

Warning to Cat Owners

Do not give or sell unwanted cats to hospitals or other places using them for experimental purposes ("Vivisection"). The scientists' own published descriptions show that such experiments are liable to entail dreadful suffering.

If you have an unwanted cat (or dog), the humane way is either to find it a good home or to have it painlessly put to sleep.

National Anti-Vivisection Society

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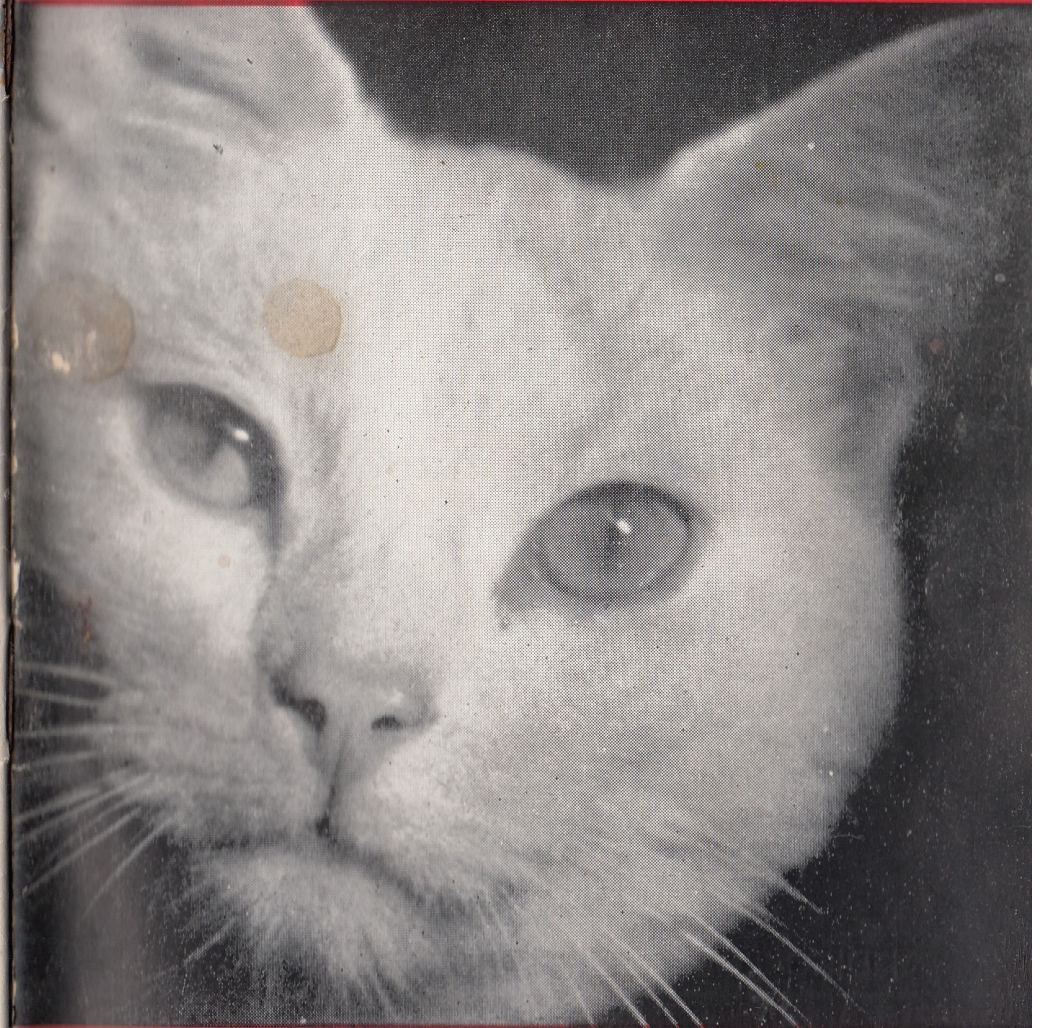
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CATS

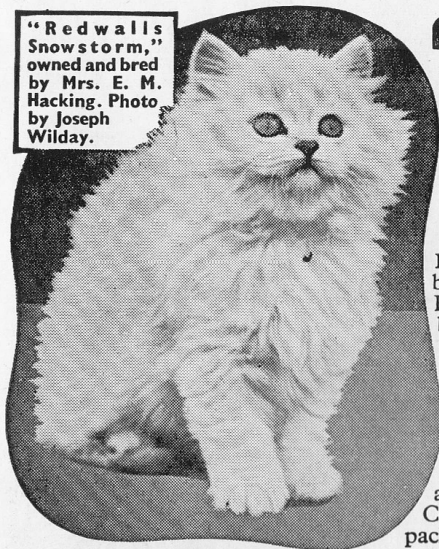
and kittens

APRIL 1/-



THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

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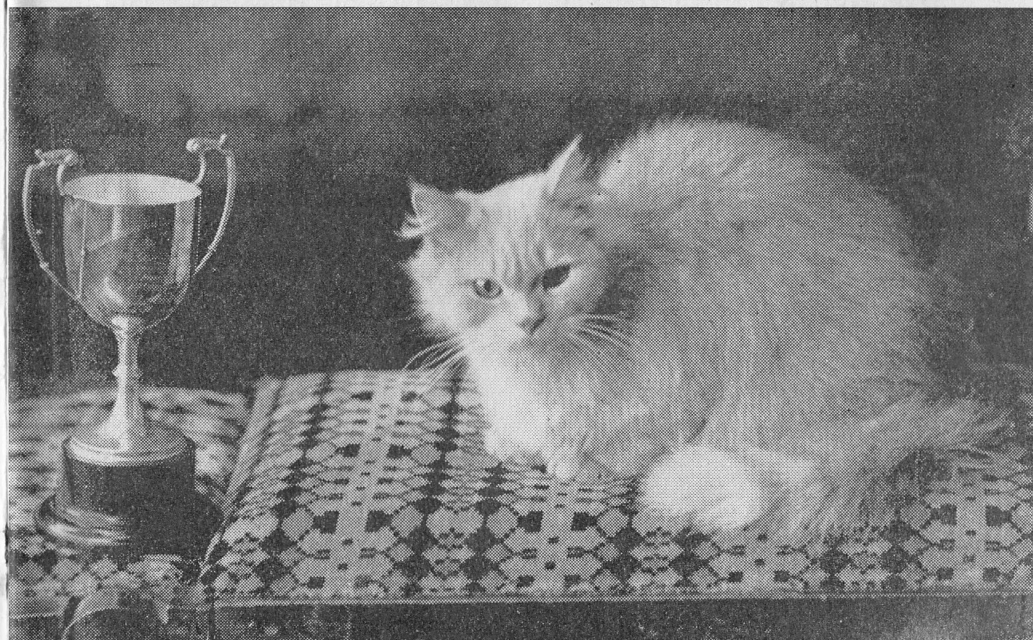
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INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD
(Editor : **SYDNEY W. FRANCE**)

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APRIL, 1949



Photograph, E. C. Pound, Caernarvon.

**Karulino Patrick, winner of the Oswald Trophy. Owner
Miss Isambard-Owen.**

Cover Photograph by Ruth Matthews, London.

"Cats and Kittens" is nationally distributed, and is sold to the public on bookstalls and at newsagents throughout the country. It must not be confused with small journals in the same field put out for private circulation, and is not connected with them in any way.

IT WALKS BY ITSELF

By JOHN H. RICHARDS

ONLY, in Crespano recently, it didn't! It worked as a team of four, attacking and seriously injuring an eight-year-old girl. The Wild Cat—*felis catus*—(how well the Latin sibilants apply) was out, baleful and bitter, merciless and malignant.

That was in Italy, hundreds of miles distant. But the Wild Cat lives and breeds in Britain to-day—as savage and untamable as his ancestors, who prowled the land when the hippopotamus wallowed in the Thames and the sabre-toothed tiger roamed our tangled forests.

True, the British Wild Cat is now found only in the North of Scotland. But he is here, on our own doorstep, and he is worth consideration, for the blood of his blood runs in the veins of the kitten in the basket and the tabby curled purring before the fire.

Thirty years ago a small Boy Scout, anxious to master the arts of woodcraft and tracking,

ventured into the gloom of a Highland pine wood. No sun ray pierced the close-knit branches, no bird twittered; no footfall save his own disturbed the awesome quiet. Knuckles white and heart a-thump, he pressed on through the stillness until he reached a small clearing, where the sunlight danced down from the tree-tops and the Cheshire Cat sat grinning on a low bough.

No, not the Cheshire Cat, but a fiend with eyes aflame and shining teeth. A fiend which hissed savagely and spat in dreadful hatred. And clawed aloft and crouched with lashing tail and flattened ears while the small boy backed terrified away. That was the writer's only encounter with the Wild Cat in its natural state, but even now he cannot approach a captive specimen without a tingling of the spine.

All the savagery of all the cat family seems to be embodied in *Felis Catus*. He has no redeeming feature—none of the

nobility of the lion or the splendid symmetry of the tiger. He frowns perpetually and rages indescribably. He is the enemy of all and expects friendliness from none. He preys on the defenceless lamb and the inoffensive fawn. He eats grouse, pheasant and hare, but is not above scavenging along the banks of loch or burn for stranded fish. He lives in the hollow of a tree or in the abandoned nest of hawk or heron, and mates with a female as fierce as himself.

Bodily marked and bushy tailed, when crouched on branch or bough the Wild Cat deceptively resembles a bad-tempered old tabby. But see him on his four feet and the difference is pronounced. The whiskers are heavier than those of the domestic tom, the tail shorter and thicker, the body larger and heavier. He measures about three feet from nose tip to tail end. His wife, somewhat smaller, is a yellowish grey bundle of ferocity who produces annually two litters of four or five kittens.

The link between the Wild Cat proper and the friendly kitchen puss may be found in the farmsteads of England. In barn and byre, stall and stack lives the half-wild variety which for generations has maintained a semi-hostile association with the

farmer, and in return for a regular issue of milk wages war on rats and mice. It rarely enters the house, and then only in search of food.

The Farmyard Cat is, of course, closely related to Tibbles who lives on the hearthrug and maintains a proper reserve towards his gypsified kinsman. Inter-breeding occurs frequently (cats being what they are), and the kittens develop into excellent house cats if they are born and brought up in the home. Otherwise, a new generation of lithe and rangy rat-hunters takes to the sheds, very quickly losing its initial tendency of friendliness towards human beings.

Tibbles himself rarely displays his wild ancestry, but when he does his relationship to his fearsome cousin is most marked. Tibbles meditating in the arm-chair is one kind of cat, Tibbles cornered by a strange dog is quite another; Tibbles sleepy in the sun completely different from Tibbles raucous on the roof. After centuries of human companionship the Domestic Cat still "walks by itself, all on its wild lone."

Can it be that those unfortunate people who are allergic to cats sense potential danger in their presence?

RAILWAY CATS

By LESLIE OVEREND

IT is often said that a dog is man's best friend, but how few people have given thought to the fact that man is cat's best friend, and particularly does this apply to railwaymen. The porters' room cat, or the parcels' office cat seem indispensable amenities of these branches of railway working, while I know of several signal boxes in the wild country of the fells where a wandering feline creature has found a haven of rest in its travels. Whether it is the fact that the stoves in these railway appointments are day and night affairs, providing a continual source of warmth, so beloved by cats, with good food to be obtained for the mewling for, one cannot say, but nevertheless rarely do these subjects of Baste wander out again, once they have wandered in. More often they come to an untimely end under the wheels of a passing train in the course of their natural hunting characteristics. A cat too, is always aloof and though one may get to know it pretty intimately, one never seems to be able to penetrate that final curtain of independence possessed by all felines.

They are very particular in their habits too, as many years ago I remember about a Persian cat belonging to Carlisle Citadel station which spent its time travelling between Carlisle and Euston on alternate days. It never missed the train and never got on the wrong one. Its choice was "The Royal Scot" crack train of the day and one can only assume that the crew of that particular train must have treated him like a prince, as he always made his way into the train by one of the kitchen car doors. Alas he came to an untimely end one morning crossing the tracks in Carlisle Station. Another cat that I knew of used to travel from Sheffield to Bristol and back each day, again always in the restaurant car and he spent his nights in the parcels office at Sheffield. Another cat made his home in a brake van on the old Highland Railway and lived in it for many years, and wherever the brake van went so went puss. One day however, perhaps owing to old age, and not being so spiritedly as heretofore, puss missed his train and was never seen again.

CORNISH CATS

By M. G. SCOTT

WHAT a lot of cats there are in St. Ives! There is plenty of reason for their number in the old jingle:

'As I was going to St. Ives,
'I met a man with seven wives
'The seven wives had seven
sacks,
'The seven sacks held seven
cats,
'Every cat had seven kits.
'Kits., cats, sacks and wives,
'How many were there going
to St. Ives?'

My way led down a rough lane facing the sea. In the distance I could see St. Ives, and I repeated the words to myself as I picked my way carefully among the loose stones. I heard a sure and heavy tread behind me, keeping an even keel in a choppy sea. Looking back, I saw my old friend the fisherman who lives at the end of the lane where it joins the road. He was holding a little bunch of heather.

I stopped.

"Good morning, Mr. Pascoe," I said. "I see you've been picking flowers."

"Heather," he said, "'tes a pretty flower to my way of

thinking. I've been uplong looking out 'pon the say. It do look grand on a fine mornen.' This 'ere heather is for my Tiddle's grave."

"Tiddles?" I said enquiringly.

"My old cat," he explained, gravely. "Eee died more'n six year ago, but I still think on 'un, and when I do go in at the gate and I see 'is little mournful mound, I do miss 'un a brae lot."

"They're like children when we love them," I sympathised.

"Iss, Tiddles was like a child. Always knawed when I was comen' and 'ee'd come down to the boat to meet me for a bit of fish. 'Ee'd walk unplong weth me, proud-like, 'is tail up and stiff, and me comen' be'ind."

He paused by his gate.

"Neighbours 'ave offered me 'undreds of kittens. 'Aw,' I do say, 'I don't want no other cats but Tiddles, thank 'ee all the same.' 'Ee'd come to me at tea-time and rub against me and look up at me where I sat eatin,' saying' so plain, 'What about a bit of that, now?'"

"They do, don't they?" I murmured.

"Dear Tiddles," he continued, "roll over in the sun, 'ee would, for me to tickle 'un, and, aw the lovely little spotted belly of 'un!"

I looked at my watch.

"I'm going to Penzance," I said.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed, contritely. "And me keepin' you weth my talk. 'Fullish old man, I 'spect you'm thinkin'."

"No," I said, "I think you're very nice. I like people who can be faithful to an old friend."

He smiled delighted.

"That's of 'un," he said, "old friend," that's Tiddles."

And he waved the bunch of heather to me as I hurried on.

On the little train journey to Penzance, which runs along by the sea and is a pleasure in itself, I thought of Cornish cats. There are so many that are imbued with a personality they seem to miss elsewhere. Far too many are poor, thin and neglected, but some hold their owners in utter subjection. Cats, not dogs, are the domestic familiars of the fishing villages.

The explanation comes, of course, from the fact that they are rat catchers. They are always at work in the cellars where the precious fishing nets

are stored. So, they have attained an unusual importance. Many are loved like Tiddles and many just live by their wits, lean and furtive.

And, also, I admitted to myself a little unwillingly, there is a strange affinity between Cornish people and cats, apparently so friendly, and yet so secretive and independent. They are gentle and comfort-loving, but with flashes of savagery and cruelty that are a puzzle to their friends and a triumph to their enemies. Yet gain their real friendship, and they are yours till death. Foreigners will never understand them till they understand cats. And who really understands cats?

Still thinking of cats, I got out at Penzance. It is a large station and the few passengers soon melted away. There seem to be acres of bare platform, and sparrows twitted under the high roof. This morning, right in the middle of the empty acres sat a tiny kitten. He looked so forlorn and lost and small. I walked up to him and said, "Hallo!"

He lifted sore, bleary eyes to mine. I stooped and picked him up. He was pitifully thin and his coat was rough and ill kempt.

"Poor Tiny Tim," I said. "Where do you come from?"

'un. But, still, 'ee will do it."

"He looked so small," I apologised. "I didn't know he had so many kind friends."

"It's all right, ma'am," said Parcels. "Thank you for bringin' 'un back."

Feeling quite happy about Tiny Tim, I went out into the sunny street to do my shopping. Late that afternoon, I came back to the station to catch my train home and I looked out for Tiny Tim. He was nowhere to be seen. The waiting room woman recognised me, for she came up to me and spoke.

"You're the lady as picked up the little kitten?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, "I was looking round for him."

"'Ee's gone 'ome weth the young lady from the book-stall," she announced triumphantly. "The young lady was afraid somethin' would 'appen to 'un. She said 'ee would be safer 'ome weth 'er."

So Tiny Tim had found a good home. I wondered how Parcels felt about it.

When I reached my own home, my pampered minion was plainly sniffy with me for being out all day. He thawed only after a special saucerful of food.

When I was young, I heard a good deal of Cheshire Cats. They grinned, I remember. But Cornish Cats do rather more than that.

The kitten purred, a rusty, hollow purr, too big for his small body. I looked around for an explanation, but none was forthcoming, so I took him with me to the waiting room woman.

Can you tell me anything about this poor little thing?" I asked. "I found him out on the platform."

"Yes 'm," she said, "that do belong to Parcels. 'Ee found 'un starvin' and 'ee's very kind."

I carried Tiny Tim to Parcels.

Parcels was standing behind his counter checking figures in a book with a stub of pencil. Looking up over his spectacles, he saw the kitten, put down the pencil and held out his hand. Tiny Tim was lost in the hollow of it. Parcels held a huge finger in front of his nose and admonished Tiny Tim for straying.

"'Ee will do it," he told me. "I'm doing my best by 'un. I found 'un in the road at Marazion a few days ago, when I was out weth my van. Starvin' ee was! Shameful! 'Eee do get plenty of milk now, and I'm bathin' 'is eyes."

I thought of those huge, kindly fingers bathing the little eyes.

"But 'ee's that independent," he went on. "The minute I turn my back ee's out on the platform, and I'm afraid ee'll come to 'arm. The young lady in the book stall, she do keep an eye on

TIGER OF GREENCROFT

By EVELYN CARROLL

THERE seemed to be something wrong tonight at the Greencroft Guest House: Tiger looked up from his continual stare at the burning coals, swivelled back his head towards the doorway, but still nothing happened. It was long past the hour for any guest, and he was enjoying a final warming-up before curling himself in the arm chair for the night.

Another creaking noise. Could it be a mouse? Tiger kept dead quiet, pricked up his ears, opened his eyes as wide as he could, but the dead silence persisted. Something was wrong, but what was it? He half thought of a miaow or a purr, but decided it would be wiser to stay put and see what was going to happen.

The last of the guests had left hours ago. If it was some other guests trying to get in, he would have heard his vehicle pull up on the sandy drive. This invariably preceded by a few minutes a loud "Hello Tiger" sometimes accompanied by a very embarrassing—and oh patronising pat on his back. Tiger resented this, for unlike

other cats, he held an appointment—receptionist to the Guest House.

He hated indeed having to give up his arm chair to incoming guests; but still he was polite and courteous and he would jump on the rug and sit there staring at the fire, while pretending not to hear all the talk that went on around him, or still to see his patrons. A good thing humans did not understand the feline language—for he knew quite a lot and had seen as much.

He could not understand why some people wanted to make a fuss of him; he never cared for them that much surely.

And there was this strawberry blonde today who had raised him on high and almost suffocated him with her overpowering scent as she pressed him against her. How he had longed to scratch her ivory arm—but he could not let down his firm, and he had merely dived out of her arm, far from her reach.

Then there was the tall long-legged boy they called Don who

always liked placing the tip of his shoe on the tip of his tail: Tiger had given him a nasty look but it was amazing how thickskulled some human beings sometimes were. Why, Don had not even noticed his haughty air as he edged away with a contemptuous sneer to lie on the remote end of the fireplace. But still it was all in the fun—humans were so often worse than kittens at playing about.

Tiger's musings were again interrupted by a creaking noise, but this time he noticed a faint smoke from the carpet. Exactly where they had been smoking. Heavens above, it looked as if the carpet was on fire. Tiger looked at it, wondering what was to be the next step. Of course it meant more warmth, so that was all right.

But the fire seemed to be spreading and Tiger thought it very opportune to produce a warning miaow. It echoed through the hushed dark room, but it could hardly have crossed the thickness of the walls and closed doors to his mistress' bedroom.

Now things became more serious. The smoke thickened, the heat increased and drove Tiger to the far side of the room, rending the stillness of the room with doleful miaows. All to no purpose.

He jumped on to the window sill, but everything was bolted up and egress was impossible. Thick smoke was now enveloping the room and in desperation Tiger kept jumping from one piece of furniture to another, he took a flying high jump to the mantelpiece but accidentally knocked down a vase that went hurtling down and crashed with a terrific noise.

That should have done it and a timely loud miaow sent footsteps rushing down the staircase. He heard the door being opened and made a mad dash for it across the thick suffocating smoke.

The fire was eventually put out before it could reach the rest of the house. Tiger, however, was still nowhere to be found and everybody presumed that the scare had driven him far from the fire.

Next morning when the wreckage was being inspected, somebody accidentally bumped across a charred form—Tiger. He had succumbed but he had saved the house, and today in the reconstructed lounge of Greencroft a small bronze frame hangs near the fireside, where he was always seen, and those words seem to have a perpetual message.

"Be kind to animals—Tiger."



Photograph, African Press Features, Cape Town.

S. African Show. "Little Boy" a foreign short hair Russian Blue. Best cat in show, with his owner Mrs. R. Gilmour.



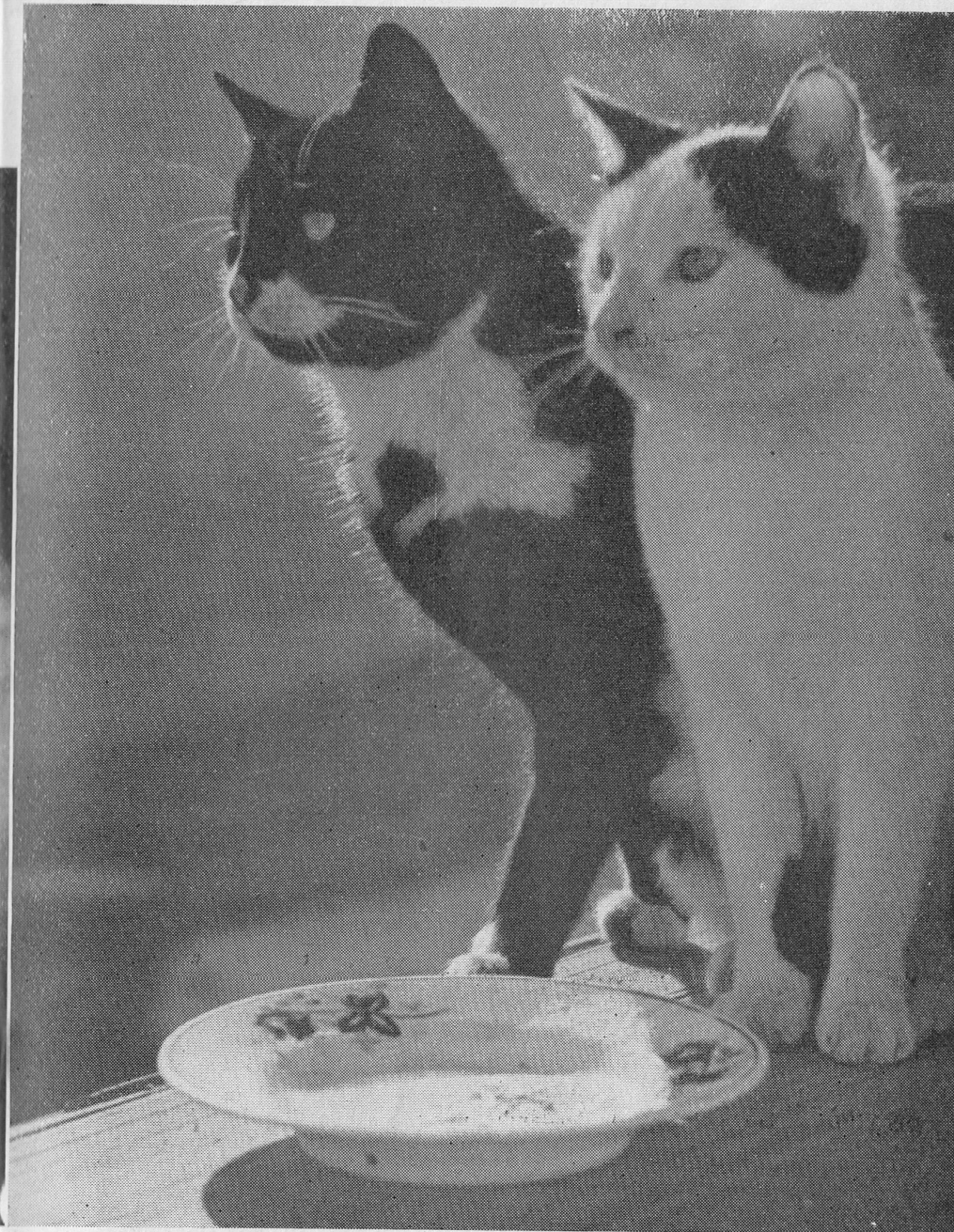
Photograph, African Press Features, Cape Town.

S. African Show Denise Muir was given a second prize in the Children's Pet Class with her pet Siamese, "Ming."



Photograph, African Press Features, Cape Town.

S. African Cat Show. Facing the judges in the Children's Pet Class are Jill Robinson, left, holding her pet "Treve," and her sister, Sally, holding "Belinda," which was eventually awarded the First Prize.



Photograph, Ruth Mattews, London.

What's taking place over there?

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MISS WILSON, in the editorial of the February issue of her paper, quotes a letter written by Miss Manley, in which she says: "I was horrified when visiting a championship show at the condition of some of the exhibits which had fleas scattering madly when the fur was parted, or thick with flea dirt. I never remember seeing such dirty ears." This state of affairs is a disgrace to the cat owners, but surely it is also a reflection on the vetting? I suggest for the protection of the clean cats, if the vet. has not the time to examine coats and ears, two members of the club running the show, be appointed to examine the ears and coats of the exhibits before they are passed on to the vet. and to bring to his attention any fleas or dirty ears, so that he can, if he thinks fit, disqualify these entries.

Every precaution should be taken to ensure no unhealthy exhibits are allowed into the hall. Stewards and judges handle clean and dirty cats and it is most unfair to the clean ones who run the risk of being contaminated by fleas, a well known source of disease: or canker, which can be very painful and persistent. If these things were so obvious to Miss Manley, and I can understand her feelings in the matter, how was it the vet. did not see them and disqualify these entries?

A simple way to keep ears clean, is to do them once a week, gently but thoroughly, with cotton wool wrapped round on orange stick, dipped into a little Antepool oint-

ment. Then dust with Sherley's canker powder, using a small camel hair paint brush. If the cat has canker, dress the ears in this way every day until it is cured.

As for fleas—I don't think cats would have them if kept under clean conditions. I have bred both long and short haired cats, and they have only ever had the very occasional flea, though I have bought both varieties from well-known breeders, which have been running with them. I once bought a pair of Siamese kittens and when I went to fetch them, the owner said the sire and dam, and the kittens had fleas which she couldn't get rid of, either by hand-picking, or Pulvex. The kittens were on the settee with their mother, and I could see the fleas running about. I took the kittens, and before taking them inside the house, rubbed them well with Pulvex, and I never saw another flea.

When I first started with long hairs, Miss Chafer sent me a small Spratts steel comb, about two inches long, with very fine teeth. It cost three shillings and ninepence, and I remember she said it would be worth its weight in gold. That was years ago, but I still have it, and it has been invaluable. Should your cat get on odd flea, this precious little comb is sure to catch it. I only have short hairs at present, but they are all commencing to moult, so I make a practise of going all over them every day with the little steel comb, which removes all the loose hairs in about two

minutes, leaving the coat close, shining and clean.

Much has been said about people who only breed cats for money. On behalf of the many, many cat lovers I have come into contact with, I should like to say, I have never known animals to be treated with such love and kindness, or owners who would go to such trouble and expense for their comfort and well-being. Many have been the kind owners who have travelled long distances with their queens when she has been coming to stud so that they would be assured of her comfort on the journey. One man, a miner, travelled all the way from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to bring his little queen to be mated. I cannot believe such people breed kittens merely to make money, but, like myself, for the interest, and the love of them, for what could give more pleasure than to watch these little creatures grow from birth to fascinating maturity. I can't believe anyone who cares for their cats properly, feeds them well, exhibits occasionally, and provides proper veterinary skill in sickness, can possibly make money. That, I should imagine, is only done by the so-called cat lovers who, through their pets, gain a little power, and then spend the rest of their lives making the angels weep. Kindness to cats should be a foregone conclusion, but what I should like to see in the fancy is less unkindness and more charity towards fanciers. A little less selfishness wouldn't come amiss. Club shows should not be allowed to become family affairs, run entirely by the committee and their immediate friends and relatives. More members should be given the opportunity to steward and help if they wish.

Mr. Randell writes of his Siamese stud, Nicholas Muffett. A fine strong young fellow in his prime, very restless, nowhere to go, except

the farm nearby. But one night last week he didn't come home as usual and I was worried, fearing that maybe in his wanderings he might have come to grief on the main road, about two hundred yards away. But, no—wise old bird! I afterwards found out, he had gone in the opposite direction, down the valley, over the river on the old Roman bridge and up to a farm about a mile away. In the meantime it rained heavily and the river had risen in flood to cover the bridge. On the following morning "Joey" returned, all wet and muddy, when the flood waters had receded. Since then, he hasn't tried the trick a second time, being content to roam the fields, etc. which keep him very fit. I have a Corgi motor-cycle and "Joey" rather fancies himself sitting on the tank, perhaps hoping for a ride. I must take a photograph of him in this pose for "Cats and Kittens."

I have received a telegram from Mrs. Warren, to say, 'Beautiful cats arrived safely,' so my two Abyssinians have made their trip of four thousand miles to California. I must confess I was rather worried about the long journey and so was Mrs. Warren, but Messrs. Spratts arranged everything so that it all went off quite smoothly. Now I shall look forward to receiving the two Burmese which Mrs. Warren is sending to me.

I have had news of several beautiful queens being lost through kitting. This is very sad, for it should be a time of joy for both cat and owner. A number of people have also written saying their beloved cats have died with the dread enteritis. Most of them are shocked and numbed by the suddenness with which their pets are struck down—before it is possible to give any adequate treatment. Seven years ago, I lost most of my stock with it, only saving one of

the young ones, the last to go down with it. Cat 'flu has had its usual run this winter, but if taken in hand by a competent vet. immediately, this should not prove fatal, though it often leaves very nasty after effects. One of these is conjunctivitis. One of my cats got it very badly after cat 'flu and the vet. advised bathing with weak boracic lotion

and using a Penicillin eye ointment. I was very disappointed at the slow improvement, so instead of bathing the eyes inside, I had a basin of fairly hot water, in which I put the tube of eye ointment to warm, whilst I held pads of cotton wool dipped in the hot water, over the eyes on the outside, then putting in some of the warm ointment, and the trouble cleared up immediately.

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS

By ANNA CARTER

SOME weeks ago, over shrimp sandwiches and coffee, we were extolling the virtues of cats to some friends who had called, when I walked Timothy, our almost blind, half Persian Tom. He strolled over to me with leisurely dignity and, pressing his warm body firmly against my legs, spoke to me clearly and impressively for about thirty seconds. I explained to our intrigued guests that he wanted me to rub his back. They suggested that, more likely, he was demanding shrimps. When I assured them that he made quite different sounds when he asked for food, and different sounds again when he wanted to go out of doors or had a tale to tell me, they were at first

incredulous. Unfortunately, I had to admit, as Timothy would have confirmed, that I was yet a beginner in Cat Language. However, under Timothy's patient and persistent tuition, I was making satisfactory progress.

Though, to my delight, all our cats have been vocal. Timothy was the prize chatterbox and, therefore, the best language master for his human "he" and "she. However, I often thought that when discussing us with his great friend Fleck, he must have given voice to despair at our stupidity. Sometimes, before I could understand him at all, he would come in and tell me a long story about something that had probably occurred outside, and I would perhaps in reply

offer him a piece of fish. Frequently, in his exasperation, he would throw me a look of scorn, turn his back and walk out in disgust. On other occasions, he would wrinkle up his nose in an effort to speak more clearly and repeat his words.

If I was busy about the house, he would often follow me from room to room chattering loudly all the time until he had finished his tale. It was sufficient for him if, when he paused for breath, I interjected with an enthusiastic comment such as, "Did you really, Timothy?" or "That was very clever of you!"

At the time of his death, I was beginning to understand him quite well. There was one series of sounds, or word, that we discovered Timothy made only when addressing me, and we came to the triumphant conclusion that we had found out his name for me. Imagine our gratification when one day I was upstairs alone, and he gave me

an urgent call using these sounds followed by a request for food. He knew that his "she" was in charge of the larder. The sound "MIAU" which the uninitiated often think is a cat's sole form of speech came very seldom into Timothy's vocabulary.

Before Timothy and Fleck, a black cat, came to live with us, we owned another black cat and a tabby. The black cat spoke little—but to the point—making very similar sounds to those of Fleck. The tabby, on the other hand, was exceedingly vocal, and I learned to understand him quite well. Nevertheless, I must admit that few of his words corresponded with those of Timothy. It seems almost certain, therefore, that different kinds of cats speak different languages. Whatever the explanation, however, the study of Cat Languages must surely be a highly fascinating subject of lively interest to all who love cats.

CHARITY CAT SHOW AT BEESTON, NOTTS.

Many fanciers will remember the delightful shows held at Beeston during the war years.

I have been approached by my local council asking me if I would run a show for charity on July 30th, during Beeston Carnival Week.

Donations, guaranteed classes, specials, etc. would be very gratefully received and anyone interested will receive a schedule on application when they are to hand. Judges will be announced at a later date.

Doris Brice-Webb.

MOSTLY CONCERNING SIAMESE

LUDWIG KOCH'S "Cat Calls" broadcast brought the cat enthusiasts to the radio noting the re-action of their domestic pets. Only two Seal-sleeves were in my room when the weird collection of noises commenced. As the Siamese burst into song Shah raised her head with curiosity, lowered it again and returned to slumber, but her daughter Miniature made one dive under the divan where she remained until I had switched off. Miss Dubois-Phillips writes me that Clemmy's behaviour was quite different. This young lady was squatting on the sofa resembling only Epsteins "Genesis," busy with a spot of washing when the love call rent the air. Position unchanged, up went her head, eyes bulging, and pink tongue protruding, "Boys!" said her expression, "Boys!" where are they? and me like this! But Chad, her neutered son lying a few inches from the machine never woke.

Letter from the well-known American breeder Mrs. Cobb tells me her cats do not mind

shows at all. They all take it in a different way. Nikki loves the crowd and all the attention. He rolls and turns somersaults as long as anyone will stand and talk to him. Jay-Tee gets into her basket and goes to sleep. My remarks in previous issues were not intended to condemn the exhibiting of all cats. Plenty of them in this country too, do not mind shows at all and delight in the admiration they receive, but for those who get their nerves torn to shreds by the bustle and noise, home is the best place.

Information for the owner of the calling queen, howling stud, and what have you, when the neighbours complain, (How dare they). Firstly, the noise must be at night thus disturbing sleep. Secondly a single complaint is no use, a number of signatures must be collected before any action can be taken. You may be asked to stop the racket, in the same way as the radio full-blaster, may be requested to turn down, but no-one can make you do it. It is only when the nuisance is acute enough to disturb a considerable number of

persons that legal proceedings would be taken. However, avoid trouble if possible, mate or spay the queen and if the gentleman won't be quiet let him start telling his girl friends about his operation!

For the benefit of those who think the Hon. Secretaryship of the Siamese Cat Club is the medium for the sale of one's own stock and the making of a fortune in stud fees, the following is a sample from the hundreds of letters received:— I have recently bought "Blanchland Anna." In July when she reaches nine months Miss Kennedy-Bell has kindly consented to her siring with her father as when I saw him he seemed so very *gentle*! Can you tell me if Kit-E-Kat is suitable for Siamese or only for ordinary cats. It is a tinned meat rather "brawny" I am told. Also are there other tinned meats suitable for Siamese? What about cooked tripe? Would these all have to be boiled for about an hour, especially the tripe although it is sold "Cooked." I cannot get human consumption horseflesh so use Felix Cat Food. The corned beef and bits of our meat ration, bread a little potato and greens and occasionally the inside of fried fish. Also Kellogs Corn Flakes and I find Anna loves ginger snaps. I am told our biscuits are alright but I suppose I must keep off the

sweet ones if possible. She likes tea better than milk but of course I keep it milky, not strong or watery for her. I am terrified of cat flu as I've just heard that Palmers Green has lost all her stock. Only one cat I know of has had it in St. Albans about Christmas time when I met a lady with her cat at the vet's, which was nearly well. Are there any cats like Oysun about now as I've seen his picture in a book he is great-great-grandfather on the paternal side and am most attracted to his beauty. I think Anna will be rather like him and a little darker than Pincop Azure Kym whose picture I have seen. Is he related to her? I also have a blue-and-white short haired cat, whose mother was like he is and grand-mother a Persian, and also a red and white kitten whose parentage I do not know. Would it be worth while registering these two and mating them together? The tom is five in April and the little red queen thirteen weeks old. The two ladies are bosom friends and inseparable and are only let out in the garden a short time to play now that the weather is improving and sunny. The tom is just getting used to the idea of two companions and sleeps on my bed sometimes with them, but I shall have to be careful when they are in season and have Mr. Soderberg's "Cat Breeding" book out of the

library which tells you the first signs. I should like to experiment with Claude, my tom, and Anna sometime or other and then mate resulting toms or queens to try to prevent the points becoming pale and to try to get Siamese blue eye colour in ordinary kittens but at the moment I am intent on real blue-points. Can you tell me whether I should get some like both parents if the red and blue cats were mated and if Claude and Anna were mated would all the kittens be grey-blue or blue-cream? P.S. Should I remove all the contents of tinned meat from the tin at once or does it keep a week in the tin? Anyone like my job?

An interesting visit to Dr. McLaren. On each side of the Aga are two outside baskets. In one lay Lindsey Lou, lovely seal-point with seven seal-pointed babes, just born, sons and

daughters of Sealsleeve Qui-Sanfou. In the other Blue-Point Ch. Velvet Mask Dinah with six tiny blue-points. Proud father is Mrs. Macdonald's Raard Blue Sacchi. What a picture.

The stud owner's dream come true. A telephone call several days before the queen is despatched to make arrangements. A wire to announce the time she is due at the station with a request to notify owner of safe arrival. Beautifully packed in ample basket lined with blankets and an extra one for her to lie on in the stud house. A letter by the next post with the stud fee, return carriage insurance, cost of wires and out of pocket expenses. Finally, a wire to let me know she had reached home safely after the return journey. Believe it or not, it happened to me last week!

Elsie Hart

Child's Guide To Knowledge

From the CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. Being a Collection of Useful and Familiar Questions and Answers on Every-Day Subjects. Adapted for Young Persons, and arranged in the most simple and easy language by a Lady. 1872.

Edited by JOYCE M. WINNULL.

Q. Are not the skins of cats a very considerable branch of commerce in some countries?

A. Yes; as furs, they are valued for some purposes, but those of the Spanish cats are most esteemed.

Q. What people export a great many of them?

A. The Russians; they even send them into China.

Q. Is not the hair of the wild grey cat very long, and of a fine white grey?

A. Yes; it is a savage, formidable animal, found wild in the woods of Europe, Asia and America.

Q. Were not cats considered as sacred objects by the Egyptians?

A. Yes; and whoever accidentally killed one was liable to severe punishment.

Q. What story does Herodotus, the Greek historian, tell us about this?

A. That whenever a cat died a natural death, the inhabitants of the house used to shave

their eyebrows in token of sorrow.

Q. What was done with the animal?

A. It was embalmed and nobly interred.

Q. What story does Southey relate about cats, in his history of the Brazils?

A. That the first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyuba sold for a pound weight of gold.

Q. Was it not commonly thought that Whittington made his immense fortune by the sale of his cat?

A. Yes; but it was not the whiskered, mouse-killing cat, but the coasting, coal-carrying cat, that realized his fortune.

Q. How?

A. It was said that this worthy merchant constructed a vessel, which from its swiftness and lightness he aptly named "a cat," which traded between Newcastle and London with coals, and laid the foundation of great wealth.

He Rang The Door Bell for a Cat

By SIDNEY H. WILSON

NAPOLEON had a horror of cats. His attacks of hay fever, he said, were due to particles of dust from their coats getting into his nose. Lord Roberts, V.C., could not bear to be in the same room with a cat. Dante, Kipling, Shakespeare, all hated the sight of a cat.

Many of our famous men, however, were cat-lovers. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, was a cat-lover. So was Dr. Johnson, who used to buy oysters for his pet cat 'Hodge.' Thomas Carlyle spoilt his kitten and ruined Mrs. Carlyle's carpets and hearthrugs by giving 'tit-bits of meat and dribbles of milk' to pussy as she begged for them at meal-times. And Samuel Butler could not bear to see a cat waiting patiently on the steps for the occupants to open the door without he had had to ring the door-bell!

An old cat at 10, Downing Street, won the friendship of four of Britain's Prime Ministers: Lloyd George, MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain.

Cats 'sometimes profit from their owners' wills, as in the case of Tommy Tucker, an alley cat,

who strayed into the home of Miss Louise Baier, New York. Miss Baier left a £1,000 trust fund to pay for the attentions of a veterinary surgeon who was to give Tommy Tucker two meals a day. A Liverpool Alderman and his wife left £18,000 to endow a cats' home.

Among the famous authors of to-day who have an affection for cats are Michael Joseph, Beverly Nicholls' and Frances Pitt. Miss Pitt had a cat which took to a baby ferret and nursed it along with her other kittens.

Over 500 cats are kept by the staff at the warehouse of British Railways to keep down rats and mice. A railway staff, however, can become deeply attached to their feline charges as is revealed by the following epitaph on a cats' grave at Goodwick Railway Station:—

"Here lies the dear old station cat.

She killed some mice and many a rat.

Her days are gone, she did her best.

And now in peace she's laid to rest.

Sadly missed by Goodwick Station Staff."

CATS — 1230 A.D.

By EDITH HARPER

YOU either like cats—or you don't. There are no half measures about cat lovers or cat haters, and there never have been. As long ago as the thirteenth century an English Franciscan Monk called Bartholomew, for many years a renowned teacher of the Grey Friars, wrote about Puss:—

"The cat is a full lecherous beast in youth, swift, pliant, and merry, and leapeth and reseth on everything that is to fore

him; and is led by a straw, and playeth therewith; and is a right heavy beast in age and is full sleepy, and lieth slyly in wait for mice, and is aware where they be more by smell than by sight, and hunteth and reseth on them in privy places; and when taketh a mouse, he playeth therewith and eateth him after the play."

Bartholomew gives a very fair account of cats, showing bias neither way, though

Turn to page 33.

In tip top form all the time

'I gave my stud Siamese Cat a course of Karswood Cat Powders, and I must say that he looks much better, and is in splendid condition, and I have every intention of giving all my cats a course'

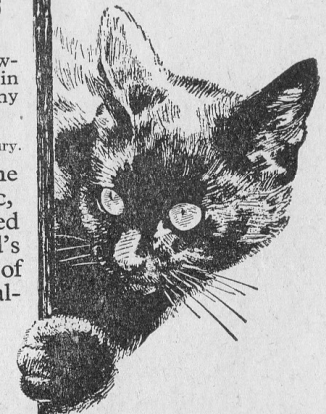
(signed) Mrs. E. M. Hughes, Highbury,
Havelock Road, Shrewsbury.

Given regularly, Karswood Cat Powders are the ideal conditioner—a combination of nerve tonic, blood purifier and mineral salts, perfectly balanced to meet the high standards already set by Karswood's other famous veterinary preparations. In packets of 8 for 9d. or 24 for 1/9d. from Chemists, Corn Dealers and Pet Shops.

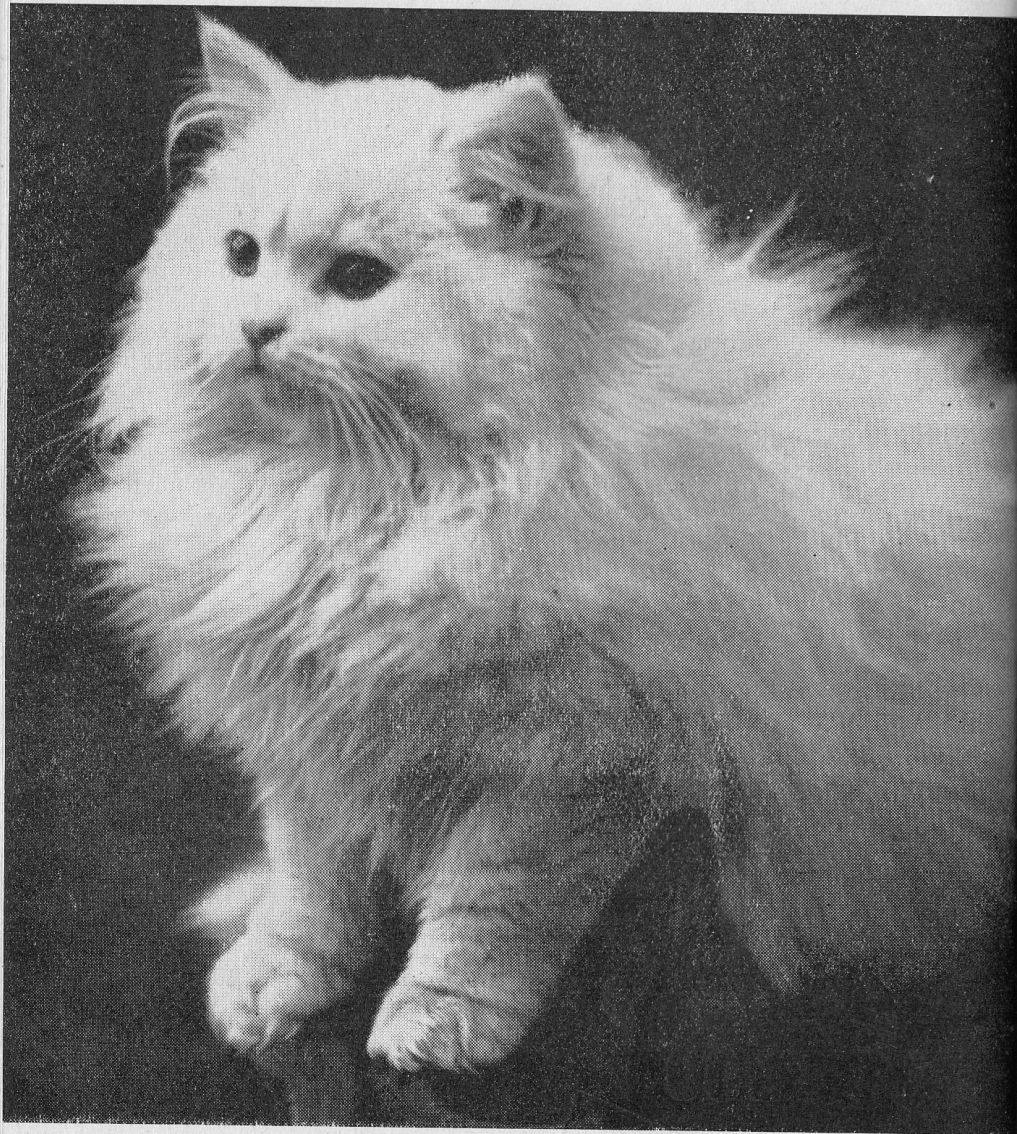
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PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



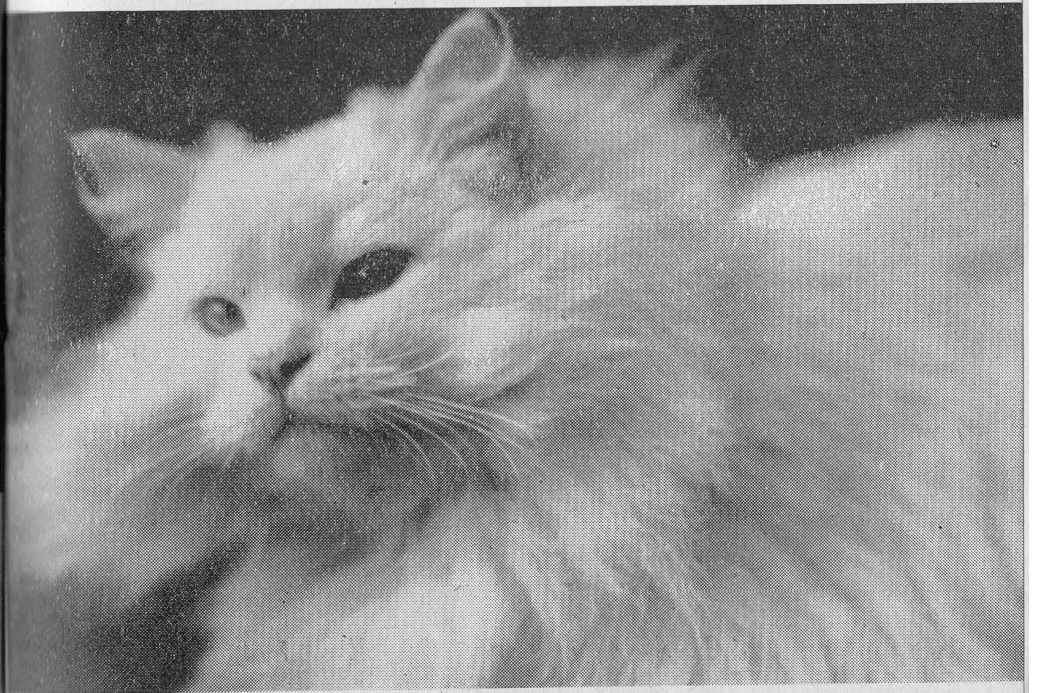
Photo, E. C. Pound, Caernarvon.

Lotus Jasmine



Above: Woodbury Angela, Red Tabby, winner of Two Championships. Owner and Breeder, The late Mrs. O. W. Woodbury.

Below: Lotus Peterboy. Breeder, Mrs. Cattermole, owner, Miss Isambard-Owen. Photo by E. C. Pound.



Letters & Pictures

Bryn Rhedyn,
Caernarvon, North Wales.

Dear Editor,

I am glad that you liked the photo of Karulino Patrick with the Oswald Trophy; which we shall look forward to seeing in the magazine. Here are two more of our pets. Both are "Lotuses" bred by Mrs. Cattermole, son of Champion Moliere (whose portrait has appeared in your pages) and Jennifer Josephine. The photos were taken by Mr. E. C. Pound of Caernarvon, a great animal-lover.

Best wishes to the magazine.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Heulwen Isambard-Owen.

164a, Southfield Road,
Bedford Park, W.4.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a print of "Woodbury Angela" if you care to reproduce it in a future issue. My father took the photograph in our garden.

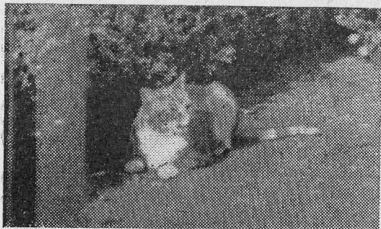
The cat is a female "Red Tabby" and the holder of many awards including Two Championship Awards and First Prizes and "Lilian" Silver Bowl, etc. She was bred by my late mother, Mrs. O. W. Woodbury and is now my property.

Yours truly,

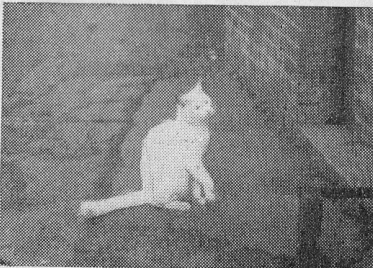
(Miss) Alywn Woodbury.

Member R.C.T.B.C. & B.T. Socy.
Kensington Kitten Club, etc.

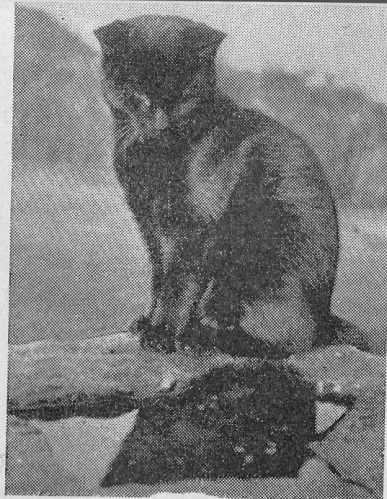
The photograph is reproduced on page 25. (Editor).



Bimbo, of Meadow Bank, Porlock,
Somerset.



Simpson of Tykes Barn, Southwick,
Wilts.



Billy.

23, Newcastle Drive,
The Park,
Nottingham.

Dear Editor,

I am a very interested reader of the magazine "Cats and Kittens," and should be so pleased if you could publish the enclosed snapshots of 2 "friends" of mine!

The white cat (now alas, dead) is Simpson of Tykes Barn, Southwick, Wilts. The other a "ginger" cat is Bimbo of Meadow Bank, Porlock Somerset.

With best wishes from

(Dr.) Freda Chalkley.

To The Editor

44, Tideswell Road,
Shirley,
Croydon.

Dear Editor,

We are regular reads of the "Cats and Kittens" magazine, and I am enclosing pictures of our 4 cats, as we would be very proud to see them printed if you would care to use them.

The large tabby is Peter aged 14 years, next Timothy aged 6, Jimmy 9 months and the black one is 7 months old Billy.

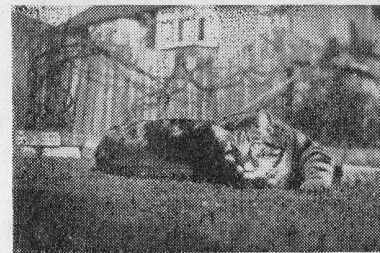
Their delightful ways are too numerous to relate, so I will close thanking you for the pleasure many have from the magazine.

Yours truly,

Beryl Thorn, (Miss).



Peter.



Timothy.



Merlin.

Flete House, Hatton,
Warwickshire.

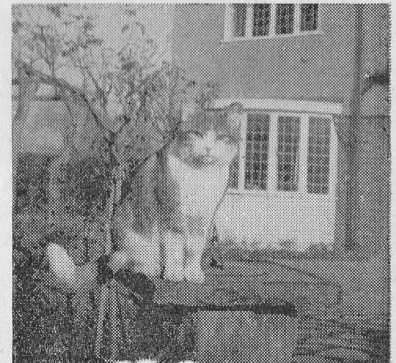
Dear Editor,

I am sending you two snaps of our two cats, "Jaffa Orange" and "Merlin." My brother and I hope that you will be able to use them in your magazine.

We wonder whether it would be possible for you to put us in touch with someone who would tell us when local cat shows are going to take place. We only seem to read about them afterwards.

Thank you for "Cats and Kittens." We do enjoy it.

Yours truly, M. Gordon.



Jaffa Orange.



Jimmy.



Vagabond of Knott Hall. Prize winning neuter B.P.
Property of Miss N. E. A. Crosher, Oadby, Leicester.

CORNER FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

10, Chelsea Square,
London, S.W.3.

Dear Editor,

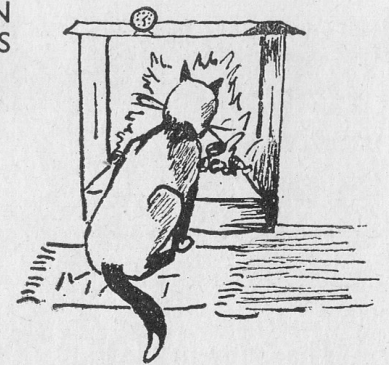
This is the story of Peter our black and white cat, his picture is on top.

Peter is an ordinary black cat. Ordinary in colouring I mean, but certainly not in temperament. Oh no!

He came to us, an indignant and swearing bundle of scraggy kitten. After having shaken himself vigorously (having been cramped, or rather what he thought was cramped, in a basket) he avoided our outstretched hands and waving his skimpy tail he set off to explore the house. This, he criticised from top to bottom and made acquaintance with the dogs whom he smacked rudely.

He grew up quickly and reached the "catten" stage—our name for not quite a kitten and not far off from being a cat! Soon he was a fully fledged cat. He was proud of his white waistcoat which he washed meticulously. He showed off his two dazzling front paws and when we looked at him he would carefully wash behind his ears.

One night I woke up with a start to hear scrapes at my window sill. This was when we



lived at Folkestone and had a flat on the ground floor, so I thought it was burglars. I lay for fully two minutes in petrified silence, when suddenly a ton weight sprang on to my tummy and dug unsheathed claws into my hands.

"Naughty!" I exclaimed, "Get down!" It was of course, Peter. But he was very comfortable, after turning round several times and giving me some very painful jabs with his claws, he finally settled down to sleep. And there he lay, I didn't dare to move in case I disturbed him, for the rest of the night!

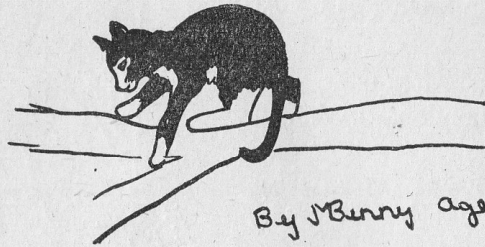
Peter is more than most cats, extremely fussy if his morning saucer of milk is not placed just so and at just the right minute he refuses to drink it. By the way, his milk is placed on top of mummy's bed post!

I do hope this is good enough to put in the children's corner!

Yours sincerely,

Paula Baron (aged 14½).

(I am at school in Belgium).



The Convent H.C.J.,
St. Leonards-on-Sea,
Sussex.

Dear Editor,

In the holidays when I was staying in the Isle of Wight with my aunt, she took me to see Mr. Allt's cattery at Bembridge, which is near where she lives.

The cats were simply lovely, and I could have stayed for ages looking at each. There were five sweet little Chinchilla kittens (I think they were Chinchillas) who were lying half on top of each other and purring away like steam engines!

I was very interested to see that one little cream kitten could not be shown because its tail was too long! I had never known that that could happen. Another cream had a bad leg and had a bandage on it, but I have written to Mr. Allt and he says that it is much better.

Sco-Ruston Ravisant, the stud, was sweet when I stroked him through the wire, and he

nibbled and bit my finger. He was a wonderful cat.

Sometimes people say to me "Why are you so cat-mad?" If I answer "Well why are so many people horse-mad?" they answer "Oh well! you can understand people being horse-mad. It's so queer being cat-mad!"

Why then, isn't it so queer to be horse-mad, and why aren't so many people cat-mad?

Here is a poem that I made up last term.

CAT UPON A TREE.

Cat upon a tree
Oh do come down to me
Here's a piece of fish
Upon a pretty dish
Here's a woolly ball
That's loved by pussies all,
So cat come down the tree,
That's right, now you're with me!

Mary Remnant. Age 13½.

P.S. Joanna is illustrating this poem.

Letcombe Manor,
Wantage, Berks.

Dear Editor,

Thank you very much for the charming book and the calendar. Before I got the book, I had never seen a Siamese cat, but today I went to the house of a person who had a Siamese cat. I was particularly struck with their mew, which sounds rather like the crying of a baby, also I liked their eyes.

We now have six cats, which is rather a lot to manage, but great fun. Four of them are called Doodle, Sambo, Squeaker and Freddy. Two others are not named, as they are kittens, although they have the name of "the roofers" as they lived about the first two months of their life on the roof at the back of our house. They are both long-haired Persian blues, and are very sweet especially when they are sitting together in the basket.

Now I must tell you how they came to be brought up on the roof. We were all expecting Squeaker to have a family. After some time we noticed she had changed and rarely came into the house. So we realized that she must have had her kittens in a place unknown to us. So we had a fairly big hunt but did not find them.

One day that was very hot, I decided that I would take a book, and go on to the back roof

and read. I was just about to begin to read, when a crack in wooden part of the roof beside me, caught my eye. I was rather inquisitive to know what the inside of the roof beside me was like, so I looked through the crack, and what did I see, but a kitten? Then I started to do further investigation. I broke off a panel of wood, and looked inside. In there I saw Squeaker, with not one, but two kittens.

Next, I went and told the rest of the family, but none of us were quick enough to get the kittens.

Some time after, Squeaker and her kittens got into a room at the back of the house. After a few days we decided to take them, so that we could have them in kitchen. But the room was very full of furniture. We chased all the cats round the room at first, to try and get them, but it seemed impossible. So we rested for a bit and we saw one of the kittens going quietly over to the window. Then we quickly caught. But he struggled hard, made one loud squawl like a wild cat and jumped out of our hands. Then we looked out and saw, all three cats on the roof.

Later on they came down and gradually got used to the kitchen.

Yours sincerely,

Angela Cross.

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

The Great Campaign

ROLLY, as head of the Mice-Catcher's Union, announced that a great campaign had started for catching mice, and this, the Union ruled, was only to be done between the hours of 9.30 p.m. and 6.30 a.m.

"What Pay do we get?" asked Lionel.

Edward twitched his whiskers and said grandly, "I do not want any recognition for the mice-catching I do. I have hunted since I was quite small, and I consider it a duty to the community."

"Pish!" said Plumpey, "crouching for hours, waiting to spring on a poor little innocent mouse is bad enough! But without pay it would be ghastly!" He waved his tail at the thought!

"What do we do with the mice when we've caught them?" wailed Babykins plaintively, for he shared Plumpey's disdain for such things.

Edward, Lionel and Rolly, in one accord, fell off their chairs in astonishment.

"I'll have a heart attack if he does that again," gasped

Lionel, feeling his pulse, while Edward cried:

"Eat them of course! Eat them! Who brought you up?"

Plumpey and Babykins immediately retired, not feeling too well.

The other three decided to Mouse Watch in turn, and Lionel was appointed Chief Mouse Catcher for the Night.

At exactly 9.30, he crept into the cellar of a nearby house. Sniffing about he soon found a hole and settled himself to watch, until a mouse should appear.

An hour went by and he was still there, tense and ready to spring forward. At last he was rewarded by a slight scratching noise, which grew louder—he leapt forward, and the next minute encountered something hard, which dug two sharp teeth into Lionel's nose, and with a shrill cry, scuttled back into his hole. It was no mouse! But a full grown rat which, when frightened, had attacked him.

Poor Lionel! But what a fuss his friends made of him, and to the disconcertion of the Mice-Catchers Union, they all went on strike, saying that nothing would induce them to hunt for mice, if it meant hunting for rats too!

CATS—1230 A.D.—contd.

perhaps he was not overfond of cat fights on his roof.

"In time of love, is hard fighting for wives, and one scratcheth and rendeth the other grievously with biting and claws. And he maketh a ruthless noise and ghastful, when one proffereth to fight with another; and is hurt when his is thrown

down off an high place."

The market in cat's fur is an ancient trade, as the good friar shows.

"And when he hath a fair skin, he is as it were proud thereof and is oft for his fair skin taken of the skinner and slain and flayed."

On the whole it would seem that Bartholomew's sympathies were on the side of the cat.

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Dam: Stubhamton Tinkie Too (B.P.).
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Valentina. Winner, 2 Ch. Certs. Croydon,
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Typic Pita (S.P.)
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Phantom Beauty. Winner 1st and
Champion and Best Cat all Breeds, Sandy
Show, 1946. Fee 2 gns. and return carriage.

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All advertisements should be on a separate sheet of paper, and written in block letters, or typewritten please.

At Stud

SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian), Sire, Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, dam, Sco-Ruston Kalisa. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Pitts Lane, Binstead, nr. Ryde, I.O.W.

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SEAL POINT SIAMESE at Stud. Electron Eros. Sire: Geufron Jimmy Maow. Grand-sire: Hooka Vulpine.—Dam: Tanga. Grand-sire: Wansfell Ajax. Fee £2.—Mrs. Cynthia Dossett, "The Quest," Taunton Drive, Bitterne, Southampton. Tel. 74291 between 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

NICHOLAS MUFFET. S.P. SIAMESE. Magnificent outdoor country bred proved sire. Excellent eye colour. No better specimen. Fee Two Guineas.—Randell, "Craig," Cross-hands Road, Pontardulais, Swansea.

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MRS. E. G. AITKEN, 2, Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey. Tel. Burgh Heath 2754. **BOURNESIDE BLACK** and **CREAM L.H.**

GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Pitts Lane, Binstead, Nr. Ryde, I.O.W. **BLUE PERSIAN**, **BLUE CHINCHILLA**, **CREAMS**.

Breeders' Cards—contd.

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

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

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, Borrowwash, Nr. Derby. Tel. Derby 55820. **SIAMESE**.

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

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Miscellaneous

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