and forth, loading and unloading, quickly now; groom and trim; up to ringside and down again. I sense genuine fellowship and it grows each day, well-fed by our Wheatens. Kathryn and Rosemary have come from California with “Mikey”; my heart sings at his happiness. Hail and hello to more dear friends; Jan, here from North Dakota; here’s Linda and Marsha; it’s been a year or so since we met. Names, once without faces; a Dog World ad, Goldie, a bit of Ireland on the Mighty Mo., Westland; no more; Now I greet the Schrosers, Dr. Henseler, Patty and Marty; you’re all younger than you thought: you’d be! Brandy, we had a marvelous affair last October! Susan, with her Bill, has side-stepped a bit and “Colorado Wheaten Week” became part of their summer vacation trip. Dundo, by an 0 T., welcome to Wheatens; also Diane, Jim and Ann, Mrs. Burch; In “Lou” of the Silvers, welcome the Watts; and the Linnels with their Okie! Someone says “Here’s Graine”; and I look down through my Gin ‘n Tonic, who? Good heavens, yes, proud in her motherhood. Lucky is no crazy Irishman; how about mad King Ludwig? Never mind; it’s a surprise! (Note: Lucky drove by himself with his 6 week-old litter from Los Angeles. Wheatens really care—J.G.) And the week, on wings, flies by; no slapdash but superbly planned from beginning to end; thank you Greater Denver (those not already named; Marilyn and Mary-Ellen); strength lies not in numbers. We say our farewells; not easy for me is “bye-bye little Sophie”; safe home everyone; let’s meet again soon. The wind blows right through me as though I’m not here. The x-pen topples over; Robin and Ruffian say “help”; but the An-dover gang take it in stride. Upstairs, Jackie says, “It’s good, that wind, without it you’d all move out here in drowers.” Aboard the plane, heading east, alone. No conversation, please; I plug myself into the stereo music and bury my face in the pages of this little gem Jackie suggested, A Lady’s Life in the Rocky Mountains. Colorado; a nice place to visit; and I wouldn’t mind living there either; that is, if it weren’t for the wind. Note: The roads are “rotten granite”, the wind was a record for the date, also the cold. Thank you Gay, and Dan Shoemaker (president of SCWCTA, Inc.) for coming out and contributing your knowledge and prestige to the program. Mrs. Brown’s comments on her Specialty assignment will appear in the SCWT quarterly, Benchmarks. Dan took movies, and unless his assistant goofed, they will be shown one evening during the Montgomery Specialty weekend.—

In Junior Showmanship, Emily Mackay Smith handled Longways Eros, a sturdy black and tan bred by Alix Wetherill, for Mrs. Day. Marcella Condon let her nephew, Nick Snow, take her point winner, Katryn, in for his first experience at the other end of the lead. James Scharnberg as usual put on the Working Terrier demonstration. His drop ear Heidi always demonstrates with enthusiasm what going to ground is all about. She was joined by Alice McGee’s three drop ear Champions Viking, Indigo, and Miss Aladdin. Incidentally, last year when James was ready to go home Heidi was missing. He found her in the earth which he had just stopped up. This year, when he opened it, a Vixen and her cubs at some time had settled in; no longer there, the rabbits had taken over. “Rain or Shine” said the flyor. There were intermittent showers. However, nothing could dampen the friendly competitive spirit among breeders, owners, and the group of happy young Terriers at this delightful yearly event. Don’t forget the Norwich Match show at Mrs. Steven Baird’s, Castle Point, Bernardsville, New Jersey, on Saturday, October 9, 1976.—Mrs. Sterling Larrabee, King’s Prevention, Chestertown, MD 21620

IRISH TERRIERS

The Irish Terrier Club of America

Looking at our patio, Cruse just shook his head and said it looked like a sawmill. This is the result of having a puppy around. The ‘Mouth’ insists that her legs, stolen from the wood pile, remain handy for her. There is always a piece of the pineapple-like projections that make up the trunk of the Washington palms. I have said before that these are ideal for puppies to chew during their chewing months. They are soft and pliable and do no harm, but there isn’t anything messier. It is still better than whittling on the picnic table and benches which are already well shaped by past puppies.

September is the forerunner of the fall ahead. A welcome thought with the present temperatures of 105 degrees along with the hot Santana winds causing an ever present fire danger months early this year on the West Coast. How thankful we are that we live on the top of a rocky ledge.

Congratulations to Bob Peters on his first judging assignment. I have always felt it is a great advantage for judges to have both breeding and exhibiting experience. I hope we will see more judges coming from the Irish Terrier ranks.

The month of June was an active one for our breed with two regional Specialties and our second National Traveling Specialty. The New Englanders had what has become to them almost a specialty with their