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*Saunders*

BULLETIN TWELVE  
SCOTTISH TERRIER  
CLUB OF AMERICA  
MARCH 1918

## THE ANNUAL MEETING

"For real good humored, family-gathering sort of good time, commend us to the Annual Meeting of the Scottish Terrier Club." So writes our prized Honorary Member in the Fancier. It has indeed come to be a family gathering, and in the absence of some of the nearest and dearest of the Club supporters, including Mr. Little, our President of the past year, Dr. Ewing, Mr. Sedgwick — how did we run a meeting without these? — it was some specially close tie that seemed to hold the rest of us in a determination that while they are doing the great task, we shall at least keep alive for them their beloved sport to come back to.

Miss Brooks will never meet with us again — how we missed her! We all stood in rising acknowledgment and remembrance of her work for us in building up the Club we love.

Our President of so many years, Mr. Lloyd, was in his place again — he may as well regard us as his war-job, not to be escaped from. The "new" officers were voted in — we are coming to have an "old" look, we suspect! — Vice President, Mrs. Saunders; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Brigham; Delegate to A. K. C., Mr. Bixby; Governor-at-Large, Dr. Ewing.

The report of the Secretary, Miss Brigham, was read, and as it is generally accounted the best ever, is hereby printed in full for the heartening of those who were not fortunate enough to be present to hear it.

The suggestions it contains were for the most part acted on: an Annual Sweepstakes established for 1918; a pamphlet on the care of puppies voted for and placed in charge of Miss Brigham and Mr. Hall; an overwhelmingly kind gift "with the affectionate regard of the Club" of a \$50 Liberty Bond, made to the Editor of the Bulletin, — how sincerely the affectionate regard is reciprocated she does not here attempt to say; a Specialty Show for this year planned for again among our hospitable Boston

group; finally, all the applause the Club could offer to every one of the names individually on our great Honor Roll.

We rose from our seats with the hearts in our throats; we had never meant quite so much to one another before.

The President and Mrs. Lloyd entertained us afterward in royal fashion, and we became gay again.

## OUR SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT

It gives me much pleasure in my annual report to tell you that in spite of the terrible tragedy of the war going on about us, we have had a good and prosperous year. When the first Liberty Loan was issued, on instruction from our President, I bought \$200 in bonds in the name of the Club. On the Second Loan we did better and took four \$100 bonds, giving us \$600 in Liberty Loans, with interest to date. We had on deposit in the Old Colony Trust Co., Feb. 15, \$535.72, and since then cash has come in to the amount of \$40 for dues and initiation fees.

We have \$120 still due for annual dues. Bills payable are about \$390, which includes the Secretary's salary, the Trophy bill, medals, and printing, making our net worth about \$905.72. I say "about," because another unexpected Monday holiday made a few of the exact figures impossible to ascertain. There are also cash trophies to be paid at Providence and Boston.

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Medals for 1917 were won as follows:

	American Bred	Bred by Exhibitor
Mr. Lloyd.....	8	8
Grafton Kennels.....	8	8
Mr. Hertzler.....	1	0
Mr. Bixby.....	1	1
Miss Crawford.....	1	1
Miss Ryerson.....	1	0
Mr. Irvine.....	1	0

Our Trophies went as follows:

Open — Ch. Glenmanor Smiling Morn, 4 wins; Walescott Daredevil II, reserve, 3 wins.

American Bred — Ch. Walescott Maister Wullie, 3 wins; Walescott Debby, reserve, 3 wins, but fewer points.

Coat — Glenmanor Glengairn, 7 wins; reserve tied between Boglebrae Chancelot, Walescott Albourne Crow, Albourne Jack, Hillcote Albourne Sprite, 2 each.

Hedgely Trophy — Glenmanor Glengairn, 3 wins; Earlybird Swirl, reserve, 2 wins.

American Bred of Opposite Sex — Walescott Prince Charlie, 3 wins; all others, 1 win each.

President's Trophy — Walescott Kennels, 6 wins; Glenmanor, reserve, 2 wins.

Balgownie Laddie Trophy — Walescott Kennels, 4 wins; Boglebrae, reserve, 3 wins.

Miss Brooks' Trophy — Walescott, 5 wins; Boglebrae, reserve, 2 wins.

Mr. Little's Trophy — 1st, Walescott Kennels, 655 points; 2nd, Boglebrae Kennels, 161 points; 3rd, Glenmanor Kennels, 160 points.

The scoring was verified from the A. K. C. Gazette for all shows. Forty-two people competed for Mr. Little's Trophy with American Bred dogs at 34 shows. The cash awards, given by the Club to commemorate the wins, amounted to \$52.50.

Mr. Henry Bixby very kindly gave us the Boglebrae Trophy, value \$50, divided into ten cash awards of \$5 each, offered at ten of the largest shows. It was void at Devon, and Newport and Southampton cancelled their dates, so \$15 remains. This he generously suggests be put into a Coat Trophy for 1918.

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Our membership has been increased by the following: Mrs. Pembroke Thom, Mr. Robert McCormick, Jr., Mr. William Marlatt, Mr. McElhone, Mrs. Russel Alger, Miss Adele Browning,

Mrs. Henry D. Bixby, Mr. Howe, Mr. Caswell Parrie, Mr. James Johnston.

Mrs. Robert Varnum and Mr. Frank Wild resigned.

No reply being received to my registered letters sent to Mr. Clarence Stead, in regard to his indebtedness dating from the Specialty Show, 1916, his name has been dropped from our roll.

Mr. Edward Cunningham, I regretfully report, has died of pneumonia.

Mrs. Thomas Loudon, Jr., and Mrs. W. S. Hinman were elected to membership, but changed their minds before qualifying.

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The Committee on Judges added to our list Dr. Hannah Morris, Miss M. R. Winters, and Mr. Henry D. Bixby, all of whom have acquitted themselves in the ring greatly to the credit of the Club.

The Committee on Specials, feeling a change in our Annual (or as one paper called them Hardy Perennial) Trophies was wise, cut the long list, and made one for best Dog or Bitch, one for best American Bred Dog or Bitch, one for best Bred by Exhibitor, and one for best Puppy, giving a cash award of \$2.50 or a Bronze Medal at each show to commemorate the win. We are still indebted to Mrs. Evans for the Trap Rock Trophies, and to Miss Brooks for two new ones: for the best Champion Dog and best Champion Bitch in 1918. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hall, Jr., have also generously given us the Glenmanor Trophy, to be offered at New York, at our Specialty Show, and at Boston, 1919, for the best American Bred bred by Exhibitor under two years, open to all.

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Through the kindness of the Wissahickon K. C., the Club held a Specialty Show on the estate of Mr. J. Sergeant Price the day of their show. They gave us the catalogue, printing and superintendent and our entire loss was \$28.56, I think a record. We gave our same generous cash prizes, but increased our entry fee to \$3.00, to conform with the fee of the Wissahickon K. C. The

entry, while not as large as the two previous years, was of lovely quality, and our members I am sure extend to Mr. Price a vote of thanks for his hospitality, and to the Club for their generosity. It is the last Specialty Show with the assured four-point rating. Hereafter our entry controls our points. In this connection I should like to suggest we ask for an increase in the number necessary for a three-point win. "Eleven dogs and bitches" makes it so absurdly easy, that anyone with a kennel could make it possible at show after show. I would suggest it be made at least eighteen. The suggestion is also made that we have a Stud Dog and Produce Stake, of which I am in favor. If our members were allowed to nominate their Stud dogs at \$5.00 each, all get to be eligible to entry at New York, 1919, born after January 1st and before August 15th, at \$2.00 each, proceeds to be awarded: 1st, 50%; 2nd, 30%; 3rd, 20%, entries to be made to the Secretary, closing at the date of the W. K. C. entries; and the Brood bitch the same, it might increase interest.

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The Bulletin has continued its delightful career, and I feel sure if it came to a vote, it would be a rising one for Mrs. Saunders as Editor-in-Chief. I would, however, suggest, as this entails a large amount of work, thought, and above all, tact, that the Club make it a position, not only of honor, but of the best salary we can afford. In this way we can only slightly repay our present editor for all she gives and has given us.

In regard to the advisability of a pamphlet to be published with instructions on puppy raising, for our members to distribute with pups they sell, as suggested by Mr. Hall, I await your wish. I understand in the English Fox Terrier Year Book two years ago, there is a quite remarkable article on this subject by Miss Lewis, owner of the Paignton Wires — perhaps with her permission and due credit it might be adapted to our use.

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To close my report I should like to read the following names from our Roll of Honor. I have no doubt the thoughts of all these loyal, patriotic men and women are with us today, and I know ours are with them. That they may all come through safely to us for our 1919 meeting is our earnest wish.

Our President, Capt. C. C. Little, in Washington, D. C.

Our Vice President, Private Lloyd, Coast Artillery.

Our Governor, Capt. F. C. Ewing, Base Hospital, La.

Our very good friends:

Lieut. Robert Sedgwick, Jr., Aviation Corps, Fort Sill.

Raymond Freer, in France.

Henry Fleitmann, in France.

Dr. Lance, since the beginning of the war in England and France.

Capt. Charles Williams, Base Hospital, Camp Mead.

Charles Butler, General Secretary Y. M. C. A., France.

Mr. Mulford, in France.

Dr. Harvey, Medical Corps.

Miss Frances Hoppin, relief work for women and children, in France.

Colonel Adelaide Baylis, Motor Corps, New York City.

There are no doubt others unreported or waiting to join up, and our good wishes go with them.

I would suggest that cash prizes of \$2.50 be paid in Thrift Stamps, thus making our Scotties do their part to down the German dogs of war.

Respectfully submitted,

Margaret Brigham,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 21st, 1918.

## WESTMINSTER REVIEWED

My dear Mrs. Saunders:

Your very kind request for my humble opinion of the Scotties at New York has given me food for much thought. Only thirteen exhibitors, showing less than fifty dogs; and of these thirteen, only eight members of our Club. No Newcastles, no Dr. Ewing, except for Morning Nip's Nosegay, shown by friends; no Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Price, Mr. Fleitmann, or a dozen other old friends. No Miss Brooks, and only the haunting fear that what has happened would happen (and since 1903 I have never missed seeing her there except once); no kind old Mr. Mortimer, — it all seemed wrong and sad, and very, very different.

The dogs were good, puppies bringing out a rarely good one in Walescott Colonel. When he plucks up the courage of another Colonel we know of, he will make himself equally famous; 1313, his number, even, couldn't stop him. Boglebrae Woodchuck, second, failed to him in coat, body and front; also in eye, unless the light fooled me. The Glenmanors were as yet immature, and lacked hair around the eyes.

Novice, again Colonel, beating Boglebrae Randie in shortness of back.

American Bred went to my old favorite, Walescott Whim. Some people thought me nearly crazy when I put him high at White Plains, but time proves him a really good one. On the big side, he pulls himself together, and with a really quizzical Lauder look, asks for all he deserves. His action in his hind legs is the only place I fault him, and there but very slightly, in comparison with a free mover like Crow. Walescott Wag, second, could win in pretty nearly any company. I doubt if any kennel in America ever put down four as good home-bred Scotties as Maister Wullie and his three sons.

A new face in Limit was Mrs. Stewart's very smart Strathway Rebel Leader: a lovely size, deep chest and grand shower; carries his ears a bit wide when not alert.

Open, good old Albourne Crow, and looking very fit. Mr. Thomas took time to decide on him over Whim, and I felt it was

size, action and maturity that did it. The young dog to my mind had the quality.

Bitches were a disappointing lot. Walescott and Boglebrae had a try-out in puppies, the latter winner, with B. Porcupine, good in bone, shortness of back and general type. Walescott lost his first blue in this class. Highland McGregor, third, was perhaps unlucky, but she refused to show herself off.

We were pleased to see Dr. Ewing's favorite winning American Bred, — a lovely bodied bitch with good bone; not in the best of coat, and handicapped by odd head markings, which apparently shorten a head that really is in good proportion to her nice short back.

Miss Mellon's Impression, the Limit winner, is very showy, but was not at her best, — coat needed attention and looked soft.

Only four bitches in Open seemed a crime. Mr. Thomas reversed Boston, putting Glenmanor Smiling Morn over Walescott. She is a very good-bodied, rather doggy bitch, marred by very common ears. In depth of chest, shortness of back, action and general style, she deserves high honors. Betsy, in my opinion, failed to her in chest and shortness of back, but beat her in head, front and coat.

Crow went up for Best Either Sex, giving his very popular owner the coveted Best at New York. Whim was Best American Bred and bred by Exhibitor; Colonel, Best Puppy. Brood-bitch, Stud-dog, team, brace, all to one Kennel, proves it without doubt the leading one of the day, — and I remember little Abertay Revival, the first of the Walescotts shown. Glengairn won the Coat Medal, a rare coated dog, especially for a dark one.

Mr. Thomas was popular in the majority of his decisions, and any that I have apparently differed with are more a matter of personal opinion than putting my comparatively small knowledge against his vast store. The exhibitors were indebted to Mr. Stern for his careful stewarding, and we all missed his good Earlybirds. Let us all try and double the entry for 1919.

Margaret Brigham.

## MISS FANNY BROOKS

At our Annual Meeting we learned the sad news that the friend of all of us, Miss Fanny Brooks, was seriously ill at home. The Club directed the Secretary to send her from us flowers and messages of sympathy, and we all rose and stood a moment in silence, in recognition of her great services to the Club and our grateful remembrance of her. The next day news came that she had gone.

She was one of the first few to own and breed Scottish terriers in America; a founder, and for long years now a loyal supporter of the Club devoted to the interests of the little pals she loved so well. Of the finest New England stock herself, she brought absolute integrity and a wise stern common sense to bear on all the counsels of the Club, of which she was until the past year, one of the five Governors.

We all admired her, and those of us who knew her well had come to love her. No one can fill her place, and no one who loves Scottish Terriers can ever cease to feel gratitude to her.

## THE NEW SWEEPSTAKES

The Committee appointed to determine the conditions for the new Produce Stakes, Mr. Hall, Miss Brigham, Mrs. Saunders, announce the following for the year 1918:

### Stud Dog Stakes

Any stud dog owned by a member of the S. T. C. of A. can be nominated at a fee of \$5.00. It is advisable that they be nominated as soon as possible, so that the fact that their progeny is eligible can be advertised. All puppies will be judged at the Westminster Show for 1919, but only those born from January 15, 1918, to July 15, 1918, inclusive, can compete. They can be entered by any who owns them even though the owner is not a member of the S. T. C. of A. The entries will close on the same date as the entries for the Westminster K. C. Show, and the entry fee of \$2.00 must be paid to the Secretary of the S. T. C. on or before that date. It is understood that in order to compete at the New York Show, the puppies will have to be entered in at least one regular class at the show.

The awards will be made as follows:

To the winner of the first prize in the Sweepstakes, 60% of the entire amount paid in.

To the winner of the second prize, 30% of the entire amount.

To the winner of the third prize, 10% of the entire amount.

Thus, if ten stud dogs are nominated, and twenty puppies entered in the competition, the first prize will be \$54.00, the second prize \$27.00, and the third prize \$9.00. It is the duty of every member interested to see that as many stud dogs, and as many puppies are entered as possible, thus making the stakes well worth competing for.

### Brood Bitch Stakes

Any brood bitch that whelps between January 15, 1918, and July 15, 1918, is eligible to compete. She should be nominated as soon as possible after she whelps, naming the sire of the puppies as well, the fee being \$5.00. Puppies are to be entered under the same conditions as in the stud dog stakes, the fee being \$2.00, and the owner need not be a member of the Club.

The nominations of both stud dogs and brood bitches must be made before August 1, 1918. Awards in the Brood Bitch Stakes will be made in the same ratios as in the Stud Dog Stakes, that is: first prize, 60%; second prize, 30%, and third prize, 10%.

If the competitions are successful, they will be continued, divided into two classes for each stake, puppies born from January 1st to July 1st to compete at the Westminster Show the following year, and those born from July 1st to December 31st to compete at some show in the following fall.

## WINTER PUPPIES

The Bulletin accounts itself lucky to be able to offer the following hints for the help of all of us, from one of our members who has won a reputation with the success of his winter pups:

Boglebrae Kennels, Huntington, L. I., Mar. 5, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Saunders:

I am reminded of my promise to write for the Bulletin a few notes on our methods of caring for winter puppies, and remembering your kind words on promptness in the past, hasten so as to receive more.

Winter puppies have been most successful with me, far more so than those raised in warm weather. The reason is undoubtedly because of the ability in winter to keep temperature under better control. It seems that the absence of fleas also at this time and the better appetite of the mother has something to do with it. A good brood bitch must be a heavy eater and the cold weather helps a lot in keeping up her appetite.

I am fortunate in having a large room in my barn which is tight and which has a double hardwood floor. A chimney connection gave me a chance to install one of those hot water garage heaters which are automatic in control. This heater, a Wasco with an eight foot radiator, keeps the room, which is about fifteen

feet square, at a temperature of between fifty and sixty degrees even in zero weather. It has only to be cared for once a day, being regulated by an expansion valve operated by the rise or fall in water temperature. The operation is nearly perfect until the warm weather comes. This room is fitted with two enclosed runs fifteen feet long, each with a whelping box. The runs are collapsible, so as to allow easy cleaning. As I have only four brood bitches, these two whelping quarters take care of my needs easily.

The whelping box is an arrangement of my own, and has I think made the thing possible; for far more than fifty degrees is necessary in the nest for newly-born puppies. In fact it does not seem as if one can get too high a temperature for the first day. The box is a simple enclosed affair with an open front, size about three feet long by two feet wide and two feet high. A strip across the front is left to retain the bedding, and one end is removed and replaced with hardware cloth. The heater consists of a square five gallon oil can such as motor oil comes in, laid on its side, with a hole in the top of it large enough to insert one of those electric immersion heaters such as is used to heat a glass of water. This can is fitted to a wooden box as insulation, but with the side that comes next the wire side of the whelping box left off. Of course electric light in the room is required to work this scheme, but if electricity is to be had the nest can be kept at eighty degrees easily, if covered with a rug or bags.

The puppies born in this box have all done beautifully, and I believe it is because I could give them enough heat to get the proper start in life. The bitch is allowed to go out doors after the first three days for short runs if the ground is frozen and not too snowy. These little runs whet her appetite in great shape. Contrary to much advice I feed both soups and milk thickened

with Spratts puppy meal to the bitch after the first five or six hours. One must be careful, however, for a few days, or the milk will come too freely, and that is as dangerous as its not coming freely enough. After the first week my bitches are fed four times a day, all they will eat of milk and puppy meal, eggs, and soup, with regular kennel fare at night.

I don't try to wean pups any more, but leave that entirely to the bitch, letting her feed them as long as she will and wean them herself. Some will feed them for six or eight weeks and some only five weeks, but as soon as they can run about the strip is taken off the front of the box and they learn very soon to eat with the mother. After they are finally weaned they have the run of the whole room, which is very sunny, and by the time they are eight or nine weeks old usually the warmer days have come, and they can be let out of doors for short runs. This system has worked very well with me, and if anyone wishes any more details about the box and heater, which I am afraid I have not explained very well, I shall be only too glad to write them about it.

Yours very sincerely,

Henry D. Bixby.

#### THE HEWLETT SCOTTIE AVIATOR

Miss Frances Hoppin from her work at reconstruction, and now in canteens, Somewhere in France, sends us the following, with the comment: "I thought that this clipping from the London Daily Mail had the real Scottie ring, so send it on. One does not stop being homesick for the little beasts." Nor does the Club stop being homesick for this gallant member of ours whom we so missed at our annual gathering. When have we had one without her?

"When Maurice Hewlett, son of the noted novelist, was a commander in active service for the Royal Flying Corps, his inseparable companion was a Scotch Terrier. Perhaps it might be said that the dog was his first assistant. Mr. Hewlett, now a

staff officer, has a brilliant record. He says his dog deserves as much credit as himself. I saw the animal today curled up in a corner of the Inner Temple. The modern benchers of that historic neighborhood say the animal is heart-broken because his career as a mechanic is ended. He has been a changed dog ever since he ceased to be an habitue of the hangars and aeroplanes and became a quiet resident of the city.

"Mr. Hewlett never made an ascent without Jim beside him, and his aeroplane never left the ground until Jim had conducted an inspection tour. Just where he learned all about machinery, batteries, propellers, and the intricate parts of the winged craft, no one pretends to know.

"To start with, a suggestion of uncleanness about the Hewlett airplane irritated him. He would not rest till everything was made immaculate. Later he would smell around the machine when it was being prepared for flight, and if there was anything wrong with the mechanism, would bark and snort and jump about till the defect or imperfection was remedied. When he was satisfied that everything was shipshape he would hop into the machine, snuggle down and sleep till the flight was over, unless something went wrong in the air. In that event he would rouse himself and make known in unmistakable ways that things were not as they should be. Usually the flier had made the discovery first, but that doesn't in any way detract from the importance or value of Jim's intuition.

"He flew across the channel a hundred times. When he was quiet his master knew that everything was all right. He became known to all the fliers in the squadron. He was the idol of them all. If the machine went away without him it was a tragedy in his young life, but this seldom happened. When he found himself alone at the squadron base he sat down and waited, no matter if it was an hour or a day. He never entered a machine unless his master was at the wheel, and he never volunteered his remarkable services to any of his master's colleagues.

"Now he is a retired expert.

"To see him slouching around the Inner Temple, making friends with just ordinary members of his own branch of the animal family, you would hardly suspect that he is a genius with a history.

"'Genius is found where genius is least expected,' says the London constable in the Temple. And at that Jim moves haughtily away."

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Two of the Club's own may rival this little chap. A pair of Scotties raised by Mr. Wolstencroft, ex Garnock Roy, and sold to Miss Margaretta Wood of Washington, D. C., have gone to sea with her father, Rear Admiral Spencer Wood. Their raiser adds, "There isn't a doubt that they will do faithful service for Uncle Sam, and because of their thoroughly British ancestry may be trusted to bark in defiance of the first periscope they see."

#### THE BULLETIN'S NEW EDITORS

The present Editor of the Bulletin has undertaken work for next year, which makes quite impossible her continuing to carry the task she has so much loved.

And though the Club's kindness had almost overpersuaded her, she has recovered in time, and takes pleasure in announcing to our members their great good luck in that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bixby have consented to take over the editorship.

The Bulletin could not be more fortunate. Here are two loyal friends and members who are willing to assume this work for us all, in this busiest of years. "I shall enter upon my new duties in fear and trembling," writes Mrs. Bixby. "I have a feeling that I am about to rush in where angels are too busy to tread." To the Club it looks rather, like the angels rushing in! At any rate we entrust to them our little Bulletin with warmest gratitude to them and congratulations to ourselves on our good fortune.

## FROM OUR MEMBERS

So many of our members have voluntarily curtailed their activities in Scotties during the war, that news of our dogs is scantier than usual. But news of our members is of a sort to make the heart glow. Here is the first:

Miss Adelaide B. Baylis, New York City, writes: "I am afraid my Scottie activities will have to wait until we win this war, for I have been put in charge of the Motor Corps of the country, and when I am not at my desk I am traveling the country, — that was why I could not come to the meeting; I was in Kansas City. By the way, I am a Colonel now." The Club salutes its Colonel; — and doesn't it speak well for Scotties, that people so worth while choose them out of the world?

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Mr. Alfred Bell, also from New York, reports "no news."

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Mr. Henry Bixby, Huntington, L. I., sends sad tidings, the death of his very good bitch, Boglebrae Chancelot, and five out of six puppies by Albourne Linnson. "A faulty oil stove was the trouble, and I am surely through with them for all time." It will be noticed that Mr. Bixby's article this month on "Winter Pups," has other methods of heating to recommend. With the cruel accident that burned up Dr. Ewing's good puppy last year still in our minds, the Club as a whole might well bid farewell to oil stoves.

Mr. Bixby goes on: "One puppy did not die and is being brought up by Abertay Lesba with her month older pups. Ruminantly Replica whelped six pups, five bitches, to Maister Wullie, but unfortunately lost all but one, the dog.

"B. Woodchuck, 2nd Puppy at New York, died suddenly shortly after the New York Show. A. Lesba has four fine puppies by Linnson, six weeks old, which are doing well."

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Mr. Brainard of Hartford, Conn., reports no news, but with the kindest of words for the Bulletin, is getting a new member interested in us.

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Miss Brigham, North Grafton, Mass., writes that her "old Fencer" has six pups by Ch. Grafton the Farmer. G. Nybloc has been bred to Bruntsfield Grafton, and Strathspey Sonsy is heavy to Dumfries. "These, with my deerhound and wires, will be all my spring families."

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Mrs. Bryant, Lansdowne, Pa., has come to the conclusion, shared by several other of our members: "having given the matter careful thought I have decided that as a matter of food conservation I shall not raise any more puppies for the present."

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Mr. Charles Stewart Butler, New York, "no news."

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Mr. Sherwood Hall, Winchester, Mass., reports the following: "We have a little news for the Bulletin, the first being new litters: Midnight whelped four to Conqueror, but lost three of them. (The one left, however, is a jet black male of very good type, and he may be worth the whole litter next year at New York). Louise, my new acquisition from Mr. Tweed, whelped seven to Ch. Bapton Norman, five males, on Washington's birthday, and as I am only going to keep two, here is a chance for someone for next year's show, as I will enter her in the Brood Bitch Stakes. Lingerie, her ship-mate, was not so lucky, as she whelped seven last Friday, three dogs, and all black ones, to Laindon Luminary, and then lost them all, the last ones dying last night. Lovely whelped seven, five dogs, to Glengairn this morning, so we will have some nice eleven-months-old puppies for our next attempt to collect a few home-bred prizes at New York! We have bred Dr. Ewing's Morning Nip's Nosegay to Loyal, and have a bitch from Canada here now to breed to him. We also are using him on Smile this spring, as he is Smile's grand-sire, and can give her the few points she needs. Glengairn has been bred to bitches from Mr. Hayes in Waban, Mr. Timms in

Chestnut Hill, Mrs. Smith in New Hampshire, and I think we will use him again on Lipsalve, and on Timely.

"We finally sold Glenmanor Skyrin, as we felt she was not the type to be encouraged. It was a hard tussle, as her win at Providence gave her ten points in three shows toward her championship, and she could have made it easily this spring. Still we could not let sentiment stand in the way of the best interests of the breed, even though we could have had a champion out of our first litter! She is now the family pet at the home of Mr. F. C. Fletcher in Chestnut Hill.

"Mrs. Hall and I were delighted to be able to get to the Show and Mr. Lloyd's wonderful gathering, and we enjoyed ourselves a lot, although it was a bit awkward trying to walk on four legs! Still everyone was so kind in helping us out that we would not have missed it for anything.

"Chieftain picked up a case of distemper, but as we used Moore's Toxin on them before the show, he has only a light case, and will be all right soon.

"I do hope everyone takes an interest in the Stud Dog and Brood Bitch Stakes, as with a fair support these will be most successful next year at New York. We are entering about everything we have on both sides that can come into the competition.

"I should be glad to know if anybody has any puppies they will sell at from \$15 to \$25, as I have a lot of inquiries for cheap puppies."

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Mr. William Hooper, the Bulletin's very kind friend in Boston, has "nothing to report, except to record my belief that the breed of Wire Haired Scottish Terrier is running down."

It is true that the old hard coats are not nearly so frequent now; if Mr. Hooper sees Bapton Beatrice at her best, however, he will, we believe, take heart again.

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Mr. Francis Lloyd, Bernardsville, N. J., sends sad news, too: Walescott Chance died of pneumonia, "perhaps as a result of the Garden." (Chance is the mother of the great pup Colonel). "Dr A. S. Webb, N. Y. Central, has two fine puppies by Sirdar and W. Peep o' Dawn. I have just sold Brunette, a black bitch by Wullie ex Yateley Bluebell to Mr. D. C. Clark, of Messrs. Clark, Dodge & Co."

Our President was particularly happy, as was the Club, over his great win of Best American Bred, all breeds, at the New York Show, by W. Whim, home-bred, whose sire, Maister Wullie, was also home-bred. It is this sort of win that makes breeding for years worth while.

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Mr. Frederic McElhone, one of our most recent members, has "not had time to do much yet, but hopes later to have some news." The new editors will watch for it!

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Mrs. A. P. Saunders, Clinton, New York, has again sent her Gael Yateley Belle to Maister Wullie. The litter ex Bairn, alas! she lost.

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Mrs. E. H. Seagrave, Wakefield, Mass., writes so interestingly that room must be made for all of her letter: "At last I have a little news. I have taken two of the bitches sent over to Mr. Hall by Mr. Tweed. The first, Laindon Lustre, shortly after coming over, on Feb. 26, whelped five, two dead and three living, by Ch. Bapton Norman, one dog, two bitches, fine puppies and doing well. She herself is a very good show bitch.

"The other, Laindon Lure, a beautiful headed, strong, good fronted sort, was bred a couple of weeks ago to my Taybank Triumph."

We have been impatient to see Mrs. Seagrave back at Scottie breeding again, having never forgotten a little bitch of her raising, seen and loved in the early days of our own enthusiasm. Good luck to the new litters.

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Robert Sedgwick, Jr., First Lieutenant, now in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, writes from the School of Military Aeronautics, Columbus, Ohio: "Have just got here from Fort Sill for a two months' course, though it is easy to be dropped long before that." (The Club has no fears!) "Jean (Coomassie) was bred to Walescott Whim in January, and I am hoping to hear shortly from Mr. Bixby that she has a nice family." Lieut. Sedgwick, too, then, will be happy over that win of Whim's at the Garden. Special congratulations.

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Mr. Wolstencroft, Pawtucket, R. I., sends the good news that two of his home-raised pups by Hielan Terror ex Amscott Wee Lass did noticeably well at the Providence K. C. Show under Mr. George Thomas, one of them now owned by Mr. Edward Martin, when only eight months old defeating Glenmanor Glen-gairn. He has one still remaining of the same parentage, now six months old, that he thinks still ahead of these.

Wee Lass has to her record 33 pups in four litters, all by Hielan Terror: July, 1916, eight pups; January, 1917, ten pups; August, 1917, eight pups; March, 1918, seven pups. Stylish Lass has been bred to Terror again. "I have not had a 'miss' once, since I began my breeding with my own stud dog and bitches" — surely a wonderful record, and one which Mr. Wolstencroft himself ascribes to the healthy active outdoor life of his Scots. The old sage prescription for bringing up children, we remember, was "a little wholesome neglect thrown in." The reports adds: "I have sold almost all my Scotties, and am only going to keep a few until the war is over, as I find food is wanted for the Boys Over There."

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Mrs. Zug of Pittsburgh, Pa., reports, finally, "Have nothing of interest to tell. My dogs are all fine, and I grow more enthusiastic about the breed every day. I wish I had room for a larger family."

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