



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR SCOTTIES

VIGAL IS BUILDING SLOWLY

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alvin McAleenan Are in Dog Game Mainly for Enjoyment

By ARTHUR FREDERICK JONES

Photographs by R. W. Tauskey

THE man who goes through life with his eyes shut is bound to miss a great deal. If he tries to twist experiences into the guise he would like them to assume, he is fooling only himself. Life may seem rosier for a time, but it will not be real.

Recently, a large corporation has been using an advertising slogan which goes: "Nature in the raw is seldom mild." To that might be added, it is neither mild, static, nor uninteresting—if we look at it with untinted spectacles. And it is better that way.

Were life a peaceful siesta, with nothing happening that was in any way out of line, we would die of boredom in very short order. One of the principal joys in life is in thinking faster than

the other fellow, in using our brains to solve problems and situations that arise out of nowhere. Deprived of that joy, we shortly would become atrophied—dried up.

Perhaps this thought seems out of order at a time when the bells of hundreds of carillons throughout the land are pealing out the message, "peace on earth, good will to men," but there could be no peace and certainly little good will if we repudiated the fact that life is a constantly moving spectacle that presents new problems and new rivalries constantly.

THE dog game occupies a corner of that spectacle, and it is a very interesting, a very active corner. In fact, it is that colorful activity which was

responsible for the founding of the Vigal Kennels of Scottish terriers, a new establishment, that is owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. Alvin McAleenan of New York City. They are in the sport because they are both enthusiastic about dogs and also because the breeding and showing of dogs is an alive enterprise.

THE owners of Vigal are not in dogs to teach others. They are in it to learn, and to play the game the way it should be played. The McAleenans are not boasting that they will produce the perfect Scottie in a sensationally short time. Being clear sighted and practical, they realize that countless other breeders have been studying the diehard for generations, and

that perfection is still in the future. Of course, they will strive for success, and whenever possible will try logical experiments. But there is a big difference between careful, technically correct, aiming, and the chance bullseye.

THE breeder or exhibitor who happens to be successful immediately, often never learns the proper methods of the game.

Vigal has attained success very quickly, and if its owners were not very sensible, they might reason that there was little more to attain.

But instead of claiming great wisdom about Scotties—due to the selection of a dog that attained his championship in rapid order, and of two puppies that are truly sensational—the McAleenans give credit to a knowledge of people.

If anyone is looking for a moral in an article about dogs, it is this: hobbies may vary, but human nature is always the same.

A period of less than two years in



VIGAL DOGS CANNOT STRAY

The visitor to the Vigal Kennels is impressed by the careful planning of the fences. Even should a dog get out of his own run, he is still confronted by other fences that prevent his becoming lost

dogs has been long enough to make the owners of the Vigal Kennels realize that there are few hobbies that have so many advantages. Mr. McAleenan is especially grateful to the pastime for the relaxation and relief it has brought him in these days of critical business conditions. No matter what difficult problems business may present, these are always forgotten at the end of the day when his thoughts turn to the

sophisticated fancier. It comes as the result of too much thought of winning and too little concern over the real improvement of the breed.

THERE are two sides of the Vigal Kennels, but they work in close harmony. One side is at Haworth, New Jersey, where that noted veteran, Bill Prentice, keeps a vigilant eye over the active show stock. The other side

Scotties of Vigal. Of course, one or two house dogs may bring a measure of relaxation, but show dogs are somehow more important than mere pets. A show dog is surrounded by glamour, and its background presents a wealth of interest.

Yet the owners of Vigal are striving to keep alive an interest in dogs as dogs. It is not their desire to fall into the attitude held by some exhibitors and breeders that a dog is a registered name surrounded by certain, necessary physical attributes. This attitude, incidentally, is something insidious that creeps over the



THE EFFICIENT KENNEL BUILDINGS

Although the "kennel" at Haworth, New Jersey, is composed of several buildings, they are built close to one another and appear as a unit. This view shows the side where the stripping room is located. Also, one may see the extensive space where the dogs get exercise in addition to that taken in their individual runs

is by far the more interesting. It is found in the New York City apartment of the McAleenans, where, since the start, Vigal puppies have come into the world. The dam and her puppies remain in the city until strong enough for the more rugged existence of the country.

Of necessity, Haworth is the real home of the Scotties of Vigal, but there is nothing iron-bound about the matter. Very often it is possible to find Ch. Heather Gold Finder Babe, or another of the noted show specimens, in the McAleenan apartment. In fact, this is invariably the case when the owners of Vigal are making an early start to attend some show within reach by automobile. Otherwise, it would be necessary to detour by way of New Jersey, because owners and dogs usually appear together at shows. The McAleenans believe in showing their own dogs. To them it is a vital part of playing the game.

Yet even in this little matter—handling their own dogs—the owners of Vigal do not attempt to force their opinion on others. They believe that many would be unable to take part in the dog game were it not for the professional handlers, and in such cases the vocation is indispensable. Also, they have found the large majority of the professionals to be of a fair-minded, square-shooting type. Of course, the professional is very likely to have a smoother technique in showing than the amateur, but the owner who takes his dogs into the ring will succeed if he gives enough attention to the task.

WHILE this is the first venture of the owners of Vigal into the dog game, the name McAleenan was widely known and highly respected in both breeding and showing for many years. Henry and Joseph McAlee-



MRS. H. ALVIN McALEENAN

Dogs have always had an especial appeal to Mrs. McAleenan, and she is inclined to make great pets of them. The dog in her arms is the famous Ch. Heather Gold Finder Babe

nan, the father and uncle, respectively, of H. Alvin McAleenan, owned the Newry Kennels at Madison, New Jersey. For a period of about fifteen years, from near the start of the century until the World War, the Newry Kennels turned out some the greatest Irish terriers that ever have stepped into a ring.

IT is interesting also that Joseph McAleenan was the first in modern



A BRAW LAD W' BONNIE LASSIES

Here are seen some of Vigal's entries for the Scottish Terrier Club sweepstakes. They are left to right, Betty Boop, Tuffy, and Bar Maid of Vigal

times to bring an Irish wolfhound to this country. His handsome Newry Alhmin Chief, by St. Brendan and out of Shula, imported in 1911, was the first of a line that spread out in many directions from the Newry Kennels.

OF course, the Irish wolfhound had come to this country nearly fifteen years previously. The first one registered carried the number 45,994. It was brought from England but was of pure Irish stock, was owned by Roger Williams of Lexington, Kentucky, and was entered in the 1897 STUD BOOK of the American Kennel Club. But it was the elder McAleenan who re-established the breed in this country.

It is not surprising that H. Alvin McAleenan should come into the game in which his family had established such splendid traditions, and there is every reason to believe that Vigal will go quite as far as did Newry.

Vigal is founded upon the principal that the American-bred Scottie is the only hope of the breed in this country. Of course, this is equally true of all breeds. Only by breeding and raising dogs in this country, and by winning major shows can we build up here a national pride in dogs. If we persist in going abroad for our headliners, the game will never plant its feet firmly in the ground.

Mr. McAleenan points out that the amazing progress made in the United States since this great land became independent of Europe has been due to native-born men and women—that the very life, business and social, of America is based upon traditions that we have built up between the confines of the Atlantic and the Pacific. We have not gone abroad when we needed men to direct gigantic enterprises. In most cases the outstanding ones have come

straight up from the ranks — just as a really great Scottie or other dog can progress from the puppy class to best in show.

THE precedent of America at business should be applied to America at sport, and it is the firm conviction of Mr. McAleenan that we have yet to realize our full accomplishments in dogs. To him, there is only one way in which British-bred Scotties excel those of this country. That difference is in coat, but it is only a temporary one. Scotties brought

to this country retain their splendid coats for a month or two. Then the different climatic conditions get in their effect, and imported dogs are no different in coat than those bred in the United States.

As a remedy for this somewhat unfair advantage which is held by opportunely imported Scotties Mr. McAleenan would have the British-bred specimens kept out of the ring for six months. In that time, their coats would have a chance to grow under American climatic conditions. There would be no unfair advantage. But he would not like to see the imported specimens restricted in stud service. Granting that we have excellent dogs and excellent blood in this country, he still believes that, in many instances, the veteran breeders of the other side have produced many individuals that could aid us greatly. And he believes that if they ever reached a mutual agreement on this point, the majority of the breeders would be very satisfied to restrict



CH. HEATHER GOLD FINDER BABE

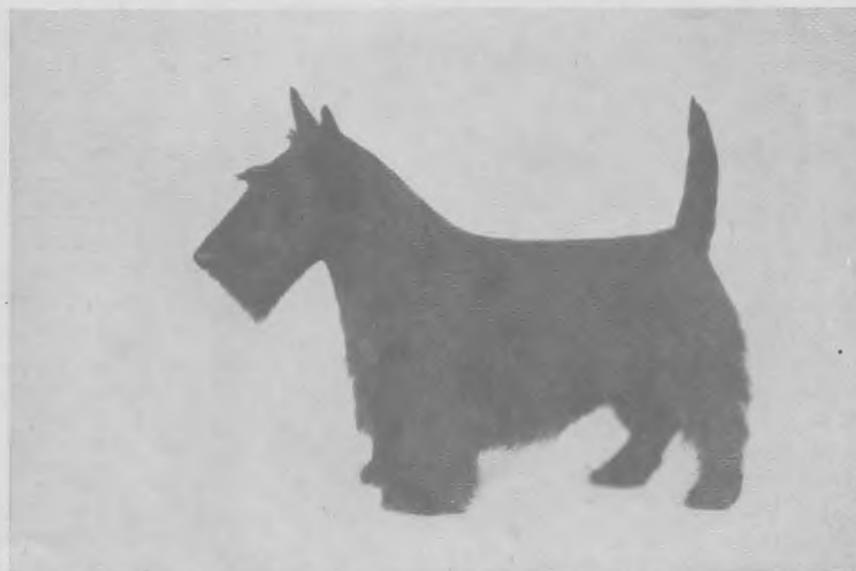
This is the splendid dog that has brought the Vigal Kennels into the limelight especially. He carried off his championship in three and a half months under six different judges

the showing of "imports" but still use them for the sincere improvement of the breed.

THE McAleenans are lavish in their praise of the veteran breeders and exhibitors of Scotties. The owners of Vigal say that every possible courtesy has been extended to them, and that it would be difficult to find a more friendly, helpful group. Also, Vigal has found that there is in this breed a splendid honesty of opinion among the judges. To the owners of Vigal it

they leave to their manager many of the details of daily care that it would be possible to learn only by years of experience.

As mentioned, previously, the Vigal Kennels stands for the furtherance of the American-bred Scottie. But the McAleenans do not advance one policy with one hand and contradict it with the other. There is only one imported specimen at Vigal, Heather Emblem, and she has been shown only once in this country. That was at the great Morris and Essex Kennel Club show of 1932 where, under William MacBain, she carried off the limit class. She has been too busy raising families to get into the ring on any other occasions. Besides, it is not the desire of the owners to show her.



VIG OF VIGAL, A REAL STAR

There is practically nothing lacking in the makeup of this outstanding bitch. She had a marvelous record as a puppy, taking first at seven straight shows, and we will all hear more of her this winter

seems that Scotties win or lose on their actual value, and that celebrated kennel names and famous handlers make not the slightest difference to the judge.

It was with the advice of a number of established breeders in mind that the McAleenans sought out Bill Prentice to become manager of the Vigal Kennels. And they have not been sorry that they made the selection. They credit Prentice with being responsible for the splendid condition of their show dogs. Having been in the game such a short time,

they leave to their manager many of the details of daily care that it would be possible to learn only by years of experience.

HEATHER EMBLEM, as one may guess from her prefix, comes of the finest blood lines in England. They are lines from which Vigal hopes something really good will result. Yet the owners make no predictions. They realize that the

breeding game is too uncertain. Even such names as Ch. Albourne Barty, her sire; Heather Annie Lauri, her dam; and Ch. Heather Necessity, Ch. Albourne Beetle, Ch. Barlae Proof, etc., which one finds in Heather Emblem's pedigree, do not assure champion puppies.

The leading Scottie at Vigal is, of course, Ch. Heather Gold Finder Babe. He has a unique record, having taken in order the awards, first in puppy class, best puppy, first in American-bred class, first in limit, and winners at successive Scottish Terrier Club of America specialty shows. He made his championship in three and a half months, under six different judges.

His first notable showing was at the specialty held in June, 1931, at Westport, Connecticut. On that occasion, he went first in puppies, and best puppy. At the next specialty, held in February, 1932, at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, he captured the American-bred class. Then in June, 1932, at Florham Park, New Jersey, he went first in American-bred, and the limit class, and then topped it with winners dogs.

Glancing at the pedigree of Ch. Heather Gold Finder Babe it is easy to understand why he has such quality. He is the sixth tail male champion in direct line. He is by Ch. Heather Gold Finder, by Ch. Albourne Reveller, by Ch. Albourne Barty, by Ch. Albourne Scot, by Ch. Albourne Adair. His line, combined with his show record, makes him one of the outstanding stud dogs of the moment.

Next in importance is Vig of Vigal, the young female that has developed from a good but somewhat inconspicuous puppy into one of the most consistent winners in the country. As a puppy, she carried off first at eight straight shows, and looked good enough to go much further. There are many who regard her as the best one of that remarkable litter, out of Ornsay Bess II by Ed. F. Maloney's Ch. Heather Goldfinder, which includes Blue Chip and Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie's sensational puppy, Friar Tuck.

THEN there is the still younger Sporrán Spotlight, a son of Ch. Heather Reveller of Sporrán and Laurieston Lovelace. This young man has the breeding, and he has the appearance. It is the hope of the McAleenans that he will develop as well as did Vig of Vigal. At the present mo-

ment, there seems to be every reason to believe he will turn out that way.

The Vigal Kennels also has a promising crop of youngsters for the sweepstakes of the Scottish Terrier Club of America. The leaders of this lot are Hotcha of Vigal, Hobo of Vigal, Betty Boop of Vigal, and Bar Maid of Vigal.

It will be noted that whenever the McAleenans select their own names for puppies that shortness is the watchword. This is a big help toward the naming of succeeding generations. Starting with short names it is possible to "key" a line by names for a considerable time.

The visitor to the kennels at Hawthorn, New Jersey, is soon aware of the meticulous nature of the care Bill Prentice exercises. It would be difficult to find a building that is kept in a more cleanly—more aseptic—condition. The pens are not elaborate affairs. They do not include some of the so-called scientific features of design that are supposed to shield the dogs from all kinds of harm. But the essential principles are there, and these pens are draft-proof, well ventilated, and of a comfortable size.

THE windows are arranged so that air does not sweep directly down



BOARD OF STRATEGY

Mr. McAleenan is holding the Scottie while he confers with the noted Bill Prentice, manager of Vigal

on the dogs, and the sleeping boxes are so placed that drafts from the hatches do not reach them. Each pen is about 4x6 feet, large enough to hold two Scotties. The partitions are wooden and solid, so that the dogs cannot see one another. Having solid partitions constitutes a two-fold advantage. It makes for quietness in the kennel, and it keeps the nerves of the dogs on a more even keel. If dogs are permitted to see one another they invariably somewhat spoil their dispositions. They start "comic-opera" and sometimes real fights, and develop into nervous wrecks instead of steady-going, happy dogs.

EACH pen at the Vigal Kennels has an outside, individual run ten feet wide and about 55 feet in length. The runs have a grass footing, although there is a small wooden platform in each upon which the dogs may lie in damp weather. In addition to these outdoor runs there is a spacious indoor run for use in the winter months. This is about 25 feet wide by 60 feet in length, taking up an entire building or shed. It has a dirt floor in which the Scotties may do all the digging they desire—which is considerable. No kennel is complete without an indoor run. Of course, some have gotten around the point, successfully, by leaving extra wide passageways in long buildings, but this is never quite as satisfactory as an indoor run that has considerable width as well as length.

The Vigal show dogs are kept in one room while the matrons and puppies have another, and bitches in whelp have a third. It is never desirable to keep all the dogs of a kennel in one large room. For one thing, puppies always cause a certain amount of disturbance, while bitches in whelp need to be in a quiet spot.

The building is equipped with its own kitchen. This is a room about 10x15 feet, and it contains everything necessary: stove, refrigerator, food bins, sink, racks for the feed pans, closets, a meat chopper, pressure boiler, medicine chest, and so forth. There is also a small furnace room. It has a hot water furnace. Of course, there is never a great deal of heat in the building, but it is necessary to keep the temperature above freezing. The usual heat is about 50° Fahrenheit. It would be very harmful to a Scottie's coat if he were kept in an overheated building. On the other hand, show specimens

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I SHALL MARRY FOR LOVE

By MARION BULLARD



JAMES MacGREGOR

FVERY evening, as dark came on, James MacGregor would sit listening, with occasional sniffing twitches of his nose, before the doorway of the little stone house built in the corner of our French garden. There are two of these houses, and it was told that they had been built 150 years ago for the pig and the hens. Now they held our firewood. Under the tall holly tree, their ivy-covered roofs came just to the top of the garden wall, and the two low doorways faced our own.

It was late September, and the nights were growing cool and frosty. The berries on the holly tree were turning red, and they would be a brilliant scarlet when Christmas came in the little village of Maisouniaux, but James MacGregor and I would be gone back to America for our own Christmas, leaving the garden buried under the white Auvergne snow. On the wide hearth, a log fire blazed, and at such times nothing could budge James MacGregor from his red cushion but the most imperative demand. It was his warm haven after the day's exhausting occupations.

This particular night, James MacGregor's nose lifted suddenly. His ears stuck forward and he announced

that he would go out to the garden. Now, James is a home body not given to wandering at night. He likes the fireside of an evening so, when he did not return after a reasonable time, I called him. No response. A little later, he scratched at the door, and there was his small black shape in the oblong of light from the opened door. He walked over and sat down again upon his cushion.

"Well?" I asked.

THE pig's ghost," he replied, turning his head away from the fire long enough to explain. "He has just now been telling me the story of his life."

James MacGregor is a Scotch dog and makes few mistakes. He is cautious about statements, and if he says he has seen a ghost, he has.

"You may have noticed me looking into those two abodes at twilight," he remarked. "I was aware of something."

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"To-night I felt something. It was the pig's ghost, and it told me the story of its life." He looked into the fire and paused thoughtfully. "One of those *arranged marriages*," he added shortly, with a look at me that I well understood. You see, James and I

have discussed his own marriage when he shall be of suitable age, and we have disagreed.

"I shall choose my wife for myself in my own way," he had told me in his decided Scotch manner.

"You will do nothing of the sort," I had replied. "You would select a wife as foolishly as anyone else—one who would, no doubt, present you with a family of griffons, or Basset hounds or, maybe, even *poodles*."

This had made him nervous.

"You may be right, but I doubt it." Just the same he remembered.

"It was this way," he went on with his story. "This pig had always been contented. He lived in the larger of the two houses down in the corner of our garden, and a hen lived in the other—a single hen which was also contented, for each day she laid an egg with no outside assistance.

OFTEN she spoke with satisfaction of her single life—one with eggs, however. Peacefully she and the pig lived inside the walled garden, plenty of time for sleep, an occasional trip to the lower garden for chestnuts and worms; a grunt and a cluck sometimes—not often. The even tenor of their days went on and on until, quite
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Champions of A. K. C. Record



Photo by Tauskey

CH. MARRION MWYN
(Welsh Terrier) A. K. C. 813,411
Scotward Kennels
Florham Park, New Jersey



Photo by Tauskey

CH. DIEHARD FAITH
(Scottish Terrier) A. K. C. 793,777
Scotward Kennels
Florham Park, New Jersey



Photo by Tauskey

**CH. REDLANDS RIBBON O'HOLLY-
BOURNE**
(Sealyham Terrier) A. K. C. 831,652
Hollybourne Kennels
New York, New York



CH. LITTLE BLACK KNIGHT
(Pomeranian) A. K. C. 795,636
Mrs. Andrew W. Rose
New York, New York



CH. SPOKESMAN
(Irish Terrier) A. K. C. 727,818
Herbert Fitzpatrick
Huntington, West Virginia



CH. ZELDA OF ROMANOFF
(Russian Wolfhound) A. K. C. 636,786
Romanoff Kennels
West Nyack, New York



CH. GARRAGH OF AMBLESIDE
(Irish Wolfhound) A. K. C. 760,830
Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Starbuck
Augusta, Michigan

rosette, once under Alva Rosenberg; and last year, under Frank Addyman. If he is not already a champion, it should not be hard for Red Cloud to acquire his few remaining points.

Mrs. Quereaux writes that though she hates to part with him, she is happy that he is going to a good home where he will be loved and cared for as a pet. He has been purchased by the Glenn Cove Kennels of Northbrook, Illinois. I wish his new owners the greatest of luck with their new dog. I know Red Cloud and admire him, and am delighted to know that he is finding such a splendid home.

Mrs. Wyckoff Smith came out at Paterson, N. J., and with her Colemeadow Ching Chong Chinagirl, took home the best of breed rosette over a small but high-class entry. Mrs. Prinz took winners dog with Mandin of El Cher; and Mrs. Wagstaff, the reserve with Ledgelands Skeezi. William L. Fitzgerald judged, and seemed to meet with approval from the ringside. I hope, in the near future, to watch Mr. Fitzgerald judge a really large entry, as his devotion to the breed, with Mrs. Fitzgerald, for nearly sixteen years more or less, certainly merits a topping entry.

There were seventeen entered at Paterson, but quite a few absentees. Mrs. Wagstaff looked extremely well after her trip abroad, and we are all delighted to have the charming president of the Chow Chow Club back to cheer us on.

To all my good friends in the chow chow game a very Happy and Wonderful New Year.—MRS. ATHERTON MESSMORE, c/o MRS. R. A. GALLO, 1 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Scottish Terriers

THE Scottish Terrier Club of America has announced the selection of George S. Thomas as the judge of the Winter Specialty Show to be held in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, in conjunction with at least six other terrier specialty shows, on Saturday, February 11, 1933. This is an excellent choice, and I am sure will be approved by all exhibitors. Mr. Thomas was among the first to import Scotties and has been associated with the breed for many years. Not having judged our breed in this country for some time, he probably will not know the name of nor recognize a single dog before him, and knowing terriers as he unquestionably does, there is little doubt that exhibitors and spectators are going to be rewarded with a skillful exhibition of judging. As a further testimonial to his ability, it has just been published that he is, on the following day, judging the Specialty Show of the American Sealyham Terrier Club. I am of the opinion that entries will flock to the Specialty under Mr. Thomas, but may I remind you of the Sweepstakes events which have been revived this year and which were



fully described in the September issue. We should have a great entry.

In their enthusiasm to promote the interests of Scotties and particularly the American-bred Scottie, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alvin McAleenan of New York City, very generously offered two silver trophies for competition in dog puppy and bitch puppy classes at certain shows during 1932. The dog puppy trophy was awarded to Red Gauntlet's Blue Chip, bred and owned by Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lynch, Springfield, Massachusetts, for his wins at the Monmouth County Kennel Club show at Rumson, and at the Holyoke Kennel Club show at Holyoke, Massachusetts. Kenneth MacBain made a splendid win in a big entry at the specialty show in June with Cabrach Joe. Edward F. Moloney won at Greenwich with Gold Finder Sammie.

The puppy bitch trophy was awarded to Monagh Lea Mischief, which was bred and shown by Robert D. Hartshorne. She won at Greenwich and Rumson which sealed the ownership of that prize. Kenneth MacBain got a leg on it at the June specialty by his win with Cabrach Ness, and Dr. and Mrs. Lynch took the honors at Holyoke with Red Gauntlet's Charmaine. Both trophies are sterling silver platters and have been appropriately engraved with the name of the winner at each show. The competition was keen and interesting, and Mr. and Mrs. McAleenan deserve much credit for their generous support by the gift of these two trophies.

Dr. Ewing has issued a most attractive stud card of his recent import, Sandheys Solomon. It carries a five-generation pedigree printed in an unusual manner; the names of Solomon's world-famous sire and dam, Ch. Heather Necessity, winner of twenty challenge certificates, and Albourne Annie Laurie, dam of eight champions, are printed in blue. Other champions' names are printed in red, and the balance of the pedigree is printed in black.

Solomon's breeding is, of course, quite wonderful, and I am told by two front-rank American judges that the dog has such splendid qualities that he should do American breeding much good. In line with this importation, news reaches me that many new ones will appear at the Specialty and the Garden. It is not my privilege to name them because of the reluctance of the importers to show their hands at this time, but it seems that some of Britain's best will be here, and it behooves the American-bred enthusiast to give them a real run for their money.

I think I am safe in saying that the average breeder feeds more codliver oil to his young dogs than he does to his young children. I know that I am safe in saying that the dogs to which I have fed codliver oil have absorbed it much more readily than I did as a child. So I am interested in a bulletin issued by the United States Health Reports on the subject of raw milk versus heated milk for children. The conclusions reached after a study of the feeding of

3,558 children was that there was "no significant difference in average weight in children receiving" raw and heated milk, and that the addition of codliver oil to the diet of either group proved a negligible factor. As to disease resistance, the children receiving heated milk had a fractional advantage over children receiving raw milk. Codliver oil seems to have had no particular bearing on the health or growth of these children in either the groups receiving it or those never having tasted it. The bulletin proved so interesting to me that I discussed it with a small animal veterinarian, who said to me:

"You will be perfectly safe in saying that puppies that are fed the proper amount and kind of milk and eggs will be stronger and more vigorous than those receiving less milk and eggs and more codliver oil. Milk and egg is a better preventive of rickets than the oil."

This to me is an interesting point of view, and I hope it may prove so to breeders. Certainly, oil is not an attractive dose, and if puppies can thrive as well without it, why force on them something objectionable just because we have believed in its efficacy for so long?

In completing another year as editor of this column, I want to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all who may read it and to thank those who have so generously favored me with letters of interest and suggestions of items which have, according to responses, proven of merit.—H. W. WIGGIN, 920 North Fourth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Irish Setters

FOR once in my life I have so much material for use in the Irish Setter Club letter that I shall have to omit some of it.



This means that the communications that are not given here will be found in the next issue of the *Irish Setter Club of America News*, the biggest and best quarterly periodical devoted exclusively to Irish setters in America if not in the world! This sounds mighty impressive until one learns that it is the biggest and best quarterly periodical of its kind because, as far as I know, it is the only one of its kind. In any event, it's an attempt, even if it's a pretty weak one, to supply the fancy with an outlet for their good ideas and mean dispositions. Whatever it is, you'll find quite a bit of interesting reading in it when it appears—if it ever does.

Now, for the present letter. First of all, I've made another mistake! That's no news, but I just start off with it to make myself feel natural and easy. Benedict S. Edmonds, of Jamaica Plain, whom we all know well, writes in to let me know that Lady M, the bitch I mentioned as being a winner out on the west coast, and which I assumed was one of Quincy Street's breeding, is strictly—as Mr. Edmonds puts it—"a Massachusetts product." Her dam is Redmond's Girlie,