

# IT MUST BE LOVE



By J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, JR.

Drawings by George Schlining

**M**ONDAY—Well, here it is another week. Cold as the devil this morning. Glad they left my coat on. I guess I don't look so hot, but after all it's nice to be warm. I wish they would let me out in my run more often though. They seem to think I'm a hot house flower. They don't seem to realize that I'm the works in this outfit, for after all I've heard lots of people say that I'm the best there is. I guess they are right.

Jewel and I had a good long talk this morning. Jewel's O. K. I like her. She's my type and we get on well together. Of course, we came over on the boat together, along with that little squirt, Sunny. Never did like that little bitch, but they tell me she has some nice puppies. Not her fault. I'll bet Jewel's turn out better.

Some people came in to look us over this afternoon. Too much fuss over those crazy puppies up in the other end. Some people are dumb anyway. If they'd only come down here, Jewel and I'd show them something.

That old fool of a Welsh they call Tex drives me nuts. Yap, yap all day

long. Just trying to show off. I wish Bob would let me get to him. I'd fix him. Thinks he's good. Huh! don't make me laugh. Take Shan for instance, there's a nice little lady, quiet and reserved and a good looker, too. Lord knows it's bad enough to be a Welsh, but she makes the best of it, and seems quite decent. Well, it's getting late so I'll turn in.

**T**UESDAY—Heard a couple of cats running on the roof this morning. Boy, would I like to get a hold of one of those babies. Bob says they scratch and are quick on their feet, but I'll bet I'd finish one quick enough, if they'd only give me a chance. Mrs. Bonnel was in to say hello this afternoon. I like her a lot because she treats us so nice and gives us such good food. She pays too much attention to those half-witted Welsh though. I understand that she lets that little half-pint, Susie, stay in the house sometimes. I certainly can't see what she sees in her. Not a brain in her fool head. Oh, well, she's a ladies' proposition anyway. Jewel just made a pass at a rat. She missed him though. Says she caught one the other night, but I don't believe her.

**W**EDNESDAY—Today was nice and warm! We all got out in our runs during the morning. Bob put me in front, next to a couple of dumb looking youngsters. I don't know who they are, but it certainly gives me a pain the way they bark at me through the fence,

running up and down like chickens with their heads off. They made a little too much noise once, and I tore over, gave a couple of fierce barks and scared the life out of them. Once in a while they need to be put in their place. I don't mind a good rough and tumble play, but I can't stand two little runts like that trying to get funny with me.

They tell me that Connie is a champion. I haven't had a chance to talk with her yet, but from what I hear from Alex, who is up near her, she is pretty stuck on herself now. Alex says she just walks around, with her nose in the air, and won't talk to anyone. I always liked Connie. I think she is the nuts, but I can't see why she should be so conceited.

**T**AKE me for instance, I'm not a bit stuck on myself, yet I'm just as good as she is, probably a lot better. They haven't given me a chance. Mrs. Bonnel seems to think my front is too wide. Of course it's wide, but look what a husk I am. I'm strong, and I'm a real dog. I can lick the whole outfit alone. It makes me sore as the devil.





Take that judge at the specialty show last year. The nerve of him kicking me out of the ring. Said I was too extreme. Probably never saw a real dog before.

Jewel tells me that she was beaten by Highland Rowdy at the last show. I wish they'd give me a crack at that bird. Can't even stand on his own feet. Has to be held up. He's my idea of nothing at all. They don't know what they are missing, keeping me out of the show. Oh, well, it's their funeral.

**THURSDAY**—What a swell day this turned out to be. Rain with plenty of wind. Don't mind staying in when it's like this. Gets kind of stale though. Glad Jewel is next to me. She at least can talk intelligently. The others down this end are most all young trash. You might think they amounted to something the way they yap and jump around. After all, I suppose one must put up with it. Bob tells me that Mrs. Bonnel is building a new addition to the kennel. Seems to me I did hear some pounding out in back this morning. Hope I get a chance to give it the once over tomorrow. Bob says us show dogs will use it when it's finished. It's about time we were separated from this riff-raff. I'm going to get Bob to put Jewel next to me again. Wouldn't mind having Connie on the other side, too. Perhaps I can teach her a few things.

Bob's been busy all day trimming up some of the young puppies. Tells me most of them look pretty good. They ought to be, seeing as I'm their father. I'm proud of Black Prince though. He's my young son that looks just like his dad. There's a youngster that's going places. Oh, well, like father like son, as the old saying goes.

Food tasted punk today. Getting kind of sick of hamburger. Wish they'd kind of break down and give me a whack at some of the top round some of those measly little Welsh get. They're getting pretty fussy, if you ask me. Why can't they eat what I do. But, then, I suppose they won't ever be big and strong like me. It's a mystery to me why they ever let them get in

among us real dogs. Rains letting up now. Hope it's nice tomorrow.

**FRIDAY**—Jewel and I sang a swell duet last night. Some harmony. Moon was bright, and we couldn't sleep, so we kind of got together and gave an impromptu rendition. We're pretty good. Jewel's got a good voice. Very much like mine. I've heard Mary's pretty good, too. Think I'll ask her to join us sometime, and we'll have ourselves a real trio.

Bob let me out in back, this afternoon, and I got a good look at the new addition they are putting on. Looks O. K. to me. Haven't got much done yet, but it looks as if there will be plenty of room in it. I hope, just because it's big, they won't shove a lot of brats in with us. One of the workmen certainly gives me a pain. I was standing looking through the fence, and he walks over, sticks his hand



through the fence, tries to pat my head and says:

"Nice doggy, nice doggy, what a nice little fellow you are."

Phooy, was I disgusted. Might think I was a mama's boy.

Sandy was back in the next run to me. What a shock I got. I hadn't seen him for some time, and he certainly is a mess. He had the makings of a good one, but his ears hang down now like a dumb Sealy's. It's too bad, because I always liked him, and he had hopes of being like me some day. Oh, well, I suppose we all can't be good. Seems kind of dead around here tonight. Everybody seems tired out. Come to think of it, I don't feel so lively myself. Must be getting old.

**SATURDAY**—Not much doing today. Really was pretty warm. Was out in the side run most of the day, and had a good sleep in the sun. It's nice to be lazy sometimes. Jewel seemed to feel the same way, but how she can snore. Between her gargling and those little white Sealy mutts yap-

ping across the way, I didn't get much rest.

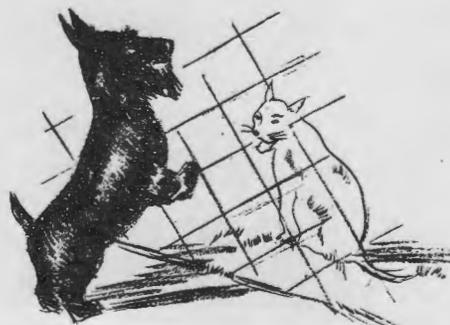
Those Sealys are very annoying sometimes. They seem kind of sloppy with their floppy ears. I guess they're a pretty dizzy bunch anyway. Always seem to be running around in circles, bumping into each other, and acting like a bunch of goops. I have no use for them. They say, though, that there's a nice-looking bitch over there named Ready. Alex saw her the other day, and tells me she's swell looking and built just right. Oh, well, I wouldn't go out of my way to meet her, but I'll look her over if she's ever down this way. Tomorrow's Sunday. Usual crowd of gaping visitors I suppose.

**SUNDAY**—Well, I was right. What a mob. All day long people kept coming and going. What they accomplished I can't imagine. Walking around with their mouths open with many "Ohs" and "Ahs," ogling at us as if we were freaks. One of them, though, wasn't so bad. He was a prominent judge who, I guess, must be pretty good. He looked at me quite awhile, and said I was certainly a real dog.

Bob took both Jewel and me out in front, put us on leads, and walked us up and down. You ought to have seen that judge's face. Boy, did we make a hit. I remember him saying what a swell brace we would make. A man like that is nice to have around, once in awhile. He appreciates real quality alright.

Most of the others were very boring. I laid in my box most of the afternoon and didn't pay any attention to them. There was a nice little girl, though, who seemed to like me a lot. She had nice golden curls, and was very pretty. I let her stroke my head, and licked her hand much to her delight. She wanted to take me home with her. I hope she comes back sometime. I like little girls.

Swell news tonight. Bob says I'm



entered for the show next Saturday. Life's not so bad after all.

**M**ONDAY—Boy, oh, Boy! do I feel set up this morning. It's about time they wised up to what they were missing. Told Bob they better enlarge that ribbon case in the office. A couple of more silver trophies wouldn't go bad, either. Bob had me in the trimming room a couple of hours working on my coat. Says it's not bad, and as it's a new one, I guess he's right. Took quite a bunch of hair off, though. Mostly on my neck and shoulders.

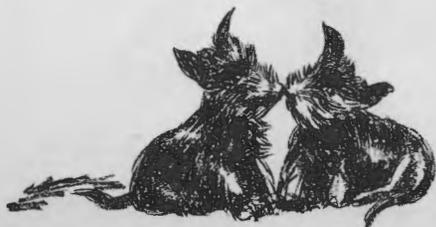
I've got a swell pair of shoulders, and my neck's not so bad either. Of course, some had to come off my head, back, and hindquarters, too. Bob's pretty good, though. You've got to hand it to him. He certainly knows his knives and scissors. Tells me today is only the start.

On top of all this, he smears mange cure all over my coat. Boy, does it stink, and is it greasy. Tells me it's to keep me from scratching myself. I told him he needn't worry. I wouldn't touch myself with a ten-foot pole. Then he puts me in a little two by four box. Hardly room to turn around. It's got a door with a wire window though. I guess it's not so bad. Show dogs always need special attention.

**TUESDAY**—Didn't sleep so hot last night. Guess the box was a little hard. Quite a gang is going Saturday, I find out. Jewel, Connie, Alex, and a couple of young puppies. I guess there's a few of those Welsh going, too. But I don't bother with them.

Bob says that Alex and I will be against each other in the open class. Too bad for Alex, I'll surely beat him. Then I'll probably be up against either Jewel or Connie for best of winners, because I don't anticipate much trouble going to winners. And if the judge is half way decent, I might go to best of breed. I wouldn't be surprised.

I don't expect much outside competition. From what Jewel tells me, there isn't much around just now that can stand a show with us. Bob says Rowdy might be there, and to watch my step.



This is the chance I've been waiting for. I'll show that bird a few things. He better watch out. If he gets in my way, I'll walk right over him.

Bob says I'm a little too fat. I think he's crazy. But it's O. K. with me because he cut out my crumbs and is feeding me lots more meat. I like meat. Boy, and can I put it away. He lets me run more, too. Put me in the big front run today.

It's nice out in front. You can see what's going on, and there's always lots of cats to chase. The only trouble is, they're on the other side of the fence. They feel pretty safe out there, but I manage to give them a good scare once in awhile. They give me a laugh when they hump their old backs up, jump around, and make funny noises. Pretty tired tonight, guess I'll turn in early.



**W**EDNESDAY — Had another long tonsorial treatment today. Bob worked on me both morning and afternoon. I think he's getting pretty fussy. Cut my toenails and took matted hair out from between my pads. Don't like my toenails cut much. Hurts like the devil, sometimes. Told Bob about this in no uncertain terms. Gave my teeth a good cleaning, too. Hate the nasty toothpaste. Makes my mouth all foamy. Then he takes a steel scraper and scrapes all around my gums. Says I've got tartar. I'm just about fed up with all this fixing. I'm plenty good enough as is. I suppose I'll get breath sweetener and bath salts next. On top of all this, I get more stinky grease on my coat, and get put back in my box where I have to sit and try and look pretty. Didn't even get outside today. Bob says it's too wet. Oh, well, it's been a long day, and I'm glad it's over.

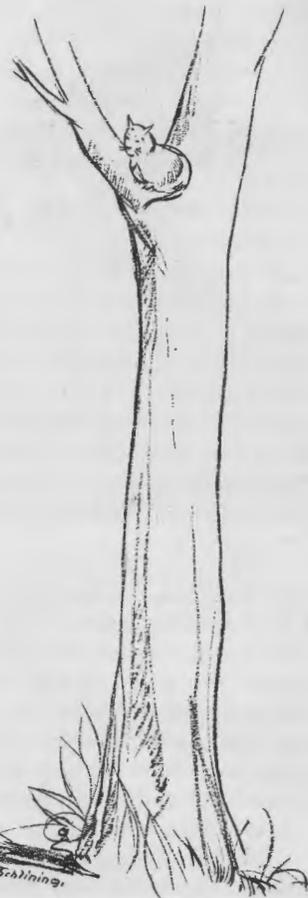
**THURSDAY** — Nice sunny day, thank goodness. Was out in front all morning with Alex. We certainly got plenty of exercise. Between running and friendly tussling, we were ready for a good nap at noon. I'm much stronger than Alex, but he's game enough. Bob's been working on him, too; but I don't think he looks so hot,

a little too thin and not enough chest. Bob says a lot of the judges like him, though. Well, he'll have a chance to show what he's got Saturday.

Had my coat gone over again today. Getting down to fine points now. Seems to be taking one hair at a time. Just a little bit off here, a fraction off there. The whole thing gives me an acute pain. Had my ears trimmed and swabbed out, tail trimmed, teeth cleaned again, and a lot of other fussing. Boy, I'll be glad when I can be myself again.

Bob certainly was on the rampage tonight. Connie got a bad itch, and chewed a big hole in her coat. Boy, was he mad. Of course, she can't go Saturday now. Too bad he didn't put some of that stinking stuff on her he plastered me with. Guess he thought she had brains enough not to scratch. Didn't trust me. Fleas can't live on me anyway. I'm too tough.

**F**RIDAY—Well, here it is Friday. Tomorrow's the day. Getting a little excited. I always get up on my toes about this time. I feel swell, too. The way I feel today, I could lick twice my weight in wildcats. I hope Bob gives me a chance to show myself with a loose lead. Boy, I can feel my feet on



that old block right now. And won't I show them something when the judge asks Bob to walk me. I can see visions of the terrier group already.

Spent most of the morning in the bathtub. Certainly was glad to get rid of that nasty grease. Felt good to get a rub down, too. After a good brushing and combing, Bob put a kennel coat on me, and shoved me in my box. Pretty snappy coat. Black and red, with the kennel monogram on each side. Feel pretty plush. Jewel's been through the same thing, I guess. Saw her for a few minutes this afternoon, and I must say she looks swell. She's certainly got the goods. Well, I'm going to get to bed early tonight. We leave at 6.30 tomorrow morning.

**SATURDAY**—Well, we were late in getting away, as I expected. Didn't really get going till quarter past seven. We all got put in show boxes, and were stowed away in the kennel car. Boy, what a ride. My box was on top of Jewel's, and did I bounce around. One of the puppies got sick, the Welshies yowled, and altogether a good time was had by all. Finally arrived at quarter of ten. Show was held in a big armory. Some place, and boy, what a noise. Seven hundred dogs in all.

We each were put in a numbered pen, on a bench. Some crowd. Walking up and down. Same old stuff. I had to growl several times when dumb, ignorant people tried to touch me. That's one thing I won't stand for at a show. Wasn't scheduled to go in the ring until two in the afternoon, so I had a pretty dull time in the morning. Jewel was next to me, as usual, and we discussed our chances, rotten service, etc.

Bob seemed quite excited this morn-

ing. Told me that a swell looking bitch, just arrived from England, was entered. Her name is Avondale Empress. Says her entry was a complete surprise. No one seems to have known she was in this country. I think Bob said she belonged to a wealthy man up in Connecticut, some place. He certainly must have played his cards right to get her over here with no one knowing it. Poor Jewel, she started to look worried.

About one o'clock, Bob came and took us over to our boxes for a final inspection and combing. The judging started promptly at two. Puppies first, of course. One of them did pretty well, Bob told me. One of my sons, incidentally. Soon after I heard the steward yell "Open dogs." Bob took me, and Jack McGovern took Alex. I've never shown with Jack. Hear he's pretty good. Just as glad Bob handled me though.

Boy, did I make short work of that class. Poor Alex didn't even place second. I certainly think he should have done better by rights. The mut next to me ought to have stayed home. The judge didn't spend much time on me. Had me walk once, looked me over on the block, and into first place I went. Didn't even have to try hard. Bob says I showed well, and needn't worry about winners, as if I didn't know that from the first.

**D**IDN'T leave the ring when the class was over, as winners dogs came next. I decided to give the works here, and boy, did I give them an eyeful. I could hear people at the ringside talking about me. Judge didn't waste any time in this class either. Put me on the block alongside of the winner of the limit class. I had to laugh. It was

all over before it started. Of course, I won as I expected.

**B**OB kept me in my box during the judging of the bitches. Jewel was also in the open class. Poor Jewel, Bob brought her back in tears. Empress beat her, and also went to winners. Bob looked a little worried as he gave me a final combing before going in for the final judging. Told me I'd have to step to beat her. I made up my mind I'd put the screws on her if it was the last thing I did.

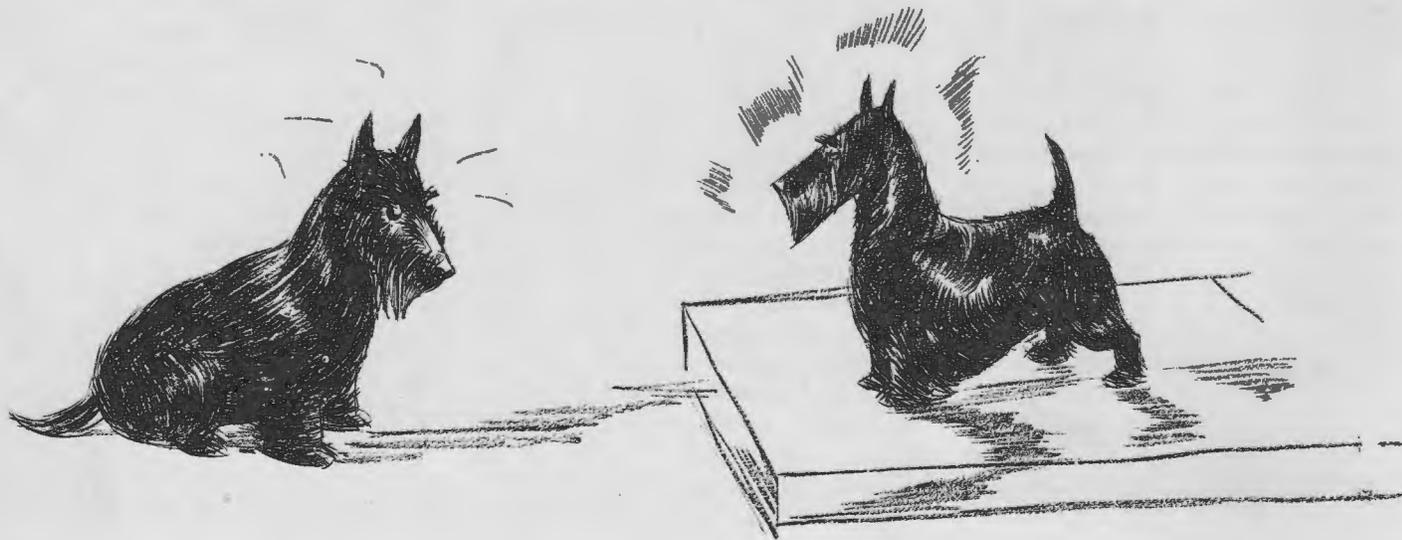
Well, when we got into the ring, I got my first look at her. What a shock. I've never seen a more beautiful girl in all my life. Jet black coat, marvelous head, and beautifully proportioned. I walked in kind of a daze. I tried hard to show, but I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

The judge finally put us on the block together. I felt all kind of soft. Seemed to have lost all my fight. Bob kept telling me to snap out of it. I tried, but no use. The judge looked surprised, and finally shoved me off in a corner. I got beaten, and beaten right. Empress went to best of breed, and I was glad of it.

When I got back to Jewel, I made excuses as best I could. She's mad at me though. All the way home I kept thinking of Empress, and here I am now, tired and sleepy, writing this; still picturing her in my mind.

Imagine me, big tough Jimmie, being reduced to a useless hulk. Beaten in the ring without a fight. It's disgraceful and humiliating, and yet I don't seem to feel the least bit ashamed. I suppose Alex, Jewel, and the rest will be giving me the raspberry from now on. I wonder what's the matter with me.

It must be love. They say there is such a thing.



# Dog Breeds of the World

## Their Origin, Development, and Uses Throughout the Ages

By FREEMAN LLOYD

Illustrations from the Author's Collection

Number Thirty-four—THE MANCHESTER OR BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIER (Continued from the May Issue)

A YEAR or so later than the middle of the '70's of the last century, very considerable interest was taken in Manchester terriers. That, of course, was long before my first visit to this country, but I already was the English representative of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York. In those days *Turf* and the old *Forest and Stream*—both weeklies—carried the principal kennel news and notes; and, receiving copies of those first-class publications, I became conversant with practically all that was going on in the way of dogs—sporting and otherwise—in the United States and Canada.

Already more or less acquainted with every Manchester of note in the United Kingdom, it was interesting to read about the progress that was being made in the breed in America. Among exhibitors here was the late Dr. H. T. Foote of New Rochelle, New York, a keen admirer of several kinds of dogs—Manchesters and, subsequently, Scottish terriers. It will be also worthy of comment that his daughter, in after years, became Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin of Chicago, and whose interest in dogs and other animals, their protection and comfort, has become a matter of everyday concern and continent-wide admiration at the present time.

DR. and Mrs. Foote were among the leaders of the American dog cult close on half a hundred years ago; so it will be gathered by the younger set that Mrs. McLaughlin's merciful endeavors on behalf of our four-footed friends become the traditions of her family and described as an example of the ancestral tastes, hobbies or inclinations.

Moreover, it was the voice of the New Rochelle medico that first cried aloud against the then universal custom of cropping the ears of Manchester terriers—a voice crying in the wilderness that was afterwards heard throughout the land.

IT was in the '80's that Dr. Foote imported two Manchester terrier bitches, one being Meersbrook Model, the other a very good one whose name has passed from my memory at this writing. They had been sent here by the late Tom Ashton, a very keen dog fancier of charming personality, whose partner was Mr. Hill; indeed, Hill and

Ashton and their Meersbrook prefix were known everywhere because of their kennels—principally stocked with terriers, Manchesters and wirehaired foxterriers in the main.

The two black and tans sent to Dr. Foote were declared to be uncommonly good ones; but, rightly or wrongly, it was said the chains and collars on these dogs when shipped, had become mixed on the voyage across the Atlantic. So it was that when the ladies arrived in this country no one could or would opine which was Model and which her mate.

Then commenced the arguments fought with pens in the correspondence prize rings of old *Turf* and *Forest and Stream*. This controversy reached a climax when it was proposed to send the bitches back to England, so that they might be identified and "hall marked" with seals and sworn testimonies.

THERE must have been a difference between the bitches, Meersbrook Model being considered the better in England. However, the squabble petered itself out, not without it causing much satirical comment on the other side of the ocean.

Incidentally, it may be here mentioned that the late Tom Ashton possessed a very promising stepson—a young boy who took his daily dozen among the Meersbrook terriers. And so it was that this lad grew and became a doggie man. He is Alfred Delmont, one of America's foremost judges; resident of Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, and favorably and well known throughout the country. He retains his keen interest in the Manchester terrier, a sort of birthright and one much valued by the men and women of Yorkshire and Lancashire.



Courtesy: *Dogs of the British Isles* by Dr. Walsh, 1878

### RAT TERRIERS OF FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The black-and-tan Manchester terrier, Mr. Fitter's Dandy (right foreground), was beautifully shaped. He was heavier than the present day, 18 pound dogs

"Dog Breeds of the World," Copyright, 1933, by Freeman Lloyd



#### "RATTING IN THE HEDGEROWS"

Here may be seen an uncropped Manchester terrier, right foreground, of 52 years ago. Ferreting rats and rat terriers are described in the text. Toy black and tans are often described as "rat terriers" in America

Probably the smartest man with Manchester terriers during the last two or three decades in the United States was an Englishman who resided in the vicinity of Germantown, Pennsylvania.

**OLD BILL**, we will call him, was a "clever" man with a Manchester terrier and considered on a parity with the most expert of workers in fine gold; the artist whose single touch would give effect to the glory of a painting; the designer of Parisian fashions; the ballet master, the director of scenic multitudes, the Caruso of grand opera, the human being who could make the world more beautiful.

. . . Old Bill of Germantown was the maestro of everything pertaining to the Manchester terrier in America.

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania have been among the chief Manchester terrier and toy black-and-tan terrier producing centres during a period of fifty years. Take, for instance, the names of E. Lever, John Whittaker, Wm. F. Deakyne of Philadelphia and W. C. Cooke, George Will, J. J. Roggen, I. C. Dewire, all of Pittsburgh.

The Pittsburgh dogs were mostly toy terriers. John F. Campbell, Custom House, Montreal, had some good Manchesters, including Vortex, to which Mr. Lever gave first prize at Boston. Vortex was whelped in 1885 and by Vortigern out of Lilly II. He weighed 22½ pounds.

Still, Charles H. Mason classed Vortex as "a sprightly second-class specimen that can hold his own with the best in the country. He would be out-classed by such dogs as, for instance, Henry Lacy's General and Belcher.

**BUT** we do not know of a black-and-tan dog in America that can beat him . . . Vortex's color was rich, vent marking too large. Thumb markings not clearly defined. Breech not free from tan."

This dog was bred by E. Lever, 906 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Other exhibitors of Manchesters and toy black and tans of the middle '80's were Dr. H. R. Surles, Worcester, Massachusetts; R. Fleming

Crooks, New York; S. W. Barrowscale, Boston, Massachusetts; Henry Muss,

Champaign, Illinois; Mr. Hanchett, Orange, New Jersey; Mrs. L. F. Whitman, Chicago, Illinois; John C. Hottinger, Buffalo, New York; W. N. Pierce, Camden, New Jersey; Thomas Dunn, Richmond, Virginia.

Now it will be the time to relate a story regarding the Lacys *pere et fils*, and a picture of the famous Manchester terrier Belcher—the pride of his country as was the man after whom that dog was named, no other than Jem Belcher, champion prize fighter (old style) of Great Britain.

About five or six years ago an invitation was received from a number of Boston gentlemen interested in dogs to attend a banquet to be tendered to the late Harry Lacy, for many years editor of the *American Stockkeeper*, a weekly that he conducted with great diplomacy, tempered with courtes.

**IT** is not too much to write that Lacy was universally popular as a writer although it was his boast that for 45 years he had never missed a week

James Robertson -  
1835.

Scotch version of work on a Quin in  
the West Highlands.



## Greyhounds

THERE seems to be a general idea that about the only thing a greyhound is good for is racing and jumping. I am afraid



I used to be of the same opinion. However, I have learned my error and shall here endeavor to correct the mistaken ideas of other people. About three years ago, and quite by accident, I

became possessor of a nine-months-old greyhound puppy. His beauty and grace even as a puppy so attracted me that I began to study him.

Like many other people I was prone to believe the greyhound a dog of little intelligence. But being a great lover of animals, I could not understand how a dog with so keen and beautiful an eye could lack intelligence. I soon found out that there was plenty of brain behind those soft but shrewd eyes, and that broad smooth forehead.

My previous experience had been mostly with dogs of a more rollicking nature, such as Bostons and similar breeds; so having discovered my new dog to be extremely dignified, gentle, and totally lacking in frivolity, I have had to adjust myself to his viewpoint as nearly as possible. He loves to play, but in his own dignified way.

We have a little Boston which lived with us long before the advent of the greyhound. She has worked hard to teach him her methods of play, and has succeeded, after a fashion. He plays ball with her whenever she starts it, but it is evident he only does so to please her, the whole idea being nonsense to him.

I brought him in from the country for the first time with misgivings. He seemed so large a dog to keep in the house, and besides what should I do for a place for him to run? I have found him far superior in many ways to any of the so-called house dogs. He is so quiet one would never know we have a dog in the house. He never barks, he almost never disobeys; once told that he must not get on an article of furniture, he never does. When he is out, he will go far out of his way to avoid stepping in dirt of any kind, thus he seldom leaves any tracks in the house.

I believe my dog knows and understands more words than any other dog I have ever owned. And I take issue with some dog fanciers who say that dogs merely understand the tone of your voice; because I can whisper a command and he will obey it. His love and loyalty are beautiful, his whole existence depending entirely on me. He never sits or lies down without choosing a place where he can watch me, and should I prepare to go out he comes and stands patiently by my side, waiting; never whines

nor cries nor annoys me in any way, and I either tell him he may go or refuse to take him. If I refuse he goes quietly back and lies down, with perhaps a look of reproach in his eye, but absolutely no argument.

We have two greyhounds now, and keep them both at our city home. Twice a week, we take them in a car to some beach or field where they may have a run. The rest of the time they are very contented. In the summer time, they go with us to the country where there is plenty of room.

I find these dogs friendly and kind to strangers. They adore children and seem to enjoy letting a baby pet or pull at them. They are very dainty about their food, never hurrying with their meals nor showing any signs of greediness. They will eat just what they want and no more, no matter if there are six other dogs waiting to get at the dish. Another thing I have learned about greyhounds which greatly surprised me is that they are extremely healthy and strong. In spite of their frail looking stature and thin coat, they are very hardy, being able to stand exposure in the most severe weather without any apparent bad results.

Having owned three greyhounds and had an acquaintance with several more, I believe my portrayal to be an accurate description of the temperament of the breed, and so in due justice to a wonderful dog which has been either misrepresented or not represented at all, I want to say just this: If you want a real pal, a faithful companion, a dog which is so quiet that your most quarrelsome neighbor cannot find fault with him, a dog which with his gentleness and beauty will win the love and admiration of all your friends, own a greyhound, a real aristocrat. —IVY M. DOLAN, 1786 East 8th Street, Brooklyn, New York.

## Scottish Terriers

BY the death of Frank Spiekerman on May 8, Scottish terrier classes have lost one of their most consistent and fearless exhibitors. Mr. Spiekerman probably has im-



ported more high-priced and notable English winners in the last few years than any other in a similar time. Among these dogs are Heather

Aristocrat, Heather Essential, Heather Enchantress, Rookery Repeater, Merlewood Countess, Lady Barty and Lonkley Larkspur, all champions in this country, and some of them champions also in England. He had so many champions, I have possibly overlooked some of them, and besides champions, he left a kennel full of other good dogs. A gentleman, a good sport, a royal host, and above all, a genial friend, he will be missed by all where Scotties gather. To Mrs. Spiekerman, I am sure all fanciers will join me in sincerest condolences.

Due to the somewhat radical difference in set-up of the old and the new standards of

the Scottish Terrier Club of England, rather expected to see a number of letters published in the "Correspondence" column of *Our Dogs*, but such has not been the case, and I am reliably informed from several sources that the new Standard has been accepted by all interested with approbation, even taking into consideration those who are generally "agin' the government." However, Mrs. Caspersz in her notes on our breed in *Our Dogs*, has received some interesting letters inspired by the new standard which go somewhat into history and because I am inclined to believe that all Scottie lovers enjoy looking backward as well as forward, I take the liberty of quoting one in full.

"Among others, it was especially pleasing to hear from Walter Flett, one of the original group of keen breeders who helped to draw up the first standard of the breed. Mr. Flett was the first secretary of the Scotch Club. Mr. Flett, in describing how the standard was arrived at, gives some interesting notes about dogs of that day which I feel sure modern breeders will appreciate if I give them in full. He writes: 'Mon-accord was picked up by a Mr. Gibb (a dog dealer) in Aberdeen, and was a gray brindle dog with shortish head, nice keen expression, with dense hard coat, short-coupled, strong body, fairly good bone, and very active on his legs. If living today, he would be in the forefront as a cairn terrier. Roger Rough was the same stamp, but with a much more shaggy coat, and smaller. He was so bad tempered that Adamson, who used to bring him to the Aberdeenshire Cricket Club, used to put him in his cricket-locker while at practice.

"Cattanach, who was an Aberdeen detective, had a nice dog called Don, which was the sire of Adamson's Flo, and was in great demand at stud in Aberdeen. The usual fee was a puppy from the litter. Detective Cattanach sold most of his dogs to the Chief Constable of Norfolk while he was at Balmoral, and he made a boast of selling Don for 15 pounds, 15 shillings, which was considered a big figure in those days.

"The only dog that had sharp pointed ears was the true Aberdeen terrier. The dogs that Captain Mackie and McColl had procured from the West Highlands were a much bigger type, showing strong taints of Dandie Dinmont blood; they were very big in ears, which were invariably round at the tip, and three out of every five of them had semi-erect ears, some having one ear up only. Dumbarton was one, and Dunbar another; beside which they had soft woolly coat on top of the head, and were much lower in leg than the Aberdeenshire dogs. One of the best-eared dogs was Tartan.'

"Further on, Mr. Flett writes: 'I could say a lot about the changing of the Standard. What I object to most is "short leg and big bone." How is it possible to get agility with these? The breed will degenerate into a Sealyham with prick ears. Without agility, he loses character and popularity.' Natural-

ly, there is much wisdom in this criticism, but it is not strictly applicable to the revised standard, for, as I ventured to point out to Mr. Flett, one of the most noticeable differences between the old standard and the new one is that the latter brings in no fewer than three mentions of agility, alertness, and activity, as well as the desirable clause about the ideal dog looking willing to 'go anywhere and do anything,' whereas the former had none of this. The only use of the word 'active' in the old standard came in with reference to the face, which, under general appearance, we were told should wear 'a bright, active expression.'

"Activity, if confined to the face only, does not strike one as being particularly useful, and the more one compares the old standard with the new, the more apparent does it become that there really was room for a little improvement here and there. It seems that Mr. Flett was one of the people who originally fought for the inclusion of some reference to agility in the first original standard, but he was out-voted at the time.

"One of the reasons for the waning of the popularity of the Dandie in those days was his lack of agility, shortness of leg and lowness to ground. Obviously, the present-day revision committee, with fifty or sixty years' development of a definite breed behind them, had a far easier task in compiling a new standard than the courageous group of people who first undertook the job. They had a very mixed collection of what we would now consider rather a nondescript type of dog in their mind's eye, and as a slight guide they also had the three older breeds, the Skye terrier, the Clydesdale terrier, and the Dandie Dinmont from which to draw what, in their opinion, were the most attractive and serviceable features.

"Considering the handicaps at that early stage, one must admit they made a surprisingly good job of the compilation of the first standard, and one that has stood the breed in good stead for a far longer period of years than even the most optimistic of them could surely have dared to hope."

For you people who enjoy tracing the history and evolution of the breed, here is another interesting paragraph from the same paper which gives a good background for those who complain about the present-day excessive trimming:

"A copy of the annual report of the Scottish Terrier Club of England for 1889 was also among the enclosures kindly sent me and a number of modern breeders would probably read with surprise a paragraph on trimming which is given great prominence. It reads thus: 'Your committee is most anxious to prevent, if possible, trimming in every form and shape. With this desirable end in view, your earnest cooperation is requested. If, therefore, you see at any show a Scottish terrier that appears to be trimmed or plucked, it is desirable that you should call the attention of the show officials to the state of such terrier. Furthermore,

it is advisable that you should obtain the opinion of some competent authority as to the case. Then, if you communicate with the secretary of the club, stating all particulars and giving names of any gentlemen whose opinions you have taken in the matter, he will at once endeavor to investigate the case, and, if necessary, the committee will request the interference of the Kennel Club.'

"This can hardly fail to cause a smile on the face of the present-day reader. Two conclusions can be drawn at once. One is that a good, hard coat in those days was a good, hard coat, and did not need any fake to make it appear so; and the other is that all the 'fancy' was composed of 'gentlemen.' It is somewhat amazing that it should only have taken 44 years to effect such a state of topsy-turvydom in a breed as regards its coats. The difficulty nowadays would be to find a terrier in a show which had not been trimmed or plucked rather than one that had. It shows us clearly why the deterioration in coats set in. When trimming came in at the door, good coats went out at the window.

"And since few of the newer breeders have any idea what a really good, hard coat was like—and could be like still if we bred for them—it is both probable and regrettable that we have said goodbye to them forever. Perchance the swing of the pendulum may sometime see a day when the trained eye will appreciate and prefer a modern dog clad in 'harsh, dense and wiry' coat all over him, but we shall probably none of us be there to see it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred may reply, 'And we don't want to see it?' But our successors may think differently. Who knows?"

In the course of time, I receive many letters regarding kennels, litters, potential champions out of those litters, but seldom do I get a letter which to me contains so much enthusiasm as one recently received from Mrs. Alice D. Misner of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Misner has a "wonderful litter by Heather Reveller out of a dam by Ornsay Sport about which I am most enthusiastic." And: "I am bubbling over regarding this litter, and want the world to know it." Such enthusiasm from an older breeder is infectious. Primarily, Mrs. Misner wrote me concerning the success of the recent Williamsport show, with which she is actively connected, and in appreciation of the generous support given it by many breeders.

Plans for the spring specialty show on June 18 at Rye, New York, are progressing satisfactorily and if you have neglected to make entries, there is yet time. The show is, as always, open to the owner of any American-bred Scottie whether a member of the club or not, and with the generous support given the show, hopes are held out that owners will be as generous with entries. It is impossible to believe that the large monthly registration of Scottish terriers, in-

creasingly so each month, does not contain many dogs bought as pets, yet of show quality. No one knows what a good dog can do until given a chance, and it is hoped many new owners of new and untried dogs will put in an appearance. To do honor to the club, all the regular exhibitors are looked to to bring out every available dog.

Mrs. Charlotte Marsden, the able editor of "Dog Stars" in *Country Life*, has in the course of our correspondence, written me an amusing and characteristic (of Scotties!) paragraph regarding her own dog:

"Just as a personal matter, my own present dog is a Scot, and a devil if ever there was one. He has taken it on himself to dislike all German shepherds, and has never once, during the five years of his existence, had so much as the glimmer of a notion that he couldn't lick the best of them. He's very easy-going with all small breeds, will play condescendingly with dachshunde or Boston terriers, but for the larger breeds he cherishes a deeply-rooted aversion which, at sight, blossoms out into wild Scottish yells of warfare. He does not—fortunately for the neighborhood shepherds—walk the streets unleashed; being allowed his freedom only outside the town, where wide stretches of fields offer his guardian the opportunity of retreat if retreat is indicated."

"Difficult as this feature of his disposition makes him, my heart—even when it is in my mouth—rejoices in his valor; he is not a show dog, but is as beloved as the greatest winner in the land, this Scot which will, when his time comes, enter some sort of Highland Valhalla."

The Eighth Futurity Sweepstakes, to be held in June, 1934, has produced a remarkable number of sires and dams. Last year, with the stake divided, there were nominated 23 stud dogs and 38 brood bitches which at that time was considered good. Due to the usual misunderstanding of anything new and also to the general hard times from which we only now seem to be slowly emerging, no such entry as 35 stud dogs and 91 brood bitches was looked for.

But with the great number nominated, there is bound to be a very sporting and profitable event to anticipate, and all breeders and owners can well afford to look forward to its judging with enthusiasm.

The list of stud dogs and brood bitches nominated is as follows:

#### EIGHTH FUTURITY STAKES (Brood Bitch Nominations)

Owner	Name
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand	Albourne Black Queen
Mrs. C. B. Ward	Albourne Faith
Miss Jean Flagler	Albourne Sequel
Robert D. Hartshorne	Ardmore Ripples
Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie	Ballantrae Tinker Bell
Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie	Ballantrae Wendy
Karl B. Smith	Ballochlea Dubonnet
Mrs. T. W. Durant	Barkhill Waxwork
William Prentice	Barlae Bess
William Prentice	Barlae Nell
Dr. C. Harold Holmes	Black Beauty of Dunure
Mrs. T. W. Durant	Bramble No Less
Kenneth MacBain	Cabrach Cougar
John Goudie	Cedar Pond Ceco

John Goudie  
John Goudie  
Miss Desire E. Carret  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
S. S. VanDine  
Miss Jean Work  
Karl B. Smith  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
William MacBain  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
R. M. Cadwalader, Jr.  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Frank Spiekerman  
Frank Spiekerman  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Merrill  
Mrs. W. E. Crabtree  
William MacBain  
Mrs. M. A. Stone  
Mrs. M. A. Stone  
Mr. and Mrs. Alvin McAleenan  
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand  
E. F. Moloney  
William MacBain  
Frank Spiekerman  
Miss Jean Flagler  
J. J. Halloran  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
S. S. Van Dine  
Miss Leonie Lyons  
Frank Spiekerman  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
John McOwan  
Miss Eleanor Mellon  
John McOwan  
John McOwan  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Robert Cluett, 3rd  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Robert Braithwaite  
Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie  
William Prentice  
Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Merrill  
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Emory  
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Stinemetz  
Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Lynch  
Mrs. Lois V. Albright  
Miss Jean Flagler  
E. F. Moloney  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand  
Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McKey  
John Goudie  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Herbert Hankinson  
Herbert Hankinson  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
John Goudie  
S. S. VanDine  
Paul FitzSimons  
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cole  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Howard  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Howard  
Mr. and Mrs. Alvin McAleenan  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
E. F. Moloney

Cedar Pond Charity  
Cherry Cordial of Cedar Pond  
Clover Hill Ingle Lowe Lass  
Copper Queen  
Craigieburn Expectation  
Delight of Cherry Top  
Diehard Eppie  
Diehard Faith  
Diehard Rhona  
Doris of Hillwood  
Fairwold Formula  
Fairwold Perfection  
Fairwold Tilly  
Fairwold Scotch Bonnet  
Fairwold Sandylocks  
Flornell Shela  
Gallow Lass  
Glenisla Pride  
Glenisla Radiant of Scotsward

Gipsy Maid  
Healy Dell  
Heather Braw Lassie of Diehard  
Heather Caprice  
Heather Sunshine  
Heather Emblem  
Heather Hilda  
Heather Kathleen  
Hickory Pansy of Diehard  
Hitofa Magic  
Hitofa Sweet Thought  
Kilbrae Kiltie  
Laurieston Loraine  
Laurieston Lovelace  
Linda of Hillwood  
Merlewood Countess  
Merlewood Hopeful  
Mine Brook Diane  
Mine Brook Jessica  
Mine Brook Nella  
Mine Brook Patsie  
Monagh Lea Gingersnap  
Monagh Lea Madcap  
Monagh Lea Mischieff  
Monagh Lea Rosalie  
Monagh Lea Tomboy  
Neilsland Nightshade

Nodric June of Ballantrae  
Nosegay's Harvest Moon

Orchard Crest Jean

Ornsay Jill

Quince Hill Bannie  
Red Gauntlet Maid Marian  
Repeal of Wagtail  
Reality of Hillwood  
Rombold Rainbow  
Rookery Doon  
Rookery Romance  
Rosehall Gem of Scotsward

Sandhey's Sunkist

Sandridge Blue Bonnet  
Scotshome Annie  
Scotshome Blackie  
Scotshome Fragment  
Scotshome Susanne  
Scotsward Black Bess  
Scotsward Jean  
Scotsward Koala  
Silver Stream  
Sporran Sparkler  
Sunningdale Snook of Elseff

Tobermory Topaz  
Top Flight of Hillwood

Tower Hill Alert

Tower Hill Cricket

Vig of Vigal  
Walnut Buffet of Monagh Lea  
Warrington Lady

R. M. Cadwalader, Jr.  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
E. F. Moloney  
Frank Spiekerman  
Frank Spiekerman  
Frank Spiekerman  
Mr. and Mrs. H. Alvin McAleenan  
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand  
S. S. VanDine

William MacBain  
Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Stinemetz  
Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Lynch  
Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Barrie  
Miss Jean Flagler  
Frank Spiekerman  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mrs. C. B. Ward  
Mr. and Mrs. H. Alvin McAleenan  
Robert D. Hartshorne  
Mrs. T. W. Durant  
Mrs. T. W. Durant

Fairwold Watta Punch  
Glenisla Adonis of Scotsward  
Glenisla Sterling of Scotsward  
Heather Commander of Diehard  
Heather Gold Finder  
Heather Aristocrat  
Heather Enchanter  
Heather Essential

Heather Gold Finder Babe

Heather Masterstroke  
Heather Reveller of Sporrán  
Heather Romancer of Diehard  
Heather Venture of Ballantrae  
Marksman of Hillwood  
Monagh Lea Revelation  
Necessary of Hillwood

Nordic Roger

Red Gauntlet's Blue Chip

Red Gauntlet's Friar Tuck  
Revealed of Hillwood  
Rookery Repeater  
Scotsward Royalist  
Scotsward Sportsman

Sporran Spotlight  
Walnut Braw Lad  
Wilfield Necessity  
Willhope of Hillwood

Cynologique Internationale, which embraces most of the Continental countries, forbids the awarding of international challenge certificates to dogs under 18 months old.

It seemed, as I read the article, to be quite apropos of Bostons, for many that win championship in a few weeks during puppyhood, grow too "bully" to conform to show standards later on. And I am not sure that I do not make a distinction between the show-standard, which is only in the judge's eye, and the breed-standard, which really exists. And this brings up the question of size, just here, because a small puppy, one that will mature at 12 pounds or under, couldn't have much in common, at the same age, with one which could mature at 22 pounds or over and still conform in every way to the breed-standard.

As for puppy championships, the proof is whether he or she can go on for a year or so winning best of breed specials. I am too far from my GAZETTES and *Stud Books* to check up on the facts, but I think that the percentage of champions that are shown for specials even a year after winning the title is small. Undoubtedly many young champions do go too bully to win later on. Perhaps the breed would benefit if puppy champions were barred, and I, personally, think it is now unnecessary for the Boston to have such a wide range in size, and as there are fewer and fewer big Bostons shown, why not make the breed more uniform in size, as uniform as other breeds?

I'd take the oversized Boston rather than the undersized one every time. In fact, I think that if the city dogs of this country were all good sized Bostons, heavy weights, we'd have less trouble with the canine population, for the Boston is such a good citizen. But for the sport of showing and breeding, we might well revise the weights. Yes, and while we're at it, why not drop the "terrier"? Certainly, nobody considers us terriers, so we might be just plain Bostons, or Boston Non-Sporting.

At the Riverside show, and an exceptionally nice show it was, I had the pleasure of judging the Bostons. It interested me to hear from several breeders whose Boston matrons had lost their litters from the shock of the recent earthquake. My own dogs showed considerable excitement, but I took it for granted that it was because of the excitement around them rather than any direct effect on the dogs themselves.

From the GAZETTE office comes word that Paul Jamorouski of Albertson, Long Island, New York, reports a litter of eight, three males and five females, out of his Sunny Boy Beauty by Albertson's Mr. Kewpie. Also another litter, three males and three females, out of his Ann of Albertson by Migels.

I have also received word that William Cornbill, widely known for years as a fancier of Boston terriers, and owner and breeder of a number of champions, was elected honorary president of the Rhode (Please turn to page 133)

Any owner of a stud dog or brood bitch nominated, or progeny of any dog or bitch nominated, who is not already familiar with the conditions of the sweepstakes, can obtain full information from the secretary of the Scottish Terrier Club of America.—H. W. WIGGIN, 920 North Fourth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

### Boston Terriers

AN interesting discussion of puppy champions appeared in the Christmas number of *Our Dogs*, and the English Kennel Club seems not to favor them. At the bi-annual meeting of the Kennel Club it was proposed that no dog be awarded championship honors until it had reached the age of 12 months.



Though a puppy might win any number of challenge certificates, and in England it must win three challenge certificates to become a champion, I believe, it could not take the title of champion until it had emerged from its puppyhood.

"The idea behind this proposal was, of course, to prevent a merely precocious puppy from becoming a champion solely on the merit created by its precocity, and to insure that youthful merit. When it does secure championship recognition, it will be permanent merit and will not pass with youth. It may not happen often, but it has happened, and will continue to happen, that a puppy which is an exceptionally fine specimen while in its puppyhood, deteriorates after that, and sometimes turns out a very indifferent representative of its breed: one, at least, which would never become a champion on its adult merit."

One correspondent to *Our Dogs* advocates the withholding of championships until 18 months, and states that in Holland the championship age is two years. The Federation

### EIGHTH FUTURITY STAKES

(Stud Dog Nominations)

Owner	Name
William MacBain	Albourne Brigand of Diehard
Dr. Fayette C. Ewing	Albourne Royalist
John McOwan	Albourne Wattadorg O'Mine Brook
Herbert Hankinson	Billinge Necessity
Miss Jean Work	Birkie Donald of Cherry Top
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand	Craigieburn Bard
Mrs. M. A. Stone	Drum Major of Docken
R. M. Cadwalader, Jr.	Fairwold Tobasco