



Famous



Animals

&



Pets



of the



Famous



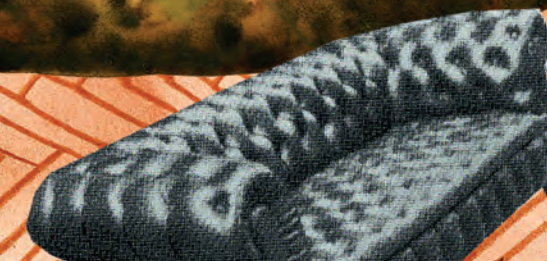
Marquis de Lafayette's wild alligator

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Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette was an intrepid soul. In his native France, he commanded the National Guard during the Revolution. In America, he fought in the Battles of Brandywine and Yorktown for independence, freedom and democracy. And he triumphed. So it's no surprise that his later visit to the land across the pond was a triumph, too. Wherever he and his stagecoach reached, he received an enthusiastic welcome, and he was showered with gifts of all shapes and sizes. It was then that someone came up with the idea that nothing smaller than an alligator was a fit tribute for the gallant nobleman, soldier and general. That's right – a predator with teeth as sharp as Lafayette's sharpest sabre. The general behaved with full military courtesy. He accepted the alligator without hesitation and took it along as he continued on his American pilgrimage. But the green pet didn't make it to France with him. Before his departure, Lafayette presented it to his friend John Quincy Adams, the new president – maybe in sorrow,

maybe with relief. Adams became quite fond of the apparently heartless creature. He gave it an unfurnished room of its own in the East Wing of the White House, together with a good-sized bathtub, so that it could live well and happily. And as President Adams was a joker, he had great fun using the sharp-toothed animal – which people with imagination took for a fairy-tale dragon – to scare unsuspecting guests and visitors to the president's residence. After a while Mrs Adams tired persuaded her husband to move their green housemate out of the White House. Lafayette's and Adams's alligator was sent away to the exotic wilderness of Africa.

No one knows how much of the story of the Marquis de Lafayette's strange gift is true. Many historians have searched for it in the annals of French and American history; it seems that none of them has found in all the papers and documents any mention of an alligator in a White House bathtub. So it's up to us whether we believe it.





Happy day of Dalí's ocelot Babou

"Help! That man's got a panther, a lion, a tiger or I don't know what! Waiter, get someone to do something! That beast will devour every last one of us!" Such words were squealed by an indignant, frightened, desperate woman customer in a Manhattan restaurant. The commotion left eccentric artist and proud owner Salvador Dalí of the bloodthirsty animal quite unmoved. "Why all the fuss, lady?" remarked the artist as he happily went on with his meal. "It's nothing but an ordinary cat I've painted over in an op art design." Meanwhile, the ocelot tethered to his table stretched lazily. What else would one expect from the surrealist with the outlandish moustache and still more outlandish views on life? If one is a cat-lover, no ordinary cat will do – one needs something more exotic. In 1960, when a representative of the state of Colombia presented him with the predatory beast, Dalí had no hesitation in accepting

the gift. He gave the animal a name, bought him a lead and took him for walks in the street. Wherever Dalí went, faithful Babou went too – even to restaurants. You might encounter this odd couple in a gallery or on a luxury ocean-going liner. Babou had a wonderful life. Before the carved fireplace in the artist's bedroom, the ocelot had his own sofa – made of silk. Not that he cared: humans appreciate such comforts more than ocelots do. What ocelots appreciate is freedom, the wild and catching prey. Dalí's Babou was actually quite sad. His only true moment of happiness came on the day he escaped his master and gave several guests at the Hotel Meurice a real scare.

Salvador Dalí

11.5.1904 – 23.1.1989

Spanish painter, graphic designer, one of the world's greatest artists. Representative of Surrealism.





A beauty and a fawn

Audrey Hepburn's peculiar pet

A slender, fragile beauty floats down the aisles of a well-stocked Beverly Hills super-market. A little fawn bounds along happily behind her, on long, thin legs. This is no miracle of the century: it's just the film star Audrey Hepburn on one of her shopping expeditions, in the company of her adored pet, a fawn called Pippin. Some people walk dogs, others do the same with deer. "Ip, Ip!" calls the beautiful woman from among the shelves, and the fawn runs to her, puts his head in her lap and waits to be stroked, cuddled and nuzzled. How he loves being stroked, cuddled and nuzzled! Who could have expected an ordinary encounter at work to have blossomed into such love? In 1959, the ethereal Audrey was recording the film *Green Mansions*, playing Rima, a Venezuelan girl who lives in the virgin forest, where she befriends a fawn. To make the relationship between the woman and the herbivore more authentic on the silver screen, the director suggested that Hepburn take Pippin the baby deer to live

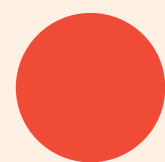
Audrey Hepburn

4.5.1929 – 20.1.1993

Was a British actress and humanitarian of Belgian origin. She was the first actress to win an Academy Award (the Oscars). In 1989 she became Goodwill Ambassador of UNICEF and she devoted much of her later life to help children in need.

with her for a few days. The actress did as she was asked. When she was tired, she would relax on the sofa with Pippin in her arms. When the baby deer was hungry, she would feed him full-fat milk from a baby's bottle. In the animal's presence, the actress was forever smiling, with a light of true happiness in her eyes. In the presence of the actress, the fawn felt like he was with his mother. And she praised him to the skies as a proud mother would praise her child – at gala events and Hollywood parties. But it is nature's way for children to grow up fast. Little fawns become great, powerful stags, making it very dangerous for humans to have them around. By the time little Pippin was four feet tall it was clear that he would soon have to leave his life of domestic luxury. What he needed now was a large paddock, meadow or wood to run in. It was in everyone's interests that Audrey and her pet go their separate ways. When they parted, how heavy Audrey's heart must have been! Pippin the stag, too, was surely very sad. The only one gladdened by the break-up was a Yorkshire terrier called Mr Famous. He must have been very jealous of Pippin the weedy fawn, his unwanted brother at his mistress Audrey's residence. How he had hated it when Audrey called "Ip, Ip!" and the fawn ran straight to her and put his head in her lap, and Audrey forgot all about Mr Famous the terrier, who was and always had been the number one pet at the Hepburns'!





The reckless little warrior from Korea

War, war, and again war. The 20th century had military conflict running through it from start to finish. First came the First World War, followed a couple of decades later by the no less crazy Second, and not long after that came the devastating Korean War. Many men fought like lions. Women, children and the elderly did what they could to survive. These wars also affected animals. They, too, were called to arms. In the Korean War, for instance, a mare of the Jeju breed became a very important helper of the 5th US Marine Regiment. Called Ah Chim-hai (Flame of the Morning), she was bought by the marines for just 250 dollars: her owners desperately needed the money for medical treatment for one of their children. It was easy for this good-natured, affectionate and incredibly intelligent animal to win the hearts of the battle-hardened marines, and she did so practically straight away. Before long, they were hovering around and showering favours on her. It was no rarity for her to breakfast on scrambled eggs, pancakes and a cup of coffee, all specially prepared for her by the marines. Whenever she had

the feeling that they were paying too little attention to her, she would get them back by devouring a hat, a poker chip or a piece of a blanket. The men were in no doubt that their little horse deserved the very best care. The clever creature managed to lead them along narrow tracks through rice fields while avoiding the mines planted there. She would step over communication wires without blinking an eye, and she could lie down and kneel on demand. She would always find the way to the bunker unerringly. Nothing rattled her; it made no difference if her surroundings were on fire or there was shooting nearby. For this reason, the marines gave her a new nickname – Reckless. She showed the full extent of her courage and resilience in 1953, at the terrible Battle for Outpost Vegas. Over the five days of fierce, bloody fighting, she carried on her back 386 shells, each weighing almost four tons, in the process walking over 35 miles in the mine-infested rice fields and mountain tracks. She also carried to safety a great many wounded friends, so saving their lives.

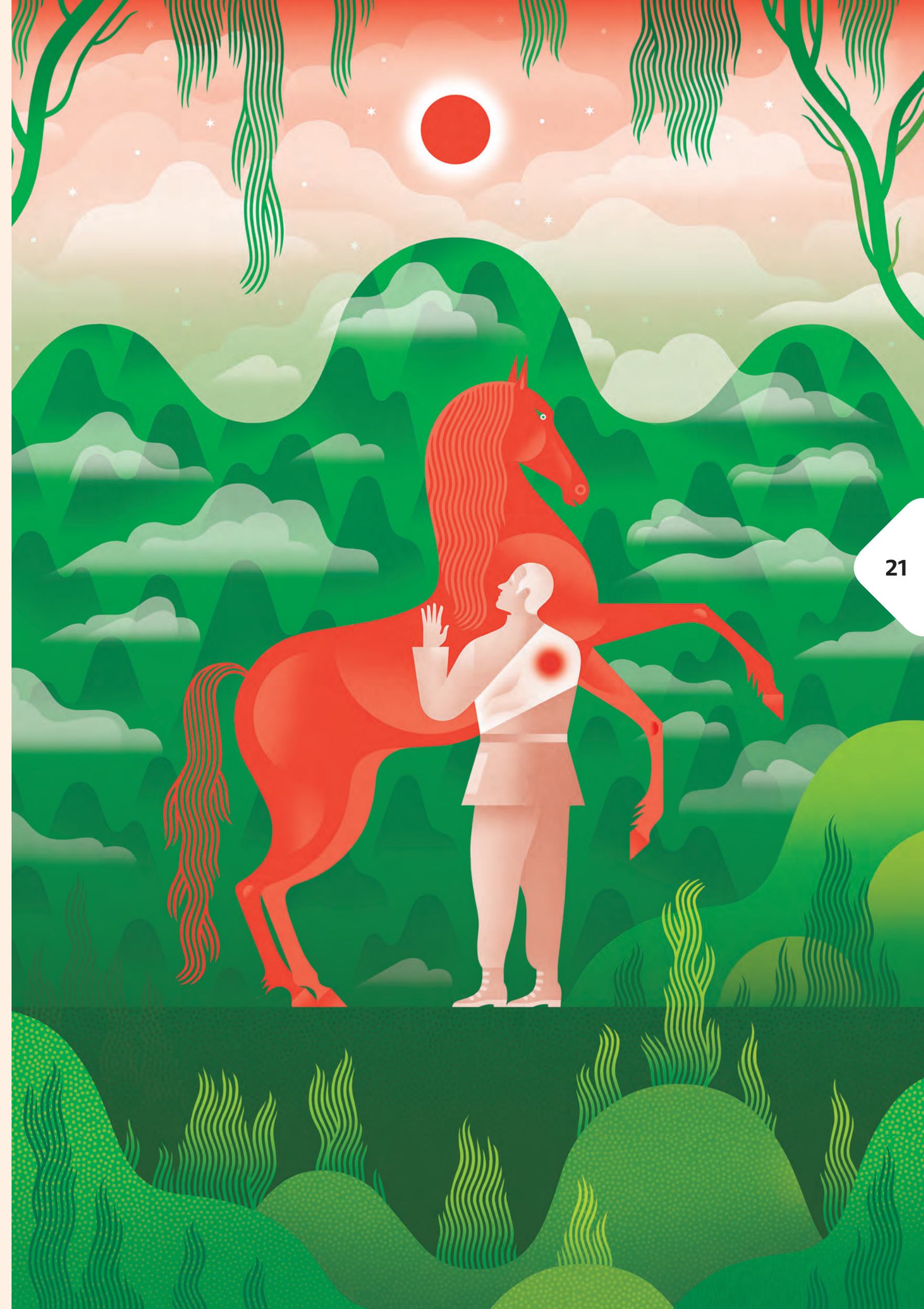
One year later, Reckless, now a full member of the 5th US Marine Regiment, was promoted to sergeant – although she couldn't have cared less about the honour. The love of the men was more important to her. She enjoyed breathing the same air as them, sharing in their laughter and protecting them with her own body.

One of the marines expressed the belief that Reckless was ridden by an angel. Had she heard him say so, Reckless would have chuckled to herself, as only she knew the answer to that...

Korean War

25.6.1950 – 27.7.1953

A war conflict between South Korea and Democratic People's Republic of Korea. It was actually the first clash between the Eastern and Western bloc.



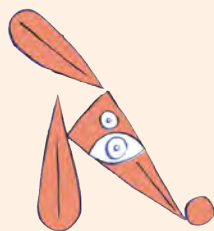


Simon the warrior tomcat

My end had come, I thought. Indeed, I thought that the end had come for the whole crew of the sloop HMS Amethyst. We had entered the Yangtze River, where the Chinese Civil War was being fought. We almost paid for this incursion with our lives. Attacked by Chinese communist artillery, our ship sustained severe damage. There was nothing for it but to make for the bank, where we waited under siege for what would happen next. I was seventeen years old and scared half to death. My only comfort was Simon the tomcat, a stray I'd found wandering around the docks in Hong Kong. I'd felt so sorry for him that I'd brought him aboard the Amethyst. A person needs a true friend. Maybe it would have been best for him to be left in Hong Kong, not taken aboard our sloop. Best for him, but certainly not for us. The fighting on the Yangtze River was really fierce. The Chinese didn't go easy on us Brits, that's for sure. So much furious gunfire! Many of our men were badly wounded. A lot of men fell. We had no idea how to get out of the hell we were in. Our ship had a hole in it, and we were surrounded by the enemy. I prayed for a miracle, but no miracle came. Then Simon, my beloved cat and companion to us all, was hit. The animal that raised our spirits. The fragile creature who gave us hope and whose bed was a sailor's cap. He had a shrapnel wound and his prospects looked grim. Although the careful ship's doctor was able to remove the shell, he told us to prepare ourselves, because it didn't look like Simon was going to make it. We were

in a war in which people were dying, and here was I tearing up for a cat. Then the miracle came after all. Not only did Simon recover, when the siege was at its fiercest, he gathered all his strength and rid the ship of rats. These rats were a second great threat for our crew. Our supplies were running low, and these nasty little monsters would have deprived us of what was left of them. When not below deck battling rodents, Simon would keep our wounded men company, nuzzling up to them, purring and showing them the power of a cat's love. Believe it or not, this was a great help to those sailors. After about three months of Chinese captivity, we had managed to patch the Amethyst up. Under cover of night, we succeeded in leaving the encircled area. Home safe and sound, we grateful sailors proposed Simon for the Maria Dickin Medal. Sadly, the injury our tomcat had so miraculously survived, came back to haunt him on land; Simon didn't live to enjoy the ceremony. But before he died, he did have his moment in the sun – he received heaps of thank-you letters, and a man was assigned to read to him every last word of them. In 1949, we buried our remarkable Simon with full military honours and ceremonial salvos at the Ilford Animal Cemetery. Our beloved cat was a true warrior.





Dachshund Lump

Picasso's great love

Photo 1: Pablo Picasso showing his little dachshund a cardboard rabbit – a present made just for him by the painter. There is a beaming smile on the world-famous cubist's face. The dog is barking happily for the camera; perhaps he knows that this delightful moment is about to be immortalized.

He who gets to meet his soul mate is happy in life. Pablo Picasso, the celebrated Spanish artist with a liking for geometric shapes, was lucky enough to find his other half. Having been through one woman lover after another for much of his life, he at last found a true sense of belonging – with Lump the dachshund. Lump was no ordinary dog. Lump had something special about him. Picasso and Lump first met when the artist received a visit from Pablo's war-photographer friend Douglas Duncan, who had his charming dog in tow. Lump looked more like a sausage than a dog. Picasso had always loved animals. Women he left behind, but never animals. All kinds of dogs passed

through his household – terriers, poodles, Dalmatians, Afghan hounds, German shepherds, mongrels, you name it. The fate of the man and the short-legged dog was sealed there and then, as Duncan and Lump stood on Picasso's doorstep and Lump gave Pablo his dachshund smile. All it took was eye-to-eye contact and a little doggy merry-making. That very day, Picasso painted a portrait of Lump on a plate and gave it to Duncan. When poor Duncan went away, he left his little dog with Picasso forever.

Photo 2: Lump sitting at the dining table as Picasso has his lunch.

Photo 3: Lump nestled in Picasso's lap, licking the great painter's plate clean.

Photo 4: Picasso rocking Lump in his arms. Lump was permitted to sleep in Picasso's bed. The dog's toilet was a seven-foot-high bronze sculpture made by his master's own hands.

Plainly, this was a relationship for life. In leaving his dog with the great cubist, Duncan had given him the perfect gift – pure and unconditional love. On 8 April 1973, Pablo Picasso, lover of art, women and dogs, died. His devoted Lump had made his own way up to Heaven just one week earlier. Lump truly was no ordinary dog. Nothing remained to Duncan of his two friends but photos. Photos and memories.

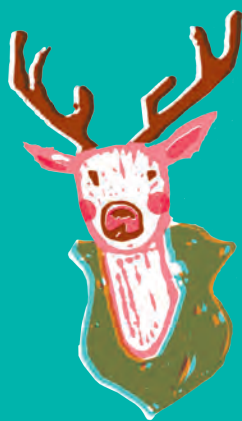
Pablo Picasso

25.10.1881 – 8.4.1973

A prominent Spanish painter and sculptor, co-founder and leader of the artistic direction called Cubism.

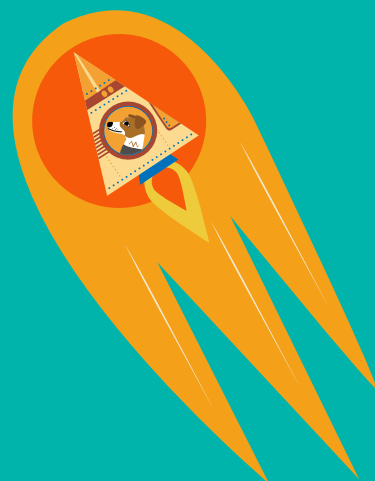


Photo 1

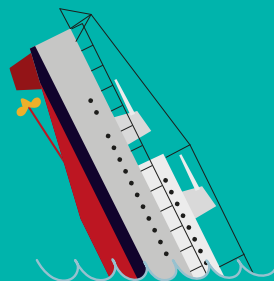


Štěpánka Sekaninová

Famous Animals & Pets of the Famous



„Mom, please, please, let's get a dog or a cat!" there is most probably no parent accross the globe who may have never had to face a similar wish of their kids. But don't be confused, not only just do children long for a living pet, but also outstanding artists, great rulers of ancient empires or warlords throughout the whole history of human kind have always wanted to have their own little animal that they would love. No matter whether it's ordinary or exotic. But animals are not just cute silent faces to cuddle, they can also bravely save people's lives during war conflicts or in critical situations. Do you not believe? There are about 45 stories introducing glorious, valiant and brave animals as well as the darlings of famous celebrities in this publication that will surely convince you. There are texts full of interesting information completed with illustrations from well-known Czech and Slovak artists.



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