

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

92, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

(Telephone: VICToria 4705)

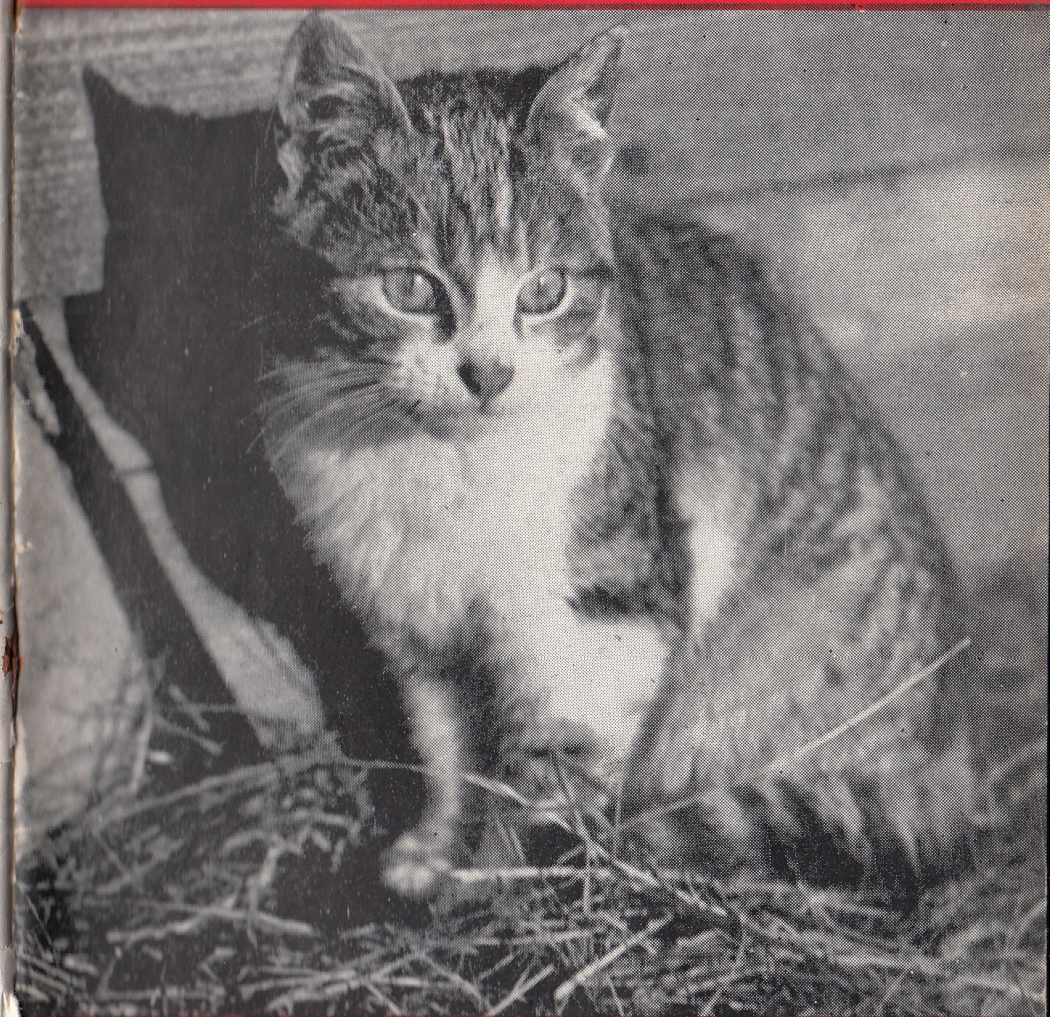
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CATS AND KITTENS
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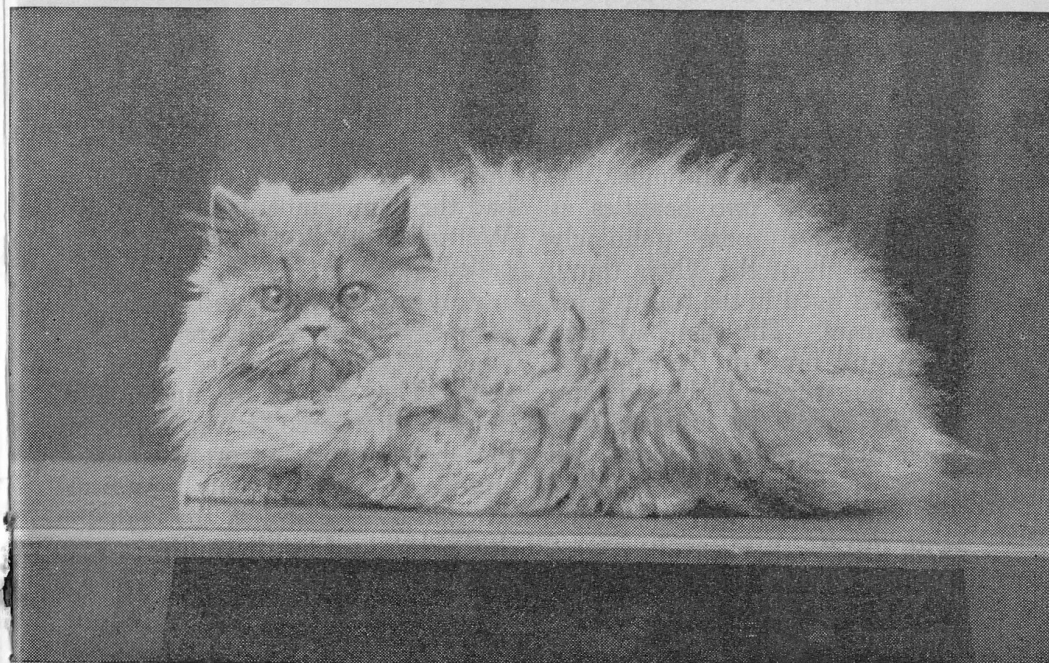
Established

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

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MAY, 1949



THIEPVAL ENCHANTRESS

Best kitten in show, Sandy Ch. Show, August, 1948. Best kitten in show, Blue Persian Cat Society Show, October also Croyden Ch. Show, November. Best blue kitten, National Cat Club Show.

Cover Photograph by W. F. Mansell, 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.

CAT OF THE WALK

By MARCELLA KERIN

WHEN we came to live in the city a few months ago, one of our main worries was wondering how our cats would take to the change. We had always heard that a cat will not stay in a new place but will return to its original home.

Loving our two beauties as we do, we were genuinely troubled about the whole thing. We had lived in the country for nine years. The cats had been born and bred in the country. And we were told horrid tales of the predatory animals that rove the city roofs under the name of strays. We visualised our dainty Puff trying to cope with one of these savage brutes and we quailed.

We quailed unnecessarily. First of all; our new house is right in the city, on the pavement. There are lots of roofs behind and the night of our arrival, I was horrified to see no less than three large battered and venomous strays sitting on the yard wall, just staring at me.

They were, one and all, depraved looking. One had only

half an ear and was very mangy. This one was later found to answer to Charlie. The second was a rather handsome tabby with a blandly inscrutable face. He is called Desparate Dan and is an out and out villain. The third stray was coal black and had the bare remnants of a tail. We still don't know what he is called.

Anyway they sat and stared at me and they ignored me when I tried to chase them away. They looked me up and down and sneered. I went into the house and reported the episode to the family. We worried over it and in the end, decided to let Basil have first go at these city slickers.

The two cats had been put in the cat's home overnight as we were afraid the bustle of moving would upset them. We were to collect them next morning. I was up early and as I walked downstairs, I met Charlie coming up. I don't know how he got in but there he was, stalking up the stairs. A truly awesome sight with his long stringy legs and tail and his bland glassy eye.

The other eye was shut. I tried to shoo him down. He stood stock still and waited until I was standing on his front paw nearly. He looked me up and down and with the most utter and humiliating indifference, swept round me and on up to the dining room. I was stunned.

I followed him upstairs with the broom and tried to sweep him down. I was afraid to try and touch him. He was sitting in front of the fire gazing at the ceiling. I swept him up on to the broom and he sat there. He never budged. I got him right on to the broom and still he didn't move, I tried to lift the broom up and he stepped off.

He won that round.

We collected Basil and Puff that morning. We brought them back with us and into the yard. We had previously cleared the yard of all strangers, human and feline.

Basil sniffed around and was her usual self. Puff got behind the dustbin and peered round her with large amber eyes. She didn't like it much. We let them roam around for a while and then escorted them into the house. We were not going to let our cherished cats mix with the strays and probably get their beauty marred by fights.

After a while, Basil and Puff were quite at home. They didn't

go out much. At least Puff didn't but Basil sat in the yard. The strays kept their distance . . . then.

About a week after our arrival, I heard a terrible row going on downstairs. It was early morning and I dashed down to the dining room to see Charlie pursuing Basil round and round the dining room table. Over it and under it. The air was full of curses and to my horror, Basil had lost a considerable amount of fur already. Charlie couldn't have looked worse anyway.

I dashed round trying to capture Basil and suddenly saw Puff. She was sitting on the window sill, regardless of the hell raging in the room. She was staring intently, at a distance of about two inches into the wicked green eyes of Desparate Dan. If there hadn't been glass between them, Puff would have been a battered lady long ago.

I collected the swearing Basil at length and Charlie stalked out of the room, ambled along the corridor and so downstairs. He went through the kitchen and out. I left Puff where she was and took Basil off to wash her wounds. She was a frightened cat. The strays were very much stronger and more savage than she was and she had taken a bad beating. I

felt, that if Basil was attacked like this, Puff would have no hope at all. She is such a very gentle cat that I doubt if she even knows how to fight.

Anyway we bandaged Basil up, soothed her ruffled feelings and tried to keep the yard clear of strays. It was no good. Apparently the word had gone round among the gangster population that there were some new comers in the town and our lives were made hideous by fights on the roof and unmelodious yowls at midnight. Basil was afraid to go out and Puff dashed around staring through the windows at the strangers and looking very excited.

One day, about two weeks ago, I heard a more than usually bad fight going on in the yard. I went out to see what it was all about. Charlie and Desparate Dan were locked in a death struggle on the flat roof over the kitchen door. Basil was sitting in the kitchen door gazing at them with eyes like saucers. She was obviously very frightened. I stepped back to get a better view and was astounded to see Puff.

She was sitting behind a chimney pot about three yards away from the combatants. She sat there, hidden from sight, and every now and then, she would advance her furry face and stare at them, and then hastily

withdraw again. I was petrified with fear for her. She was very much smaller than them and would have been killed if they had seen her.

I tried to attract her attention to get her down. She wouldn't come. I tried to stop the two toughs fighting. They wouldn't.

Puff sat there, quivering with excitement, her eyes so big that they looked on the verge of hopping out of her face. She was talking to herself furiously and was obviously having a grand time.

Charlie finally got the better of Dan. With a low snarl Dan broke away and streaked off over the roofs, looking very much the worse for wear indeed. Charlie sat there and tried to smooth himself down a bit. Puff had meanwhile jumped off the roof doubtless deeming discretion the better part of valour. She now sat on the steps sunning herself.

I retreated to the garage doors and waited for things to happen. Basil had already fled upstairs. Charlie got off the roof and advanced to the door, wishing perhaps to go up to the fire and rest for a while.

Suddenly a ball of black fur hit him. A spitting, growling, furious bundle of fluffy fury, clawing and biting. I stared with my mouth open. Charlie

went back a step. He couldn't do much else. Puff was all over him. She got on his head and tried to claw his eyes out. She took a good grip on his ear and bit it through. The bewildered Charlie tried to shake her off but it was no good. She was too light and too agile.

He stuck it for a minute. Then he took to his heels. He fled off down the garden, with Puff after him like an evening fury. She chased him to the wall and saw him over it. Then she came back. Her fur was still standing up but she hadn't a mark on her.

Charlie must have had some gentlemanly instincts. Puff allowed me to pick her up and she was once more her old sweet self, purring and rubbing her

soft little head against my hand.

The fact remains, that Charlie and Desparate Dan never come near the place now. They are so scared of Puff that if she is in the yard, they run. We are all very surprised about it. Basil is still very nervous and won't go out unless Puff is with her.

Puff had never shown any signs of temper in her life and hasn't since but she was certainly galvanised into fury that day.

Nowadays, she's cat of the walk around here. Looking so dainty as she patters around the yard, you'd never think she was the tough dame who routed the local gangsters.

They say cats are mysterious animals. I agree.

ALLEY CAT OF THE FUTURE?

SIAMESE, the alley cat of the future, they have travelled far from the precincts of the Royal Palace of Siam, but when one sees kittens advertised in a well-known London daily at 42/-, one may well wonder what is in store for them. As it is utterly impossible to breed and rear kittens properly until they are a suitable age for disposal at this figure, one shudders

to think what these must be like. No doubt the females will be bred from and so increase the Siamese population. The lady in question was anything but popular with her fellow members when her advertisement was read out at the recent Siamese Cat Club general meeting. High-light of the meeting was that next year the Club News Sheet will be sent to all

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BREEDING PERFORMANCE OF EXHIBITED QUEENS

By A. C. JUDE

IN a recent issue of the magazine, Mrs. Thompson raised the question whether or not the exhibiting of queens affected their breeding performance. Mrs. Thompson suggested I might pass opinion.

The question is an interesting one, but we ought to take more into consideration than the question seems to cover at a first glance. As a matter of fact, I am not at all sure that these queens get the fault simply by being exhibited.

Mrs. Thompson rightly refers to the literature which gives out that fanciers of some small livestock are against exhibiting with breeding stock, especially the females. But there are qualifications about this, and I don't think the parallel runs quite true when the comparison with cats is made with the smaller animals such as the rabbit, cavy, hamster or mouse. Shows for the latter animals are very numerous indeed and take place throughout the whole of the year. On the other hand, Cat Shows are quite restricted in number, and as a rule, take place during the months when least breeding is taking place. With the smaller animals there

is therefore the opportunity and temptation to over exhibit, especially with animals that have been winning or well placed in the cards. I have known some of these small animals spend quite a fair proportion of their time week by week away from home, travelling from show to show. Quite apart from the strain imposed, regular feeding is impossible, and the general attention of the owner fancier is missed. But the cat fares differently. Five or six shows during the season, and accompanied by the owner is a very different matter.

It may be said, of course, that perhaps the cat reacts to the bustle and strain of a show rather differently from some other animals, but I have to feel by experience of these things, that even this is only a 'perhaps.' But certainly some individual animals suffer far more than others from nervous strain, and it is these that are likely to sustain ill effects, at least from over-exhibiting. And breeding certainly is affected by a severe nervous depression. If then we can feel that poor breeding performance comes to queens through exhibiting, the

obvious thing to do is to make sure that our animals are well suited to the exhibition side of their lives. I have always contended that environment and all it implies, especially in the earlier days of an animals life, greatly affects its future temperament. Even one little shock to a young kitten may create a permanent nervous disposition, and in any case, the cat that is kept under any but normal conditions may be unsuited for either breeding or exhibiting without showing some signs of adverse reaction.

But apart from all this, I must feel that the exhibiting of queens should not have sufficient effect on them to cause any degree of poor breeding performance. There may be the exception, but are we satisfied that these queens which have been exhibited and then proved to be bad breeders, would not have been bad breeders had they not been exhibited? To my way of thinking, I fear that quite a number of exhibited cats which have proved to be poor breeders would have been so in any case. I am not referring to any particular exhibits, but pass the opinion in a general way. And doesn't this bring us back to where we were some three years or so ago, when in the Fancy Press, Dr. Nora Archer, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Felix Tomlinson and I wrote about

the matter of poor breeding performance?

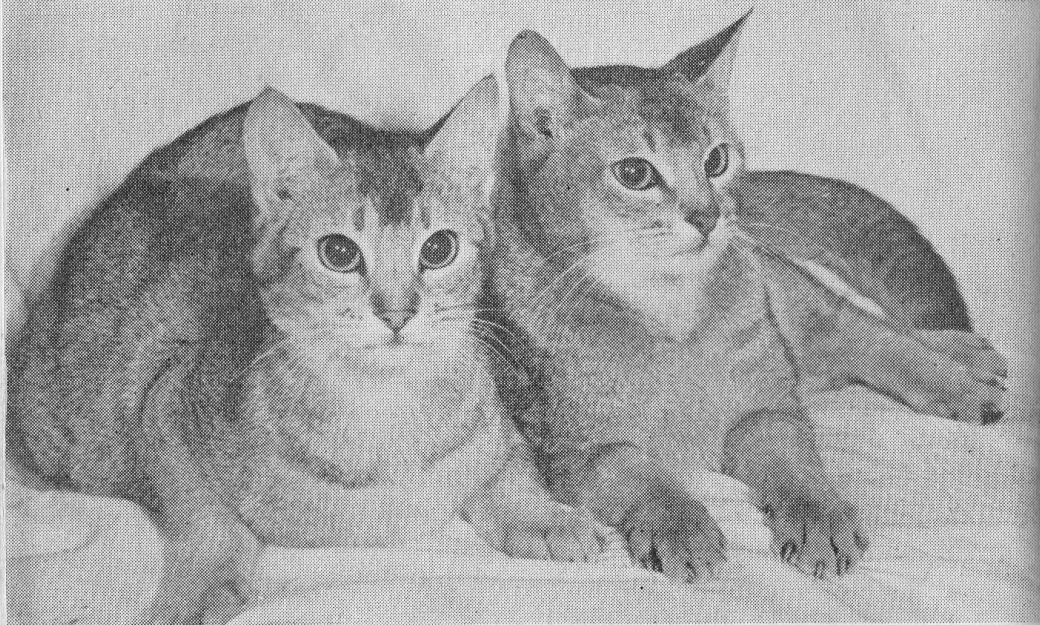
I remember once overhearing a conversation between a farmer friend of mine and a sheep farmer from New Zealand. The sheep farmer pointed out that his breeding operations were of three distinct kinds. One was employed to produce show animals, another to produce ideal carcasses, and the other specially to produce the most suitable animals for breeding purposes. The first and third should be a guide for us.

I know that some cat fanciers who are intent on producing a winner will fly to a winning male as a mate for his or her queen regardless of everything else except that it just is a winner. And if the fancier has a really outstanding queen this fancier will, even though he or she knows it is a poor breeder, be quite content even if after a year or so the queen will produce even one kitten. But this method may lead to a blind alley, and in the endeavour to produce the winner, the Fancy and the fancier could suffer.

This is how I seem to feel about the question we have had to consider, but if when considering it we bear in mind the words of the New Zealander we will have a lot to ponder over, and may be we shall profit by it.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE



MRS. Blanche Warren sent the above photograph of her two Abyssinian females, Raby Aida, and Raby Nerfertari. She says:—The two Abys. are lovely and we are so happy to have them. They seem to be very happy to be here, and oh the loving they give us.

I knew Mrs. Warren would like them. Never have I had cats with more charming dispositions, or so eager to display affection. A cable from

Mrs. Warren says my pair of Burmese arrive on April 5th. I am looking forward very much to seeing them, though I hate the thought of six months quarantine.

My Siamese stud, Chinki Romeo, is now with Mrs. Southall, who lives at Rotherwood, Dinedor, Hereford. He is a son of Typic Pita, and Bromholme Chen Wan. Born in April, 1946, he flew with us to Jersey when only three weeks

old. He is a very good stud, and has sired some excellent litters. I felt sad about parting with him, but I know he will have an excellent home. Mrs. Southall writes to tell me he has settled well. She says he was very shy at first, but was soon wanting to make friends with her. Before I left Priors Barn, I saw a lovely daughter of his out of Sealsleeve Shah Treschic, and owned by Mrs. Shelmerdine of Borrowash. She is registered Chinki Mia, but her pet name is Andreen, and she is adored by "Bim," Mrs. Shelmerdine's five year old invalid son. Every morning "Bim" wakes first and tells daddy to get up so that he can send Andreen upstairs, where she cuddles into bed. When she is old enough, she is to be mated to Galadima.

On March 12th, a meeting of people interested in the Midland Counties' Cat Club took place in Birmingham. There was quite a good attendance, and I believe all present enrolled as members. Mr. S. Herod was elected Chairman and Mrs. O. Lamb, Secretary and Treasurer. I am sure we all wish the club every success.

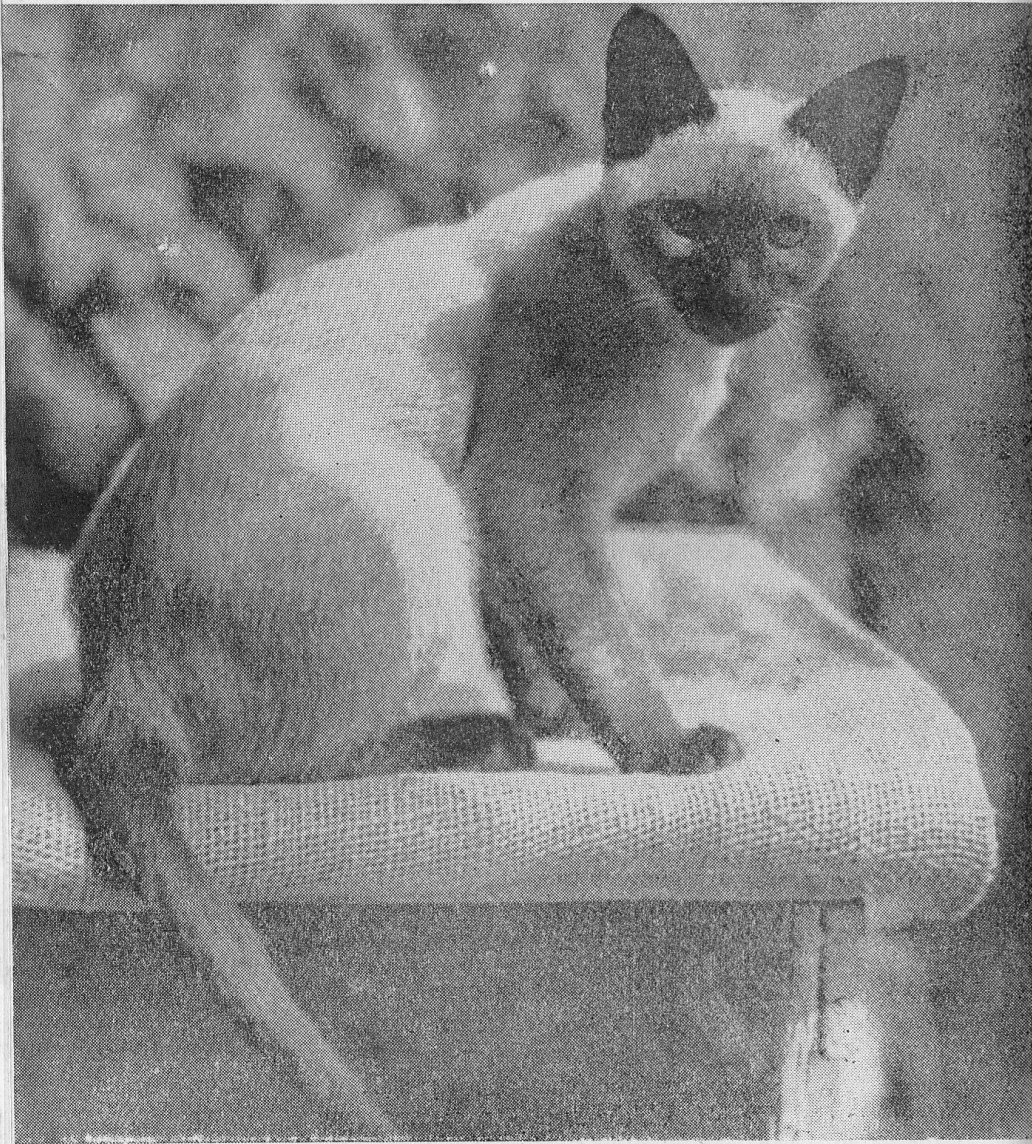
I was sorry not to be able to travel up to London for the Siamese Cat Club's A.G.M., on March 23rd, but I was in the throes of removing, so my husband had to go alone. It is so nice to be able to meet old

friends at this happy event and also to have an excuse to look at the shops and perhaps do a show.

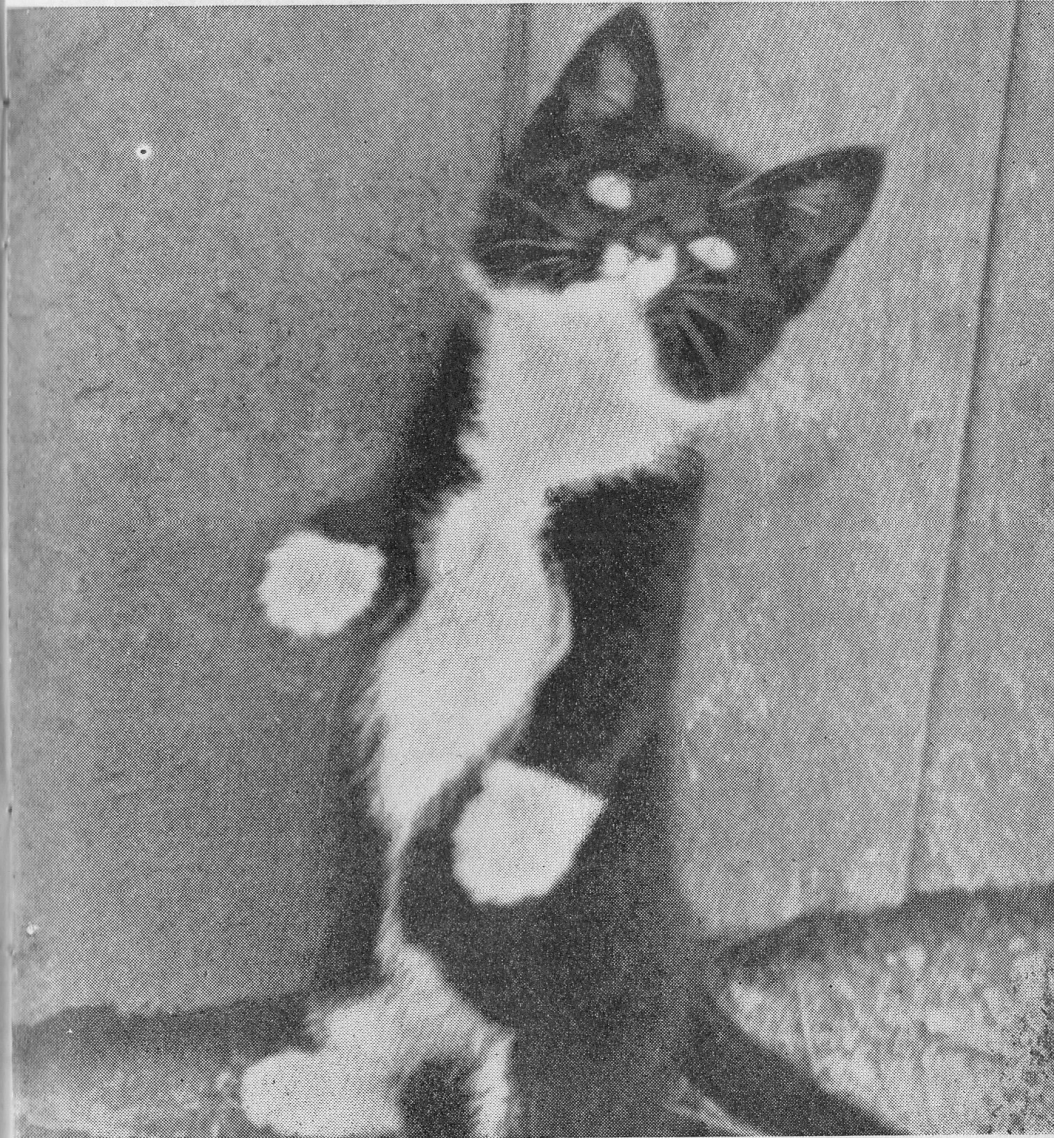
The Notts. and Derby Cat Club held their Annual General Meeting on March 26th at the Flying Horse Hotel, Nottingham, and quite a good number of members attended. Mr. J. A. Martin was re-elected Chairman, Mr. S. Herod, Treasurer, and Mr. Barker, Secretary. The Committee were re-elected *en bloc*. A suggestion for more opportunities for members to get together resulted in the formation of an Entertainments Committee of nine, who will arrange several social events throughout the year. After the meeting, a very nice buffet tea was served, and all enjoyed a friendly gossip about cats.

It is with great pleasure I learn Mrs. D. Brice-Webb has been asked by the local Council to run a Cat Show for charity at Beeston, Notts, on July 30th. Many of us will remember the delightful shows she ran there during the war. I remember when my kitten, Chinki Gem, was the only Siamese in the show. I have promised Mrs. Brice-Webb all the help it is in my power to give. I hope many of you will offer the same, so as to assure success in this very worthy effort. It should prove a delightful summer event.

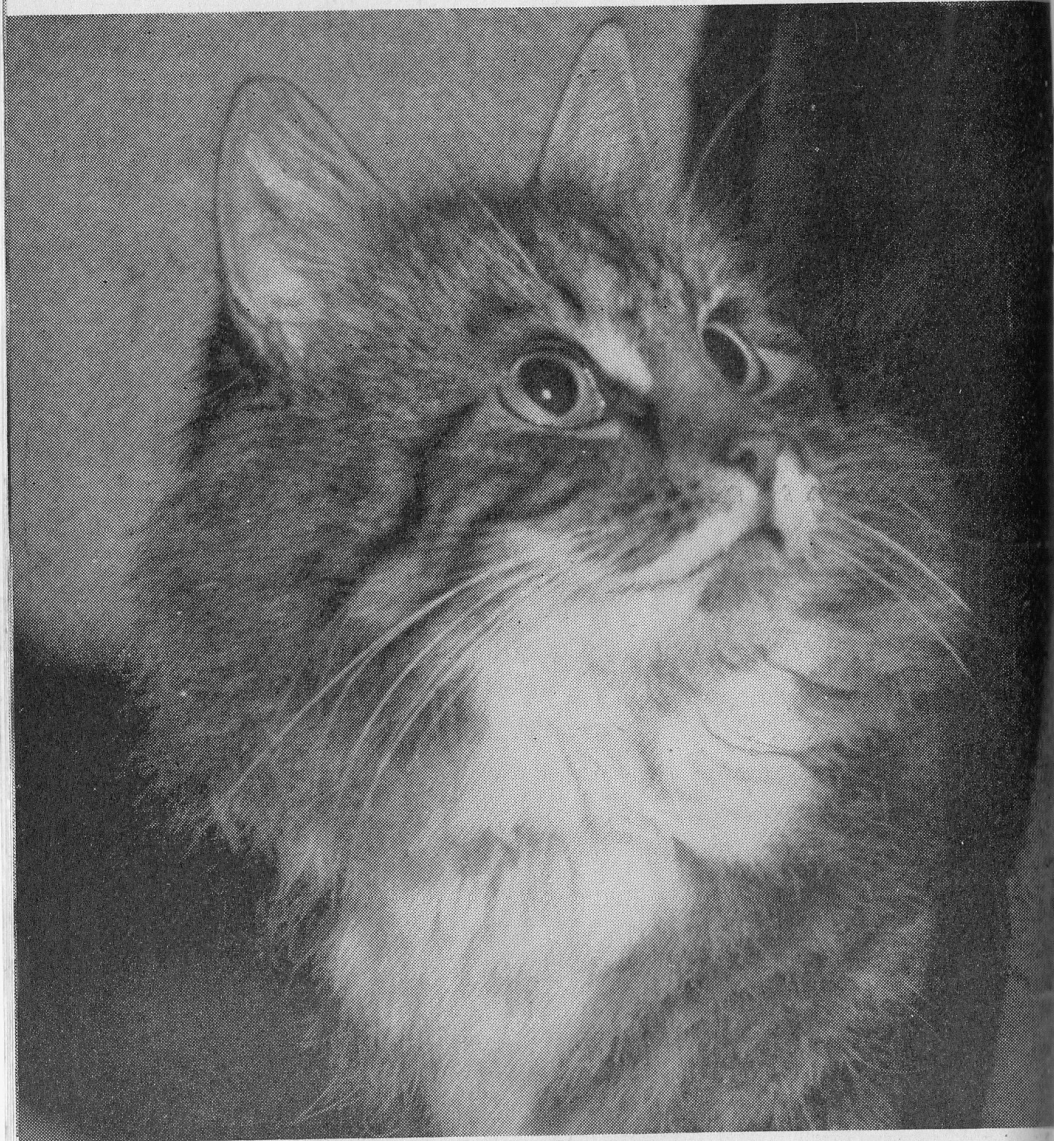
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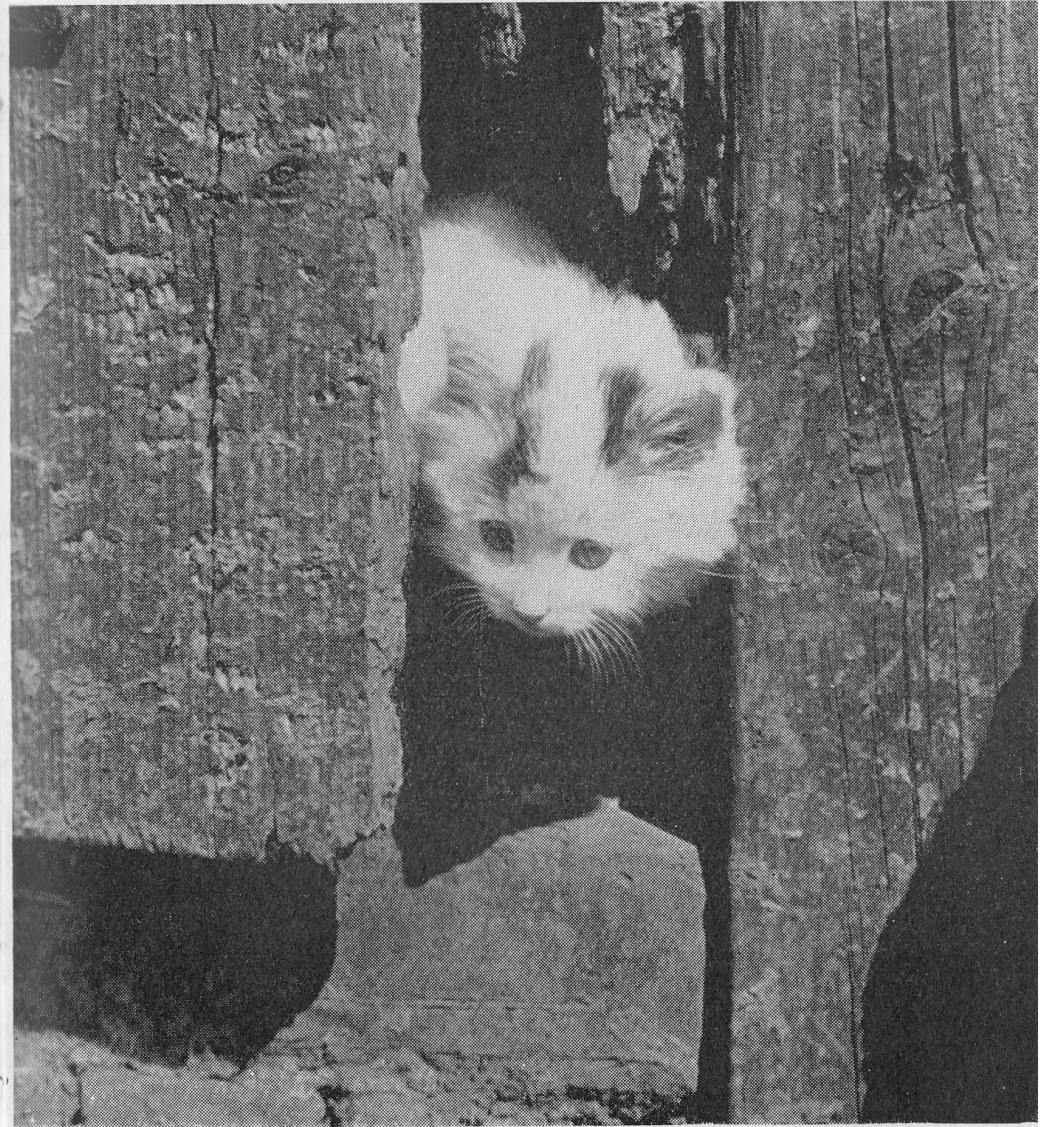
Photograph by Ronald Thompson.



Photograph by C. Prickett.



Photograph by E. E. Steele



Photograph by E. E. Steele.

Alley Cat of the Future—contd.

members free of charge. Non-members may still subscribe for 5/- annually.

The Club hopes to hold its Annual Show on Thursday, October 13th, at the Lime Grove Hall, Shepherds Bush, W.12. Judges who have kindly consented to officiate are, Mr. Yeates, Adult Males; Mrs. Holroyd, Adult Females; Mrs. Williams, Male Kittens; Miss Kit Wilson, Female Kittens; Mrs. Rendall, Blue-Points; Miss Yorke and Miss Langston, Miscellaneous classes, with Mrs. Thompson, as Referee if need be. Good luck to them, remembering they will please only the winners, their names will be mud to the losers, and if they differ in their placings will most certainly be accused of not judging to the standard. However, I expect they can take it, and whether they arrive at their placings on points or otherwise I have no doubt one will think the head is long and worth ten points and another will say it's short and five is enough according to how the exhibit appears in their eyes. As for the stewards, let them all have a go. It means one does not pay to come in, gets a free lunch and looks frightfully important running around in a white coat!

Meeting Mr. Brooks, whose daughter Judith owns Proud

Panda, winning Siamese kitten at last year's show, I was told the touching story of Rhen and Suki (P. Panda), Rhen was a bachelor gentleman when Suki came into season in the usual Siamese way. Puzzled, Rhen made a few clumsy attempts to satisfy his companion only to receive a sound smack across the nose for his trouble and the wails of Suki continued with increasing fervour. Nothing daunted, Rhen departed to the garden where he hunted and caught a mouse, which offering he placed before the maiden. She merely gave him a nasty look. Through his little brain flashed "I must do something," and again he left the house. Later that evening cries were heard from the garden. It was Rhen desiring to come in, but no, on opening the back door he declined to enter, but stood aside to allow a large black Tom to pass before him! What devotion! Mr. Brooks swears it's true, but then he's a newspaper man!

Castration of male cats is reputed to derive them of their desire to mate. Does it entirely? I think a good many owners have noticed the attempts of neutered males to mate females in season when it is certainly not a case of the operation being performed at too early an age. I suppose there is an explanation. Forward Mr Jude.

At every cat meeting I have attended this year someone has talked about crates of cats being seen at Euston Station consigned to vivisection laboratories. On enquiry, it seems that the cats arrive from Ireland every fortnight. The whole business is perfectly legal and the various animal societies are powerless unless it can be proved that the cats are improperly packed. One member took the trouble to investigate further and gave details of some of the experiments carried out and the number of cats used. Such information was received with amazement by the audience. However, it does seem strange that so many cat loving people do not appear to know that cats are used for vivisection purposes. I feel quite sure that the Anti-Vivisection Societies are fully aware of all that goes on in this connection and will be happy to give any enquirer facts, figures, etc., and what can and cannot be done about it.

S.O.S. from Miss Fania Pocock, Chairman of the Western Province Cat Club, South Africa. "What does the judge do when the cat is perfect in every respect, but has a pronounced squint (standard says no squint allowed), whilst its rivals, although squintless, have round heads and pale eyes? Also, perfect cat, pale eyes, and beautiful eyes, bad tail, etc." Help! I did my best for this lady as the club holds its second show shortly, but these are only a few of the little problems which confront a judge. Like everything else, good judging comes with experience and I'm sure the South African exhibitors will be sporting enough to forgive a few mistakes.

Advert. in weekly paper, Pedigree Siamese kittens for sale. Compton Mackenzie and Mrs. Duncan Hindley strain." What offers?

Missie Hart

COLOURED CATS

By Rev. R. C. JUDE

Of all the furry felines,
I much prefer a cat,
The one I have at present,
Is lying on the mat.
I think it is a Tabby,
By markings on its coat,
I know that in a Cat Show,
It wouldn't get a vote.

And yet the experts tell me,
The Tabby was the start
Of all the tinted tailoring
All these furry coats impart.
Can I get a 'yellow' treasure,
Or perhaps a Black or White,
By letting out my Tabby,
In the fruitful hours of night?

I am told the straying vagrants,
Who in the garden roam,
Can never be relied on,
'Cause they have a damaged chromosome.

Can I get a tested Tommy,
With tinctures grey or green,
Distributing these colours,
Or something in between?

I should like to get some kittens,
That would match my mottled rug;
And paint them in a picture,
While lying there so snug.
They might tone with the wallpaper,
When I can get a bit,
Just now a creamy yellow,
Would make the colours fit.

I cannot part with Tabby,
But perhaps a Brown or Buff
If mingled in the twilight
Would appear to be enough.
You never know your fortune,
When coloured cats disport,
When one is coloured rainbow,
You know it is a sport.

I think of getting two cats,
One ruddy and one blue,
And stand them in the moonlight,
And see what they will do.
If I ever get a pink one,
Or a purple fit for show,
Announcers on the Radio,
Will be sure to let you know.

THE WHITE CAT

By HILARY JOHNS

MRS. Wilberforce does my mending for me. Not only my socks—the ones I wear under my wellingtons—but also the knees, seats and pockets of my flannels. And I know no one cleverer at making a collar out of a shirt tail, though sometimes I get some odd things in the way of a shirt tail to fill up the gap!

When I take a fresh bundle down to her, I usually sit down for a little chat. Mrs. Wilberforce is a friendly soul and her fireside is always a comfortable place and the mantelpiece over it is laden with a fascinating treasure of miscellaneous items. At one end is a carved Chinese tea caddy, brought back by her sailor son from his first trip to the east. At the other end is a china dog, sole survivor of a pair that her husband won at a fair in their courting days. Between the caddy and the clock is a velvet frame studded with minute seashells and in the frame is a faded and not very clear snapshot of a very old car, on the roof of which stands a huge white cat peering over the edge.

It was a long time before I felt I knew Mrs. Wilberforce

well enough to ask her about that snapshot.

"That was Master Derek's car," she said, shifting the big black saucepan to the back of the grate and slipping the iron over the opening.

"Derek Watson? The man who was killed a couple of years before I came here?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, going to the dresser drawer for her ironing blanket. She dearly loved a chat but would never be tempted into idleness while she talked. "Never were a nicer young fellow, neither."

"What did happen?" I asked. I heard several stories, as one does hear, several stories in a village where everyone knows all about everything for a certain fact, only none of the facts tally.

"Why, he were killed when his car went off the road on Hanger Hill one foggy night, that's all" she said. "I used to pull his leg that car would be the death of him."

"And it was," I said but with more question than statement in my voice.

"No," she said emphatically. "There wasn't nothing amiss with the car. Looked after it like a baby, he did. Dick, from the garage, swore to it being alright at the inquest." She reached for the iron and held it against her cheek a moment, testing it, then put it back, and spread out the ironing blanket on the table. "Thing was, his wife liked the old car. Used to drive it time they was courting and when they got married. It was she took that picture."

"The cat was theirs?" I asked, sensing that Mrs. Wilberforce was going to need a little tactful prompting.

"No," she said. "That weren't their'n. Dear knows whose it was, nor where it come from. That just turned up one morning, a day or two after they was married. She was getting breakfast for him ready for when he come home from milking. When he did come home—and he told me this much himself—he says 'Wherever did this old white cat come from?' and she says 'I don't know out we aren't going to feed it, Derek, or give it a home because it's obviously got a good one and we mustn't let it come here.' Master Derek pleaded with her but she put her foot down, because he said they never did feed it. Leastwise, I bet Master Derek slipped it a bowl of milk

on the sly, for all that. He always was a crazy one for cats!"

She took the iron off the fire and slipped it into the shoe and began to iron a shirt.

"Maybe he did, maybe he didn't, but the cat never did make a home with them. I asked him about it and he said it'd gone off and they'd never seen it again. Quite put out, he was, for all they'd set their faces against keeping it." She turned the shirt over and went on ironing.

"That did turn up again though," she said after a few moments. "Master Derek never told me but Bert Wilson told me he'd seen it, time he took up the letters. That was the day Master Derek came round and told me not to go up for no more laundry. That was three months after the wedding." She stopped a moment, looking me in the eye. "No," she said, "I ain't telling you, because I don't know. No more don't nobody else. All I know is they was married in June and that was September when he told me not to go for no more laundry."

"And he was killed just before Christmas," I said. "November 18th," she said, and once again she looked at me.

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THE C.P.L. POSTAL LIBRARY

We are indebted to Mr. Albert A. Steward, Secretary, of The Cats' Protection League for full details of their

The C.P.L. Postal Library

The League's Postal Library Service was instituted in order that members might have an opportunity of reading some of the many books written about cats.

RULES, etc.

Books are loaned for a period of two weeks and must be returned within that time.

The Librarian must be informed of any books which arrive in a damaged condition.

Books must be returned carefully packed and addressed to the Librarian, C.P.L. Library, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks., postage paid.

Stamps to cover the postage paid by the Librarian should accompany returned books. This will help to make the Library self-supporting.

Applications for books should be made to the Librarian at the above address and will be dealt with in strict rotation.

An alternative choice should be given in case the first choice is already on loan.

Only the number which precedes the title on the list of books need be given when making a request for a book.

The numbers and titles of new books in the Library will appear in "The Cat" magazine from time to time, and should be added to this list in the space provided.

Donations to the Library service are welcomed and will be used to purchase new books as they are published.

Gifts of books are also very welcome. There are quite a number of publications which we are anxious to add to the Library for the benefit of readers.

C.P.L. POSTAL LIBRARY—LIST OF BOOKS.

No.	Title	Author
1.	Cat's Company	Michael Joseph.
2.	Puss in Books	Michael Joseph & Elizabeth Drew.
3.	Charles	Michael Joseph.
4.	The Siamese Cat	Phyl Wade.
5.	Drawing a Cat	Clare Turley Newberry.
6.	Mittens	Clare Turley Newberry.
7.	Babette	Clare Turley Newberry.
8.	Cats and My Camera	Evelyn Glover.
9.	Mieau	Charles Platt.

No.	Title	A
10.	Things You Do Not Know about Cats	Charles Platt.
11.	Our Cats	Harrison Weir.
12.	Soul of a Cat	Margaret Benson.
13.	A Practical Cat Book	Ida Mellen.
14.	Just Cats	Lowes D. Luard and T. D. Beachcroft.
15.	Rrou—The Story of a Cat (Translated)	Maurice Gene Voix.
16.	Big Cats and Little Cats	Hedda Walther.
17.	Dame Wiggins of Lea	John Ruskin.
18.	The Cat Who Saw God	Anna Gordon Keown.
19.	Cats	Capt. Fergus MacCunn.
20.	Golden Coney	Eleanor Farjeon.
21.	Stubby	Kate Whitehead.
22.	More About Stubby	Kate Whitehead.
23.	Nine Lives	Caroline Marriage.
24.	Children of the Moon	Moira Meighn.
25.	Old Possums Book of Practical Cats	F. S. Elliot.
26.	Concerning Cats	Helen M. Winslow.
27.	The Story of Ben-Ban	A. M. Hales.
28.	Domestic and Fancy Cats	John Jennings.
29.	Tim the Traveller	Dulcima Glasby.
30.	The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic	M. Oldfield Howey.
31.	Henrietta Ronner—The Painter of Cat Life and Character	(Postage on this book is 1/-). John Crawford.
32.	Sam	Elizabeth Bruce Adams.
33.	My Cat Prospero	Evelyn B. H. Soames.
34.	Cats, Longhaired and Short	Henry Savage.
35.	Lords of the Household	Agnes Repplier.
36.	The Fireside Sphinx	Carl Von Vetchen.
37.	Tiger in the House	(Collected Stories).
38.	Genius of the Hearth	Sylvia Barbanell.
39.	When your Animal Dies	Oliver Hereford.
40.	Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten	Frances Simpson.
41.	Cats for Pleasure and Profit	Creighton Peet.
42.	Mike the Cat	Henty.
43.	Cat of Bubastes	
44.		
45.	The Domestic Cat	Gordon Stables.
46.	Our Cats and All About Them	C. A. House.
47.	Cat of Pine Ridge	Phyllis Briggs.
48.	Life Story of a Cat	Violet Hunt.
49.	Kellyann, the Story of a Manx Cat	by Herself.
50.	A Book of Cats	Mrs. W. Chance.
51.	Velvet Masks	C. H. Harnett.
52.	Tinkle the Cat	Norah C. James.

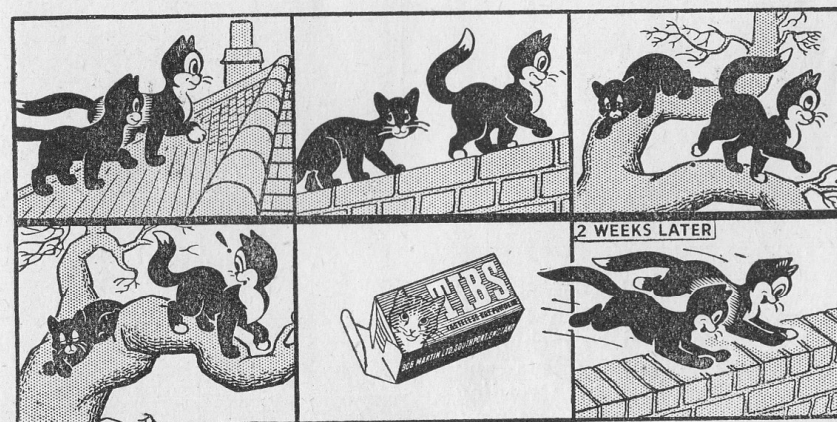
No.	Title	Author
53.	A Catalogue of Fur ...	Heston More.
54.	Uncle Peter ...	Harper Cory.
55.	Cat and Bird Stories ...	"Spectator."
56.	Cats and all About Them ...	Frances Simpson.
57.		
58.	Mr. Squeak ...	Guegan.
59.	Mephistopholes ...	Keiro.
60.	Animal Ghosts ...	Elliott O'Donnell.
61.	Man and Beast ...	Rev. J. G. Wood.
62.	Cats in Rhyme ...	Lindy Lou.
63.	Care of Your Cat ...	Grace Cox-Ife & Hilary Johns.
64.	Alexander and Some Other Cats ...	Sarah J. Eddy.
65.	The Cat's Point of View ...	Dr. C. G. Williamson.
66.	Domestic Wild ...	Joy Frances Wilding.
67.	Kellyann Married ...	by Herself.
68.	Old Possums Book of Practical Cats ...	F. S. Eliot.
69.	Orlando's Home Life ...	Kathleen Hale.
70.	A Treasury of Cat Stories ...	Compiled by Era Zistel.
71.	A Clowder of Cats ...	S. W. Scott.
72.	Cat's Company. (New Edition) ...	Michael Joseph.
73.	Katie, my Roving Cat ...	Frances Pitt.
74.	Loki—The Story of a Persian Cat ...	Violet Hunt.
75.	Cat and Camera ...	Henry Stacy.
76.	Toby the Beloved—The Story of a Little White Cat ...	
77.	The Poet's Cat ...	An Anthology compiled by Mona Gooden.
78.	The McGuffin ...	C. B. Poultney.
79.	On Cats ...	Ruth Pitter.
80.	Birl—The Story of a Cat ...	Alexander M. Frey.
81.	April's Kittens ...	Clare Turlev Newberry.
82.	Miaou—The Cat in Pictures ...	
83.	These I Have Loved ...	Katherine Sim.
84.	Questions Answered About Cats ...	Grace Cox-Ife.
85.	The Cat in History, Legend and Art ...	Anne Marks.
86.	Your Cat and Mine ...	Catherine Manley.
87.	Cat Breeding and General Management ...	P. M. Soderberg.
88.	Mink Was No Ordinary Cat ...	Jane Thornicroft.

Your Cats and Mine—contd.

Mrs. Southall tells me she has used Jame's powders—No. 14, for catarrh in cats, with great success. Cats left with heavy breathing after 'flu, are often very much relieved after a course of these powders, which can be given sprinkled on food.

We are now, after a week, fairly settled at 39, Full Street.

I hate moving, but I think we shall have possession of our bungalow at the end of the month, so we shall be on the move again, though I hope this time it will be permanent. There is a nice big garden, with room for the cat houses, but the runs will have to be smaller than I usually have. However, with fewer cats, it is possible for each to have more free time.



ON TOP OF THE WORLD! There's nothing like 'Tibs' to give a cat a better view of life. So make a new rule *now*. Give your cat a 'Tibs' a day to keep him really fit — inside and out — and make him the loveliest, liveliest cat that ever was.

In packets 8d. and cartons 1/8d. from chemists and corn merchants. Write for Cat Book (3d. in stamps) to Bob Martin Ltd., Room N36, Southport.

TIBS
KEEP CATS
KITTENISH

LETTERS and PICTURES



Figaro.

West Horizon,
Kewhurst Avenue,
Cooden,
Sussex.

The Editor,
Cats and Kittens Magazine.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snapshot of my red tabby S.H. George, which I hope you may have room to include in the Readers' Page of Cats and Kittens, which I have been reading and enjoying for several years now.

George's mother died when he was born, and I brought him up on a bottle, attending to his toilet with a damp tooth brush. He is now, at a year old, quite hefty, and the most amiable of cats.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) K. H. Regan.

117, Strouden Road,
Winton,
Bournemouth.

Dear Editor,

We are enclosing photos of our two cats hoping you will find them suitable for publication in your magazine, 'Cats and Kittens,' which we look forward to every month.

'Figaro,' the black cat belongs to Joy Machon and 'Michael,' the black and white one belongs to Jennifer Kruger. They are both members of the Faithful Friends Guild, although they both refuse to wear their badges.

We are yours faithfully,
J. Machon and J. Kruger.



Michael.



George.

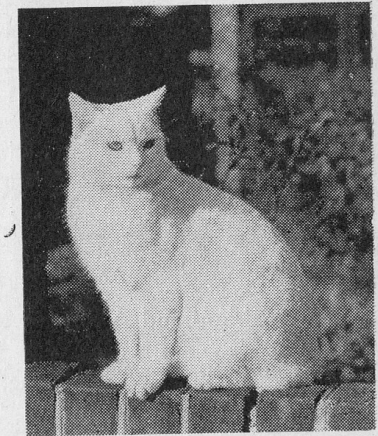
TO THE EDITOR

73, Broadhurst,
Ashstead,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I have pleasure in enclosing a photograph of my cat Snowey, which I hope may prove suitable for publication.

Yours truly,
Royston F. Wells.



Snowey.

78, Wathen Road,
Leamington, Spa.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snap of my blue Persian, 'Southam Louis,' aged 18 months. We tried to take his photo alone, but he whisked away every time, so I had to hold him. He is a very good tempered cat with us, but fights off all strange cats, and is very fond of toffee.

Perhaps you may find room for his photo in your paper some day.

Thanking you,
Yours truly,
(Mrs.) E. C. Reader.

The Quantocks,
22, Linden Road,
Bedford.

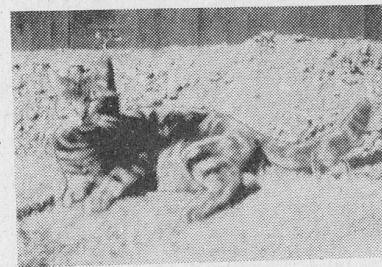
Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of my cat 'Nibby.' I shall be looking forward to seeing it in 'the magazine.'

Yours faithfully,
Shirley Hubbard.

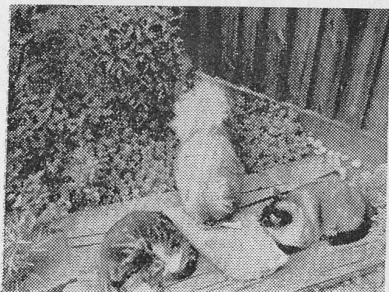


Mrs. Reader and Southam Louis.



Nibby.

Letters and Pictures



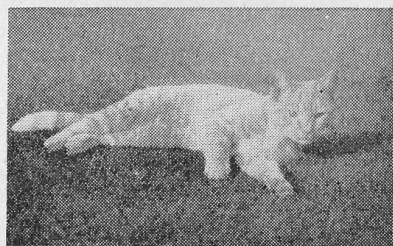
Harry, Bishop and Ambrose.

18, Francis Avenue,
Feltham,
Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a small picture, showing Harry and Bishop with our pekingese, Ambrose, which I thought might possibly qualify for inclusion in your "Letters and Pictures to the Editor" feature. Ambrose joined the family as a nine months old puppy, when the cats were all grown up and fairly set in their ways, however they were surprisingly tolerant of him, provided he did not bother them, in fact they ignored him as much as possible! The arguments were invariably started by Ambrose, who was of a somewhat jealous disposition, but happily no serious trouble ever occurred. Patrick died of internal trouble at the age of three years, and Bishop was run over, but mercifully killed instantaneously, when he was five years old, but Harry lived to a ripe and healthy thirteen years, his personality developed every year and his loss at times still affects us quite intolerably.

Yours faithfully,
Ellen C. Bolt.



Another Reader's Pet.

59, Queen's Park Terrace,
Brighton, 7,
Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I have been a keen reader of 'Cats and Kittens' for some years but cannot remember ever having heard of a cat as old as 'Toby,' whose photo I enclose. This was taken just before his last birthday, on June 8th, when he was twenty-three years of age.

He is very camera-shy and I had to decoy him into the garden with a piece of fish and even then he was very wary as you see here.

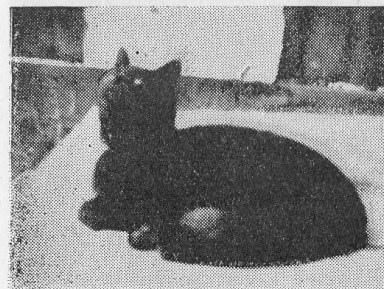
His ginger coat is still in good condition and he has all his faculties, so we hope to see him running round for many years yet.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Margo Booth.



Toby.

To The Editor



Jackie.

154, Dyke Road,
Brighton, 5.

Dear Editor,

As a regular reader of 'Cats and Kittens,' I am always very interested in the Letters and Pictures of other people's cats.

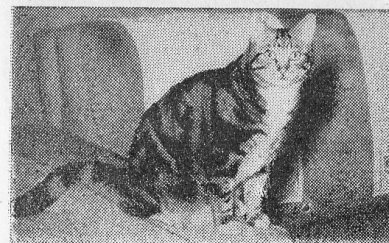
I had made up my mind to take a new photograph of 'Jackie' and send it to you, but unfortunately he went to sleep rather unexpectedly last month, at the age of 14 years and 4 months.

Perhaps you could include the photo taken a few years ago, as he was such a wonderful friend and we miss him very much.

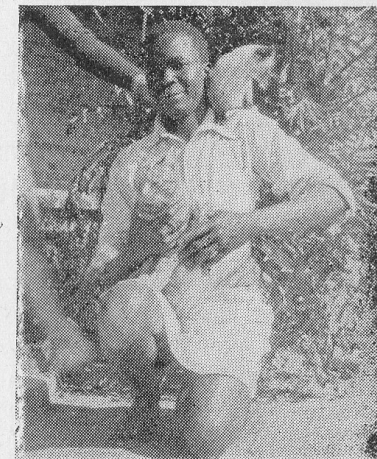
Yours faithfully,

Margery Q. Bleach.

P.S.—His full name was John Edward Huia.



Miss F. M. Colley, 100, Nathans Road, North Wembley, submits this photograph of her pet.



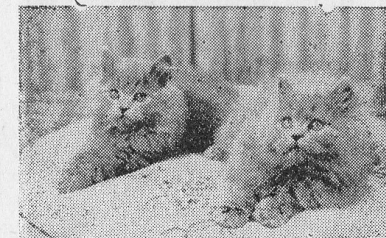
Lansdown,
P. O. Melfort,
S. Rhodesia.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a snap of my cook-boy Muwusimi posing (a little uneasily I fancy!) with 'Chin-Chin,' a Siamese kitten on his shoulder and 'Sinbad' on his knee. If you think it is good enough to publish, please do so—it might amuse readers in England.

My husband and I look forward eagerly to the arrival of 'Cats and Kittens' each month as well as 'Cat's Magazine,' which we have been getting direct from America for the past two years.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) M. A. F. Collingwood.



Richard Jackson's photograph of Miss Stringer's Eireanne Silver Belle and Eireanne Danny Boy. Breeder, Mrs. Marlow.

NOTES FOR THE NOVICE

PURCHASING A KITTEN

By LILIAN FRANCE

MANY of you will be buying your first pedigree kitten from the Spring litters, which are the best. It is *the* time for breeding, and the youngsters have all the good weather before them, to enable them to grow into strong healthy specimens before the really cold weather appears.

I expect you have very definite ideas as to which breed of cat you wish to buy, but do remember, short hairs are easily and quickly groomed, and if your choice is a long hair, you must be prepared to start grooming it every day right from the start, and to keep it up, otherwise, it will not be the beautiful specimen you hoped.

When you have located the kitten you want, try if possible to go and see it before definitely deciding to have it. If this is not possible, reply only to advertisers in reputable papers. Say what your requirements are, whether you want your kitten for future breeding and exhibition, or only as a pet. Some-

times, there is a kitten in a litter with some small fault which would scarcely be noticed, but which might prevent it from winning in a show, although it would make an excellent pet. The owner would of course be willing to make a concession on the price of such a kitten. If you want a really good specimen, expect to pay a good price for it. The best is always the cheapest in the end.

Ten weeks is a good age at which to introduce your kitten into its new home. Presuming you have known some little time beforehand of its advent, you will have asked for its pedigree and diet chart from the breeder. If she is not registering it herself, you can do so. Choosing names for kittens can be most fascinating. You will have to decide if you are going to use a prefix. If so, you will have to register it with the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy.

This means that all the kittens you breed will carry your prefix before their names, and so be

easily recognised by it as being bred by you. Unless you intend to breed, there is, of course, no need to have a prefix.

Have a box or basket, cosily lined, ready for your kitten's arrival. Place it in a comfortable place, in the room in which you intend it to sleep. Keep a bowl of clean water down, so that the kitten knows where it is always available. A sanitary pan, which at first can be a fair sized shallow meat tin, must be filled with peat moss, sawdust, chippings, or sifted ashes, and placed in a secluded spot for the kitten's toilet. As soon as the kitten arrives, show it the sanitary pan, as it probably will want to use it after a long journey.

A small meal of whatever food you have been advised to give should then be offered, and the kitten left quietly to enjoy it and to rest—or more likely, to make a thorough inspection of the room.

Too much is often expected of a young kitten. After a reasonable amount of play, it should be allowed to rest and sleep in peace. At ten weeks it should be having four small meals a day—two milky ones, and two solid. Breakfast could consist of cereal and milk mixed with Farex. Tea, egg custard, or brown bread and milk. Lunch and supper, cooked rabbit, gravy

and brown bread or lightly steamed or boiled fish and brown bread. Keep the portions small. Feed at regular times, and take up what is not eaten in a reasonable time. Be strict about feeding tit-bits in between meals. Don't forget, your kitten's appetite is an excellent indication of its state of health.

I don't believe in giving medicines to healthy cats, but I do advocate a dose of liquid paraffin twice weekly. For a kitten, a small tea-spoonful is the dose. Hold the skin at the back of the neck and gently tilt the head backwards. Tip the slightly warmed paraffin slowly into the right side of the mouth. This, if done regularly, should keep the kitten's digestion and bowels working smoothly. Grooming must be commenced at the earliest possible age. I am sure, if this were done more often, we should not have so many adult cats, especially long hairs, who hate being groomed, and are quite upset by it.

The short hairs are no trouble, a daily comb with a fine steel comb to remove all loose hairs, should be followed by a good brush, and a smart polish with a chamois leather.

The long hairs take more time. A little talcum powder should be shaken into the coat and rubbed in. Then brush thoroughly, removing all powder

and finish off with a steel comb, not forgetting the under parts of the body as these are the places the cat will most dislike being groomed when it is adult.

Once a week, clean the ears with cotton wool round an orange stick, dipped in diluted proxide of hydrogen, finishing off with dry cotton wool. At the same time, gently bathe the eyes with a little weak boracic lotion. Dry thoroughly.

Keep combs, brushes and all cat bedding scrupulously clean.

If your kitten's stomach becomes at all upset, give one Dr. Boucard's lacteol tablet in half-a-teaspoonful of warm water once a day. It is very gentle and perfectly harmless.

When it is thoroughly used to its new home, the kitten will want to venture out to explore the garden. Only let it out at first when you are able to stay

The White Cat—contd.

"No it was *not!*" she said. "Don't you go getting no notions into your head. Nor don't you listen to no tales, neither. That was an accident pure and simple. You know Hanger Hill as well as I do; it's a bad road at the best of times, and on a foggy night it hell's corner, safe enough."

around. When it runs in and out of house and garden freely you may be pretty sure it knows its home and will stay.

If you have children, or the kitten has been bought as a childrens' pet, it is your duty to see that it is treated properly. Without meaning to be cruel, children often handle kittens in a way which must cause pain. Early training would obviate this. Teach the child how to pick the kitten up, and never allow it to be mauled. Don't allow it to be disturbed when sleeping.

A certain amount of rest is necessary if it is to grow and develop properly. It should not be dragged out of its box to play before it has had its full rest. It will soon jump up and be ready for fun after a good sleep. Explain this to the child, and it will soon learn to respect the kitten.

I stood up. "I must be going," I said, realising I was not going to hear any more. I looked at the faded picture a moment.

"It's a fine cat," I said, regretfully.

"It was and all," she agreed reluctantly. "Not that I'm all that set on cats myself, no matter what colour. Cats is chancey things."

THE SOUTH WESTERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB

held a well attended revival Meeting at Exeter on 24th March and after discussion it was agreed to hold a Cat Show in Torquay in September. Owing to funds being low, this show will have to be a non-championship event but if it is well supported and enough members join the Club there is every prospect of the old pre-war Championship Shows being able to start again in the West Country.

The Membership subscription was fixed at 7/6d. without entrance fee and the Hon. Secretary, Miss Cathcart, The Dug-out, Dunstone Park, Paignton, will be grateful if prospective and old members will send their subs. (due 1st April, for 1949-50), as soon as possible and not wait until September. Donations will also be welcome.

The Club has a large number of Cups, Spoons and Trophies and though the Show will be open to all, these Cups, etc., will naturally only be offered for competition among members.

By joining now you will help to put the Club back on its feet and make the Show a success.

'Just what cats require'

"Will you please send me a further supply of your new Cat Condition Powders. They are just what cats require, and should be given to all kept in domestic conditions. My Eireanne Blue Persian, who is a well-known stud cat, is the one I have given them to so far, and he already thinks it's spring and the mating season, he is just full of beans! I would like to give some to the others in this Kennel"

January, 1949

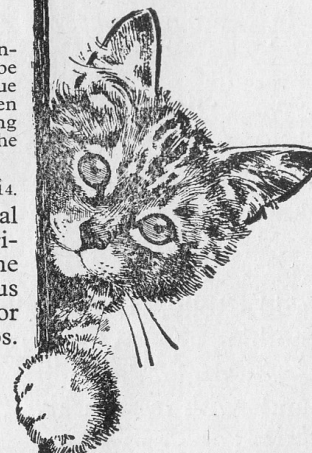
(signed) M.s. E. M. How, 38 Vereker Road,
Baron's Court, London, W.14.

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 all Karswood's famous veterinary preparations. In packets of 8 for 9d or 24 for 1/4d at Chemists, Corn Dealers and Pet Shops.

KARSWOOD

cat

POWDERS



FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES
LIONELS' BIRTHDAY
 By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS.

EDWARD, Lionel, Babykins Plumpey and Rolly were very excited. It was Lionel's Birthday and, as a treat, they were going to the theatre! Not just to see an ordinary play, but as Edward called it, "Grand Opera."

They arrived at the Opera House in nice time, with their coats brushed until they gleamed, and their whiskers shining like copper wire. Plumpey and Babykins carried Opera glasses, while Lionel clutched one of his presents—a box of chocolates.

They had five seats in the front row of the dress circle, and spent much time reading their programmes.

"The Royal Opera House presents a performance of 'Tosca,'" read Edward holding his monocle to his eye.

"Do they sing and dance?" asked Babykins.

"They all sing and act, but I don't know about dancing" said Rolly, who really knew nothing about Opera at all.

Suddenly the lights dimmed, and with a squeak, Plumpey cried:

"They're beginning!—The Curtain's going up!—Look!—look!"

"Sch!—Sch!" hissed some people in the audience, and he subsided.

Rapt and enthralled they watched the tragedy of Tosca.

"It's magic!" breathed Babykins, closing his eyes.

When the curtain was lowered for the final time, amid tremendous cheering, Lionel announced:

"Now, we'll all go home for supper!"

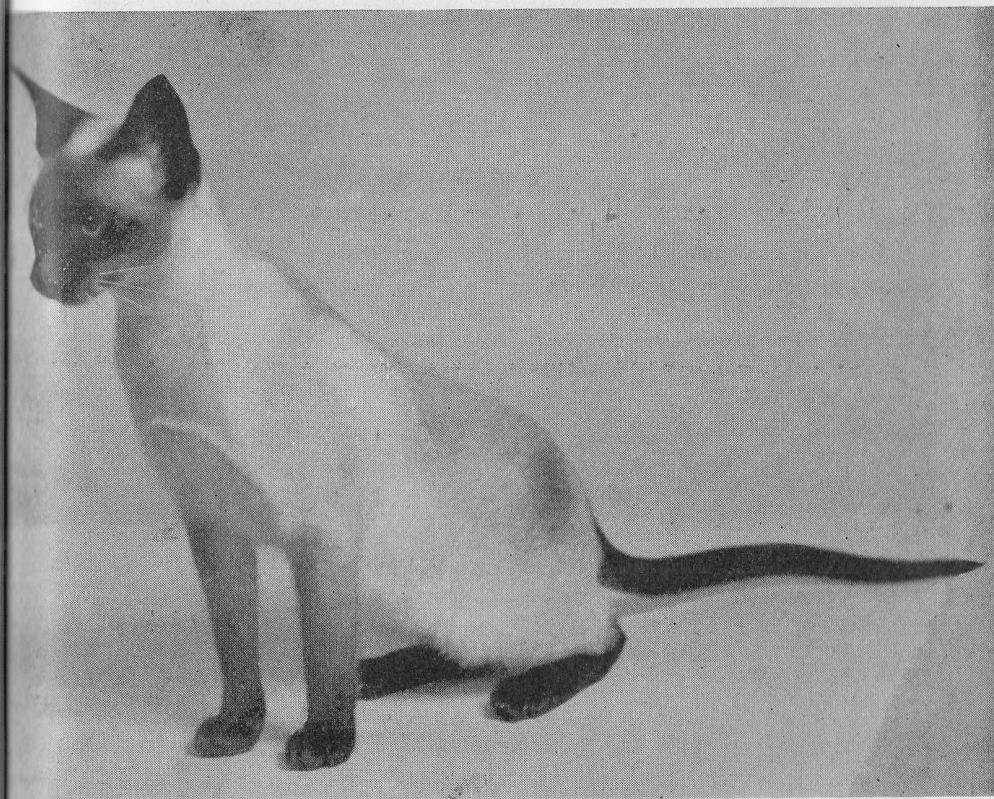
But he underestimated it when he called it Supper, for they had such a feast, including chicken and whiting pasties, jellies and meringues, ice-cream, and lots of orangeade to drink.

Then Edward produced a surprise, a wonderful birthday cake, with pink and white icing, and one pink candle in the middle—"Because, why should everyone know my age!" Lionel explained with dignity.

After he had cut the cake, everyone drank his health and cried: "Speech! Speech!"

"I've—well, hem, hem—I've had a wonderful birthday, and—er—I'm so glad you have enjoyed it too!" And he retired bashfully to eat his bit of cake, amid the merry noise of his friends chanting,

"Happy birthday to you!"



LINDALE SIMON PIE.

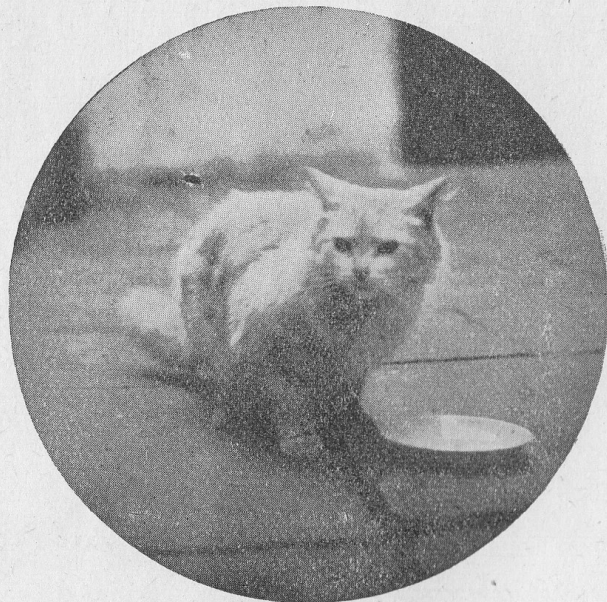
Sire: Mystic Dreamer. Dam: Beaumanor Bricky.
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announcement. Also STUD
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Champion Zy. Azure Phanda (B.P.)
Sire: Zy Azure Dah (B.P.) Dam: Zy
Azure Phantasy (B.P.). Fee 45/- and return
carriage.

Lela Now (B.P.)
Sire: Champion Zy Azure Phanda (B.P.).
Dam: Stubhamton Tinkie Too (B.P.).
Winner, 1st and Ch. National Show, 1948.
Winner, 1st and Ch. Nottingham Show,
1949.

Oriental Silky Boy (S.P.)
Sire: Ch. Angus Silky. Dam: Sirius
Valentina. Winner, 2 Ch. Certs. Croydon,
1938; Exeter, 1939. Fee 2 gns. and return
carriage.

Typic Pita (S.P.)
Sire: Ch. Jacques of Abingdon. Dam:
Phantom Beauty. Winner 1st and
Champion and Best Cat all Breeds, Sandy
Show, 1946. Fee 2 gns. and return carriage.

Southwood Kuching (S.P.)
Sire: Prestwick Person. Dam: Ho-Tu.
Winner every time shown. Excels in eye
colour. Fee 2 gns. and return carriage.

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