

**FACSIMILE OF AN ARTICLE BY WINIFRED
FORTESCUE ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN "PUNCH"
AND REPRINTED IN "DOG STORIES FROM PUNCH"**

Winifred Fortescue refers to this article on pages 331 and 332

of her book

There's Rosemary.... There's Rue

DOG STORIES FROM

PUNCH

Illustrated

by **GEORGE**

MORROW



Published, in conjunction with
the Proprietors of *Punch* by
Clement Ingleby *At the Sign of*
The Boar's Head Great James
Street, W.C.I. MCMXXVI

THE POMEROLLIE



A PLEA FOR THE MONGREL

THE cult of the dog is becoming more and more fashionable every year. That is to say, the cult of the pure-bred patrician dog ; the type of little snob-dog who parades with his mistress in Hyde Park on Sunday, brushed, groomed, curled and smug, his disdainful nose turned up higher and higher as the years of breeding perfect his pedigree. He struts along on a dainty leading-strap or drives throned in state on his mistress's lap in a glorious car ; and one hopes that he is too stupid to realise the doggy joys that he misses. For him no thrilling battles for bones with his rival over the way ; no glorious truant excursions to dirty ditches and ponds, to return muddy and bedraggled but glorying in his shame. His life is one of boring convention, far different from that of the mongrels who lollop about on the happy heights of Hampstead Heath.

Here one meets every form of real live dog in fascinating variety ; love pups all of them, clever, joyous and spontaneous as the offspring of a real love-match invariably are. These are not the children of an arranged marriage, the patrician products of a scientific breeder, but the sports of Nature, that tender humourist ; and what they lack in feature and blood they make up in character.



THE PUGRIFFON

Their friendliness and fun are at the disposal of every lonely man. On Hampstead Heath a desolate individual can be adopted for the afternoon by an Airedoodle, a Pomerollie, a Yorkinese, a Retreagle, a Pugriffon, a Spalmatian, a Sealybull, an Aberdachs—almost any imaginable blend of dog—with no more obligation than to make an occasional sympathetic remark or throw a stick or a stone. At the end of the afternoon he will not be expected to supply a dinner and drinks; his companion will run off to his own home with a knowing shake of the head, the glance of a friendly eye and the wag of a ridiculous tail.

They specialise in tails, these fascinating mongrels; long tails, twisty tails, bob-tails and curly tails, but always original tails and expressive, loving and amusing tails.

Here, on the Heath, the real dog-lover is able to revel in the study of dogs at their very best. On sunny days what a spectacle of mixed bathing can be seen in the famous pond! What a chorus of hysterical barking can be heard! How many trousers are ruined by the violent shaking of woolly coats as the bathers emerge from their dip! And among the gorse-bushes and bracken what glorious games of hide-and-seek may be witnessed between the mongrel pups.

They have caught the scouting fever from the Boy Scouts who pervade the Heath on Saturdays. They take covey, they lie in ambush, they attack, in perfect imitation of the human Scouts; and I am sure that they do far more than one kind



THE AIREDOODLE



THE SPALMATION



THE RETREAGLE



THE YORKINESE



THE SEALYBULL

action a day. They befriend the friendless, as I have said; they amuse the children. Their hearts are as warm as their sense of humour is keen.

Let those benighted souls to whom appearance means everything pay their admittance to International Dog Shows and there study perfection of form and feature. But those to whom beauty of character appeals, who can appreciate the truth and wistful affection in a dog's eye, the humour in a twinkling tail, the joy in a raucous bark, let them journey to the heights of Hampstead and watch the happy mongrels on the Heath.



THE ABERDACHS