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BULLETIN FOURTEEN

SCOTTISH TERRIER
CLUB OF AMERICA

OCTOBER, 1918



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The editor will have to ask indulgence for this issue of the Bulletin both because of lateness and paucity of news. Probably because of the epidemic and the stress of War Work news items are few and far between. We are trying to keep things moving, for happily it does not now look as if there would be many more years of War and if members' interest can be maintained till Peace once again is with us all will be well.

SHOWS

The midsummer just past produced very few shows and such as they were had very little competition.

FROM OUR MEMBERS

Mr. Lloyd writes that he has but little to report that would be interesting—"but breeding is a bit on the improve." Earlybird Olivia, who came into my possession some months ago—has whelped one dog and two bitches by Wullie that look very promising.

Solomon, MacNab, and Saucy Susan by Willie ex Merlewood Merle are doing well and continue to be very promising. Walescott Colonel had a month with me at the seashore and died the day he arrived home.

Whim is proving to be an ideal stud dog—have a litter of three dogs and one bitch out of Walescott Lysia. Lysia was an imported bitch by Laindon Lore ex Laindon Lencha.

Have recently purchased Nosegay Mistletoe, and her promising puppies by Sirdar. Mistletoe was by Fairhaven Fusilier ex Bannockburn Rosie. Have one dog puppy born on the dock in New York by Bapton

Norman ex Lysia to be known as Walescott Adriatic, the ship Lysia was shipped on.

Champion W. Albourne Crow was shipped to Florida to Capt. Howard Willets, vice-president of the A. K. C., and lived only a week after arrival. Have since sent Merlewood Laddie to Capt. Willets for an army mascot."

NOSEGAY NOTES

Morning Nip. British champion, now ten and a half years old, is in barracks with his commander, Major Fayette C. Ewing, at the base hospital, Camp Beauregard, La. He acts as right guide to the officers' drill and knows how to salute, which he does with military "pep," to the delight of the soldiers. He was lately written up in "Trench and Camp," the post publication of the New Orleans "Times-Picayune," for his military accomplishments. Nip recently got two pups to Bannockburn Rosie, dam of Nosegay Crofoot, after she had failed twice to one of America's best known champions. On Sept. 30th he became sire of a beautiful litter of six to Bannockburn Dora, dam of the winning American bred pup Nosegay Spearmint, Westminster, 1917. Both Dora and Rosie are dams of famous ones in England, and as these pups are for sale, here is a chance to get a champion.

Dr. Ewing has been promoted to major and put on the permanent staff of the hospital and expects to be held sometime after the war. He is also offering Bannockburn Rosie and Ole Missoo for sale at \$50 each. Rosie will be guaranteed to produce. Her failures were not due to her but to the dog, with which Dr. Ewing had a similar experience bred to Morning Nip's Nosegay. These dogs are to be sold for lack of a place to keep them, as Dr. Ewing

has no home.

Mr. Hertzler reports a very satisfactory year as to breeding and sales. Owing to the fact that he lives in the center of town, he is unable to keep many dogs. In starting he tried to buy the best available stock, raise several dogs of his own breeding and then dispose of the foundation stock. I have developed the youngsters and am therefore offering the pair of three-year-old unrelated American bred Scotties that have headed my kennels. They are Talisker Jock and Hillcote Hottentot and in order to move these dogs am offering them at \$75 for the former and \$150 for the latter, or \$200 for the pair. As show dogs they have proven their exhibition qualities, as Jock has been entered in thirteen classes in five shows, winning nine firsts, two seconds and two third. Hottentot has been entered in but six shows and seven classes. In 1916 she won five firsts and in 1917, when heavy in whelp, won two seconds, both of these being taken in reserve to the winners bitch of the 1917 Westminster Show. Mr. Hertzler asks that if any member has male puppies for sale to communicate with him, as he can handle six.

Mrs. Zug writes that she would like to ask if any of the members have had trouble with their dogs having convulsions from either heat, fright, or digestive troubles. Also what they do for such cases. "After a visit to Mr. Lloyd's wonderful kennels I am more enthusiastic than ever about Scotties. Mine are all fine now." Mrs. Seagraves asks us to devote a line to correcting an error in the last "Bulletin." Her bitch Landon Lure, was Reserve Winner at the Grafton Show, not Mr. Hall's bitch, as reported. (We regret the error.—Ed.)

Mrs. Saunders reports a litter of seven by Champion Whim ex Gael Yately Bairn. They have all

gone to Walescott with the exception of Gael Fife, a little bitch retained in the hope of breeding her later on.

Mrs. J. Ewart G. Bryant writes: "Owing to a series of circumstances resulting from the war my Scotties are sadly neglected. I have only two and am raising no puppies at present. When we get Germany where she belongs I shall hope to have some progress to report." (We shall look for it.—Ed.)

The following from Alf. Mitchell, who managed Mr. Freer's dogs, is of interest: "Mr. Raymond Freer is over in France, so Scotties are somewhat scarce around here. I own a nice sort of pup by Lemray Punch which I did very well with at Detroit and Louisville. Town Tickler is his name and I hope to be able to bring him along to New York. I have also a litter sister who went to winners at Detroit with eleven Scotties benched."

Mr. Hall gives us the following: "Not much news from Glenmanor. Warrior was killed in August by a motor, but Chieftain is over his distemper and looks as if he would make a better breeder than Warrior. Landon Loyal died last week. He has not felt well since June and I guess he was just all in generally. Lady Claire whelped four to Warrior in August, the only litter I had by him. There were two of each sex but I lost three and only have left one nice dog pup. Luise whelped four to Glengairn, two of each, but the bitches died. The dogs are doing nicely, both black. Smiling Morn is in whelp to Maister Wullie; G. Lovely to Taybank Triumph, and I am breeding Landon Lace to Bagpipes, a very nice son of Glengairn that I am bringing out at Boston. He is ex Drumslamph Helen and his litter brother has already taken winners twice

among "hot company" in Canada, the Ladies Kennel Club at Montreal in June, and this week at St. John. Laidon Lipsalve, whom I sold to C. H. K. Baillie, Winona, Ontario, was killed in August by a motor car. L. Lingerie has gone to W. W. Lasky on breeding terms during the war. I have just sold Lady Claire to Lieut. Sedgwick, and she goes to be bred to Whim or Sirdar later this fall. Have sold puppies to the following: G. D. Kammer of Pittsburgh, Miss Pearl E. Parker, Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Norman Stevenson, Boston; W. E. Winchester, N. Y.; and G. A. Waters, Holyoke, Mass. Glengairn is being used quite a lot lately. Has had several litters here in the last few months. Morning Nips Nosegay is heavy in whelp to him now."

John Wolstencroft writes that he showed Am-scott Wee Lass at Barnstable winning Reserve in strong competition. She was heavy in whelp and in late September whelped four males and a female. This makes thirty-eight pups in five litters—some record.

Robert Irvine of Hempstead sends some interesting notes. "It is so long since I contributed to the 'Bulletin' that I feel like a slacker. The fact is, I've had so little of interest to write about my own Scotties, and, as my patrons write up their own, I have been left practically without a word to say. Even now I am afraid this letter will have to be more of a soliloquy than a report, but I hope it won't be considered a waste of printer's ink.

One thing that draws my mind away from our present-day fancy is having in my kennel a son of Walescott Invader and a daughter of Tickle Em Jock, both of whom have Scottie points to spare in comparison with lots of our present-day specimens. Many of the "Bulletin" readers will hark back with

pleasure to the days when Invader and Jock had their battles royal in the show rings.

The passing away of Champion Gywnned Lassie this spring broke another tie from these good old Scottish Terrier days.

At present I have a goodly number of Scotties in my kennel. Topping the list may be mentioned Earlybird Troubadour, a rare pal, holding his own well; Sandy, the faithful (Albourne Jack), a dog who never disappoints in the ring, no matter how easy going he may be in other places; Impression, a peer of the breed, in spite of some criticisms; Ruminantly Redlight; Bapton Fusilier, an ideal bodied, coated and boned Scottie, with great length of head, and, by his lineage, one of the best bred ones on earth; Albourne Deuce, a beautiful black, small-sized bitch, with the cleanest, longest head for her size I have ever seen.

These are a few of the inmates of our kennels, which I think worth mentioning in order to remind the Fancy that there may be a scarcity of characteristic Scotties after the war, and then it may be too late. These are Scotties of breeding and quality, but are being lost to the Fancy. We have all seen a decline in our favorite breed in quality, and to use such stock as we have at our command now would, in my opinion, be the best and safest way to build up a good strain of "after-the-war Scotties." "Now that the Hun is on the run we had better begin."

Boglebrae has had a heavy demand for puppies all summer, but being shy on help, and expecting to be more so later, have not raised many pups. The first litter by "McTavish" are now about two months old and are the "squarest" built pups we have ever had. There are only two, the dog being as broad as he is long and so short in back that he runs

almost entirely on his front legs. His hind legs are right behind his front ones and are seemingly used only to steer with. Really, he is a joke, and if he continues as at present will be so short as to be almost deformed. Porcupine was sold to Robert Irvine, in whelp to Sirdar. Most unfortunately she died giving birth to her first litter. A younger sister is now taking her place. Earlybird Cymbal has been bred to Linnson again, with hopes for better luck. Raccoon will be bred to McTavish, both being of the low cart horse type, the pups will be anxiously watched. A younger sister of Raccoon, B. Rarebit, was brought out at the Bronx Show and went to Reserve. To the joy of her owner she showed like a veteran, and while she will never be the dog that her sister is she may be more fun to show.

The following letter from one of the greatest authorities on our favorite terriers, Mr. W. L. McCandlish, written to Mr. Hall, is so full of breeding ideas that it is worth a front page in everyone's scrapbook. We print it in detail:

1st March, 1918.

Dear Mr. Hall:

I don't think I have answered your letter of 6th Jan., or, at any rate, that I have answered your queries in detail. I have a certain interest in Smiling Morn, for she is descended in tail female from a bitch I gave to Miss Forster and a certain amount of the breeding was on my recommendation. I am away from reference books just now, but I fancy Top 'o the Morning was by my Morning Nip ex Wyche Banquet, who was by Ems Banquo and I think out of Ems Timely. If this is so, it was blood I liked and rather different from much of my blood and from any of the blood you are likely to get elsewhere.

This is of some moment in considering your first query as to mating in a manner which makes the puppies have a common grandparent—in your case B. Norman is the common grandsire. In my opinion this is a mating not to be recommended as a general principle. I have done it, I dare say, several times with a definite object in view and because I could not get what I wanted in any other way, but it must be applied with great circumspection. In all breeding, practice confounds theory, because although you may know exactly what your theory requires, there is no existing animal to suit the theory, and so you have to play your game with the counters supplied. If you could make your counters it would be a much easier game.

The first thing you have to beware of in such close inbreeding is the mental or nerve character of the dogs you use. You require very stout blood—bodily, mental and nervous for close inbreeding. You mustn't *think* any one dog is sound enough—you must be absolutely assured it is as sound as a bell. There is often a strong temptation to ignore a defect because you want to breed in a particular manner. It has been brought home to me how necessary it is to look at my own dogs with other people's eyes. It isn't easy, and if one can do it, it isn't always pleasant, but it is most important for continued success. The whole art of breeding is the use made of inbreeding. On the face of it, using a common grandparent is a very crude form of inbreeding, but it does not follow that the crude form may not be, in a particular instance, the correct form. To what extent inbreeding intensifies features is a matter of which I have no proof. If we can imagine two dogs of exactly the same form whose forebears were similar to each corresponding forebears but

different in blood, and if to a daughter of one of them we mated each of the dogs in turn, would the sire of the dam produce more after the common stamp of the two dogs than the unrelated dog? Personally, I doubt it. We inbreed because it is impossible to get two dogs similar to each other and of similar descent, that is, we cannot get the same influence on the puppies by any other means than inbreeding. We have always to remember that when we inbreed we inbreed to defects just as much as to merits. Moreover, we are always getting a certain amount of decadence through the closeness of the blood which must be counteracted by special stoutness in the units we use. There is another point about inbreeding. When we inbreed we take the animal we inbreed to, to be of a type we desire to reproduce. Now a dog may be a successful sire but he may not be a dog that we desire to reproduce. I owned such a dog in Ems Tonic. In a very limited stud career he sired some very beautiful terriers but it would have been ridiculous to inbreed to him, partly because he had peculiarities one did not want to perpetuate, and partly because he was great as a sire because he threw more to the bitch than himself. He was what might be described as an improver. Almost always, whatever the bitch was, he got from her some puppies better than herself. This brings in the question of the personality of the parent which upsets all theories. Now I look on B. Norman as in a measure somewhat similar to Tonic. I no more want, personally, to reproduce Norman than I did Tonic—less so, in fact—and I consider Norman suits a particular kind of bitch. Bred from indiscriminately, as he has been, he has flooded the breed with a river of worthless bitches. What we are going to see from Norman bitches I

do not know, and so far as I have seen there is no son of his going to make a name at stud. They may be good, but I do not expect it. At the same time I have to acknowledge that if I had been told that Norman would be a great sire I would have been very incredulous. He never looked like a great sire nor is he the sort I should ever expect to be one. I was wrong, of course, but my belief in what a sire should look like has not been altered because one dog has proved it wrong. While I may not have answered your query definitely I may have given you an indication as to the answer.

Your second question as to missing a generation is in my opinion all bunkum. In all animals champions breed champions. It all depends how they are bred. Why shouldn't a champion sire a champion just as well or better than any other dog? It is an absurd argument that because a dog is a good one he is less likely to get good puppies than a less good one. Starting from S. Beauty I had four champion bitches in direct tail female, Ems Cosmetic, E. Vanity, E. Mode, and the only pup we ever had from Mode looked remarkably like another champion but caught a chill and died. All four, too, were very much of a type. The saying that a generation is missed arises from two causes, one that it is an excuse for putting an unwarranted value on the sons or daughters of a champion when they are not much good in themselves, and the other turns on the probabilities that there are few champions and many sons and daughters, so the probability is that one of the many proves to have the gift of getting good puppies and possibly this gift comes from the female line than from the male. To take Norman again as an example, I believe his siring propensity was due more to Nora than to Claymore Defender, as another

son of Nora in Laindon Lockhart had the siring propensity, yet he was entirely a different dog from Norman. Norman, too, had little resemblance to Claymore or C. Defender, but his progeny took much after him, at least the majority had his defects. This largely answers your third query. You will constantly hear the argument that the best dogs come from moderate stock. They do; but this does not imply, as they would have us infer, that we are right to breed from moderate stock. It is again a matter of probability. There are about a dozen good bitches in existence at any one time and hundreds of moderate bitches. Some of the moderate bitches only miss being good ones from the show point of view by some one defect. I have owned many bitches unknown to the shown bench which I valued just as highly as brood bitches as my best show bitches, and whose name in a pedigree was, to one who knew them, just as good a warranty of the best qualities I desired as their better known relatives. At the same time, lay this maxim to heart, "the better the bitch, the better the pups." It is not a maxim to be proved individually, but it is meant to imply that the higher the standard of the bitches in the kennel, the higher the quality of the pups bred. This all goes to show again the mistake of trusting too much to paper breeding. Some successful show dogs have been almost worthless items in a pedigree and some successful brood bitches have been a snare and a delusion for the future of the kennel. Sometimes a great common coarse bitch gets wonderful stock, but what does it mean? What are you to expect in the next generation? You have introduced this blood into your kennel. Isn't it to be expected it will reappear? You have at any rate lowered the standard of your blood. It is difficult

for anyone who is not the owner of the kennel knowing the value of the blood in it. Let me take as an example of what I mean, some of my own bitches, dams of champions or challenge prize winners. Ems Tonic, to start with, was from a dam that won a challenge certificate but was shown very little, she had a wonderful head, good bone, good body, but a surly shower and not a good coat. But bar her coat, a first-class unit in a pedigree. The coat was a trouble not only with her stock but with Tonic's as well. Tonic's son, Morning Tip, was out of a little bitch, very sturdy and neat with lots of bone but a short head, and so, from a show point of view, not worth a fiver, but she brought in excellent body, bone and coat qualities. The short head seldom appeared in descendants, so she was an asset in a pedigree. Ems Troubadour, a champion son of Normans, was out of a very high-class and high-quality bitch, Symphony, a sister to Cosmetic. She was a bad shower and when I found this out I never showed her again. She hadn't quite the finish of Cosmetic, not quite so good in eye or ear and a shade longer in back, but had she shown well, a bitch up to champion form. Ems Quisby was out of Quaintry, a daughter of Marden Dobbin and Cosmetic. Quaintry was a great bitch, but too big, rather on the leg, but an extraordinary length of head, a short back and of high quality. Though unknown, she was another distinct asset in a pedigree. I could run on to many more and could mention among sires Ems Banquo, absolutely ruined for show by a light eye, but otherwise about the nearest to what I want a Scottish Terrier to be of any terrier I ever owned. I didn't use him nearly enough, being far too much afraid of the eye, yet he seldom reproduced it, and I value his blood very highly today. Now the ter-

riers I have named would be included in moderate bitches, but they were not. You will hear bad bitches described as good brood bitches, a much-abused term. To my mind the phrase, a good brood bitch, as distinct from a good bitch, should only be applied to bitches which are good bitches except for some one fault that has prevented them from being good bitches and a fault that can in all probability be bred out by judicious mating. A bitch that has nothing specially to recommend her and possibly no glaring defect, what I call a negative bitch, a bitch not definitely wrong, but just wrong everywhere, is neither a good show bitch nor a good brood bitch. There are loads of such bitches about and a large number of kennels possess nothing else. Such kennels are hopeless. They now and then breed a dog that does a little winning, sometimes one that struggles into becoming a champion, but such are no good to anyone. They have nothing but mediocrity behind them and consequently breed at best nothing but mediocrity and at worst rubbish. Truth is, they come from rubbish, they are rubbish, and they have rubbish behind them. Let another maxim be "the best is hardly good enough." If you want to be ahead of your neighbor your stock can not be too good. Every breeder is up against the extraordinarily powerful pull back to mediocrity. The greatest force in nature is the power of the medium. A breeder who wants something better than anything else has always to be guarding against the return to the ordinary. We don't want our best animals to be excessive anywhere but to counteract the force of the medium we must on occasions use the excessive. Excess is a fault but to the breeder a valuable fault.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. L. McCANDLISH.