

## LAVENDER CATTERY HAS VISITORS

By Milton Kaufman

The English Fancy was brought close to us with the visit not so very long ago of Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Biggers who bred Whites and whose stock is now with Mr. Cyril Yeates, who so very kindly gave them my address. Mrs. Heron of Herondale came down and after visiting with the Periwinkle tribe we all went on to Lavender and where we found Miss Elsie Hydon mowing her lawn in true Victory style with the aid of Minnie Mouchka, formally known as Minima of Culloden (Imp), a daughter of Champion Mischief of Bredon and always a tiny ball of fur; Minnie is Miss Hydon's special pet and knows it, what with helping with tea and all.

After introductions we went into the house and saw the many ribbons and cups that the Lavender winners have acquired in the many years Miss Hydon has shown. Among the pictures noted were Ch. Lavender Musette, Ch. Laughton Lupin, Ch. Lavender Chamois, and Ch. Lavender Chu Chu.

Miss Hydon at one time was quite renowned in dogdom for her famous poms and shetlands but "c'est guerre" and her heart remains true to her cats. Even with the war and curtailment of certain foods life in the Lavender Cattery is going on as smoothly as ever.

In the house we came across Hank—who is the answer to cat kleptomaniac's prayer—no cuter or more cunning cat ever was—a youngster sired by White Birch Mischief his dam being Woodchurch Mayflower (Imp). Then Miss Hydon brought in Mayflower herself—in my estimation, this little sister of Ch. Woodchurch Periwinkle (Imp) has a perfect head. I have always admired her type, so smooth and flawless with the sweetest of expressions. If I remember correctly she was shown but once and that at Danbury going to Best Opposite Sex in Show winning over the outstanding Best Novice, Ch. Esterbrook's Dynamite Chu.

Going outdoors once again we came to his majesty, Ch. Lavender Chu Chu (Imp); that magnificent Blue—not a huge cat but perfect type from whatever angle viewed, thirteen years old, still going strong. He is a son of that peer of sires Ch. Mischief of Bredon. Chu Chu has done an enormous amount of winning. We wonder if it is known that, for a very, very brief period indeed, Miss Hydon owned Mischief himself.

Along the path we came across a veritable garden of Creams. I need say nothing about Miss Hydon's fondness for the color for it is well known. Lavender Juliet and Tea Rose greeted us as did Ch. Rosedere Buff of the Seven Elms,

that excellent specimen and combination of good type and perfectly sound coloring, nice eyes and good body. Buff has not only been Best Cream on numerous occasions but also went to Best Cat last season against stiff competition. Little Joe or rather Ch. Cameo Harvest Moon, only living son of that late lamented darling Ch. Lavender Chamois, also said hello as did several children of the late Ch. Laughton Playboy, he of the little nose and grand head type. The Biggers' were especially interested in his progeny as they had bred one of their whites to him while Playboy was yet in England.

Ch. Rosa of Culloden (Imp) kissed everyone who wanted to be kissed (I did) and Ch. Primrose of Culloden (Imp) showed us her one and only with maternal pride.

Back to the Blues again—we visited with Ch. Laughton Lupin (Imp.), winner of Best in Show many times. Lupin has marvelous coat, pale, sound color, grand shoulders and legs. Lupin specializes in doing somersaults; he doesn't even need coaxing.

Then lo and behold, we came to the food reserve—Rabbits! One doe had a litter of seven and I found out that the mother denudes her underside of fur to cover the young ones and then doesn't uncover them until they are old enough to face this cruel world! The buck seemed to be a large sad faced creature with mournful eyes.

I could go on for hours telling of all the cats and kittens at Lavender but let it suffice that a miniature cat show could be assembled at a moment's notice.

Back to the house—we sat and talked. Mrs. Biggers spoke of her Whites and of how Mr. Yeates only started with the Whites since her Derrene was bred to his Son of Flick and that is where Mrs. Biggers' stock get their good type, for I thoroughly approve of the Blue cross, and Son of Flick, if I remember rightly sired Ch. Raleigh and Barrie of Branton; Mrs. Revington's Ian is by Ch. Raleigh and has the same extreme type that is so excellent. Mr. Yeates is so pleased over the Blue eve color of Fortune that he sent Mrs. Biggers a cable. Fortune's baby by Mrs. Cattermole's Pauly is very promising. Mrs. Cox-Ifé is in one of the organizations for women and the group of which she is in charge brought down an enemy bomber. To those of you who set Fur and Feather, the recent item by Mr. Yeates in which he mentioned his White Stud Trumpets being killed was sad news to Mrs. Biggers as she bred Trumpets.

Mrs. Heron then drove us over to Herondale to see a few of her cats and the Biggers' were duly impressed by Mrs. Heron's Blue Eyed White Ch. Herondale Cygnet who last season was Best Opp. Sex in Show at Brooklyn. They commented over the type and commented over the type and flaming eye

color of the two young females Mrs. Heron has out of her Judy—sired by Ch. Woodchurch Periwinkle (Imp). Brought out for inspection was Callavorn Treatise, young Blue male who excels in type and has both coat and color to back it up. As the hour was getting late we said adieu and the Biggers' and I returned to New York. We had supper and talked more cats. Two days later they returned to Canada; Lieutenant Biggers to go on to England and Mrs. Biggers to remain in Canada until her passage can be arranged.

My own visit to Lavender Cattery in 1940 is remembered with pleasure; Minnie Mouchka showed off with much scampering about, while Lupin obligingly turned somersaults and Chu Chu permitted himself to be held; in a later issue we hope to show you pictures of these noted champions.—A. G. P.

## Siamese Cats

met some, but many of our cat-breeding countrywomen have said "Oh, it's only a hobby. Why worry?" or "Why be so serious about cats and cat breeding?" To the latter the author has said "Well, if you don't take this seriously, why, as you have said, do you want to be an authority and judge of Siamese—prominent in and a leader of the fancy?"

Posterior and wry-neck presentations, caked breasts, bladder tumors and nephritis are things that can not be taken lightly. Prominence and glory can never equal the satisfaction of knowing exactly what and when to do for a little queen that is slipping slowly and quietly away in her crisis or the relief that comes when, after eight hours, her gums once more become pink, her ears warm.

This way of treating cat breeding is another weakness of our fanciers. In many cases here, cats are used as the means to an end the end generally being to show a well-loved pet, no matter how poor a show specimen it may be, to get recognition of and for it, with pleasant, mutually interesting and oft-times, new social contacts. Thereupon, cliques form, the law of attraction drawing like to like and cats become a secondary question. We have some very earnest, serious breeders but they are in the minority; the ones who put on the show bench only their best cats in prime condition and grooming; who plan ahead in breeding; who can admit the faults of their cats and the qualities of other breeders' stock or particular specimen.

Mrs. Rita Swenson has moved from Readsboro, Vermont and is now residing at 18 Willow Street, North Adams, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Swenson are delighted with their new home which suits them exactly and the Casa Loma cats are delighted too.