

face 1977 with a promise to better ourselves and our breed. And, above all to support our club.

Happy New Year—Good Resolutions and Good Luck!—Mrs. Nell B. Hudson, 8700 Wolf Trap Rd., Vienna, VA 22180

## FOX TERRIERS

### AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB

Not everyone who breeds a Fox Terrier bitch and raises a litter of puppies is entitled to be called a Fox Terrier breeder. Some become such in time, but many never get beyond being breeders of dogs, some are breeders of show dogs, and some become true Fox Terrier breeders.

When a new exhibitor appears and makes a nice win, we all watch him with interest. It is fun to give him little hints and tips on grooming, trimming, handling, etc., and to note how well he picks up skill. It is especially interesting to see how he breeds his winner, and what types of puppy he selects from the litter to show. Every now and then a newcomer arrives on the scene with a nice type Fox Terrier, then shows an even nicer one of the same type, bred from his original bitch, and this pleases all of us who are interested in the breed, for it is only through competent newcomers that the breed can continue to be what the original compilers of the Standard had in mind. Thus it is a great disappointment when such a newcomer, having left the ranks of novice and become a journeyman fancier, turns up with a Fox Terrier that is a complete departure in type from the previous animals that he has exhibited. It indicates that the lure of the win has begun to take precedence over the establishment of type. Often a breeder will begin to rely on his expert trimming and showmanship to make wins with Fox Terriers that are completely different in type and size from what he had previously regarded as ideal.

When judges depart from type there is most frequently the excuse that they can only judge what is brought before them, and to a certain extent the same is true of exhibitors. A breeder once said to me, "You show what you have." However, the only way in which type can be maintained is for one to have a firm conviction of what a Fox Terrier should look like, and to stick as close to type as possible. The breeder whose kennel houses a dozen terriers who look as though they were only very distantly related will probably never establish a stamp that is recognizable.

Perhaps one ought not always to show what one has. It may be that even though a puppy is sound enough, he should be rejected from our breeding and exhibiting program simply because he is not the type that we want. Once we start to show and breed from every terrier that has reasonably straight front legs, we are in trouble. That it is possible to establish type and stick to it is shown by a breeder of another terrier, one which is notorious for diversity of type.

There is one man who has been breeding this terrier for over thirty years, and he keeps turning out one after another that looks exactly the same in type. I recall that within his first ten years in this breed, he did have some dogs that were of divergent type, but in fairly short time he realized this and abandoned the lines that did not give him the type he was seeking. Of course, this was not accomplished overnight, and a successful breeder needs to have long-range vision. It comes down to a simple question of whether our interest is in Fox Terriers or in showing dogs.

The person whose chief pleasure comes from preparing dogs for the ring and showing them is as happy with one type as with another, and he may be very competent at what he does, but a true breeder wants his dogs to look as though they came from the same mold. And while naturally, not nearly all of the puppies born in his kennels are of the same stamp, he shows only those that are reasonably close to it.—Mrs. Joseph E. Haage, 917 Carsonia Ave., Reading, PA 19606

## NORWICH TERRIERS

### NORWICH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA

Rain dogged our Specialty, the Match, and Montgomery. It did not discourage stalwart exhibitors and sturdy Norwich from turning out in record numbers for these important shows. Powers of propulsion are restricted in the confines of a strip under the tent. Now and again, with a lull in the rain, our Norwich appreciated the opportunity to stretch their legs and show the judge how well man and dog could move given natural conditions.

In honor of our 40th Anniversary, thirty-five Norwich at Montgomery were judged by our president, the drop ear breeder, Mrs. John Winston. All who showed under Ann Winston, her red coat a welcome splash of color in the grey ring, wish we had the opportunity to have her go over our dogs more often.

Best of Breed, for the second consecutive year, was Ch. Badgewood Monty Collins, owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fell. "Monty", a handsome red drop ear, always in top condition thanks to his handler Jack Simm, has had a superb show career and retired after this show.

Best of Opposite Sex was Ch. Grassmere Scotch Mist, handled by her owner Anne Riker and bred by Ann Conolly. Scotch Mist is by Mrs. Read's Ch. Quartzhill College Corin, sire of the 1975 and 1976 Best Puppy in Norwich Match.

Best of Winners, the drop ear Nanfan Corricle, was bred by Mrs. Nigel Taylor and is owned by Constance Larrabee. Corricle completed her championship this day with a five-point Major. Young Laura Meisels came all the way from Lincoln, Nebraska to handle her import from the Fords, Thrumpton's Lord Melford, to Winners Dog and a four-point Major.

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The judge's Report:—Montgomery County KC 1976.

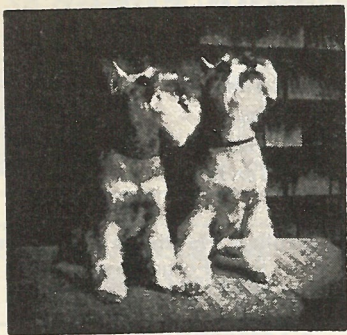
"Rain at Montgomery County didn't seem to dampen the enthusiasm and atmosphere that is always present at this prestigious event. I was very complimented by the nice entry and it was fun because I don't believe I have ever judged most of the dogs present.

"When judging, faces and personalities become hazy. I cannot honestly remember who was in the ring. I do remember the young girl who handled the Winners Dog—a nice prick ear puppy—free moving and typy.

"As a drop ear breeder, I was hoping to find a nice-moving prick ear to put up. I am not prejudiced in any way but they must be able to move and have type. A Norwich should be typical enough of the breed that if it was purple you could not mistake it for any other Terrier. There were two lovely drop ears in the Open class. Full of quality, the Winners Bitch came out on top on rear movement—I believe the wet ground made some a bit picky.

"The Specials class had some good movers but they were spoiled for me by either that chunky look or poor tail sets. The BB, Ch. Badgewood Monty Collins, is an extremely sound mover, very typical, in full coat and he looks mobile enough to go to ground. BOS, Ch. Grassmere Scotch Mist, is a lovely-moving prick ear, lacking in profuse furnishing, so nothing can be hidden, and the right size to work. I understand she is working on her U.D. now.

"BW, Nanfan Corricle, a neat, all-in-one-piece, quality bitch—and upon reflection I



## HANDFUL

Miniature Schnauzers Fox Terriers

MISS GENE SIMMONDS  
Kingsville, Maryland 21087

find she is a great grand-daughter of Fox-hunter's Tallyho, a bitch I exported to Joy Taylor in England.

"I enjoyed the day tremendously. It is a refreshing experience to be able to lose oneself completely for a couple of hours."—Anne Winston

In September, Stanford Mallory died. For almost ten years, until the death of his wife when ill health forced him to retire, Bill Mallory served as treasurer, protecting our finances during ten years of rapid growth and great activity in the Norwich Terrier Club. Nobody knew him better than Leonard Yerkes, Jr. Len and Bill renewed their friendship in 1965 when the Yerkes acquired their first Norwich, Hardy Peter, of Brandon, and joined the club. Leonard Yerkes' tribute to his lifelong friend follows:

"I first met 'Bill' Mallory in September 1920. We were 11 years old and en route to a New England boarding school. We became friends that day and remained so for 56 years.

"From there we went on to St. Pauls where we were roommates. He had an outstanding record there. Captain of the S.P.S. football team, his many scholastic honors won him the Gordon Medal, one of the school's most distinguished awards. It went to the student who had the best combination of athletic and scholastic abilities. He went on to Yale and was on the freshman football and varsity LaCrosse teams. A natural athlete, Bill was encouraged during this period by his step-mother, Molla Bjurstd Mallory, in her day the number 1 woman tennis player in the world.

"Following graduation, Bill went into the investment banking business. He was married to Priscilla Bliss in 1939. He was commissioned in the Air Force with the outbreak of World War II, having been a member of Squadron A for some years.

"After the War, Bill and Priscilla established a dairy farm at Wendover, in Mendham, New Jersey. He subsequently switched to beef cattle. On this beautiful farm in 1956 they established their fine strain of drop-ear Norwich Terriers. The Wendover strain was well known for its quality and is found in many leading drop-ear pedigrees.

## AIREDALE TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA Inc.

Mrs. Wilma N. Carter, Asst. Sec'y.  
10314 Mann Dr.

Monta Vista, Calif. 95014

Booklets: Trimming 50¢; Revised Facts 50¢

ATCA 1970 Year Book \$6.

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"Bill's death ironically came almost exactly one year after his wife's death. I had the honor of being one of his pall bearers. Stanford Chesterton Mallory will be long and well remembered."—Leonard Yerkes, Jr.

The 101st Westminster Kennel Club show will be held on February 14-15, 1977. Frank Haze Burch will judge the Terrier Group and Dr. David Green Doane will judge Norwich Terriers.—Mrs. Sterling Larrabee, King's Prevention, Chestertown, MD 21620

## MINIATURE SCHNAUZERS

### AMERICAN MINIATURE SCHNAUZER CLUB

We Look—But Do We See?

Looked at your dogs lately? Of course you have. If you breed on a very small scale as we do, they are in the home, and you can't get from here to there without tripping over one of the little darlings. But when you look, what do you really see? Are they bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, brimming with health and vigor, or just so-so?

I happen to be an R.N., but I trained way back in the years B.A. (Before Antibiotics). Medicine was not nearly so sophisticated then as it is now, but we did have a couple of things going for us. We learned asepsis (remember, there were no antibiotics to cover up a break in sterile technique), and we learned to observe our patients with our senses: sight, sound, smell, and touch (luckily medicine had progressed beyond the tasting bit!). These things were drilled into us, never to be forgotten, and I still find them helpful today whenever we have a sick animal.

Several years ago while working about the house, for some reason I began watching our 4½ year old champion male. Certainly he was not obviously ill. There was no vomiting, no diarrhea, no fever, no acute distress of any kind. He appeared to be resting, but there was something different that caught my eye. He kept shifting position. While I watched, he would turn from one side to the other, then onto the stomach, but no matter what position he assumed it was only for a few moments, then he would shift again. After about an hour of this I decided something had to be wrong, so I put him in the car and headed for the veterinarian's office. Now you have to be pretty gutsy (it also helps if you're not too bright) to walk into a busy, busy vet's office, with patients stacked six deep, and say, "I'm sorry, but my dog doesn't look comfortable." However, by the time the doctor got around to him, he had