

# <sup>the</sup> Norwich & Norfolk News

THE NORWICH AND NORFOLK TERRIER CLUB

NUMBER 74

SUMMER 1997



*Celebrating . . .*

*50th Anniversary of AKC  
Recognition of the NNIC  
and*

*35th Anniversary of the  
Norwich & Norfolk News!*

# THE NORWICH & NORFOLK NEWS

An Official Publication of The Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club

All articles express the opinions of their writers only and do not necessarily represent the views of the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club, Inc., its Officers or Governors. Editors reserve the right to edit as necessary all copy submitted for publication.

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COMPLIMENTARY COPIES of the *News* are provided to new owners of Norwich and Norfolk upon written request by an NNTC member to Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383.

NEWS DEADLINES. *The Norwich & Norfolk News* is published twice yearly, Winter and Summer. Deadlines for contributions, photographs, letters to the editors, etc., are May 15 for the Summer issue and November 15 for the Winter issue. Thus, the next deadline for writers, photographers and artists is NOVEMBER 15, 1997. Abiding by these deadlines will enable the *News* to arrive regularly and on a timely basis. Thank you for your cooperation. The Editors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. Each NNTC member receives the *Norwich & Norfolk News* as a membership benefit. Subscriptions are available to non-members at a cost of \$15 per year, domestic; \$20 per year, foreign. Requests and checks payable to "NNTC" (U.S. funds) should be sent to Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383.

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# THE NORWICH AND NORFOLK TERRIER CLUB

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Addresses for committee chairpersons appear throughout the *News*. If you are unable to find the address you need, please contact NNTC Corresponding Secretary Heidi Evans, 158 Delaware Ave, Laurel, DE 19956 or one of the co-editors. Questions regarding Notions should be directed to Larry Adams, 1900 Harter Farm Rd, High Ridge, MO 63049.

## CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS

### THE MEMORIAL FUND

The NNTC Board, at its April 1997 meeting, established a new Memorial Fund designated for canine genetic and health research. Donations in memory of loved ones, both human and canine, may be sent to the NNTC Treasurer, specified for "The Memorial Fund," and may be breed specific. Names of those memorialized and the donors will be published annually in the *News*.

### HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE NNTC

If you would like to become a member of the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club, please contact Membership Chair, Tony Gabrielli (Cricket Hill Farm, 15434 Chillicothe Road, Russell, OH 44072 Tel: 216-338-4154) to request an application packet.

An applicant must be sponsored by two NNTC members in good standing and from two separate households. Each sponsor must have been an NNTC member for two years prior to sponsoring an applicant. The Club strongly recommends that one sponsor live in the same general geographic area as the applicant and encourages this sponsor to visit the home and/or kennel of an applicant.

**ANNOUNCING** the July 1997 reprint of Marjorie Bunting's *The Norwich Terrier*, edited by Renee Sporre-Willes. NNTC Notions hopes to acquire copies of this updated hard-back edition for sale to Norwich fanciers.

### VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

As NNTC Corresponding Secretary, I have an overwhelming amount of typing. Is there someone out there in NNTC land with a computer (preferably Apple) who is willing (able?) to help out with various projects? If you are interested, please contact me at 302-875-7815.

Heidi Evans, Corr. Sec.

### IF YOU MOVE OR YOUR ADDRESS CHANGES:

Please notify Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383, of any changes in your mailing address. This will assure delivery of every issue of the *News*. Undeliverable copies are returned to the editors who must then re-send them at first class rates. You can't read the *News* if you don't get it. Please remember to advise us as soon as you know what your new address is. We don't want anyone to miss an issue.

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*Cover Photo --Norfolks at Four Weeks, by Michael Swygert-Smith*

## 1997: A DOUBLE BIRTHDAY BASH!!

Last year, Norwich and Norfolk fanciers celebrated the 60th anniversary of official AKC recognition of our prick and drop-ear terriers. Not to be outdone, 1997 boasts TWO historic events: the 50th anniversary of official AKC recognition of the Norwich Terrier Club (now the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club) and the 35th anniversary of the *Norwich Terrier News* (now the *Norwich & Norfolk News*).

Founded unofficially in the 1930s by such early prick and drop-ear enthusiasts as Harry Peters, Henry Bixby, Mrs. Robert Winthrop (later Mrs. A. C. Randolph) and Miss Jean Hinkle, the Norwich Terrier Club (NTC) was reorganized after World War II, thanks largely to the efforts of drop-ear breeders Mrs. Josephine Spencer (Partree) and Mrs. Katherine Thayer (Maplehurst). When the NTC received official AKC recognition in 1947, Mrs. Spencer became the Club's first official president; Mrs. Thayer its first official secretary. The NTC held its first Specialty in Massachusetts in 1948, where Mrs. Spencer's drop-ear male import, Cobbler of Boxted, won Best of Breed over an entry of more than 30 dogs.

Fifteen years after official AKC recognition, the NTC published the inaugural issue of the *Norwich Terrier News*, edited by Constance Stuart Larrabee (King's Prevention), with Joan Redmond Read (Chidley) as associate editor. In her front-page message, then-NTC President and drop-ear breeder, Mrs. (Mary) Stevens Baird (Castle Point), proclaimed the May 1962 issue a "landmark in the record of our Club's activities." She continued: "I expect the News to have very much the quality of the Norwich Terrier himself. Informal, engaging, sociable, full of character and variety, full of spice and life. To be as useful and successful as it should be, it will need the support of all of us." Constance Larrabee likewise reminded readers that "without your support there can be no news" and welcomed "all contributions, great or small."

Today's editors salute the founder of the *News* and, in the same spirit, reiterate Constance Larrabee's original request for "all contributions, great or small." We thank those Norwich and Norfolk fanciers — NNTC members and non-members alike — whose articles, anecdotes, photos, *et al.*, fill the pages of this 35th Anniversary *News*.

Happy Birthday to both the NNTC and the *News*!

—AGF



*"Bo" Freehling announces  
the Double Birthday  
Bash – BOW WOW!*

*Photo: Alison Freehling*

## SPORTSMANSHIP?

One of the principal reasons for holding and attending a breed Specialty is the opportunity for breeders to display their “stock” — a chance to look at, or for, the perfect stud dog for a breeding program or the bitch from which you might want a puppy. A Specialty can and should be a gathering of diverse people united in one common interest: their love of Norwich or Norfolk (or both) terriers.

We used to hold back what we thought to be our current best examples of our breed, hoping they would finish at a Specialty. This plotting of the show career was integral to the sport of exhibiting our dogs and the reason for much planning for points: where and when (and whether) to exhibit so that your class animal might garner finishing points at a Specialty. These considerations have always comprised a profound portion of the *sportsmanship* called for in the *sport* of showing our dogs.

What has become of that sense of sportsmanship and camaraderie? Lately, the fad, it seems, has been to finish a dog at an all-breed show and then “finish” it again at a Specialty. Granted, there is nothing illegal in this. But what of ethics and fair play? The spirit of sportsmanship upon which these shows were founded? Have we become so greedy that winning points, and then winning again, is all? What purpose is served by showing a finished animal in sweepstakes or in the regular classes? And another consideration: What if your finished animal does *not* go up? Looks a little ridiculous, don’t you think?

As a Board, we cannot condone this method of playing the game and hope it is not the trend of the future. In these two breeds, where it is difficult to even *find* majors in most parts of the country, isn’t it more sportsmanlike to move the finished animal on? Let’s all play fair and give the next guy a sporting chance — he or she will appreciate and thank you for it.

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Approved by the NNTC Board at its April 1997 Meeting

### THE NANCY JOY PATCHAN MEMORIAL NORFOLK TERRIER SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

In honor of the late Nancy Joy Patchan, the Patchan family hereby establishes, funds and presents to the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club the Nancy Joy Patchan Memorial Norfolk Terrier Sportsmanship Award to be awarded to a regular Club member as provided herein.

The following criteria shall be used by the Selection Committee to select the recipient of the Award. The recipient of the Award: (1) shall be a breeder of Norfolk terriers; (2) shall possess personal integrity and conduct himself/herself in an honest and forthright manner; (3) shall consistently conduct himself/herself in a sportsmanlike manner whether in or out of competition; (4) shall demonstrate a serious commitment to maintaining and improving the quality and integrity of the Norfolk terrier breed; and (5) shall be dedicated to the interests of Norfolk terriers in particular and all dogs in general.

Prior receipt of the Award shall not disqualify a member from consideration or receipt of the Award. This newly-established award, is a silver bowl that will be engraved with each recipient’s name. A smaller version of the bowl will be given to the winner. The Patchans have chosen the first recipient, who will be announced at this year’s NNTC dinner during the awards presentation. Thank you Jerry, Judy and family for this wonderful tribute to Nancy.

## NEW NNTC AWARDS FOR VERSATILITY

The NNTC Board of Governors has decided to offer Versatility Awards for member-owned Norwich and Norfolk terriers meeting certain criteria. The awards will be designated: NNTC Versatility and NNTC Versatility Excellent.

To win these awards, a dog must demonstrate competence in several areas by earning titles, each of which will give the dog a set number of points toward the number required for winning the award. Dogs already qualifying for either Versatility award are eligible to receive it if the owner became an NNTC member before the dog completed the requirements for the award.

Versatility awards will not be conferred unless the dog's owner sends proof of titles earned to a person designated by the NNTC (presently Mary D. Fine). The reason for this is that many eligible titles are not AKC titles and therefore are not published in *Awards*; the only way to know that a dog has earned the title is for the owner to provide documentation.

When a dog/owner team has completed the requisite number of titles to total the points required for either award, the owner must mail a copy of each title certificate to Mary D. Fine. Upon receipt of these certificates and verification of the total points earned, the Club's designee will advise the Club that the dog has earned the requisite titles/points for a Versatility award. Awards will be announced and given out at Club meetings.

If your dog has earned some of its versatility points with non-AKC titles, please be sure that the full name of the title is on the certificate provided. A copy of the tally sheet will be provided to anyone requesting it.

Mary D. Fine, 66 Ellise Rd, Storrs, CT 06268

*EDITORS' NOTE: Space limitations prevent inclusion of the tally sheet. General categories for earning points are Obedience, Tracking, Field (Earthdog, Hunting, Working), Agility, Breed (Conformation), Flyball, Search & Rescue, plus Therapy dog, Canine Good Citizen and Temperament test.*

### HOPE ANTHONY LEVY *January 13, 1926 - August 6, 1997*

As we were going to press, the *News* sadly learned of the death of former editor Hope Levy (Mrs. Edwin L. Levy, Jr.) of Richmond, VA. Except for a brief hiatus in 1984, Hope edited the *News* from 1981 to mid-1988, with husband Ed Levy's Old Dominion Press as printer. To commemorate the 50th Anniversary of AKC breed recognition, Hope produced the *Golden Jubilee News*, a 136-page issue highlighting Norwich and Norfolks in America from 1966 to 1986. A more extensive obituary of this talented and dedicated lady will appear in the next issue of the *News*.



## RESCUE AND REHOMING

Notes from Sue Ely, Chairman

The volume of calls for puppies and older dogs is still high — maybe even higher than last year. I wonder if there is any connection with the Dow-Jones! Of course, stories abound; and perhaps it is time to share a few of them with you, partly for the fun of recounting happy endings, but also for the serious purpose of encouraging you to keep letting me know when you have puppies or older dogs to place.

One of the bits of advice I often hand out to folks who want a Norfolk or Norwich, but do not want a puppy, is to go to a show and meet breeders. My theory is that a breeder with an older dog to place will find a person more appealing than a voice over the phone, even one armed with a recommendation from me. Last fall, a couple from New Jersey, following my advice, came down to Montgomery on just such a mission. They found “Sara,” a 19-month-old Norfolk whose show career was moving, but not very fast, and whose breeders/owners felt that this young bitch needed a home without so many competitive dogs. A quick trip to the Virginia countryside brought Sara to New Jersey and a new life learning the ins and outs of an antique shop as well as the excitement of a deck at home overlooking a yard full of SQUIRRELS! Bob and Francine Fountain have put wonderful time and energy into helping Sara make the transition, and she is currently entered in an obedience class with Francine on Saturday mornings. She has adopted Francine’s desk in the front of the shop as her vantage point, a spot from which she passes judgment on the customers. As of this writing, she is still a bit opinionated about some of them, especially children, but Francine hopes to bring her to a more equable state of mind with training and experience.



Photo: Francine Fountain

“Sara” perched on Francine’s desk  
at the antique shop.

“Little Tommy Tucker” had to wait longer for his happy ending. Tommy is a 14-month-old black and tan Norfolk from the Buffalo, NY, area. He was originally placed with a man in NYC whom I interviewed extensively and recommended to Tommy’s breeder. In short order, Tommy was on a plane — destination: Manhattan’s West Side. When I heard that this man was taking the dog, I told him to get in touch with a wonderful couple who bought a bitch from me about six years ago. They lived just around the corner, and I figured they could guide him to a vet, show him about basic grooming, etc.

About a week later, just as I was going to make a follow-up call on Tommy, I heard from a couple in Brooklyn that Tommy was with them, passed on by the original adopter to my West Side friends and then to them. It took a while to unravel what had happened, but, in a nutshell, the original fellow, “Mr. E,” had not liked Tommy, and had gotten another dog; he then offered Tommy to my friends, implying that, if they did not take Tommy, he was going to give him to the doorman in his building. As it was, poor Tommy was spending his days in the bathroom.

Since my friends, the Smiths, know how carefully I screen prospective Norwich and Norfolk owners, they took Tommy lest he fall into the wrong hands. But they couldn’t keep him because they don’t have room for more than one dog. That was how Tommy got to Brooklyn, to Jason and Jennifer, who own the litter brother of my dog, Ollie. Most of all, everyone was worried that “Mr. E” would claim his “property,” as he had made the Smiths promise not to tell me or the breeder that he hadn’t kept the dog. (Once we found out that “Mr. E’s” checks were made of India rubber, however, we breathed more easily.)

A week later, the right person called, looking for a dog to succeed the Norfolk she had just lost to cancer. I put her in touch with Jason and Jennifer, who in the meantime had housetrained Tommy. He now lives with a view of Atlantic City, a fenced yard and a mistress who works at home and adores him.

I don't know what I learned from this experience, except that people can be really deceiving over the phone; and I am more aware than ever how wonderful a network of Norwich and Norfolk owners is "out there" to save a dog in a bad situation. I am ever so thankful for the prompt action taken by Geddeh and Francesca Smith and Jason and Jennifer Light and also grateful for the trust and patience shown by Mary Frances and John Beardsley throughout Tommy's trials.

I know I began these notes saying I wanted to encourage breeders to place dogs. Please do not let Tommy's story turn you off the idea. I tell it for its happy ending, not its rough spots. Be assured that there is a safety net out there, even when things go awry.

*An Editor speaks: "Sara" was a precious commodity — she had what may have been the longest tongue ever seen in Norfolks and boundless affection. Her red coat and her extraordinary athletic ability were only two of her outstanding qualities. Moreover, she convinced three judges that she was worthy of winning in the conformation ring. But, she craved attention that her breeders/owners were unable to provide as they ministered to their growing crew of Norfolks. Every time this editor's husband mentioned "placing" Sara, the editor pouted or wept — Sara was "her" baby. But, at Montgomery, something special happened, so special that this editor was helpless. Sara fell in love with someone else. It was so apparent — this energetic young bitch, standing still (for the first time ever) on a grooming table at ringside, fastened her eyes on Francine Fountain and that, as they say, was that. If Michael and I could have designed an owner for Sara, we couldn't have done as well as the couple following Sue Ely's advice, "Go to a dog show and meet breeders." As this new family headed down our driveway ten days after Montgomery, Sara, who was standing on Francine's lap, gave us one last quick look and turned her attention to navigating Francine and Bob back to New Jersey.* — RSS

## GENETICS & HEALTH

*Carol Falk, Chairman*

Since the October 1996 meeting, many NNTC members have contacted me about health issues facing our two breeds. One woman spoke of a problem with hip dysplasia; another was concerned about heart problems in her line. A Norwich owner wrote about her two 12-year-old bitches, littermates, who had been seizing almost all their lives. Personally, I lost what appeared to be a perfectly healthy 2-week-old Norfolk. He began a mournful crying one morning; in less than 24 hours, despite fluids, tube feeding, and antibiotics, he was dead. As I spoke to other breeders about this puppy, I learned that many had experienced similar heartbreaks. Last year at Montgomery, I spoke to the club about a liver-shunt puppy my bitch produced. Imagine my dismay when a friend called recently to tell me one of her pups had been diagnosed with the same condition.

This spring I received a copy of the AKC's Model Health Questionnaire for Parent Clubs. This is a non-specific health survey which each club can modify to make appropriate for their breed. Once the survey is properly tailored to our specific needs, which I hope will be done within the next 18 months, it will be distributed to NNTC members. When the completed surveys are returned to the Club, we will be able to determine where to concentrate our efforts. We need to work together to identify the health issues that affect our breeds. Please note problems you have encountered and share them with me.

Genetic research in dogs is moving forward at an exciting pace. Money and information are critically important if we wish to see continued success. The NNTC has recently created a Memorial Fund to honor the memory of departed friends (human and canine). Money from this fund will be earmarked for genetics/health research. Donations may be marked Norwich, Norfolk, or both.

I am excited to report that Dr. Robert Dunstan of the College of Veterinary Medicine, Michigan State University, has been awarded a grant from the University to study *ichthyosis bullosa of siemens* in Norfolk terriers. This is an hereditary skin disease that, although not life-threatening, is disfiguring and difficult to control. [See Carol's article, page 14 of this issue for more on this disorder.] Dr. Dunstan writes, "The condition can be recognized shortly after birth because the least amount of trauma results in small blisters, especially on the ears. As the animals age, the blisters become less conspicuous and hyperpigmentation (darkening of the skin) as well as scaling — especially of the underarms and groin areas — become the most pronounced clinical findings. We believe that this disease represents a defect in the ability of the skin to form a normal stratum corneum, the outer layer of the skin that normally serves as a "Saran Wrap"-like protective barrier. We call this disease "ichthyosis" because it is similar in many respects to a class of skin diseases in humans in which there are excessive scales that vaguely resemble those of a fish."

Dr. Dunstan hopes his research will lead to a diagnostic test which will identify affected, carrier and normal dogs. Anyone who feels they may have this problem or who would like more information about the disease may contact Dr. Dunstan at the Department of Pathology, G-300 VMC, College of Veterinary Medicine, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824.

## OBEDIENCE

The winter of 1996-97 was conspicuous for its lack of Norwich and Norfolk activity in obedience. One bright star emerged as Sue Ely, NNTC 2nd Vice President, Rescue and Rehoming chair, and longtime Norfolk breeder, made her first foray into the obedience ring. Her homebred, Pinchbeck Pollyanna, earned her first CD leg from the Novice A class with a score of 192 and a third place. A second leg came a few weeks later. Even more rewarding, Pollyanna is the daughter of Sue's own homebred champion stud dog, who obviously is capable of producing brains as well as beauty. The only other Norfolk action came from Virginia, also in Novice A, as CH Landmark Sweet Someone, owned by Robyn Snyder, earned the first 2 legs toward a CD.

NEWSFLASH! A phone call from Sue Ely announced that Pollyanna completed her CD at the Columbia Terrier Association All-Terrier show in April with a score of 195 and the High Scoring Norfolk trophy. This promising team is now in training for a CDX title. Will there be a UD in Pollyanna's future? It certainly sounds like a possibility. Sue also informed me that CH Landmark Sweet Someone, mentioned above, is now sporting a brand-new CD title.

During this time period, a lone Norwich completed a CDX in the sunny South. CH Shonleh Mayhem CD, owned by Ann Summers, got the first 2 legs on a CDX title in Alabama and completed it a few months later in Florida. All of her scores were in the 190s.

E.B. and Melba Murphy from Oregon have 2 legs toward a CD title on CH Margo's Prim 'N Proper Pixie. I have never met the Murphys, but they appear to be quite active in obedience and I commend them for putting titles on "both ends" of their Norwich. In Grand Rapids, MI, Connie Allen's Norwich, Chestnut Hills Delight, is now a CD.

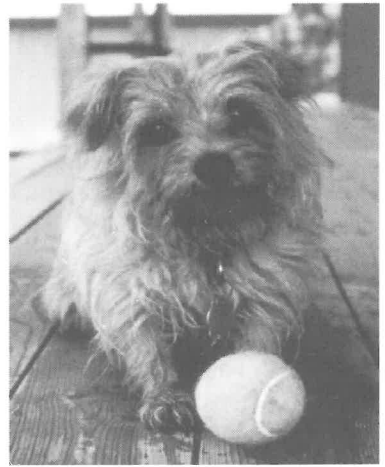
Again, for the benefit of new readers, I remind everyone that, if you want to see your dog's accomplishments highlighted in this column, please write! Otherwise, I must depend on what is published in AKC Awards.

Mary D. Fine, 66 Ellise Rd, Storrs, CT 06268

## FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

Always alert to the plight of fellow terrier lovers, we were distressed to read a newspaper article last December about the British quarantine rules and how Chris Patten, the last British governor of Hong Kong, will have to surrender his two Norfolk terriers, Whiskey and Soda, to 6 months of quarantine when he returns to England this year. We wrote him a letter of sympathy, saying that our Norfolk, Ace, requires playing with every day and that locking her up for 6 months would be unthinkable to us. And we enclosed a couple of pictures of Ace with her tennis ball.



"Ace"

Imagine our delight when we received an actual reply, with a handwritten addendum! A copy is enclosed [and printed in the *News*]. Governor Patten's writing is a little hard to read, but seems to say "She looks a lot trimmer than Soda, who has got a bit tubby in Government House."

We attribute Ace's lack of "tubbiness" at least partly to all the exercise she gets. The enclosed photo, taken on her ninth birthday, shows her with a birthday present she had been retrieving in wet grass. As her age has gone into double digits (she was 11 in July), she has slowed down some — she now pauses to chew on the ball after every retrieval — but her enthusiasm is undiminished, as is the shrillness of her excited squeaks. As every yip reverberates off the nearby mountains, we sometimes wonder what our neighbors (none of whom live very close) think of the racket. Despite the probable damage done to our hearing, we get happiness every day from our 12-pound, endlessly imaginative, home entertainment center.

Hazel Beeler & Michael Kuric, Rt 1, Box 310, Newport, VA 24128

Government House  
Hong Kong

6 January 1997

*R. M. Kuric & H. Beeler,*

It was good of you to write about the quarantine regulations. As you know, I believe that these are outdated and that there are now better and as reliable means to safeguard public health in the United Kingdom without the need for quarantine.

Any change in the regulations will certainly come too late for my two dogs. I hope, however, that before too long it will be possible to avoid the expense and distress the quarantine laws cause for others.

I was delighted to see the photographs of your own Norfolk Terrier.

*She looks a lot trimmer than Soda,  
who has got a bit tubby in Government House!*

*Best wishes*

*Chris Patten*

(Christopher Patten)

Mrs. William Matthew of Charleston, SC, writes: "I have found that the Lyme disease inoculation causes a reaction when given along with the other annual booster shot. I request that the Lyme disease booster be given a week later."

Mrs. Robert de Guzman (Suzy) of Hilton Head, SC, reports that her 4-year-old Norwich "Brooks is still a big attraction where I work. All the customers think she is the cutest dog they've ever seen. I can't even count the number of Norwich terriers I've sold. I keep a copy of the *Norwich & Norfolk News* on hand so I can let people I think would be super-owners know the names of breeders in their area. Brooks just greets one and all and then rolls over to have her tummy rubbed. One and all fall 'hook, line and sinker;' those big brown eyes get them every time. She's a real sweetheart and dearly loved. I don't know what I'd do without her." Suzy reminds *News'* readers that a photo of Brooks lying on the beach was the cover photo for the Summer 1995 *News* (Vol. 70).

*"Are you absolutely  
positively sure  
you don't want  
to share  
that toy with me?"*

*Teddy and his  
"Golden" friend*



## THE LAW, THE INTERNET & THE NNTC

I was wrong. I should have been firmer in my denouncing of gossip mongers in my August '97 *Gazette* column. Congratulations to Melanie Wallwork and Tina Dennis for their brilliant efforts in convincing Teleport, an Internet service, to close the account and, therefore, the web page of one such subscriber. We as breeders must protect one another by being vigilant and aware when we surf the Internet. On August 6, 1997, the *New York Times* quoted Kurt Vonnegut, the author, "I don't know what the point is except how gullible people are on the Internet." The Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club must make its web site the Number One page on the Internet concerning Norfolk and Norwich terriers.

If, as you surf the 'net, you find anything defaming someone involved in our breeds, please contact me, Tina or Melanie immediately.

Barbara Miller, 135 High Farms Rd, Old Brookville, NY 11545  
Tina's address is 7320 N. 32nd St, McAllen, TX 78504; Melanie's is 10524 Idlewild Rd, Matthews, NC 28105



You can find the NNTC Web Home Page on the Internet at

<http://www.geocities.com/colosseum/1259/>

## MANAGEMENT OF NORWICH WITH RESPIRATORY DISORDERS

*This article, published in slightly different form in the Norwich breed column of the February 1997 AKC Gazette, is reprinted here to complement the other News accounts of respiratory problems in U.S. and U.K. Norwich. While my analysis only “skims the surface” of this significant health concern, I hope it is useful to owners who do not read the Gazette but who do have Norwich with breathing difficulties.*

—AGF

The 1995 NNTC health survey identified Norwich respiratory disorders, particularly elongated soft palates and tracheal collapse, as one of the breed's two leading health problems. Veterinary literature suggests that breathing abnormalities are inherited and advises not to breed affected dogs.

Elongated soft palate is an upper airway obstruction most often seen in brachycephalic (short-nosed) breeds. Because the overlong soft palate impedes normal airflow, dogs with this congenital anatomical feature experience varying degrees of respiratory dysfunction ranging from noisy breathing and snoring in mild cases to cyanosis (mucous membranes turning blue), loss of consciousness or death.

Tracheal collapse (TC) is another upper airway disorder most common in small- and toy-breed dogs over five years old. A normal trachea (windpipe) is a relatively rigid, non-collapsible tube supported by tough cartilage rings. Dogs with TC syndrome have an inherited weakness/softness in their tracheal cartilage, which usually worsens with age and which causes the rings to partially or totally collapse. Early clinical signs of TC include labored breathing during exercise/excitement/stress and a dry, “goose honk” cough, often with gagging, as if the dog is trying to clear its airways. More advanced cases, characterized by acute respiratory distress, cyanosis or loss of consciousness, are often fatal. Hypoplastic or stenotic trachea, a congenital anatomical feature in which the diameter of the trachea is abnormally narrow, also compromises respiratory function in some Norwich.

Norwich with mild respiratory obstruction can lead relatively normal, happy lives provided their owners observe certain common-sense precautions. First and foremost, restrict your dog's physical activity in hot, humid weather. During the hottest hours of the day, keep your Norwich indoors in a cool environment. Avoid undue excitement and stress. Take walks in the early morning and late evening and use a harness instead of a collar or show lead so that your dog's pulling does not increase external pressure on its airways.

Along with exercise restrictions, control your dog's weight! Most Norwich have voracious appetites. Too many are too fat! Obesity compounds breathing difficulties and increases the risk of tracheal collapse. All Norwich should watch their waistlines, especially those with compromised respiratory systems.

Drug therapy may also help Norwich with mild respiratory obstruction. Bronchodilators (to expand airways), corticosteroids (to reduce inflamed respiratory membranes) and cough suppressants will not cure the condition, but may ameliorate the labored breathing and chronic coughing associated with elongated soft palates and tracheal collapse.

Surgery to shorten soft palates or to insert a permanent, synthetic windpipe (a tracheostomy) may benefit Norwich with more severe respiratory dysfunction. Because general anesthesia relaxes upper airways muscles, however, it is extremely risky for dogs with respiratory obstruction. Possible post-operative complications — tissue swelling, bacterial infection, aspiration pneumonia, suture failure, etc. — pose additional hazards.

While exercise restrictions, weight loss, drugs or surgery often improve the quality of life for Norwich with breathing disorders, the only real *cure* is to remove affected males and bitches from reproduction. No matter how correct its conformation, a Norwich with hereditary respiratory abnormalities should not carry on the breed. Breeders who ignore this principle may saddle

Norwich with life-long and life-threatening health problems and Norwich owners with on-going anxiety, medical expenses and heartbreak. Our amiable little terriers and their fanciers surely deserve a happier fate!

I thank Dr. Lynelle Johnson of Colorado State University Veterinary Teaching Hospital and Dr. Dale Eckert of the Woodford Veterinary Clinic for their assistance with this article.

Alison Freehling

## NORWICH RESPIRATORY PROBLEMS: CASE STUDIES FROM AMERICA

*Two years ago, while gathering information for an intended Gazette column on breathing disorders, I received the following letter from Eleanor Steele (Piety Hill Norwich). Eleanor reported "Jacques'" death in the Summer 1993 News and urged breeders "NOT to pass this [breathing problems] on." Her plea bears repeating.* —AGF

"We waited many months before Jacques came to live with us. He was all I could ask for in a Norwich — very alert, perky, bright when we did some simple obedience (which he never forgot even in his failing years). When he first showed the breathing difficulties, we felt fortunate to have a caring and very close-by (3 minutes) clinic. Over the many times we had to call on them for help, it was a frightening experience but nothing like the times we were out of town. On 3 different occasions Harold [Eleanor's husband, a dentist] performed mouth-to-mouth and brought Jacques back from totally blue gums, limpness and a gasping condition. We were always careful to keep him quiet and cool in warm weather. In the car he had a "cold pak" in his crate. And, of course, no exercise outside other than 'potty runs.'

"It was so sad to see this appealing little face with those big brown eyes look at me in panic as he struggled for breath. In his final days, as it was evident his condition had worsened, it was almost as if those eyes were begging for peace and relief from his struggle. When we consulted with our vet, he confirmed that putting Jacques down would be the ultimate act of love. The vet came to the house and we all talked, said our goodbyes, and loved our beloved Jacques; and then he was still and at peace.

"I still miss Jacques terribly even though it has been three years since he left us. He was always at my side, looking up with those big eyes, talking to me with that 'gravelly' voice.... I was always disappointed that I never had a response from Jacques' breeder after I informed her of his problems...."

*The veterinary report accompanying Eleanor's letter documented Jacques' "frequent episodes of dyspnea [labored breathing] and cyanosis [turning blue]" from the age of 18 months until his euthanasia at 10 years, 5 months. "Owner concerned about collapsing trachea," the vet noted at 18 months. "Several episodes of tracheal or laryngeal problems," "tracheal collapse," surgery to "remove laryngeal sacculles" at 3 years. The vet also noted that Jacques' "laryngeal cartilages collapse slightly so may have to do further surgery. Also soft palate is slightly long." Recurrent notations of "heat prostration," "severe respiratory distress," "bluer than blue," "larynx swollen," "tracheal collapse".... In addition to the laryngeal surgery, life-long medications — antibiotics, bronchodilators, antihistamines, steroids — to reduce swelling and inflammation, etc. An autopsy indicated that Jacques' "breathing difficulty" was a combination of (1) collapsing trachea and (2) hypertrophic cardiomyopathy. The "trachea instead of being a fairly firm structure was quite collapsible. Only 1/2 of each ring was firm, allowing for the other half to collapse inward which would obstruct breathing." Not uncommon in dogs with respiratory dysfunction, Jacques also had heart problems — "the left ventricular chamber was severely thickened with a very small chamber space. The right ventricular wall was slightly thickened."*

*Jacques' life-long struggle to breathe dramatizes the continuous anxiety of severe respiratory disorders to both dog and owner — as well as the on-going medical expense and the ultimate heartbreak for the owner. The following story from a first-time Norwich owner describes the "terror" she felt during her puppy's acute respiratory distress.* —AGF

## "AT LAST, OUR LITTLE NORWICH!"

Seventeen years ago, we bought our last puppy, a Golden Retriever we called "Sunshine." As her health began to decline, my husband and I would hire a sitter for a few hours and go to local dog shows. We were both very sad, and it lifted our spirits to watch and learn about different breeds. At one show, we came upon a Norwich. We were smitten. But with Sunshine's precarious health, we felt it would be unfair to bring a puppy into our home.

Two years passed and Sunshine left us in the summer of 1996. Still we couldn't think about getting a Norwich until our grief had subsided. Then, in the dark and cold of January 1997, I thought, "This house is very quiet — we need new life, joy and a happy bark. It is time for our Norwich!" I spent hours on the phone and finally found a 4-month-old male.

We were off at the 'crack of dawn' to meet the breeders and this Norwich. From what the breeder had said about his personality, I felt he would be right for us. When we arrived, my husband and I took one look and knew this puppy was everything we wanted. We decided to call him "Briggs," my grandmother's middle name.

During the drive home, my husband and I had silly smiles on our faces. Without saying anything, we both thought: "At last, our little Norwich!" By the time we arrived, however, I felt a slight uneasiness. I had never been around a Norwich for any length of time, but Briggs seemed too quiet. When we stopped at rest areas, he was friendly to passers-by and wiggled his tail — but he never barked.

Not long afterwards, we heard what was to be Briggs' "bark." We introduced him to one of our cats. His excitement brought out a strange sound, similar to the bleating of a lamb. We have never heard a robust, joyful bark from our little Norwich.

As days passed, we noticed heavy breathing each time he played and got excited. There was also a disturbing rattle in his chest, but our vet said his lungs were clear. A month later, our vet discovered that Briggs had baby teeth and permanent teeth going on at the same time. He needed to have his baby teeth pulled to save his bite. I felt uneasy, but my vet said it was a simple surgery and I trust her completely.

Two days before Briggs' tooth surgery, I read the Norwich column on "Breathing Blues" in my AKC *Gazette*. I worried that Briggs might have one of these respiratory problems. My vet also read the article and said that Briggs did not have an elongated soft palate. During surgery, however, she discovered that he did have an abnormally narrow trachea, which required her to use a smaller tube. She diagnosed this condition as a hypoplastic trachea.

We took Briggs home soon after his surgery. At 4 AM, he started gasping for breath. It kept getting worse — so bad that I thought he might 'keel over' from the exhaustion of his fight for air. He was very brave, sitting still instead of showing panic. But we were terrified. I knew his tiny trachea must be swelling closed from irritation. I called my vet at home around 5 AM and we drove Briggs to her hospital. She put him in an oxygen box and gave him some injections. He fought for air most of that day. Finally by late afternoon, he was better. We took him home and gave him various antibiotics for the next two weeks.



"Briggs" Cole



Besides the considerable medical expenses, Briggs' respiratory problems caused us sheer terror. We will always live with the anxiety of his condition, and I pray that he will not develop tracheal collapse syndrome as he gets older. We also miss a joyful bark in our house. But Briggs' gentle and happy personality makes up for it. He loves life and everyone he meets, whether human or animal.

Fontainne Cole, 596 Widener Circle, Franklin, KY 42134

*Editor's Note:* Fontainne's account of her puppy's post-operative respiratory crisis illustrates the risks of even "simple surgery" for dogs with breathing abnormalities. Briggs' hypoplastic (stenotic) trachea, a congenital anatomical condition afflicting some Norwich (*See*, Charles Kaleta's report in the Summer 1987 *News*, Vol. 55, p. 9), is usually not detected until a dog is x-rayed for some other problem or, as in Briggs' case, when intubation (insertion of a breathing tube into the trachea) during surgery reveals a unexpectedly narrow tracheal diameter. At present, the only 'treatment' for a Norwich with this condition is to maintain a cool environment and to restrict the dog's exercise, stress/excitement and weight.

Briggs' "bark" suggests a possible concurrent respiratory disorder in his larynx, the short oblong "box" located above the trachea that functions in vocalization, swallowing, and passage of air into the trachea. A change in the quality of a dog's bark — weakening or hoarseness — often indicates a problem with the vocal folds, a condition known as laryngeal or vocal cord paralysis. Because airflow through the larynx to the trachea is obstructed, dogs with laryngeal abnormalities typically are noisy breathers, making soft, wheezing sounds in cases of mild obstruction and high-pitched sounds when the laryngeal opening is severely constricted. Dennis N. Aron, D.V.M., "Laryngeal Paralysis," in Kirk, R.W., ed., *Current Veterinary Therapy X*, W.B. Saunders Co., 1989. Laryngeal surgery is an option; but the possibility that post-operative complications will worsen respiratory obstruction is very high. (N.B. Surgery to 'de-bark' a Norwich poses similar risks and is NOT recommended.) A tracheostomy may benefit dogs with severe laryngeal and/or tracheal problems, as the following case study from England illustrates.

—AGF

## A CASE HISTORY FROM ENGLAND

The Winter 1996-97 *News* reported on the English Norwich Terrier Club's (NTC) study of respiratory disorders in the breed. After surveys indicated that 25 percent of U.K. Norwich suffered some degree of respiratory dysfunction, the NTC engaged veterinary surgeon Dr. Richard White of Cambridge University to serve as the contact for owners of affected dogs. The following two-part case history of a Norwich bitch referred to Dr. White documents a successful tracheostomy (insertion of a permanent, synthetic windpipe) and also offers valuable tips on life-style management of any Norwich with compromised breathing. While the first report was published anonymously in the Summer 1996 *NTC Newsletter*, the second installment in the Winter 1996 issue identifies both the Norwich bitch and her owner. I thank the NTC for permission to reprint this material. I also thank Pauline Murton for her kindness in sending me additional details, photos and several of her wonderful "doggy" poems which will appear in future issues of the *News*.

—AGF

### Part I: Case Notes of a Norwich Terrier Bitch aged six years

By the time she was five years old, there were clear indications that she had very poor tolerance of heat and her exercise and general activity had to be carefully monitored. In November 1994, she was examined by a vet who found that she had an obstructed air passage in the larynx and he advised us to pursue this at the highest level. It was our intention to consult a specialist in the Spring of 1995.

Meantime we read all the literature usefully supplied to members of The Norwich Terrier Club and were interested in particular in the reported Seminar held on 8th May 1994 by Dr. White of Cambridge and his study of some of the Norwich breed's tendencies and difficulties.

On Easter day, 16th April 1995, B appeared to be having considerable difficulty in breathing and seemed to be on the point of choking. We took her immediately to an emergency clinic where, after sedation, she was examined and x-rayed. We were told that there was a respiratory defect and, much to our satisfaction, we were referred to Dr. White who, on 21st April, examined B under anaesthetic and pronounced as follows: 1. The larynx had collapsed and folded back on itself, thus obstructing the air passage by two-thirds. There was nothing possible surgically to remedy this defect. 2. However, a by-pass with tracheostomy does help, since this restores the full air supply, *i.e.* the present one-third continuing and the other two-thirds passing to and fro via the tracheostomy. 3. He would not wish to rush into anything: we should watch B carefully (curtail exercise) and he would want to see her again once the warm weather started.

Despite the cool weather which persisted until mid-May and followed by the intense heat of June/July, B had one or two episodes of exhaustion and choking. In view of this and further thorough discussion and observation, it was decided that Dr. White should carry out a tracheostomy. This he did on Tuesday 25th July, without complication. However, he found that the mid-larynx was so restricted that hardly any air had been passing.

We understood Dr. White to say that sometimes a by-pass can ease the situation in the larynx to a certain extent. B was in intensive care for four days and returned home for a week's convalescence thereafter. Whilst she showed some of the signs of an invalid, she very quickly returned to her lively sparkling self and, despite stitches, displayed a new-found alertness to the extent of cheerful and lusty barking. This last pleased us since we had been under the impression that a tracheostomy can, in some cases, cause a dog to be mute thereafter.

When Dr. White saw B in early December 1995, he found her condition satisfactory, with no need for a further consultation until the Spring and the onset of warmer weather.

Very close observation leads us to the conclusion that the advantages of tracheostomy are free and full passage of air; relief of stress in heat; an end to the noisy breathing when asleep and, above all, freedom to exercise. All these make for a better quality of life and a lively, active and enthusiastic dog.

Care and maintenance are simple and very full instructions are clearly given when it is relevant to do so. The only hazard of singular importance is WATER — in ponds of any depth. Given that the tracheostoma is, as it were, "open," water would flood the lungs and cause instant disaster. Driving rain, wet grass, *etc.*, are tolerable, but water of any depth MUST, for all time, be avoided.

With the interests of the breed in the forefront of our mind, perhaps it is helpful to emphasize that at the first signs of stress or breathlessness, either in hot weather or during excessive physical activity, it is vital to seek expert advice without delay, possibly putting the question: "Could it be a respiratory defect?"

Once a tracheostomy has been performed, it is essential that the dog should be kept on the lead at all times in unfamiliar territory or within the slightest proximity to water. In this case at least, the latter very simple precaution has added another dimension to an already animated, intelligent and delightful personality.

## Part II: Bristle — Post Operative

It is now a year since the tracheostomy was performed and it is possible that the practical experience we have gained might prove helpful to Norwich terrier owners who are either concerned or indecisive about whether to submit their dogs to similar surgery.

Bristle pursued a comfortable, active and fulfilled life until mid-June of 1996 when, at the first onset of warm weather, she had an acute attack of coughing and showing difficulty in breathing.

She was immediately referred to Dr. White who found that a certain degree of scar tissue was obstructing the stoma. He removed this under (general) anaesthetic and Bristle returned home the following day, since when she has progressed normally and withstood a period of very hot weather.

It is our view that whilst this surgery certainly prolongs life and restores its quality, our dog has a basic weakness and must for all time be preserved wherever possible from the stresses of heat.

Sleeping quarters are kept as airy and cool as possible; exercise is sensibly supervised without being too curtailed; weight is kept under control and long distance driving in heat is avoided as much as is convenient. The advice for those of us not fortunate enough to have an air-conditioned car is to take any long journey at night.

In this context we would commend a cooling device which we have found to be effective in Bristle's case. This was discovered in a mail order catalogue and is ostensibly meant for use as a body warmer, without any of the potential hazards of a hot water bottle. However, for purposes of this report, its alternative use as a coolant is described below:

The 'Snuggler,' which has a padded, removable outer case, is in a sealed, flexible inner pack which is filled with Micragel — a special re-usable NON-TOXIC gel — which can be used as a medical COLD PACK after freezing. Once freezing is achieved (by placing inner pack in freezer) and prior to any prolonged car journey, the pack can be restored to its outer cover and placed beside the dog's cushion or under a mat or blanket in the car, in an effort to make travelling more comfortable.

Bristle is a fair example of the need for surgery in the first place, as well as its successful and life-prolonging outcome. Certainly, the very simple cleansing (incorporated in the daily grooming and taking under five minutes) is a negligible price to pay for restoring a contentment by means of a clear and free passage of air. This surgery is surely to be commended.

Pauline Murton, London, England



*Pauline Murton and Bristle*

## NORFOLK HEALTH CONCERNS: Ichthyosis and Porto-Systemic Shunt

In twenty years as a dog breeder, confronting and making decisions about serious health problems have been the hardest things with which I have had to deal. Because we breeders have traditionally been unwilling to share with fellow breeders problems we have encountered, breedings which should not have taken place often do. Interestingly, when I have been honest and up front about my dogs' problems, I have found that others are willing to come forward to discuss their own, often similar health concerns. For this reason I would like to share with you two health problems which my Norfolk terriers have experienced in the past several years. I believe both conditions are hereditary, although the mode of inheritance of one is certainly not straightforward. These problems involve two different bitches bred to two different stud dogs. I will discuss the pedigrees with any interested party.

In my first litter, I had a Norfolk with a skin disorder. Although generalized demodex seemed to be the primary problem, the dog continued to shed massive amounts of skin and to emit a less than pleasant odor, even after the demodex was totally cleared. I believe this dog to have *ichthyosis bullosa* of *siemens* and have spoken to several Norfolk breeders who have had dogs diagnosed with this same condition. Dr. Robert Dunstan at Michigan State is trying to find a marker gene for this disorder, as he believes it is inherited as a simple recessive (meaning that both parents carry the defective gene). "Markers" are genetic material repeats found in strands of DNA. When scientists can identify a marker that sits next to or in close proximity to a gene causing genetic disease, they can accurately predict if a dog carries the defective gene. Had I repeated this breeding, I likely would have had another itchy, scaly Norfolk. My bitch has had several subsequent litters by different stud dogs and has produced no further skin problems. Dr. Dunstan is in the process of collecting pedigrees of affected dogs whose ichthyosis has been positively identified by a skin biopsy. (See Carol's health committee report, page 4, this issue.)

Last summer I bred another Norfolk bitch who had two male puppies. I kept one who seemed to be an excellent show prospect. At about twelve weeks of age, he became deathly ill. After a week of tests it was determined that he had a porto-systemic shunt, or what many breeders call a liver shunt. In this condition, much of the blood from the stomach, intestines and other abdominal organs bypasses the liver and is discharged directly into the heart. The liver is thus unable to purify the blood of toxins and the body is slowly poisoned. The symptoms may vary, but my puppy tired easily, drank excessive amounts of water, had bouts of vomiting and hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) and began to stagger around as if drunk, bumping into things and falling over. I told a very good veterinary friend that I intended to put the dog down. She in turn spouted back at me all my own rhetoric about breeders being responsible for the animals they produce. I agreed to do \$400 worth of surgical diagnostics and to go ahead with the surgery if he were a good candidate for total repair.

"Gigolo's" surgery was a complete success. Dr. James Boulay, director of surgery at Angell Memorial Hospital in Boston, was able to tie off the entire shunt and two months post-op, Gigolo's blood work was very close to normal. Gigolo is now over a year old and in another home. Parting with him was extremely difficult as he is one of the dearest dogs I have ever owned.

I have done a great deal of research on PSS (Porto-Systemic Shunt) and would like to thank Clare Redditt of the Cairn Terrier Clearing House for the articles she has sent me. It was in a Cairn terrier newsletter from the Netherlands that I learned of a test breeding done at Utrecht University between two PSS-affected Cairns who had had successful corrective surgery. They produced a litter of six pups; researchers were surprised that only one pup was affected. "Applying straightforward genetics one would anticipate that a majority of the pups would have a shunt — sufferer mated to sufferer should bring out the problem! Wrong, only one pup had a shunt." The researchers went on to say, "[T]his can be explained if one assumes that a large

number of genes in specific combinations causes this defect. When mating two individuals with different sets of genes, it is highly improbable that the offspring would also have a gene combination that has the code for a liver shunt.”

Do I intend to continue to breed the bitches who produced these problems? As a responsible breeder, this is a question to which I must give serious consideration. In making my decision, I must have the opportunity to select stud dogs from lines that have not produced these problems. This requires honest, open and frank discussions with fellow Norfolk breeders. The most destructive thing we can do to our breed is to continue to affirm that Norfolk terriers have no serious health problems. Let us work together to solve our problems, not deny their existence.

Carol Falk, 13 Moulton Rd, Peabody, MA 01960



*Photo: Matt Parker*

*“So what’s for dinner?”*

*CH Pinchbeck  
Sam Browne  
leads a hectic life.*



*Photo: Sue Ely*

## EARTHDOG TRAINING TIPS

I have had several questions about starting a dog in earthwork. Here are some tips that have worked for me.

The first step is to introduce "Pup" to his quarry. A couple of feeder mice will do. Get the largest and liveliest male mice available. Small or medium rats are also good but are more expensive. Do not substitute hamsters or other small rodents as they do not have a comparable scent. Since scent is an important factor in training and in future work, take a small covered container with you to the store (a cottage cheese container is a good size). Fill it with *dirty* bedding. Call ahead to ensure that you can get "used" rat or mouse bedding.

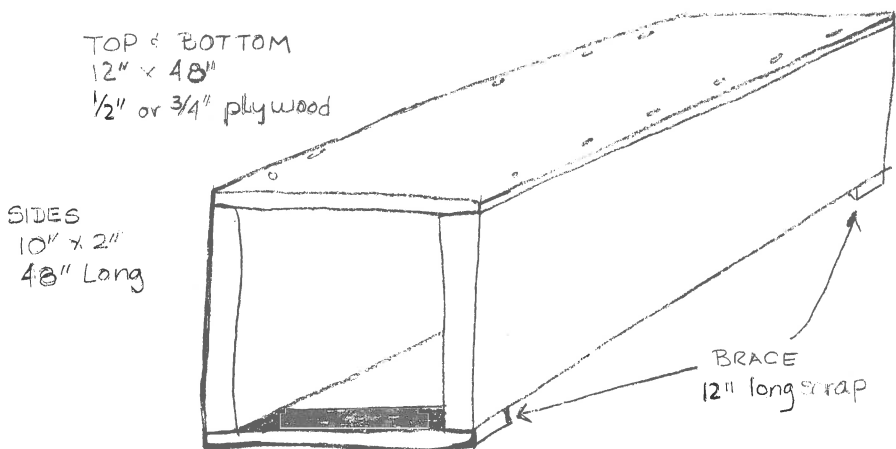
You will need a cage for the quarry. Here, strength and safety are important considerations. Pup should be able to see and smell, but not to touch, the quarry. Keep in mind that he may use paws and teeth to "get that rat." You don't want an accidental release or Pup to hurt himself.

Decide where you are going to train. Outdoors is best, but remember to consider your neighbors. You are hoping for a lot of noise! Basements or even a bathroom or the kitchen will do. Pup needs to be able to hear you and to concentrate on the task at hand; a kennel full of screaming "helpers" is not a good training spot.

Start with Pup on lead with a buckle collar so you don't accidentally give a correction. Carry Pup to the training area and put him down a few feet from the cage. Use lots of verbal encouragement. I use a low, hissing voice — "What's that? Look — mouse!!" — to create a feeling of strange, new, important, exciting.... Hunker down with Pup; you are partners in this "hunt." Give praise if Pup even looks at this new, possibly dangerous critter. The more he "works" (barks), the more you praise. This is not the time to be a dignified adult. Paw and growl at the cage yourself and ask Pup to help.

As with most training, quit on a win. If Pup has worked well for a few minutes, tell him "out," "off," "dead" or some other "that's enough" phrase, and pick him up. Carry him away from the area and crate him to let him calm down, rest, drink and think about this great new game.

If Pup has shown a lot of interest and drive to "get that rat," you'll want to add a new dimension to the game — making the quarry harder to reach. While you can get by using cardboard boxes as tunnels, I prefer a regular wooden liner. It's the correct size and can't be knocked over or collapse or be chewed up. One eight-foot long 10 x 2 will make a four-foot "straight run" with the addition of a 12" x 48" piece of 1/2-inch or 3/4-inch plywood as a top. (See diagram)



The “go-to-ground” training phase will go a lot easier if you have a helper to handle the quarry while you handle the dog. Have on hand a squeak toy (a fur rat is ideal), 8-10 feet of string, a bit of twig and scent. Remember the jar of dirty bedding? Fill it with warm water and let it “brew” while you set up the site.

Lay the liner on the ground with an eye toward ease of mobility. Keep in mind that you’ll need to jump up and run to the far end without crashing through a rose bush or tripping over a hose. You’ll need several feet of space to maneuver at both ends. Once you’ve chosen your location, tip the liner on its side and lay a line of scent from the far end to a bit past the entrance. Scent *lightly*! Just dribble a few drops at a time. You don’t want Pup to think that “Godzilla Rat” lives in that tunnel!

Let Pup warm up on the quarry for a few minutes several feet from the liner. Give him lots of encouragement and praise, then pick him up and turn around so he can’t see your helper move the cage to the far end of the liner. Your main objective now is to get Pup *in* to work. He has to learn that the quarry is in the liner and he can’t play “mousie” until he goes in the hole. He can see and smell it, but must not be allowed to go overland to get it.

Carry Pup right up to the entrance and get down with him. Guide his head to the entrance, use your voice, scratch the inside of the liner — do whatever it takes to focus him on “in there!” Your helper can use the squeak toy, jiggle the cage, scratch and tap, even call Pup by name, but always from *inside* the liner. Your task is to urge Pup in and not allow him to go over the top or to either side. Encourage *any* forward progress!

As soon as Pup reaches the quarry, have your helper pull the cage back so Pup gets all the way through and has room to work. Let him work a moment, give him lots of praise, then pick him up and carry him back to the entrance. Enter him again immediately. Repeat this two or three times. At this point, you want Pup to zoom to the quarry as soon as you release him. Your helper should hold the cage tight against the end of the liner so that Pup has to work in close quarters. Release him a foot or so back from the entrance. Be ready to prevent “cheating.” Let him work in the liner a few moments, then pull — or let Pup *push* — the cage back; work a moment more and then call it a day. Remember to tell him how wonderful, brave and brilliant he’s been.

Dogs who are hesitant to enter the liner may benefit from the rat-on-a-string trick, a sort of miniature lure coursing. With pup unable to see the preparations, tie a string to the fur rat and run the string through the liner. Leave the rat and several feet of string outside. Hold Pup on the ground a few feet away while your helper jerks the string to jiggle the lure, then pulls it all the way through. Both you and Pup chase it.

I hope these tips help. If Pup has done well to this point, adding turns and actually burying the liners should flow smoothly. For example, in your next training session, cover the far end of the liner and the cage with a rug or blanket so Pup can’t see the quarry from the entrance.

Above all, please never lie to your dog. You can leave the liner in Pup’s play area, but do not use any “get the rat” cues unless there *is* quarry. Also, don’t let your male dogs “mark” the liner. Good hunting!

Kate Kenny, 1203 Kearney, Port Huron, MI 48060

**NEWSFLASH!** Another Norfolk, Hevans Tan-Man Cutie (“Tanner”), has earned a Junior Earthdog title. Owned by Nancy Hunter and Jeff Stout, Tanner completed both legs of his JE on May 31 and June 1. Pouring rain both days made the ground slippery and sticky, certainly not ideal conditions for go-to-ground work! Nancy and Jeff were introduced to Earthdog activities at Kate Kenny’s demonstration at the ’96 NNTC Specialty weekend in Kalamazoo. They plan to pursue Tanner’s Senior Earthdog title.

## EXPERIENCING EARTHDOG TRIALS

If you haven't been to an AKC Earthdog Trial with your Norwich or Norfolk, check your AKC Events calendar and go! If you have, then you already know what a great time it is and your calendar is marked.

In California, the trials are sponsored by the Dachshund and Border terrier clubs. All medium-sized and small terriers and dachshunds are eligible to participate. The events occur about four times a year. The clubs usually have a potluck picnic so participants can socialize and get acquainted. I have made many new friends, some of whom are also active in conformation. Earthdog trials are a unique opportunity to get to know people with other breeds in an informal, comfortable, down-to-"earth" atmosphere. And you don't need to spend hours grooming your dog and yourself!

The best part of these events is seeing how excited and enthusiastic the dogs are. They can't believe their masters are actually letting them off lead to sniff around — that it's okay to go down this dirty hole — and bark like crazy — and try to get those rats! Once they experience it, they don't forget. Every time you get near an Earthdog trial, the dogs will squeal and bark and whine and scratch in anticipation. Forget dog shows — Norwich and Norfolk were born to be earthdogs; this is what they want to do!

The dogs begin with an introductory run down the hole. Though this is easier and less formal than the succeeding trials, it is nevertheless a timed event that you must pass in order to go on to the next level; and the entry fee is high. Often, a club offers a practice run for a dollar or two. This is worth doing because training is definitely needed to get the dog's behavior to conform to the AKC's standard. In fact, I recommend you start out just doing practice runs until you and your dog get the idea. Entry fees can add up quickly and, if your dog isn't ready, you're just wasting money.

There are things you can do at home to prepare your dog. One problem I had with my Norwich was getting them to "work" the quarry. They would go down the hole quickly but would only stare at the rats without barking. Apparently this is characteristic of a natural ratter who doesn't want to scare the quarry. I worked on this at home using toys and a crate. I locked the dogs in a room at one end of a hall and put a crate full of squeaky rats on the other end. One toy in the crate was a moving one to simulate rats moving. When I let the dogs out, I call, "Get the rats, get the rats." I time them and after one minute, I open the crate and let them "get the rats." This is their reward for a good job. Fortunately, they never get their reward (the rats) at the trials, so it is important to go through this routine prior to trial.

Once you and your dogs have experienced an Earthdog trial, you will find yourself playing these silly games at home (your neighbors may think you've lost it when they hear you screaming "get the rats") and anxiously searching Events for the next trial in your area. I promise you, you will be hooked!

Dana Sansing, 2130 Redwood Hwy, G-7, Greenbrae, CA 94904



*Releasing Cubby to go-to-ground*



## OBEDIENCE TRAINING: TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT!

What are the odds of a Landseer Newfoundland competing against a Norfolk terrier in the breed ring? Long, at best. Oh, it could happen at the Best in Show level — IF the Newfie won its group and IF the Norfolk won its — but each “if” lengthens the odds considerably. Not so in the obedience ring: witness the photograph of my 8-pound Norfolk bitch, Pinchbeck Pollyanna, sitting with her training/competition buddy, T.S. Eliot. They were in two Novice training classes together, often lying side by side in the agonizing minutes of the “long down.” I even came to prefer being next to Eliot because Pollyanna didn’t trust many of the other large dogs in the class, and there were no small ones.

The novelty of obedience training, as well as the challenge, continue to give me food for thought. I think it is important to test good dogs against the breed standard and against other good dogs; but I am dismayed by the expensive politics of the breed ring. I am not sure whether the standard determines the winners, or whether, in the power of handler politics and publicity, the winners determine the standard. Although that may sound like the tautology of chicken/egg thinking, it demonstrates how helpless I feel, outside of politics, to better (or even) my dog’s chances in the conformation ring. (The slim numbers of Norfolk entered at this year’s Westminster have me wondering if I am the only person feeling this way.) I am not, however, helpless in the obedience ring; and herein lie both the novelty and the challenge: the novelty is that no amount of publicity will improve a dog’s obedience score (though certainly taste and, to some extent, politics can decide a close call or a run-off); the challenge is that I can definitely improve my dog’s chances of winning a ribbon in the next trial by training more, better, and differently.

Partnerships come out of both breed and obedience competition, but I believe that the thrill of teaching a dog to be my companion (hence the Companion Dog title) is one of the happiest things I have done in the 50 years I’ve owned and bred dogs. All I have to say to Pollyanna is “school and training” and she does not take her eyes from my face until we are in the car, with her “book bag,” headed for class. It is likely that I will put Pollyanna in the show ring, if only to test her against the breed standard; but I will know when I do that she set her own standard for excellence before she went there. Maybe then I won’t feel so helpless!

Sue Ely, 85-3 Mountain Top Rd, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

*Editors’ Note: Pollyanna earned her CD title in April 1997.*



Drawing by Meredith Dwyer



*Biz and Goldie enjoying life together.*

*Photo: Matt Parker*

### “HOLD ON, GOLDIE!”

One bright summer morning about seven years ago, my spiritual shadow and I (that shadow being “Biz,” the Wonder Norfolk) were taking a pre-breakfast walk along the tree-lined streets of our Brooklyn neighborhood. Biz — or CH Max-Well’s Show Biz, as she’s more formally known — is a *summa cum laude* graduate of Barbara Miller’s canine lineage.

On this particular day, Biz and I encountered a pleasant gentleman walking, of all things, a Norfolk terrier of great charm and appeal named “Goldie.” We greeted these friendly newcomers and conversed at some length. Specifically, I mentioned my NNTC membership and my interest in the Club’s Rescue and Rehoming committee; and that was that (or so we thought!). Oddly enough, we never saw the two again.

Then, one autumn morning last year — out of the blue, and after a hiatus of more than six years — we received an urgent phone call from Goldie’s owner asking for help. The gentleman explained that his wife was now terminally ill and, alas, taking care of Goldie had become too great a responsibility. To ease the situation, Goldie had been placed in a boarding kennel!

We took down the phone number and address of the kennel and went in search of her. As I drove there, accompanied by my other spiritual shadow and life companion, Joan, I kept repeating, “Hold on, Goldie!” over and over as though it were a mantra. It’s an understatement to say that Goldie was trembling and starved for affection when we arrived.

Joan and I settled Goldie into our car and made ready for the trip home. Joan has a “gifted” voice when speaking to animals, and they take to her immediately. (In fact, we refer to her affectionately as “Our Lady of the Crumbs.”) On the long drive back to Brooklyn, Goldie responded to Joan as if “touched by an angel.” Our only remaining concern was Goldie’s introduction to Biz, since Biz is larger with a more aggressive personality. Fortunately, our worries proved unfounded. The two established their own pecking order and got off to a good start.

Goldie is now, and will always be, a happy member of this family. And each day, when Joan of the Magic Voice awakens, Goldie is nestled beside her (along with Biz and me!).

Matt Parker, 36 Plaza St, Brooklyn, NY 11238

## REHOMING, FAMILY-STYLE

I knew I could not manage all three of my Norwich when I broke my hip last summer. It took a week in the hospital and five weeks of rehabilitation before I could go home. I worried myself sick about the future. But a happy solution came about.

My husband, Peter, who lives in Virginia (we are separated but still good friends) agreed to take "Fidelia." She is the most active of my dogs and gets underfoot. I didn't need *that*!

Fidelia is now "head dog" on twenty acres of woods and fields. Peter's big dogs do her bidding. They knew she was in charge the day she arrived. Peter himself is won over to small dogs (as long as they are Norwich) and Fidelia is totally devoted to her new Dad.

Back here in Annapolis, things are quiet. "Bracken," my 10-year-old Norwich male, and his son "Phineas Finn," go for sedate walks to "heel," a concept Fidelia never could grasp. She preferred the sled dog method when walking.

My boys miss Fidelia but find numerous delights along the brick sidewalks, stopping often for leisurely sniffs and at the many lampposts. However, all ties to Fidelia were not severed. This is the wonderful thing about "rehoming" within a family. Christmas came and so did Peter and Fidelia to stay with my daughter. Bracken and Phineas had their leader back! My daughter's Norwich, "Cholmondeley," who is Phineas' brother, hosted a family reunion.

Fidelia bragged about how much better life was in rural Virginia. The three boys listened respectfully, but decided they are quite content in Annapolis. Everyone is happy and they'll get together again next Christmas.

Ann Dax, 12 Fleet St, Annapolis, MD 21401



*All together again! L. to R.: Piety Hill Fidelia,  
Phineas Finn, CH High Pines Bracken.*

*Back : Cholmondeley*

*Photo: Ann Dax*



*"Our Lady of the Crumbs"  
with Goldie.*

*Photo: Matt Parker*

## THE LADY KNOWN AS LU — A PROFILE

In 1996, the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club expressed its appreciation to a long-time member and tireless worker by bestowing Honorary Membership on Lu Matteson.

Those of us who have been around the block a few times — perhaps more times than we'd like to recall — have come to take for granted Lu's presence at Specialty shows and other Club functions. "Where's Lu?" Someone points over to a spot by the ring. "Oh, there she is. Hi, Lu!" And Lu, in her Brooks Brothers best with a cigarette dangling from her lips, returns the greeting, pausing just long enough before returning to her copious catalogue markings. Just who is this stalwart supporter of our breeds?

Mary Lucille Matteson saw her first Norwich in 1953. Having no idea what "it" was, she found him hanging around, apparently in pursuit of a bitch in season. It was cold, rainy and late, so Lu brought in this short-legged, toasty-brown creature, who promptly ran up the stairs and made his home on the bed. Husband Matt exclaimed, "That's not just a dog, that's something SPECIAL!" Come morning, the somewhat reluctant Mattesons called the telephone number listed on the dog's tag, then walked across a field to return the wanderer to his anxious owner. Upon inquiry, it was learned that the dog was a Norwich terrier, in this case bred by Mrs. Emory (Harriet) Alexander (Longways). By now, Lu and Matt were totally enamored and immediately contacted Mrs. Alexander. "For a young married couple, the price of \$250 was, sadly, just beyond us." But Lu was determined. So in December 1969, using Christmas as an excuse for extravagance, she purchased Longways Actor II ("Bolter") from Harriet Alexander, who also loaned Lu a copy of *Norwich Terriers USA*. Lu became completely absorbed in the history of the breed and its breeders.

It was through that book that Lu noted the name of Constance Larrabee (King's Prevention) whom she contacted about possible membership in the breed club. In her usual hospitable manner, Constance invited the Mattesons to Chestertown for an afternoon. As Lu puts it, "We must have passed the test because we became members soon after that visit." That visit also marked the beginning of a long-standing relationship between Constance and the Mattesons.

Lu reminisces, "At first I was a quiet member, content to just go to local shows and observe. I'll never forget my embarrassment when I arrived at one of my first shows and ran up to the Australian terrier ring. Oh, the shame of it all! But then I spotted Sylvia Warren [River Bend] leading a pair of Norwich toward the proper ring and I just followed along, hoping no one noticed my burning red cheeks. I began going to Specialties and was always impressed by Bobby Fournier's [Bethways] sportsmanship, whether she won or lost. She had such red, red drop-ear dogs. I can't remember the first meeting I attended, but I recall an early one up at 'Ladies' [Ladies Dog Club] where we sat around under the trees after the classes and Mrs. [Mary] Baird



*Lu Matteson with Norwich friends*

[Castle Point], then President, dinged on a glass, having no gavel, to get order. I was somewhat amazed at the procedure, as we never took a vote. After a discussion, the President would simply say, 'Well, we seem to have a consensus,' and announce what she probably had intended to do in the first place! It was mainly a woman's club and a woman's show, with the ladies handling their own dogs. It was all very civil; they were all very polite to newcomers. But I was shy and didn't ask the questions that were welling to my lips.

"I joined Joan Read [Chidley] on the *News* around 1974. The spelling and typos dictated a proofreader, so I volunteered. Joan was great fun and listed me as co-editor very early, giving me rough copy to rewrite, a little at a time, then a lot. We became good friends through the *News*. Joan had a marvelous, prickly sense of humor, as you know, and she loved to call me and give me what we referred to as 'tidbits.' When she stepped down as editor, I told Anne Winston [Mt. Paul], then President, I would take on the job, although in retrospect there were one or two people who weren't very enthusiastic. I did four issues of the *News* [1977-1978].

"In the meantime, I was also in charge of Club medals, mailing them to various shows and making sure I got the right number back if they weren't won. That was lunacy. Marcy Congdon [Laetans] had the idea when she was Corresponding Secretary that the Club needed a Recording Secretary as well, a job I took on in '79. The position didn't become official until the constitution was rewritten, which reminds me, I served on two Constitutional Revision committees. Oh, boy! Anyway, I became Corresponding Secretary in 1980 for two years. Also in the 80s, I was chair of the Nominating Committee, and you know what happened there! I chaired this year's Nominating Committee, and so far, all's quiet on the western front.

"During these years, Constance Larrabee was kindly having me down for an annual week of summer relaxation. She always said she liked having me because I didn't expect to be entertained, and we had leisurely days and drinks at night, etc., etc. She told me a lot about the history of the breeds and the people involved. What with the continual phone calls from buyers, other breeders and members, it was like being in the center of the Norwich and Norfolk world. Constance was a true friend.

"In 1987, I was asked to serve out a Treasurer's term and was elected again through '89. Meanwhile, I had been Match Secretary at the third Match held in Chestertown. In the spring of 1991, I took over as Corresponding Secretary, then elected on my own, class of '94; I was then elected Vice President, class of '96. That's all the more formal stuff.

"I actually bred two litters. I could hardly bear to part with them, but eventually placed three of the pups in wonderful homes. In addition, at the time, I lived in a crumbling pink palazzo hardly fit for people, let alone puppies. We had one very warm bathroom in all the chilly ambiance of the place, and I would house the pups there. I remember when Jenny's litter was born: she had them downstairs under my desk, and I chased my visiting dad, in his shaving cream and robe, out of the warm bathroom! It will mean nothing to you, but it's a picture I treasure. Anyway, I didn't know how to 'read' a pedigree, and you might as well know my mind was not that of a breeder. So rather than do the Norwich any harm, I stopped. In 1989, we said 'arrivederci' to our villa and moved to Sellersville [PA], where, sadly, the last of my original Norwich are now buried. After a discreet period of time, I went to my friend Missy Wood and selected Terrapin Timpani, a plump little grizzle pup who later became our first champion. 'L.B.,' as he is affectionately known, sired a litter for Missy in '94 and now shares his house with his son, our second champion, Terrapin Trial By Jury, and a big ol' mixed-breed Labrador type.

"I have great admiration for the serious and dedicated breeder, but I learned early on that I personally didn't have the heart (and sometimes stomach) for the job. Which is why I turned to doing work within the Club, where I could be truly useful. I think more soft-spoken people, as I was then, should be given their chance. For ten clinkers, you will find one jewel you would not otherwise know existed. I think strict membership requirements are for the birds. We must

have room for pet owners who just want to get into the Club and talk to people who also have Norwich and Norfolk. I'd rather get one 'baddie' in by happenstance than lose or keep out a good pet owner.

"I've seen many changes in our breeds. They've changed from leggier hunt terriers to cobby, substantially boned show dogs. We used to object to the 'new type' — they can't cover the ground; they wobble — *ad nauseum*. I still think there is some validity in this, although as long as health and stamina aren't sacrificed, what's wrong with a more compact dog? They can still bounce over the terrain like lightning.

"As far as the Club is concerned, let's just say I've seen good days and bad days, but 'hope springs eternal.' An occasional thank-you to volunteers would be nice! And we could try a little civility among ourselves. If my dog beats your dog, love me anyway."

At this point, Lu stubs out her umpteenth cigarette and prepares to depart. "Gotta get the nominating slate out to the Board. And then I'm on my way to Legends to work out the menu for the Specialty dinner, and then I..."

As her car pulls out, heading down the driveway, I doubt she hears me when I yell.

"Yo, Lu! Thanks a lot."

Missy Wood, P.O. Box 707, Phoenixville, PA 19460



*"When do I get to ride the pony?"*

*Georgie with Chestnut, the Norwich, and Honey Bee, the pony*

*Photo: Georgia Rose Crompton*

## SOCIALIZING PUPPIES THE RUDDLE RIDGE WAY

At Ruddle Ridge, socializing is more than just introducing puppies to strangers and strange situations. It starts at birth with a dam who is mature and emotionally stable. She begins the socialization of her pups in the whelping box.

Puppies at Riddle Ridge are whelped in the house. The whelping box, a size 200 Vari-Kennel, is placed in an inside corner of the study; this area is warmer than the rest of the room and draft-free. Using this room, which is quiet and dimly lit, allows us to monitor the new family without disturbing them and allows the dam to remain with her human family. (One of us usually sleeps in the room for a few days both before and after whelping — for our peace of mind.)

During the actual whelping and until the dam and pups are settled, our other Norfolks are kept in another part of the house. We believe that quiet and calm are essential at this time. Before the other dogs are let into the room, an ex-pen is placed around the whelping box. Then they are allowed in the room so they can give their expert “advice” and see everything without bothering the new mother. The whelping box is kept warm and can be covered if necessary.

Even though the puppies’ eyes and ears are not yet open, we begin touching and talking to them. Gentle touches and soft voices are sensed by the pups, and “Mom” likes the extra attention she and they receive.

Within 24 hours after whelping, the bitch and the litter are taken to the vet to be checked. All are transported in an enclosed, soft carrier. Between the fourth and sixth day, the pups return to the vet to have tails and dewclaws done.

Even before the pups have had their first shots, they are exposed to new situations and sounds. When they are up and moving well, we attach the top part of the Vari-Kennel to the open end. This new part is covered in newspapers and usually within a day, the puppies are exploring their enlarged “home.” Since their regular bedding is artificial fleece, the new surface is very interesting. They learn in a short time to “go” on the paper and keep the bedding clean. Meanwhile, the dam can leave the box whenever she wants. (She has a bed outside the box but inside the ex-pen.)

When the pups are ready for more space, they are transferred to a puppy play pen in the kitchen where they encounter more interesting sights and sounds: appliances, the telephone, different lights and — wonder of wonders — a ceiling fan that can be turned on to give a fascinating feel of gentle air. They love this.

There are five different floor surfaces in our house: carpet, ceramic tile, wood, slate plus cement block in the greenhouse. The puppies are introduced to these floors, individually and as a group. This is a good time to evaluate personalities and to praise and encourage each one.

Our pups are given toys with different textures and shapes — brown paper bags to climb into and use as dens, paper towel tubes to push around (and tear apart!), knotted cotton socks to use for tug-of-war and, one of the all-time favorites, small (a few inches high) cardboard boxes to climb up and down on. We also use rubber toys and Nyla toys. All of these playthings increase self-confidence and physical and mental agility. By now, the pups are given time on the floor to interact with their dam. When we think the dam is ready for “company,” we allow the other dogs in, one at a time, for brief intervals. A great deal of running, barking and toy exchange takes place during these get-togethers.

Now comes the big adventure. After all immunizations have been given, the puppies visit (one at a time in our arms) local stores in our village: the hardware store where the owners want them on the counter; the feed store with its great smells; the bank where the tellers come out to pet the visiting pups; and the gift shop. If the weather is nice, they are taken to the park, where they can see children of all ages and the always interesting ducks and geese. In good weather, we also go to the supermarket (not inside, of course). We stand outside, holding a pup so it can see and hear the comings and goings of carts, cars and people. Shoppers always come up to talk and

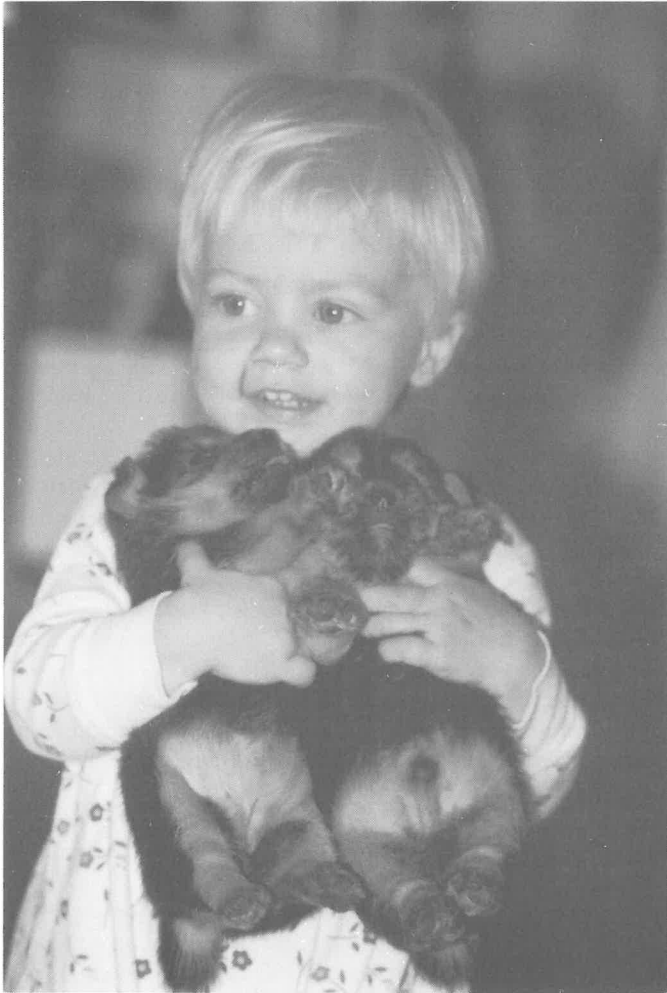
pet. We praise and reassure the pups.

All of the above adventures, plus collar-and-leash training and the all-important crate training, take place until the puppies are twelve weeks old and ready to go to their new homes. If the new owners have any special needs, we try to arrange for their pup to be exposed to them. For example, one of our owners shows and trains horses so we took his puppy out to our horses regularly.

If the new owners live nearby, they usually visit several times before the pup goes home with them. If they have chosen a name for the puppy, we use that name. This seems to ease the transition. No puppies are shipped so when owners come for their pups, we have them sign our contract, give them the health records, care instructions and, of course, food.

Then come the good-byes. We urge new owners to continue the socialization we've begun and to call us with questions any time.

Nancy and Judy Patchan, 14800 County Line Rd, Hunting Valley, OH 44022



*"There's more than one way to socialize puppies!"*

*Georgie with Jupiter and Rudolph*

*Photo: Georgia Rose Crompton*



tube-feed the pups so I could get to my office. In fact, everyone was kind, offering all sorts of feeding methods, all sorts of formulas and all sorts of 'don't worry.' Many recommended a bottle instead of a tube. Instinct told me to stay with the tube, but I listened and went to the bottle. Now using a bottle, I increased the formula slowly. Two tablespoons equal 1 oz — that's what is required for every four ounces of weight. The pups eagerly sucked from the nipple; the little boy with gusto. I kept rotating the pups so they didn't get milk too quickly. The bedding in the box was changed daily. I kept the heating pad on low. The pups were gaining weight. I was quite pleased with myself. They were nursing well, having proper bowel movements and urinating. What more could I ask for? I decided to give them names associated with orphans. The larger of the two girls would be Orphan Annie, the boy Father Flanagan and the smallest puppy, the Little Princess.

DAY THREE. The pups gained weight. I took copious notes: how they drank from the bottle, what they eliminated after stimulation, weight gain. My boy drank too quickly — milk came through his nose. "Annie" drank quickly, too. The Little Princess sucked slowly. Her slow sucking probably saved her life.

DAY FOUR. At noon, I docked tails. I didn't remove dew claws as I felt this was too much for these little pups. All were fine and sleeping in their little home. At the midday meal, I noticed that Father Flanagan took little of his bottle, and milk came through his nose. That worried me because when that happens, it means milk is in the lungs. I prayed. 6 PM—the little boy is not sucking when offered the bottle. He was gasping for breath and gagging; he was in distress. 8 PM—Dr. David arrived, examined the pup and put him on medication. 9:15 PM—Dr. David returned with an incubator and further medication. The pup was put on electrolytes and put in the incubator. It was an easy diagnosis: the little fellow had aspiration pneumonia. I switched back to tube-feeding. Again, I should have stuck with my instincts; I think a weak puppy can do all right on a bottle, but a strong puppy sucks too quickly, no matter how small the nipple hole is. Tubing is safe, quick and easy. Learn how to do it; you might save a puppy.

DAY FIVE. The girls were holding their own; the boy still in trouble. The vet made a house call.

DAY SIX. Sunday. I had a houseful of grandchildren who were to go with me to NYC to see a Broadway play, "Big." But plans changed. My daughter, Jodi, became the Pied Piper of the day. Early that day, before anyone arrived or awakened, I knew the boy had a serious problem. He began to cry at 2 AM; I felt completely helpless. I medicated him and tubed a little formula. The girls ate with gusto. At 4 AM, I tubed a little formula in him and gave him a drop of Bene-Bac Pet Gel. The girls weren't fed. By 6 AM, the boy appeared a bit stronger. But he took a turn for the worse. The grandchildren were so concerned about this puppy. The eldest, an 8-year-old girl, was distraught. The 6-year-old granddaughter took it in stride; her father is a doctor. The 6-year-old grandson knelt beside the incubator peering in. The 3-year-old did whatever the older ones did.

Dr. David returned to examine the boy. He withdrew a needle and medication from his bag. The 8-year-old asked a million questions; I was nervous and concerned but I had the children to think about. I didn't usher them from the room. It was a relief when they left for the city. I continued Bene-Bac and the medication. Quoting directly from my notes about the boy: "2 PM Little boy — no bowel movement — urinated — 6 cc formula with tube — tongue not that pink but I think he's breathing better — breathing not gasping." 4 PM—Father Flanagan dead. The children returned from the theatre and dashed up the stairs, asking questions about the baby boy. I told them he had died. None of these children had ever experienced death involving a living creature they had actually held. They had been there when the vet tried to save him. They saw life, they saw illness and they experienced death. I wrapped the pup in a small towel and held him for each child to stroke. At first they were hesitant. This wasn't the same as a living

creature. My grandson petted the dead pup first, followed by the girls. We decided he looked like a stuffed toy. We each kissed the top of his head. All but the youngest cried. The oldest grandchild asked if we were going to bury the pup. I told her we were. We called on my youngest son to help.

After dinner we went up to the woods and my little doggy cemetery. It was a serious time for all as the hole was being dug. I placed the pup in the ground. We each said something sweet about him. The 8-year-old asked his name. "Father Flanagan," I replied. I don't know what possessed me, but I remarked how nice it would be if we had a rabbi present. Next thing I knew, she had taken matters into her own hands; Father Flanagan went down with an 8-year-old chanting a Hebrew prayer. A miserable day taught some innocent children how precious life can be. DAY SEVEN. The girls showed remarkable growth. Each was eager to eat, tubing was easy. They started sucking on each other's ears. I put a baby bottle nipple into the box for them to suck.

DAY EIGHT. Esbilac increased to 14 cc. The bedding was now changed twice a day and I made certain the heating pad was always covered. Dr. David visited and listened to their heartbeats.

DAY NINE. Although consuming the same amount of formula, I noticed that the bigger girl, Annie, filled her belly quicker than her sister. Her stomach feels tight. I gave both a pea-size taste of Nutri-Cal for an energy boost.

DAY TEN. Annie had a difficult time moving her bowels.

DAY ELEVEN. Annie still struggling to move her bowels; the Little Princess having no difficulty. Midday, I noticed a change in Annie — her belly appeared full even though I hadn't fed the pups yet. 6 PM—It was difficult for her to breathe. Dr. David arrived, examined her and took her to the hospital. He thought she had an infection in her abdomen. 10 PM—Dr. David called to ask if he could put Annie to sleep. She had peritonitis, an infection in the free space within the abdomen. Excess gas, combined with fluids, pushed against her lungs and heart. I sat cradling the Little Princess well past midnight. My notes read, "This is it, kid! Please live!"

DAY TWELVE. I had to leave for Cleveland (that's another article). Dr. David volunteered to keep the Little Princess at his house until my return. While the puppy was there, she became quite ill and, but for Dr. David, would have died. He put her on antibiotics and Bene-Bac. That Saturday evening, he was certain he would lose her; this kind young man sat up with this tiny orphan all night.

DAY FIFTEEN. I returned home from Cleveland. The newly-named "Davida" came home, too. She was on Clavamox and Bene-Bac. We went from a casual existence to one that was as sterile as we could make it. No one was allowed near her unless they had on clean clothing. No shoes were allowed in the room. Everything was washed down with bleach. All utensils used for feeding were washed with Hibiclens (available at drug stores). Medications were put in the tube so she received their full benefit.

DAY SIXTEEN. All going smoothly.

DAY SEVENTEEN. Her bowel movement was very loose; she was taken off Clavamox. I cut her nails for the first time. Oh, how I love her!

DAY EIGHTEEN. Her bowel movement was a little firmer. She was put back on Clavamox.

DAY TWENTY-TWO. Dr. David and his mother came to visit. I fed Davida a little yogurt on my finger. She loved it. I made it a habit to massage her little body; I felt she needed that stimulation.

DAY TWENTY-THREE. Finally, real food. I fed her baby oatmeal from a spoon.

I felt Davida was on her way and I began to relax. She responded to sounds and made efforts to get me to pick her up. At 4-1/2 weeks she got her measles/distemper shot. Puppies usually are inoculated at 6, 8, 12 and 16 weeks. But Davida's shots were given about a week earlier. Remember, this puppy had absolutely no immunity.

Davida still remains with me, upstairs. She has never been near another dog. If I attend a dog show, on arriving home I remove my clothes in the laundry room and head for the shower. Davida's "room" is a marble-tiled bathroom. She climbs on the tub ledge to get my magazines and destroy them. I haven't told Dr. David, but she loves going outside on the deck adjacent to the bathroom. She runs all over and hides under the water hose reel. My niece, who lives with me, and I take turns playing with her at night. Davida now responds to her name as well as "Hey, Gorgeous!" That's what my niece calls her. Davida is also a genius. She never messes in her box. Lift her out of the box, set her on the marble floor and she will urinate. The bathroom is too big to paper train her and, after all, she is only nine weeks old. Once she piddles, she is taken to someone's bedroom. I love playing with her on my bed. She crawls all over me and then drops off to sleep on my stomach while I'm watching television. Mornings are also special times. She loves coming into the shower when I open the door to reach for a towel. She eats well; she sleeps well; she doesn't mind being alone. She loves to play; she loves people; she is smart. She is not for sale. She's mine. She has taught those of us near and dear to her just how important life is. She is SPECIAL.

Carol Falk and Nat LaMar are to be publicly thanked for their support during this hard time. They both know I'll never forget Loretta. They both know just what Davida means to me — my link to the past...to Loretta. Thank you, Nat, for giving her the perfect registered name, "Max-Well's Against All Odds." Barbara Miller, 135 High Farms Rd, Old Brookville, NY 11545



*Davida, hiding out.*



*Davida and Jemma*

*Photos: Barbara Miller*

**Nancy Patchan**  
*July 13, 1928 - January 7, 1997*

Born July 13, 1928, in Birmingham, AL, Nancy Joy Patchan spent part of her childhood in Raleigh, NC, and Coral Gables, FL. As a young girl she loved and owned dogs — notably French Bulldogs and, later, Wire Fox terriers.

In her late teens, Nancy moved with her mother to Cleveland, OH. Her first job was with the Cleveland Board of Education radio station. She soon met Joseph “Jerry” Patchan, a young attorney; they married January 7, 1950. During the early fifties, after the birth of a son — the first of her three children — Nancy’s interest in dogs was rekindled. For the next decade, she devoted herself not only to rearing her family (which by now included her only daughter, Judy) but also to breeding and showing Norwegian Elkhounds.

Realizing how much she missed the terrier spirit of her Wirehairs, Nancy began researching other terrier breeds and finally chose Airedales. Her first was purchased from the well-known and respected Marion Simonsen of the Wraggle-Taggle prefix. Although Airedales remained Nancy’s favorites, she decided in 1986 to acquire a smaller breed. With her usual thoroughness, she researched short-legged terriers; but once she saw a Norfolk in a Pedigree dog food TV commercial, she was “hooked.”

Finding a good Norfolk proved difficult. Through Gaynor Green (Greenfield) and Barbara Miller (Max-Well), Nancy contacted Margaret Reuther (Skyline), from whom she bought a bitch puppy sired by Jack Simm’s CH Max-Well Winter Sport out of Skyline Tigerlily. Nancy and Judy drove from Ohio to New York to pick up Skyline Raggle Taggle, known as Tag, who became the foundation dam of the Patchans’ Ruddle Ridge Norfolks.

Tag was bred first to her grandsire, the renowned CH Nanfan Crunch, and from that breeding came the bitch, CH Ruddle Ridge Gallant Tory. From Tag’s second breeding — this time to Kay McKinstry’s exceptional CH Buckeye Bradley — came two more outstanding Ruddle Ridge champions: Nelson’s Victory (“Nels”) and Lady Hamilton (“Emma”). From then onward, virtually every Ruddle Ridge litter has produced at least one champion. The latest is CH Ruddle Ridge One Happy Fella whom Nancy, ailing but in good spirits, had the joy of seeing finish as Winners Dog last October at the Montgomery County NNTC Specialty under the distinguished German judge, Dr. Frauke Hinsch.

The Ruddle Ridge chain of procreation is important because it is a tribute to Nancy’s lasting conviction that consistent line breeding, with occasional out-crossing (as well as rare and carefully controlled in-breeding), is “the only way to go” in establishing the strong breed type and excellence of conformation that create superior show dogs.

Well done, Nancy. We shall miss you.

Nat Reid LaMar and Judy Patchan



*Nancy Patchan*

## HEART OF TEXAS PLAY DAY

The Heart of Texas Norwich & Norfolk Terrier Club held its first "Play Day" in April when 30+ members and friends and 35+ Norwich and Norfolk gathered at Jody and Jim Cunningham's country home. Despite a nippy north wind in the morning, the day was sunny and pleasant.

At the "Fun Match," expertly judged by handlers Laurie Douglas (Norfolk) and Judy Hartell (Norwich), the future "stars of Texas" showed their "stuff." Both winners came from the 3-6 month puppy class. Bred and owned by Laurie Baca Vitali, "Bentley" took Norfolk honors while "Little," bred and owned by Peggy Schmidt, topped the Norwich entry. A "Parts Match" (best head, best earset, best coat, *etc.*) provided opportunities for all dogs, including beloved housepets, to compete. The "Best Trick" competition, which featured a Norwich ballerina and a windshield wiper watcher, was won by the Cunninghams' 11-year-old Norfolk, Miss Dewars, who plays a mean game of soccer.

After a delicious lunch (thanks to Chef Jim and the many great cooks in our club) came the costume competition which really taxed the skills of our judging team. Choosing from, among others, an M&M duo (owners and dogs in plain and peanut M&M outfits); William Shakespeare; Roy Rogers and Dale Evans; and a surfer bum with his bikini-clad beach bunny, the winner was Barbie on her trusty 'Norfolk' steed chasing a 'Norfolk' Longhorn steer.

Fay Stengler and her two very talented Norwich put on a flyball and agility demonstration and then introduced our dogs to these activities and go-to-ground. One of Fay's Norwich, Aven-Port Albert Square Wicksy CD, is multi-titled, sporting a CD (and two legs toward a CDX), a CGC (Canine Good Citizenship), a TDI (Therapy Dog), an NA (Agility) and a Flyball title!

Closing out the day were the "wienie bob" (where chowhounds had a grand time chasing wienies floating in a tub) and racing. Always a big hit with terriers, racing requires some fast-moving owners as well. David Dyche built our starting gate and expertly manned the bicycle wheel so the squirrel tail wasn't caught. After several hotly contested heats, the winner was Gwen and Bob Warkentin's Norwich, Stonecrop Bee Serious.

Our first "Play Day" was a big success thanks to the hard work of a dedicated group of H.O.T. members—the Dyches, Betty Bossio, Kitty Henderson, Fay Stengler and our hosts, Jody and Jim Cunningham.

Marleen Grief, 1113 Felder, Navasota, TX 77868



*Best Norfolk*



*Best Norwich*

## MAKING BIG BUCKS IN THE SHOW RING!

We bought our first Norfolk terrier because my Dad and I were playing chess. That's right. My wife, Jody, was third man (woman) out, so she busied herself by going through my Dad's extensive dog library. Dad was heavy into the "dog world," primarily in obedience and field trial, although he always bought and bred his Goldens for conformation first. Anyway, we were moving to a tenth-floor condominium after several years in the country and Jody wanted a small independent sort. After going through the entire dog encyclopedia, she decided on a Norfolk terrier. After looking in the want ads for several weeks in newspapers covering about half the U.S. population, I came to the conclusion that no such animal existed, much less was for sale. Fortunately, my sister, the only Cunningham with common sense, called the AKC which referred her to the late, beloved Joan Read. Joan very kindly gave my sister the name and number of a woman in Connecticut whose bitch had just had a litter.

So I made my first call in search of a puppy and, as I would discover later, defying all odds, found a breeder with a bitch puppy FOR SALE! The owner asked if "pet quality" was acceptable; I said yes without thinking to ask what other kind there was. Next she told me the price. Why did I have to be so lucky to find a Norfolk? Add airfare, health certificate, shots and a fancy crate to the mix and the total was more than I paid for my first new car. That's how we came by our "Miss Dewars," by far the finest "pet" we ever could have hoped for.

Well, a year passed and we decided to breed Dewars. Now we needed a recognized stud. The problem, of course, was that the nearest one was better than a thousand miles away. So, back on the plane (they really should give dogs Frequent Flyer miles) to New York City. I should get such a trip! Another interesting feature of trying to breed your bitch when you live in Texas is that not only must you be mindful of HER season, but also of THE season. Can't ship when it's too hot or too cold. We've had bitches stranded for weeks waiting for a break in the weather so they could come home. Well, Dewars had a blast in New York – she came off the plane as proud as she could be, cocktail in one paw, cigar in the other – having set new records for sexual liaisons. Nevertheless, eight weeks later – no pups!

I decided that for what I was paying in stud fees and airfare, I could have my own stud. Another jillion dollars and another airplane ride and we had "Tally," stud-dog-to-be *extraordinaire*. Tally, a "show quality" dog, worked our involvement up a notch. Jody started taking grooming lessons. (These are done with *you*, the owner, paying someone else to watch you groom your own dog!) We also started showing in conformation and obedience.

Six months later, it was time for our initial foray into breeding. There was no fire – not even a spark. I had bought a stud who couldn't or wouldn't – and didn't! So much for that season. When Dewars' next season rolled around, we hired a "tutor" — a mobile fertility vet. The vet, a woman, came to our house and did all that was necessary to help Mother Nature. My five-year-old niece and I were home alone on the first visit. Without being overly graphic, I had to explain body parts to her that she had never before seen, a task which, incidentally, I don't remember being an uncle "obligation." At any rate, both my niece's and my eyes were opened about many of the mysteries of canine reproduction.

After a week of ministrations by the vet, Tally still showed no interest in Dewars but had developed a very special relationship with the vet. He would sit by the back gate for hours patiently waiting for the vetmobile and for several years afterward became prick-eared whenever a van pulled into our drive. The result of that union was a litter of *one*! Now, several thousand dollars down the pike, I wondered why my sister had been so damned persistent! The next time Dewars was in season, we decided we were satisfied with the first pup and figured that since Tally wasn't "inclined" and since his short legs did not anatomically mesh with Dewars' longer ones, we wouldn't worry about them being together. Well, you just can't count

Mother Nature out. Tally, now matured and interested, figured out how to succeed in his quest by getting Dewars on the downhill slope of our backyard. The result was four beautiful puppies and no vet intervention. Tally had discovered true love and the mobile fertility vet became a faint, but fond, memory.

Over the next several years, our collection of Norfolks grew — we had natural breedings, artificial inseminations and shipped chilled semen. We had natural births, pulled puppies and C-sections (all in the middle of the night, at emergency rates). We've had some lovely dogs to show and some wonderful pups to place in great homes. We can't complain.

On the other hand, I know there is BIG money in the show dog world. It has taken me 10 years to figure out that most of it goes to the designer dog food folks. For us, down here in Texas where there are plenty of dogies but not an abundance of Norfolk terriers, a major is rare — in 1996, we had one weekend of majors and we had to host a supported entry to get that. With travel costs, motels and \$2.50 corn dogs (that's a cornmeal-breaded hot dog on a stick — these are not sold at Montgomery), not to mention having to take off work so you can drive 6 hours to a show site, it doesn't take a math genius to figure out that the "in flow" will never catch up to the "out go." By my calculations, I need around \$18,000 a pup to break even. And winning breed at Corpus Christi will not get me anywhere near that number.

Have you ever tried to explain to a non-dog-show person why you are spending this money? Recently, I met a man attending a convention (not related to dogs) at the same venue as the dog show. He asked what you get when you win. A gorgeous ribbon and the opportunity to pay to have your dog's picture taken with the judge. He was unimpressed. No money? Nope. He tried again. So, when you win, how much more can you get for your pups? It dawned on me that my not-for-profit enterprise didn't make much sense to aliens outside the dog world.

Of course, having a relatively rare breed, Jody and I want to commune with other like folk. The problem is that the national club meets "back East," a two-day drive from Texas. Nevertheless, except when puppies intervene, we pack up and go to Montgomery and on to the ANTA event in Bedford. We look forward to our annual trek back East where we visit with dear friends in the Norfolk and Norwich world; one day, we'll swing West. We are very proud of our Norfolks. We've finished four, all owner-handled, and have occasionally beaten some well-known handlers in the show ring. We love our little guys as "pets" first and foremost — I'm proud to say they are all Pet Quality!

Now, for our next venture. Jody just bought a horse and in time hopes to show in dressage. Maybe then we'll start Making Big Bucks in the Show Ring!

Jim Cunningham, 44FM 150 W, Kyle, TX 78640

*Miss Dewars  
and her favorite  
soccer ball.*



We obtained "Sparrow" (CH Jaeva Bandbox), a retired champion, in 1994 from Dr. Phyllis Pullen after meeting her at a show, and in 1995 introduced (with some trepidation) "Ruffen" (CH Jerusalem Ruffen Reddy), a great-granddaughter. It was a while before Sparrow decided to let her *live*, let alone stay. Now, however, they are quite attached. A sandwich has been named in honor of this duo's backyard escapades — the "Norwich-burger" — which is, of course, a mouse between two pieces of cheese!

I hope these poems, which were suddenly just "there," show how much my friend and co-owner, Ethel Williams, and I owe Phyllis Pullen and appreciate her gift to us.

Loretta ('Ret) Mallis, 5707 Janice La, Temple Hills, MD 20748

## NORWICHED

Amusement bounded into my life  
on strong, short legs...  
fur spikey between its eyes,  
nubbin tail wagging its whole body.

Amazement leapt  
and landed in my heart.  
On tawny paws it circled twice,  
curled up, and made a nest.

Astonishment remains —  
the warmth of that small frame!  
As heart to heart, I find that I'm  
in puppy love again.

For Ruffen  
& Phyllis.

'Ret Mallis  
March 1997



*CH Jerusalem Ruffen Reddy and  
CH Jaeva Bandbox ("Sparrow")*



## *ALPHA BITCH*

I was always Alpha.  
Generations of my daughters beaten back  
Wanted my food, my space, my home.  
But I, alone, was FIRST.

Puppies, sweet at birth,  
I nursed, I cared.  
But then they wanted space  
and food, and homes,  
When I, alone, was FIRST.

I fought, I won, with each attack  
I licked my wounds.  
Though each year it grew worse,  
Still I, alone, was FIRST.

Two came and took me off.  
They said: Your yard. Your home.  
Your toys. Your bone.  
Just you. Just stay.  
And I, ALONE!

So strange.  
No bark. No bite.  
No fight. No fear.  
Eat everything! Sleep anywhere!

I!

At last at peace, I ate; I slept  
Through quiet nights and sunny days.  
And round the time my muzzle greyed,  
A puppy came to lick my face —  
And I! I let it STAY!

Why she, a pup I never nursed?  
Now running, playing, guarding, We!  
She sleeping warm against me.  
Our space. Our food. Our toys. Our home.  
And I...I let her FIRST.

For Sparrow

'Ret Mallis  
March 1997

## Elaine Besbekis

*October 30, 1930 - December 10, 1996*

Elaine Shangraw Besbekis was born in Chicago where she spent her early years. In the early forties, the family moved to Brentwood, NH, where her father purchased a dairy farm. Each day after school, Elaine walked three miles to a poultry farm where she earned 15 cents an hour cleaning and sorting eggs and cleaning chicken coops. After a year, she had earned enough money to buy her first pedigreed dog — a collie, which, of course, she named “Lassie.” On her family’s farm, all the animals became pets, each with its own name: Tractor, the cat; Ferdie, the bull; Tom, the turkey; and so on. Collies were Elaine’s favorite dog in the early years; then, Giant Schnauzers and, finally, Norwich terriers. She was happiest breeding, raising, training and showing her dogs. Her love of all animals, especially dogs, was only exceeded by an avid desire to read all types of books. She was also a very good listener, with a keen mind for sorting out fact from fiction and an excellent memory for important detailed facts and trivia. One would do well not to question her stand on a subject before doing some research.

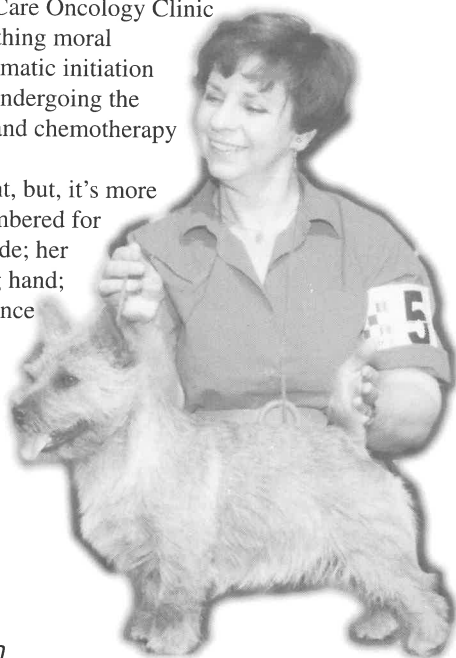
Elaine was very active for over 20 years with local Chicago and national clubs for both Giant Schnauzers and Norwich terriers. Her goals were always directed toward the betterment of the breeds that she so loved. As president of the Chicago Norwich & Norfolk Terrier Club, she was instrumental in getting it accepted as a charter member of the AKC as well as a member club of the Great Lakes Terrier Association. How many of you remember the fun matches in the goat barn at Grayslake, IL? Elaine was also on the Board of Directors of the Illinois Dog Club & Breeders Association for the past seven years. This group is dedicated, among other things, to monitoring any legislation in Illinois that may have a detrimental impact on dogs, dog lovers, owners and breeders.

Elaine is finally at peace after a seven-year battle with cancer. When the disease was first discovered, doctors predicted she had six months to live. But her positive and courageous attitude, coupled with continuous moral support from many friends and relatives, helped her beat the odds. The nursing staff at Progressive Care Oncology Clinic was grateful for her help in providing calm, soothing moral support to other cancer patients during their traumatic initiation to treatment. All the while, her own body was undergoing the turmoil brought on by after-effects of radiation and chemotherapy treatments.

Elaine’s motto was “It’s nice to be important, but, it’s more important to be nice.” She will always be remembered for her ever-present, winning smile; a positive attitude; her friendliness and willingness to provide a helping hand; and her cheerful advice to all in need. Her presence added a special brightness to any get-together. She was truly a gem. Although lost to this world, she will most certainly light up the heavens for all of us to follow.

George Besbekis,  
626 Helen Dr, Northbrook, IL 60062

*Elaine Besbekis  
showing a Norwich*



# SHOW FRONT

## 1997 NNTC NATIONAL SPECIALTY WEEKEND – THE SHOWS & EVENTS

Thursday, October 2	NNTC Education Seminar	1 PM - Holiday Inn, Bensalem, PA Panel: Missy Wood, Nat LaMar, Nonie Reynders, Carol Falk, Joan Eckert, Joan Kefeli
Friday, October 3	Hatboro Dog Club	Judge: Mrs. Carol Beattie
Saturday, October 4	Devon Dog Show	Norwich Judge: D. Roy Holloway Norfolk Judge: John Wood
Saturday, October 4	NNTC Match	The Bellenger Residence Lunch: 12 Noon - Match: 1 PM Judge: Allen Buckner
Sunday, October 4	Montgomery County K.C. NNTC National Specialty	Norwich Judge: Edd E. Bivin Norfolk Judge: Martha Olmos-Ollivier Sweepstakes Judges Norwich: Bob LaRouech Norfolk: Linda Plummer

(See page 46 for additional details)



*A Different Kind of "Show" Dog: A Trio of New York Super-Models*

Rugby and Puddles have been joined by Norweim's Mrs. Parker, Puddles' granddaughter. Rugby, now 13 years old, just completed a great commercial for GTE long-distance. He is so blasé about acting that he actually fell asleep during the interior shots. Puddles was beautiful in the premiere issue of the new *House and Garden*, and Parker has already started her modelling career. She's a star, but her breeder, Carol Jordan, is taking her away from me to show for a while. Wish her luck! Rebecca Tinsman, 310 W. 55<sup>th</sup> St, Apt 2A, New York, NY 10019

# NNTC SUPPORTED ENTRY — COLUMBIA TERRIER NORWICH



*Best of Breed*  
*CH Skyscot's W C Fields*



*Best of Winners*  
*Highwood's Iron Blue Dunn*



*Best of Opposite*  
*CH Dunbar's Jet Setter*



*Winners Bitch*  
*Jerusalem Ruffen Reddy*

*Photography by Bernard Kernan*

At the Howard County Fairgrounds in Maryland, Judge Ms. Marjorie (Peggy) Underwood welcomed an entry of nine dogs, 13 bitches and seven specials into Ring 7. It was 9 AM, cold and blustery. Handlers, owners and dogs felt the edge of spring. We were glad to be indoors, out of the wind. Andrew Kramer was our ring steward and the judging began as he ushered the first class into the ring.

Ms. Underwood wasted no time finding her WD and eventual BOW. This was Highwood's Iron Blue Dunn (CH Highwood's St. Andrews x CH Highwood's Black Gnat) out of the 12-18 month class. "Maddy" is owned by Gary and Susan Benson. He is one of the litter of six bred by Nonie Reynders and featured in the last issue of the *News*. RWD went to Al Ferruggiaro and Billye Ward's wonderful Dreamweaver Tyler of Sherwood (CH Sho-Me Ketka Peacekeeper x Dreamweaver Salem of Sherwood). This puppy was bred by Florence Prawl and Al Ferruggiaro and went on to receive honors for Best Puppy.

Judging the 13 bitches proved a bit of a task, for there were nice entries in Puppy, Bred-By and Open. Ms. Underwood chose the lovely Jerusalem Ruffen Ready (CH Jerusalem Tyler Too x CH Jerusalem Rosebud). This two-year-old bitch, nicknamed "Wild Child" by her owners, Loretta Mallis and Ethel Williams, won out of the large Open class. Phyllis Pullen bred this pretty bitch. RW went to Jerusalem Country Girl (CH Miller's Sanmann Golden Edge x CH Jerusalem Butterball) owned by Linda McCutcheon and also bred by Phyllis Pullen. This puppy bitch came out of the 6-9 month class.

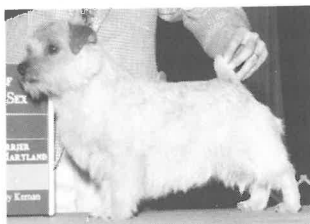
There were four specials and one move-up to be judged in Breed, joined by WD and WB. Ms. Underwood gave Breed to CH Skyscot's W C Fields (CH Devondale's Master Mandrake x Skyscot's Tumbleweed) owned by W. F. Milburn and bred by Leslie Becker. This wonderful dog was BOW at Montgomery 1996. BOS went to Joan Kefeli's CH Dunbar's Jet Setter (CH Skyscot's Steeplejack x Dunbar's Supersaver). Joan bred, owns and handles this lovely bitch.

Nonie Reynders, 326 Cantitoe Rd., Bedford Hills, NY 10507

## NNTC SUPPORTED ENTRY — COLUMBIA TERRIER NORFOLK



*Best of Breed*  
**CH Max-Well's Walk On By**



*Best of Opposite*  
**CH Reidmar Rob Roy**



*Best of Winners*  
**Churchwood's Max-A-Million**



*Winners Bitch*  
**Abbedale Ever So Clever**

*Photography by Bernard Kernan*

"Twas a welcome sight — rings set up indoors, out of the wind and coolness of a decidedly un-Spring-like April day. After three days showing dogs outdoors, dogs and handlers alike were glad to be inside at the NNTC Supported Entry at Columbia Terrier Association. In our cozy, reserved grooming area, Norfolk and Norwich and their owners and handlers met, many for the first time. The close quarters made it easy to meet and talk with other exhibitors, not to mention exchanging tips about grooming and handling. At least one Norfolk met his first Norwich bitch and, alas, fell hopelessly in love.

Judge Marjorie "Peggy" Underwood began her assignment by examining a small (only three present) dog entry and awarding WD to Churchwood's Max-A-Million (CH Nanfan Cat Burglar x CH Greenfield's Painted Pony), a handsome 2-year-old handled by owner and NNTC member Joan Church. RWD went to Max-Well's Sweet Potato (CH Max-Well's Will B Good x CH Max-Well's My Thyme), bred by Barbara Miller and Michele James and owned by Olga Silver.

With a bitch entry of 12 (and a 5-point major!), Ms. Underwood selected class winners: 9-12 months, Bliss Creek Sassafras; 12-18 months, Tidebrook Babbie Dee; Bred-by, Glenelg Sophia Loren; Open, Abbedale Ever So Clever. The Joan Eckert-bred Abbedale Ever So Clever (CH Catastrophe's Hitchhiker x CH Abbedale Picture Perfect), co-owned by Joan and Rachel and Erica Venier, took WB with RWB going to Pinchbeck Primrose (CH Sandpiper's Barkers Point x CH Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown), bred by Sue Ely and owned by Joe Franchi and Fred Bizzaro.

Best of Breed competition ensued with top honors going to CH Max-Well's Walk On By (CH Nanfan Culver x CH Max-Well's Whizard of Oz), bred by Barbara Miller who co-owns this lovely bitch with Jim and Marjorie McTernan. BOS was CH Reidmar Rob Roy (CH Buckeye Bradley x Reidmar Sky's The Limit), bred by Nat LaMar and owned by Lucinda Jewell. BOW, a 5-point "crossover" major, and Championship, went to WD Churchwood's Max-A-Million, bred by Melissa Church and Jim McTernan and owned by Melissa and Joan Church. The most difficult task was to follow at the photographing session: Joan's tears of excitement kept getting in the way as she, Max and Ms. Underwood posed for the camera.

— RSS

# NNTC SUPPORTED ENTRY — COLUMBIA TERRIER



*Norwich Judging*

*Co-editor Regina Swygert-Smith  
with Max-Well's Sweet Potato*



*Photos by Michael Swygert-Smith*



**A SUPPORTED ENTRY**  
by John Milnes Baker



*The Line*

## CRUFTS 1997

A trip to England always begins with a burst of excitement as it is the birthplace of my favorite breed, the Norfolk terrier. At the British Air Terminal at JFK, I bumped into Hope and Ed Levy who were headed in the same direction I was: Birmingham and Crufts '97. For many years, Ed was the NNTC delegate to the AKC. Hope edited the *Norwich & Norfolk News*, which Ed printed, for many years. The Levys, who had Norwich, now have Border terriers.

Crufts is an enormous show with an entry of 18,000 dogs. The venue, the National Exhibition Center (NEC), is larger than any I've ever seen in the U.S. Rings are set up in four halls. One must purchase a catalogue in order to find the desired ring. Approximately 260 trade stands occupy space, with the major dog food companies frequently setting up stands that are two stories high. Many refer to Crufts as a "fair" that happens to house a dog show. But once you locate your ring and benching area, the "fair" atmosphere disappears.

On Terrier Day, American ringsiders were plentiful. Barbara Fournier, who judged Norfolk at Westminster '96, made Crufts '97 her twentieth year. Joan Kefeli, '96 Montgomery Norwich judge, was ringside with friends and Norwich breeders, Liz and Joe Spera and Joan Bakken. Marge and Jim McTernan, frequenters at British dog shows, were there as well. New to Norwich, Kathy Attwood, appeared to enjoy every minute of her Crufts experience. (Don't hold me to it, but I believe that in order to exhibit at Crufts, a dog must have won a class at a championship show. A championship show is one in which Challenge Certificates [CC] are awarded for your breed.)

Norfolk had an entry of 76 with 21 absent. Judging began at 9 AM with Mr. Burden, long associated with Norfolk, serving as judge. The Reserve CC in Dogs went to Kinsridge Red Pepper, quite a nice two-year-old. The Dog CC went to Cathy Thompson's CH Belleville Cloudvoyager. From where I sat, Cloudvoyager looked quite good, showing off a strong hind-quarter. I've observed this dog often and felt this was one of his best days. I'm sure Cathy, his breeder, was quite pleased with him. She is no stranger to the Norfolk ring, having taken top kennel three years in a row.

The Bitch Reserve CC was awarded to another of Cathy's, Pirouette at Belleville, who came from the Junior Bitch class and was co-bred with Michael Crawley (Elve). Her sire, CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville, is currently under the ownership of Pam and John Beale here in the U.S. I thought the Junior Bitch class of three was particularly nice and quite admired Richell Material Girl.

England's number one terrier, CH Cracknor Call My Bluff, easily swept away the Bitch CC and Best of Breed. Elisabeth Matell, her breeder, started the day on a sour note. The driver of the coach (bus) she engaged, overslept; he also missed the turnoff for the venue. As Elisabeth said to me, "Big girls don't cry." She thought surely she'd miss her class. Upon her arrival, Joy Taylor of Nanfan fame rushed to brush Call My Bluff, "Betty," while Sally Anne Thompson Wilbie brushed Elisabeth's hair. "Betty" was totally calm as if telling the judge, "I'm the best there is." And she was! With this win, CH Cracknor Call My Bluff equalled the breed record previously held by CH Salette Gold Bullion as to number of CCs won. I believe each has won twenty-five.

The Terrier Group judge was Liz Cartledge, a committee member of Crufts and long-time Norfolk owner. Miss Matell and Mrs. Cartledge, both from Sweden but residents of England for years, are close friends. Thus, Miss Matell decided to take a "Lap of Honour" in the Group ring rather than compete. Some agreed with this decision; others did not. "Betty" is not only the top terrier, but also finished 1996 as number two all breeds and number one bitch all breeds. Quite an impressive record. With a record like that, I felt she should have gone for the Crufts Group win; she was the best the terriers had to offer.

Martin Phillips of Jaeva Norfolk and Norwich judged an entry of 46 Norwich with 9 absentees. He awarded his Dog Reserve CC to Ragus Roughly, bred and owned by Leslie Crawley. Mr. and Mrs. Brown's black and tan, CH Queslade's Making Magic, was awarded the Dog CC. The Bitch Reserve CC went to another of Crawley's, Ragus Rock Rose. She is co-owned with Miss Jenkins. The Bitch CC was awarded to Cathy Thompson's Belleville Sweet Temptation. She came from the Limit class, which means the entry must have no more than two CCs in order to compete. With this win, "Temptation" earned her third CC (better known as a "ticket") and her championship. Rightfully so, she went on to take Best of Breed.

My personal observations and those of some of my English and American friends who were present: Norfolks are in better shape than Norwich. Many in both breeds appeared light in bone, soft-coated and toyish. Norfolk are in far better trim than last year. Both the Dog and Bitch winners in Norfolk do the breed justice. In Norwich, I would have thought one class very difficult to judge due to the overall poor quality of the entry. It appears some of the Norwich have soft coats which are disguised with scissors. Whatever happened to thumb, index finger and trimming knives as tools of the trade? In both breeds, the bitches were in far better shape than the dogs.

Crufts offers a prize for the best breed stand. Norwich didn't participate but Norfolk did, winning top honors. There were lots of wonderful goodies on this stand. At Discover Dogs, where each breed has a booth in which to display information about and examples of the breed, Norwich and Norfolk put forth their best efforts in educating the public. A club member was present to answer questions.

After Terrier Day, I was off to London for theatre, good restaurants and shopping.

Barbara Miller, 135 High Farms Rd, Old Brookville, NY 11545

(Crufts '98 will be March 5-8, with terriers most likely on Friday, March 6. If you go, fly directly into Birmingham. It's a quick taxi ride to the Metropole Hotel which is within walking distance of the NEC. The ticket office opens at 8 AM.; I suggest you get there early. An additional ticket is required for the evening groups. B.Miller)

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IN MEMORIAM

*AM/BER CH KING'S PREVENTION DEVONDALE*

May 23, 1983 - November 9, 1996



Remembering Devon:

The art show openings she attended

Bermuda walks

All the B.I.S.-Puppy Matches

Pub-hopping with our daughter

B.O.S.-Montgomery Co.-Specialty

Her three singleton litters

Devondale — Anna Bellenger



## NNTC SPECIALTY TROPHIES: THE SPENCER-SPYKMAN BOWL

AKC "Rules Applying to Dog Shows" (Chapter 5, Section 11) states that, at Specialty shows, only trophies "as have been in competition prior to September 9, 1952" may be "perpetual" possessions of a dog club, never to be won outright. Specialty prizes offered after this date are so-called "Challenge" trophies, to become the permanent possession of an "owner and/or breeder winning the award three times, not necessarily with the same dog." (Chapter 5, Section 10)

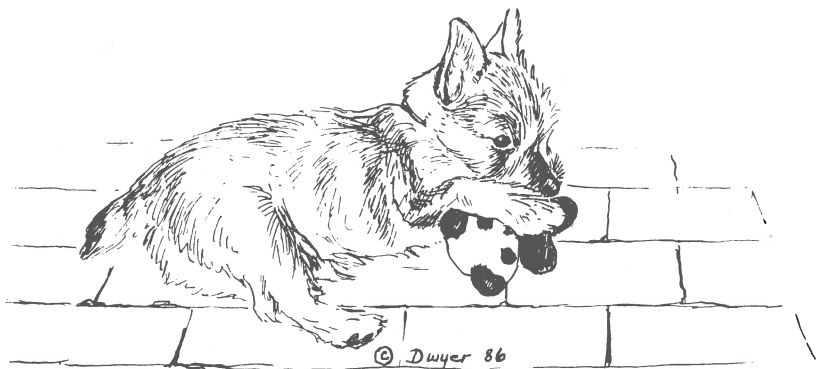
Based on AKC guidelines, the NNTC has only one "perpetual" Specialty trophy: the Spencer-Spykman Bowl. This sterling silver trophy, presented to the Norwich Terrier Club (NTC) in 1950 in memory of Mrs. Josephine Spencer and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Spykman, was originally for Best of Breed (BOB) drop or prick ear — at the NTC Specialty. Following separation of Norwich and Norfolk in 1979, the Spencer-Spykman Bowl has been awarded for Norfolk BOB at NNTC Specialties.

Josephine Spencer (Partree) was a pioneer drop-ear breeder in America. Along with her close friend and fellow drop-ear breeder, Mrs. Katherine Thayer (Maplehurst), Mrs. Spencer was in the forefront of efforts to reorganize the unofficial NTC after World War II. Their efforts culminated in official AKC recognition of the Club in 1947. Mrs. Spencer became the first official NTC president in 1948; Mrs. Thayer its first official secretary. That same year, Mrs. Spencer's drop-ear male import, Cobbler of Boxted, won BOB at the inaugural NTC Specialty held in Massachusetts. He repeated his BOB win at the 1949 Specialty, this time as CH Cobbler of Boxted. Sadly for both her fellow breeders and the breed, Mrs. Spencer died not long afterwards. But Partree's influence on American Norfolks lived on through the foundation stock Mrs. Spencer had provided such prominent early breeders as Sylvia Warren (River Bend), Miss Jean Hinkle (Port Fortune), Katherine Thayer (Maplehurst), and Mrs. (Mary) Stevens Baird (Castle Point).

Elizabeth Spykman, an accomplished author of children's books, shared her sister's love of Norfolks, but, to my knowledge, was not a breeder. Her influence on American drop ears, however, was enduring, thanks to a very special Christmas present Mrs. Spykman gave her Bethany, CT, neighbor, Barbara Schilf (now Barbara Fournier) in 1950. That gift, a young Norfolk bitch, Kedron's Cobbler's Biscuit, became the foundation dam for Barbara Fournier's Bethway kennels. Bred to her grandsire, CH Tuff, C.D. (owned by Sylvia Warren of River Bend), "Biscuit" produced CH Brigham Young, the first of a long and still-going line of top-notch Norfolk champions bred by Mrs. Fournier, first in Connecticut and now in Santa Fe, NM.

The Spencer-Spykman Bowl incorporates almost fifty years of NTC/NNTC history. Take a moment at the 1997 Specialty to study the names of the many influential drop and prick-ear winners engraved on this historic Club treasure.

—AGF



Drawing by Meredith Dwyer

## NATIONAL SPECIALTY WEEKEND – EVENT DETAILS

The NNTC will present a Breeders' Forum on Thursday, October 2, from 1:00 - 5:00 PM at the Holiday Inn, 3499 Street Road, Bensalem, PA (215-638-1500). A panel of Norwich and Norfolk breeders will discuss topics such as whelping problems, reading pedigrees, neonatal fatality, managing the stud dog, genetics, and care of the older dog. There will also be a grooming workshop. Open to all fanciers. Reservations: Joan Schurr Kefeli, 2 Ashmore Dr, Davisville, WVA 26142 (304-422-0009, Fax 304-485-4865)

The NNTC Match will be held at the home of Anna and George Bellenger, and the Devondale Norwich, 913 Mitchell Farm Lane, Unionville, PA (610-347-0499). Lunch reservations are required; please contact Anna Bellenger.

### NNTC EVENTS

Friday, October 3 - 6:00 PM	Membership Meeting followed by "Hospitality" Holiday Inn, Bensalem, PA
Saturday, October 4 - 7:00 PM	Dinner, Legends Restaurant, Pinecrest Country Club, 101 Country Club Dr, Lansdale, PA Reservations: Lu Matteson (215-257-4153)

### MARTHA OLMOS-OLLIVIER — Norfolk Judge

When she judges our Norfolk National Specialty at the October 1997 Montgomery County Kennel Club show, Martha Olmos-Ollivier will be sustained by decades of experience in many aspects of the fancy and the conviction that one must judge, in her key words, "on the day." On her previous judging day at Montgomery, she evaluated 165 Kerry Blue terriers. She averages 30 shows a year, usually judging the Terrier Group. (She also judges Best in Show, the Toy and Non-Sporting Groups, and most of the Sporting Group, including all spaniels and most hounds.)

This ultra-experienced judge of many breeds was born and raised in the Southwest. She attended Texas elementary schools, a Kansas secondary school and received her B.S. from the University of New Mexico. Olmos-Ollivier eventually settled in southern California where she taught 6th graders for 20 years until her early retirement in 1982. She also raised two children, Todd (a publisher) and Joy (a banker); now she enjoys four grandchildren. She has been married for 29 years to her second husband, Victor Olmos-Ollivier, a retired military officer, who happily stays in their Gardena, California, home to care for their six dogs when his wife is away judging.

Martha Olmos-Ollivier first came to the fancy's attention as the co-developer (with her sister Pat) of Mar-Pat Kennels, breeders of 35 champion Pekinese, including 12 Group and 5 Best in Show winners, topped off with a Best at Santa Barbara. But when asked who was her finest Pekinese, she answers, intriguingly, that none of the big winners was supreme. Best of Mar-Pat, she is convinced, must go to CH Mar-Pat's Mandarin Star (Star, appropriately, for short) who never won a Best or a Group and rarely a breed. Star's trouble: she was an elegant female, in rings where judges had eyes only for heavy-coated males. Star was also no star in the whelping box, where she produced only one offspring, an undersized male. But her son was an extremely successful stud dog, producing several Best-in-Show males. As often happens, a

show dog's star qualities reappear in full glory not among the sons or daughters but among the grandchildren. But offspring aside, the show experience with Star hardened one of Olmos-Ollivier's convictions: avoid sexism in judging; go for the best animal, with no edge to the boys.

Since her days with Star and the 34 lesser but more honored Mar-Pat Pekinese champions, Olmos-Ollivier has owned a Group and Best-in-Show winning Kerry Blue terrier, 3 champion Cockers, 2 Wire Fox terriers, 1 Miniature Schnauzer and 1 Norwich (who died of cancer at age 15). Her latest acquisition and fondest current show hope is a Kerry Blue puppy, the great-granddaughter of her Best-in-Show winner.

She will show the new hope in an unconventionally anonymous way. Just as males should have no advantage over females, she believes judges' dogs should have no advantage over non-judges' dogs. When her dogs are being shown, she will never appear on the show grounds or advertise, just as she will never show her champions past their championship, except to support an occasional breed specialty. In this opinion, she echoes our own Doris Wear, the Terrier Group judge and Norwich breeder, who also had no use for the edge judges' dogs can receive when their friends are the judges and know what spectator (or stay-at-home advertiser) hopes for a win.

When picking her winners in the ring, Olmos-Ollivier looks most for type: for the animal that typifies a breed standard. When forced to choose between a typey canine who rather lacks the best movement and a supreme mover who rather lacks the best type, she will go for the typey every time. In grooming, she doesn't mind a little scissoring to clean and neaten, but she has no use for sculpted coats. She will dismiss a dog if artificial coloring comes off on her hands. She encourages stacking on the examination table but wants the handlers, like the dogs, upright on the grass. She wants dogs moved on a loose lead, with a visible bow to it. In short, she goes for the natural animal, not the animal unnaturally staged.

Above all else, she will judge natural type "on the day." It does not matter to her who won yesterday or who advertised the day before. She often secretly smiles as she puts her hands on a much-advertised dog and thinks the owner wasted the money. One extreme illustrates her passion for "on the day" typiness: she will (has!) put up a novice puppy over a veteran campaigner, if "on the day," the youngster is typier. No matter, she declares, if months after her judging day, the once-gorgeous duckling has become an ugly duck. That is for a later judge to decide, on a later day. Age and previous record, she declares, should be as irrelevant as sex and who owns the dog, on the show day.

On non-show days, Olmos-Ollivier is involved with other aspects of the fancy. She is secretary (and former president) of the Long Beach Kennel Club. She is also perhaps the nation's greatest collector of antique dog show medallions. Some items in her 200-piece collection are over a century old and cost over \$200. Her favorite is a Pekinese fancier's treasure from Peking itself: the medallion, in its original presentation box, given to "Ling-Ling" upon winning the Palace Association Show in 1910.

She is eloquent on the receding FUN of dog showing. She thinks too much money is now at stake, with handlers flying dogs thousands of miles to pick up stray points in (what she considers ridiculous) yearly rating systems. Mankind's unnatural mathematics, she believes, make for a grim fanaticism about winning, not relaxed humor about a sporting hobby. Although she has judged in 12 foreign countries, she likes best her assignments in Hawaii, where no one flies in for a few points, where entries are small, where attitudes are laid-back, and where laughter at the dogs' antics fills the ring.

It will assuredly be amusing to watch this fun-loving Californian at Montgomery, knowing she is secretly smiling at the overly-advertised, the overly-sculpted, the overly-strung-up, the overly-stacked, and the overly-colored; and that she is on the hunt for the naturally typiest, with no concern for age, sex or previous record of winning.

Bill Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383

To understand Edd E. Bivin's studious dog judging, one must understand his other scholarly career. Few leaders in the raucous dog show world also triumph in refined universities. But Bivin's double life features an uncommon integration of these normally-segregated worlds.

The double life commenced with Bivin's adoration of dogs. Like many of us, Bivin was a shy teenager. Some reclusive adolescents turn to stamp-collecting or autograph-seeking or miniature rocket-building. Bivin's alternative began at age 12 when he received his first dog, a Pomeranian. As an ultra-inquisitive early teenager, Bivin read extensively on Pomeranians, then phoned experts throughout the nation and beyond, asking about the Pomeranian standard and about what pedigrees and breeding programs best approached that ideal. At age 14, he was already breeding toward the ideal and exhibiting his Poms at shows. Between the ages of 16 and 18, Bivin always owned at least 20 Poms, conducting a flourishing breeding business in Fort Worth, TX.

Bivin found dog show exhibiting among the least satisfying results of his studies and breedings. Exhibitors could be selfish competitors, seeking egotistical wins, rather than studious breeders, seeking to approach the standard's ideals. In contrast, judges — and Bivin was already judging Pomeranians at age 21 — competed only with themselves. They sought only to better their previous scholarly performance in a challenging three-act drama.

A judge's drawn-out first act, Bivin explains, often occurs in a library with endless study of an abstract breed standard. The shorter, tenser second act, staged at the show ring, requires deadline-haunted comparison of actual animals with the standard's abstractions. The still-swifter last act, the articulation (Bivin's favorite word), calls for a decisive finger pointing at the winner, under the press of relentless time limits.

Bivin insists that judges' decisions must never be negative. He disdains the judge as fault-finder. Instead, the judge's articulation should celebrate the dog who best approaches the standard's definition of perfection.

Because he found that task deeply satisfying, Bivin chose a seldom-traveled judging path. America's famous dog judges usually first become well-known breeders and/or professional handlers. Only many years later, reputation made, do they turn to judging, confident they will receive choice assignments. Bivin, like such latter-career judges, has always bred dogs and exhibited his favorite champions (although without advertising and only to display a stud dog to breeders). Yet, already in his early 20s, he attended dog shows usually as a judge and never as a professional handler. Before turning 30, this once-precociously-known teenage breeder in Fort Worth had become a precociously-esteemed judge nationally, already judging at Madison Square Garden.

When his judging career took off, Bivin acquired more scholarly opportunities. Where breeders need study only one breed and where handlers often learn only their customers' breeds, judges can theoretically research and evaluate every American Kennel Club-sanctioned specimen. Over the years, Bivin's ever-expanding research has earned him the right to judge Best in Show, four of the eight groups and many breeds in other groups. Although still most in demand for judging his initial group, Toys (he has twice judged the Toy Group at the Garden), Bivin is almost equally called upon to evaluate Terriers (he has judged breed competitions at Montgomery over ten times; at Devon 1997, he will evaluate Best in Show).

As judge, Bivin above all esteems type — those qualities which separate one breed from another. He especially admires handlers, professional or amateur, who can trim coats to enhance a dog's appearance of typiness. Some object that pre-show grooming, while creating perfect coats, can hide conformation imperfections. Bivin answers that a judge's hands can, and should, uncover such flaws.

Bivin has less use for handlers' interventions in the ring. He frowns when dogs are strung too tightly, moved too swiftly, or baited too grossly. While groomers perform their art out of sight, overly-zealous ring handlers draw eyes from their dogs toward themselves. Moreover, while a judge's hands can discover the groomer's chicanery, only their eyes can evaluate movement. Thus, incorrect pace inhibits correct evaluation.

Bivin dislikes even more some dog exhibitors' splashy advertising and greed for artificial group rankings. Such ever-more-rampant commercialism, he warns, must not contaminate the objective study and evaluation of dogs.

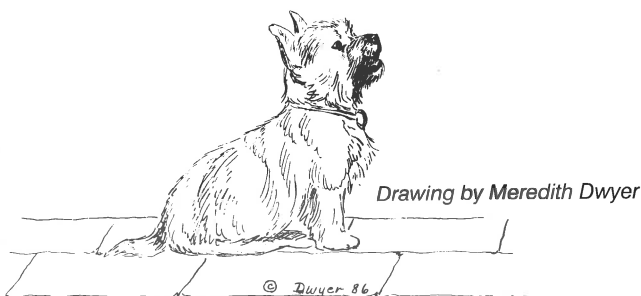
Bivin's study of dogs dictated the locale and nature of his second career. As a high school graduate, taking care of his Fort Worth kennel, Bivin had no option but to attend Fort Worth's Texas Christian University. He has remained at TCU ever since, first to earn his A.B. and M.A. degrees in history, then as an administrator. Now TCU's Vice Chancellor for Administrative Affairs, he presides over the university's personnel decisions, insurance coverage, parking, safety, transportation, purchasing, and (his favorite assignment) its construction of buildings. He currently directs \$35 million worth of additions to the campus. He has just completed the Alumni and Visitors' Center, where he thinks abstract form serves practical function particularly well.

Abstract model married to practical emanation — if that formula for university decision-making sounds like Bivin's formula for dog show articulations, the parallel has served him well. To explain his advancement at TCU (most academics must change universities to secure such promotions), Bivin credits his school's appreciation of, and rewards for, his dog-show-acquired talents. Many academics study endlessly, never finishing lifelong projects. But a dog show judge must follow long study with swift articulation. That experience, Bivin believes, particularly equips him to make academic decisions at the necessary moment.

Academics who have served varied universities in varied locales, Bivin concedes, may have secured more varied perspectives. But his double life offers alternative broadening travels. More weekends than not, Fort Worth's permanent citizen takes to the road or the air, judging dogs and seeing the sights in far-flung spots. Then during almost every working week, the dog show gypsy returns to his native city, where he and his wife Irene (another famously a-political judge) enjoy their dogs (they now breed Dobermans), their friends, TCU, and their culturally-rich urban scene.

When Norwich fanciers meet judge Bivin at Montgomery, they will encounter a different, but equally legitimate, ring atmosphere than that of last year's ebullient judge, with her foxhunter's attire and greeting of Bob Hope. Exhibitors will find instead a somber, bespeckled investigator who looks and acts like an intense professor. After studying each Norwich, Bivin may decide to elevate an inexperienced dog or bitch over a hyped veteran. In recent years, he has rewarded several unknown Norwich, giving the first breed or group win to then-novice but soon-to-be-famous breed stars. And when the articulation is made at the 1997 Specialty, the tension breaks, and the BOB Norwich parades around the ring, no one will applaud more appreciatively than the not-at-all-displaced academic who has crowned his flesh-and-blood example of the standard's ideal.

Bill Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383



## NEW TITLE HOLDERS



### **CH HIGHWOOD'S BLACK STONE FLY** (CH Highwood's St. Andrews x CH Highwood's Black Gnat)

Breeder/Owner: Knowlton Reynders  
"Pebbles" finished out of puppy with four 3-point majors.

### **CH HIGHWOOD'S GRIZZLY RIFFLE**

(CH Highwood's St. Andrews x CH Highwood's Black Gnat)

Breeder/Owner: Knowlton Reynders  
"Riff" finished out of Bred-by at the Garden State All Terrier Show, going on to take a Group IV.



### **CH HIGHWOOD'S IRON BLUE DUNN**

(CH Highwood's St. Andrews x CH Highwood's Black Gnat)

Breeder: Knowlton Reynders

Owners: Susan & Gary Benson

"Maddy" finished at the NNTC Supported Entry at Columbia Terrier Association. He went WD/BOW for a 5-point major.

### **CH JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE**

(CH Jaeva Moon Magic x CH Devondale's Mistress Melba)

Breeder/Owner: Phyllis Pullen

Always a gentleman. Artie finished with four majors, one with me and three with the Green Team. He also won an award of merit at the Garden.



### **CH NORWEIM'S SIR WINSTON**

(CH Devondale's Master Manfred x CH Norweim's Simply Amazen)

Breeder: Carol Jordan

Owner: Phyllis Pullen

My first black and tan champion. He's already been a father so now I have two black and tan puppies, too.

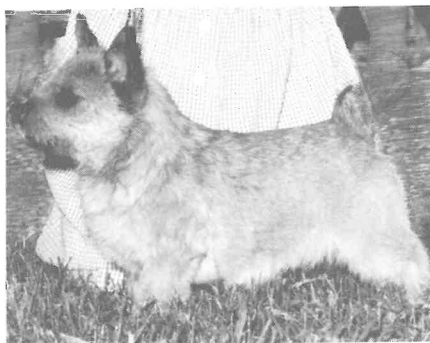
## CH TITANIUM APFEL-TORTE

(CH Barnstable Paws For Applause  
at Titanium x Dykefoot Orange Pippin of Titanium)  
Owner-handled to her title, "Tart" finished easily.  
She is a beautiful example of her British  
and American heritage.



## CH TERRAPIN TRIAL BY JURY

(CH Terrapin Timpani x Terrapin Tapioca)  
Breeder: Margaretta Wood  
Owners: Mr. & Mrs. Maurice J. Matteson, Jr.  
The jury is in and the verdict is unanimous –  
Johnnie Cochran is a Champ! His "Dream  
Team" included noted conditioner Donna  
Hodgson and breeder/handler Missy Wood.  
The sentence has been reduced to life in  
luxury.



## CH HIGHWOOD'S PARACHUTE ADAMS

(CH Chidley Willum the Conqueror  
x CH Highwood's Royal Starfire)  
"Shooter" received four group placements  
including a Group 1 on his way to his  
championship out of Bred-by at the  
1997 Chicago Specialty.



## CH CASTLE-BAR ARCH RIVAL

(CH Castle-Bar Snapdragon  
x CH Castle-Bar Outburst)  
Breeder: Barbara Pierce  
Owner: Barbara A. Crosby  
"Archie" thoroughly enjoyed his show career  
and now looks forward to fun in obedience.  
Many thanks to "Team Archie" members  
Barbara Pierce, Shauna Pratt  
and Carole Cason.



## BREEDER UPDATES

MAX-WELL (NORFOLK). CH Nanfan Crunch, bred by Joy Taylor and owned by me, was the first Norfolk to achieve national acclaim in America. For three years in a row, he won the breed ribbon at Westminster. "Crunch" was the first Norfolk to place in the terrier group at Westminster, doing this twice. Numerous Specialty wins and a then-record 14 Best-in-Shows later, he retired at an early age. Crunch died March 22, 1990, at the age of six years, two months. He became a legend in his own time.

CH Rightly So Original Sin, bred by Fritz Rumpf and co-owned with Carroll and Toni Harrold, achieved success as well. "Ziggy" placed second in the Westminster terrier group, following Crunch's retirement. He went one more than Crunch, earning 15 Best-in-Shows. Ziggy held that record for seven years. As any good sportsman will tell you, records are made to be broken.

Along came CH Max-Well's Weatherman ("Storm") and CH Max-Well's Walk On By ("Wicket"). I bred this brother/sister team and co-own Wicket with Marge and Jim McTernan. Wicket was first to score the tying run equalling Ziggy's BIS record. But, on April 27, 1997, Storm and his handler, Susie Kipp, broke the record, scoring a 16th Best in Show. I'd like to thank those who sent messages of congrats. Keep in mind the game is still in play and records are still meant to be broken.

Storm's offspring, Max-Well's Blizzard, earned his championship Chicago International weekend when the NNTC of Greater Chicago hosted a lovely Specialty. Proudly, still other Storm offspring, Max-Well's Tornado and Max-Well's Sandstorm, earned their first majors.

Steve and Olga Silver are to be congratulated, having finished their Max-Well youngster, Max-Well's Sweet Potato ("Gibson"), under the guidance of Regina Swygert-Smith.

Hope you had a good summer and see you at the shows.

Barbara Miller, Old Brookville, NY

TINYTOWNE (NORWICH). In my last kennel update, I wrote about a breeding experiment with my bitch "Biscuit." She was bred to a dog that is no longer alive (Sharon Curry's CH Shonleh Heckler) but whose sperm was stored in a bank. After extensive testing to determine the optimum time of breeding (once thawed, sperm is only good for 12 hours), Biscuit was bred through surgical implant, a requirement of the sperm bank. Everything went as smooth as silk — if ever a bitch should get pregnant using this method, this one should have. An ultrasound performed 30 days later revealed NO PUPPIES! Of course, everyone involved was very disappointed, but not surprised. The collection bank has no statistics on any Norwich getting pregnant using this method, and we sure didn't change history! I'm sure *News* readers would be interested, as I would, to know if anyone else has had an experience of this nature. Please report to the *News* if you have.

Biscuit is again in season and will be bred the old-fashioned way to Leslie Becker's CH Devondale's Master Mandrake. I hope to report better news next issue.



*tinytowne Norwich puppy*



## BREEDER UPDATES

**JERUSALEM (NORWICH).** We've been busy here this year. Besides the black & tan dog, CH Norweim's Sir Winston, that I got from Carol Jordan last year, we've had two more new champions: CH Jerusalem Ruffen Reddy (CH Jerusalem Tyler Too x CH Jerusalem Rosebud) owned by Loretta Mallis and Ethel Williams of Temple Hills, MD, and CH Norwood Pancake (CH Jerusalem Tyler Too x CH Miller's Gridlock) co-owned with David Amspacher of Dallastown, PA. Elizabeth Presnikoff of Boyce, VA, owns the dam. These three young Norwich all finished within two weeks of each other. We also have several brand new additions to Jerusalem: two puppies from a Winston and Butterball breeding, both black & tan (you can tell this is something new for me), and a new black & tan bitch puppy from Martin Phillips' Jaeva kennel in England. She just arrived by air last week and we like her very much.

Phyllis Pullen, Kingsville, MD

**BILBROUGH (NORFOLK).** We survived our move to the "heart" of Norwich country, where we are in Oakley's neighborhood and where our Norfolk are called Norwich by our landlord whose parents, Dean and Louise Bedford, not only bred prick-ears but showed and judged them. It wasn't easy but we packed everything, including our December 26 litter of 4 (CH Yarrow's Cock Robin x CH Wenwagon's Adagio Bilbrough), and lost nothing, except sleep. Upon learning that we are in the midst of the Piedmont Hunt (which literally gallops through our yard during the chase), our Norfolk dusted off their hunting instincts and have "dispatched" at least one vole. The "gang" guards us from the ever-present horses, local dogs and even the lovely carriages drawn by one, two and four matched steeds — all of which parade down our dirt road which lives up to the description "washboard." Time stopped here several decades ago even though "civilization" in the form of Middleburg is only 10 miles away.

In addition to moving and unpacking (which continues), we managed to show and finish a handsome Barbara Miller-bred youngster, CH Max-Well's Sweet Potato ("Gibson"), owned by Olga and Steve Silver (who also own Bilbrough Lady Wigglesworth). Gibson was Regina's project, start to finish, but she missed (because she was in the ring) seeing the thumbs-up from Walter Goodman at Old Dominion Kennel Club when the championship point was awarded. It's a complicated story but Walter Goodman's sister lives in Manhattan near, and is a very good friend of, the young woman who bought a puppy from our first litter; he is also a close friend of Barbara Miller, Gibson's breeder. We aren't sure he remembers precisely who we are (so we remind him) but we can report that he had no difficulty recognizing Gibson as a Max-Well dog.

We hope recent breedings will result in Norfolk puppies in early fall (in time for us to "do" Montgomery). In the meantime, we are trying to teach our Norfolk clan to welcome, not attack, our soon-to-arrive NORWICH puppy. It is a tribute to the Norwich breeders in this club that these dedicated Norfolk breeders have been won over — at least to the extent of acquiring an "ears up" version. How can one resist the charms of either breed? So, here we come — the couple who entered a show ring for the first time just over four years ago embarks on its second breed — with anticipation and excitement. See you ringside!

Regina & Michael Swygert-Smith, Bluemont, VA



Sara

## BREEDER UPDATES

**YARROW (NORWICH & NORFOLK).** After two years of commuting from Bowmansville to Long Island and back, in January *all* the Yarrow dogs came to Pennsylvania and the kennel at Oyster Bay was closed. After Joan Read's passing, this was an inevitable step.

Perhaps it is the air or the water but this spring my Norwich bitch, CH Foxwood Yarrow's Vixen, blessed us with FIVE !! puppies. We also have two beautiful Norfolks by the Beales' English import, Eng/Am CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville.

I finished Vixen's puppy, CH Yarrow's Wallabee, from her first litter by my English import, CH Titanium Chipper, from the Bred By class at Nita Nee in July.

Beth Sweigart, Bowmansville, PA



*Camp Terrapin "campers"*

**TERRAPIN (NORWICH).** Camp Terrapin is a year-round resort open to all Terrapin alumnae. Our Frequent Flyer program affords owners the opportunity to travel solo on those rare occasions when (God forbid) their Norwich cannot join them. In addition to deluxe accommodations, we serve scrumptious meals, and daily activities include everything from stick chewing to gymnastics. Evening attire is casual and "Happy Hour" goes on all day.

Recently, we dusted off the old guest book and began to reminisce. Our very first returnee was Gus-Gus who stayed with us in '69 while his parents attended a graduation. Surely, our most distinguished guest had to be 15-year-old Sally, furious she wasn't included on a hiking trip through the Rockies. Sally teetered past the garden gate, took a few sniffs, and after that, it was no holds barred. And our "Man Who Came to Dinner" award goes to Chuckles. Here for three months. Round the world cruise, don'tcha know. Most recently we have entertained Teddy (he turned down Palm Springs because he hates to golf); and Becky Millard who kept replaying "The Godfather" as her parents toured Sicily.

It should be noted, however, that the success of Camp Terrapin is due solely to the cheerful staff of Norwich who reside here year-round. This merry band of terriers with their We-Love-Everybody attitude makes our Five-Star, not-for-profit operation a reality. Without their loyal cooperation, I would never be allowed these golden opportunities of reunion. THANKS, GUYS!

Margaretta Wood, Phoenixville, PA

## BREEDER UPDATES

HEVANS (NORFOLK). Hevans has had a busy winter and spring. We have relocated to sunny Sarasota, FL, for the time being. My Norfolk, Micky, enjoys his daily three-mile walk which I consider a nasty necessity for my health, although Micky's enthusiasm makes me feel better about it.

One of my dogs is residing down the street with my mom, keeping her company since my father recently passed away. "Chocolate," a rescue dog, is also with mom 'til she gets adopted. Mom is doing a good job spoiling both of them.

I am proud of "Tanner" and his human parents, Jeff Stout and Nancy Hunter, for winning best all-around terrier at the ANTA Spring Fling and for earning his CD.

Heidi Evans, Sarasota, FL

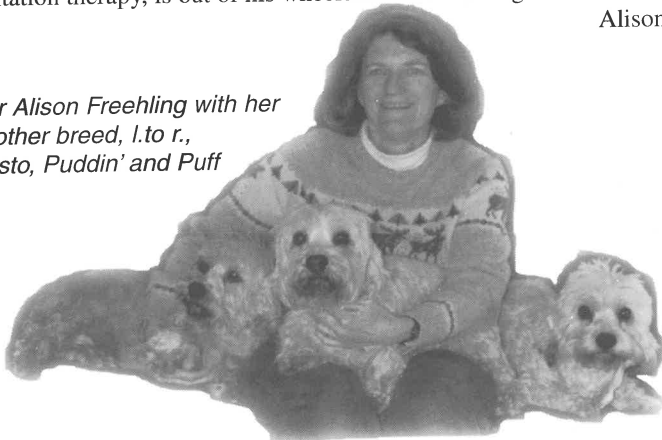
ROLLING RIDGE (NORWICH). Rather than a season of joyful rebirth, this spring has been a time of sad farewells. The first to say "good-bye" (March 24) was our Dandie male, "Gusto," who, for 14-1/2 years, was our son's best buddy and our Norwich puppies' favorite "babysitter." Just eight days later, our daughter's beloved Dandie female, "Puddin'" (14 years, 8 months), began seizing out of the blue. Although medication prevented further convulsions, Puddin' had obviously suffered permanent neurological damage (my vet suspects a malignant brain tumor). It was painful to watch this dignified, once-so-regal Dandie (we called her "HRH Puddin") mentally decline and walk in small circles for hours at a time. And so, on May 16, we had her put to rest. To lose both our children's long-time companions in less than two months left us all feeling bereft. Yet somehow it seemed fitting that such life-long pals would depart this world almost together. They leave behind Puddin's 'couch potato' daughter, "Puff," the last of our Dandie line.

On a sunnier note, Norwich teenager, CH Rolling Ridge's Prima Donna, who turned 14 on May 21, continues to reign over three generations of her direct lineage: daughter CH R.R. Tuff E. Nuff (12), grandson CH R.R. Justa Tad Tuff (9) and great-granddaughters R.R. Bonnie Blue and R.R. Dixie Darlin', who were two July 26. Despite surgery (April 1996) for mildly malignant mammary tumors (no recurrence to date) and diuretics for congestive heart failure, Donna's 'queen bee' personality remains intact. We hope to add a fourth generation to her family tree this fall.

Finally, some not-so-cheery news on the "human front:" Bill fell and broke his hip April 15. Happily he was able to attend our son's college graduation in May and, after a summer of vigorous rehabilitation therapy, is out of his wheelchair and walking with a cane.

Alison & Bill Freehling,  
Versailles, KY

*Co-editor Alison Freehling with her  
other breed, l.to r.,  
Gusto, Puddin' and Puff*



ARCADIAN (NORWICH). Luckily for us, we live in the southeast corner of Minnesota and did not suffer from the "Flood of '97." We did, however, go to the Fargo-Moorhead shows in late May and found their show site and hospitality to be first rate!

Having completed their championships, "Madeleine" (CH Arcadian Gem's Padparadschah) and "Junior" (CH Arcadian Gem's Tiger's Eye) are exploring new activities. They had the opportunity recently to get up close and personal with a real, live rat, thanks to Kate Kenny. Madeleine really worked at getting to the rat, but she didn't care to go into the tunnel. Junior, unfortunately, just wanted to check out all the girls. Before seriously attempting any Earthdog trials, we'll have to get down to the business of training. Kate gave us lots of training hints and tips and ideas for building a tunnel liner.

Madeleine will also be giving a try at motherhood this fall. This will be her first litter and, hopefully, she'll have the same outstanding maternal characteristics as her dam, "Abby" (CH Bramble Run Arcadian Gem). Abby will also be back in the whelping box with a repeat breeding to CH Highwood's Ratfaced MacDougal and puppies expected in August. It's likely that this will be Abby's last litter.

While we're staying at home tending to puppies, we will also be working with Junior in preparation for the obedience ring. He will continue to enjoy showing in the breed ring, but shows promise in adding another title to his name. That is, if he can control those hormonal urges and leave the girls alone!

The fantastic part of having these wonderful dogs is that there is never a dull moment. There is ALWAYS something to do when you have Norwich terriers!

Kathy Attwood, Preston, MN 55965

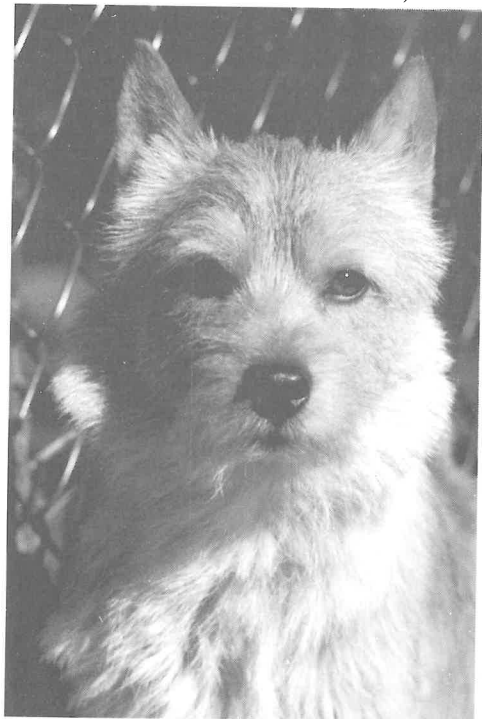
HIGHWOOD (NORWICH). As you can see by our new title holders, Highwood has had a very busy and exciting 1996-97. We started off by finishing three of the six puppies of Gnatty's litter (featured in the last issue of the *News*): "Pebbles" (CH Highwood's Black Stone Fly), "Riff"

(CH Highwood's Grizzly Riffle) and "Maddy" (CH Highwood's Iron Blue Dunn).

"Ratty" (CH Highwood's Ratfaced MacDougal) is being specialed selectively and on a limited basis this year. He is in the top ten and has 29 group placements to date, including three Group Ones. His interest now is with the girls and he continues to be one of the top-producing Norwich in the country. He has a son and daughter in Germany which are headed for the show ring and eight children showing this year in the U.S.

Our biggest piece of news is CH Highwood's Parachute Adams. On four different occasions this young dog went from bred-by over specials to four group placements. To receive a Group I out of the bred-by class, showing the dog yourself, is a once in a lifetime experience. The placement meant even more coming from such a distinguished breeder of Norfolk [Jack Simm]. "Shooter" has sired two litters of five and hopefully there are two more on the way.

Nonie Reynders, Bedford Hills, NY



"Shooter"

DEVONDALE (NORWICH). I have a pup with a long tail. She is so happy; it wags constantly. I must say I really like it. She's only nine weeks old; maybe it won't be as cute as an adult. I'll wait and see. She is part of a litter of three; she weighed in at 8 oz.; each of her siblings was 9 oz. For seven days, this puppy never gained nor lost any weight. So, tail-docking came for her brother and sister, but not for her. The last litter I had, I'd gone through tube-feeding every two hours for five days — until the puppy opened its eyes; I'd really gotten attached, only to have her fade away at two weeks. I just decided not to go that route again. This is "Robert's" (CH Devondale's Master Mirthmaker) first litter — and are they R-E-D! ("Marmalade" just might have added something to this!)

Having "Blue" (CH Chestnut Hills Royal Blue) win the breed at the Garden was a big thrill! On July 1st, we flew to Switzerland, where Blue will be staying with Helene Gisin for a year in his quest for an International championship. He's such a happy fellow; I miss him already. I'll have to console myself by watching his pups do their thing in the ring this fall.

Anna Bellenger, Unionville, PA

PINCHBECK (NORFOLK). It seems like only yesterday I was writing about Eric Fowler and Willy, but with the arrival of April Fools' Day, Willy's tenth birthday, I thought it was time to update his friends on his latest adventures in his ministry of caring for those in need.

I'll start with my friend, Ann B., who works for the Nature Conservancy here in NJ. Quite often she goes on site, walking for the better part of a day in some remote natural tract. She is a wise woman who knows that a walk in the woods is a failure unless one is accompanied by a dog — not just any dog, but one who walks with you and does not run all over chasing deer and other moveable targets. The problem is that Ann does not have a dog, so she borrowed Willy. I dropped him off at her house early one fall morning. What went on that day is still the subject of much enthusiastic re-telling, because Willy spent the day acting as if he had never had another owner besides Ann! For hours, he walked happily at her side with no leash; he slept quietly in his bed (which I provided for the day) near her desk in the office, rousing himself only to follow her wherever she went. That evening, when she brought him back to her house, he was so polite to her cats that he was snoozing peacefully back to back with one of them when I arrived to pick him up.

Willy's most recent adventure caring for people happened a few weeks ago. My neighbors' white Boxer had cancer, and one Saturday morning I saw them trooping down their field to dig his grave. They were going to put him to sleep. I cannot describe how sad they looked, armed with their shovels, walking quietly in the morning light to the edge of the woods where they have buried other pets in past years. They were already mourning and my heart went out to them. I called and told 12-year-old Suzi, a great favorite of Willy's, that she was welcome to come get him any time if she needed a cuddle. When I came home from work, there was a note on the door, "I've taken Willy." For the next two days, Willy spent more time at their house than at home; he only came home for meals. My neighbors have since told me that he slept with whomever was hurting the most, often making the rounds of bedrooms to offer his reassuring and therapeutic presence. They call him the "care bear." Willy has a real desire to comfort people in times of sorrow or trial, a desire which allows him to focus all his love and energy as if he had nothing else in the world to do.

Willy will never be a show dog; he earned his CGC without ever practicing or being consciously trained because he only wishes to please. I was not surprised when he got two telephone calls to wish him Happy Birthday; he has made a lot of friends in ten years.

Sue Ely, Bernardsville, NJ

## PUBLICATIONS

### JUBILEE ISSUE, THE NORWICH & NORFOLK NEWS

An extra special issue of the *Norwich & Norfolk News* was published in 1986 to commemorate the 50th year of AKC recognition of the Norwich terrier, prick and drop ear. This issue, which covers the years 1966 to 1986, includes facts about dogs and breeders as well as statistics on champions and winners of trophies. It is a good companion to *Norwich Terriers USA 1936-66*. \$10.00 postpaid to U.S. addresses. Mail check payable to NNTC to Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383

### NORWICH TERRIERS U.S.A. 1936-1966

*Edited by Constance Stuart Larrabee and Joan Redmond Read*

This is a soft-cover reprint of *Norwich Terriers U.S.A. 1936-1966* (156 pages). Pictures of famous dogs which appear in present pedigrees, write-ups of now-defunct kennels and many still in existence, and the definitive history of the breed(s) fill its pages. Before the separation of the breed into Norwich and Norfolk, both ear carriage were called Norwich; thus, despite its title, this book has plenty to interest Norfolk owners. \$16.50 postpaid to U.S. addresses. Mail check payable to NNTC to Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383.

### THE NORFOLK TERRIER, Second Edition

*by Joan R. Read. Editor, Nat R. LaMar.*

A beautiful 6 x 9 hardback book printed in 1994. Contains 370 pages about Norfolk terriers, four pages of color plates and more than 300 black and white illustrations. Text includes early history, breeding, conformation and traits, working Norfolk, show dogs and much, much more. Contact Jane Anderson, 76 Pequotsepos Rd, Mystic, CT 06355.

### A DOGGONE GOOD COOKBOOK

A wonderful gift — weddings, showers, birthdays, holidays. This charming cookbook published by the NNTC has over 600 recipes from Club members and famous restaurants and hotels. Spiral bound for easy opening and reading while you cook. The best cookbook in town! \$9.50 postpaid to U.S. addresses. Mail check payable to NNTC to Barbara Miller, 135 High Farms Road, Old Brookville, NY 11545.



*Photo by Ann Dax*

## “THE ENDS”