WELSH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA

For all information write to:
Mrs. Neil B. McVey, Secretary-Treasurer
Four Paws Kennel
Staatsburg, Dutchess Co., N.Y. 12579

BODIE KENNELS (Est. 1932) ( Registered Kennel)
Puppies usually for sale

"The Bred-by-Exhibitor Dog—and Winners Dog—and Best of Winners, Windflowers Mitten Debra, there's a void in my vocabulary to try to describe the extra-ordinary Skye. He's a "classic" and I feel he could set the Standard in the next few years for the elegant fine bone and magnificent coat, remarkably strong head and powerful neck, ears set high, well placed, powerful rear and front coupled with a fine topline. The breeder must be proud beyond belief of this exquisite dog and I'm sure this show will only be the beginning of a 20-year career this Skye is going to have.

"On to the ladies—in Puppie Bitches 1 to 9 months, the winner, Spring Awareness, was a real joy, beautiful, neat and clean, good bone and topline, strong head, good legs and temper. The 9 to 12 month Bitch entry, Blythe Brook Abigail, was handsome, so sound. She held more promises than most puppies I've seen in the ring; beautiful head and rear and a fine topline, but she did not show to the best of her day. The Novice Bitch winner, Skyraven Koti, was incredibly fine, showing to the best of her very fine breeder and I shall discuss her at the close of this paragraph. She is the offspring of the American Bred class and had one of the best fronts and toplines in the ring that day. The Open class bitches (picked sarcs) were my most difficult class—all very attractive and very alike. I felt the Judge chose the winners well. Dow's Ween's O'Myka, was just a notch more mature with a stronger topline, but she had to show to the Reserve Bitch Winners Bitch.

"Bodie Kennel's Sky Blue Winner who took Winners Bitch was a real delight. A smartly dressed, smartly groomed, smartly presented, good front and rear and a fine topline. What a lovely carrier! She was the best of the Open class bitches, but she certainly did show her owner-bred pride and can certainly show the breed. I chose to stop in with the judging and certainly saw what could be a potential World champion in the future. That is, if he is not a Champion himself, which I would love to see."

"As for your class—your progress and welfare, not why offer a bit more of yourselves. In order to have your progressive breeders abreast of the breed, they need to understand your needs and the demands the breeders have, whether in the Wire Fox Terrier, that is completely different in type and size from what he had previously shown.

"When judging a dog that is not a winner, you have no problem as a judge because you are only judging the breed and how it is shown. If you are judging a winner, you have no problem in deciding which is the best dog of the breed and whether it is a winner or not. You do not have to worry about the winner's attitude; it is only to see if the dog is well-bred in conformation and color in the ring, and whether or not the dog is a winner."

"The Specialty class had a very good entry, with several of the best dogs in the breed. The judging was very nice, with a good number of exhibitors and a lot of variety in the dogs. The judge did a great job in picking the winners and placing them in different positions, which is very nice."
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.F.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 Bjurstad 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.

"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, Chesterton, MD 21820

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’re in the home, and you can’t get far 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 I 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 started shivering—one concrete symptom. After a brief examination, he explained that he could not know for certain until the lab report was back, but in the meantime he would go ahead and treat him on the assumption of an acute pancreatitis (the lab later confirmed the diagnosis). Luckily we caught it early, for if the disease is allowed to become chronic it can be a very nasty, distressing thing, and usually fatal. I knew dogs had a pancreas, but I never knew they sometimes had hepatitis, enteritis, cystitis, nephritis—almost all the lovely "itis" we are all prey to, but pancreatitis was just something that never crossed my mind.

Another time while we were watching TV, one of the bitches jumped onto my lap. It was too weak and apparent something didn’t smell right. She was due in season soon, but this was no ordinary odor. We put pants on her that night, and sure enough, in the morning she had the tell-tale foul smelling, grayish discharge on the pad. A smear was sent to the lab for culture, and when the report returned—Candida albicans, a monial (yeast) infection, very common in humans, but who would suspect it in a bitch? Certainly not I. And how come the lovely mutts we had always had never enjoyed any of these bizarre maladies?

Two years ago, one of the pups in a new litter started crying about 24 hours after docking. It was not a typical fading puppy syndrome; when picked up he was warm and wiggly, and he nursed vigorously, but as soon as he stopped nursing he started crying again. I looked for local infection and could find nothing, but later in the day a slight ruffling of the fur at the base of the tail and lower back appeared, and when held up in the hand he would really cry. The veterinarian discovered a spreading cellulitis (remember old-fashioned blood poisoning?; same thing). Antibiotics soon took care of it, but if let go through the night, we would no doubt have lost a puppy.

I remember all too well our very first Schnauzer—the beloved little pet with which we all start out. She was such a happy little thing and we loved her like crazy just from the sheer joy of being alive. Then before she was even two years old something happened. She began to look a bit off color. Several trips to the vet revealed nothing, but still she went down hill. Sometimes she ate well, other times not at all, sometimes she would play, then again she just lay there and whimper a bit. Still nothing definite could be found. Finally she developed a viral pneumonia. She was given broad spectrum antibiotics, oxygen, bronchodilators, intravenous feedings, blood transfusions—everything was tried, and nothing helped. Nothing cultured out, there was no rise in temperature, no elevation of white blood count. In less than 24 hours she was dead. What had dragged her down to the point where she had absolutely nothing with which to fight back? What didn’t we see?—Marietta Hungerford, 1818 Via Toledo, San Lorenzo, CA 94580