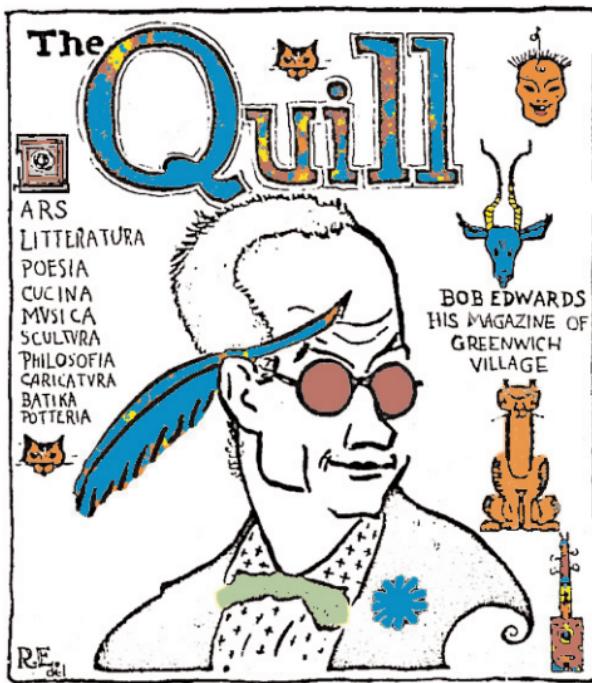


THE QUILL
MAY, 1924

The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE
compiled from most original sources and
written comprehensible to both
morons & other artistic
folk.

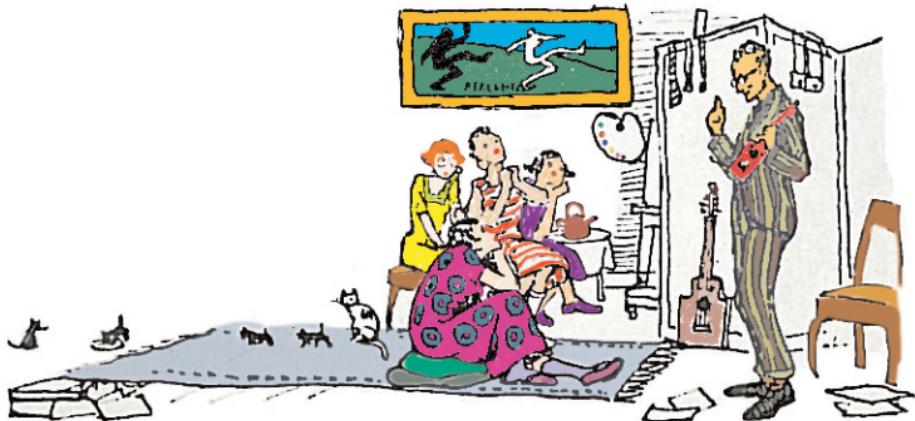
By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.P.L.

Robert Edwards

The 
Story of
Greenwich
Village
Part XVI

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Before winding up this epoch-rending symposium, we venture a few words on the Greenwich Village cats—for there can be no true culture without cats—Hellas notwithstanding.

Now there are several great dynasties which we will roughly indicate. In very early historical times—in fact, in the time of the Gatti Matti Club—there was but one prominent cat—that is, celebrated in the newspaper—that was “Clarice.” She lived at No. 3 Washington Square, next to Walter Tittle’s Illustration Works, and in the studio mostly of the writer of this commentary. She was not celebrated for her beauty, but for charm. Rose O’Neill, the illustri-

ous artist and singer, makes the following lyric mention on the suspected demise of this eminent and gentle feline. It seems she ran away for a year, and her provider had written much sentimental verse about her.

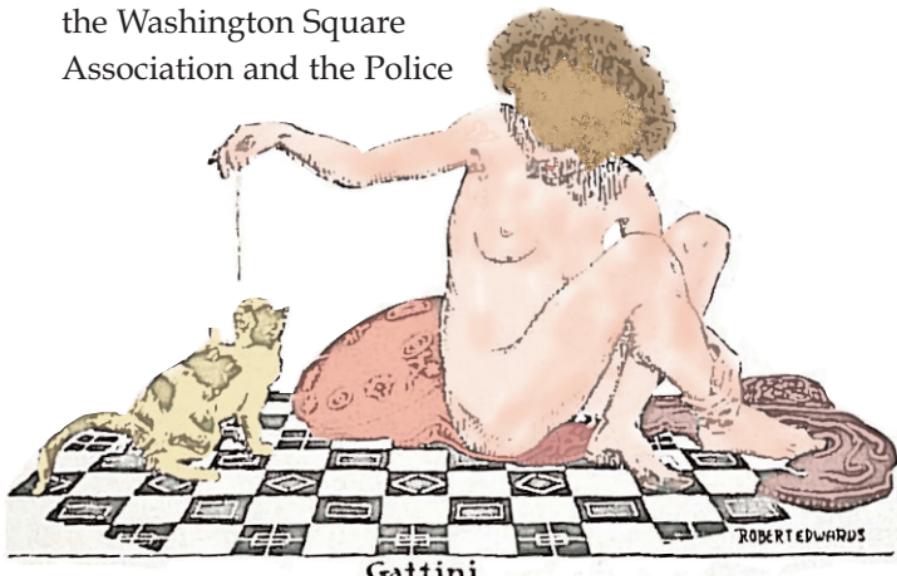
Clarice is dead," the poet said,
"The fair, the sylphic form has fled;
No more she'll skate about so late
The lone cat of a celibate,

No more she'll come with empty tum
To put the welkin on the bum.
Reluctant ear, no more shall hear
The poet sing her graces queer."

Of course Clarice "came back" after the proverbial cat custom, and found her befriendeer in his new home on Eighth Street.

She begat Anatol, Anitra and Animirl, and it was through the misbehaviour of her descendants that she got into the papers. Although this animal

was almost humanly inarticulate, she was unable to give a clear idea of the errant knight who was the father of the aforesaid family, so the paternity of the genealogy must be incomplete. One afternoon when the person upon whom these beasts imposed their existence, was sojourning in the country, Anatol (then adolescent) got out on the fire escape to try his newly found lyric gifts. He evidently was more pleased with his voice than were the neighbors, who telephoned rudely to every unhappy tenant who happened to be home. The result was that the Fire Company, The Travelers' Aid Society, the Cruelty to Animal Promoters, the Grolier Society, the Washington Square Association and the Police



Gattini

Department came, and all attempted to remove alleged lyric kitten from the fire escape with liver and other lures. But fortunately, nothing was effective in dislodging Anatol, so the representatives of these various societies made extensive reports and then felt it was a day's work. Through the loyalty of the Swedish janitress, the person who resided with Clarice was saved from indictment, for she insisted above all din and bureaucratic bombast that the owner of the studio "was a perfect yentleman to his kets." Nevertheless, the cats and their guardian were forced to move, and Clarice got a job as companion with light exterminating in the home of a prominent New York society woman, who was, so to speak, taken in by the misleading air of the hectic pussy.

Anatol was then adopted by one Donald Corley, a gentle philosopher who came to live with Clarice's provider, and on a wet and rainy night, Agamemnon, forsooth was brought in for a playmate, by said Corley. Later "Dirty Joe" helped to found the Quill, and posed for many quaint animals that are still to be seen in the prehistoric musical

instruments of the Village minstrel's collection. The advent of "Dirty Joe" was too much for Corley, and he moved out with the cats that appertained to him, leaving Joe in possession of the top floor of 46 Washington Square.

Little "Hannah," having been fired out of a saloon, was then introduced as a playmate for the aforesaid Joseph, whose dirtiness consisted merely of an unfortunate black marking on his countenance which never resisted lingual manipulation—as it were. Unfortunately, both of them died without issue of the rickets, so the Dynasty ran out.

Meantime, several alley runners had strayed into the "Mad Hatter," but none could stand Dave Rosen's dog except a yellow devil who was christened "Coke" to annoy the police, who suspect so readily. Coke promptly married the butcher's cat, Mr. Dryer's "Mimi," and they have led a more or less conjugal life ever since.

It was about this time that a very charming lady—not a cat—Miss Marie Voorhees, began bringing every kitten to the Quill office she could lay her tender and pitying hands upon. The Quill office

became a veritable cattery, and the editor was unable to protect himself, as the fair Miss Voorhees posed for the Quill covers and addressed the subscription list. "Annie Voorhees" was one of the many. Most of the others ran away or were lured into Larry Lesch's radio parlor over the roof, and many caught consumption from visiting poets. Others were rescued by the S.P.C.A., and sold to the Eighth Street furriers.

It was into this happy family that the famous "Old Bud Hood" was suddenly dropped. This magnificent beast dwelt with the beautiful Gretchen Hood on Charles Street, or at least, in defiance of the landlady he visited Miss Hood for food and occasional lodging. He measured, when a mere kitten, five feet six inches from his nose to where his tail began. However, it got too hot for him on Charles Street, and Miss Hood, fearing that he might meet with foul play from the Camorra, caused him to be transported in a suitcase to the Quill office. Old Bud was so mad when he found himself dumped into strange surroundings that he sulked for a week. Eventually he married Annie

Voorhees and Bitzi Voorhees. At that time, however, the editor was forced to move on account of remodeling the house, but Old Bud remained as night watchman for months, even after the roof had been taken off. Annie was given a job as mouse patrol at the Four Trees, but she did not get on with the rest of the help, who beat her up. So she left, dropping out of history.

Old Bud Hood appointed himself as mascot of "Vagabondia," and thereafter took charge of the whole neighborhood. "Takash" and "Gin," both wives of Bud at the "Bamboo Forest," begat "Harguiser" and Fa Tzoi."

At an interesting point of his career he disappeared. The theory is that he read that the President's cat was lost, and he went off to Washington to take the place of "Tige," the "First Cat of the Land," and history will wager that Bud could lick him and anything in the cat line short of a mountain lion.

It is also darkly hinted that a certain meddling person had him sent to the S.P.C.A. on the grounds that he was a non-productive and ill-fed citizen. If

this proves to be the case, there will be nothing much short of murder, as the habitués of Vagabondia, the Bamboo Forest and all of Macdougal Street are deeply concerned in his disappearance.

(To keep on)

