The door had been slightly ajar). To my surprise, both were still seated and were making no move to go. So I said: "Well, I wish you good after-

noon as there is nothing more to be said." All of a sudden, the gentleman grinned like a Cheshire Cat, said I was a wonderful woman, threw a visiting card on the table and said: "Well, have a look at that." "What is the idea?" said I. "You of all people, should know better than put me through all this catechism and ask me to do the impossible. Nobody would be so foolish as to give such a guarantee." "Oh! yes," he replied. "Somebody did, and I was so disgusted that we would not take the kitten. It was however, a coloured one." After that we chatted and he was most complimentary, offering me a very good job as receptionist in his surgery in South America. He was a veterinary surgeon, an Englishman practising out there. Both he and his wife tried so hard to persuade me to go with them; they had been looking a long time for a person like me.

They took the little kitten and I still have the visiting card, always reminding me of this queer but interesting sale.

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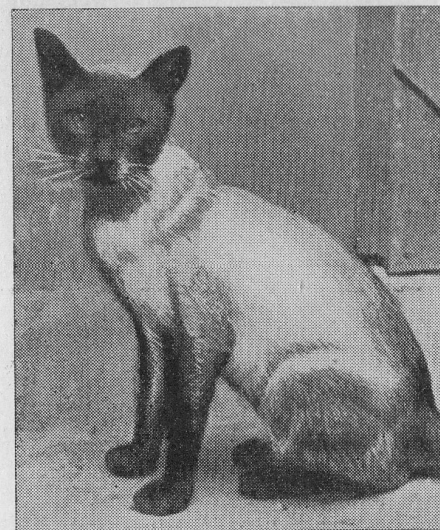
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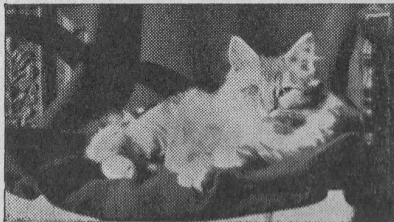
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LETTERS and PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



"SANDY"

Pet of Miss M. Jackson, 24,
Dorchester Road, Weymouth.

I am a regular reader of Cats and Kittens Magazine, and thought that perhaps the other readers would like to hear about my cats.

We have three cats. The eldest, called Ginger because of his colour, is seven. He was born in the Battle of Britain and every time the siren went he and his brothers and sisters were collected together and taken down the cellar in a big box where they remained till after the "all-clear" signal. When he was very young he used to fight a lot, and one day he got a scratch just over his left eye. Ever since then his eye permanently runs, and he is partially blind in it.

When we moved to our house here, he and his brother travelled down in the trailer of our car.

Vicky, aged two and a half, is silver tabby and white. She is very small but knows how to hold her own. She often has kittens, but never many at a time. One day she got caught in rabbit snare. We hunted and called for her everywhere and eventually, on the third day we found her on the railway embankment. The snare was the strangulation sort. The wire has left

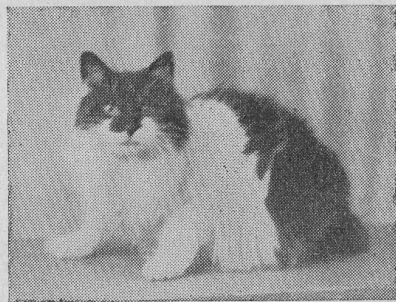
a permanent mark round her neck, and evidently it was at first too tight for her to cry out. Luckily the weather was fine or she might have caught pneumonia. She loves riding in our car and is a most loving and lovable cat.

Cheetah, one of her sons, is a year younger than Vicky, and was one of her first litter. He, too, is tabby but long haired like his father. He recently had a very bad abscess on his shoulder and was very ill. He is quite better now however. He is a very loving and is especially fond of my father. He jumps on his knee everyday after lunch, and after supper, and goes to sleep.

Cheetah always tries to kiss Daddy and makes little runs at his face. Sometimes he gets 'climbing fits' and climbs all round the picture rail. I am sure he will fall off one day. He is very sweet and affectionate.

Susan Roberts. Age 14.

Below: The Pet of Miss F.
Coulson, 20, Elm Road, Leigh-
on-Sea, Essex.

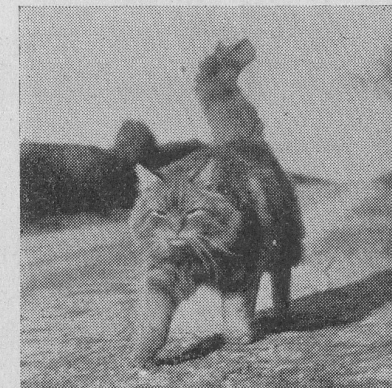


"CHIPS"

LETTERS and PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



A Blue-point Siamese Baby,
bred by Mrs. M. Towgood.



"TOMMY"

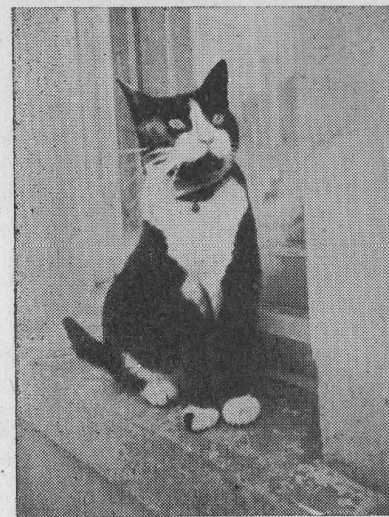
The happy pet of Master David
Brown, of One Oak, Cheadle
Hulme, Cheshire.

Downderry, 211, Newton Road,
Torquay.

WE thought you would be interested to see a snap of our pet "Blaxom." So called because he is some black and some white!

We read your little magazine with great interest, the photos and snaps are always good. The family are great cat lovers so our pet has an important position in the household.

M. G. Handyman, (Miss)



"BLAXOM"

We HELP the Strays!

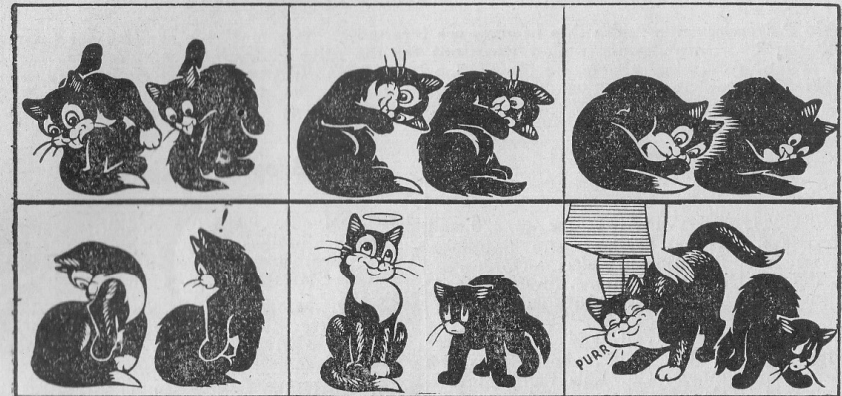


Will YOU Please HELP US?

*Donations however small will
be gratefully received and
officially acknowledged*

Cheques, etc., should be addressed to:—

The Secretary,
THE CATS' PROTECTION LEAGUE, "TAILWAVERS"
PRESTBURY LODGE
29 CHURCH STREET SLOUGH BUCKS



Why some cats are seldom stroked

IF YOUR CAT has a dull, bedraggled-looking coat—don't blame him. He probably lacks those correctives which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. But 'Tibs' Cat Powders provide these missing essentials, and cats take 'Tibs' readily in food or drink. Give your cat a 'Tibs' a day to keep him fit and frisky—and help him to lick himself into perfect shape.

In packets 8d., and in cartons 1/8d. from chemists and corn merchants. New enlarged Cat Book (3d. in stamps) from Bob Martin Ltd., Room 102 Southport, Lancashire.

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KEEP CATS
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BLUE PERSIANS
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Kittens only sold to good homes.

**CATS AT STUD—See separate
announcement. Also STUD
REGISTER (G.C.C.).**

GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S.,

DANEHURST,
SWAINES ROAD,
BEMBRIDGE, I.O.W.

'Phone: Bembridge 291.

MRS. L. K. SAYERS

Southwood Cattery

BLUE POINT AND SEAL POINT SIAMESE
AT STUD.

CHAMPION ZY. AZURE PHANDAH
(B.P.). Sire: Zy. Azure Dah. (B.P.). Dam:
Zy. Azure Phantasy (B.P.). Fee 50/- and
return carriage.

ORIENTAL SILKY BOY (S.P.). Sire: Ch.
Angus Silky. Dam: Sirius Valentina. Winner
2 Ch. Certs. Croydon 1938, Exeter 1939. Fee
45/- and return carriage.

TYPIC PITA (S.P.). Sire: Ch. Jacques of
Abingdon. Dam: Phantom Beauty. Winner 1st
and Champion and Best Cat all Breeds. Sandy
Show 1946. Fee 45/- and return carriage.

SOUTHWOOD KUCHING (S.P.). Sire:
Prestwick Person. Dam: Ho-Tu. Winner every
time shown, excels in eye colour. Fee 45/-
and return carriage.

**Southwood Farm, Farnborough,
Hants.**

Tel. Farnborough 773

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Prepaid Advertisements under this heading are inserted at the rate of 1/- per line per insertion (minimum 3/-) with discounts of 6 insertions for the price of five and 12 insertions for the price of ten. Additional charge for use of Box No. is 1/-. Instructions and remittances should be sent not later than the 12th of the month preceding the month of issue to Mr. A. E. COWLISHAW, 4, CARLTON MANSIONS, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9.

At Stud

SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian) sire Southway Nicholas, dam Sco-Ruston Kalisa.—Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291.

PERIVALE MASTERFUL and **PAUL**, good type, pale blue L.H., both sires of championship winners, Ch. Kala Panda, lovely smoke, L.H. Kala Montana, good type, well-bred young black L.H., lovely eye colour.—Apply Miss Collins, Pixiewood, East Grinstead. Tel. E. Grinstead 1014.

BLUE POINT Siamese **ZY-AZURE TAIO**, Sire of champions recently purchased from Mrs. Blakiston. Fee 45/- plus return carriage.—Selby, Ruggs Farm, Brompton Regis (225), Dulverton, Somerset.

TIMOTHY OF KNOTT HALL, 1st and Ch. Jan. 1948. BLUE Stud, 23 gns. and carriage.—Jackson, Idmiston, Mayfair Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey. (20 minutes from Waterloo). Phone Der. 1265.

OXLEYS PETER JOHN, massive BLUE PERSIAN, superb type. Fee £2/2 and carriage.—Mrs. D. H. Harrington-Harvard, Milford Lodge, near Stafford. Tel. Milford 351.

DEEBANK PANDA (BLUE PERSIAN), Sire Idmiston Pale Puma, Dam Carlton Tunice. Fee £2/2.—Mrs. Snowden, Patrington, near Hull.

SEAL POINTED SIAMESE BLUFF-DOR, Sire Tuan Muda, Grandsire Penybryn Mont, Dam Bromholme Celaeno, Grandsire Prince Ta Jen. First season, fee £2.—Mrs. Dossett, "The Quest," Taunton Drive, Bitterne, Southampton.

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

Obituary

BARROW. On January 15th, 1948, as the result of a road accident, Dora Adelaide Barrow, of St. Lawrence House, Canterbury, aged 64 years.

Breeders' Cards

GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291. BLUE PERSIAN. BLUE CHINCHILLA, CREAMS.

MRS. D. M. BENBOW, Downderry Lodge, Downderry, Torpoint, Cornwall. BLUES AND CREAMS (L.H.). Tel. Downderry 280.

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

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

MISS M. F. BULL, Deebank Cattery, Elm Cottage, Thornton Hough, Wirral, Cheshire. Tel.: Thornton Hough 214. BLUES and CREAMS.

MRS. CATTERMOLE, 96, Dalberg Road, Brixton, London, S.W.2. "LOTUS" WHITE PERSIANS.

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

MRS. CAMPBELL FRASER, Little Primrose, Godalming, Surrey. Tel. Godalming 522. "HENDON" LONGHAIR STUDS.

MRS. L. DAVIES, The Old Curiosity Shop, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. Tel. Gerrards Cross 3563. PRIORY BLUE PERSIANS (L.H.).

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

MRS. LAMB, Grange Hill, Halesowen, near Birmingham. Tel.: Halesowen 1226. SIAMESE AT STUD.

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

MRS. POLDEN, The Market Hotel, Reigate, Surrey. POLDENHILLS CHINCHILLAS.

For Sale

PEDIGREE SHORT-HAIR BLUE KITTENS, very rare, lovely colour.—Miss Rochford, 25, Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3. Tel. Hampstead 6498.

(Continued on next page).

For Sale—contd.

SIAMESE S.P. Kittens, excellent pedigree deep eye colour and points, born Oct. 12th, healthy, well grown, house-trained, suitable for show or breeding. From 5 gns.—Mrs. Fox, 4, Burleigh Place, Darlington, Co. Durham.

SALE BEAUCOURT DANDIE, best kitten in Show, Wombwell 1944, sire of a first prize winner Notts Show, Jan. 1948.—Meade, 160, Musters Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

REG. S.P. SIAMESE Kittens, born 24.12.47, very lovable, finest pedigree. Sire Don Dekho, Dam Don Dainty.—Atkins, 6a, Denmark Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

Miscellaneous

WHY NOT make your Cat a **TAIL-WAGGER**? All particulars from the Secretary, The Tail-Waggers' Club (Gt. Britain) Ltd., 356/60, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

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

THE FIFTH EDITION of the **STUD LIST** containing names of 200 cats. Price 3d. obtainable from the Secretary of the G.C.C.F., F. H. Thompson, 130, Wickham Way, Beckenham, Kent.

Miscellaneous—contd.

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

HAVE A KITTEN MASCOT on your mantelpiece or desk. You will want more than one when you see this charmingly sculptured little animal in repose. Send a 4/- postal order to Gordon Products, 95, Croydon Road, Keston, Kent.

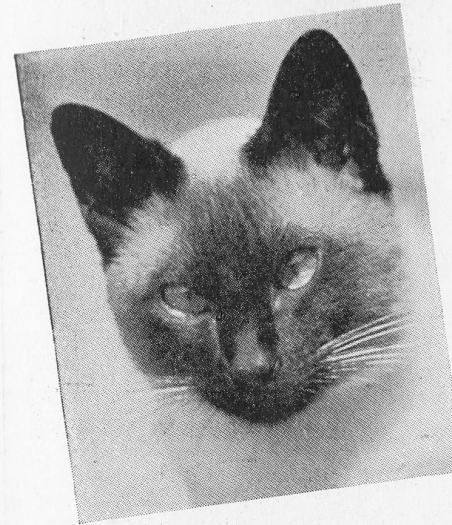
Wanted

YOUNG COUPLE, great cat lovers, forced to part with old pet and desperately in need of Unfurnished Accommodation within reach of Kingston. Reply to Box No. 15, c/o Cats and Kittens, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

WANTED, Pedigree S.H. Blue Tommy Kitten, reasonable price, good home.—Bell, 108, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.

REQUIRED by adaptable middle-aged lady, post as **HOUSEKEEPER**, where neuter cat welcome, good cook, reliable, would caretake, loves and would care animals, interested gardening, can type, highly recommended. Suggestions to Box No. 16, Cats and Kittens, 1, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Introducing **TYPIC PANDA**



A grand new stud by SHREWSBURY ROMEO out of PHANTOM BEAUTY. Has the glorious eye-colour and wonderful temperament of his illustrious forbear HOVETON EMPEROR. Mr Bishop will be pleased to collect Queens in his own car in West Sussex, East Hampshire, London & Surrey for an inclusive fee of 2 GUINEAS. Outside this area return carriage must be paid.

Mr & Mrs. C. H. J. Bishop, 212, Lagoon Rd. Pagham, Sussex. Phone: Pagham 82.