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MAIN BUILDING OF THE COSALTA KENNELS AT GREENWICH

Cosalta Raises Friendly Dogs

Personality Never Is Sacrificed for Quality at the Kennels of Miss Marie J. Leary

By ARTHUR FREDERICK JONES

TECHNOCRATS and economists notwithstanding, this is a fair enough world, and happiness depends in great measure on the life of the individual. Nothing is either right or wrong, good or bad, unless the individual thinks it so. The trouble is that some of us think too much about ourselves and our own small problems instead of grasping the opportunities the everyday world offers. In other words, we think life instead of living it.

Sometimes it seems as if the United States were be-

coming a nation of introverts—especially since our bubble of prosperity burst. But then one takes a glance at the dog world, and forms a totally different opinion, for dogs are a certain cure for self-poisoning thought. Dogs lift us out of ourselves. They demand attention, and they provide diversion.

THERE is nothing more interesting—nor more refreshing—than a whole kennel of good dogs. They represent life in its finest expression. Growing and



KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF COSALTA'S COURT

They are, left to right: Darius v. Scheelefeld, Nina of Glenmar, Urna of Cosalta, Nox of Glenmar, Vilma of Cosalta, Ch. Alla v. Krone, Heraclean Betnor, Ch. Iso v. Bergholtz, Ch. Tara of Cosalta, Anthony of Cosalta, Sheila of Cosalta, Hexe of Cosalta, Ch. Cosalta's Rhoda, Luana v. Liebstraum, and Ch. Lio of Cosalta

developing continually, their personalities provide a definite elixir that acts as a stimulant to the human being.

One of the best examples in this country of a handsome collection of dogs that more than compensate for their existence by the contribution they make to the real life of the nation is found at Greenwich, Connecticut, where Miss Marie J. Leary maintains her Cosalta Kennels.

Cosalta is a name that takes rank with the foremost in the game. It has stood for the highest quality, the cleanest sportsmanship, and the most individualized dogs for some years. Possibly, readers of the GAZETTE may remember that almost eight years ago I previously visited Cosalta. And upon that occasion I gave an outline of the theories and the practices that were fast making this kennel one of the leading plants in America. All those theories and practices are still in force, and Cosalta has satisfied its promise of achievement. It is greater by far than ever in the past. In some measure the same might be said of the shepherd, the breed which Miss Leary has featured ever since she started in dogs.

The shepherd is still Cosalta's major breed, but there are also some excellent collies, Scottish terriers, and a pointer in the kennels, all being of show calibre. Then there is an English setter kept for gunning. But, show dogs or not, every specimen at Cosalta receives the same kind attention and thought. Each is a personality to Miss Leary, whose love of animals is all-encompassing.

MISS LEARY has lived a healthy, outdoor life from earliest childhood. Her world has been made up of those things which exemplify to the fullest the spirit and the psychology of the Twentieth Century. Sport in its true meaning and animals in many different guises have been at the foundation of Miss Leary's life.

These things are mentioned not in the biographical sense, but rather in an effort to catch more truly the colors, and to paint the entire picture of

Cosalta more realistically. For reality and practicability are dominant factors in everything that concerns this splendid establishment. There one finds no straining toward false objectives, and no built-up, carefully nurtured fame.

The honors that have come to Cosalta have been the natural dividends of countless hours of work and incessant planning and study.

THE work and thought spent on the kennel have not been an unwelcome burden to Miss Leary, for dogs are an all-absorbing hobby, but often there have been times when disappointment, sharpened by thoughts of injustice, has made her realize that effort must be its own reward.

While there are hundreds of things



CAN. AND AM. CH. ISO V. BERGHOLTZ

Here may be noted the finest characteristics of the German shepherd. A great winner, "Billy," as he is known in the kennel, is the favorite of all the dogs owned by Miss Leary

that must be watched in raising dogs—and all are more or less important—the owner of Cosalta believes that one factor is more important than everything else. That is personality. Every dog must have a likable personality if it is to catch the attention of Miss Leary. She distinctly dislikes the so-called "kennel dog."

To Miss Leary the "kennel dog" is an abomination. The entire purpose of breeding is defeated if one is to produce specimens that reach their only usefulness during a few moments in the ring. It is her opinion that dogs were meant to be companions of mankind, and, certainly, a "kennel dog" is far from a companion.

BREEDING is not the only thing responsible for "kennel dogs." Whether or no they have the best and cleanest inheritance, dogs may become very strange—shy, colorless, and uncertain of actions—if they do not have human associations. There is possibly no other animal that needs the human being as much as does the dog. It is neither sentimental nor imaginative to call him "man's best friend."

With these thoughts, Miss Leary lays her plans so that every dog—especially every puppy—spends some time in her home every other day. It is usually the custom to have them in at lunch and at dinner time. That gives the dogs one or two hours in which to become accustomed to people. In addition, of course, their owner is constantly visiting them in the kennel, and daily she has some out to exercise.

More than one dog is allowed in the house at a time. In fact, there usually are five or more. It will readily be seen why this is necessary since there always are about 20 grown sheepherds, six grown collies and a dozen half-grown youngsters of both breeds, to say nothing of puppies or any of the other dogs. Of course, it would not be possible to carry out this scheme with all the puppies whelped at Cosalta. This spring, for instance, it is expected there will be eight litters of sheepherds and two litters of collies.

Miss Leary has worked out another system for some of the puppies. It arises out of her reluctance to part completely with numerous puppies that show promise. Instead, she gives them to people whom she has thoroughly investigated. These people may keep the dogs forever, but Miss Leary retains a half-ownership in order that she may ask the owners to enter the dogs at shows and follow out her breeding plan. And this is only natural, for it gives her a concrete check on her breeding—even when the dogs have passed from her possession. Of course, she retains a number of puppies in her own kennels, and, in the end, has a rather large number of home-bred youngsters in the show ring. And

every one is a dog possessed of real personality. This is foreordained, since the owner of Cosalta ascertains in advance the kind of home life the puppy may expect.

ANYONE, casually viewing the Cosalta Kennels, could imagine nothing of the manner in which Miss Leary develops personality. Rather, one forms the impression that it is run along diametrically different lines. This is due to the massiveness of the building, and the extensiveness of the runs that make up the kennel layout. Before being converted to canine usage, the building was a combination dairy, barn, and stable. It is more than 300 feet long, and in some places more than 100 feet wide. Still, the proportions and the architecture were arranged with such care that it does not seem quite that size.

Miss Leary acquired the property six years ago. She admits that the thought of building such a monster kennel would never have entered her mind, but she was extremely glad when the disposal of a large estate presented the opportunity to buy it.

Everything possible for the proper care of a large collection of pure-bred dogs is available at Cosalta. There need be no economy of space. Perhaps this is the greatest single factor in the prevention of the spread of disease. Isolation of ill dogs is simple, since even when running at full capacity the building never is crowded. Then there is the matter of exercise. Here space again is the vital element. And it is no exaggeration to say that inside this building is more exercising space than at almost any two other kennels that may be mentioned. The grounds give more than ample space for large runs.

Ventilation is a third important item, and again it is the wealth of space that permits the construction of draft-proof pens inside the huge shell of the building.



SOMETHING NEW AT COSALTA

These two young Scotties, Bramble and Bracken of Cosalta, both nice ones, are the only members of their breed at the kennels as yet

THREE is always a great reservoir of air under the lofty roof, yet there are no drafts. The building is set on one of the highest pieces of ground in the vicinity. As a consequence, it has excellent drainage. The same vantage point is a target for the winds out of various directions, but the large amount of air space between the outer wall and the actual pens equalizes this so well that even in the coldest weather little artificial heat is needed.

One of the most interesting parts of any kennel is the office, and that of Cosalta is no exception. It is in the office that one finds the tangible records of things intangible; the concrete rec-

ords and photographs of champions long since passed to their reward; where the spirit of the kennel is reflected more surely than any place else. The office at Cosalta has the usual equipment of such a room: desk, table, chairs, typewriter, filing cabinets, and so forth. On its walls are countless framed photographs, championship certificates, and collections of ribbons. On table and desk are a few of the many trophies won by the kennels. Everything is in the neatest kind of order.

The office is at the left of the main entrance to the building, having been constructed in a corner of what formerly was the carriage room of this stable-barn-

dairy structure. There is still quite a large space. In the left corner, opposite the office, is the stairway leading to the upper floor, while in the middle of the right wall are the big doors of the stable. The stable contains four big box stalls where Miss Leary keeps the thoroughbreds she uses in hunting. Horses have been one of her chief interests always, and she has exhibited at countless shows in the past. Polo, also, is a sport at which Miss Leary excels, and five years ago, she was captain of the United States team that defeated the Canadian women in an international series.

Next to the stable is the first pen room. This is 36 feet long. It has a broad passageway about 10 feet wide running down the center. On one side are three double pens, each 12 x 12, while opposite are six single pens, each 5 x 7. Also, on the side with the single pens, is the moderate sized heater that is used only to take the chill off the place. It is not necessary to have the grown dog quarters any warmer than 50 degrees Fahrenheit.



MISS LEARY AND NUMA, THE LIONESS

Lions are not bred at Cosalta, but Miss Leary once had two cubs, of which one is shown here. Numa proved as easy to handle as a dog, and often enjoyed a romp with the shepherds

ALL the pens have solid wooden partitions, five feet high with iron gratings to the ceiling. A sleeping bench on hinges—to allow easy

Dog Breeds of the World

Their Origin, Development, and Uses Throughout the Ages

By FREEMAN LLOYD

Illustrations from the Author's Collection

Number Thirty-one—THE BONNIE TERRIERS OF SCOTLAND

ALTHOUGH the Scotsman never loses his brogue or the burr of his dialect, the Scottish terrier, for a while at least, was dispossessed of his color or mixture of colors. For some reason or another the red or grayish brindle became decadent, and a black Scottie took his place. Today (1933) there is every promise that the brindle will come back in favor, especially among those conservatives in mind, and, mayhap, in practice, who were Scottish terrier breeders during the Victorian period.

There is an old saying among dog enthusiasts that "ginger" or "brindle" denotes pluck. The red of the brindle is perhaps of bulldog-like blood—not exactly the kind of bulldogs that are recognized as superior in the show rings of today; but those bull-baiting, pit-fighting, larger bulldogs, perhaps descended from the smaller mastiff-begotten bulldogs of the bull-rings of Spain and other countries of Europe.

Brindle, likewise, is common among the greyhound and wolf-dog breeds; the brindle in the greyhound having supposedly come from the English bulldog which cross was used for the purpose of putting more eagerness into a disposition to overtake and kill the quarry than it would seem was at that time generally possessed by many of the majority of English greyhounds.

THAT was the evident and practical idea of the famous Lord Offord and Mr. Topham, whose names must ever live in history as the men who introduced the bulldog blood into the greyhound or long-tailed, long-legged, pure-bred dogs used as hare-coursing dogs for centuries of time.

The brindle in the Boston terrier's color denotes his bulldog

or bull-and-terrier ancestries; and, very likely, it is because of the brindle that is the bulldog's, that brindle markings are disliked on white foxterriers. With bulldog marking you may find bulldog jowls or cheeks, and a thick-headed foxterrier dog or bitch is looked upon as an abomination in the sight of the dyed-in-the-wool foxterrier fancier.

BUT we must bear in mind that the Scottish terrier is a self-colored dog; he is not a pied or patched dog; he's wholly brindle or black, sandy or wheaten in color. There are two shades of wheat-color—dark-red and light-red, the latter we seldom see.

Steel or iron-gray is another of the colors described as official; and, per-

haps, a good pepper-and-salt shade will be found as beautiful and as hardy as any other for the color of the jacket of your Scottie or your cairn terrier.

THE black Scotties have arrived from all the parts where good Scotties come from. There have been whisperings among quiet speakers that once upon a time a cross was made between the Scotties and the schipperkes within the gates of a distinguished breeder of both the Scottish and the Belgian dogs. Moreover, the "round-eye" which one hypercritical friend believed he had observed in some of the Scotties of our time, had "come from the schipperke blood;" and it would be easy to imagine that the sloe-black color and coat might have been fathered or mothered by the smart little prick-eared dog which first became prominent as a show dog in England, where the Scottie-schipperke cross was alleged to have been made in the late '80's or early '90's of the last century.

Happily, it was my fortunate opportunity to be able to interview a former superintendent of the kennels in which the Scottie-schipperke cross was said to have taken place. The thoroughly responsible man instantly declared there was not the slightest foundation for what was being noised abroad regarding the black color of the coats of many famous Scottish terriers of the last twenty and more years.

This would be only reasonable to suppose, for if there would be one thing more difficult than another, to breed out from the progeny of a schipperke-Scottie cross, it would be the natural curled tail of the schipperke, an appendage that is foreign to all that is Scotch in the way of dogs!



From a dry point by Marguerite Kirmse

"HOOT MON!"

Here is a fine example of the light-brindle colored Scottish terrier; an old-fashioned shade that was more or less a characteristic of the breed

THE schipperke undoubtedly is a form of the Spitz race of dogs, and in such a curled tail persists. Spitz dogs seem to be prepotent when it comes to stamping the progeny of any other breed with the unmistakable Spitz mark or characteristic that is so noticeable among the street mongrels where Spitz-like dogs are more or less common or allowed at large.

Many years ago it was noticed that nearly all the little dogs that strayed on the Brussels streets and boulevards had curled tails. It was mostly from Belgium that the schipperkes came.

If you care to stroll about the Halifax, Nova Scotia, thoroughfares of the present day, you will notice that every other mutt you meet has a curled tail. Here is sure evidence of the Spitz breed or race that persists. Recognizing that the schipperke breed is an offshoot from the Spitz dog kind, it seems that it would amount to almost rank madness to cross the schipperke on to the Scottish terrier, simply for the sake of producing a black color of coat. It would take more than two, three, or four generations to breed out the twist of Mister Schipperke's tail. So it will be just as well to bury a bogey that in its time must have distressed many people.

And here it may be remarked that during a long experience among dogs, and an intimate acquaintance and close friendliness with the chief breeders of dogs in several parts of the world, I have never met anyone seriously inclined to attempt experimental crosses in breeding dogs.

They might think this, that, or the other outcross of a different breed of dog with their own breed of dog, might result in the production of some other useful or ornamental new kind of dog. But when the time arrives for making the experiment, a man uses his better judgment. He will only breed from pure-bred dogs of the same breed.

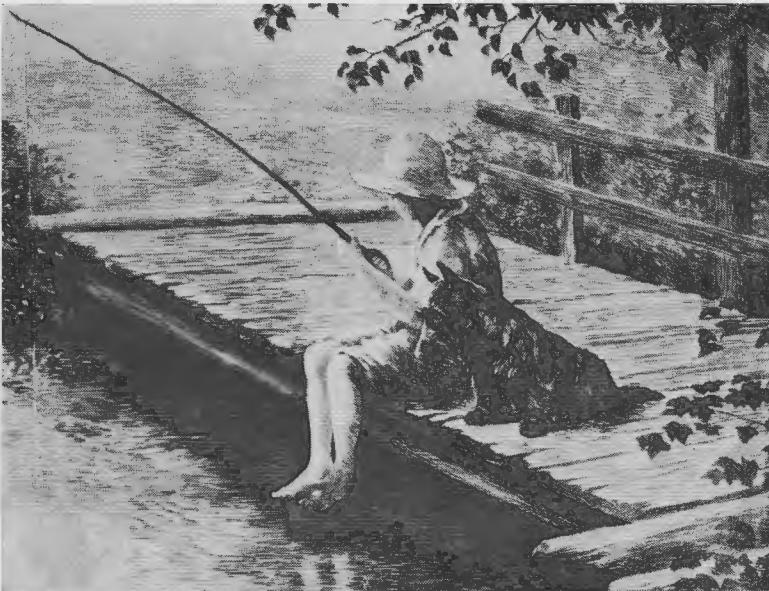
Life is too short and time too valuable and pressing for any man or woman to go mongrelizing. They know it will be better to stick to the rogues we know than to hanker after

the rogues we don't know. In other words, breeders of Scotties could have no use for the Belgian, and the Belgians no use for the Scotties. With the return of the brindle-colored Scottish terriers we must bear in mind there is plenty of room for all colors of what now appears to be among the most popular of all breeds of terriers.

IT has already been advanced that the general picturization of the Scottish terrier for the purposes of illustrated and striking advertising has had much to do with the world-wide distribution of the Scottish terrier. There seems to be no question on that point, although it must be admitted that the Scottie is good and attractive enough to stand on his own little bottom, and fight his own way as a favorite among men, women, and children.

But, as we live we learn, and had it not been for a visit to Miss Marguerite Kirmse's studio the other day, it would have been perhaps difficult to unearth the origin of a new set of children's toys in the forms of Scottish terriers. While all the walls or vacant places in the great dry-point artist's atelier are hidden with various of the gifted lady's pictorial impressions, there was a corner in which reposed several fluffy little toy-dogs, all in the rough so to write. They were models of what could have been described as soft, full-coated Scotties as rough as rough could be.

"What on earth are you doing with



From a dry point by Marguerite Kirmse

"HIM AND ME"

What better as the young angler's four-legged companion than a Scottish terrier of undoubted good-breeding and looks? It is seldom Marguerite Kirmse's graver produces a human figure

those toys? Surely you're not throwing over your living models, and employing dummies?"

Miss Kirmse laughed, "No, no, no. Perhaps I'm wrong; perhaps I'm doing right. But it all seems so funny, and I'll tell you why. Those little dogs have been sent on to me by a firm of toy manufacturers, with the request that I trim one or two of them! In other words, they want me to make bench show Scotties out of their Scotties in the rough!

"As you will notice I've already tried to trim two of them! So now they'll go back, and the next ones that are placed on the market from that factory, will be the

trimmed and up-to-date coated Scotties of the same form as those you may see at any of the leading dog shows in the world.

"I do not consider it unethical for an artist to help along a fashion or cult, if it pleases the public and doesn't harm the dog."

And here it may be remarked that Miss Kirmse maintains a large staff of Scottish terrier and pointer dog models. There are always some 30 to 40 Scotties kenneled and roaming about her domain at Bridgewater, Connecticut, of which about 150 acres are woodlands.

It is a good woodchuck country, a circumstance in which the artist's Scottish terriers rejoice. They have accounted for a death list of 20 of these marmots for each of the last two years. They are brave little dogs and capital hunters—rabbits and ratters—Scotties by name, inclination, and nature.

All the pictures here given are portraits of living dogs—dogs faithfully limned in their owner's homes in country and town. And so it is that I have been well-favored to be in a position to present pictures of several of the terriers of Scotland, just as those terriers have been or are in the flesh, during the second and third decades of the Twentieth Century.

IT certainly seems that all the winds that blow are favorable to the onward, outward sailing of the ship that carries the Scottish terrier. You will

find him in the form of a thousand household and jewelled ornaments for the person. At every turn you will see some style of gadget that takes the form of the Scottie.

As this is being written, there appear copious and highly favorable reviews of Mr. Van Dine's "The Kennel Murder Case," a detective novel that has a Scottish terrier as a heroine. It is all very wonderful and at the same time pleasing. Further, it must be profitable to the hosts of Scottish terrier breeders who are not disdainful of turning an honest penny over their dog-breeding establishments.

No dogs have gained such worldwide publicity, and there can be little reason to anticipate that the great demand for Scotties will fall off. His smartness in appearance, his size and ability to look after himself, has made of him a suitable dog as a pet, or, better still, a worthwhile sporting terrier for the countryside. It is for the latter reason that it will not be advisable to breed the Scottie shorter in the legs than the bench show dog is at this moment (1933); for a clumsy dog ceases to be a *terrier*.

Some of the more notable Scotties of today in America have come from the kennels of the Messrs. Chapman, of Glenboig, near Glasgow, Scotland. And as I write, I am reminded of a visit paid 29 years ago to the late Robert Chapman's home and estate, when his lovely Gordon or black-and-tan colored setters were more the vogue than the same owner's terriers; indeed, "Bobbie" in those days only looked upon his terriers as a side line among his large aggregations of first-class working, field-trial and show Gordons, pointers and spaniels whose registered names bore the prefix "Heather."

THE new house at Glenboig had just been finished and ready for occupation, but as it seemed to the delighted guest, he was happy enough in the old home with its freshly washed blue-flag door steps so neatly decorated with chalk—the ornamentation taking the form of twisted characters that might have been in imitation of the full-blown

rose. It was of a geometrical design that could have only been effected by the tasteful and practiced hand of the female decorator whose warm water, soap, scrubbing brush and lump of crude chalk left the impression that cleanliness was indeed next to godliness.

It must have surprised many that the Chapmans, for two generations of men, have been able to turn out so many of the really first-class Scotties of international championship renown, and also thousands of others that have been in the good, rather than in the indifferent categories or class. But, as before remarked, the terriers have not been the only considerations, and breeds of dogs that have helped to build up the undoubted importance of the worth and stability of the Glenboig establishment.

THE main secret of the Chapman success has been in its ability and practice of putting their young terriers out at walk among the good-hearted and kind-to-dogs cottagers and other inhabitants—mostly the Irish people who are employed in the Glenboig neighborhood. These men and women are glad to keep a dog for the man who pays handsomely for the accommodation and care of his well-bred and good-looking animals. And so it may be written that every working or unemployed man around Glenboig, has a pure-bred dog running about his home—a dog that erstwhile, is a member of his family.

Where other than in the little Scottish town could there be seen—as was

the case at the time of my visit—a horse-drawn kennel cart, "filled with dogs" being driven around the streets, while the man in charge cried aloud: "Any dogs, today? Any dogs, today?"

AND so it was that this strange street cry brought the cottagers' wives to their doors. For was it not a means towards their better livelihoods, the payings of their rents, their loaves and their meats, and, may be, their cakes and their ales!

Dog-walking was an industry from which an added income might mean more butter on the crusts of those indigent mothers and fathers of large and oft ill-kempt families. But, as in other industries, there must needs occur an inclination to be dissatisfied. Robert Chapman's remunerations for dog-walking could be more liberal; besides, it was said that he could have been more generous in his contributions to the church of which the very great majority of his dog keepers were devoted members.

So a strike was called, a strike of dog-walkers—the only organized strike of its kind that ever happened so far as the writer is aware.

"Any dogs today?"

Yes, plenty! A hundred or more were returned to the Chapman home. There were dogs here, there and everywhere, and the freshly washed and chalk-decorated flags and door-steps were soiled and spoiled as never before!

It need not be added that the brave little dog owner capitulated. The cottagers' dog-walking fees were increased, and Mr. Chapman became one of the largest contributors to the funds of the sanctuary, it was said. So it was that dog-walking became more than ever popular among the poor people of Glenboig. So it was that on every Monday morning and for years and years could be heard the ringing and welcomed street cry:

"Any dogs today?
Any dogs today?"

James Watson, writing in *The Dog Book*, Vol. II, published in 1906, by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York, states that up to a certain



From a dry point by Marguerite Kirmse

"SAFETY FIRST"

Two particularly engaging studies of good-headed, short-bodied, hard-haired Scottish terriers of a nice size as sporting terriers.
Note the excellent heads, ears, and coats

period, the Scottish terrier cult had not been a bed of roses but rather on the order of the national "flower" of its own country:

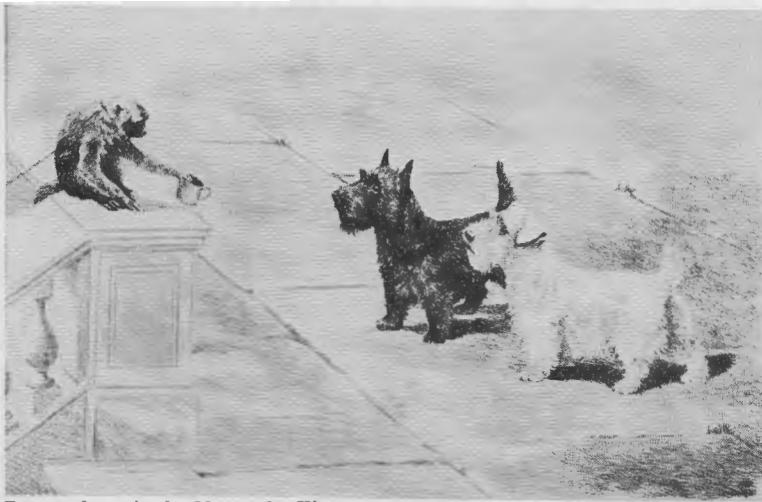
IT was taken up with a vim by Mr. Brooks and Mr. Ames of Boston, and one or two others some years ago, but there was no getting the public to take to it. It did not attract, hence there was no popularity and we can recall the time when Mr. Brooks could not even give some of his young stock away. After that the ebb tide had ran out so far that it looked as if it would never turn to flood again, but along came a Westerner with a reserve stock of enthusiasm, and back came the Scottie with a rush that carried it to a well-earned high-water mark. A club was established, and the breed put on a substantial foundation, thanks to the energy of Dr. C. Fayette Ewing of St. Louis."

The above was written about 30 years ago and Dr. Ewing still remains the head, left, and centre of the Scottish terrier world of all the Americas!

To go back to the beginning of the Scottie in America, Mr. Watson records "the importations of John H. Naylor of Chicago, the pioneer exhibitor of the breed, who was showing Tam Glen and Bonnie Belle in 1883. His next importation was Heather, and at New York in 1884 Heather beat Tam Glen in the class for rough-haired terriers. This brace did good service for Mr. Naylor, but, of course, they were not quite up to modern show form (1905), though good little dogs and typical.

"From a class for rough-haired terriers, the New York classification advanced to Scotch and hard-haired terriers, and in that class, as late as 1886, Prescott Lawrence showed two Airedales, the only entries. In 1888, a class for Scotch failed to secure an entry. In 1890, three entries were made, 'Scotch' Bailey showing the winner in Meadowthorpe Donald, with Mr. Naylor's latest importation, Rosie, in second place.

"So far the fancy had dragged along, but now the Toon and Symonds combination took up the importation of terriers, and Kilstor was shown by



From a dry point by Marguerite Kirmse

"THE OPTIMIST"

The Simian should have known better! Scotties and Sealyham terriers are disposed to give more kicks than ha'pence. A rare example of present-day types of these two popular breeds

them in 1891, taking first at New York and five other shows.

FOR 1892 the same firm had Scotch Hot for first at New York, defeating Kilstor, next to whom came Glenelg, shown by T. H. Garlick of Philadelphia, who still keeps in touch with the breed and frequently officiates in the distribution of awards, though he is more of a wire-haired terrier man now.

"With 1892 came the boom in the breed, and the Wankie Kennels, which was the exhibiting name of Messrs. Brooks and Ames, began a most successful career. In the kennel were such good dogs as Kilroy, Kilcree, Culbleau, and others, and at New York, in 1893, all three first prizes went to Wankie Kennels, the classification being a mixed challenge class and two open classes.

"Toon and Symonds there got Tiree and Rhuduman, and it was not long before the Wankie Kennels concluded to purchase the pair. . . . The year 1895 at New York marked a high record for the breed, when no fewer than 39 Scotch terriers were shown. . . . Sixteen were from the Brooks-Ames Kennel and seven from the Newcastle Kennels of J. L. Little, and these exhibitors took 15 out of the 19 prizes awarded, Mr. Little's modest share being a first and a third in open dogs, his first prize winner being Bellingham Bailiff, quite a good dog in his day.

"The natural result followed this one-sided distribution of the prize money, and three years later we find the entry reduced to nine dogs and

bitches. Mr. Brooks had retired by this time, but Mr. Ames took all three firsts that were awarded, that in the novice class being withheld, in which he, however, took second and third. . . . This was Mr. Ames's last entry at New York.

"In 1899, Dr. Ewing made his first exhibit at New York, sending on entries of Loyne Ginger and Romany Ringlet, both English winners, although Loyne Ginger was then decidedly past his prime.

"The following year saw the importation of two very good terriers which found their way to the Newcastle Kennels; Newcastle Model and Newcastle Rosie, both of which won first prizes at New York and did well elsewhere.

"Dr. Ewing in a most energetic manner took hold of the formation of a club to look after the interests of the breed, and what can be done by concentrated effort was well shown by the entry at New York in 1901, when 31 dogs were entered, duplicates raising the entry to about 50. Dr. Ewing won high honors with a puppy of his own breeding, Nosegay Sweet William, the prefix being his adopted kennel name.

"Another prominent winner on this occasion was Mrs. Brazier, who now shows as the Craigdarrock Kennels, and has ever since that year played a leading part as the prominent exhibitor of the breed. Other exhibitors during the past few years have been Mrs. George S. Thomas, the Brandywine Kennels, A. J. Maskrey, the Sandown Kennels of Mrs. E. S. Woodward, Mrs. George Hunter and Mrs. H. T. Foote, mother of Mrs. Vernon Castle, while there are quite a number of exhibitors who have but one or two dogs that they enter in many shows in the East.

THE result is that the Scottish terrier is vastly more popular than many imagine, and at New York, this year, the 1895 individual entry of 39 was beaten by two, while the total entry with duplicates was 40 dogs and 21 bitches."

Had the author, James Watson, himself a Scotsman, lived on to this day—his widow passed away during Decem-

ber, 1932—he would have rejoiced to look upon and write about, not only the numerous entries of really first-class Scottish terriers in our show rings, but the hundreds, nay thousands of Scotties to be seen every day on the streets, squares, boulevards and parks of Manhattan.

And the same remark may apply to the bevies of Scotties that are to be observed in every city and town where there exists the exemplary avocation or fancy for pure-bred, good-looking and useful terriers. Scotties have come to stay; they have gained their high places because of their merits not only as smart-appearing animals, but as sensible dogs—not, as a body, given to ill temperaments. Moreover, they are dependable as indoor watch dogs.

At the New York show, 1932, there were 120 Scottish terriers, while, as already noted, 62 of the same breed were benched at the Westminster Kennel Club's event in 1895. Thus has the entry doubled itself, and, what is more, there can be no reason to doubt that the Scottish terriers will increase three or four fold within the next decade.

Among the exhibitors of Scotties at New York in 1932 were George McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford C. Cowlin, Catterthun Kennels, Malcolm Clark, C. R. Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lynch, Tobermory Kennels, Mrs. Henry G. Stevenson, Mrs. Charles MacDougal, Burlingham Kennels, Frank Spiekerman, Nosegay Kennels, S. S. Van Dine, Robert McKinven, Mine Brook Kennels, Thomas MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Schreiber, Fairwold Kennels, R. A. Fulton, Hillwood Kennels, Lily McCashin, Medor Kennels, Henry T. Fleitmann, Mrs. J. C. Kimball, Mrs. Henry A. Alker, H. E. and W. Batt, Arthur Ellison, Edward F. Maloney, Mrs. Henry G. Stevenson, Karl B. Smith, H. Alvin McAleenan, Mrs. James W. Alker, Mrs. John D. Williams, Mrs. Mary Ray Winters, Miss Claudia L. Phelps, C. R. Jackson, Hawik Kennels, Arthur P. Nuchan, Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Reed.

STANLEY STONE,
R. H. Wasson,
Scotsward Kennels, Mrs.

Clarice F. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bertrand, Silas Andrews, Monagh Lee Kennels, George W. Perry, Mrs. Albert Francke, Jr., Thomas Burgess, Diehard Kennels, Dr. Isabel Knowlton, Adelaide G. Stern, Alice Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Heinlein, R. A. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Emory, Tilwall Kennels, Greatheart Kennels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mehrer, Miss E. Mellon, Mrs. Clinton MacDougall, and Mrs. Dorothea Luscombe.

Here, indeed, was grand array of exhibitors—men and women supremely interested in the Scottish terrier breed. As there are in New York at least 500 Scotties to each one entered at a Madison Square Garden show, it will be easy to make your own calculation as to the number of Scottish terrier mouths that have to be fed, every day, in Gotham alone.

THAT some such a terrier as the West Highland white terrier was (and perhaps is) used as an earth-going hunt-terrier, may be attested from the undeniable pictorial evidence as presented in Frederick Whiting's oil painting entitled *The Old Runner*. This picture was among the splendid collection of sporting tapestries, paintings, prints, etc., etc., amassed by the late John McEntee Bowman, M.F.H., of Stone Hedge Manor, Portchester, New York. Rarely if ever, has such a wealth of sporting objects of art, been offered at public auction in America. As was generally known, the late sportsman was a prodigal purchaser of the best of everything that had to do with hunters, coach-

ing, hounds, game cocks, and all those diversions connected with the chase and the road.

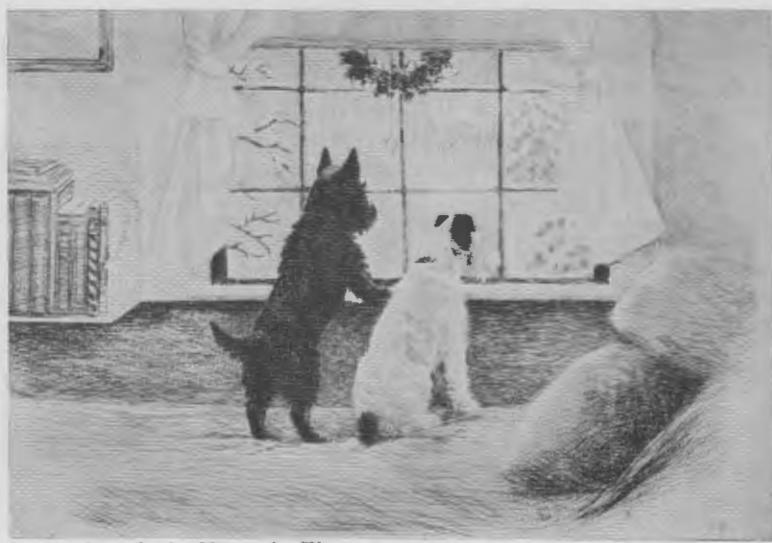
NATURALLY, there was a large attendance in the main dining-room of the Biltmore Hotel on January 19, 20 and 21, when the Jack Bowman treasures came under the Silo hammer. As from time to time I had sold foxhunting pictures to Mr. Bowman, it was to feel as one would be likely to sense when a dispersal of one's treasures go under the perhaps unsympathetic gavel of the auctioneer, sold and distributed to the four winds of heaven.

But seemingly the Jack Bowman sentiments did not run much in the way of terrier subjects save in the instance of the aforesaid Whiting painting: *The Old Runner*. In that single canvas there exists a sort of text for quite a sermon. It stood out as boldly because of the forms of the ears on the terrier carried under each arm of the old terrier-man, who led and ran with those terriers to be employed to go to ground to a fox after the latter had been put to earth.

And here let it be written that those terriers had the indelible stamp of blood and breed in their appearance; they were alike as two peas, and favored long-headed Highland terriers more than foxterriers of the rough-coated sort. It is sometimes hard to carry in the head every particular regarding a painting so, perhaps, it will be well to consult the hurried note made in the sale's catalogue:

"638: A veteran in a red coat and wearing a black velvet hunting cap of the fore-and-aft peaked or deer-stalker shape: their ears are pricked and acutely pointed at the tips: they are short, clean-legged and possess rough and apparently hard coats. The terrier under the left arm has a black mark on the near (left) eye. Undoubtedly, these terriers were of a West Highlander type, although they were longer in the skull and muzzle than the show specimens of the same breed of the present time."

Perhaps some reader will be able to give the history of this painting.



From a dry point by Marguerite Kirmse

"TRAIN TIME!"

From a sketch made at the artist's country home near Bridgewater, Connecticut. The Scottie and wire-haired foxterrier await their master's return. A popular print that tells its own story

now an American champion. After perhaps the most thorough examination ever given the champions of our breed, a going over from tip to toe, the best of breed award went to Tiger Boy of Norka.

Strange as it may seem, it was neither a Westminster nor a specialty which brought out the greatest number of champions, and champions to be, ever benched for our breed in this country. It was the Eastern Kennel Club show, at Boston, in 1928, when Mr. Smirnow passed upon six champions; Yukon Mit, Donerna's Barin, Donerna's Ilinishna, Lash's Alexy, Kritelka, and Nanook; and five champions to be: Stara of Farningham, Jascha, Kurenka, Bakou, and Lash's Lyoff. Laika Narrifas was also benched, and I think also made the grade. But I am not entirely sure as to this, for this dog was shortly thereafter retired from the show ring.

News from California of much interest to those of us who want to see the Samoyede in the hands of those who can bring the most beautiful of all breeds to the public eye is the sale, by Mrs. McDowell, of one of her most excellent puppies, by Snow Frost of the Arctic (imported) ex Patricia Obi, a daughter of Ch. Tobolsk, to the family of Miss Marion Davies, known to every movie fan. Look for Stara Lizanka in your favorite movie house. Pictures will be seen here, there, and everywhere, and the puppy bids fair to become as well known as Rin-Tin-Tin. Miss Ethel Davies, purchaser of Stara, plans to show the puppy, and to use her for breeding in time. The Davies' puppy will introduce the breed in a circle known for its admiration of beauty and love of the exotic. And if there is anything in dogdom more beautiful than a Samoyede puppy or a full grown heavily coated Samoyede, I have yet to see it. And so have you.—MRS. CHARLES H. QUEREAUX, 114-27 179th Street, St. Albans, Long Island.

Airedales

SHELDON M. STEWART and Theodore Offerman were hosts to members of the Airedale Terrier Club of America



and their wives, as well as some other prominent personages in the canine world, at a most delightful luncheon in the pleasant environment of the Restaurant Crillon recently. Their hospitality was greatly appreciated by all guests who found old and made new congenial contacts while relishing the good food with appetites sharpened by the return of winter weather.

The annual meeting of the club was held, as announced, at the Hotel Lexington. All members will be pleased with our success in inducing Sheldon M. Stewart to retain the presidency another year and in convincing Theodore Offerman to carry on his

Ada F. Coombes, Charles Thomas, Harold M. Florsheim and Clement M. Burnhome, William L. Barclay remains as delegate to the American Kennel Club. C. A. Gardner, secretary. Several new members were welcomed and some former members have returned to the fold. All members should realize the necessity of securing all new Airedale enthusiasts as members. The advantages to the club and the new members are obvious.

All members are gratified to hear that the old "Chestnut Hill" group is to be revived. Russell H. Johnson has imported Wrose Rapture, which whelped a litter by W. Protector a day or so after arriving. Mr. Sims, who carried past duties of secretary to the club, has secured a dog from G. L. L. Davis, our past president and this year's judge at Westminster.

G. L. L. Davis passed on a similar entry of the breed at the Westminster Kennel Club show. Over 2,300 dogs of all breeds were benched at the Garden. Forty Airedales appeared in the various classes, which makes this and the specialty six-point shows.

Warland Protector of Shelterock and Covert Dazzle repeated their victories of the specialty show. Covert Dazzle was beaten by Warland Protector for best of winners, and the latter was preferred to Ch. Walnut Challenger and Ch. Walnut Barmaid of Harham for best of breed.

Reserve winners dogs was given to the Canadian entry, Rockley Duplicate, by Ch. Clee Courtier-Devencote Princess. His coat is not his fortune, but he moves with terrier snap. Eng. Ch. Warland Prefect, a half-brother of Warland Protector, with many triumphs in English championship shows, got third in the Open. Eggin and Coleman's Stockfield Jupiter, the reserve winners dogs at the specialty, had to be content with reserve in the open class. Many an old timer spoke in high terms of S. Jupiter and wished they owned such a one. F. L. Coleman handled him as he did the winning puppy and that great bitch, Ch. Walnut Fashion Plate, at last year's show. He also showed a very nice dog called Kay Don of Aire Valley, a litter brother to the puppy winner of the previous year. The latter, I hear, made many wins after being added to the important Harham string, and has lately been sold for export to China. That is where he will have the opportunity to show his qualifications as a guard. Mr. Coleman has long experience with dogs, which is proved by a fair tolerance and a nice sense of balance in the appreciation of values which goes with knowledge.

Bonnie Girl of the Edge made Covert Dazzle step in the Open bitches. Frederick M. Hoe's recently imported entry was placed second and reserve winners, bitches. Third in the open and first in the limit went to Quality Peggy by Junemore Bonnie Boy-ex Walnut Flora, and therefore a litter sister of Bonnie Girl of the Edge. She is a

coat. Owned by Sid Perkins, Canada.

Warland Protector of Shelterock continued his all-conquering career in the other hemisphere by being made best in the terrier group under one of our best all-rounders in Alf Delmont and climbed again to supreme heights of best of all breeds in the Westminster Kennel Club show after having been judged by Mrs. Geraldine Dodge, whose abilities and experience cause expressions of esteem by leaders in the dog show world.

Warland Protector of Shelterock was adjudged the best of all breeds in the show at Newark February 16, under Leon Irriberry, of Brooklyn—known for years by his Brentwood prefix and long experience as judge and exhibitor-breeder.

The secretary of the Worcester County Kennel Club show, April 8, requests attention being directed to this coming event. The judge for Airedales was not mentioned.

Alfred Lepine will pass on Airedales at Western Reserve Kennel Club at Cleveland, March 11 and 12, when \$50 in specials for Airedale terriers will be awarded. All exhibitors should make an extra effort to make this show as the judge knows Airedales from long association.

I regret time does not permit mentioning all winners of earlier classes at the Garden.—C. A. GARDINER, Secretary, 22 Harding Drive, Rye, New York.

Scottish Terriers

FEBRUARY once more, and the settings of our two big shows were so like 1932 that it seemed it was but continued from the



day before. Not so the dogs, however, for they are grander each year in quality and quantity. My guess is that more Scotties were entered at this year's Westminster show than ever before at any other show in the world. One hundred and thirty dogs in 167 entries is that record. It shows the popularity both of the breed and of the judge. Furthermore, for the first time in the history of the Westminster Kennel Club, Scottish terriers had the largest number entered of any breed. All day long, from 10:30 A.M. until after 7 P.M. when the last ribbon was handed out, the ringside was jammed with eager and enthusiastic onlookers, and while the judge was at work, you could hear the proverbial pin drop, so intense was the interest.

To Caswell Barrie, who judged, must be given much credit for having brought the entries to such great proportions, and it once more proves that knowledge and integrity cause exhibitors to flock under such a judge. No less need be said of George S. Thomas, who went over them at the specialty show on Saturday, February 11.

With a Sunday intervening between the two shows, it was not unreasonable to pre-

sume that, due to the extra cost of the one-day lay-over, some exhibitors would pass up the specialty. No day intervened last year. But, on the contrary, entries came in splendidly, there being but four less at the specialty than last year.

George Thomas had a grand lot to go over, and did so with the thoroughness and confidence that only an old-timer such as he could exhibit. As the awards made at all shows appear in other columns of the *GAZETTE*, it will serve no purpose to give them here in detail. Yet certain placings at both shows will not be amiss.

Quite the sensation of both shows was the beautiful puppy bred and owned by Miss Eleanor Mellon of Morristown, New Jersey, and put down so well by Jock McOwan of the Mine Brook Kennels. This puppy, Black Douglas by name, not quite a year old, was winners dogs at both shows, beating many imported dogs, and at the specialty show, won both the stud dog and the brood bitch stakes. He was sired by Albourne Wattadorg of Mine Brook and is out of Ch. Mine Brook Jessica. It is interesting to note that Jessica, as a puppy, the first time shown, I believe, was reserve winners at Cornwall; and the week after, she took five points as winners bitch at Englewood, under Dr. Ewing. Thereafter, she met no defeats. Black Douglas is a low, heavy-boned, black of good substance, and moves excellently. He has a long head, with a well-filled muzzle and a good eye. He is a well-balanced terrier, which is already on his way to fame and fortune.

What appeared to me from the ringside to be another outstanding Scottie among many outstanding Scotties was the winners bitch, Heather Sunshine, owned and shown by Mrs. Marie Stone. Sunshine was sired on the other side by Ch. Heather Reveller of Sporran, and when father and daughter paraded in the competition for best of breed, they really made a beautiful brace, so much alike in type are they.

In the past year, so much has been written about Mr. Van Dine's Heather Reveller of Sporran that there seems little to be added. Yet by his last three wins, his start in 1933 is gladly recorded. Under Prentice Talmage, at Baltimore, he handily won best Scottish terrier, and then the terrier group, and under Dr. Samuel Milbank, carried away the best in show award. At the specialty show, he easily won best of breed; and at Westminster, for the second year in succession, he won the same award. Here, in the terrier group, he was placed second to the great Airedale which eventually went best in show. This is an outstanding record and, in addition, unless I have misread the awards in other terrier breeds, Reveller is the only terrier to repeat the best of breed award this year from among those winning it last year. Congratulations to Mr. Van Dine and to Mr. Prentice who had Reveller in such wonderful condition.

Rookery Romance, owned by Mrs. T. W. Durant's Hillwood Kennels, fared better at

the Garden, and took winners bitch and best of winners. This, I think, finishes her championship which she well deserves. She is a beautiful little terrier in splendid condition and asks for it all the time.

At the specialty, Heather Masterstroke, owned by Ellenbert Kennels, was reserve winners dog; and Rookery Romance, reserve winners bitch. At the Garden, these ribbons went to Sandhey's Steady Lad, owned by Mrs. Marie Stone, in dogs; and Black Silk of Hitofa, from Frank Spiekerman's kennels, in bitches.

As to the class winners in both shows, so many good ones appeared that reversals in order were merely a matter of opinion for any one of the placements. However, two winners carried their classes in both shows. Here's Hoping of Hillwood won puppy, novice, and American-bred bitch classes at each, besides being placed second in both sweepstakes. Mrs. Durant surely had a field day at these shows. Kenneth MacBain, with Cabrach Cabar, showed a very nice young dog, which was second novice dogs and first American-bred at the specialty; and took first in both classes at the Garden. Many went uncarded who could well have been in the ribbons, and the size of the classes and the calibre of the entries gave both judges a hard day's work. All told, these were two wonderful days and gave Scottie thrills that come but once a year.

The sweepstakes events were a decided success, and will be repeated in February, 1934. There were 23 stud dogs nominated and 38 brood bitches named. In the classes, the stud dog stakes had an entry of 41 and the brood bitch stakes ten. The winners and the cash prizes in the stud dog stakes and brood bitch stakes follow:

STUD DOG STAKES

Place and Name	Sire	Amount
1 Black Douglas	Albourne Wattadorg of Mine Brook	\$70.72
2 Here's Hoping of Hillwood	Wilfield Necessity	35.36
3 Willhope of Hill- wood	Wilfield Necessity	21.22
4 Haldon Carol	Haldon Julius	14.14

BROOD BITCH STAKES

Place and Name	Dam	Amount
1 Black Douglas	Mine Brook Jessica	\$74.80
2 Here's Hoping of Hillwood	Merlewood Hopeful	37.40
3 Willhope of Hill- wood	Merlewood Hopeful	22.44
4 Sylvia of Hill- wood	Flornell Shela	14.96

The Scottish Terrier Club of America has put out a new 64-page *Breed Pamphlet* very attractive in appearance, and containing a wealth of information of value to novice and expert alike. It is printed on a good quality paper, and is well bound in a cover truly Scotch. Besides a number of interesting and instructive articles by well-known authorities on type, feeding, breeding, showing, etc., it contains photographs of a number of recent American champions, as well as over 13 pages of advertisements of prominent kennels. Quite a number of breeders have taken a quantity for free distribution to purchasers of puppies, as it is a valuable aid in their

upbringing. Copies may be had from the club's secretary at the following prices:

Single copies, 20c; in lots of 10, 16c each; in lots of 25, 15c each; in lots of 50, 12c each; in lots of 100, 10c each.

Due to the popularity of the breed, a wide distribution of these pamphlets is looked for and desired.

Show circuits for the year are well under way. During March, most of them are in the Mid-West in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Missouri; but April brings them back East again, starting off with Worcester, Massachusetts, on April 8. This is always a nice show, bringing together the New England enthusiasts, and drawing a good entry from other sections of the East. It is to be hoped that Scottie exhibitors will give this up-and-coming club a boost with entries, and will keep their breed among the first in all the spring circuit.

Some people love dogs because they must have something upon which to bestow their surplus affection; some people love dogs because they are their favorite animal; some people love dogs because, to them, dogs are people, and people are human beings, and they have a love for humans and are not altogether selfish; some people have such a love for anything alive that they have no semblance of selfishness and succor anything that needs human help. The following clipping, with a Springfield, Massachusetts, date line, tells more the story of a man endowed with "the milk of human kindness" than the story of a Scottish terrier, yet because it has to do with a Scottie, the story has a place in this column.

"To rescue a dog that was trapped in the icy water of Watershop Pond, surrounded by a large floe of ice and in danger of drowning, Joseph McCaskill, professor of psychology at Springfield College, this morning donned a bathing suit, and by breaking a path through a sheet of ice, swam out and rescued the dog.

"In the meantime, however, some excited witness of the unusual occurrence got a wrong impression, and wildly telephoned to the police that a man was drowned in the pond. The police ambulance, with the department motor-boat in tow, responded to the call.

"When they arrived at the pond, they saw nothing but the lane in the ice that marked the path of the dog rescuer. But before they had proceeded far in unshipping the boat and grappling material, they were told that the supposed drowning was only another 'false alarm.'

"The rescued dog was a Scottish terrier named Sandy, and is owned by G. T. Durbin of 15 Northumberland Street, this city. After being wrapped in a warm blanket and dried out, he appeared to have suffered nothing from his cold immersion. It is probable that Sandy had jumped on the ice floe from some point where it was close to the shore, and had slipped into the space of open water.

"Professor McCaskill was reluctant to have his act exploited as a bit of heroism, claiming that it was nothing at all and that

he at no time was in danger. He said that his attention was attracted by the plight of the dog, and that after watching the struggles of the little animal in its attempt to climb out on to the ice, he decided that the dog would inevitably be drowned.

"Getting his bathing togs out of the cedar chest, he did not hesitate to plunge into the icy water. There was an open stretch of water along the shore and then a wide field of thin ice to be broken before he could reach the dog. Returning to his home and getting a brisk rub-down, he said he felt no effect other than the exhilaration of a good bath as the result of his brave act.

"Somebody must have thought that the dog was rescuing me," he said in explanation of the emergency call that brought the police and their rescuing equipment."

I have lately had two interesting and beautiful additions to my Scottie photographic gallery. Frank Spiekerman has sent me a photograph of a very excellent oil painting of Heather Essential, by Maude Earle; and James Chapman has sent me an enlarged head study of his Ch. Heather Ambition. The latter appears to be a wonderfully proportioned head, and I understand the whole dog is equally good, bidding fair to be a worthy successor to his famous sire, Heather Necessity. — H. W. WIGGIN, 920 North Fourth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Bullterriers

NO time ever to write anything for this number of the GAZETTE but impressions. Such impressions, impressions that



only Westminster and the specialty show can give. This year, my mind is racing, teeming with memories of other years, other dogs, but over it all the impression that this year is an omen. An omen of come-backs. Certainly, never has there been, never can there be a year that brings such come-backs. What a wonderful thing for any of us, that have been taking life on the chin, to feel that if the dogs of yesteryear can come back and beat a field of younger, fresher dogs, that we, too, can come back and beat our competitors in every field in the world.

The specialty show—the pleasure at the gratifying entry, the satisfaction of knowing that everyone wanted to help and that everyone did. The painstaking and by far the most efficient ring-stewarding that I have ever seen by John Britton and Mrs. Mabee. The precision with which the classes were run off. The conscientious judging of Mr. Meyer. His fairness to all the exhibitors. The pleasure of seeing Mrs. Meyer. Her interest in the dogs and the judging. Her cheery manner and her courtesy to us all.

The joy of meeting and knowing Willard Bitzer. The skilful way he handled his dogs. His kindness in showing dogs for everybody. His untiring patience with every dog he showed, whether his dog or not. His joy in

winning best puppy, and also the futurity. Such a nice puppy, so well put down, in such perfect condition, and such a sound one. All the sons and daughters of Comfey. All such good ones.

The almost perfect head of Dr. and Mrs. Hall's Clinton Clipper. The thought that he could win, the pleasure when he finally moved up the line. The sweet little bitch puppy that Herbert Stewart showed. So shy, and so dear. The thrill we got out of the patience Herbert Stewart showed in handling her. Our hope that she would gain confidence. Herb's tenderness with her, and his sportsmanship with her. The pleasure of seeing Rogue's Riot from Chicago. Our disappointment in his ring manners, and our sympathy with his handler who tried so hard to make him behave. The pride of Henry Atwood when Whitecote Perfect Lady went best of breed and completed her championship. Our thrill to the imported dogs. The wonder is Boomerang and the 35 pounds of real bullterrier that is Boakra.

The improvement in Comfey. The power of his quarters, and the development of his second thigh. The improvement in Whackit, the power of him. The beauty of Gladiator's Avalanche. The display of the paintings. The three oils on a chair in the ring. Two of them to Whitecote Perfect Lady. One for best, and one for best bred, owned, and shown by a member. The third to Jim. Best in the special American-bred class.

Mr. Cooke's pleasure in going winners dogs with his Cannonade. Mrs. Doyle's pleasure—she bred him. The soundness and type of the two light-weight bitches, Sharples Stormer and Bloomsbury Alex. The finish and assurance of the bitch puppy, Briganteer, the smoothness of the bitch puppy, Corona.

The thrill of seeing Coolridge Misty Morn again. Same lovely head, but lacking the body quality of last year. The return of Haymarket Monty, winners dogs at the Garden in 1931. Such a big dog. Winners dog, winners bitch and reserve winners dog all the same type.

The sympathy for Mr. Elliott. Showing Haymarket Hopeful, which was only able to walk on three legs, due to an injury of the foot. Hopeful limping through all his classes. A big handicap at such big shows. The nice head and strong body of Colonel McFarland's Franklin Publican. Best of breed to the home-bred, Perfect Lady, which was best puppy and winners bitch at the 1932 show. A great come-back and a great win. The joy of Henry Atwood will be a life-long memory.

Westminster! What a show! Win or lose, no show can ever hold the thrill that is Westminster. The very air of the place is impregnated with suspense, hope and fear. No matter what happens, we all take what we get, and like it. We all come back the next year to take it again. Surely, this year, will prove that no one ever knows his or her luck.

Imagine the thrill for Professor Haring. Winners dogs to his Ch. Newcoin Invasion.

Born in August, 1926. Reserve to John Creighton's Domineer. Third in open dogs to Professor Haring's Ch. Newcoin Regret; and second in open bitches to his Ch. Newcoin Creation. What a triumph for the Newcoin prefix, when the added honor for best of breed went to Mr. Stewart's Ch. Buccaneer. Bucky—so long a favorite—best of breed at the Garden in 1928, 1929, best of opposite sex in 1930, and now to come-back at the age of six and half years, to defeat all comers. Truly a remarkable tribute to Newcoin, as Bucky is the son of Regret.

The judge, Howard West, changed his type in bitches, winners going to the exquisite puppy, Brendon Blue Stocking, with reserve to Gladiator's Avalanche. Best of winners to the puppy bitch.

The Bullterrier Club of New York gave a most successful dinner on the Sunday evening between the specialty show and the Garden. It was a truly delightful affair, and the club and the committee in charge of the dinner are to be heartily congratulated. Lieutenant Bowen, the chairman, must have worked long and diligently to have promoted this dinner. Among the guest speakers were Enno Meyer, Charles J. Hopton, Rev. F. J. Heaney and our own T. Dickson Smith. The president of the Bullterrier Club of New York, Professor Alexander Haring, made a charming toastmaster. About 70 fanciers were present, and the general consensus of opinion was that it was the nicest thing of its kind we have ever had. We are all hoping that the New York Club will make it one of its regular features during Westminster week.

Louis B. McCarthy of Sedgemoor fame, has added two importations to his kennels. He has brought over the bitch bred by Mrs. Gibson of Quendon, Essex, known as Cim-moron. This bitch is due to whelp March 11 to Rickling Wise Pluto. She is a daughter of Regent Pluto out of a bitch called Judy Judington, whose sire was Ch. Krishna Cotton. Pluto's sire is the Ch. Cylva General out of Ch. Trafalgar Winalot. Ricklingwise Pluto is a grandson of Howsden Baillfire and his dam is Shelford Smiles.

Mr. McCarthy has also brought out a puppy dog known as Sedgemoor Stranger. Stranger is the first get of Ch. Black Coffee to be seen in this country. Black Coffee, as you know, is the grandson of our well-known Ch. Shure Thing. The dam of Stranger is a bitch known as Bricktops Letty Lynton, which is by the Shiek of Chartham out of Gold Digger. I have not seen the puppy, but I have seen the bitch. She is the kind I like, and she pleases me mightily.

May I take this opportunity to thank all of you who helped to make these two shows a success. It was through your efforts and due to your support that we were able to attain the enviable position of being in third place in point of entries among the terriers, and seventh place all breeds at Westminster. Truly, a year of come-backs in more ways than one.—MRS. DRURY L. SHERATON, Queen Anne Corner, Hingham, Massachusetts.

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Libertyville, Ill.

LAST CALL FOR ENTRIES

17th Annual A. K. C. Dog Show

Providence County Kennel Club

State Armory

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

SATURDAY, MARCH 18

Dogs, Judges, Prizes—All of the Best

T. E. L. KEMP, Supt.

Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Crovanspring, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. McCroden. William E. Chetwin judged bulldogs. It was a recent importation, Pierrot of Hartlebury, owned by Mrs. Richard S. Quigley, that was put up as best Pekingese by Mrs. F. Y. Mathis.

Dr. Carleton Y. Ford set the ribbons among the Pomeranians and gave best to Mrs. Vincent Matta's charming little lady, Ch. Little Lady Valentine. Best of the Bedlington terriers, judged by Mr. Delmont, was the dog, Knowlton Jeremiah, owned by Mrs. Emanuel Gerli. It was a litter brother of Ch. Higgins' Red Pat, that most famous of all modern Irish setters. Ch. Higgins' Red Coat, owned by C. F. Neilson, that was placed best of breed by Dr. Thomas D. Buck. The Welsh terriers were judged by Mr. Harriman, and he put at the top that splendid imported bitch, Galem Kola of Scotsward, owned by Mrs. Charles B. Ward.

Ch. Ray of Rushmoor, the noted sire owned by Mrs. John G. Winant, went best of the West Highland white terriers by comfortable margin under the judging of Mr. Delmont. The Great Danes were judged by C. H. Mantler, who found as best the handsome dog, Ch. Gunar v. Hollergarten of Walnut Hall, owned by Harkness Edwards. The still busy Mr. Meyer next made the awards in St. Bernards and chose as his best the smooth-coated bitch, Hercuveen Gloria, owned by Mrs. Gertrude Davies Lintz. So endeth the first day.

Dr. Ford turned in a couple of more breeds to start the second day. In poodles he sent to the top Ch. Whippendell Poli of Carillon, a dog owned by the Carillon Kennels, and in schipperkes he gave best to a bitch, Ch. Miquette of Kelso, owned by Edward K. Aldrich, Jr. Among the smooth foxterriers, judged by Mr. Spring, best went to the bitch Ch. Warren Symbol, owned by Hugo Rutherford. It was the excellent dog, Kilsyth Broker, owned by Gerald M. Livingston, that was placed as best basset hound by George Sloane. Schnauzers also were judged by Mr. Sloane and he found as best standard Ch. Halowell Fritz, a dog owned by Mrs. H. L. Woehling, and as best miniature Ch. Urian Thuringia, a dog owned by the Mardale Kennels. The Irish water spaniel, Ichaway Walt, owned by R. W. Woodruff, was judged best by Mr. Willets.

Dr. Ford made the awards in Shetland sheepdogs, giving best to the bitch, Helendale Sapphire, owned by William W. Gallagher. Best of the collies, judged by Mr. Meyer, was the dog, El Troubadour of Arken, owned by Charles A. Wernsman. The good bitch, Ch. Patience of Otford o' Tapscot, owned by the Tapscot Kennels, was placed best cairn terrier by W. Edgar Baker, Jr. In Sealyham terriers, judged by Mr. Harriman, best of breed went to the noted bitch, Ch. Redlands Ribbon O'Hollybourne, owned by S. L. Froelich. The honors in Kerry blue terriers were done by Mr. Delmont, who put up that grand bitch, O'Leary Maremma, owned by Mrs. Lil