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THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



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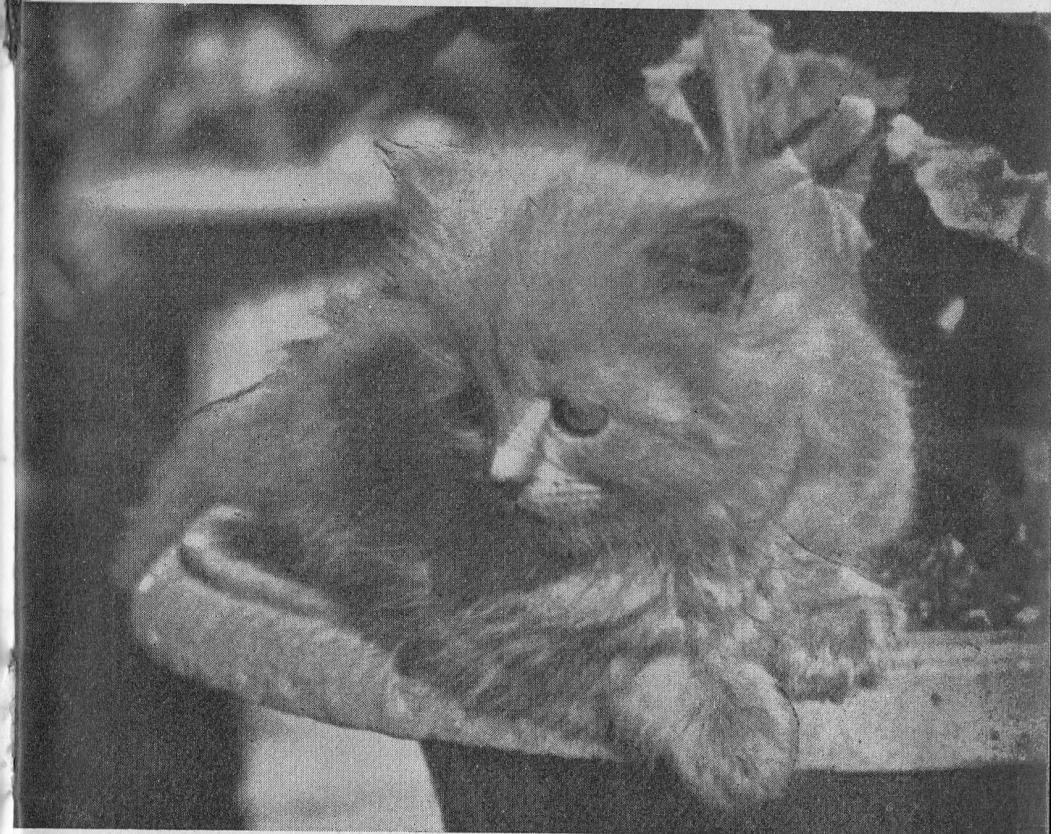


Photo Ronald Thompson

The cover photograph is of BRUNSWYCKE CHERI, prize winning Abyssinian, owner Mrs. V. E. Major, photo by the owner.

Sending Your Cat by Train

By FRANK FERNEYHOUGH

RECENTLY, a lady was on an express, travelling to Yorkshire for a holiday. On the rack lay her suitcase containing her luggage; at her side rested a small wicker basket containing King Charles, her cat.

From the corridor came the travelling ticket inspector who called: "Tickets, please!"

Along with the other occupants in the compartment the lady produced her ticket. Just as the inspector was about to leave, a plaintive "miaow!" came from the lady's basket.

The inspector turned, raised his brows and looked questioningly at the basket. It had never occurred to the lady that a ticket would be required for King Charles, and she had to pay the inspector there and then.

Many people are under the impression that you do not need a ticket for a cat; but this is not so. It is not usual, however, for a card ticket to be issued as for a dog, but generally a paper ticket.

The charge is based on the weight of the receptacle and the distance of the journey. For instance, from Derby to London the charge at 12 lbs. would be 2/9d. For a journey of thirty miles, the charge would be 1/8d.

The charges for sending a cat by train, unaccompanied, are the same. The railway regulation (yes, there is one for cats!) requires the cat to be packed in either a hamper or a wooden case. Sufficient room is to be allowed for the cat to stand up and lie down in reasonable comfort; ventilation also is important.

Before accepting a cat for despatch, the railways require you to sign a form, known as a "live stock consignment note," a form used for live animals and birds of any description.

The charge, incidentally, includes collection from your home, and delivery to the actual address at the destination, if within the usual delivery areas.

The receptacle should be clearly labelled "live cat," "live animal," etc. It is useful to remember that

the county should be included on the address label, as there are a number of railway stations with the same or similar names, "Leigh" and "Sutton" being particularly popular! If to London or other large city, postal numbers should be shown.

Whenever possible, the best thing is to enquire of the railway for a service, have the cat put in a particular train, and met on arrival at the other end, a telegram or letter being sent with particulars.

The railways do not guarantee either specific services or connections for the conveyance of live stock of any kind; but for fairly straightforward journeys, the services and connections are usually dependable. Week-end conveyance of cats the railways generally discourage, unless you can have them met on arrival at the destination.

A good number of cat owners these days are entering their cats at Shows. For those who wish to enter their cats at distant shows, but are unable to take them personally, the railways have a special arrangement for their conveyance and return.

First, you arrange with the Show Secretary for your cat to be entered. Then you label the receptacle containing the cat to the Secretary of the Show, writing also your own address on the label. Special arrangements are made between the railways and the Show authorities for your cat to be

exhibited at the appropriate time and place, then after the judging for it to be returned immediately to you by rail. For this purpose, most Show Secretaries provide competitors with specially printed labels.

For the outward journey, you pay the ordinary rate; but you are allowed a special concession of half charges for the return journey, paying both charges at the time you send the cat on the outward journey. For instance, if the charge for the outward journey is, say 2/., for both journeys it costs 3/.

Although the standard charge for conveyance is a "railway risk" scale, the liability of the railways for cats during conveyance is limited to 7/6d. But if your cats is a particularly valuable one, you may, if you so choose, pay an extra charge, thus increasing the railways' liability.

This charge is based on 1 per cent. of the declared higher value. For example, if you declare your cat to be worth, say, 57/6d., the extra charge would be 6d.; that is, one hundredth of 50/-. If worth 507/6d., the charge would be 5/.

And finally, remember that the railways have had much experience of the conveyance of live animals from elephants and tigers, to rabbits and guinea-pigs. Be assured, therefore, by one who has been a station master for many years, that when your cat is sent by train it will have every care and attention.

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Clever Cats— and Some Eccentrics

By PETER MICHAEL

AN article on "Cat-Sense," in an earlier issue of the magazine, lured on this particular reader, at any rate, to consideration of still higher intellectual qualities in the feline species. Most of us have had experience of cats whose 'thinking' capacity was above the average, even in a mammal generally rated among the most intelligent of its order. Then, of course, from time to time one comes across anecdotes and other items in books and periodicals which not only make fascinating reading, but furnish food for thought. Some of these stories evidence feline intelligence which appears to be of an exceptional kind; others reflect the odd or unusual, the quaint or the bizarre.

Consider, by way of example, the "homing" of cats. More often than not, this is loosely associated with instinct. But is it, in actual fact, to be disposed of so easily? The term "instinct," we know, can be interpreted in a number of different ways, but as applied to animals it is generally accepted as implying an innate (or inborn) propensity for acting in a certain way in a given set of circumstances, rather than mere intuition. So, for all I know, the protagonists of the "instinct" theory in this matter of the "homing" of cats may be right. In

any case, as yet we can but guess at the impulse or guidance that sets a lost or "displaced" cat on the right road home. I do not see how we can make adequate comparison with notorious animal migrants such as certain birds and fishes, which periodically journey over "regular" routes traversed countless times before them by remote progenitors as well as parents. For, in the case of many a homing cat, the homeward or return journey has been made from places here, there and everywhere, and certainly not over a "fixed" route used by some feline ancestor.

Some of these—often arduous—journeys have involved travel over amazing distances as well as complicated and exacting terrain. Among instances publicised in recent years, the case of the famous Gunislake (Cornwall) cat, which walked home from Exmouth, 70 miles away by rail, after being banished to the latter place for the crime of chicken-stealing, evoked considerable interest. The Odyssey of this enterprising animal occupied about a fortnight, and its beginning was truly intriguing. It seems that, on arrival at Exmouth, the cat became seriously ill; so ill that it was put to sleep—or so it was thought. However, when the time came to inter it the animal was

found to have disappeared from the dustbin into which it had been thrown, but later news was received of its arrival at Gunislake, "sound enough, but terribly hungry."

Many of us, too, have had experience of the kind of cat that delights in being "different," especially where a home for the kittens is concerned. Cats' "nests" have been photographed in trees and other out-of-the-way sites, but undoubtedly one of the more unusual was that selected by a cat in British Columbia, which found a home for the family in a water-tank tower which could only be reached by ascending a steep 20-foot ladder. In a country magazine some years ago appeared a picture showing the sure-footed dam carrying one of her kittens back up the ladder to its lofty nest—a trip which took less than three seconds, the animal "not changing foot on any step."

It is, perhaps, superfluous to mention that the playfulness of cats is a byword. Yet it is intriguing to note the various and often quaint forms that playfulness may take, especially when it leads to specialisation in the art of catching a particular and much-desired thing. One of my cats had a mania for chasing butterflies, and more than once I was obliged to rescue a somewhat battered peacock or "white" from the too-eager paws. Another feline acquaintance is an even more ardent entomologist—with the makings, one gathers, of a collector to boot. In suitable

weather it spends most of its time "stalking" the insects in a large garden, and its efforts are surprisingly successful. Once I saw this accomplished hunter make a prodigious leap and, with outstretched front paws, "net" a large white butterfly on the wing.

Some, of course, prefer to go in for bigger stuff, such as rooks and rabbits, both of which were relentlessly pursued by my veteran tom, Moggles, who, however, while having a certain amount of luck with the conies, was never seen to down any member of the crow family other than a solitary unfortunate magpie which, emboldened by the cat's assumed indifference, ventured too near in its efforts to arouse his ire. But I leave it to the reader to picture the look of anguished horror which, surely, must have distorted the face of a certain cook when a young Siamese kitten brought an **adder** in to the kitchen and laid it expressively at her feet—**alive!** It had carried the serpent by the neck, making no attempt to kill it, and evidently was proud of its unusual capture. For, said the correspondent who related the story, 'she (the cat, of course) made her usual weird sounds of expressing her pleasure.'

But do not think that this four-footed herpetologist was the first cat ever to go in for snake-catching. There have been others. Some years ago a writer in a weekly magazine asked for information on the subject!

—:—

In Memoriam—D. Front, A.B.

Killed on Active Service, September, 1942

By "SHORTY"

DICKY joined the ship with a "pier-head jump" at Dunkirk, after being one of the few survivors from one of the less fortunate ships of the flotilla. I was manning a fender aft at the time and sole witness of this gallant determination not to be taken prisoner.

Now Dicky clearly knew his way round the Fleet Sweepers pretty well and so wasted no time in reporting at the Cox'n's Office to make his number. Tanky, ship's butcher and the swain's winger, was there at the time as the swain was up at the wheel; he took one look at Dicky, who was smothered in oil-fuel and went straight down to fetch up a tin of milk from the store. Then he gave Dicky a good rub down with a deck-cloth and ended up by anointing him with the milk "to make his bath a bit more tasty."

By the time I was able to get down on the mess-deck, Dicky, now a beautifully sleek cat, was

flaked out on the lockers purring like a motor boat. Later that day, after we had disembarked the Pongoes at Margate and were on our way back for the next load, the mess lashed him up to a tin of sardines and he was officially christened "Dicky Front," because the only white marking on his otherwise jet-black coat was a diamond on his chest like a shirt-front. Because he was Dicky, he must be a 'he'—though, as our rather refined Sick Bay Tiffy put it, he was really a lady cat. But no one cared and anyhow the finer points of sex-differentiation are well-known not to worry the Navy over much.

We all made a real fuss of Dicky, partly because sailors are always a bit soppy about cats, but mainly because we wanted him to feel at home and not desert next time we came alongside a jetty somewhere. He didn't but remained with us to the end, when we caught up with a tin-fish coming back from

Russia two years later. We were struck admidships, which being the galley was Dicky's favourite billet of an afternoon. Death must mercifully have been instantaneously there before he woke.

Strangely enough the ship was catless, when Dicky joined, as his predecessor, a large tabby tom, had deserted to fraternise with the local French girls on our previous trip over; so there was no chance of jealousy either from the cat's or the ship's company's point of view. Nor was Dicky slow in gaining great popularity and before long Daisy Adams, the sailmaker, had rigged him a tiddly little hammock with his name and official number embroidered on it—FRONT D. A.B. C/JX 12740, the number being the date when Daisy made it. Then a couple of O.D.'s volunteered to share a hook to free one for Dicky, which was convenient for him, as he always turned out long before the hands were called.

Dicky's day started when he saw Tanky go up to the beef-screen up on the boat deck to cut up the day's meat, though he sometimes overslept, particularly in bad weather, only to wake when the welcome (to him and accursed to all of us) bangs from the upper became audible. Then he was out in a

flash. Dicky was very fond of raw beef, but couldn't stand it cooked and he never went much on mutton, pork or corned-beef either. Another of his gastro-nomic peculiarities was a liking for Portuguese sardines and his refusal of either the American variety or the ubiquitous "herrings in." Not that his fads ever made much difficulty, Tanky saw to that and while there was beef on board there was beef for Dicky, even on Saturdays when we all had corned-dog. One time when we did 14 days on nothing but corned-dog, we all knew that Dicky was working his way through the last joint of fresh beef on board. "There wasn't enough to issue round the messes," said Tanky, "so I lashed Dicky up to it!" One of the greatest days in Dicky's life, though, was when we ran into a shoal of whiting off Iceland and all you had to do was sling a bucket over the side on a heaving line and pull in a bucket full of fish; no bait no nothing. The ship was alive with fish and Dicky was thrilled and for weeks after he wouldn't eat even Portuguese sardines unless you made them wriggle around and look lifelike.

Evenings at sea Dicky always spent on the seamen's mess-deck, usually sitting on someone's lap doing his dhobhiing, as we used to call that lungeing action all

cats do on a soft woolly surface. Then when we made a late night fanny of kai, there was always a drop of milk for Dicky, however short we were.

Entering harbour, Dicky always stationed himself well forward, giving a final lick to the ever impeccable shirt front and preening his whiskers; then, as soon as we were within jumping distance, he was away. Of course, things weren't always as simple for him, as we often lay out at a buoy or anchored in the stream; but Dicky knew. There would be no ratings manning fenders and no stokers round the winch on the quarter-deck, but instead the noise of hammering shakles forward and Daisy Adams rigged out in plimsolls with a life-line round his waist waiting to jump the buoy, and the motor-boat was swung out ready for lowering, and there was Dicky in his place in the bows of the motor-boat ready to be the first lower-deck passenger in the first boat ashore.

His runs ashore were usually pretty long and in harbour we wouldn't see him for days on end; but he never missed the ship, even when we put to sea at really short notice. He always knew and was always back aboard an hour or so before we got under way. One evening in Aberdeen, I was cleaning into

my number ones for a run up to the Palais, when Dicky turned up on the mess-deck and got his head down on the lockers. My oppo, Blood Reid, took one look and immediately rolled up his tiddly suit and settled down to darning some old socks. "What's up, Blood?" I says, "You'll miss the Liberty Boat." "You carry on, Shorty." He says, "Think I'll stay aboard seeing as 'ow we're sailing tonight." "Like hell we are." I laughed, "Why, the Q.M.'s just piped all night leave. Don't be so sippy!" "I ain't!" snapped Blood, "Look at that flipping cat! You never see'd 'im waste 'is time sleeping in 'arbour." Sure enough, an hour later they belayed the pipe about all night leave and all the local police were set on rounding up our ship's company from the likely haunts and combing the parks for those who'd taken their parties off for a nice quiet chat!

It must have been about this time that Dicky brought his girl friend on board. She was a beautiful snow-white cat, full of sex-appeal and consequently the most prolific bearer of families, in which she took no interest at all. Dicky quickly hoisted this in and invariably adopted the kittens as soon as they could lap milk; so poor Dicky was able to give vent to his or rather her pent-up mother insinct. The white cat never got a name

though a lot of bad ones. She was quite an asset though as the sale of her families helped to swell the canteen funds, as there was always a waiting list for the next kitten which happened to be white. She lived on the stokers' mess-deck and lacking the uncanny brilliance of our Dicky eventually overstayed her leave, much to the relief of the stokers.

Then came a spell of North Russia. From the very first day we all hated it and the more so because Dicky was miserable. He did his usual spectacular jump on arrival but within a matter of minutes dashed back on board with four large Ruski cats close on his stern; the gangway sentry then had his time cut out defending the virtue of Dicky, who appalled at the bad manners of the local residents thereafter obstinately refused to leave the ship. Within a couple of days we all agreed with Dicky, though none of us carried our dislike to the extent of refusing all food of Russian origin as did he—even beef.

For the winter months up there we knitted Dicky up a woollen coat and boots for his walks on the upper deck and he could often be seen carrying them along the mess-deck hoping someone would understand and help him get dressed.

Dicky was a wonderful companion and indeed one of us and only once did he prove a problem. It was when we went in for a long refit and the ship's company were living ashore. What could we do with Dicky? As soon as he saw the graving-dock being emptied he sensed trouble and refused to leave the ship. Force was tried then, but he always escaped back on board. The problem was how to maintain his high standard of victualling. However, after a deputation had seen the Skipper, among the nominal list for the local naval barracks was inserted the name "D. Front A.B. T." and every day we drew a raw meat ration for this remarkable sailor, who refused to be dismissed his ship.

Splendid Promise of New Club

Are Tortoiseshells Valuable?

JOAN THOMPSON'S FEATURE.

THE executive of the Hertfordshire and Middlesex Cat Club must be congratulated on staging a very successful Show on September 21st at Watford.

Although it was their first Show they organized it with the efficiency of veterans and I did not observe a hitch.

The Show manager and secretary Mrs. Parker, deserves a special vote of thanks, as the lions share of work falls to Show Secretaries.

The weather was perfect and the sun streamed through the glass roof; which marvellous to relate appeared to be exceptionally clean.

It is a long time since I have seen such a perfect light at a Cat show, and one could appreciate the real shades and colours of the exhibits.

It must have helped to make judging a pleasant task. If H. and M. C. C. realize their ambition and

are granted a Championship Show next year this Drill Hall should be amply large enough as there was space to spare.

The Best exhibit in Show was Miss Rhodda's Chadhurst Sambo he was in fine form and the good light enhanced his lovely glossv black and excellent type.

Mrs. Aitken's well known Cream male Pelham Puffball was first in class. Any other variety self long-hair. Two notable absentees in this class were Mrs. Vize's Astra of Pensford and Mrs. Henn's Basalan Boy Blue, (last season's winning kitten), the latter had the honour of siring the Best L.H. kitten in Show, a little gem named Basalan Twinkle. Mrs. Wrightson was first in Red Tabbies with Placidus. Mr. Yeates placed the black kittens in the exact order they occupied at the K. K. and N. C. C. Show in July, namely, Mrs. Aitken's Bourneside Black Diamond first and Bourneside Black Opal second. Mrs. Black's Kazan and Fingle third and reserve. The white litter sister to the two

latter named White Crystal was first in a White, Cream and Blue-Cream long-hair class. Mr. Allt was awarded first with the young Chinchilla male, Redwalls Silver Birch, who sired all the winning Chinchilla kittens. Mr. Allt also won with the Cream kittens, Danehurst Pedro and Sultan. The winning Blue male kitten Mrs. Jankes. Phillimare Moby Dirk was most attractive, he was also a member of the first prize litter of three. Mrs. Howarth's neuter, Minsterley Marcus was first in his class also first in any colour novice neuter. British Short-hair. Miss Wrightson won with her well marked Red Tabby ch. Stanton Red Elf, and in Russian Blues, Miss Rochford swept the board with her adult male Dunloe Silver Toes and her female Dunloe Aphrodite.

The male sired all the winning Russian Blue kittens. Miss Wrightson again won with the Abyssinian ch. Stanton Ismat. There was a splendid entry of Siamese which my colleague Mrs. Hart may review. Miss Dukes the Hon. Treasurer of the club won with her Siamese Blue Point, Fyfield Jonah was a popular award, he was so called because he was snatched from a premature death at a local dispensary where he had been taken to be put to sleep.

One wonders what predicament the original owner was in to decide to have such a lovely young cat destroyed. Miss Dukes well deserved the first prize, not only because she had a beautiful cat but also for her compassion. Altogether the Show was most enjoyable and exhibitors and visitors came from as far afield as Devonshire, the Isle of Wight, Ipswich and Salop.

Miss Langston judged the Blues and various other classes, she had recently returned from a holiday

spent with her friend Miss Porthuma at Aerdenhoudt, Holland and whilst there wrote to me the following letter:—"I hear from home all the cats and kittens are well. I have several very good blues by Dickon and Moonrakes of Allington out of Susan, Gloria, Grazia and Hebe, this time a fair proportion of females, and not nearly all boys as last year. I have some really lovely Chinchillas.

Foxburrow Fame has twins, Camilla the same by ch. Foxburrow Tilli-Willi. Pelham Carmen who is ten has a fine son by MacDuff, Carmen is one of the few surviving daughters of the late ch. Thistle-down Carus and is a very beautiful queen. We thought she had ceased to breed so this male was a surprise.

I am having a lovely holiday here with Miss Posthuma, I brought over the Cream kitten Tollerton Rosebud bred by Mrs. Oakley that was Best kitten in Show at Wombwell, she is by Miss Bulls Walverdene Major, she is a lovely kitten very pure and pale in colour and is thoroughly enjoying herself here. I thought you might like to hear something about the Bentveld Cats and their environment. The Creams Bentveld Liberty and Sunbeam are two of the loveliest creams I have ever seen, lovely type and such a pure pale colour. The Cream stud ch. Jonathan of Shatterway is in wonderful condition and is also that lovely pale even cream. Sedan Cocktail a son of Dickon of Allington and Sedan Sugar Candy bred by Mrs. Brady has grown into a lovely cat and has gorgeous wide open eyes. I took him over as a little kitten a year ago and he is now the proud father of two fine kittens, the mother being Bentveld Candy the blue-cream who won the championship at Paris last January.

The other blue-creams are Love-in-the-Mist and ch. Theydon Heather. The latter carries her thirteen years very lightly and is a superb cat. Bentveld Fleur is a Chinchilla who was Best kitten in Show at the Hague, December 1947, she is a daughter of Jolyon of Allington. Fleur is a sweet queen with deepest blue-green eyes. The remaining queen is Bentveld Witch a handsome dense black. The males comprise Southway Wizard bred by Mr. Martin by Dickon of Allington ex Southway Whiz which as you know is the same breeding as ch. Southway Nicholas Wizard is a lovely cat with splendid type, deep copper eyes and immense pale blue coat. Small wonder that he was Best in Show at the Hague. Bentveld Typhoon is a very pale blue son of ch. Jonathan of Shatterway ex International ch. Theydon Heather. There are two Chinchilla studs Jolyon of Allington by MacDuff, he is a pale very handsome and muscular cat of excellent type and a sure sire. The other male is Sarisbury Simba by Sylvandene Statesman bred by Mrs. Warren, he sired some good kittens before leaving England. Then there is the Black Bentveld Mosquito. The queens live a free life in house and garden except when they are rearing their kittens when they divide their time between excellent substantially built outside houses in the day and large pens in big rooms at night. The studs have fine very well arranged houses and most ingenious runs, they are large but instead of just being square they twist in and out of each other into a larger part.

The cats like this as they get much more to see there. The houses cover about an acre of ground and they are two-storied with a little ladder leading up to the upper story, this can be shut

off when necessary. The cats are in wonderful condition, due no doubt to a certain extent to the lovely pure air as Bentveld is less than two miles from the sea. They have plenty of meat and fish and there are three goats and lots of hens so they get egg and milk every day. The goats were giving $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of milk daily. I judged at the Dutch Cat Club and the Best cat in Show was Farways Deidre bred by Mrs. Pepper. The Best kitten was Mr. Scharmann's Siamese Sammy Tishi a most typical kitten with glorious eyes.

I am thoroughly enjoying my holiday with Miss Posthuma and her pets.

Mrs. Brines lovely winning queen Campanula of Dunesk has presented her with two male kittens by her young male Avernoll Valley Angel, she decided not to have the responsibility or rearing twins so they are with a foster mother. This attitude is not unusual with young queens and no doubt she will be devoted to her next litter.

Mrs. King of Silchester owns one of the most prolific blue queens known to me. Lady Jane has presented her owner with seven strong kittens by Valleyend Blue Prince, and all are flourishing. In 1945, this queen had eight kittens by Miss Campbell's Adrian of Pensford which I saw when they were about eight weeks of age, it was an amazing sight to see four pairs of kittens feeding from four saucers and all the kittens robust and well grown. Six kittens was the largest litter I had previously seen, one occasionally hears of larger litters but it is very seldom they all survive. Lady Jane's daughter Candi Countess Katinka has inherited her dams fertility and she is nursing

five, so with eight male kittens and four females, Mrs. King has a houseful.

These large families are not of course, unusual with Siamese.

I have had a number of letters recently from writers who have read that Red non pedigree short-hair tabbies are valuable, also tortoiseshells.

The actual value of non pedigree cats is problematical as one has no idea what they will produce and breeders are not usually prepared to pay big prices for stock which produces surprises.

We have had however, many big winners among short-hairs of unknown ancestry but I think it may help inexperienced cat lovers to point out that such cats have conformed to the standard of points decided upon by the various specialist clubs. Cats with white shirt fronts and toes are most attractive pets but do not stand a chance of winning except in the Household Pet classes.

The only exception to this is the variety known as Tortoiseshell and White, these can be very beautiful as every fancier who knew Mrs. Axon's champion Noxina and some of the pre-war and post-war specimens realizes.

Mrs. Dimberline's young Red male, Hendon Lysander bred by Mrs. Campbell Fraser has had his first litter by a Tortoiseshell queen, she had two Red Tabbies, one Brown Tabby, one Cream and two Tortoiseshells. Lysander is a very sweet tempered male and Mrs. Dimberline's first venture with a Red, formerly she has always bred Blues or Siamese.

I was very pleased to hear Mrs. and Miss Campbell Fraser have been spending an enjoyable holiday with Miss Ellis at Waterlooville, Hants., before the war she was Hon. Treasurer of the Southsea Cat Club and has been associated with cat shows in that locality for several years, she has bred winning Blues, Creams and Blue-Creams and several of the post-war winning Creams are descendants of her stock, notably Mrs. Oakley's lovely kitten Tollerton Rosebud, the dam of which she bred Parkwood Nerika.

I hear Mrs. Newton, Show Manager for the Blue Persian Cat Society Show on October 12th has a satisfactory entry, it only remains for the gate to be a bumper one to make the Show a success. Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Spiers and Mrs. Vize on the Show Committee have been doing splendid work. Mrs. Newton tells me and are very interested in Show procedure.

Joan Thompson.

Former Chairman and Show Manager of Notts. and
Derby Club gives

Some More Notes on Breeding

By A. C. JUDE

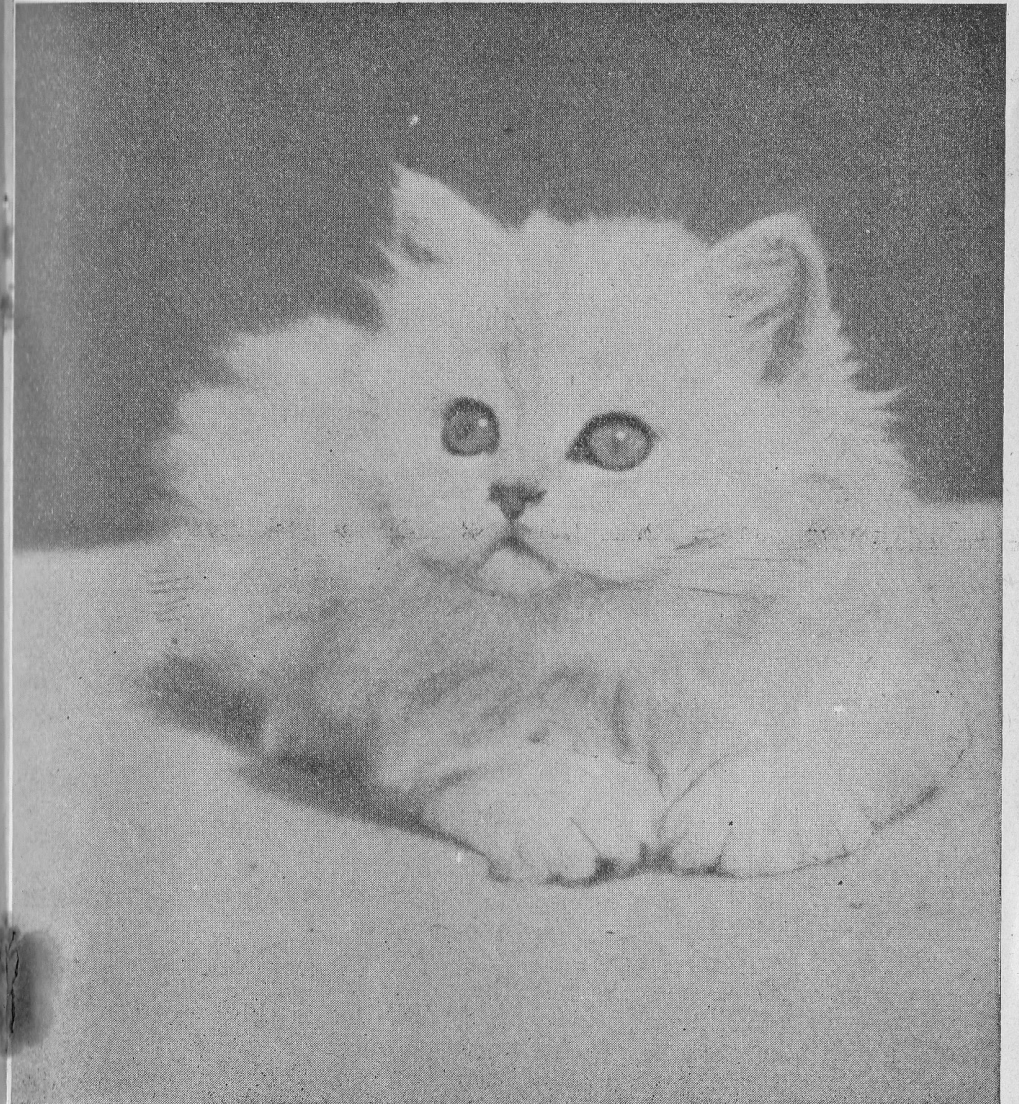
IN my article in last month's issue, I wrote about the separate effects of the sexes on their progeny, and I said that the generalised characters of form and colour, and also the sex make-up of litters, were the results of combined action.

There are instances of sex-linkage which are definitely transmitted with sex. The case of a disease may be one, and the instance I had in mind when I last wrote, was that of haemophilia—the bleeding disease from which it is said Queen Victoria suffered. She was a mutant herself, and the law of its inheritance is that half of her children received the mutated chromosome from her. The females do not show the character—Queen Victoria was not a bleeder—but transmit it to half her children. Only those who are males and received the affected chromosome are bleeders. In brief, a woman who carries it, transmits it to half her sons—and they are bleeders—to half her daughters—who

are not bleeders, but transmit it. It has been said Queen Victoria was the origin of the haemophilia from which the last Czarevitch of Russia suffered, and also of the haemophilia in the Spanish royal family.

In addition to the completely sex-linked characters, there are partially sex-linked ones, which tend to go with one sex chromosome, but do not do so invariably—they may cross over to the other sex. In most of these cases, the linkage is so loose as to be almost undetectable.

As these things happen with man, so they happen with birds and animals. In birds, for instance, we have the case of silver and solo sebrights. These mated together, give all silvers, the silver being dominant to gold. In the F₂ generation, the sexes are, as usual, equally divided. But all the recessive solos of the F₂ generation are females, not a single gold cock has been known to have arisen from such a mating.



REDWALLS SILVER KING, bred by Mrs. Hacking

Then we have our case of the Tortoiseshell cat. It is quite well known that tortoiseshell cats are almost always females and experiment has shown that they are the heterozygous form of black crossed yellow. When a yellow female is mated to black, the male kittens are yellow, and the female are tortoiseshell. In other words, the yellow is dominant in the male, but completely so in the female. Bred together, such animals give a generation consisting of yellow and of tortoiseshell females, together with yellow black males in approximately equal numbers. The recessive black reappears in F₂, and is confined to the male sex. The F₁ generation from black female crossed with a yellow, consists of tortoiseshell females, and black males. Such animals bred together should give equal numbers of the heterozygous, and of the recessive forms in both sexes.

To this interpretation, a difficulty is offered by the existence of tortoiseshell males. Though they are very rare, there is no question of their occurrence, but at present, too little is known about their progeny to enable any clear idea as to their nature. It may not be without significance, that is one case at any rate, an attempt to breed from such an animal proved him to be sterile. It may be

interesting to know that in some correspondence I had with the late Sir Claude Alexander, he told me he had possessed over 20 male tortoiseshells, half of which had been produced by his own cats.

Last month, there was no time to include a few notes about 'litter size,' as affected by the two parents separately. In this connection, probably two points are outstanding. First, there may be some very early losses by depletion. This may be due to a lethal factor, or some other cause, but in any case can hardly be put down as a female responsibility for a small litter, except in some particular instance. Apart from this however, the litter size depends on the number of eggs liberated at ovulation, and the rate of pre-natal mortality, both of which can vary with the age of the mother. Other general conditions, including feeding, can, in a smaller way, affect the litter size. The size of litters from one female, may vary from minimum to maximum, and yet in other cases, a similar number in a cat's litters may be recorded. But in the main, the number of eggs liberated at ovulation controls the litter size.

The normal male will supply far more sperms than is necessary to fertilise the maximum number of eggs liberated.

I was asked two particular questions a while ago, and I recall them as being suitable for answers in print.

The first was, "Are kinked tails in Siamese inherited, and what causes such a fault?"

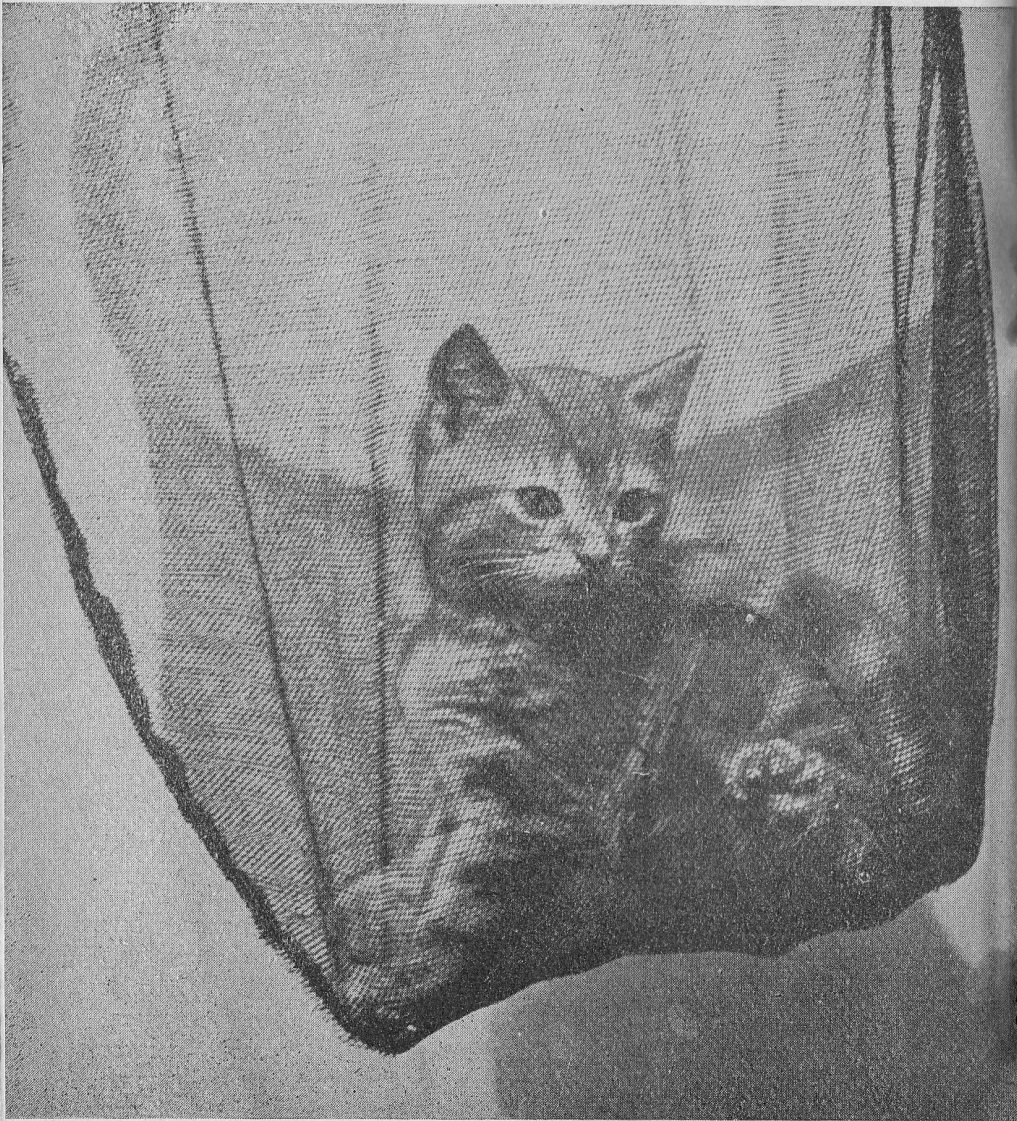
Yes, certainly kinked tails may be inherited. I say 'may', because only some of the progeny from an affected parent will receive the fault.

The tail is always a likely part of an animal to indicate some inherited general weakness. For instance, what normally should be a long tail, will develop as a shorter one. And cold weather conditions when the young are quite small will often give a similar result, especially in tiny animals such as mice, where little blood circulates in the tails. The inherited general weakness may vary, especially with species, but as a rule, a flexed tail indicates a transitory anaemia, which disappears in the early weeks of life. The anaemia probably starts at a time rather more than half-way through the pregnancy. In mice, flexed tail is often accompanied by a white belly spot, and there is some linkage with sterility. I do not know if the white spot or any slight leaning to sterility occurs with flexed tail in Siamese. I should be glad to have observations from breeders about this. May I just say here, that if we had to re-write our text books of genetics,

ommitting the mouse altogether, hardly any re-writing would be necessary in the sections on the chromosome theory of inheritance.

One other question was, "What causes the condition of open eyes at birth?"

In normal development, the eyelids get joined up before birth by a bridge of epithelium, the kitten is born blind, and the eyes open normally between the 7th and 10th days. In kittens homozygous for the gene, the eyelids fail to join completely before birth, and the kitten is thus born with open eyelids. The opening may be very small, or almost complete. The eye is therefore exposed to injuries at a time when regular lid movements do not yet take place. During the first day after birth, a slight haemorrhage takes place in the lower, and rarely in the upper lid, simultaneously, a slight haemorrhagic exudate is formed between the lids, which soon dries up, and fills the interval between the lids. This adheres to the cornea, but usually disappears when kittens are 7 to 14 days old. Where it has been attached to the cornea, a bulging often persists. In later stages, the eye may become practically normal. Some opacities in the upper region of the cornea are found throughout life in the majority of affected animals.



A splendid study by Mr. Dennis Sayers

Mostly Siamese.

POSTCARD from irate editor this afternoon "As usual we are absolutely stumped for your copy. Are you awarding prizes for last in show? If so, you'd be cheating because you'd be bound to win! Quite a wit our editor, but show time again with its heterogeneous collection of entry forms nearly turning the show manager into a candidate for Colney Hatch is my excuse. It does seem incredible that the vast majority of exhibitors do not seem able to fill in an entry form correctly. It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that no-one ever reads either the schedule, show or Governing Council rules. What a lot of unnecessary letter writing would be saved if they did. Exhibitors also seem banded together by some secret oath not to send in their entries until the closing date and if they can make it a day or two later so much the better. Messrs. Aitken and Thompson, heroes of registrations have an even worse deal as no exhibitor believes in asking for a transfer until entries are about to close and I have not the slightest doubt these gentlemen sit up all night turning out pink forms. As far as the Siamese show is concerned my troubles in this

direction are over but I have no hope that this paragraph will help my fellow sufferers when their turn comes. A very well-known show manager once told me that every cat breeder was a congenial idiot. How right she was! Having got that off my chest perhaps someone will let me know what they think of show managers. After about twenty years in the Cat Fancy I can take it.

The baby of the Fancy, the new Herts. and Middx. Club need support so I took a day off in the middle of entries to journey to Watford to see their first show. Congratulations to this energetic committee in staging such a delightful little affair. It was a flying visit as the distance was far but I had time to have a few words with Mr. Lewis about his winning kitten Sianna Charles. This kitten, although pale in points and brindled now should make up well in the future as he is of lovely type. Mrs. Richardson repeated her success with Morris Tudor and Mrs. Towe took 1st. in females with Hill-cross Sapphire. Mrs. Denham's lovely litter and Mrs. May's Dingle Shah stuck in my

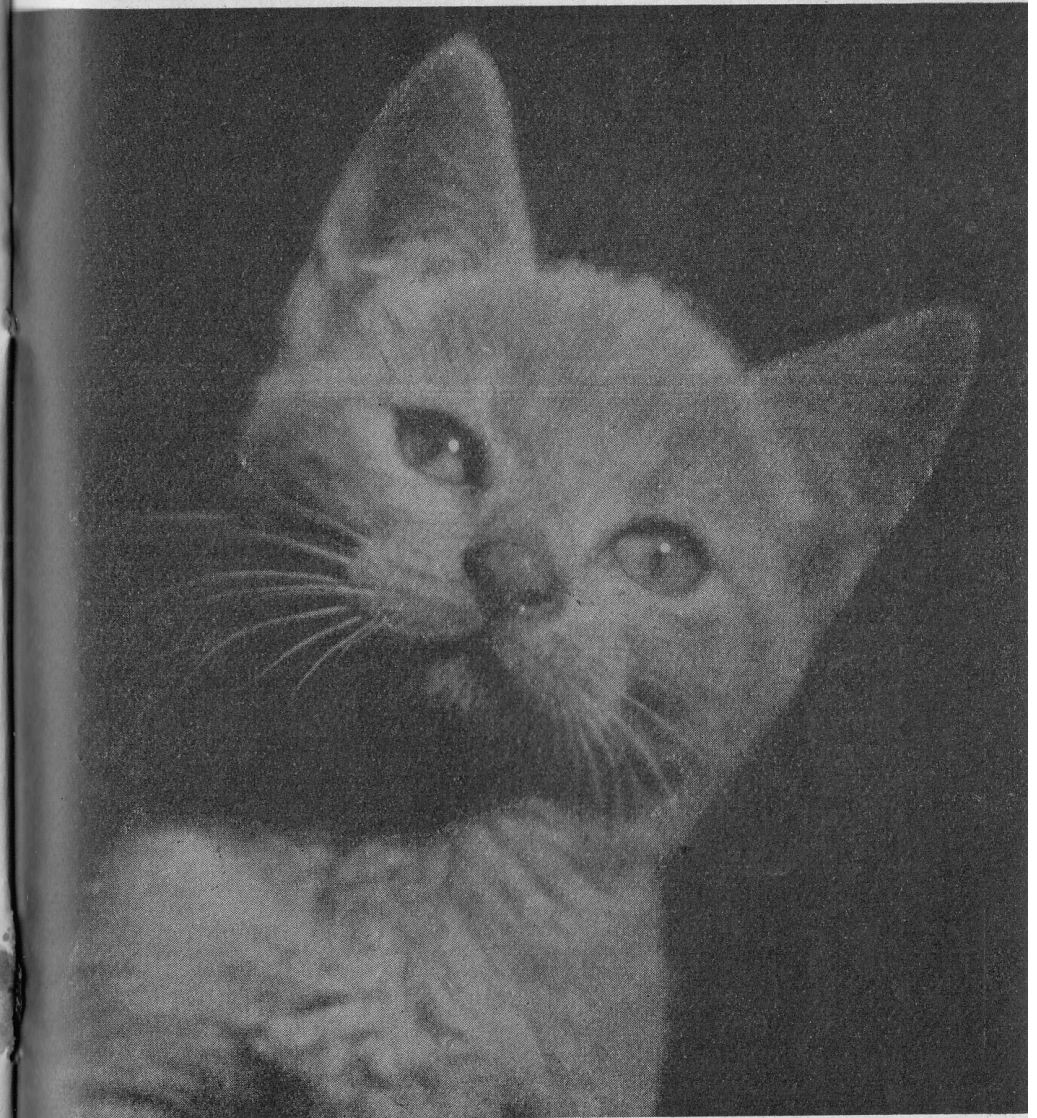
memory but quality of Siamese was poor with few exceptions. Results of indiscriminate breeding since the war, such as keeping pairs of peculiar pedigree is now bearing fruit. One does not make a lot of money buying a male and female and just letting them enjoy themselves as a good many folk seem to think. One gets a house that smells like a zoo, a wandering male, litters of kittens any old time which do not win prizes and no-one will buy. I isn't easy to breed good quality Siamese, or any other variety for that matter, as any old established breeder will tell you. Good stock will always sell so my advice to would-be fortune makers is to get rid of the rubbish and go to the strains which bred the pre-war winners. Kit Wilson beaming as ever, Miss Beckett making her debut judging Siamese kittens, Kathleen Yorke, quite the most charming personality in the Fancy were a few of the old timers there. It was indeed a pleasure to be made so welcome and if enthusiasm gets them anywhere this club will be

moving into central London and holding a championship show next year, and why not?

I think a word or two might be said about The Cat's Protection League who are represented at most of the shows throughout the season. This small society with most inadequate funds at its disposal does so much for any and every cat. I have personall yknown of their work for years and it is not easy to keep going with so little help and publicity. Their admirable secretary, Mr. Steward is always on the spot when a cat is in need or in trouble. A shilling or two will not break anyone so what about it? You may save some poor creature much suffering.

Tail-piece from a lady in Yorkshire. Mitzi has been mated with Frankie Sinatra whose pedigree is also enclosed. As neither Frankie's owner nor I have any idea of what the stud fee should be would you please let me know. If Frankie is guaranteed to throw the voice I should say the fee should be considerable, or would it?

Elsie Hart



Half Persian—half Siamese kitten study by the owner,
Mr. Dennis Sayers

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

A number of people have written to say how interested they are to hear I have taken up Abyssinians. Altogether we have bought four, one male and three females, but we have decided for the present only to keep the male and one female Merkland Sheba for breeding.

Lady Liverpool considers Sheba the best kitten she has ever bred. We have also been fortunate in getting Raby Nefertari. Lady Barnard thinks her an extremely good specimen and was not at all keen on parting with her. We have arranged to send two females to America, and I am afraid it will have to be Raby Aida, and Raby Nefertari, as both these young queens are full sisters to my male Raby Ashanti. One is always curious as to what a different breed of cat will be like, and I must say, both my husband and I are charmed by these friendly little creatures. They spend all day playing together in the garden, and what fun they have! In the evening, they come into the house, where after giving us both an overwhelming show of affection, amuse us with their energetic antics. We soon found out that Sheba likes strawberry jam, and Ramphis insists on sharing my chocolate ration.

As yet, they have not mixed with the Siamese. Their run is in between Chinki Romeo's, and Galadima's. When Gally first saw them he was annoyed, but I scolded him, and he doesn't now appear greatly interested. Sheba growls at him and tries to touch him through the wire, but he tolerates this without retaliating.

Romeo, on the other hand, is frightfully interested in their every move and sits intently watching them for hours. I rather suspect he would like to be allowed to join in.

Mrs. Oakley writes to say her lovely cream queen, Parkwood Erika, is expecting another family very soon. I hope they will be as nice as her first litter of five, three females and two males, all of which, Mrs. Oakley tells me, were beautiful kittens. The one which won as well at Wombwell show, Tollerton Rosebud, has been sold to Miss Posthuma, and was flown to Holland with Miss Langston. Mrs. Oakley may well be proud of her first venture in creams, the breed which is fast coming to the fore. Her Fleur of Greengates, the lovely blue-cream shorthair which won at Nottingham last year, was mated to Mrs. Bradley's blue-long hair stud, and produced some really lovely kittens.

Greencroft Panda

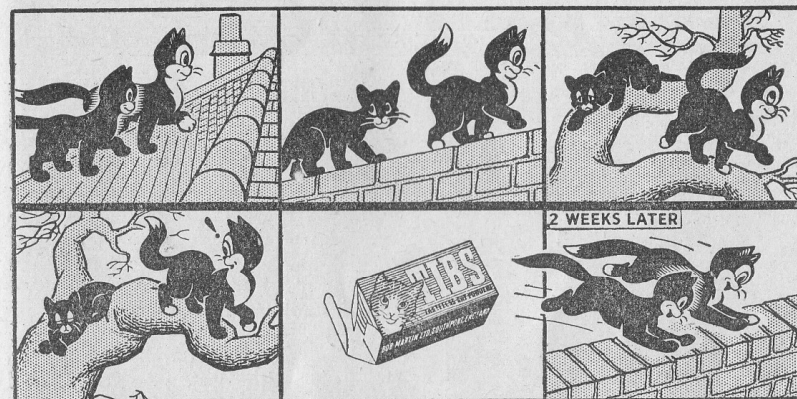
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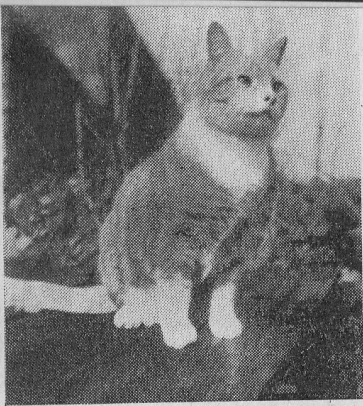
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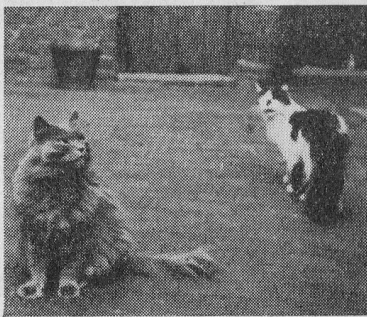
32, Wheelwright Road,
Erdington,
Birmingham 24.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photograph of Roggy, our neuter ginger tabby, which you might like to print in your grand magazine.

Roggy was a stray during the war (1943) and as we found him in a very battered condition, we believe that he may have been bombed out. He is an extremely affectionate cat with a thunderous purr. But when once he gets in the garden or into the paddock, he is a wild, ferocious animal. He is perpetually fighting with dogs and other cats, and often returns home wounded. He has made friends now, however, with a small black cat that comes into our garden occasionally.

Yours very truly,
Jean Wilson (age 15).



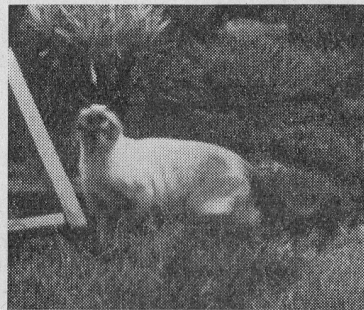
LETTERS and PICTURES

248, Ashton New Road,
Manchester 11.

Dear Editor,

I enjoy reading your magazine very much indeed and especially the page of letters and pictures of readers' pets.

I have two lovely cats Teddy a black and white male and a Siamese lady. I wanted both on the enclosed snap but a bird came on the scene and Teddy was after it like a flash leaving Bonny looking very surprised indeed.



She is a very remarkable cat, I only had her a couple of weeks when she went down with enteritis, my vet. cured her with penicillin injections she was only just four and a half months old and less than six weeks later she was calling her head off she only seemed a baby to me, for her to have babies was unthinkable, so with much preparation I had her made neuter. I need not have worried she came through with flying colours and more temperament than a film star she demands and gets all her own way from your reader.

Miss E. Cartwright.

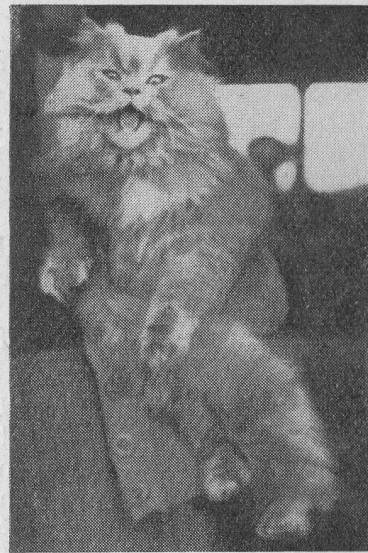
TIMMY (B.R.) and PETER, black and white pets of Miss Tolley of Vivian House, Southam, nr. Rugby.

TO THE EDITOR

Suncroft,
Acre Lane,
Heswall Hills,
Cheshire.

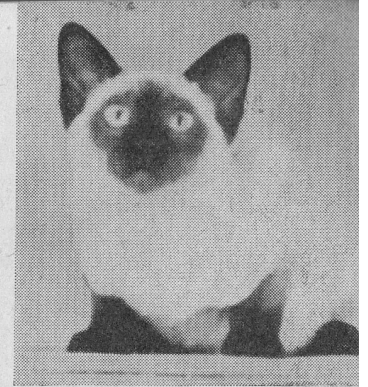
Dear Editor,

I cannot tell you how very much I enjoy your magazine and all the wonderful photos, etc. I am hoping that one day I may have the pleasure of having the photo of my Carolina Psyche in your magazine.



She is a rather fine built cream and I was lucky enough to get two firsts and special and also the Oswald Trophy cup for her at the Lancashire ch. Western Counties Show last January. The cream pair had two seconds.

Yours truly,
M. E. Kirkus (Mrs.)



"CHAD" is the pet of Miss Dubois-Phillips, 2, Maycroft Court, Hulse Road, Southampton.

"Hazeldene,"
12, Fairfields Road,
Basingtoke, Hants.

Dear Editor,

I am a regular reads of your Cats and Kittens, and enjoy the articles and pictures very much. I am a great cat lover, and am sending you a photograph of my cat "Winkie," who is 3 years old, and I am sure one of the most intelligent cats ever.



In his own way he answers such words as fish, meat, milk and supper.

I shall be very pleased indeed if you would find room for him in your magazine.

Yours truly,
Muriel Dykes (Mrs.)

The Cat's Cinema.

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

For our young and not so young Readers!

"I hear they've started a Cat's Cinema in the neighbourhood!" said Lionel to his four feline friends.

"Oh, we must go!" cried Rolly, eagerly.

"Where is it?" asked Babykins much excited.

"I have all the information regarding this new project!" cried Edward grandly. "A film is shown twice a week in that woodland glade, where there is a nice round space. Admission is three pence, and no kittens can attend unless escorted by a grown member of the feline tribe."

"Are there refreshments in the interval?" asked Lionel.

"All you think about is food! I am interested in the type of films they are going to show!" said Plumpey. "Are they poetical plays? romantic love stories? historical tales? educational films?—or what?"

"They show a large variety of films!" replied Edward, consulting his green note-book. "This week, for instance, there is 'The Murder of the Marmalade Squire!'"

"How horrid!" shuddered Lionel, who was a marmalade cat.

"The Romantic woes of Willie!" continued Edward.

"Ah!" breathed Plumpey. "I wonder what Willie's woes are! Do you suppose he has been thwarted in love, by the Persian next door—as I have been!" He gave a tragic sigh.

"Sentimental idiot," muttered the hearty Rolly under his breath.

After a lot of argument they decided to go and see the first one—"The Murder of the Marmalade Squire."

At eleven o'clock at night the glade in the wood was crowded with cats, from old grandfathers

with their eyeglasses and silver-tipped sticks to mothers trying to care for half-a-dozen kittens at once, and being told by their husbands that it was their own faults, bringing kittens out at this time of night!

Suddenly there was a hush and on to the white screen flashed—"The Murder of the Marmalade Squire!" in technicolour.

How the cats enjoyed it! How they squealed and trembled when the murder was committed and how they cheered when the villain was caught—a fierce blue

Siamese, with a patch over one eye.

At last the film came to an end and streams of cats filed homewards, some stopping for a drink of milk and a chat, others flirting their whiskers at lady cats in the moonlight.

"We'll come again!" declared Lionel.

"Yes, I want to see 'The Romantic Woes of Willie,'" insisted Plumpey.

"You would!" chorused the others,—but they all went to see it!

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Breeders' Cards—contd.

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

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

MRS. FRANCE, Prior Barn Farm, Borrowash, Nr. Derby. Tel. Derby 55820. SIAMESE.

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

MRS. E. MARLOW, 38, Vereker Road, London, W.14. Fulham 6201. "FIREANNE" BLUE PERSIANS. BLUE PERSIAN AT STUD.

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

For Sale

PEDIGREE BLUE PERSIAN Kittens. Born 6/10/48. Sire, Falcoln of Hadley, grandsire Hendon Blue Robin. Dam Lisbette of Dunesk (2nd prize N.C. Show, 1947), previous litter 1st prize winner.—Mrs. Penn, Firbank, Church Road, Farnborough, Hants. Phone 386.

WANTED good homes for 2 S.P. Pedigree Siamese kittens. Females born June 1948. Pale, excellent type. Sire, Typic Panda, Dam Fairsine Tima Menina, ex Josefine, Sire Kilcott Julius. What offers?—Pine Cottage, Blackbrook Park Avenue, Fareham, Hants. Tel. 2310.

SIAMESE Kittens from prize-winning stock, house-bred, intelligent, very hardy. 4½-6 guineas.—Fuller, 4, Guildford Place, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE Pedigree Blue Persian Kittens and two full grown queens.—Miles, Easthill, Greenway Road, Rumney, Cardiff.

PEDIGREE BLUE PERSIAN Kittens. From 5 guineas. 2½ and 5 months old.—Mrs. Jones, Copse Bank, Seal, Sevenoaks. Tel. Seal 175.

GOOD Kittens, 2 Tortoiseshell, grey tabby and black, mother registered.—Goodeve, Northway Grange, Ashchurch, Tewkesbury.

(Continued on next page).

For Sale—contd.

PEDIGREED PERSIAN Kittens, Blue-Chinchilla and Smoke females. Healthy, very lovely and affectionate, from £4/4/0, to good homes only.—Mrs. Thorpe, 129, Wanstead Park Avenue, E.12.

PEDIGREE S.P. SIAMESE Kittens. 3 months. Champion forebears, suitable breeding or show.—Cox, 8, Warwick Crescent, Melksham, Wilts.

LOVELY BLUE PERSIAN Kittens for sale. Champion pedigree.—Irving, Oxenhall Vicarage, Newent, Gloucestershire.

MRS. A. H. CATTERMOLE, 96, Dalberg Road, Brixton, London, S.W.2. has some beautiful White Persian Male Kittens for sale. Born 9/9/48. Sire Ch. Lotus Moliere. From 5 gns. acc. to eye-colour. Delightful Xmas presents. Can be seen by appointment.

BLUE PERSIAN male. 7 months. Huge coat. Show or stud. 8 gns. Cream and blue Persian kittens 11 weeks from 4 gns. All house-trained.—Cox, 1, Cecil Court, Lingfield Road, S.W.19. Wimbledon 0945.

FIREANNE BLUE PERSIANS. Lovely pale blue Persian kittens, sire Neuluine Bambi. Mischief of Bredon-Pensford strain. House-trained and healthy.—Marlow, 38, Vereker Road, Baron's Court, London. Fulham 6201.

PEDIGREE SIAMESE Kittens for Sale. Born July 18th, 1948. From 4 guineas.—Mrs. Hawkins, Flexford House, Sway, Hampshire.

PEDIGREE ABYSSINIAN Kittens very rare, born 17/8/48. Sire Roverdale Sabu, ready November.—Mrs. Major, Northridge, Great Bookham, Surrey.

SEAL POINTED SIAMESE Kittens. Females 3 and 4 gns. Males 4, 5 and 6 gns. Also Blue Pointed Siamese Kittens will be available in November.—Tindale-Davis, Barford Mill Churt, Surrey. Headley Down 2287.

SIAMESE S.P. Kittens, good pedigree, born early October, house-trained and used to dogs. 4 to 6 guineas or exchange B.P. or S.H. White female.—Stuart Herena, Church Road, Ramsden Bellhouse, Billericay.

SIAMESE Kittens excellent pedigree. Sire, Inwood Ching, son of late Salween Conquerer, dam, Shady Sheno, daughter of Puxon Bahol.—Mrs. Glover, Wivelsfield, Lincoln Road, Chelfont St. Peter, Bucks. Phone: Gerrards Cross 3980.

Miscellaneous

PERSPEX FEEDING BOWLS, engraved with your own pussies name, price in pink or blue 7/6d. Apply to Parco Industries, Sleaford, Nr. Horsham. "Pampered Parco Pussies Praise Parco Platters."

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Miscellaneous—contd.

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