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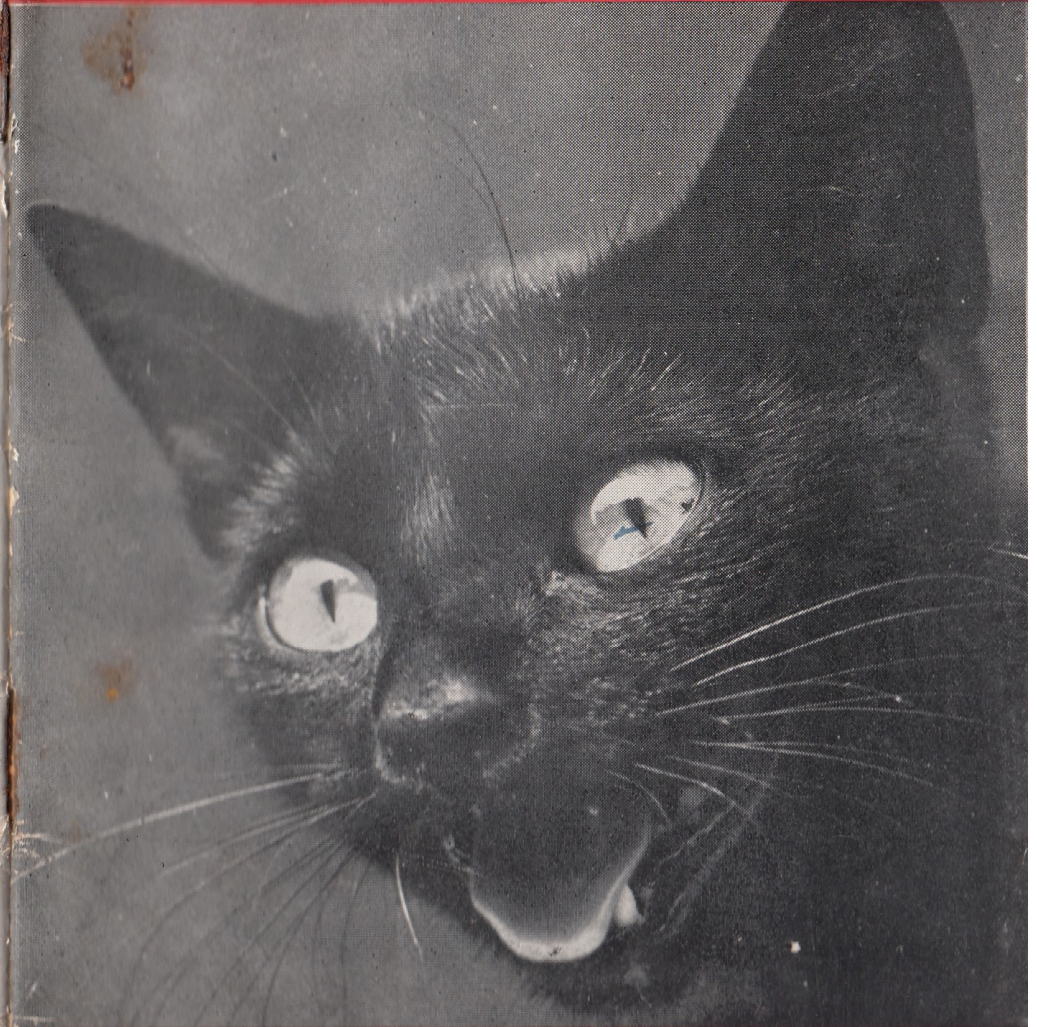
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149  
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*and kittens*

AUGUST 1/-



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THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

Established

1936

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**PICTURE WITHOUT WORDS.**

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## ANGELO AND THE KITTEN

By ROBERT HARVEY.

**H**AT in hand, Angelo picked his way along the Embankment from stone to stone as if trying to avoid the intersections, as if pursuing a secret path whose end would lead him to infinite pleasure. Then he stopped and glanced down at the gently drifting river—the Thames. But the Spring sun gilded the water so that the glare made his eyes narrow with ache. He sighed and moved happily on.

Everyone knew Angelo, the pavement artist. That wasn't his real name, and no one knew how he had come by it. It was just what everyone called him, and it befitted his softness and serenity. Always at this hour with the sun in its first splendour you would meet him making towards Westminster Bridge, towards his pitch: a stub of a man, bronzed, bearded, and garish in dress, and never without his satchel. No sun, no Angelo: he was like that. "Life must have colour," he once wrote above one of his chalk landscapes; "and the sun gives colour to Life." So the sunnier the day the more vivid were the hues in his sketches.

And this morning the sun was shining and hardly was the city astir before Angelo was on his way. Once more he stopped and this time smiled. Not at the river but at a black kitten which was weaving a perilous track along the parapet above. It paused when obstructed by the lamp-post. Now what? How was it going to get round? The kitten decided to reconnoitre and cautiously slid one paw forward, at the same time stretching its neck to peer ahead. The parapet continued on the other side and beyond was another lamp-post, and another, and another, each with a stretch of parapet between. The kitten sank slowly back and thought. It wasn't quite assured and in a moment rose to take a further look. It stood to its full height, its paws gripping the ornamented base of the lamp-post for support. At length it nodded its head, quite undismayed, nor in the least deterred, by the immensity of the obstacles to be overcome. And as it settled back it looked up, attracted by the dull sheen of the opaque globe, but more by the twittering of a sparrow, who was

perched there preening himself.

Instinctively the kitten crouched down and wriggled its buttocks vigorously in anticipation. Then it became watchfully still, ready to spring. And just as the bird fluttered unconcerned out over the river, the kitten felt itself lifted away.

"Oh, no, you don't!"

The kitten for a moment turned startled and unfriendly eyes upon Angelo, then sought to follow the flight of its prey.

"You might have fallen in the river," Angelo gently pointed out. "Then what?"

He stroked the kitten up and down its back with slow rhythm. It glanced at him again, wildly and uncomprehending, then tried to twist free; but Angelo held it firmly. Frightened, it dug its claws into his hands and drew blood.

"Now is that kind, puss?" he chided, still not letting go. "I save your life and I don't get so much as a purr of thanks. I should've let you drown..."

The kitten spat and mewled; but Angelo went on stroking soothingly. Then he ran his finger up and down deliberately behind its ear. After awhile the kitten relaxed, drew in its claws and looked at him with new interest. Its eyes were gentler: they even held a glint of pleasure.

"So you like that, do you?" Angelo murmured.

The kitten lost all animosity and began to curl up and rub its head against his coat pocket. Angelo lightly set the kitten on the pavement and for a few seconds continued to run his hand over its back. At last he stood up and the animal regarded him with a mixture of surprise and contentment and brushed approvingly against his trousers.

"So we're friends, are we?" Angelo said. "Good!"

As he moved away. The kitten watched him go. Now there was a puzzled look in its eyes. Then, tail in the air, it skipped after him.

Angelo looked back. He laughed when he saw he was being followed. So it wanted to play! He quickened his pace, so did the kitten; he stopped: so did the kitten; and when he suddenly altered course and darted behind a tree, the kitten, undeceived, came straight to him. It was no use. The animal could not be shaken off. So Angelo resumed his saunter and at length reached his pitch.

He undid his satchel and drew out the box of chalks and crayons and the slates. There were nine slates and he set each one up against the wall. The

(Turn to page 23).

## CATS OF CHARACTER

By P. M. COURSE.

I have always been surprised at the amount of character one finds in cats; not only one's own pet, but often in cats met casually. I have visited places where the cat remains distinct in my mind long after the image of its owner has faded. Such a cat was Tinker, a large black gentleman who dominated the life of his owner in no uncertain manner.

He slept at the foot of her bed, on the eiderdown, but in no gentle, boudoir-cat fashion; the window of the bedroom (it was a bungalow) had to be left open at all times of the year to permit of Tinker's ingress at any time of the night—and he made full use of it; whenever his owner was awakened by a violent thud on her feet, it meant that Tinker had finished his nightly ramble and had come to bed. Woe betide the poor lady if she moved an inch during the remained of the night! Any tremor of the eiderdown was greeted by ferocious growls and swearing from Tinker's end of the bed.

On the rare occasions when this tyrant found *his* bedroom

window closed, the night was pierced by infuriated howls which could not possibly be ignored; and as the only way to silence the din and keep on friendly terms with the neighbours was to let him in, his owner had very little choice in the matter.

Smoky lives in a sea-side hotel, and is one of the most aristocratic cats I have ever met. Ostensibly he is the proprietress's cat, and as such is forbidden to visit the rooms occupied by hotel guests; but when he first stalked into the lounge with an air of regal disdain I quite understood why it was impossible to enforce this rule. Having been granted the honour of the Chosen Lap, I suffered in silence while he made hay on my best skirt, sinking his claws right down through three layers of material to flesh. It was extremely uncomfortable, but he was *such* an aristocratic cat one felt that to turn him off would be sacrilege.

When not making himself the centre of attraction in the lounge (and he really is a very handsome cat), he is usually to

be found asleep on one of the beds, in the centre of a lovely silk bedspread. His mistress does *not* approve; but successions of admiring hotel guests have evidently implanted in him the firm conviction that he has a right to every room in the building, and any attempt to eject him is met with great indignation.

A black lady cat named Diana had a unique habit, when I stayed in the bungalow of her owners, of transporting her four black kittens one by one through the bedroom window, and dropping them on my eiderdown; when all four were happily scrambling among the hills and dales, Diana would depart on a private expedition of her own. On her return she would rather grudgingly receive her kittens again and trail them off into the garden; looking very much as if she felt that children were an awful tie!

I wonder how many cat-admirers are foolish enough to carry on a correspondence between their cats?

My Fluff has a pen-friend in Scotland. Nobby is a tabby in

a very good home; I believe he is rather spoilt, although the lady who usually writes his letters for him does her best to keep him in order.

He has little in common with Fluff, as he is a *very* Tom cat, a cat of battles; but they find a subject of mutual interest in FOOD. Nobby has a marked liking for rabbit, and completely fails to understand why Fluff can permit several good meals, in the shape of a large black rabbit, roam at will in his owner's garden; he completely fails to appreciate Fluff's reasons for this leniency, namely that (a) that the rabbit is nearly as large as Fluff and not at all nervous, (b) Fluff's owner would be extremely cross if he touched her rabbit, and (c) the rabbit has long claws and might well prove a dangerous adversary in combat.

Nobby is definitely of the opinion that no cat worth his salt could share a garden with a live rabbit. And in his last letter I seemed to detect a faint undercurrent of contempt. It is probably just as well that Fluff and his pen-friend are never likely to meet.



## PUSSIKIN

By HILARY JOHNS.

**S**TAYING in a cottage in a tiny Yorkshire fishing hamlet recently, I found the real mistress of the household was Pussikin, a slim, very graceful and utterly charming little white cat with just a splash of tabby markings on head and back, and a tabby tail.

Pussiken made friends with me at once and the friendship was cemented when she shared my asparagus at tea one day. (Why do all cats seem to love asparagus)? Bill is a perfect nuisance if I have any in the house, and eats up the odd ends as eagerly as I enjoy the tips!

The lady of the house was worried lest I be annoyed by Pussikin's persistent attentions but when I had reassured her and showed my predilection for cats, she told me Pussikin's story, and next day I took a photo of the little cat with Mary, the daughter of the house. Pussikin's story was rather remarkable.

During the winter of 1941, a trawler was mined not far off the coast. The lifeboat went out to the wreckage but there was no one on board. None of the crew were ever seen again. Assured that there was no life



Pussikin and Mary

amongst the pathetic battered remnants of the hulk, the lifeboatmen came ashore, leaving the wreckage to drift to and fro for another day or two.

But they were wrong in thinking there was no life on board. Pussikin was there. Heaven knows where, but somewhere deep in the smashed hull a small and terrified little white cat was fighting a battle even more primitive than against man's folly. Her first family was due, and stronger even than the instinct to save herself was her instinct to have her family safe away from all eyes.

So, at least, we must assume the first chapter of her heroic story ran, and of the next chapter only fragments are known but they can be pieced together more or less coherently.

Three days after the lifeboat had been out on its fruitless errand, a miserable, bedraggled, wet and apparently starving stray presented itself at the Sturgiss' cottage. Mrs. Sturgiss took it in and fed it, and tried

to clean it up a bit, but the cat seemed concerned only to gulp down food and drink and be off. Mrs. Sturgiss, realising that the visitor had kittens somewhere, could only put down more food and leave the rest to fate. As soon as she had eaten, the cat vanished.

Two days later, she appeared again, ravenous as before, and wet and bedraggled. Mrs. Sturgiss had made enquiries among her few neighbours but no one knew anything of the cat. Again it bolted the food and vanished, but this time it was seen in the lane leading down to the tiny slipway which is all the hamlet boasts as harbour.

The third chapter is coherent enough. Mr. Sturgiss and his mate were down at the slipway, seeing to their fishing tackle, when suddenly offshore they saw a small object bobbing in the waves. They were about to dismiss it as just some item of flotsam when the younger man exclaimed.

"By heavens!" he cried, "if it ain't a cat! And a cat with a kitten in its mouth, no less!"

And he was right. In a few minutes the little white cat crawled ashore, still holding her baby in her mouth. She dragged it above the reach of the waves, licked it painstakingly, and picked it up again. Amazed, the two men followed her as she slowly made her way up the

lane to Mrs. Sturgiss' friendly cottage. Thus it was her husband was able to tell his wife what the men had seen, and in a few minutes mother and kitten were safe in a basket near the fire.

But the cat would not rest, nor look at the food Mrs. Sturgiss quickly offered her. Instead, she gave her baby one more lick, and then climbed out of the basket and made for the door.

"I do believe she's going back for another!" said Mr. Sturgiss and he and his friend followed her.

Sure enough, she went back to the slipway, and plunged out into the sea, and then it was the men realised that part of the wrecked trawler still lay half-sunk by every way, a couple of hundred yards offshore. Quickly they got their boat out and followed the brave little head, almost lost in the waves, but when they got to the wreckage there was no sign of her. Nor was there anything on which a man could land, so they lay on their oars, waiting.

In a moment or two, the cat appeared, and again she had a kitten in her jaws as she jumped into the water. The men inched up carefully till Mr. Sturgiss could touch the cat and pull her aboard. She seemed quite confident of his good intentions, and

(Turn to page 31).

## BETTY N. EDDY'S TRANSATLANTIC FEATURE

# BETWEEN US CATS

**WHENEVER** the conversation gets dull and you're searching for a conversation piece, just try tossing out "People who like cats are crazy!" The gathering will immediately take sides and you'll be surprised to find out how many of your friends are just as crazy about them as are those who think YOU are because of them.

The argument'll get heated. One may even tell you the oft mentioned but conclusively proven in error tale about the cat that "sucked the breath out of a little baby," or how "that big nasty alley cat scratched little Ronald." As to the first story—try to nail down your narrator to facts and it'll turn out that she just "heard about it a long time ago and don't remember where." As for the second story bet'em that precious little Ronald was probably pestering the you-know-what out of th'kitten who figured out quite sensibly that he may as well take things into his own paws—and did.



The Author.

Ronald'll probably hate cats th'rest of his life—which'll be just as good as far as the cats in his life'll be concerned! They'll at least have some peace!

But about these people who're so crazy ABOUT cats. Didn't you ever feel that there must be a good sound reason WHY people love cats? Why they suddenly go weak when they have one of 'em around? Why they almost (in some cases

bordering on the ridiculous), worship them! Yes—there's always a reason!

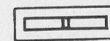
I once knew a little girl who's love for cats was such that she practically devoted her whole life to them. Not alone her own—she even worried about other peoples cats. In fact, it's a common story that the main reason she married the lucky guy who's her husband is because he was the only fellow she knew who'd stop his car while they were out riding—so that she could pet and whisper sweet cat-talk into the ears of strays.

An episode in her early life created that love for cats. She lived on a little farm in Pennsylvania. Her father, unfortunately was a man who was cruel to animals as well as his own children. He issued a directive that much against his will, this little girl could have a cat for a pet—but that it was never to come into the house. It is to be regretted that one day this sweet little Persian kitten wandered through the kitchen door and more to be regretted that father was in the kitchen just in time to see him jump on the table.

His face turned purple and his mutterings were "not fittin' for man nor beast." He grabbed the helpless little ball of grey fluff and went to the very door through which just a moment before this sweet little thing had come so unsuspectingly. He threw it—please bear with me while I tell this horrible thing—he threw it through the door against a nearby stone wall!

The little girl never forgot that sight! She just sort o' went weak all over. But she said a prayer and made a promise. "Dear God" she said to herself, "please forgive daddy because I don't think he knew what a terrible thing he just did. All my life Dear God, I will love all animals—specially pussycats—I'll love them and take care of them—so that when Lovey looks down from Pussycat Heaven he'll know that his sweet little life wasn't sacrificed in vain."

And that's why this particular little girl, now grown into womanhood is "crazy about cats." This is a true story. I know—because—I WAS THAT LITTLE GIRL ! ! ! !



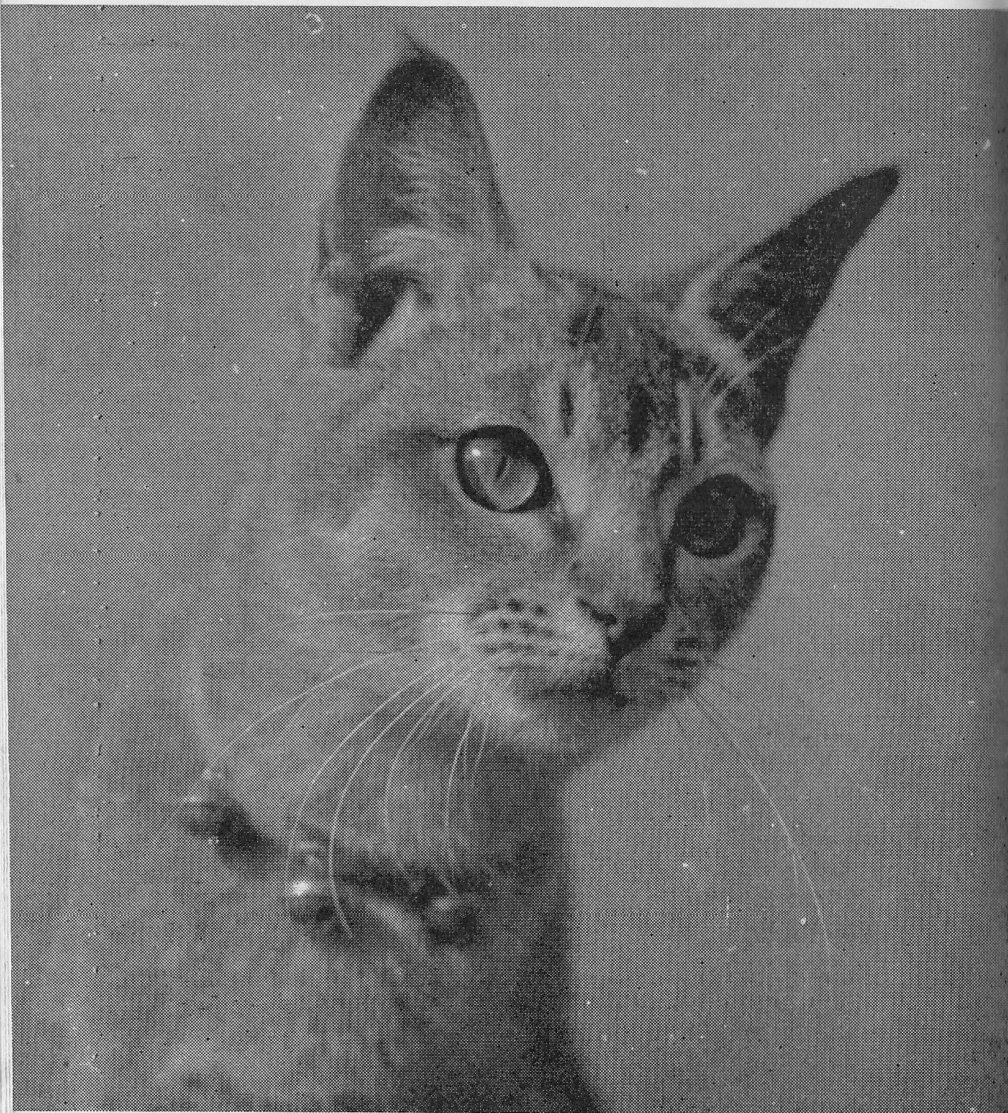


Photo by V. E. Major.

**BRUNSWYCKE CHERI.**

**Abyssinian Female.**

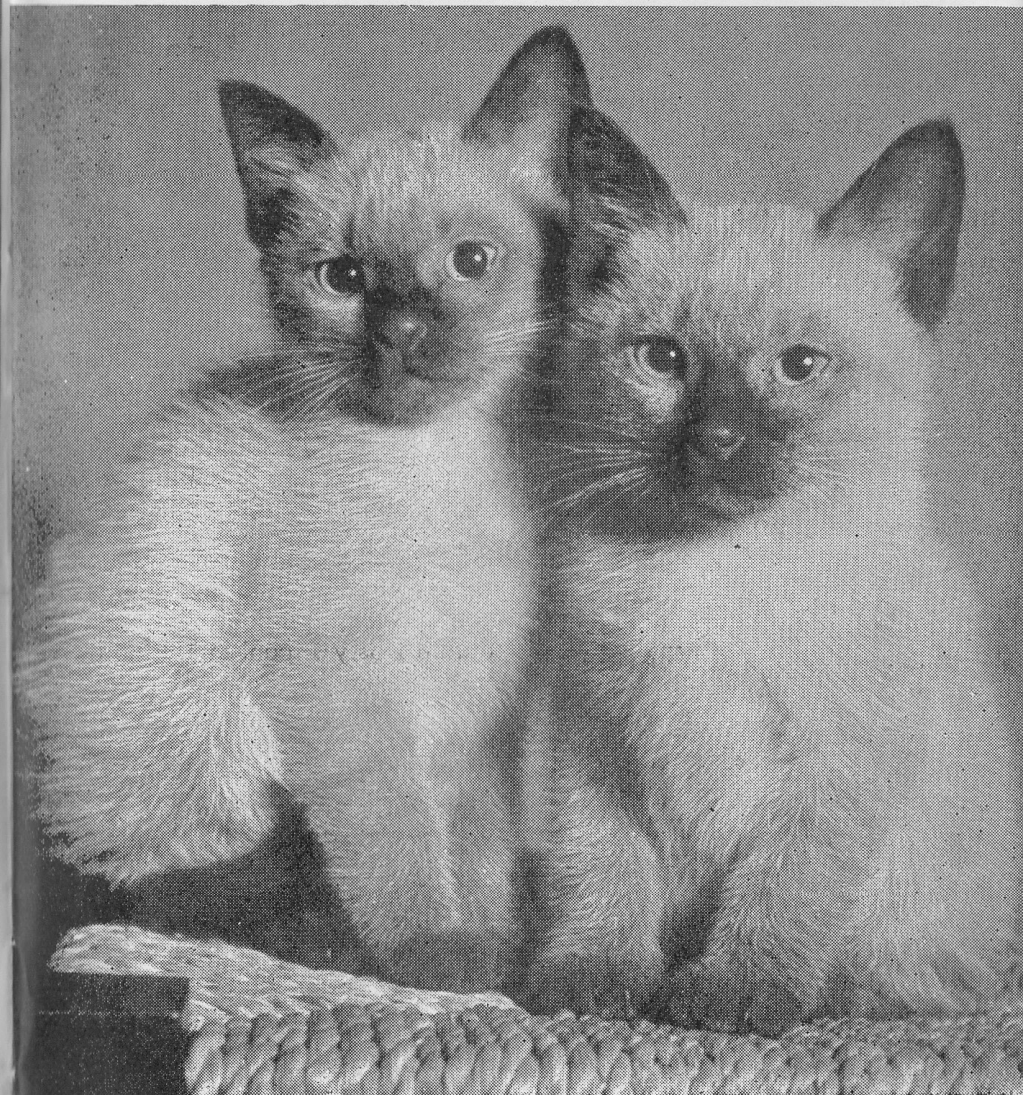
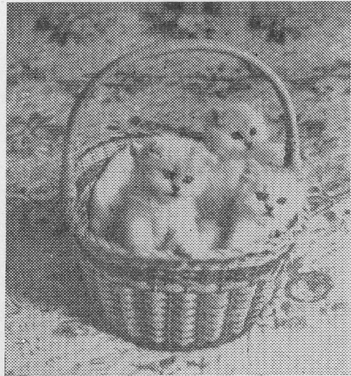


Photo by Rudolf Jarai.

**SIAMESE TWINS?**



Three Nani Sei Chinchillas.

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

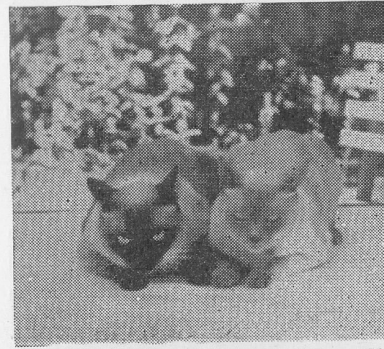
PUBLISHED in the July issue was a photograph of Miss Alvis Peete's Siamese, Jorg. Now the sad news comes to say he has died. Miss Peete left him and another cat at the vet's whilst she went on a visit to California. When she returned, Jorg had died the night before and Jimmy was ill. After Pencillin treatment and good nursing, he recovered, but Miss Peete is desolated at the loss of her beloved pet, and says the house is no longer home without him.

I know it is very nice to let one's stud cat have the maximum of freedom, but I do think this should be combined with safety. Mr. Randell writes to tell me his stud disappeared for four days and nights and finally turned up looking thin and bedraggled. Once cats start wandering away, I think it time to keep them up for a while, giving only a certain amount of freedom each day.

They are much more likely then to stick around. Wandering off so often ends in tragedy. So many good toms have been run over or killed on the railway.

Mrs. Andre Classe writes:— I was so interested to read about your good impression of Crowdecote Misty Moonbeam. You may like to know I have just bought her from Mrs. Prince and am hoping for a litter as sweet as herself in the near future.

I recently mentioned Pulvex in my notes, and Mrs. Kaye kindly writes to tell me that it is now made without D.D.T., which often tends to make the cat sick if it licks the coat after being dressed with Pulvex. She says:—Messrs. Cooper, Mc Dougall & Robertson sent me a sample after I had written to say I did not care for that containing D.D.T. Apparently many other cat owners had written in the same strain, so they have returned to the



Mrs. Vasilieff's Tischa and Djer Kit

manufacture of their pre-war variety. It certainly has less odour, and I have never known it to upset the smallest kitten. I am so glad you recommend Pulvex. I cannot think why some breeders advocate such roundabout methods, tedious to both cats and owners, when, as you say, a dusting with Pulvex, and a sprinkle in the beds, is all that is necessary to rid them of fleas.

Mrs. Le Neve Foster writes to say that in my Notes for the Novice, I state that a full tom cannot be allowed to live in the house or he will spray on the furniture and Mr. Soderberg also makes this statement in his book, "Cat Breeding & General Management." When writing an article on a subject like the stud cat, one must generalise, and there is no doubt, that as a general rule, a full tom, when he becomes adult, will spray on furniture and curtains. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, and Mrs. Le Neve

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Foster has been fortunate. She says:—For some years previous to 1934, I kept and showed cats and always had two studs, one Siamese and one Abyssinian, living in the house. I never had any trouble from spraying. At present I have a Siamese full male, who is a great house pet, and always goes away with us when we visit friends, and on holiday and his is perfectly behaved. Even when he has queens visiting and has to be shut in for some days, I still have no trouble. If during a queen's visit he feels a need to spray he asks to go out, and I take him for a walk round the gardens. He has sired some very nice kittens and we hope in the not too distant future to start showing and breeding properly again.

This question of spraying is very interesting, and I often wonder if the toms which don't spray in the house are ones which have been reared indoors more or less as pets. The only full male I ever had who didn't spray was Bulolo. It didn't matter how long he was in the house, or how many queens were about, he never once sprayed. One tom stood on an armchair, and to my horror, sprayed up the back so that it ran down on to the seat in a great stream.

From New York, Mrs. Vasilieff sends a photo of her lovely Siamese, taken at Saratoga Springs, the famous



health resort. The seal point, Tischa, is the mother of the blue point, Djer Kit, and they have a happy time watching the visitors to the bird bath, and observing a family of squirrels. Never is a paw raised—and it is a beautiful sight to see pussies, squirrels, blue jays, cat birds, sparrows and robins making a peaceable kingdom. The pussies love the flowers and sit hidden by them for hours on end.

Mrs. Joseph, president of the Golden Gate Cat Club, California, says she would be so proud if we could publish a photograph of her Chinchilla

kittens in the magazine. So here they are, and how truly lovely. Personally, I think Chinchillas photograph the best of all cats. Mrs. Joseph says these are three of her Nani Sei baby Chinchillas. The one with feet on basket is a female, Nani Sei Treasure's Evette, and is now a champion.


An interesting letter from Mrs. Stone says:—You may remember my writing to Mr. France from Karachi, some months ago, asking his advice about bringing my two Siamese cats to England. I followed his advice and did not bring them. We are not returning to

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Pakistan and the people who have taken our house are very fond of Siamese cats, so gladly took over 'Happy' and 'Fanny.' A month before we left, Fanny had four kittens, three males and one female. I found homes for two, and the other two I decided to keep. I arranged that they should be flown home when they were eight to ten weeks old. This, as you may imagine, necessitated a great deal of correspondence, export and import licenses, health certificate and arrangements with travel agents and air lines. I had a box made with two compartments and an earth tray which could be slid in and out without opening the door. Their food for the journey, Lacteol and Farex, I put in small tins, and tied them to the box in a string bag. Everything was ready! It was with great sorrow I left their mother and father, knowing that I should never see them again. Happy was especially dear to me, as he was born in the house, and I had his father, Simon, before him. We were in England by the end of April, and about the middle of May I had a cable to say the kittens were to leave Karachi the next day. This was followed by a wire from the Air Lines Office, London, giving the time of their arrival at Cardiff. They left Karachi on a Saturday and were in Cardiff at 9 p.m. on the following day.

Ten minutes later they were in their quarantine quarters, and when the door of their box was opened they tumbled out, full of fun, and none the worse for the past thirty-six hours, during which time they had travelled over 5,000 miles. I should not have felt happy at having to leave one kitten in quarantine for six months but these two babies, "Happy and "Samosa" are so happy together and have such wonderful games, that I feel there is no cause to worry. When they come home, I hope to send you a snap of the two travellers!

I was very interested to read Elsie Hart's remarks in the July issue about queens being injected when they have, or are thought to have, mated. When I was at Prior's Barn, very harassed and overworked, I heard one day the unmistakable cry of a queen after mating. I dashed out to find one of my Siamese queens rolling on the lawn and a tabby gentleman just making off. I didn't particularly want any kittens, but I certainly didn't want cross-breds, so I took her to the vet., who gave her an injection. She had had one litter in the Spring, and this must have happened about three months later, after her kittens had gone. She had no cross-bred kittens, but, she didn't call again until the

(Turn to page 28).

## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

### ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER.

**C**AT Fancy groups seem to be in the fashion. At Mrs. Macdonald's recent delightful garden party at Ewell the guests had their pictures taken by no less expert than animal photographer, Leo Fall. Most appropriate if nothing else. I wonder how we shall all look. We tried hard to get our hostess' celebrated neuter, who probably weighs as much as mine host, to take the place of honour, but the cat having no use for the "Fancy" quite naturally declined. However, he helped dispose of the admirable fare and even sampled the wonderful birthday cake provided for one whose age is best forgotten! A really lovely party.

Most amusing was the anecdote described by a lady whose Siamese travels everywhere with her. On this occasion it was a picnic and when another party arrived on the scene, was about to descend a rabbit hole in search of a little fun. The visitors stared in amazement and the wit immediately took the stage. "It's a Siamese cat, they're half a ferret you know, bred from a

ferret and a wild cat, born white you know. Wait a minute, he'll be back with the rabbit, you just watch him." However, our Siamese emerged minus. "Missed him that time, but he'll go down again presently and get him, they always do." News to me!

Query from Ruth Edwards. I would like your advice on mating my Siamese queen. She is eighteen months old and has had one litter of lovely kittens, but there was a rather awkward journey of about 45 minutes to the stud, so I have been looking for one nearer. I have now found a very good stud about fifteen miles away but I learn that instead of receiving the visiting queens in the usual way, he is sent out to the owner of the queen. Do you think this arrangement would be satisfactory? I replied very forcibly on this point as it once again brings forward the idea that when a queen is in season one just throws her to the stud. I have no idea who the owners of this particular stud may be but it is obvious they can know nothing whatever about stud work. To transport a male to

the home of the queen is quite wrong, it is doubtful if he would mate her at all in strange surroundings, and I pity the owner of the lady if and when the mating is accomplished, she would certainly know the stud had been in residence for a very long time! With so many books available these days on the habits and welfare of cats it seems strange such ignorance still persists. As a profitable business it should be admirable, the owner of the queen paying the fee and doing the work as well.

Whilst on the subject of studs I found Mr. Jude's article in last month's issue extremely interesting and would like to say how right he is with regard to allowing a male to mate too early. Although most Siamese mature early, it is a great mistake to use a male as soon as he shows signs of wanting a queen. Miss Dixon, who knows as much about Siamese as anybody, told me a male should not be used until he was fifteen months of age. She is perfectly right, give a male one queen and he immediately sets up a howl for a second and so on and before you know where you are he turns up his nose and is half ruined for the future.

Several breeders have also been advocating allowing a male at stud to have his liberty. To

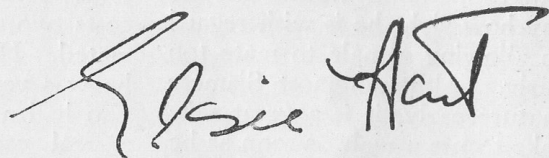
say the least of it, if the animal is at public stud, it is very unfair to the owners of the visiting queens. Running loose he may pick up all sorts of things, mate all and sundry, and prove useless to the visitor. He must, of course, have a spacious house and run, but complete liberty does not seem quite right unless he is kept solely for his owner's use.

Letter from Miss von Ullman, who is now living in the north of England with her cats. "The other day a large lorry drove up and the driver produced a very odd looking Siamese and asked me to serve her. He was disappointed when I told him that I had sold the tom and that it costs two guineas to have a cat mated. He then told me that he was very fond of cats and also had a tabby tom who was a real canny one with the queenies. I suppose the Siamese was full of tabby kits already. I could not find out where he got his Siamese, she was pure bred but he had not bothered about the pedigree. I did not give him the address of a stud owner because I thought it would be much better if the canny tabby served his Siamese if he had not already done so. I am afraid I may have squashed a prospective fancier but I somehow felt that tabbies who catch mice in barns are more in his line." So do I.

Back to the subject of stilboestral, or the stuff that prevents unwanted babies when our pedigree lady goes off on her own. Two cases have come to my notice of queens who have not naturally come into season. The owners become restive and on the advice of various persons have had the cats injected with this drug. Immediately a violent call is produced and the queen rushed to the stud. Mating takes place but there are no results. Stilboestral produces a sterile "call" and no amount of mating will cause pregnancy. If a queen is barren, she will not have kittens whatever you do. On the other

hand she may be late in maturing, so leave her alone and don't experiment with drugs you know very little about.

Opportunity knocks? Joan Thompson travelling through France shared a couchette with a Frenchman. Said he, "Will you smoke?" "No thank you, I don't smoke." "A drink?" "A Vichy water, thank you." "Rather difficult if one doesn't speak the language," said Joan telling the story to me. The average Frenchman's reputation being identical to that of Wansfal Ajax, surely, in the circumstances, *qui san fou!* Won't somebody invite me to judge in France?




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### SHAW ON VIVISECTION.

George Bernard Shaw, best known man of letters, author, critic, playwright, reveals a new side to his character in Messrs. George Allen & Unwin's latest publication, published at 5/-.

Bernard Shaw's criticisms of painful experiments on animals, revised by him for re-publication, by The National Anti-Vivisection Society, contains extremely interesting notes by the Secretary of the Society.

All those who have animal welfare at heart certainly must read this interesting little volume.

## PERSONALITIES, CATTERIES, AND CATS

By A. H. CATTERMOLLE

MR. and Mrs. McDonald (Ewell), gave us a marvellous Garden tea party on the 15th June. About 40 fanciers were present. I have a shocking memory for names, but I remember, Mr. and Mrs. Sayers, Mr. and Mrs. Cowlshaw, Mrs. Vine, Mrs. Towe, Mrs. Hindley, Miss J. Thompson, Mr. C. Yeates, Mr. Soderberg, Mrs. Wedgwood, Mrs. Hart and many more.

Mrs. McDonald must have had a busy time, and our gracious hostess was here, there and everywhere. The weather clerk was fairly kind, it might have been warmer, but it did not rain as it usually does at garden parties. Photos were taken by a very well-known photographer we all sitting nice and comfortable at small tables on the lawn, when we were having tea.

It happened to be the birthday of Mrs. Hart, so we had a lovely birthday cake with "Happy Birthday to You!" in icing, but not quite complete, as the 21 candles were missing.

Mr. McDonald took a group of us around showing us the large gardens and took us for a walk along a hidden way, huge trees making a roof, it seemed

to us that we were in the heart of the country in a lovely wood.

The cat houses are awfully nice and very up-to-date, always being kept at a certain temperature by a new electrical arrangement. The stud cat even has his own little balcony attached to his house.

Although Mrs. McDonald breeds Siamese, I am proud to say, this good lady is a member of the Black and White Club. Mrs. McDonald has several charming litters which we greatly admired. Lucky cats and kittens to live in such surroundings!

While our hostess was introducing us to each other, she came across Mr. Yeates and "yours truly," so Mrs. McDonald said: "You know each other." I replied, "Do we." So Mr. Yeates said: "Well considering you brought me up!" So now the secret is out. If I must be a centarian, I don't think I am doing so badly.

I had the pleasure to see Mrs. Vine's charming bungalow and cattery. That's another ideal place for cats, nearly as large as the above named. A sort of "lover's lane" leads up to it, it

stands absolutely isolated in the midst of Banstead. The cattery is well-built, and open-air runs surround houses. Cats and kittens run all over the garden and lawn but turn up again obediently when called. Mrs. Vine has a young cream male with glorious deep copper eyes, a blue male, two blue queens and a very nice blue-cream female. Her colours are beautifully mixed, she ought to do well on the show bench. There were also some delightful kittens and several Alsation dogs. And I nearly forgot, two nanny goats, some ducks and chickens, and plenty of flowers and fruit trees. So you can see, Mrs. Vine has plenty to do to keep her out of mischief. Did you know that Mrs. Vine is a grandma, it's hard to believe, but it is so.

Another charming cattery I visited, is Miss Sherlocks, also in rural surroundings. Miss Sherlocks is a most enthusiastic fancier in Blacks and Whites.

The beloved veteran of this cattery is "Basildon Eastertide," by Ch. Hillingdon Jackdaw, ex Basildon Black Gem, he is 13 years of age, has won one first, one second and several thirds. "Moormead Julien," the well-known black Persian stud, by Ch. Hillingdon Jackdaw, ex Moormead Dumpling, is 11 years old, he has won one first, six seconds and some third prizes, and has sired 80 kittens

up to now, and still going strong. "Tina of Takeley," by It of Henley, ex Chadhurst Carissa, a little black female now 10 years old, was never shown. "Bircotte Bunchie," by Moormead Julian, ex Tina of Takeley, is a very beautiful show cat, well-known on the show bench. She has the two Championship Certificates, but seems unable to manage to get the final one, which is a pity. Besides those she also had two firsts, five seconds, various others and specials. She is 7 years old now. "Black Velvet of Takeley," by Heatherland Blue Boy, ex Stella of Takeley, is a young lady of 2½ years, and so far has won one first and a special. "Bircotte Giftocrissa," by Moormead Julian and Chadhurst Carissa, is also 2½ years of age. These are all the black Persians. Now we are coming to the white Persians. "Lotus Apollo," blue eyed male, by Ch. Lotus Moliere, is nine months old, not shown just yet, he has perfect hearing and ought to make a splendid addition to the white studs. "Bircotte Genista," also by Ch. Lotus Moliere, has golden eyes, is 2½ years of age and has won two firsts and one Championship Certificate. "Bircotte Hazie" is a blue Persian male, 1 year old, by Moormead Julian, ex Black Velvet of Takeley, has already

(Turn to page 31).

## CATS TO THE FORE at the Devon Agricultural Show

By A CONTRIBUTOR

**E**ARLIER in the year the South Western Counties Cat Club decided to have a tent at the Devon Agriculture Show for the purpose of helping to make the club known and cats in general, and to advertise the Show in September. Mrs. Mitchell undertook the excellent arrangements for the tent, etc., and expenses; and with the help of Cats and Kittens, Our Cats, The Cat Fancy, Your Cat and Mine, also Messrs. Shirley, etc., Karswood and George Bell, who kindly sent samples and advertisements which all helped to brighten the tent. Added to this, several members sent photos of prize winning cats, also some of the Club's cups were on view. To assist Mrs. Mitchell, who travelled daily 20 miles to the show with her home duties, was no small task, came Mr. and Mrs. Woodall and Miss Bate on the first day. Miss Mackenzie and Capt. Lowe on the second day and Miss Cathcart on the third day.

Now as this was rather a try-out, it was surprising how many of the public took an interest.



Reading from left to right  
Miss Mackenzie, Capt. Lowe,  
Mrs. Mitchell.

An author, writing a play about a white cat asked questions about colour of eyes.

A good many asked about feeding and ailments.

A few members were made and a good many said they would come to the Show in September.

Also we heard how some ladies carried food up to the moors to feed cats which had been turned adrift to fend for themselves.

On the whole it certainly attracted attention which it is hoped will bear fruit in the not too far distant future and will help all cats, whatever their breed.

## SU—PUSS—TITIONS!

### FELINE FOLK-LORE FROM MANY LANDS

Collected by CHARLES MAYCOCK

The sneezing of a cat indicates good luck for a bride.

If the cat sneezes three times, it is a sign that a cold will run through the family. (Great Britain).

If a cat crosses your path, ill luck will follow you. (Germany).

A cat cleaning itself denotes the arrival of guests. (Alsace).

When cats are assiduous in cleaning their heads and ears, rain may be expected. (Greece).

Cats on the deck of a ship are said to presage a coming storm.

Black cats bring luck.

Satan's favourite form is that of a black cat; hence this animal is the familiar spirit of witches.

A cat jumping over a dead body causes vampirism.

A cat has nine lives.

Whoever kills a cat will never have good fortune. (Macedonia and Malay).

Tom-cats of a tortoiseshell colour are highly prized in Japan as a preventive against shipwreck, and are said by Englishmen to bring luck to their owners.

A *strange* tortoiseshell cat coming into a house is unlucky. (Great Britain).

If a man dreams that he is scratched by a cat, his sweetheart is a spiteful shrew; if a woman has a similar dream, she has a rival.

To dream of kittens presages the birth of children.

(NOTE.—Where no particular place of origin is named, the superstition is common to several countries).

### Angelo and the Kitten—contd.

(from page 3).

kitten inspected them individually. It was the last it liked most of all: a brilliant sunset over the desert. It stood before it as if mesmerised by the boldness and interplay of colour.

"You like that one, puss?" Angelo was pleased. "It happens to be my favourite, too. I did it when I was in California, which they call the Golden West . . ."

He broke off. The kitten wouldn't understand. He dropped his green felt hat upturned beside the slates and settled himself upon the pavement, legs bent, a clean pad of drawing-paper propped on his knees. He took up a crayon and began to sketch. The kitten came along and stretched out at his feet.

Not for long was it still. Its tail flicked restlessly on the stone. The kitten twisted its head to see what was happening and as it noted the measured rise and fall of its own tail a wild playful look swept into its eyes. Swiftly it pounced but as swiftly the tail got away. Now the chase began. Across the pavement in front of Angelo's slates the kitten cavorted and whirled, never tiring, never growing giddy, only more

exasperated than its quarry always managed just to escape.

Angelo watched, his face wrinkled in mirth, and, until their laughter broke in above his own, he was unaware of the crowd that had gathered also to watch. He looked around at them then. Not one observed him or heeded his sketches. It was the antics of the kitten that attracted them, that moved them to throw coins freely into the hat before they passed on.

Angelo's face became set. It was a strange truth that people were more often stirred to compassion by animals than by humans. Was that why the appeal of the organ-grinder was answered more readily if he had a monkey, why the pennies flowed into the blind man's mug if he had a dog? There was no bitterness in his reflections. It struck him that he himself was not unlike the kitten chasing its tail; except that the world would not laugh at the spectacle of a man chasing himself. Yet throughout life, Angelo mused, this was just what he had done. He had pursued hidden fancies, taken refuge in beautiful dreams, followed his volatile enthusiasms: happy and serene because he never knew the disillusionment of attainment, because his dreams were always there to-morrow. He had learned that happiness comes when

you do not consciously or purposefully pursue it.

He looked again at the kitten, which still twirled untiringly. Affection for it flushed through him and left him resentful of the laughing crowd. And throwing them a dark and reproachful glance, he scrambled up and impulsively took the kitten in his arms. This time it did not object: at once it began to purr, as though this was just what it had wanted.

"I won't let them laugh at you, puss," Angelo said, moving to the Embankment side, where he leant looking out across the river. He forgot the dwindling, importunate crowd whom he had deprived of pleasure in the indulgence of his own. "What do they call you? Or haven't you a name?" He nuzzled against its fur. "I could think of any number of beautiful names for you, but I'll just call you 'Puss.'"

He swung round and stared sadly at the scurrying traffic and swaying trams. Suddenly he laughed.

"I've got a little cat, and I'm very fond of that . . ." His voice as he sang was soft with tenderness. Carefully he put the kitten down, squeezing its tail in his fist. "Be good, now!"

The kitten trotted proudly away and Angelo sat down once more to resume his sketch. But the kitten would not let him work. It came back and kept brushing against his knees and swished its tail several times across his pad. Angelo stopped, patiently ignoring its playfulness. Next it started scratching among the chinks in the box and even tried to lift one out with its paw. Finding itself frustrated, it began to dab at the crayon which Angelo was using.

"That's quite enough!" he admonished, picking the kitten up and dangling it high above his head, giving it a vigorous shake. "I told you to behave yourself." He spread it on its side in front of him. "Now lie still!"

The kitten obeyed but after a few minutes sat up and set about washing itself. Then its tail gave a tantalizing flick. And in a moment the kitten was chasing it again across the pavement and blindly out into the road in the path of the streaming traffic.

Angelo saw and leapt up in consternation.

"Puss! Puss! Come back!" he called, urgently.

The kitten did not hear and bounded further into the road.

Angelo dashed to the kerb. There was one thought in his mind. Something young and happy must not be destroyed. That was why he must save the kitten or it would be run over and . . . and killed, and then happiness would be dead. He plunged into the road, desperately and without looking. He did not hear the warning clang of the tram which rattled towards him, bore him down . . .

The kitten skeeted back to the pavement, past the fringe of people in front of the tram. A constable pushed his way through.

"It's Angelo," someone said.

"He's dead. Rushed right in front of the tram without looking."

The kitten went to where Angelo had sat. It stood there lost, looking up and down the pavement, trying to peer behind the trees, where he might be hiding. But there was no trace of him and the kitten turned disconsolate eyes on the slates as if they at least would sympathise and offer guidance. It went over and sniffed the hat. A leaf came dancing along with a rustle of seduction. The kitten pricked its ears, instantly forgot its loneliness and its loss, forgot Angelo, and bounded happily away in pursuit . . .



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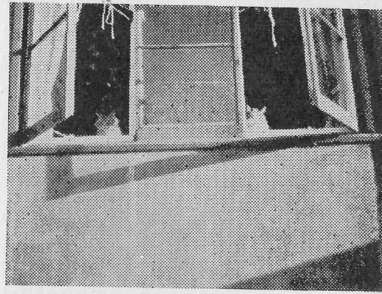
## LETTERS and PICTURES

Porthcurnick Lodge,  
Rosevine,  
Portscatho,  
Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

I think my subscription must be about due, so I am willingly sending it on to you, as I do enjoy the Magazine so much and have got two other people to take it in. Our work in Cornwall still goes on, only last week I was sent for, to attend a cat that was being sick, and although I did all I possibly could for him, I had at last, to put him in the lethal box, he had picked up poison, quite a few cats have died lately. People here have so many fowls and therefore get a lot of rats and they put the poison down to get rid of the rats, and somehow the cats get hold of the poison also. I am sending you these photographs, you will read on the back all about them. The snap of the two cats, always seem to cause great amusement when I show it to people. As you will see they are neither of them our own cats, but every morning, without fail, when I open the door, there they are, both waiting. Judy being the elder of the two must always be allowed to walk in first, woe betide William if he dared to try to come in first. I have seen him many a time have a good smack from Judy for his impudence. Wishing your Magazine all success.

Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) M. Ladd.



"William and Judy."

2, Charleston Road,  
Eastbourne.

Dear Editor,

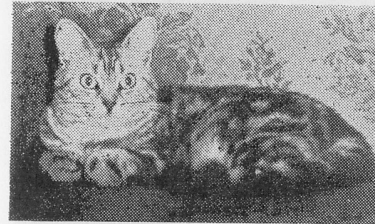
I enclose a photograph of my Siamese cat, Loo Loo, playing with her great friend Timmy, who lives next door. They spend most of their time romping together and have the most amusing games.

Yours truly,  
Elizabeth Wood.



"Loo-Loo and Timmy."

## TO THE EDITOR



Princess Chinchilla.  
A New York Cat, Property of  
Miss Baker, American Reader.

Milwaukee,  
Wisconsin,  
U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

Just had to drop a line to say we have been receiving your Magazine and enjoy it very much. We take most of the animal magazines and of them all on the whole yours has the best cat pictures that we have ever seen. Your cover on the June issue is wonderful.

Sincerely yours,  
(Mr.) Richard Koepf.



"Elsohrab and Rustem"

"Torrens,"  
Mill Lane, Harbledown,  
Canterbury, Kent.

Dear Editor,

I read with much interest your Magazine 'Cats and Kittens,' though I am not always able to procure a copy.

I also write to ask if you would record in your pages the death of our lovely little cat, 'Elsohrab of Hadley,' by Mrs. Fraser's Hendon Blue Robin and Mrs. Fisher's Vera of Hadley. He would have been four years old on 20th May and was such a loveable little chap. He was taken ill very suddenly on Easter Monday evening with peritonitis, turning to pneumonia, and in spite of our sitting up with him two days and two nights, everything possible being done to save him, he had to be put to rest at 1.30 a.m. on the Thursday morning of 21st April. He is greatly missed by his pal, 'Madron Rustem,' by Welwyn Sunbeam and Colneside Bright Angel, a really beautiful Tabby Red Persian, who was four on Easter Day.

I enclose a photograph taken of them when they were only two years old.

I would also mention that Ch. Mischief of Bredon was a Great Grand-Parent of 'Elsohrab of Hadley.'

Yours sincerely,  
(Miss) M. J. Innous.

**Your Cats and Mine—contd.**  
(form page 15).

Spring. When the nights began to darken, she took to sleeping until late afternoon, and then would casually stroll out and disappear. I would call and call, but she wouldn't return, and I had to go round the adjacent building site with a torch, calling her, and eventually she would come running to me. After several times, I took to shutting her up safely as soon as it was dusk. I wonder if the non-calling and the strange behaviour was caused by the injection?

I was sorry to note Mrs. Hart's remarks about Siamese other than Seal points. I do agree that the combination of cream coat, deep seal points, and sapphire eyes is extremely lovely and would be hard to beat, but a long time ago, I fell for a lovely little chocolate pointed queen, a daughter of my stud Petani, and Mrs. Shepherd's queen Seal-sleeve Simi, which I subsequently purchased from her. Unfortunately, Petani died before these two could again be mated and Mrs. Shepherd lost the little queen at about eight months old with distemper. She was exquisite, with that lovely creamy coat of excellent texture which good chocolate points have, and delicate milk chocolate points. I have only seen one

really nice chocolate point queen since, and she had the same lovely coat and milk chocolate points, though her type was not quite so good as the daughter of Petani. Personally, I should be very glad if this strain of Siamese could become popular like the blue point. I do not think it would in any way detract from the beauty and popularity of the seal point.

Mis Kit Wilson is now the Chairman of the Governing Council, a worthy successor to Mr. Cyril Yeates, who held that position for so many years—a responsible one, and I am sure we wish Miss Wilson every success.

In the editorial of Miss Wilson's splendid paper for cat lovers, "The Cat Fancy," June issue, she mentions the forthcoming show season, and the inevitable crop of grumblers. I must say that personally I never hear anything but praise and gratitude for the show managers and helpers who do all the hard work to make a happy day for exhibitors and cats. Miss Wilson also says:—Instead of shooting at the show managers and officials, why doesn't someone come along and learn the business. Every year the running of the shows falls to the same people, and it is up to those people to encourage those who are willing to take over some of these arduous duties.

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## WEEK-END ON A FARM

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

**E**DWARD, Lionel, Babykins,

Rolly and Plumpey were so excited! They were all going to spend a week-end on a Farm!

"I've never been on a farm before!" cried Babykins. "Are all the animals in cages?"

"You're thinking of the Zoo," said Lionel. "Farm animals are very friendly, they will be roaming all over the place."

Plumpey looked most alarmed.

"T-there wo-on't be bulls and cows roaming around will there?" he quavered.

"I don't expect so!" said Edward, adding airily, "though they are sure to have a few goats—and they can but as hard as cows!"

"I want to see the ducks and hens!" cried Lionel.

"And all the little baby chicks," said Babykins.

At last they arrived at the Farm, with its thatched roof cottage and pretty little garden.

The first night they all slept peacefully, and were up early the next morning, eager to see everything. Lionel was most interested in the pigs and while leaning over the gate to look more closely at the baby pigs, he fell head over heels into the pig trough! How they all laughed,

when he reappeared in the most awful mess.

What they all loved was to drink the fresh milk, so fresh that it was warm and foamy—all except Plumpey, who preferred his chilled and served with a dash of cream!

One day the farmer took them for a ride on the cart, drawn by "Shambles," the cart horse. The Farmer explained he had been christened "Shambles" because of the way he walked.

Afterwards they went to look at the fishes in the pond.

Babykins dabbled his paw in the water, in the hopes of hooking a nice bright gold one, but Edward said they were Farm Pets, and mustn't be touched.

What a wonderful week-end they all had, exploring, looking at all the animals and eating the glorious farm produce.

In the evenings they sat in the farm house porch, chatting, sniffing the catmint and watching the birds, as they wheeled past, on their way home.

All too soon the lovely week-end was over, and they all said good-bye.

"Come again as soon as you can!" said the Farmer's wife.

"We will!" they promised and they kept their promise too!

Pussikin—contd. (from page 7)

let him take the kitten from her and slip it inside his jacket against his warm body.

"That ain't no good us trying to get on the wreck," said his mate, and he could only agree. "We'd best just wait and see if she's got any more."

She had.—Twice more she went back to the floating debris—it was nothing more—and two more kittens she brought with her, to be handed over to her human friend. Then and only then she seemed content and the men headed the boat for the shore.

Ten minutes later, all four kittens were safe in the basket by the fire and Pussikin was devouring a meal of warm bread and milk, while Mrs. Sturgiss dried her gently with an old cloth.

Personalities, Catteries & Cats  
(from page 20)

three firsts and one second. He is a very good cat and ought to go far.

"Bircotte Fancy" is a tortoise-shell and white short-hair female with two seconds to her credit.

"Lotus Shandy," smoke male, by Lotus Pauly, ex Ch. Lotus Sugar Candy, won a second under Miss Adams, who liked him very much, also several minor prizes, only shown once.

It will be seen that all Miss

"It's a miracle to me yet," Mrs. Sturgiss told me, as Pussikin sat on my knee, purring ecstatically and digging her claws into me happily. "I was terrified she would get pneumonia or something but she seemed to take no harm, though she was thin for a long time. And the kittens all thrived, too. We found homes for them easily enough—everyone heard the story and wanted one! We hadn't many cats in the village, and Pussikin and her family have always been marvellous mousers and ratters, and I think half the cats here now are hers!"

At eight years of age, Pussikin is a sober matron now. She still produces at least two families a year but never again has she had to bring them forth and care for them in the terrible conditions attending her first adventure into motherhood.

Sherlock's cats are well bred and by the size of the cattery, that Miss Sherlock has her hands full. There are also several dogs, amongst them a handsome Borsoi.

All cats have their houses, very roomy and well built, with open-air, wired-in runs attached to them. Miss Sherlock lives in a delightful cottage right in the country, another grand place for animals.

Many thanks to these fanciers who so kindly answered my S.O.S.

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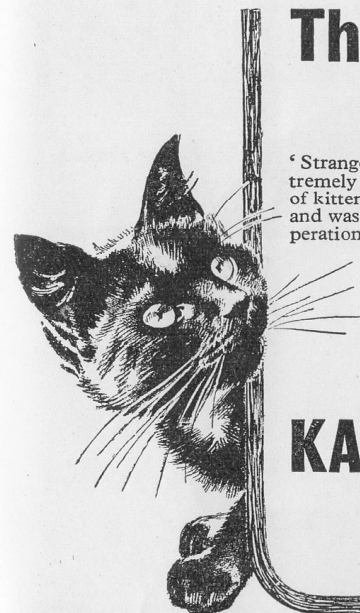
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## The 'Vet' was surprised

'Strangely enough at the time the powders arrived I had an extremely sick 2½ year old Siamese—she had just miscarried a litter of kittens and indeed had not eaten or drunk a thing for five days, and was lying just like a poor dead thing—a bag of bones. In desperation I mixed one of your powders up in a little white of an egg with a spot of brandy. We got most of the mixture down her, and a few hours afterwards she seemed much brighter. Next morning there was indeed a marked improvement. The 'Vet' came and said he was surprised to see her still alive. The progress was wonderful. Now, after a month, she is a big, fat cat.'

(Signed) K. B., Dorset.

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