

# CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 4

First Edited by H. C. BROOKE

Edited by E. K. WAKEFORD

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## LONG-HAIR LORE.

By Mrs. M. ESTELLE OGLETHORPE (Tel.: Wimbledon 2889).

Where beauty is, there will be love,  
Nature that wisely nothing made in vain,  
Did make you lovely to be loved again

Robert Heath.

I scarcely know how to write my news this week it is so sad. Dear little Una's Fairy succumbed suddenly in a few hours from a severe attack of gastritis and enteritis. It was all over so suddenly, there was little one could do for her; and ethereal and fragile as are all lovely things her beautiful little body could not stand the stress, and just when we had hoped for an improvement in her condition she passed suddenly away. She was not a robust kitten, and although she never ailed anything, I have for some time felt anxiety as to her sojourn in a far country. Alas, little Fairy, you were too lovely for this world. I had just promised to keep her with me until September 28th, but Fate intervened, and now, Deo volente, either Asphodel or Amaryllis will go in her stead. I so seldom lose a kitten that it is a tragic moment in the home when one must part with one with so lovely a personality as Una's Fairy. . . .

Miss Langston writes: "My cats have a very big garden wired in for them, 400ft. long by 50ft. wide, with lots of trees, grass, sun, and shade to romp in, and all have a few hours' freedom and exercise in it, weather permitting. Dick and Cæsar live in the same house on friendly terms as did their parents, Eros and Octavian. Sursum hates them."

In my notes last week when writing about the Speedwell Cattery I mis-read Miss Ridley's handwriting, and put Beauty as the mother of Jennifer of Allington, when it should have been Jennifer of Chyngton.

From Mrs. Bassett comes the following news of her pets: "I know my name usually stands for Siamese, but there are a few who know that I have had one blue longhaired lady gracing my home for 9½ years whose registered name is Messouda. She is a pretty lavender blue, and has all the Hawkhurst merits, having Fairy and Lisbia of Hawkhurst for her parents. Messouda whispered early in April that she would like another family, and as I told Mrs. Stevens that my old lady might like to visit one of her younger gentlemen, off she went, and returned with the news that she had chosen Merlin

o' Mendip as a most worthy sire for her family instead of her old favourite, Milord, by whom she has had such beautiful kittens. I am delighted with the two sons and two daughters, now five weeks old, and if I can possibly keep them all until the shows I feel they will do Merlin great credit. Messouda has exhibited in the past some of her babies, one travelling alone from Droon at four months to Croydon secured third prize in the open class with 23 entries, and another daughter, sired by John of Bedale, was the best female adult at the Paris Show this year. It is so long since I tried my luck amongst the blues that the temptation is, I must confess, a very strong one to try again."

From Mrs. Stratton I hear that Precious of Kensington is in kitten to Simeon of Westfield, and the family is expected on August 24th, so by next week we shall hope to have good news to relate.

From the Speedwell Cattery I hear that Gay Girl has three lovely little daughters by Ch. Dion of Allington, and that The Aristocrat's son and daughter, ex Speedwell Alayne (The Admiral and The Amethyst), are growing in health and beauty day by day.

From Miss Jessie Langton I hear that out of 13 kittens she has now only three left, the others have gone to new homes, and all are well and happy.

The Rev. Ogle Wintle is keeping the kitten which is of such an unusually pale colour. He writes: "I am keeping her, as she seems perfect in every way; I have one female left from the last litter, a most beautiful specimen, wonderful colour, and the most animated kitten I have ever had, and most intelligent like the mother."

Mrs. Kennaway writes from her lovely old-world home, Stephen's Plot, Spetisbury, Blandford, Dorset: "I have quite a number of kittens now; they are not enjoying the change of weather—but the garden is!"

Mrs. Hopewell, Hon. Secretary of the Australian Cat Club of N.S.W., writes: "I am sorry to hear of the death of the father of Blue Princess of The Court (Ch. Colneside Billy Bumpet). My little girlie, as I call her, is splendid, but has not attempted to come into season yet. I wish I could have that little female you have, as I have a splendid young stud, bred by Miss Hollands, of Bury St. Edmunds. He is just over two years old, and turns the scale at 14½ lbs., with beautiful copper eyes and a perfect

head. Mated to Blue Princess should produce some fine stock. I am just dying for her to have a family, but she won't hurry up for me. She is just the same dear sweet thing she has always been, and still refuses her food from anybody but me."

### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

WE hear from Miss Wilson that the schedules for the Siamese Cat Club Show, on September 25th, have all been sent out, and anyone who has not received a schedule should write to her at once—her address will be found in our advertisement columns. There are more specials than ever this year, and both novice cats and novice owners are particularly provided for.

Miss Noble has sent us some delightful snaps of her cats and kits for our picture gallery, including most successful portraits of Beachcomber, Shan, and Ione. We put them all in a row on the mantelpiece, but Betty, our Russian, immediately knocked them all down again, evidently taking them for pictures of her arch enemy, Sally, so we have had to put them out of her reach. She has decided not to have any kittens this year, as she wants to go to Croydon Show, where she hopes to win a first prize—we shall be extremely surprised if she does, as she has yellow eyes and rings round her tail.

Miss Richardson is very thrilled by the arrival of Flurry's kittens by Miss Hill-Shaw's new Manx stud, Josephus, as she loves both Manx and tortoiseshell kittens, and these are tortoiseshell Manx. Two of them are absolutely tail-less, a slight "hollow" being discernible even at this early stage, and though the third has a tiny stump, she should be a valuable brood queen, being Manx bred on her dam's side for four generations. Miss Richardson has now added an Abyssinian to her large family, a daughter of Mrs. Carew Cox's fine old Champion, Ras Djibuti. This kitten is of lovely type, and is extremely intelligent and fascinating in every way. Another "young hope" of this cattery is a cream short-hair, and his mother, Deare Jane, a tortoiseshell who has a cream in every litter, is expecting another family by Anton.

It has been pointed out to us by a correspondent that the experiments referred to in "Save Your Cats" letter appear in the Special Reports of the Medical Research Council, and **not** in the Quarterly Journal of the Research Defence Society, and also that the latter do not collect funds from the public.

How many readers know the black and white cat which sits on a little carpet-covered bench outside

the crippled pavement artist in Waterloo Place? He is quite a character. If his master feeds him before feeding the pigeons which flock round, the birds rob him of his food, but Tom raises no objection—nothing will induce him to touch a bird. In his young days Tom thought it would be fun to pull the long tail feathers of a pheasant which was wont to come through the railings from Marlborough House, but the indignant fowl dusted his jacket for him to such a tune that birds of all kinds are now strictly taboo for Tom. So if you're passing that way reciprocate the good wishes which Tom's master expresses on the stones in many languages, and leave a trifle towards Tom's upkeep.

THE "Exeter Express and Echo" recently published an interesting account of a clever Devonshire cat, whose sagacity will certainly be appreciated by cat fanciers: The latest story of a mother cat's solicitude for her offspring comes from the village of Withycombe Raleigh, near Exmouth. On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. F. Cox, of "Romleh," were surprised to find in their coal shed a kitten recently born. Having no cat of their own they wondered from whence the little stranger had come, and placed it in a basket in the shed, leaving the door open as before. On going to the shed later they discovered that one of two Pekingese dogs which they keep had got into the basket with the kitten, and then behind the basket they were amazed to see the mother cat, a tabby, with three more kittens which she was suckling. The other kitten was restored to the family, and there they have been ever since. Inquiries have been made to find the owner of the cat, but so far without result from any of the neighbours, so that tabby must have brought her kittens from some distance, and to get them into the coal shed she would have had to leap a six foot wall. The strange thing about it is that the cat must have known there were dogs on the premises, but she seems to have been in no fear on that account. The kittens are now able to see, so that they are more than a week old, and it would be interesting to know what made the mother remove them from her own home. Probably she was aware of some danger which threatened them, and was determined to save them and bring them up possibly to be good cats like herself. She leaves them now to go back to the place where she has been in the habit of being fed, and then returns to her little ones. Mr. and Mrs. Cox would be glad to know to whom the cat and kittens belong.

### BIRTHS.

August 18th.—Miss Richardson's Flurry Flop, 3 tortoiseshell Manx kittens, of good type, by Miss Hill-Shaw's Josephus of Cademuir.



## FROM THE "CITY OF ENTICEMENT."

Twenty Abyssinian cats! and a grand collection at that. How many of my readers have ever seen such a sight? Few, if any, I am certain. Yet such was the view that gladdened my eyes when I entered the "farm" of my friend and "Duz-bruder," Herr Joe Lesti, the proprietor of the world-famous "Eisvogel" Restaurant in Vienna's world-famous Prater. There they were, a score of the sinuous beauties, a harem ruled over by the great Ras Tafari, the winner of Heaven knows how many Championships in "aller Herren Laender" since he first won at Croydon three years ago. Not a male amongst them—not a male kitten has R.T. sired either from the queen I sent out with him or from his own daughters! There are some lovely queens, too, glorious in ticking and type, and fit for Ch. honours anywhere. Contrary to the usually accepted opinions and experience in this country, Herr Lesti regards the Abyssinian as the toughest and easiest breed of all to rear! Manx he has had much trouble with; the Abyssinian, he says, rear themselves without the slightest trouble. In all kinds of odd corners of the spacious and pleasant pheasantries in which they live, I saw these queens of most ancient lineage rearing their healthy kittens in the most nonchalant and happy-go-lucky fashion, and the kits bringing themselves up à la farmyard cat. Ras himself has earned the name of late of being an unreliable savage, but directly I called him to me, despite warnings, he turned and came straight to me, and made much of me; for 2½ years he had not forgotten me I am certain.

What particularly interested me and caused me much heart-burning was to see that in various litters Herr Lesti had obtained three lovely pale red kittens from these Abyssinians—not red tabby, but self-reds. How I cursed the latest grandmotherly restrictions in "The Land of 'You mustn't do that,'" which prevented me from bringing over one of these kittens (for who will risk a kitten in six months' quarantine?), considering that I, alone perhaps in the world, have the male cat which with them should found a new strain of Red S.H. Selfs! What evil chance that this stupid regulation had just been passed but a few months ago!

To these red kittens I will presently again refer in my notes of what I saw at the Museum, but I will here remark that being too old to start founding a new breed myself, and having learnt that the British Fancy of to-day takes no intelligent interest in such matters, my wonderful unmarked self-red S.H. male, the only one on record, will pass into the hands of Herr Lesti, who, I feel confident, will, with the material he has in hand, very soon produce and fix a new and very beautiful variety of cat. Like myself, Herr Lesti takes no interest whatever in L.H., but as an experienced breeder of birds and a keen ad-

mirer of S.H. I think he will turn to advantage the unique opportunity ignored by the Fancy here.

(To be Continued.)

## CAT CALLS.

(Publication of letters does not necessarily indicate that they represent our views.)

### To the Editor, "Cat Gossip."

In Mrs. Allen's interesting account of a visit to Mrs. Chas. Buffard's Holiday Home for Cats, which appeared in "Cat Gossip" recently, I was sorry that the name of King Aby was omitted from the list of cat celebrities in residence there at present.

King Aby, a beautiful Abyssinian neuter, once the beloved pet of the late Miss Pritchard, and now owned by Miss Norrie, came to his Holiday Home early in 1926, and he is now the faithful pal of both Mr. and Mrs. Buffard, to whom he is greatly attached.

When they are out Aby will sit on a table by the dining-room window watching and listening for their return, and will, as the time draws near, go down the road to meet them. Though other cars pass him he never makes a mistake, but runs forward to welcome the familiar car containing his much-loved friends.

One evening he found himself a prisoner, the window being bolted, and the door shut, and Aby knew it was time for him to keep his tryst. Springing on the window ledge he was seen to work at the catch until he pushed it back, then, pressing down the upper window with his paw he at last made an opening at the top, and climbing up he soon effected his escape, and presented himself at the familiar meeting-place just as the car turned the corner.

And there are those who say cats have no intelligence!!!

HELEN HILL-SHAW.

### To the Editor, "Cat Gossip."

Dear Miss Wakeford.—In to-day's account of the Speedwell Cattery there is a mistake. One of the Speedwell queens is mentioned as being the mother of Jennifer of Allington. This is not the case. Jennifer's mother is my Ch. Marise of Allington, and is purely Allington bred (on the maternal side) for six generations. I may add, that, with only four exceptions, all my blues are home-bred, and the four exceptions own either an Allington sire or dam. They are Ch. Dion of Allington, son of the late (home-bred) Eros of Allington; Dionette of Allington, daughter of Ch. Dion; Ch. Prudence of Allington, daughter of Araminta of Allington; and Donovan of Allington, son of Ch. Dion.

ETHEL LANGSTON.

## ON THE WORD—"MILK."

From the "Evening News."

"I was having tea at a friend's house," writes a correspondent who lives in Bayswater, "when my hostess exclaimed, 'I'll have to ring for some more milk.'

"Instantly the cat jumped into a chair and, to my amazement, knocked the brass handbell from the table to the floor. It made a resonant tinkle.

"She will always do that now when she hears the word 'milk'" said the cat's mistress."

## WITH OUR CATS.

BY F. M. BALLINGALL.

### DAVID AND JONATHAN.

(Continued from Page 191.)

Summer came on. Early every morning Corry rattled the handle of the folding-door till I got up and opened it. To the glass-panelled door he raced, and Pixie after him. That, too, I opened, and scarcely was it ajar before he had bounded through, with Pixie on top of him. They were out together for hours in those months of flowers, warmth, and sunshine. To tell the truth, I often missed my constant companion of so many months, though, whenever they were indoors, and ready for sleep, Corry left Pixie and came to me; and sat on my arm, and kissed me over and over again. I was glad, in the after-time, to know that they had not missed one day of this, the happy summer of their lives.

If a rainy day came, they often played in the kitchen. I had made hay of some grass from the garden, and filled a box with it. This they soon found out, and Corry loved to sleep in it. But often I have seen Pixie tumble in on top of him, and before long Corry emerged, leaving Pixie in possession. Always Corry delighted to give Pixie anything he wanted, and cared not at all for his own possessions. One afternoon I chanced to have some little dainty I thought would be nice for Corry. There not being enough for two, I shut up Pixie in my room, and carried Corry off to the kitchen. There I placed the plate upon the floor before him. He looked at it, then turned away, and jumped upon a chair. Knowing he liked the food I was surprised, and I carried him to the plate, and told him to eat up that nice "snack" I had set aside for his special treat. He would not touch it. Evading my arms, he retired to his chair. I left the kitchen. He would take it when he was alone, I thought.

Later, when I returned to him, he was still sitting on the chair, looking miserable, and the food was untouched. If he does not like it, Pixie may as well have it, I thought, and I opened the doors. In a few moments Pixie raced in, and at once spied the dish—he knew quite well that he had been shut up for some purpose—and began to eat. And, just as quickly, Corry leaped down, and began to help him!

Several times I tested him—always with the same result. He would eat nothing that Pixie did not share. I got into the habit of giving them a dinner-plate between them, instead of separate platters. Corry loved this arrangement, though I often wondered how he got anything to eat at all! I was watching them one day, noting how Pixie's head bobbed all over the plate in search of the morsels he thought most desirable, while Corry had constantly to change his position in order to find room for

his own. Finally, he adopted new tactics. Sitting upright, he stretched out his arm, and, picking up a flake of fish, he managed to convey it to his mouth. More or less successfully, he repeated this manoeuvre several times. Then I saw him, with the food only half-way to his lips, pause, holding it precariously in his claws, while, beneath his arm, Pixie's head suddenly intruded, as he sought bits of fish that properly were Corry's. But Corry's expression I shall never forget. He was so lost in delight at Pixie's appetite that he forgot his own food completely. With arm suspended, he smiled down on Pixie—a smile of tender, sympathetic amusement that somehow brought a lump into my throat.

Autumn that year was but an extended summer, and a pair of kittens, who came to spend a month with us, I often took into the garden. Pixie welcomed the little guests, but Corry would have none of them, and obviously used every art to keep Pixie to himself. Jealousy consumed him. He wanted Pixie only; what did Pixie want with these strangers? I tied a piece of paper to a string, and wafted it to and fro. As the kittens bounded after it, Pixie became more and more attracted to them. Beneath the old pear tree was a group of shrubs, under which Corry and Pixie lay—Corry, because Pixie would not go away, and so he had to remain. Gradually, in spite of Corry's protests, Pixie was irresistibly drawn from his cover, till he stood on the very verge of it. Corry put out his arm, and tried to prevent Pixie, with low growls shocking to hear, but Pixie, a smile of pleasure on his little face, did not heed him. Suddenly running out, he joined the kittens in their play!

Poor Corry! Looking at those large eyes, gleaming in the shadow, I saw they were full of suffering. Pixie's defection pained his loving heart. I could not see him so distressed. A few bounds I let Pixie enjoy, and then I took the kittens up, and carried them indoors. Pixie returned to Corry, who devoured him affectionately, and led him away. And though, from time to time, Pixie played a little with the kittens, Corry always remained near, watching with great sad eyes till Pixie went back to him, but never himself would play—though he was not unkind or rough to them.

(To be continued.)

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### EPISCOPAL CAT.

From the "Daily Mirror."

Work has now commenced on clearing away the huge steel structures under the dome of St. Paul's.

The "nose-bags" of the workmen have encouraged mice and necessitated an episcopal cat. Pussy was busy on a chair, I noticed, washing a family which has had the honour of being born in the Cathedral.

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All other correspondence re "Cat Gossip" to the Editor and Proprietor,

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