

CAT · GOSSIP

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Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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"Better than 'Welcome' scrawled on the mat
Is the bark of the dog and the purr of the cat."
Patricia Ardley, "Modern Home."

LONG-HAIR LORE.

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

I was pleased to see that handsome queen, Lady Maythorpe, win her full championship for Mrs. Tomlinson, at Newbury. This tortoiseshell was bred by Mrs. Neate in 1923, from Ch. Shazada, ex Special Blend, and took her first championship in 1925. Lady Maythorpe beat Mrs. Yeates' Devonshire Duchess in 1926, Midland Ch. Show; but this fine queen, improving enormously, kept the championship well in hand until her early death. Tortoiseshells made a representative show at Newbury. I specially like Anne Good Cat, to whom Miss Langston gave first at Sandy. She is a bit on the red side, lacking black, but is a very well grown kitten of good type. Unfortunately the tortie and white adult class had been cancelled. It would be most interesting to breeders if some expert would write an article on the "Perfect Tortoiseshell."

I hear realistic furry cats are the most novel Xmas present, as decorations for the hearthrug. The beauties are made in black, white, and tabby, and carry a most blissful expression.

From Well Hill, Chelsfield, Mrs. Jepson writes the latest about her pets, and opens up to my mind quite a new manner of heating a cattery. "The usual excuse 'busy,' but I have really been busy these last two weeks, for I've been having a stove fitted in my big cat house. Of course, I left it until the bad weather came, and it meant all, or nearly all of my 14 cats and kits coming indoors! The cats loved it, and so did I, but it was not popular with everyone! I've had a 'Tortoise' stove put in their house—it is a tiny thing, 18ins. high, and 8ins. across—and we burn anthracite, and it is a huge success, because the cats can run in and out of their house, and get wet if they like, for I know that they easily can get dry and warm, and I leave them open all day long, with the stove alight, and allow it to go out when they are shut in at night. Last year I had an oil lamp burning, and one day there was nearly a tragedy, for it caught fire, and I just happened along in time. So no more lamps for me! I have a nice blue male coming into fettle, he is just over a year old, by name Juba—by Ch. Billy Bumpet and Joyous June of Henley—and, in trying to live up

to my convictions that all cats do better if they have their liberty, I allowed him complete freedom until some weeks ago, when he stayed away all night. How we did laugh at him when he turned up for breakfast. He was sorry for himself. I should imagine that all the village gentleman cats had taken turns to fight him. There's lots of 'class hatred' between cats, isn't there? So now Juba has to stay in a run, and he does long to get away to the woods with his friend, my Chinchilla neuter, Julius (I have a schoolboy who supplies their names). Then I have Wee Winsome, litter sister to Son o' Flick. She was mated to my blue male, but something went wrong, because in due course she presented me with six tortie and white females! We kept one of them, and since it was a week old she has had a mania for what I have heard described as 'getting about and seeing life,' which wouldn't be too bad, but that she will take this wee kit everywhere with her, and we find it brought indoors, and deposited behind doors, or in a drawer—just anywhere, we never know where it may be. Yesterday it was inside a book-case, and it nearly got into the carpet vacuum. It can't walk, so hasn't the sense to get away, and in spite of all these literal ups and downs it thrives. We think its mother rolls it downstairs, as it always squeaks, and we can hear the bumps. Of the remainder of the pets, there is nothing interesting except to me, their owner, and I love to study their different natures, their likes and dislikes (some would starve sooner than eat fish), just like we humans; and the mothers who have got their families off their hands are very bored if another mother's little kit bothers them. One of my dear old Chinchillas will bring into the house at this time of the year a collection of wet dirty paper. Is it, I wonder, with an unconscious desire of making a nest for the Winter? I have one queen who goes funny in her head if I keep her in a run, so she has complete liberty, and keeps fit and well."

All good luck to Mrs. Jepson, and I shall be interested to hear that the new stove and all her care is spelling every success amongst her pets, but I fear I must disagree with her upon the point of allowing Persians to get wet, however thoroughly they may have the means of drying themselves—'tis not until the rain has reached the skin that a Persian realises its condition, and I should fear some of the many troubles arising from colds might ensue.

Mrs. Gilbert, of Gateshead, tells me she has black

kittens as well as her tabby kittens, all fine and up to weight; her nursery has done well this Summer; the sire is Brother Bunch. I am glad to hear Mrs. Gilbert is likely to come South for the Midland Show. I wonder if she will be bringing her little red winner she showed at Harrogate?

The N.C.C., at the Palace, will probably see some of the Heathside cats on the bench. Mrs. Sidney Evans' news is good. All the adults are settled and doing well in their new quarters. Jan o' The Combe (bred by Miss Langhorne) is very hefty, and a lovely even cream; the two tortie queens are a sweet pair of sisters; and Sun of Flanark greatly resembles his grandsire, excelling in eyes.

Through the goodwill of Mrs. Yeend, Hendon Black Usher has left my hands, to reside in Cheltenham; he was litter brother to Hendon Pitti-Sing.

I am glad to see that peace looms large on the horizon of the R.S.P.C.A. Personally, I do not hold with "rows," however exciting; they clog the wheels, and give the onlooker a very erroneous impression.

Mrs. Roland Bailey is a very welcome recruit to the Cat Fancy. A lover of cats, both L. and S. hair, she gained her first Ch. the other day with a handsome young male L.H. silver tabby, Viscount Grey of Marsden Trussel (bred by Miss Knight-Law). S.T. have ever been her special loves, and I hope her advent will give additional fillip to this delightful breed.

SIAMESE AND THEIR OWNERS.

By MUANG T'HAU.

From Mrs. Reeve comes the following interesting letter:—"Miss Wilson sends me a card to say the special for 'best kitten bred by exhibitor in Sussex,' at the Siamese Show, goes to Miss McDonald, and not to Mr. Hirst as previously stated. You will be rather amused to hear how I lost the sale of a Siamese kitten. Two people called to see the kits, and as they could not agree on the tail question, one wanting a kinked tail and the other a whip, asked me to hold both over for twenty-four hours, as they would assuredly have one. They argued here for two hours, and then adjourned to fight out the matter on their own hearthstone. In the evening they dined out, and happening to mention the dilemma (the question of kink versus whip being still unsettled), were informed by a fellow guest that Siamese never survived six months in this country. This frightened the contestants so much that they abandoned their argument, and purchased a Chinchilla Persian to their mutual satisfaction. Being rather curious, I obtained the address of the person who voiced so absurd a theory, and on calling on her was afforded a deal of amusement by her explanation that she had bred Siamese for years, and was in a position to make the statement. Of course, I asked the obvious question, 'Then your Siamese breed before they attain six months?'

"Have you ever heard of an owl trying to wrest

a mouse from a cat? I have not, and was so surprised when I witnessed such an incident a fortnight ago. I was sitting at dusk in the drawing-room window when I heard most unearthly screams somewhere outside the house. Rushing out I saw Smia, my Siamese queen, coming across the field with something constantly flying up and then dropping straight on her head, uttering the most awful screams the while. She, Smia, came through the hedge, gained the lawn, and then I saw there was a mouse in her mouth, and the would-be marauder was a small brown owl, which continued its onslaught, in spite of my attempts to drive it off, right into the lounge hall, and only desisted when I switched on the electric light. Smia was very much torn about the head and ears, but not so much as I anticipated considering the power of her adversary's claws.

"Smia has five kits by Iamit.

"I hear Mrs. Barnard is taking a pair of very fine Siamese back to Peru with her next month, when she goes to rejoin her husband, Dr. Charles Barnard. I understand Siamese will be breaking entirely new ground in that part of the world.

"Miss Watts came to see me last week, and was very sad indeed, having lost her cat, a pal of fifteen years, and her jay, also a pet of nearly fifteen years' duration. The jackdaw, which completed the trio, though of the same age, is still going strong."

We have just received a charming letter from Lady Cook, posted at Port Said. She promises to show "Cat Gossip" to cat owners in Bangkok, where she thinks it is not realised what a large and flourishing club there is in England. She remarks that the cats at the Show had much better coats than any she had seen in Siam, and thinks they have probably developed a thicker "pile" as a protection against cold, and winds up with the hope that she may be able to visit the S.C.C. Show in 1931!

SIAMESE CAT CLUB.

At the Siamese Cat Club Show two of the Club's Cups were won outright. I think every member will heartily congratulate Mr. Lloyd Lewis on thus winning the Ruan Cup with Ch. Bonzo. No sire ever deserved the cup more, and I suppose the Siamese Fancy as a whole owes more to Ch. Bonzo than to any other stud. The Ruan Cup was presented to the Club in 1924 by our generous friend, the late Mr. Percival.

The second cup to be won outright was the Breeders' Cup, won by Mr. Wicking with his lovely queen, Fairlight Gipsy, a worthy daughter of her sire, Ch. Bonzo. There must be a tremendous satisfaction in breeding a beautiful creature like this, showing her well, and winning outright such a cup. Anybody can buy good stock—it is difficult indeed to breed it. So I know that the Club will heartily congratulate Mr. Wicking and his beautiful Fairlight Gipsy.

If any member has any suggestions to offer for or

against the revising of the present standard of points re Siamese Cats, I shall be glad to receive suggestions to be laid before the Committee. **PHYL WADE.**

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK. SUGGESTED NEW CAT CLUB.

Mrs. REEVE writes us from Hastings that she has been approached by several fanciers with the request that she will try to form a "Cat Club for the South Coast Towns," with the view of encouraging the Fancy and of holding one or more yearly shows. Anyone desirous of supporting such a venture is asked to communicate with Mrs. Reeve, at Whyte Cottage, Downs Road, Hastings. There is no doubt that well managed local or district societies are good "feeders" to the Fancy and bring in many an enthusiast.

Our sympathy is with Miss Hotson, who a little while ago fell and hurt her leg, which, according to the doctor, is not likely to be well under three months. In consequence Miss Hotson has been compelled to send away all her cats, except Mollie Malone.

It is rather a coincidence that on the Wednesday we were informed of the death of four kittens following the use of Castor Oil; on the Thursday we received a letter from a well-known Veterinary Surgeon, who writes: "I abhor the use of Castor Oil," and on Friday appears elsewhere an impassioned defence of it. We are, apparently, amongst

the "ignorant people" referred to who condemn it (we bow our grateful acknowledgments!), but we are in jolly good company! This writer may doubtless use it with correctness and safety, but she **must** know there are very many people who will not bother to carefully regulate doses, but give them "approximately," and this not only "as a general laxative," but as a sort of panacea for all ills. We have never said there are no occasions when castor oil should be used. It is well known that at times "doctors disagree," and this writer is perfectly entitled to her own opinions, but that by no means entitles her to stigmatise those holding different views as "ignorant people"—many of them having doubtless as much experience as herself. We are sure there are many fanciers who will deeply resent Miss Frances Simpson being styled an ignorant person! Yet what do we find in her book, "Cats for Pleasure and Profit," page 84? "Some fanciers are under the delusion that castor oil is a universal cure for all ills . . ." And, again, page 89, "I must say I dislike giving castor oil to cats or kittens." Personally, we are content to bear the accusation of ignorance along with the writer of these words—but that does not make the rudeness of such a gross breach of journalistic etiquette any the less. Cannot writers "agree to differ" in a civil manner?

THE "homily" indulged in last week by Mr. Yeates appears to be directed to our address, so we would remark that we brought no such accusation as he alleges against the G.C. We asked if certain rumours were true—they were prevalent, and we had a right to comment on them. In fact, Mr. Yeates might feel grateful to us (as he recently suggested we might be to him) for affording him occasion for a "homily." His remarks as to official reports, which alone should be regarded, are in this instance beside the point, it being here a question not of what happened, but of what might happen, according to rumour. We shall not ask permission to comment on rumoured possibilities. Mr. Yeates' remarks as to being "agin the Government" are incorrect. We are **not** against the G.C., which contains some of our best friends—it has also numbered some who would fain be "Sir (or Lady) Oracle), and when they open their mouths let no cat mew!" One of the unkindest critics of the G.C. has been one of its own members. When we ran the Cat section in "Animals" we "battered up"—as Mr. Yeates may remember—the G.C. considerably, and described its constitution, of which we are perfectly well aware. But we have never regarded membership of the G.C. as carrying with it infallibility. So far from being "agin" it, we have many a time and often endeavoured to get it to act and assert itself more. How long, for instance, were we constantly urging that the G.C. approach the Railway Companies to get them to let cats share with all other live stock the benefit of half-rate return from show regulation? And how long were cats (and mice) alone debarred from this privilege before the G.C. tackled the matter?



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