

CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 3

Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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LONG-HAIR LORE.

By MRS. CAMPBELL-FRASER. (Phone: Hendon 1019).

Can any of our readers help me to locate the field, near Bristol, called in the old days the "Field of Cats"—mentioned in an early issue of "Cat Gossip." It was here in those days of yore that "ye olde wise women," armed with simples, enticed the felines. Clifton and Bristol are still habitats where the domestic cat is much in evidence, and a fine well cared for race they are. On the whole one comes away from this good Western city feeling that its inhabitants have a very warm spot in their hearts for our four-footed friends. Their Zoo, though not a very large one, contains and breeds very fine lions, and boasts a considerable family of the Sooty Mangabey, numbering 16. These monkeys are extremely good natured, and are popular as pets. Their colour, a soft grey, comes near to the blue of our Persian cat. To come down to mundane matters, I feel sure a Ch. Cat Show would be very popular in this region, and those in command of such a fixture would be pleasantly surprised with the "gate" receipts. The Midland Cat Club have it, as we say, "at the back of their minds," and it would only require a little encouragement from some of those cat lovers in the town to persuade the Hon. Secretary of the Club to place the matter before her committee. There was a big show in Bristol 1910.

Tower Climb for a Cat.—A proud lad was Kenneth Harold Long (aged 19) when presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal and the certificate of the Gloucestershire Branch of the R.S.P.C.A. for rescuing a cat from the tower of St. Mary's Church, Lydney. The cat had become imprisoned in the ivy of the tower about 80 feet from the ground. A ladder reached a point 15 feet below where the cat was clinging. From the top of the ladder Long climbed up the ivy hand-over-hand until he reached the cat. Unable to descend with it in his hands, as he needed both hands to lower himself by the ivy, he came down holding the kitten by the back of the neck with his teeth.—"Evening Standard."

Notes come sparsely from our South-Eastern Counties, therefore the pleasure of a chatty letter from Miss M. D. Alexander is more than welcome. I give it in full, for the letter has interest to all. "In reply to yours, I have kept cats for twelve years, but always declared that I would never keep a lady cat.

Four and a half years ago a friend gave me a dear little black Persian, which she thought was a boy. I was very suspicious about it, but decided to keep him. A family duly arrived! But it was not such a terrible nuisance after all, so I thought about getting another lady of a different variety. Smokes were the last I expected to have, as the name did not sound attractive. However, Mrs. Singleton wrote an article on them, accompanied by a portrait of Ban-shee. The result of some correspondence with Mrs. Singleton was the purchase of Beta-Ceti, who, she assured me, would make a valuable breeder. Beta's first litter arrived in June, 1927, when she produced, amongst others, my lovely smoke, Countess of Gippeswyk, and the black, Toby Philpot. These were my first show kittens. They both appeared twice at the London Shows last season. The smoke was first at Croydon and the Palace, Toby was second at the Palace and Kentish Town. The little Countess was developing beautifully, and had lovely contrasts in colour when she unfortunately died. Beta's next family was most anxiously awaited to see if she had another daughter to equal her first. I think she is quite replaced with Queen of the Gipsies, who was second in A.O.C. Class at Kensington, and first in pairs with her brother, Oros. I am watching the development of these two with great interest. At present the lady is the best; both are beginning to show a beautifully clear under-colour. My original black is still going strong; she has had 52 kittens up to date, and is now nursing four by Toby Philpot. Last year she produced the brown tabby, Tabs, who won a prize each time shown."

Thame Show, Oxon, is to take place on Thursday, September 20th. Of the Cat Section the judge is Miss Evelyn Langston, and the stewards Miss McShoe, Miss L'Esrange Walsh, Mrs. Whitehead, and Mrs. Marshall.

At a local Show in Manchester the blue female kitten sired by Colneside Christopher, which Miss Buckley had from Mrs. McClure, has much pleased her present owner by winning two specials for best head and shape and third prize in the Open Class. This pretty pale kitten was a kind gift, and bred at Hillingdon.

VISITS.

July 13th.—Mrs. Sharman's Jessamy of Coryton to Puck of Coryton.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

SANDY SHOW. Remember entries close on Monday next, and do what you can to support this very enjoyable fixture.

NEWBURY CAT CLUB'S SHOW. Mrs. Fosbery is now busy with the schedule. S.H. lovers are warned that if they do not promise more help she will, very reluctantly, be compelled to curtail the S.H. classification; do, please do, what you can. Incidentally Mrs. Fosbery mentions that her old S.H. tortoiseshell, Ch. Fortune's Favourite, is still alive, and in excellent condition, though quite toothless.

Not having received any reply to our query re golden-eyed whites, we fear there are none in this country, for surely if there were the owners of such a neglected though beautiful variety would not miss the chance of putting their claims forward. Now, is there anyone sufficiently interested in them to care to take part in importing some, just to show people their beauty? L.H. seem fairly common, S.H. apparently less so; there was a beautiful queen shown with a litter of well-grown kittens at Vienna, and as we passed while the owner was penning them we heard him remark that they were the only S.H. golden-eyed whites. So we do not know if they are obtainable, if so we should wish for a S.H.; there should be no difficulty in getting L.H. If anyone is interested we will make further inquiries, but do not want to take the trouble unless an importation is earnestly contemplated.

We were delighted to see Miss Langston's courageous and outspoken remarks in our contemporary about charging inflated prices to foreign buyers. We have ourselves introduced some of our readers to foreign buyers, but are happy to know that our introductions have led to no such "ramps." It may seem tempting, especially when the buyer is American, to "whack up the price," and charge fifty per cent. more, but it's hardly playing the game, and those who do it are very likely to be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; though as regards this we **know** the standpoint taken by some is, better make sure of a good profit **now** than merely hope for future benefits. We write feelingly, because we have ourselves suffered; when in Germany we used to buy from English breeders (dogs, not cats), and had barren bitches, etc., etc., foisted on us at top prices. All honour, then, to Miss Langston for her courageous stand, and if she is "cussed" by a few the approval of the best will amply compensate.

WHAT A SELL!—"Adelaide has discovered a new kind of cat burglar. An elderly woman's pet tom cat died, and not wishing to bury it herself, she put the animal's body in a suitcase to take it elsewhere. While walking through a park a young man approached and offered to carry the suitcase for her. She agreed after some persuasion, and the man gradually forged ahead, eventually running off with the suitcase despite the woman's efforts to explain that it contained nothing worth stealing."—"Daily Mail."

Mrs. OGLETHORPE writes: "I have sold my kitten, Blue Princess of The Court, to Mrs. Hopewell, of Australia, through the medium of "Cat Gossip." Mrs. Hopewell's son is now in England, and will take the kit back with him.

THAME SHOW will soon be along; Schedules can now be obtained.

SIAMESE AND THEIR OWNERS.

BY MUANG THAI.

Mrs. Fitzgerald writes: "I read with interest Mrs. O'Brien's remark that Siamese cats like visitors. Of the three Siamese cats I have known two look on strangers with suspicion. I had a male kitten, Rody, a son of Miss Benthall's Suka, and last summer I took him to Ireland with me. Our bungalow overlooks a right-of-way footpath in the rocks, which is much frequented by trippers from Dublin, and Rody used to spend most of his time greeting these people. I used to hear them admiring him and exclaiming over his strange appearance, but the footpath is not visible from the bungalow, and one Sunday Rody disappeared. I advertised him and offered a reward, but I never heard of him again. Miss Benthall's Suki never noticed me except by a stare, and I now have her daughter, Dinah, who never pays any attention to anyone passing this house or anyone that calls. I think that Siamese cats are undoubtedly much attached to their owners, and they are certainly intelligent. They sit down calmly and reason things out. Once when Rody smelled fish cooking he sat looking at the door for some time, then suddenly leapt up and, clinging by his claws to a cross-bar dividing the panels, he tried to take the handle of the door in his mouth. The cross-bar was 4ft. 6ins. from the floor, and, of course, he fell off almost at once, but he clung long enough to show us plainly that he was trying to turn the knob with his mouth. Below the bar the door showed deep scratches made by the claws of his hind feet as he tried to brace himself."

Mr. Wicking is feeling very pleased at the fact that his cat, Iamit, sired two of the first prize winners at Kensington Kitten Show.

We wish Siamese owners would be less apathetic, and send in more items about their cats. "Cat Gossip" having been the only paper, as it would seem, to realise that the Siamese Fancy is sufficiently important to deserve a regular column of its own, we certainly looked for more response from owners of this variety—and more encouragement! We should be sorry to drop this feature.

It is our desire to make our issue of October 3rd --Club Show Number—a specially interesting one, if only we receive help and encouragement. Pioneers of the Siamese Fancy could help by contributing interesting articles, reminiscences, and so forth. We need hardly say that good portraits form an A1 means of recommending studs, our excellent portraiture and absurdly low charges are well known, and portraits appearing this week would receive much publicity.



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THE HARROGATE SHOW.

There was a good opening day crowd at the Harrogate Show, on August 10th, and the weather was perfect. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, attended the Show, looked charming in pale fawn, and carried a bouquet of blue cornflowers and pale pink carnations. She was accompanied by Lord Lascelles. There were several noted North Country people there. The catering arrangements were excellent. The Cat Section was held on the first day. Amongst the cat, "not catty, people" we saw Mr. Kuhnel (who is one of the best known short-hair judges, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Exleby, Mr. and Mrs. Budd, and Mr. Atkinson. I noticed Mrs. Gilbert, from Gateshead-on-Tyne, with four kittens, and Mrs. Dodds, who had only Princess Leila showing, who is nine years old, as her other queens are nursing families, and I think there were many more doing the same duties. I heard that there was to be a meeting to make arrangements to hold a cat show at Harrogate in October. Mrs. Royd, of Riddleston, Keighley, kindly judged again this year. She considered the blues below the standard, being too shaded, and that we are losing sight of the even blues through too pale a coat. What is required is the dark stud to a pale queen. Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Budd are the Hon. Secs. of the newly-formed Yorkshire County Cat Club. Inspector Mathews, of the R.S.P.C.A., called in to see the Show and to attend the Committee meeting. The entries numbered 54, and of these 49 were shown.

In the BLUE LONGHAIR CLASS Mr. Budd got 1st with Merriewink; 2, Mrs. Gill, of Ben Rhydding; 3, Mr. L. Atkinson, Bradford; r, Mr. Atkinson's Bobby. ANY OTHER COLOUR, M. or F.—Mr. J. S. W. Budd's Mirza of Bredon. SHORTHAIR, M. or F.—Mr. J. W. Scott, of Knaresborough, with tortoiseshell queen, won 1st; 2, Mr. T. E. Burnett; 3, Mr. R. Kuhnel; r, Mrs. L. Marshall. SIAMESE CLASS—Miss M. M. Margerison won 1st and 2nd. Mr. Kuhnel won 3rd. BLUE LONGHAIR KITTEN, under 6 months—1, Mr. Wm.

Pickup; 2, Mr. L. Atkinson; 3, Mr. G. Bolton; r, Mr. C. Gilbert. BLUE LONGHAIR KITTEN, under 9 months—1, Mr. Pickup; 2, Mr. Bolton. SHORTHAIR KITTEN, under 6 months—1, 2, and r, Mr. Kuhnel; 3, Mrs. Taylor. ANY VARIETY HOUSEHOLD PET—1, Mr. Budd's Tinker of Oatlands; 2, Mr. Sydney Wilkinson; 3, Mr. G. Bolton; r, Mrs. T. W. Adam. TABBY, Long or Shorthair—1 and r, Mr. Kuhnel; 2, Mrs. Dodds; 3, Mrs. C. Gilbert.

The Specials were rewarded as under:—Blue Persian Cat Society Silver Badge, for best blue longhair cat or kitten—Mr. Atkinson, with blue kitten. The Southern Counties' Cat Club Silver Coffee Spoon, for best kitten in Show—Won by Miss Margerison with Siamese kitten. £1, given by Mr. Budd, for best cat or kitten in the Show—Won by Mirza of Bredon, his own cat, which will be presented to Mr. R. Kuhnel, who owned the second best cat in Show, which is a nice shorthaired red tabby. Silver Spoon, given by Mrs. Dodds, for the exhibitor with most entries—Won by Mr. Kuhnel with seven entries.

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THE DEIL'S CAT.

BY RICHARD CAROL.

Sae ye want me to tell ye what I think o' cats?
Ye dae, dae ye? Weel, jist list ye whiles I pour
forth ma impassioned words.

Now, folks, ye ken I'm no' a body to gang lossin'
ma temper easy. Infack, when ye consider I'm still
married to Maggie after ten year ye'll agree that ma
self-control is amazin'. Mind ye, Maggie's no' bad—
for a wumman, but wumman is generally speakin'—
ay—and a wee bit exas—exaspir—a wee bit annoyin'
at times. But cats? CATS, folks, are jist—

He's o' the masculine gender, ye see. That's what mak's it sae terrible. For if the male o' the species is bad, losh, what can the female be. Ay, it's a terrible thought that. Och, and the time I'd spent lookin' after thae violas. I'd have won first prize easy, I would that. For I'm tellin' ye they was real bonny violas. Fine beddin' varieties the man said when he charged me thruppence each. Ma conscience, I wish I'd understood. Fine beddin' for CATS. That's what **he** must have meant.

And there was me sandin' them, and manurin' them, and cuttin' off the deid flowers, thinkin' I'd win the first prize and a' the time that indecent cat must have been keekin' at me, laughin' to himself like mad, and sayin': "Ay, but it's real guid o' ye to mak' ma' bed sae nice and cosy."

Ay, he jist waited till thae violas was magnificent as magnificent, and then one terrible night he made his indecent bed in them. Folks, he did that. He wriggled in them, tae, trampled them down, sat on them, and made them in jist a terrible mixer-maxter.

And that's no' a'. I'd a fine delphinium, och, a real beauty, it was, and dae ye ken what that indecent cat did? Rubbed hisel against it. Ay. And of course the delphinium couldna abide that, and broke down.

And, that's no' a'. Next evenin' I **saw** the cat, black he was, which is supposed to bring luck. I wish I could find the body that started that idea. Ay, and he was jist lookin' round for some mair **beddin'** plants. Weel, I had a spade in ma hand, and I jist let wallop at that cat. Now ye'd have imagined that that cat, kennin' fine the damage it had did to ma violas, would have stopped and took his punishment like a man. No' him. The black-coated, black-hearted coward jist louns ower the fence, and ma spade gangs through ma cauld frame. Two panes o' glass and a fine box o' antirrhinum decimated horus bolus. And ye ask me what I think o' cats?

Of course, I must admit that was a stray cat. At least naebody I approached on the subjeck agreed it belonged to them. And, mind ye, I approached them real caunily, tae.

"You's a fine cat, you black yin, that gangs danderin' about by himself." I would say casual. "That independent, tae. I must say I like animals to be independent."

But naebody accepted ma eulogies for himsel, sae I fear he's naebody's cat—or mebbe he's the deil's cat. Ay, that'll be it. The deil's cat. I dinna ken if the deil's protected against garden spades, but the first time I got a chance I'm havin' a try.

As for cats in general, weel, they're no' bad. Persian cats, for example, e.g., is gey bonny beasts. I dinna suppose they're highly intelligent, for it's ower muckle to expect beauty and intelligence thegither when some folk havena got either as I'm aye explainin' to Maggie. But they're real bonny, and I must say I find their purrin' maist soothin'. Much

better than maist motor cars, which doesna seem as weel oiled.

Then there's Manx cats. They've got nae tails, which is a great disadvantage—to human bodies. For yet canna tell if he's vexed wi' ye or no' until ye find his claws in ye. Ay, it was a fine idea makin' cats' tails stick up when they're annoyed. Then ye can leave them alone. As I said to Maggie, it was a pity the guid Lord hadna gave wumman tails, but She didna seem to think muckle o' the idea.

But what I like best is the Siamese cat. I saw yin at a show, and I thought he was a fine wee fellow. In fack, he wasna' like a cat at a'. He wasna' a bit fluffy, and deceptive, a' appearance and nae body, ye ken. He was jist neat and practical in his wee short coat, which was o' a nice cream and brown colour. And he'd blue eyes, which I thought was a vera fine choice on his part. Ma ain are blue. And ye ken, he wasna' a bit lazy and slinky. Och, no. He kept runnin' about real active. In fack, I'd have said he'd be quite ready to gang out a long walk wi' ye ower the hills if ye gave him the chance. Ay, that's the sort o' cat he was. A busy cat, and no' a bit vain like sae mony o' the species.

Sae that's what I think o' cats in general and cats in partic'lar. They're jist fine to look at, except the wee Siamese fellow, which I think might be made into a fine wee companion.

And black cats? Weel, mebbe they **are** lucky—if they're **stuffed**.

CATS I HAVE LOVED.

BY MARGARETHE STANNARD.

I can't remember the day when we didn't have a cat, not all pedigree ones by any means. The first one was an ordinary black Tom cat, and I remember he travelled from the North of England in a large hamper in company of the black kitchen kettle. This immensely amused my infantile mind, because, as I informed our fellow-travellers in the railway carriage, "They were both black." So after that we called him Pot. Pot met with a sticky end, he devoured a canary, and paid the penalty. It was an exceedingly shrill voiced bird, and my sympathies were entirely with Pot.

The belovedest of all those past pussies was Bobby, the second. She was our war time cat. We lived in an ancient old house in the Temple on the top floor, and Bobby always seemed to know when a raid threatened, and hid under my bed, where I dived in pursuit at the sound of the first maroon, and thrust her, protesting loudly, into a basket, before we all sought refuge in the cellars of a more substantial building. O! how she growled at the bombs and the barrage! After the war, when the raids were only a memory, any loud noise would send her flying under the bed, whence she swore defiance to the world.

Dear Bobby, even now it saddens me to write of you, my little friend for eleven years.

An aristocrat, Susan Satintoes, has owned us for eight years. She came to us, a high-spirited kitten with a most perverted sense of humour; to leap from the top of a door on to the head of anyone passing was her brightest idea.

Even falling out of a third floor window twice and badly injuring herself on both occasions failed to quell her. We moved to the country, where we had an acre garden. Woe to the cat or dog that ventured therein; a spitting fury streaking after them, and then, with tail and fur still on end, returning on all four sideways like a crab.

I saw her kill her first rat. I held my breath; our neighbour's cat had been bitten through the nose only a week before, and Susan's nose was so beautiful. It was an enormous rat, but I have never seen a neater job; she tossed it high in the air with her front paws, caught it by the throat as it fell, and literally shook the life out of it. Turning to me, she said "Tur-r-r-r!" Which means, of course, "That's the way to do it!" After offering my congratulations it struck me that it would be a good idea to wipe her mouth out with a little disinfectant. An attention entirely unappreciated!

Susan has no use for outsiders, her family are her gods. A shoe belonging to master or missus to rest her little head on and she sleeps contentedly anywhere.

On a recent holiday I remarked in the hotel lounge that I hoped Susie was better. "Your little girl?" inquired my neighbour.

"No, my little cat."

"Oh!" Then, after a significant pause, "I needn't ask, then, if you have any children."

"No," I replied.

"I always feel so sorry for childless couples."

I glanced at her adenoidal offspring and bore up bravely.

"Now I," she continued pleasantly, "prefer dogs, but, of course, you don't like dogs."

This to one who is on wagging terms with every pup in the neighbourhood. I began to dislike her quite a lot.

"Cats always seem to me such stupid creatures."

Did I forthwith launch into a heated description of Susan welcoming me after even a short absence with delicious stretchings and rubbings and glowing amber eyes? Of her wholly reprehensible, but oh so flattering refusal of food when I am away for any length of time; so that what looks more like a little grey snake than a pussy cat welcomes me home with such mad rapture? Or of how she senses when I am sad and rubs her satiny little head under my chin, singing her soft little song; and, if that fails, just curls close on my knee as if with her very nearness she would comfort me?

Did I tell her all this?

I did not!

Some people are not worthy to hear.

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All correspondence re "CAT GOSSIP" to the Editor.

H. C. BROOKE.

Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

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SANDY SHOW.

30th AUGUST, 1928.

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