

# THE CAT SCOUTS



Louis Wain : Jessie Pope



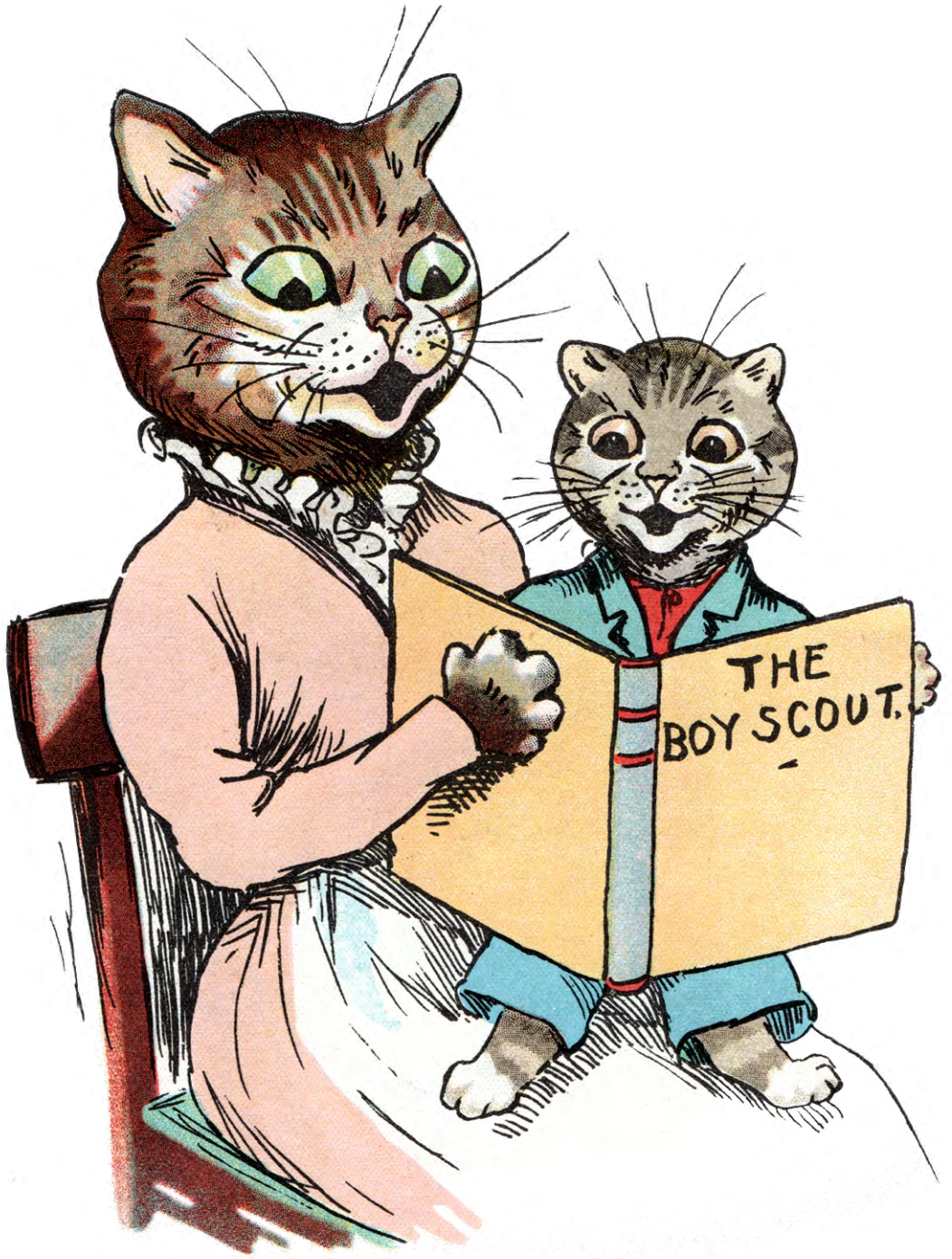












# THE CAT SCOUTS

A PICTURE-BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLK



CATS BY LOUIS WAIN

VERSES AND TALES BY JESSIE POPE

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED  
LONDON GLASGOW AND BOMBAY



## TWO RECRUITS

**W**HEN Timmy Tibbs and Tibby Tout  
Decided they would learn to  
scout,  
Each bought a uniform and pole,  
And went to join the Cats' Patrol.



They thought it would be gorgeous  
fun

To shoulder arms and shoot a gun;  
Yet found that learning how to shoot  
is

But one of many cat-scout duties.



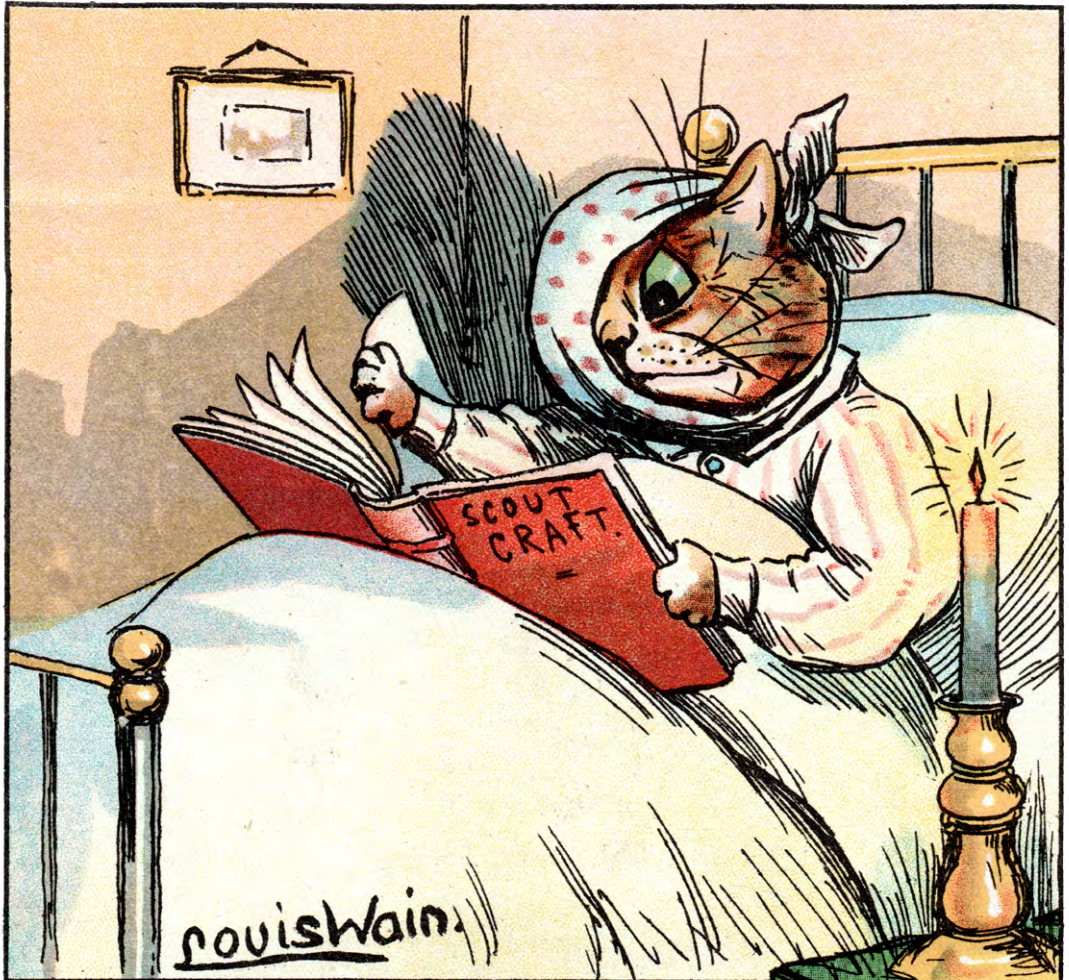
**They had to learn to write and read,  
And found this very hard indeed,  
For they were sure to lose their  
places  
If once they stopped to wash their  
faces.**



**They also learnt by reading's aid  
How gunpowder is really made  
Though once the stuff went off too  
soon  
And shot poor Timmy to the moon.**



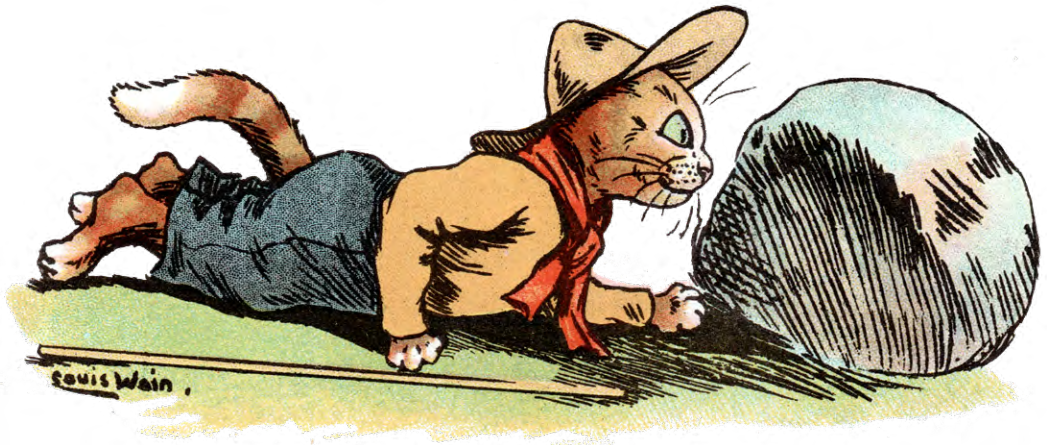
Yet, when he landed down again,  
Though in considerable pain,  
He would read scouting books in  
bed—  
He said they soothed his aching  
head.



**Poor Tibby Tout, by sheer bad luck,  
Inside a thistle-bed got stuck.  
Oh, how he mews! Each whisker  
bristles.  
It's horrid to be scratched by  
thistles.**







**A plucky cat scout never cries,  
So Tibby dries his streaming eyes,  
And as he does so, sees a flock  
Of dicky birds behind a rock.**

**He crawls quite close before he  
springs  
The birds dart off with fluttering  
wings.  
But clever Tibby catches three,  
And takes them back to camp with  
glee.**





## TIRESOME TEAZER

**T**HIS is Teazer. As you see, he is a cat scout, but, sad to say, a very naughty one; for Teazer is never happy unless he is playing mischevious tricks on his friends. One day he was told to help cat scout Fluff paint a door. All went well till Teazer called out, "Hi, Fluff, here's something nice to eat!" Fluff, whose only fault was greediness, looked round the door, and Teazer dabbed his paint brush on his nose, crying "How do you like the taste of that, old fellow?"



Louis Wain.



**Another time, Silkisides, one of the best scouts of the patrol, was signaling to the distant camp, with a little flag in each paw. He was trying to make the camp understand that he thought the enemy was near, in fact he could hear them creeping up behind him. It was no enemy, but naughty Teazer creeping closer and closer, until he was near enough to catch hold of Silkisides' beautiful, thick, curly tail.**



Teazer gave it a great hard tug, but the brave Silkisides never looked round. He simply signalled to the camp: "The enemy are really here. They are just in the act of taking me prisoner. Good-bye; please give my love to all my friends." Then he heard a laugh behind, but when he looked round, all he could see was the tip of Teazer's tail disappearing in the bushes.





**You might have thought this would have satisfied Teazer; but not it. His next trick was played on little Timmikins, the youngest cat scout of them all. Timmikins was rather vain of his new uniform, and would never go out without first seeing if it was raining. Teazer knew all about this, and one day he got the garden hose, and as soon as Timmikins came to the door to see if he should venture out, Teazer sent a great spurt of water over him, crying "Isn't it raining fast, Timmikins?"**

When the scout-master heard about it he was very angry indeed. He ordered Teazer inside, and called a meeting of cat scouts to decide how it was best to punish him. One said, "Make him walk on hot bricks"; another said, "Stop his milk money for a week"; and another suggested they should tie his paws so that he couldn't wash his face. In the middle of the discussion Teazer suddenly said, "Ta-ta, I'm off!" and made a leap for the door. It happened to be a windy day, and as he was flying through, the door banged to on his tail. And that was the end of him in one way, but not in another, as you will see later on.







## THE CAT SCOUTS' KITCHEN

**C**AT scouts, as you perveive, can cook  
All kinds of tasty dishes  
Of mice and rats, big fat ones, look—  
According to their wishes.

They bake, and brew, and fry, and stew;  
They roast, and toast, and boil.  
But quite the best dish that they do  
Is "Tadpoles grilled in oil".



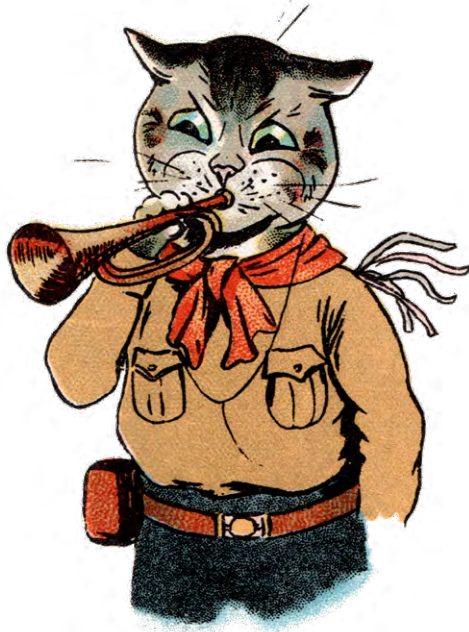
## TEAZER AGAIN

**H**ERE is Teazer again taking a bit more punishment. He just happened to be rubbing his tail, after it had been pinched in the door, when young Timmikins leant out of the window with a jug of water in his hand, and how Timmikins's big eyes sparkled with joy as he emptied the jug on Teazer's head, crying:

"Isn't it raining fast, Teazer?"

So Teazer got drenched from the top of his head to the tip of his tail—and serve him right, too!





## THE ALARM

**T**he cat scouts hurry fast;  
They hear the bugle blast,  
That tells them very plainly  
The foe has come at last.

They all exclaim. "Mi-ow!"  
And struggle, anyhow.  
Bang! bang! go all the rifles—  
Was ever such a row!

The foe attack the cart  
That's just about to start;  
But bravely it's defended  
By each courageous heart.





Louis Wain.





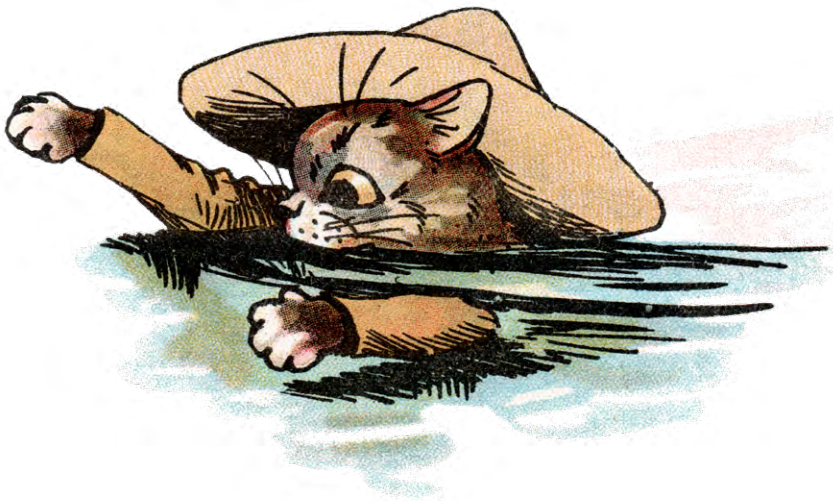
## A SWIMMING LESSON

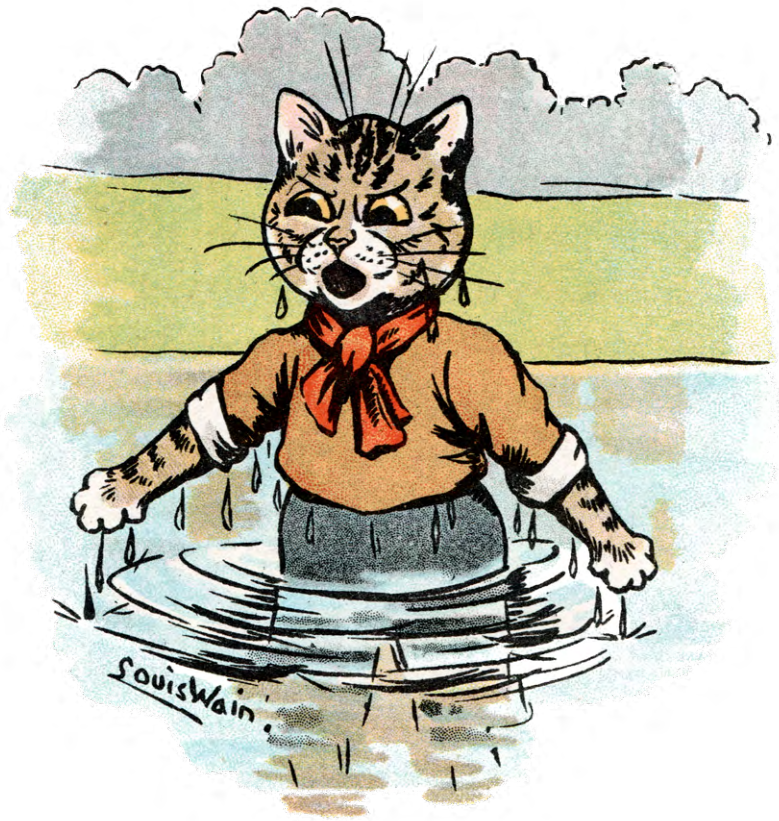
**B**OY scouts have to learn to swim, so do cat scouts; and here is the Scoutmaster trying to persuade a poor little shivering scout named Billikins to go into the water. "Look here, Billikins," he is saying, "you must learn to swim, or you'll never be able to save the lives of all the poor cats who are thrown into ponds by their cruel masters."

"But I don't want to," says Billikins.

**“Then you ought to want to!” replies The Scoutmaster. “Now that you are a cat scout, Billikins, you must learn to think of other pussies besides yourself, and always remember that their lives are of more value than your own comfort.”**

**Then without another word the Scoutmaster takes him by the scruff of the neck and throws him into the water. Splash! “Help me, save me!” cries Billikins, and he struggles madly with his front paws and hind feet. “I’m drowning!” he splitters. “No, my young friend,” says the Scoutmaster, “you’re swimming!” And so he is, though he doesn’t know it, until he feels mud with his paws, and knows he had reached the shallow water**



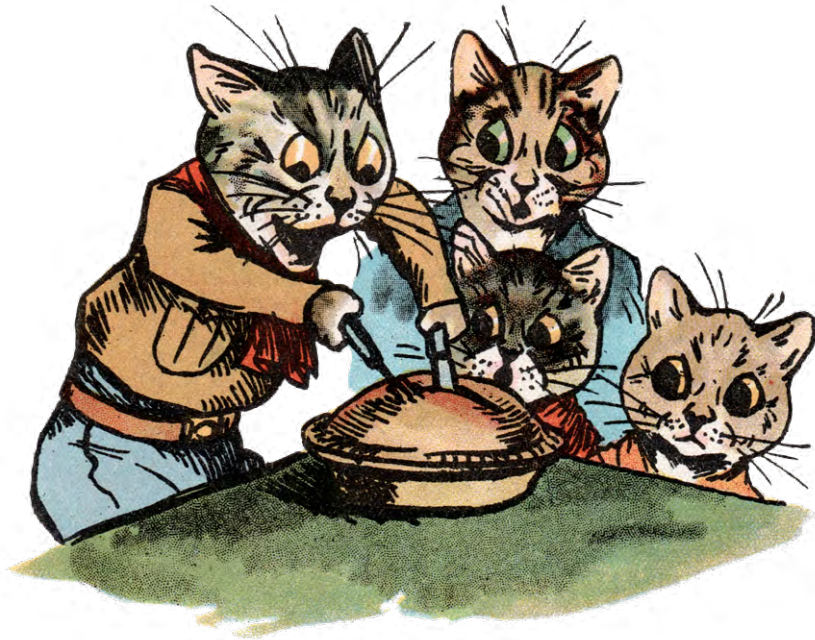


**When Billikins stands up and shakes  
The Water out of his eyes, he sees that the  
bank is quite close. Out he walks, very  
miserable, very wet, and very muddy.  
“Bravo, Billikins !” cries the Scoutmaster.  
“You’ve passed the water-test. You’ll  
soon be a famous swimmer!” Fortu-  
nately it is a warm, sunny day, and Billi-  
kins spends the rest of the morning  
washing himself all over, and doesn’t  
his tongue ache before he’s finished!**



Of course everybody knows that cats hate getting their feet wet, so it is very brave of pussy scouts to be willing to take a header into pond or river.

But there is a treat in store for all who pass the water-test. Nothing less than a beautiful pie for supper. Not an apple pie, or a plum pie, or even a red-currant and raspberry pie; but much better than these, it is a pie filled with fledglings and mice, cooked to a turn, and served with shrimps and cream. Only cats who have passed the water-test eat the pie, and that is one reason why many cat scouts are good swimmers.





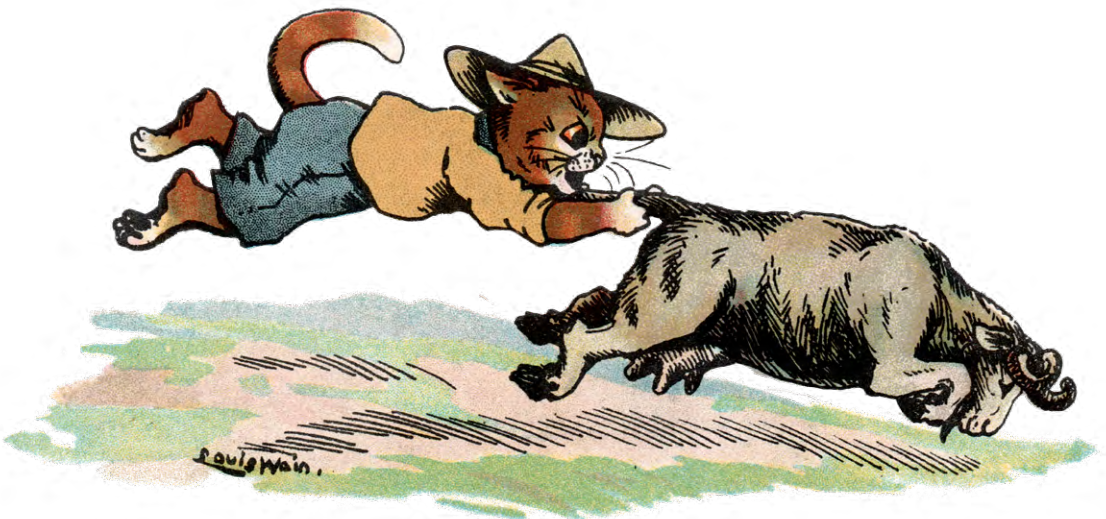


## A USEFUL SCOUT

**O**H dear!" The Mother Pussy cried,  
To two small Kittens at her side;  
"I've bought a batch of buns for tea,  
But not a drop of milk have we!"

"That seems a picy, Ma, no doubt!"  
Remarked her son, who was a scout;  
Then, looking round, he chanced to spy  
A nanny-goat go jogging by.

That nanny-goat he quickly caught;  
A pint of milk from her he bought.  
His mother said, "I must admit  
A cat scout is a useful kit!"



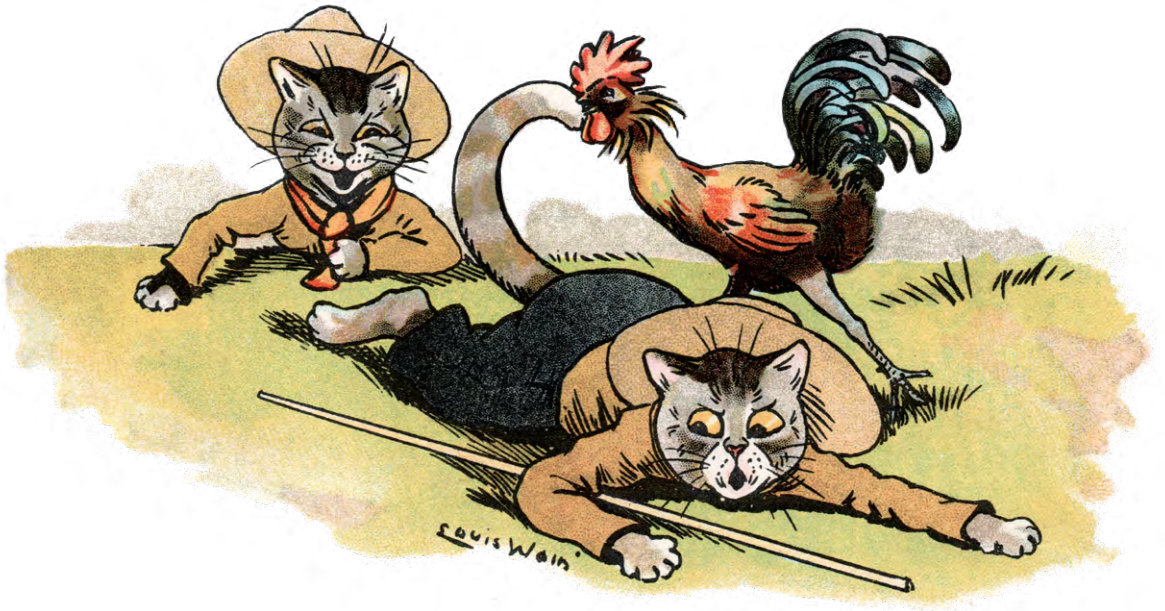


## A CRACKER

**F**IREWORKS are grand,  
Red stars and rockets,  
A Bonfire at hand,  
Squibs in your pockets

But of crackers beware,  
They fly everywhere,  
And often explode  
Right under your chair





## A PECK OF TROUBLES

**T**wo cats were scouting one fine day,  
Advancing in the usual way,  
When up there came a bantam gay.

He said, "You just turn right about.  
This is my farmyard, so get out!  
Don't think I'm frightened of a scout."

He pecked poor Puss, and made him  
mew

Then up into the air he flew,  
Remarking "Cock-a-doodle-do!"





A DAY FULL OF





TROUBLE FOR THE CAT SCOUTS





## THE HUNTER

**T**here was a pussy scout  
Who had a little gun;  
He said he would go hunting,  
He thought it would be fun.

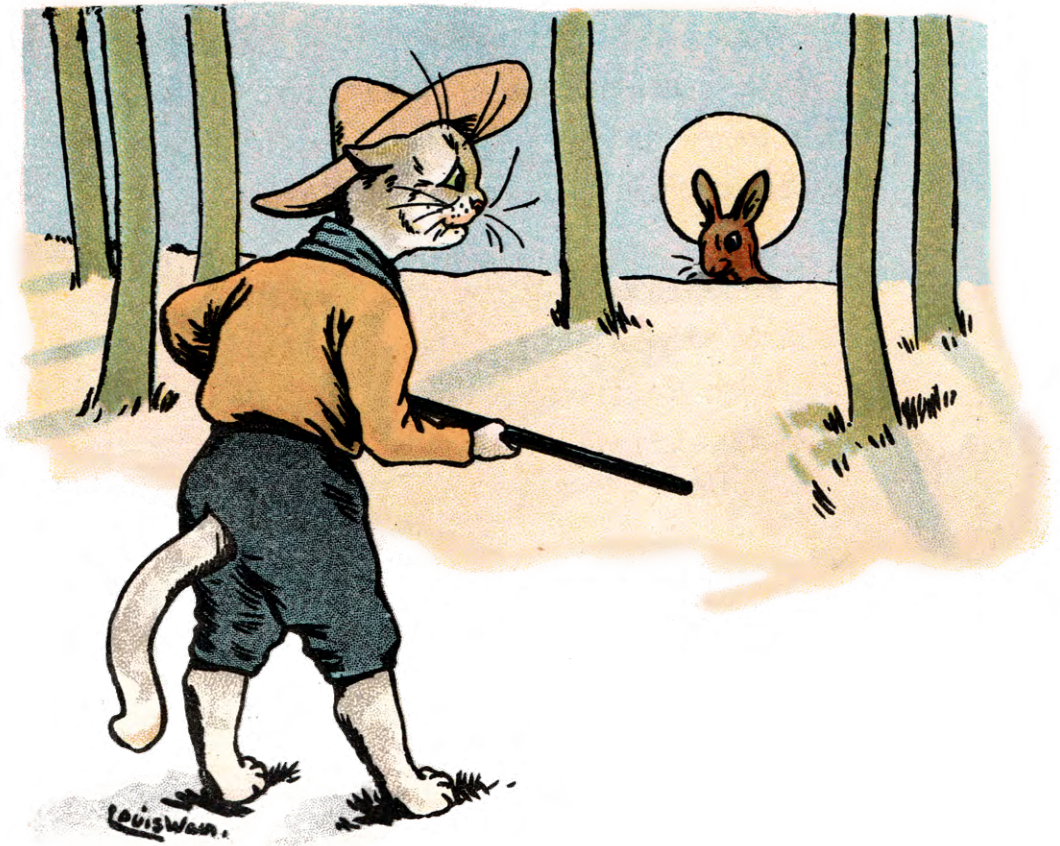
He loaded up his gun  
With powder and with shot  
He climbed a lofty mountain  
And oh! how hot he got!

He looked from right to left  
He looked from left to right;  
He peered up in the treetops,  
But nothing was in sight.

When all at once he heard  
A scratching at his feet,  
His fur began to bristle  
His heart began to beat







He pulled himself together  
And quickly raised his gun;  
He saw a long-eared creature,  
Whose hat was like the sun.

Its head seemed set in fire  
That glittered like a crown  
Its eyeballs gleamed like comets  
Its ears wagged up and down

The pussy scout stood still  
His furry cheeks grew pale  
He quickly pulled the trigger  
And hurriedly turned tail

He thought it was a goblin  
But you will guess, no doubt,  
It was a bunny rabbit  
That scared the pussy scout.





## TATTYTOM AND TEAZER

**T**ATTYTOM, my jewel," said the Mummy Puss, "don't go out in the wood, I pray. I've seen that Teazer about to-day, and he's sure to put acorns into your ears, like he did last time."

Tattytom scratched his chin. "I'm as good as Teazer any day in the week," he said.



**“Better, my love, better,” replied the Mummy Puss “but when I say a thing just do it, if you don’t you’ll surely rue it.”**

**But alas, as soon as the Mummy Puss had put on her motor bonnet and had gone out for a drive with Lady Squirrel, Tattytom ran straight to the wood. There he found a nest of dormice under a tree, and Tattytom never could resist the taste of dormice. Fortunately, however, his sister Topsy saw him. Topsy was a “cat-guide”, and there wasn’t much she didn’t see.**

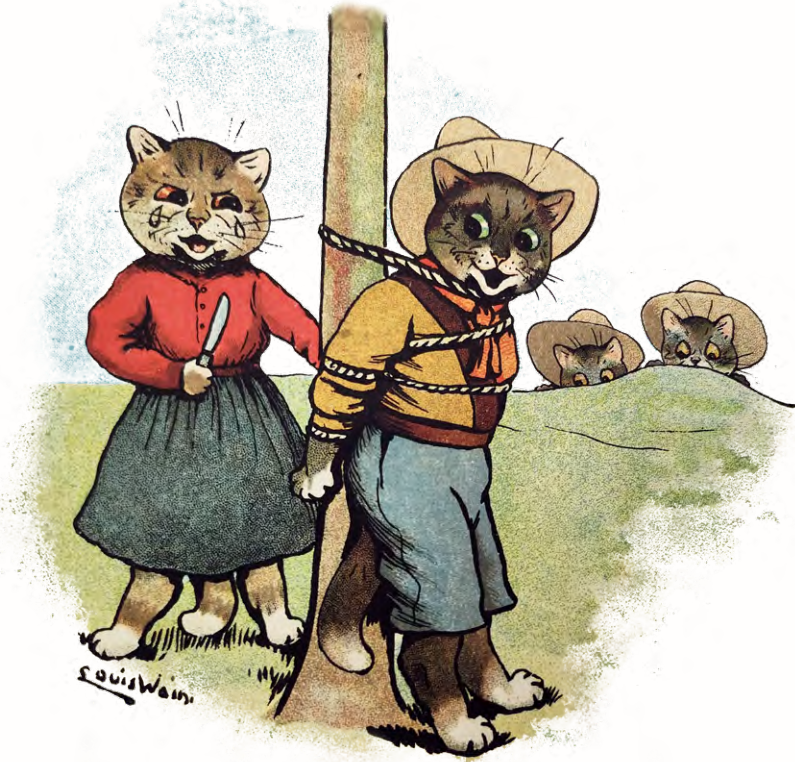
**“The naughty Tom,” she said to herself. “Well, if he gets into trouble, it will be his own fault, thank goodness!” But all the same she went and watched from the window.**



Teazer was watching too, from a branch of a tree in the wood, and presently saw Tattytom come scouting through the wood, till he reached the dormouse's nest, which was under Teazer's tree. Teazer gave a spring.

"Ha, ha! Here's luck!" he shouted, and landed on Tattytom's back and squeezed him flat. Then he bound him to the tree trunk and ate all the dormice himself, with great relish.





**From her window Topsy saw Teazer coming out of the wood, looking very full, and sitting down every other minute to wash his face. she waited till he was out of sight, then ran out to see what he had been up to. Before very long she had found her poor brother bound to a tree, and mewling so sadly that she shed tears of pity while she cut the cords. Two other scouts saw her kind action, and she received a medal from the Patrol for her cleverness.**





Louis Wain.



## A CAT SCOUT SONG

**H**a, ha, ha!  
He, he, he!  
Six little kittens in one familiee!  
Two little scouts,  
Each with a pole,  
Leading the way to join the Patrol.  
Ha, ha, ha!  
Ho, ho, ho!  
Soon there'll be eight little scouts  
in a row!

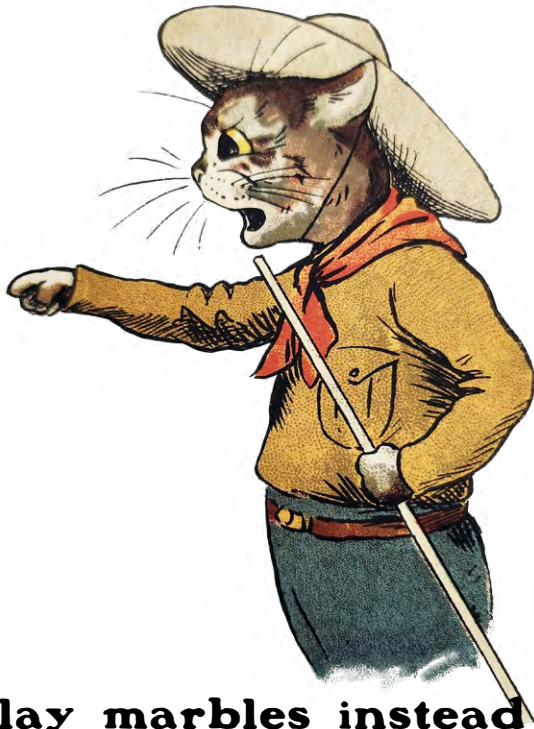




## THE END OF TIRESOME TEAZER

**T**HE tables were turned on Teazer, at last. You can see how stout he has grown, because he never shared dormice and other dainties with his friends. He is not only stout but lazy, and one afternoon, when he was playing marbled by himself instead of guarding the camp, the Scoutmaster caught him, for he had been waiting round the corner with his weather eye open.





To play marbles instead of keeping guard is one of the greatest crimes a cat scout can commit.

“You villain!” cried the Scoutmaster.

“Please, sir, it wasn’t me!” said Teazer. But the Scoutmaster took no notice of his stupid remark.

“You are greedy and lazy,” he said, “besides being a bully. You are a disgrace to the camp and not fit to be a cat scout, and I’m going to punish you!”

Teazer tried to run, but the Scoutmaster caught him tight by the tail.

And now it was Teazer's turn to be bound with ropes. First his arms were tied down to his sides, and his legs bound together, and then he was dragged out in front of the camp, and left in the road, where every passing puss could wag a paw at him. Tattytom came, so did Fluff, and Timmikins, and Silkisides, and they were very merry—in fact, the sight of him lying there like a bit of rolled pork was enough to make a cat laugh.

The more Teazer mewed, the more the others laughed, so at last he had to content himself with squirming about on the ground like a caterpillar.





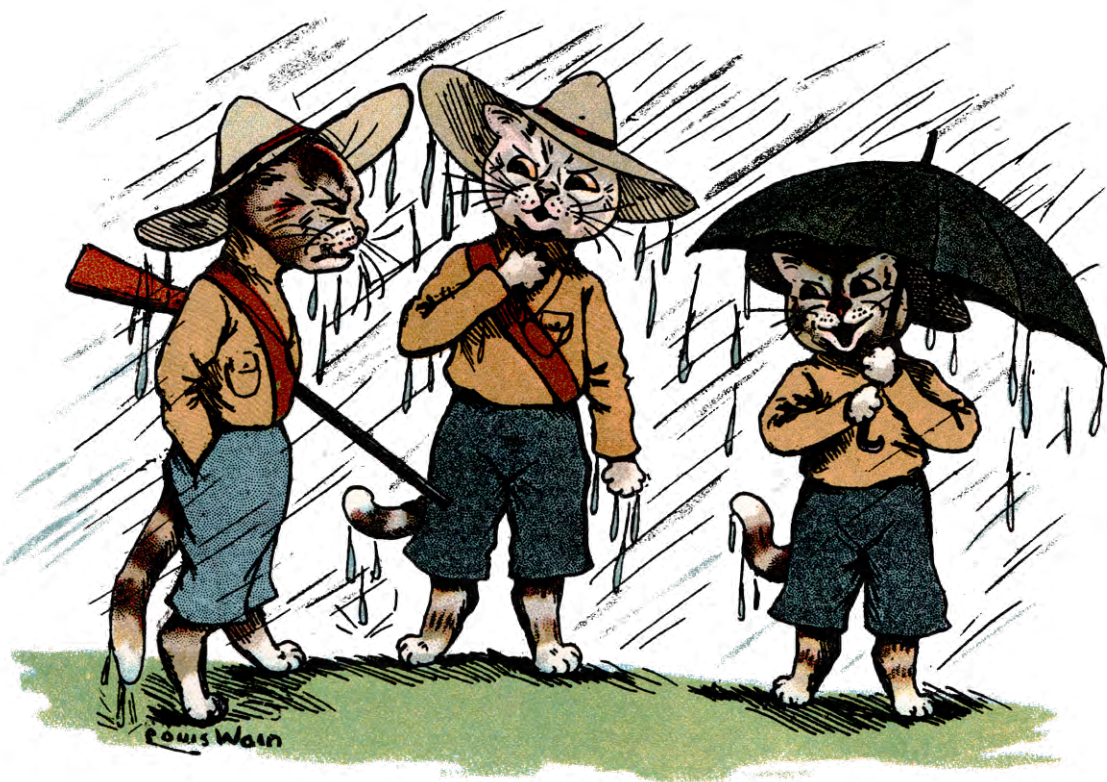
When it was dark and the stars peeped out at him from the sky, the Scoutmaster came to Teazer's side with a great big knife in his paw.

"Are you going to kill me?" said Teazer feebly.

"No," said the Scoutmaster. "You are punished enough. I am going to set you free."

"Thank you, sir!" said Teazer. And when the ropes were cut, he not only humbly promised to be a good cat scout for the future, but he kept his word, and before long he was wearing a good-conduct medal of the largest size.





## A Rainy Day

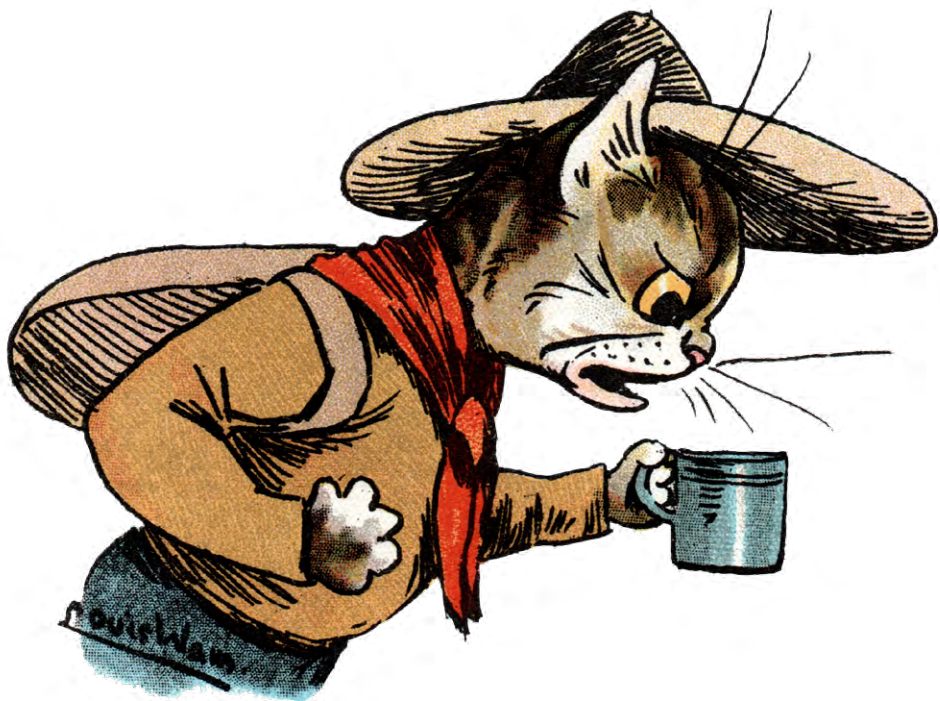
**W**HEN it's raining' ever so,  
When the roads are thick with  
mire,  
Scouting' pussies, you must know,  
Don't lie curled up by the fire.

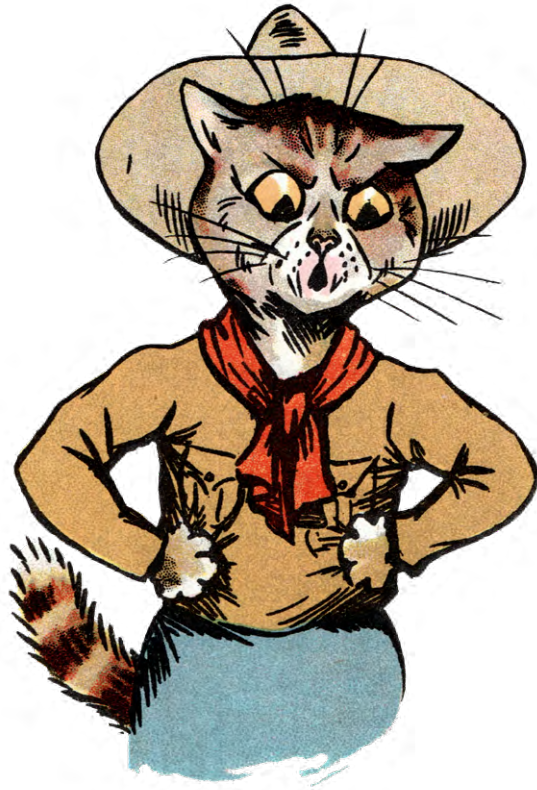
Though they all detest the damp,  
They go hunting' far away;  
One, you see, has got a gamp—  
Very sensible, I say.

Though their fur gets very wet,  
And their paws are muddy too,  
Scouting pussies never fret;  
That, they say, would never do.

Now and then they catch a chill—  
Have you heard a cat scout sneeze?—  
It's so very loud and shrill  
That it really shakes the trees.

Cough mixture they have to drink  
In a large enamel cup,  
And although they shrink and blink,  
They're obliged to drink it up.





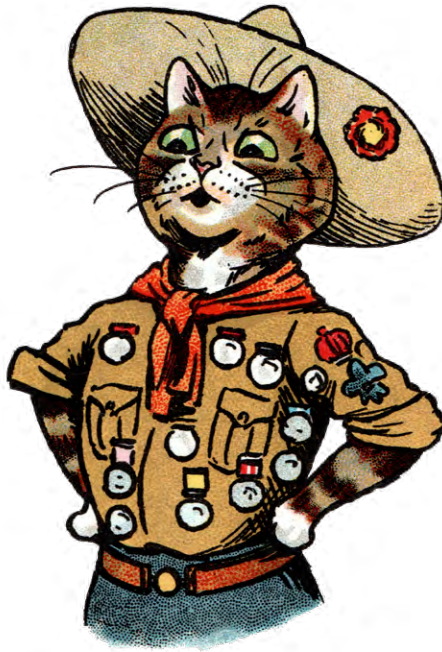
## Moving Day

**T**HIS is moving day at the camp, and the cat-scout cook, in the picture, is wondering how ever he will get all his kitchen things from one place to another. The next page shows how he does it. The pot and Kettle hang round his neck on a cord, the cups are tied to his tail, but how he balances the sausepan on his back I can't tell you; in fact, if he were an ordinary cat and not a cat scout, he couldn't possibly do it.





Louis Wain.



## Full Up

**N**OW, children, look here,  
I think it's quite clear  
As a cat scout I've had a successful  
career  
I've got medals galore  
Behind and before,  
In fact, there's not room for a single  
one more.  
They cover my chest  
When I'm properly dressed,  
And they show that of good pussy  
scouts I'm the best.



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