

# CAT • GOSSIP

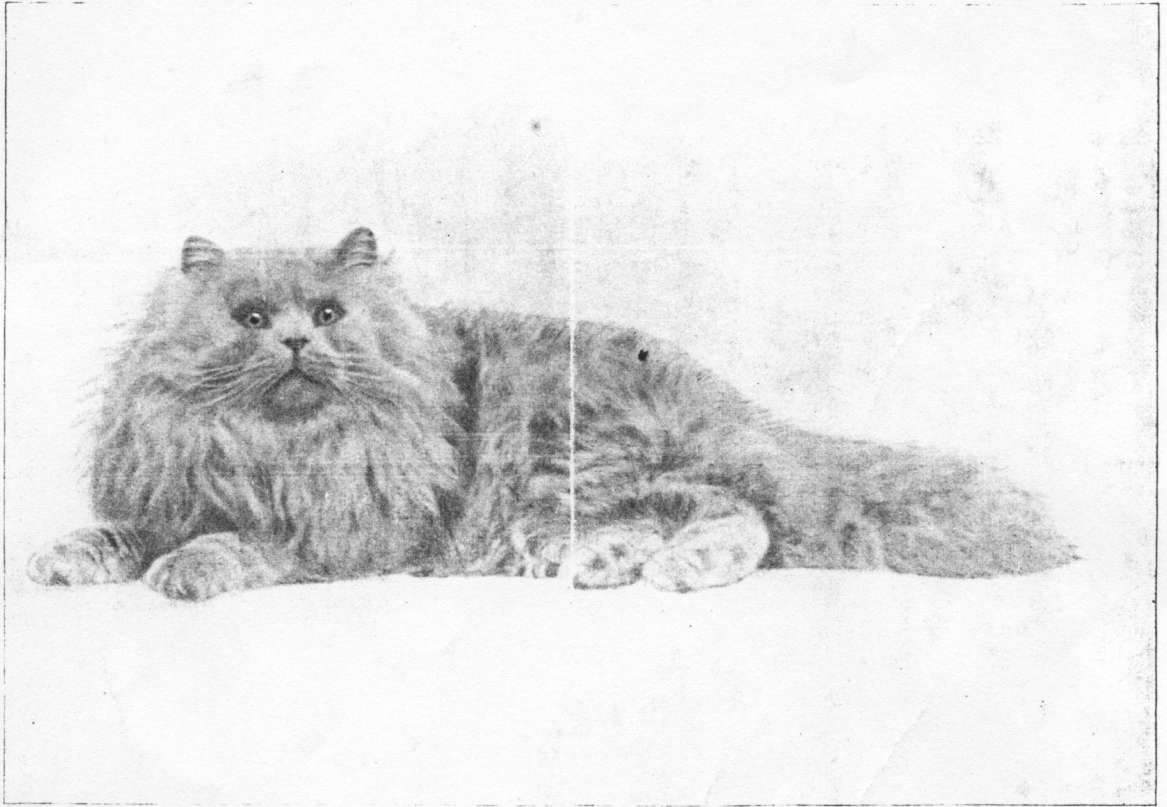
VOL. 4

Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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Price 3s 6d. quarterly, post free



## “THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE COURT,”

Born July 29th, 1927 (G.C.C.F. 14695).

“The Aristocrat,” who has been bred for perfection of colour in coat and eye, has won a 1st prize at practically every show of the season, and has been one of the first three males in the open class every time shown.

Of him Mrs. Slingsby says: “A most charming light blue cat, on the small side, but of lovely quality, with a beautiful head and tiny ears, well furnished face, cobby, and with good bone for his size. Also very sound, and a most attractive exhibit. His eyes are good.”

At Croydon. Miss Langston, referring to his exquisite quality, says: “Charming young male, on the small side, . . . beautiful face and muzzle, . . . a delightful shade of pale blue, very level and sound. Eyes a deep copper, and show up well against his coat colour.”

At Kentish Town Mrs. Yeates says: “A young cat full of quality, lovely long coat of even shade of blue, . . . well shaped head, small ears, and good copper eyes.”

Both “The Aristocrat” and his mother, “Dainty Ladye of the Court,” were bred and are owned by Mrs. M. ESTELLE OGLETHORPE, 18, Berkeley Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W. 19.

## LONG-HAIR LORE.

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

"Cats and the Fashion Book."—"Cat's-eyes," a dark blue georgette for tea-gowns or frocks, closely patterned with coloured gilt dots in varying sizes, resembling a cat's eye.

It is interesting to hear how some sweet-tempered sires share with the mother cat the responsibility of the kitten family. Miss Grayton, Yorkshire, has such an one in Archibald, the young blue son of Hendon Alexis, gr.-son of Ch. Azure, "Roseanna," Miss Grayton writes, "had five kittens, nice ones, four of whom are boys, one, on the dark side, is exceptionally sweet, and all are terrible imps of mischief. Archie is awfully good to them. He washes them, and will call them in when having their out-of-door scampers, curls himself round them in their basket, and cuddles them up together in a heap. It is wonderful to see him. I had a terrible time in the early days, as both he and Rosie were most anxious to feed the kits on meat long before they were ready for it. Rosie has never been so good with any of her litters before; the first family she was most anxious to banish at five weeks, but this one she still looks after and feeds, and they will be three months old next week. I expect she just enjoys being helped in her maternal duties by her dear Archibald. Less lonely like! I have cut my hand badly, opening a ration tin, and so have been unable to write and tell Mr. Brooke that I have parted with my golden-eyed white, who took 2nd at Croydon. I was much pleased with the award. My smoke queen is a sister of Nonie-ponie, Mrs. Yeates' smoke, which won the ch. at Croydon. Just one word more about Archibald before I finish; he has a wonderful trick of rattling the handle of the door of any room he wants to enter, standing tall on his hind-legs, and using his two front paws, like hands. Also he is quite a house guard, for though his disposition is so gentle, he growls angrily if anyone attempts to enter unannounced by the back gate.

Across the Channel.—Paris is preparing for her big Cat Show, and England will be well represented. Miss J. Langton's winning kitten, Wodin, sired by Blessing of Cullogen, Hendon Bunt, daughter of Hendon Alexis, and So Blue, and Lemure of Pine-land, bred by Mesdames Rogers and Herbert, sired respectively by Milord o' Mendip and Jasper of Hadley, will all be in evidence.

Mrs. Colquhoun Fitzgerald writes from Crieff: "I am glad Gimlette did so well at Kentish Town; he is a fine fellow, and I believe in making the cats comfortable. He sleeps in a big box-room, has an arm-chair and a rug, and another rug on a box by the window; and he goes out on fine days to his own garden, which measures about 90 ft., and 20ft. wide; he has a little house there, too." A lucky cat indeed, and handsome to boot.

## No. 2.

**Dr. Quiet.**—Quietude plays as important a part in kitten life as diet, for as the body requires nutrition, so the brain requires rest. Sleep is the antidote for nerve-fag, and after the mid-day meal until five o'clock Dr. Quiet should be called in, and the kitten family left in entire and undisturbed seclusion. Rest over, vigorous and full of vim, the kits will wake to their game of blind man's buff in the twilight.

## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

In a very short time we shall cease to publish "Cat Gossip." Rejoice not too soon, ye narrow-minded and bigoted ones who have from the very first worked like the proverbial niggers to injure "Cat Gossip"—nay, who even strove to prevent its being born! The paper will be carried on by another well-known Fancier, and we can only hope she may not meet with the same amount of petty spite and narrow-minded opposition as it has been our lot to meet! At the same time, we hope she may receive the support of the many true and kind friends who have always done their best for us. It is difficult to gauge the narrowness of mind which must be possessed by some people—some occupying important positions in Catdom, too—who from the very first obstinately set their faces against the publication of "Cat Gossip." They did not wait to see if it would be good, bad, or indifferent: no, they simply said "We don't want a Cat paper, and, if we can possibly prevent it, it shall not live!" Of what real benefit can such narrow-minded bigots be to any Fancy? They but act as drags upon progress. Well, if "Cat Gossip" has done nothing else, it has amply proved the value of competition, and the evil of a monopoly. We ask our readers to think back a few years, and compare the state of contemporary feline literature when we started with that of the present day. For years the weekly feline matter published was simply unworthy of a Fancy of any importance, and laughable when compared with that of thirty years ago, yet with characteristic apathy the Fancy sat with folded hands and meekly accepted what was cast to them. It seems at the least significant that after years of sluggishness there should occur such renewed and increased activity in certain quarters just immediately after our appearance? *Fas est ab hoste doceri!* and it cannot be said our rivals have been ashamed to learn from us. Witness, for instance, how, after the Siamese had been for years utterly neglected, our example in giving them a column of their own was boldly adopted.

It would be idle to say it does not hurt us to part with "Cat Gossip." But the petty spite prevalent in some quarters, and the apathy, have rather detracted from the pleasure taken in what we undertook as a labour of love. And we are, perhaps, getting too old. There is nothing to be dreaded like Old Age, wrote the ancient Sage: we are of the same opinion: we,

who repeatedly in our young days deliberately sought out encounters with pistol and sabre, now often get simply panic-stricken at the horrible thought of living to a "ripe old age," and dread the "molestam senectutem" with a fearful dread.

FRANKLY pagan as we are, of all the more or less outworn creeds and religions of the world, we regard the Worship of the Sun as the only worship possessing even the rudiments of rhyme or reason, and now we shall have more freedom to seek out places blessed by the great life and health giver.

We have no idea what attitude the new proprietor will adopt towards that humanitarian question which has always been one of the planks on which "Cat Gossip" takes its stand. We think it will be a pity if this is dropped, and the English Cat Fancy—already apathetic enough in the matter—again stands there alone, the **only one** openly not caring the proverbial "tinker's cuss" about the lot of the Common Cat.

We can assure our readers that this selfish attitude on the part of the British Cat Fancy and its organ—at a time when all Continental catty papers and clubs are active with humanitarian and anti-vivisection propaganda—not only causes astonishment to our Continental friends, but also causes thousands of British non-fancier Cat-lovers to regard Cat Fanciers as being little more than cat dealers. It is a pity, but that is the case: and really it is not surprising, for when do we ever find the slightest interest taken by the Fancy as a whole in matters affecting the Cat, beyond that breeding, rearing, selling, and exhibiting, which are but too apt to form four unclimbable walls restricting the vision and the actions of the "Fancier."

We regret to hear that Mrs. and Miss Sharland, of Exmouth, are leaving the Cat World. They have for years been a tower of strength in that very weak section, the West Country, and have run the Cat section at Exmouth Show. It was a disappointment when this was abandoned last year.

We hear that Mrs. Herbert's winning queen, So Blue, by Milord o' Mendip, has gone to France.

A place which should receive no support from any animal-friend: the Middlesex Hospital, in the Medical School of which Drs. Swale Vincent and J. H. Thompson have recently been performing some absolutely fiendish experiments on cats (apparently only to gratify curiosity), involving DAYS of agony before the wretched victims die. Our teetotal and puritanical Home Secretary grants licences for this sort of thing with a liberal hand: selling alcohol after hours is a far worse crime in his eyes than is torture of **SOMEBODY'S PET** (it may be **YOURS** one day, O reader!). But what cares the "Fancy"?

### WITH OUR CATS.

BY F. M. BALLINGALL.

Perhaps a few stories, chiefly of recent occurrences in Pussydome, may be of interest to cat-lovers.

However much to be deplored, the extremely clever,

but undesirable activities of the rat, it should be possible for Science—which does not hesitate to promise "some time!" the extermination of cancer, tuberculosis, and, no doubt, any other disease which may astonishingly take their place—to furnish some means of humanely killing him. Yet even those people who are capable of affection for their own pets make use of savage methods of dealing with the unfortunate rodent. Let me tell how Mr. A. set about the task.

His cellars being infected with rats, he every night caused trays, spread with a deadly, sticky stuff, to be laid there. In the morning he would find as many as twenty dead or dying creatures—dying in agony. He possessed two cats, loved and cared for, and very dear to him and his family—so much so that he would not on any account permit them to run the least risk of harm. Accordingly, every night the pets were carefully excluded from the cellars while the trays were being placed there.

One morning Mr. A. descended, as usual, to inspect his "catch." As he went in he stopped, horror struck. In the midst of a dozen or more dead and dying rats was one of his treasured cats! Feebly striving to draw up a little limb from the deadly gum, she gazed dimly from tortured eyes into the eyes of her destroyer. Frantically he rushed to her, calling for assistance, blinded almost by tears as he held the little cold body he loved so well.

[P.T.O.]

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Every effort was made to release her. Every resource tried, but in vain. The long night of physical suffering, the terror as rat after rat sprang at her from the darkness, only to be caught itself, had scarcely been survived; and now, if any hope had sustained her, who had never lacked loving aid before, it must have died, as she found her weakening limbs held fast, and the chill of death upon her. He could not, Mr. A. said, bear any longer the tortured appeal of those terrified eyes, whose anguish seemed to reproach him. Chloroform was brought, and, almost mad at the pitiful sight, he saw the tired body stilled into peace—the little body that had been so active a few hours ago.

Thus was a very happy and beloved little creature fated to suffer an untimely and most cruel end—not intended for her. Never again, said Mr. A., would he use the damnable stuff that had so agonised his pet—the look in whose eyes, when first they met his that dreadful morning, he would never forget; nor ever forgive himself for the unaccountable carelessness that had left her to the horrors of that night of loneliness, darkness, terror, and awful pain, as hour after hour passed slowly away, and none came to save her. To her it must have seemed incredible that she should suffer so, who had lived in such happy confidence in the love of those around her.

(To be continued.)

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All correspondence re "CAT GOSSIP" to the Editor.

H. C. BROOKE, Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

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