Picture Perfect

Is eever is William J. Medcalf's striking Portrait of a Norfolk Terrier. The artist except that he belonged to the "English School," or style, of or Scottish; and "flourished" (i.e., painted actively) between 1886 and 1896 of information isn't unusual. Among late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century dog painters, names like Edwin Landseer, Philip Reinagle, John George Armfield, and George and Maud Earl endure, while those talents have drifted into obscurity. It is doubtful that Queen Victoria and "patron saint" of nineteenth-century pet animal or owned any of his works.

notwithstanding, Medcalf's Portrait spurs our curiosity. Is the ic, or was the word Norfolk added later — or changed from Norwich? * Illar around the dog's neck it is apparent that he (or she?) was owned of means. A squire, or even a prosperous farmer, perhaps? Was the his for some special reason? If so, did it remain in the same family for to surface, as it did, in a small London art gallery during the

good likeness of its subject? Can there be any doubt, as we note the ace, boldly presented without distractions so that its spirit and radiate out at us? The eyes follow us, and we find ourselves in the ortant genre of nineteenth-century dog art — the pet portrait.

different, level this painting provides us with a rough-hewn model Norfolk. The dog's longish legs suggest the well-documented small Irish terrier on our breed. Though most sportsmen ed ten to fourteen pounds the optimum weight range for a dog, or any combination thereof!), dog of more substance. Does his estimable girth attest to middle ages, or to the reputedly close connection between the Norfolk and of Imaal terrier? Our mascot's ears are surely too small and are set so they hooded eyes are correct in size, shape and color, creating the we know by heart. And, finally, who could ask for a more folk (or Norwich) pose than the so-called crooked sit that ition?

Storian dog paintings, turn now to page 14 and the Color Section.

—NRL

ited terrier authority, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, in Hunt and Working Terriers t, and "Norwich" interchangeably. Others may have done so too.

Cover Credit

Iliam J. Medcalf (English, fl. 1896-1926)
Norfolk Terrier (Oil on Canvas, Date Not Available)
Collection/Photo: Courtesy The Sara Davenport Gallery, London
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Anne Winston, An Interview
A Dog's Life
Going to "Camp"
The "Right" Dog
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THE NORWICH & NORFOLK NEWS
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A COMPLIMENTARY COPY of the News is provided to a new owner of a Norwich or Norfolk terrier upon written request by an NNTC member to Alison Freehling.

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THE NNTC IS ON THE INTERNET
http://www.geocities.com/colosseum/1259/
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Addresses for committee chairs appear throughout the News. If you can’t find the address you need, please contact NNTC Corresponding Secretary Heidi Evans. Questions regarding Notions should be directed to Larry Adams, 1900 Harter Farm Rd, High Ridge, MO 63049.

MOVING?  NEW ZIP CODE?

PLEASE SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO ALISON FREEHLING, 3500 HUNTERTOWN RD, VERSAILLES, KY 40383.
Dear Editors Regina, Alison & Nat!

Wow, what a great job on the last News; we do not see how you all could make it better. The color pictures really do add to the publication. The articles are well written and very well planned. We especially like having the dog's picture with the owner and breeder listed plus the pictures of members along with their names is beneficial to those of us who talk to but don't see many other members.

Thanks – keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Joanie & Dave Brobst, Glen Allen, VA

APOLOGIA

If you have been wondering why this issue of the News has arrived a bit later than you (or I) anticipated, please read on. As many of you know, for the past two years I have served as co-editor of this publication with specific responsibility for its production. During that time, we editors have experimented with some innovations — from color photographs on the covers and ultimately inside the magazine to Bulk Mail. Many of you have commented favorably; thank you. Continuing the tradition of excellence for which the News is known has been a challenge; I am proud to have been a part of its stepping into the computer age. This issue, however, presented a particular challenge for me as production manager — the reproduction of the front cover photograph and its companion pieces. The successful reproduction in color of any photograph requires a lot of finagling with color keys and negatives and a modest amount of just plain good luck. Photographs of works of art with gradations in color, brush strokes, background, etc., are difficult to reproduce. Assuring that these photographs did not become "muddy" and "dull" was not easy and as I write this, I still have my fingers crossed that I and the printer stopped the adjustment of colors (and we work with only four) at the right spots. By the time you read this, we will know if we were right. My goal was always to make the News the best it could be. A long line of extraordinary editors, all volunteers, preceded me; their dedication to the quality of the News was my inspiration. That this issue took longer than expected is my sole responsibility — the timeliness of the News was a priority but not my only priority. Those of you who are volunteers will understand that. I am told that the NNTC Board has directed that the News now head in another direction under new leadership. It was my privilege to serve the Club and the News. —RSS
At the request of NNTC President Linda Haring, the News reports the following results of this summer's vote to split the Club into two separate clubs, each representing one breed:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vote</th>
<th>Number of Ballots</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;For&quot; division</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Against&quot; division</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abstaining</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>205</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Heidi Evans, NNTC Corresponding Secretary, reported that seven ballots were disqualified and not counted as they were not properly identified on the outside envelope.

A successful vote leading to division of the NNTC required a two-thirds (or 66-2/3%) majority of the total ballots returned, i.e., 137 votes: the 118 "For" ballots represented only 58 percent. An additional 19 votes in favor of division were required for this proposal to pass.

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**COMMITTEE REPORTS**

**RESCUE AND REHOMING**

*Sue Ely, Chairman*

Rescue and rehoming "business" has been brisk for both Norwich and Norfolks. As ever, the delight of a good owner-dog match is the magic that keeps the heart’s machinery oiled and my book full of wonderful people waiting and hoping to rehome the right dog. Rescues are usually the most pressured of negotiations — races against the clock that ticks in every dog shelter and in every unhappy home.

There was a "Norwich" in Maryland, living on an apartment balcony because his 17-year-old owner was getting ready to go off to college and his owner's mother was busy with a new baby. I couldn't bear to ask how long he’d been on the balcony or, worse still, review what kind of weather we’d been having in this most chancy of springs. At one point, I did ask what color Donny was so I could describe him to a potential new owner. The answer was "brown and white!" But the vet had said he was a Norwich, so I ploughed ahead, enlisting the help of Tina Faircloth and NNTC member Meredith Dwyer. Together they found a rescue group called PAWS, and Donny now has a home in Virginia that sure beats a balcony. Currently, I am working on a little dog named Honey, also deemed a Norwich, who showed up in rescue on New York’s East Side. She appears to have Cushing’s disease and a host of other problems, so we are sorting them out with Dr. Solomon at The Center for Veterinary Care. It is difficult to know where to draw the line on the "terrier-type” refugees who beg to be sheltered under the wing of purebread rescue.

A recent News includes a letter from Hazel Beeler and a photograph of her 12-year-old Norfolk, Ace. Some years ago Hazel called to say that she needed to begin thinking about
acquiring another Norfolk. She called me again in May to say it was time. I put three stars at
the top of her page and started hoping. Not too many weeks later, Linda Haring called about a
3-year-old Norfolk bitch who needed a new home. Everything Linda said about “Penny”
made me think of Hazel: Penny was bright, a bit jealous, showy -- a Norfolk that should not be with a novice terrier owner. The more Linda spoke, the more I thought of Hazel. Sometimes it happens that way. Hazel tells her own
story on page 10 of this issue.

Then, there was Edgar – “lucky” Edgar. He
was “found” in Sharon, CT, where Norfolk
owner Amy Harney lives. She was on his case
from the start, putting signs up everywhere in
the area, then calling NNTC member Heidi
Evans, from whom she had recently bought a
Norfolk puppy. Heidi directed Amy to me and
the dialogue began. Was Edgar really a Norfolk with a long tail? If he was, why was no one
trying to find him? Amy told me he had been brought to the shelter by a lady from California
who just “happened” to be driving through town. He had no signs of wear and tear usual in a
dog who has been on his own for a while; but he also had no collar, no license, no ID. His
original “rescuer” had gone on her way. Amy waited the required time; no one claimed Edgar.

Initially, Amy took Edgar home. He got on very well with her Norfolk bitch but not with
her male rescue dog, a wirehaired pointer. Amy reported to me that Edgar was housebroken
and very responsive to her, but “took no prisoners” when it came to food and toys. She asked
me to place him, and sent photographs.

I started riffling through the book of names I have ready for such an occasion. I always
prefer not to ship a rescue dog who has had enough trauma already; but, alas, I had no available
or interested people in Connecticut or nearby states. I also did not feel I could guarantee that
Edgar was a Norfolk. However, Edgar’s luck rose to the challenge. In that day’s mail was a
letter from Carole Kerr, in Waterford, CT, requesting that I put her name on the list for a
rescued Norfolk or Norwich. I called instantly and spoke with Carole’s daughter, Michelle. It
was a perfect placement: someone home all the time, a fenced yard, and, best of all, three
people who wanted to love Edgar whether he was a Norfolk or not! In two days, Amy and the Kerrs met in Hartford and
Edgar had a new home.

Carole later wrote me: “Edgar fits right into our house-
hold. We love him to pieces; he is such a good dog. He and I
have really bonded; he doesn’t let me out of his sight.” Many
thanks to Amy Harney for her prompt and humane rescue work.

Tina Dennis and Helen Bruno called me almost simulta-
neously. It seemed folly to think that I could match a Norfolk
bitch in Texas with a woman in New York City; but I was
certain, if Tina would go for it, that the match would be a good
one. Tina bravely put Angie (CH Regency Angel of Abbedale)
on a plane bound for LaGuardia. Subsequently, she sent me a
letter from Helen with pictures of Angie at a “doggy” shower,
complete with doggy biscuit corsages, squeak toys and con-
fetti. Tina wrote: "I never doubted I was doing what was best for Angie. She is a lovely dog, beautiful, sweet, and oh so willing to please her people... I miss her, but her daughters Rosie and Gracie have the best of her traits, her active, fun-loving temperament, and her good looks. Thanks again for the perfect home for my wonderful friend...now she is #1 dog in an A-1 home. I am still feeling a wee bit sorry for myself, but that will pass. If I cry, it is because I am happy for her."

Any of us who have rehomed a dog know how she feels. Thanks for expressing it from your heart, Tina. — Sue Ely, 85 Mountain Top Rd, Bernardsville, NJ 07924

GENETICS/HEALTH REPORT
Carol Falk, Chair

I. Winter 1997-98 NNTO Prioritization of Health Issues Survey

I sent the health issues survey to the entire NNTO membership in the fall 1997 mailing. Ten Norfolk, 12 Norwich and three Norfolk/Norwich breeders responded. Respondents listed anywhere from one to six health concerns in their breeds. Some cited specific types of heart, eye and breathing problems. Because this survey was meant to get a general health picture, I placed these specific disorders in their more general categories.

The top four Norfolk health problems, each cited by more than three breeders, were heart problems, eye problems, hip dysplasia and patella luxation. For Norwich, epilepsy/seizures and breathing abnormalities were the only two health problems cited by more than three breeders. Despite the limited response, survey results indicate two things: (1) Norfolk and Norwich breeders recognize that our dogs have health problems and (2) Norfolk health concerns are different from Norwich health concerns.

We are making progress with health problems. Breeders are now talking about these issues and, in many cases, doing something. Many have begun to have their dogs’ hips, eyes and knees evaluated. Because the Orthopedic Foundation for Animals (OFA) and the Canine Eye Registry Foundation (CERF) have limited data for Norfolks and Norwich, it is important that breeders register their dogs with these organizations.

The NNTO must now decide if there is veterinary research in progress that we would like to support and, if not, what specific health problems we would like our club to address.

II. Norfolk Terrier Eye Update

I am pleased to report that many Norfolk breeders, who previously had not had routine eye screening done for breeding stock, have done so within the last six months. For the most part, Norfolk eyes seem to be in good shape. Where problems have been identified, breeders have elected to eliminate these dogs from their breeding programs.

Jim and Jody Cunningham (Fairways) called me earlier this winter to report on an unexpected litter. Several days prior to her scheduled spaying, a bitch with optic nerve hypoplasia came in season and managed to get herself bred to a male with optic nerve coloboma. She had three puppies; two, a male and a female, survived. At ten weeks, the Cunninghams took the pups to a veterinary ophthalmologist. Happily, the bitch’s eyes were clear. The dog had hypoplasia in one eye, but, according to the vet, would have good vision throughout his life. Because he is the last of their line, the Cunninghams may keep the male as a neutered pet. They have already spayed and sold the bitch and, at present, do not plan to continue breeding Norfolks.

Jody told me how hurt she and Jim were to learn that the “word” on the Internet was that the Cunninghams were nice people, but not to purchase a dog from them because they bred blind Norfolks. What an uninformed and hurtful thing to say! The Cunninghams would
neither intentionally breed a dog or bitch without clearance by a canine ophthalmologist nor sell a puppy without an eye exam. How many Norfolk breeders can say the same?

III. Update on AKC Canine Health Foundation Grant No. 1280: Bromide As Sole Drug Therapy For Treatment of Canine Epilepsy

Dr. Dawn Boothe, DVM, PhD, of Texas A&M University has just completed the first year of her three-year study on potassium bromide as the sole drug to control canine epilepsy. Although more animals and more data must be evaluated over a longer period of time, initial results indicate that potassium bromide worked as well as phenobarbital in controlling seizures in the first three dogs to complete the program. The Heart of Texas NNCT (H.O.T.) and the national NNCT are co-sponsors of Dr. Booth’s research. Anyone wanting more information can visit this grant’s website at http://www.cvm.tamu.edu/vepl. This site is also linked to the AKC/CHF and to an Internet epilepsy e-mail discussion list.

– Carol Falk, 13 Moulton Rd, Peabody, MA 19960

Obedience

Mary Fink, Chairman

A new Norwich Utility Dog! A call from Sarah Brinegar confirmed that Puck (Laran’s Chase The Blues Away), co-owned with NNCT member Alice Lee, finished his UD on October 4, 1997, in Middleton, OH. Two of his three legs were earned with second place finishes in Utility A. Looking at my somewhat scrambled notes, I think Sarah told me that Puck also has a UKC CD and CDX. This is Sarah’s first obedience terrier after many years experience with sporting dogs. Puck’s future includes a foray into tracking and perhaps a try for a UDX. Sarah: for your information, there has never been a Norwich UDX and only one Norfolk has ever earned that title.

Two Colorado Norwich sisters have completed CDs from the Novice A class. Fairmount Ek’s Pensive Gem, mentioned in my Fall ‘97 column, and Fairmount Ek Spectin’ Chili, both owned by Ellen Van Landingham and Kenneth Smith, had good scores, with each having two class placings out of the three legs. Both are now training for Open.

The Midwest Norwich from my last column also finished CDs. CH Barnstable Rosey Of Tomar, owned by Mary Paisley and Sandra Stemmler and handled by Mary, got her CD in September ‘97 in Wisconsin. CH Arcadian Gem’s Topaz O’Reverie, owned by Ann Carlson and handled by her husband, Dave, got his title in three straight shows in Iowa and Minnesota in October ’97. The Carlsons hope to train Caesar for Open if he can come to terms with the concept of retrieving.

Not to be outdone, Norfolks have another all-purpose terrier in the making. CH Max-Well’s Wild Flower, owned by NNCT members Carl and Faith Shrader, and reported in my last column as having earned a CD, has now added both CDX and JE titles to her name! The CDX was accomplished with excellent scores and Rosebud and Carl are now well along in training for Utility.

A recent AKC Awards tells me that the Murphys of Oregon are busy again. Two of their Norwich, CH Margo’s Prim ‘N Proper Pixie and CH Shonleh Merrymaker, recently completed CD titles. Also, Sand Castle Darcy, a Norwich owned by Caryn Ricks of San Antonio, TX, a newcomer to obedience, finished a first CDX leg with a high score. This dog certainly sounds like a future UD candidate. He didn’t take much time after finishing his CD to start qualifying in Open.

My young Norfolk male (the first male I have ever kept into adulthood). CH Tylwylh. Just Riley, completed his CD in the Fall of ’97 with respectable scores and now also has his CDX. The CD was earned at the same shows as his breed points and involved running (literally) from
obedience to breed rings. Don’t ever believe the old story that you can’t do breed and obedience simultaneously. The hardest part was running from ring to ring and trying to decide if I could show in obedience wearing a skirt. At least in Novice, the dog doesn’t have a dumbbell to put under one’s skirt! Now, on to scent articles!

– Mary Fine, 66 Ellise Rd, Storrs, CT 06268

WORKING TERRIERS

Kate Kenny

New Norfolk Earthdog Titles

CH Tylwyth Sinful Night (Rosie), proudly owned by NNTC members Robert and Henrietta Lachman, became the first Norfolk to earn the AKC’s Master Earthdog title. She qualified in her fourth Master Test on June 7, 1998. Congratulations to Rosie and the Lachmans!

Five more Normals have earned the AKC Junior Earthdog title: CH Chidley Major G, owned by Richard Reynolds; CH Glenelg Grazie, owned by Debby Pritchard; CH Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown, owned by Sue Ely; CH Max-Well’s Wild Flower, CDX, owned by Carl and Faith Schrader; and Domy’s Bonnie Waters, owned by Mary Waters. Congratulations to all. Hey, you prick-ear cousins, take this as a challenge!

—Kate Kenny, 1203 Kearney St., Port Huron, MI 48060

CLUB PRIZES AND STATISTICS

Michael Swygert-Smith, Chairman

The NNTC awards annual trophies to Norwich and Norfolk dogs and bitches with the highest number of points earned from the Bred-By-Exhibitor class. In the event of a tie, a trophy is awarded to each winner. Winners do not have to achieve championship in order to win. The trophies are presented at the Club’s annual meeting. The 1997 winners are:

John Paul Jones Trophy – Norwich Dog
CH Highwood’s Parachute Adams: Breeder – Knowlton Reyners; Owners – Knowlton and Charlton Reyners

High Rising Trophy – Norwich Bitch (2 Winners)
CH Yarrow’s Walabee: Breeder/Owner – Beth Sweigart
CH Terrapin Topiary: Breeder/Owner – Margaretta Wood

Partree Trophy – Norfolk Dog (2 Winners)
Mayfair Tommy Tune: Breeders – Kathleen and George Eimil; Owner – Kathleen Eimil
Tylwyth Just Riley: Breeder/Owner – Mary D. Fine

Maplehurst Trophy – Norfolk Bitch (2 Winners)
Rightly So Surprise Surprise: Breeders/Owners – Louise Leone, Fritz Rumpf and Carroll Harrold
Landmark Magic Moments: Breeder/Owner – Franzi Nidever

The Club also awards a trophy to the Norwich and Norfolk earning the highest number of points in Obedience competition. Per Mary Fine, Obedience committee chair, the 1997 winners of the River Bend trophies are:

Norwich: CH Top Drawer Cholmondley, CD – Owned by Meredith Dwyer and Knowlton Reyners. Twelve points.

Norfolk: CH Max-Well’s Wild Flower, JE – Owned by Carl and Faith Schrader. Thirty-one points.

Congratulations to the winners and their owners. Bravo to all who participated.

—Michael Swygert-Smith, Bluemont, VA
CANINE NUTRITION SURVEY

Since the problem of canine obesity is directly related to canine nutrition, I was curious about other breeders’ feeding programs. So last March, I sent a short survey to 23 breeders asking what and how much they feed their healthy adult Norwich and Norfolks. The questionnaire did not cover puppies, geriatric dogs, pregnant bitches or adult dogs with specific health problems (e.g., bladder stones, kidney disease, etc.) that might require special diets. I would like to thank the twenty breeders who returned the survey and to share some of their nutrition tips with News readers.

In response to the question about what they feed, only one breeder concocts a homemade diet; the other 19 feed premium-brand commercial kibbles. The most-mentioned brands were Eukanuba Lamb and Rice (3 breeders), Solid Gold Hund-N-Flocken (3) and Exceed Lamb and Rice (3). Two breeders use Nutro products; two use Science Diet. Six others feed six different brands. One of these six combines three brands of kibble and then mixes in a small amount of high-nutrient, high-protein mink pellets.

Of the 11 different kibbles these breeders feed, only one brand (Science Diet Maintenance and S.D. Lite) contains the chemical preservatives ethoxyquin, BHA or BHT. All others use the natural preservatives Vitamin C/E/mixed tocopherols. Although chemical preservatives give dry dog foods a longer shelf life than natural preservatives, many breeders worry that chemicals, particularly ethoxyquin, may cause such health problems as cancer, skin allergies, reproductive disorders. Reflecting growing concerns about ethoxyquin (which is not approved for use as a preservative in human food), the U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently recommended that manufacturers reduce the maximum allowable level of ethoxyquin in their dry dog foods by 50 percent — from 150 to 75 parts per million (Your Dog, Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine, January 1998, p. 3).

In response to questions about how much they feed, thirteen breeders feed one main meal a day; seven feed twice a day. Total daily kibble rations ranged from a minimum of 1/3 cup to a maximum of one cup, depending on a particular dog’s size, condition, metabolism and level of physical activity. The average daily amount was 1/2 to 2/3 cup of kibble. Almost every breeder adds small amounts of “people” foods. The most popular are low fat yogurt and cottage cheese, raw ground beef, cooked chicken, and a variety of fresh or cooked vegetables (especially carrots). Only nine breeders use vitamin/mineral, herbal, fatty acid or digestive enzyme supplements. A few give multivitamin tablets (2), Brewers Yeast with garlic (3), Vitamins C and E (2), and kelp (2). The most popular supplements were digestive enzyme products (Prozyme, Solid Gold Seameal, Super Blue Green Algae) designed to help dogs better digest/absorb the nutrients in commercial kibbles. Norwich breeder Kelly Levon (Keleven), who has a particular interest in canine nutrition, is convinced that Super Blue Green Algae, along with Precise Foundation kibble, is responsible for her dogs’ healthy skin and thick, harsh coats.

I have saved for last the feeding program of Norfolk breeders Lyle and Brenda Coleman (Strathcona), who prepare a homemade diet for their six terriers. Over the past few years, the Colemans have become “disenchanted” with all commercial kibbles. After reading several canine nutrition books, they decided to try a feeding program recommended in Australian veterinarian Dr. Ian Billinghurst’s book, Give Your Dog A Bone (1993). Bones, in the form of uncooked chicken wings, are indeed a central ingredient in the Colemans’ homemade cuisine. Based on a ten-day schedule, each Norfolk gets a daily portion of 1 tablespoon yogurt, 1/2 - 3/4 cup ground raw carrots and leafy green vegetables (spinach, kale, collard greens, parsley), 1/2 teaspoon Brewers Yeast with garlic, 1/4 teaspoon Solid Gold Seameal and 1 teaspoon flaxseed or safflower oil (for essential fatty acids). Six of the ten days, each dog also gets two raw chicken wings. For the four other days, each gets 1/2 cup raw ground beef for 2 days, 1/2 - 3/4 cup oatmeal and one raw egg yolk the third day, and 1/2 - 3/4 cup sardines with
oil the fourth day. The Colemans add small amounts of raw beef liver and kidneys, apples and bananas, as well as Vitamins E (100 IU) and C (250 mg) four or five times a week, a multivitamin tablet three times a week and kelp twice a week.

Lyle Coleman writes, “As you can see, everything my dogs eat is fresh – no cooking, which destroys nutrients, and no preservatives. I know most people worry about raw chicken wings because of bones. But raw bones are soft and pliable and safe to feed. It’s only when you cook bones that they become dry and brittle.”

The Colemans have fed this diet for several months and have noticed “much cleaner teeth, sweeter breath, greatly reduced stool volume with much less odor, and more alert dogs.” All their Norfolks, ages 15 months to 11 years, “love it.” Anyone wanting more information about the Colemans’ “home-cooking,” please feel free to write or call them, 2244 Port Aberdeen Pl, Newport Beach, CA 92660 Tel: 714-644-4424. —Alison Freehling, Versailles, KY

**Author’s Note:** Dr. Ian Billinghurst will be touring the U.S. from October 24 through December 6, 1998, giving seminars on canine nutrition. For a brochure with seminar dates and locations, contact: Puppyworks, P.O. Box 954, Benicia, CA 94510 Tel: 707-745-4237; Fax: 707-745-8310; E-mail: Events@Puppyworks.com. Those interested in reading more about canine nutrition might enjoy the following books: *The Holistic Guide for a Healthy Dog* (1995) by Wendy Volhard and Kerry Brown, DVM; *The Consumer’s Guide to Dog Food* (1996) by Liz Palika; *Dr. Pitcairn’s Complete Guide to Natural Health for Dogs and Cats* (Second edition, 1995) by Richard H. Pitcairn, DVM, PhD and Susan Hubble Pitcairn.

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**BATTLE OF THE BULGE**

If, in fact, you are what you eat, then many Norwich and Norfolk terriers are eating too much! According to AKC breed standards, a Norwich ideally weighs about 12 pounds; a Norfolk, 11 or 12 pounds. Each standard allows for some variation in this optimal weight, depending on an “individual dog’s structure and balance.” While 15 or 16 pounds might be a proper weight for large, heavy-boned dogs, an average-sized Norwich or Norfolk over 15 pounds is most likely too fat. To determine whether your dog is a correct weight, feel the amount of fat over its rib cage. If you can easily feel the ribs, your dog’s weight is okay. If the ribs are hard to locate, your dog is overweight. If you can’t feel the ribs at all, your Norwich or Norfolk is obese!

Like overweight people, overweight dogs have a greater risk of developing health problems that not only may impair their quality of life, but also may shorten their life span. Research has shown a link between obesity and diabetes mellitus, heart disease, liver disease, reproductive disorders and orthopedic/joint/ligament problems.

While overweight people and dogs may face similar health risks, there is a crucial difference. As Norwich breeder Barbara Pierce (Castle-Bar) remarked, “Dogs cannot open refrigerators!” Norwich and Norfolks do not control how much or what they eat. Owners must regulate each dog’s food intake to match its size, age, metabolism and exercise level. Too many calories – too little exercise is the most common cause of obesity.

Unfortunately for dog and owner, most Norwich and Norfolks are zealous beggars, eager to share your French toast at breakfast, your tuna sandwich at lunch. Although owners know better, many find it hard to resist their dog’s entreaties. I learned this too well last winter when a 10-year-old bitch moved her living quarters from our family room to the kitchen. One of our “piggiest” Norwich, Peaches was constantly at my side begging for tidbits whenever I was cooking or eating meals. My combined exasperation/guilt caused me to give in too often. Within 2-3 months, Peaches went from a svelte 12 pounds to a portly 14-1/2 pounds, a weight
gain of 20.8 percent! Once I realized that her roundness was due to excess fat and not excess coat, I started her on a three-step diet. Step One was to banish her from the kitchen whenever anyone was preparing or eating food. Step Two was to reduce her once-a-day main meal from 2/3 cup to 1/3 cup of kibble and to eliminate all high-calorie, high-fat, between-meal snacks. Instead of dog biscuits, Peaches occasionally indulged in raw carrot or apple slices, blueberries, seedless grapes or broccoli for treats. To complement her smaller meal portions and veggie-fruit snacks, Step Three involved gradual lengthening of her daily walks so that she burned more calories than she consumed. Within 2 months, Peaches had shed her excess pounds and was noticeably more energetic. She continues to beg, but I no longer succumb!

Because Peaches was only moderately overweight, I felt comfortable managing her diet on my own. If your Norwich or Norfolk is truly obese, however, his/her weight-loss program should be supervised by a veterinarian. For your dog’s sake, stick to the feeding and exercise guidelines recommended by your vet. Whenever you are tempted to give in to your dog’s begging, remember the lesson Norwich breeder Missy Wood (Terrapin) learned early on: “I learned about the importance of proper canine weight when I was just a little ankle-biter. My grandfather and great-grandfather raised English Setters and I lived for the time when I could wallow around in the cedar shavings playing with the dogs and pups. I used to sneak food to them until one day I got caught by the kennel man who sat me down and gave me a sermon I have never forgotten. He called it the lesson of the Four W’s. If a dog is overweight, he said, it can’t Work, can’t Win, can’t Whelp, and can’t be Well. Whenever I think one of my dogs looks pudgy or stares at me soulfully for a hand-out, I think about Chris and his lecture.” Thanks, Missy, for sharing this man’s wisdom with News readers.

—Alison Freehling, Versailles, KY

KEEPING MY NORWICH FIT AND TRIM

Norwich are clearly a breed of “chow hounds.” They are also exercise fanatics. It’s easy to combine these two characteristics to keep your Norwich fit and trim. My vet may never have seen another Norwich in her life and didn’t know that many are overweight. But when she pronounced my Norwich overweight, I decided to work on it. As a result, Darcy downsized from 17 to 13 pounds and has stayed there for a year. Here’s how I did it.

1. To keep Darcy the Wonder Dog (CDX, CGC, NA) fit and trim, I use food as a reward for actions performed, in obedience, agility and around the house. Instead of just giving him a treat, he has to earn it while exercising or having fun. Tiny puppy kibbles, tiny pieces of cheese, hot dogs, carrots or bell peppers all work well. I rarely just give him a treat.

2. Darcy and I go for daily hour-long walks/runs. Because of his obedience training, he is good at recall; when he chases a squirrel or duck in the park, he runs back to check in with me. When you want to say “I love you,” give your pet a walk instead of a treat or throw a ball for him 10 or 20 times.

3. For a special outing for both of you, go to the nearest state park and walk Darcy
the trails. If you go early, you can often let your dog run off-lead. He will probably dart
around, going twice as far as you walk. Darcy certainly does, but he is reliable about
returning to me, even after an armadillo chase.

4. Darcy loves the running and jumping of agility training as much as he loves treats. He is
a natural at agility, winning his first title after just three months of training and two week-
end competitions. He looks forward to our twice-weekly agility sessions with the local
club and easily works off the treats I use as motivation. We usually warm up by doing
three or four 25-yard recalls across the field, which burn a few excess calories.

5. I am quite rigid about how much he eats at meals. In the morning, I feed him less if we're
going to work on obedience or agility with food rewards. In the evening, I subtract what-
ever he treats he had during the day from his supper.

There are several additional benefits of Darcy getting so much exercise. One is that it also
helps me stay fit and trim. Another is that Darcy gets the extra fun of socializing.

Darcy would probably tell you I'm not feeding him enough. However, by giving him as
much exercise as I have time and energy for, I make up for it. I withstand the pressure of his
hungry looks by remembering how much fun I'm giving him instead. I may never be able to
put out a huge bowl of food and let him eat his fill. But I will never forget the night he ran to
his heart's content with his pals at agility practice. Darcy, his English cocker friend Peg, his
Golden Retriever friend Morgan, and his best buddy, Falcorn, the Aussie, decided to run 200-
yard laps around the field. They ran full out for ten minutes, rested for five, and then ran for
another five. Darcy kept up by occasionally short-cutting the ends of the circle. His look
afterwards told me he had everything he wanted at that moment.

—Carlynn Ricks, 326 Pershing Ave, San Antonio, TX 78209

PUBLICATIONS

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 carriages 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 Hunturtown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383.

THE NORFOLK TERRIER, Second Edition
by Joan R. Read. Editor, Nat R. LaMar.

terriers, four pages of color plates and more than 300 black and white illustrations. Text in-
cludes 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.
MISS PENNYROYAL COMES TO STAY

As Ace approaches her 12th birthday, we have a new set of small furry feet going clicky-ticky around our house. Through the efforts of Sue Ely, Penny (née Pennyroyal) has come to us from Linda Haring. After a week in our household, she is settling in pretty well and we’re getting to know her special personality. Despite her youth (3 years), she’s a much more laid-back individual than Ace. Ace, for example, is not into lap-sitting – she thinks laps are an opportunity to leap up and bite your nose, or to bounce on the most sensitive parts of your anatomy. Penny, on the other hand, snuggles up on laps and falls asleep, limp as a furry noodle. She is so fond of laps that she’s having to learn that the mere act of sitting down does not constitute an invitation to jump onto one’s lap!

Ace has adjusted to the new arrival relatively gracefully. Although very up-in-your-face assertive, Ace is extremely good-natured, so we felt that there would probably not be trouble unless Penny challenged her. This hasn’t happened; when Penny gets too close to Ace’s food or tries to take her rubber ring, Ace growls and Penny backs off. Indeed, Ace has shown every indication of wanting to be friends, but the more reserved Penny doesn’t seem to know quite what to make of Ace’s effusive tail-wagging overtures, or the savage-sounding noises she makes when we have play fights with her. Penny starts yapping in agitation, apparently thinking that Ace’s play growls are for real. These misunderstandings have led to some bristling and minor nips, but no overt hostility or bloodshed.

Linda tells us that Penny is an avid hunter, so we look forward to turning her loose on small mammal pests in the garden. We consider our dogs an integral part of our market garden’s pest control system, so Penny will be joining the team once she learns to stay out of the raised beds and come back when called. Once Ace and Penny can hunt together, they should become good friends, and Penny can learn the joys of digging through weeds and coming back coated with burrs. In the meantime, we have found they share a love of a good game of “ring toss” – fortunately, we have two rubber rings – and the sight of two terriers chasing thrown rings all over the house reduces us to helpless laughter. Their techniques differ: Penny rushes around “killing” her ring and tossing it into the air, while Ace brings hers back but sits down just out of reach (to her, an integral part of the game is you crawling after her on hands and knees, trying to get hold of the ring and wrestle it out of her mouth).

As a former show dog, Penny is having to learn to do her necessities outdoors, and she is not entirely happy about our household rule of “no dogs on the furniture, only on laps, and only when invited.” But she’s clearly very smart, and she’s picking up on the new protocols already. We loved Penny on sight. She has the most melting eyes, and is so sweet and cuddly. Forget cuddling Ace, who is very affectionate, but in a much more energetic way – you might as well try to snuggle up to a 12-lb. tornado! We are looking forward to many years of happy companionship with our new friend.

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

One litter (that’s right - one litter, seven pups!) of “swinging” Norfolks!

Photograph submitted by Kathy Adams
OLLIE’S STORY

“Oliver Twist” (Ollie) was our two-year-old Norfolk terrier. He came to us July 8, 1996, when he was twelve weeks old. He was a rather feisty fellow from the start and let Max, our Golden Retriever, know that his days of relaxing and lying around in the sun were over. The two were fast friends and Ollie gave Max a new zest for life. In fact, he gave our entire family as much joy as any dog could. Even my husband, who had been dead-set against getting a second dog, became Ollie’s biggest fan.

So why did we finally decide to give up our beloved Ollie? When we began a major renovation of our house, workers were in and out all day for nine months. They constantly left doors open. Both dogs would use that opportunity to escape the noise, dust and chaos. Max was four and knew his way around the neighborhood. Ollie kept in close pursuit but was not streetwise. Each time he got out, we feared he’d be hit by a car. Our backyard is fenced but the construction crew was unschooled in gate closing.

We decided to install an invisible fence around our entire property to keep both dogs safe. It worked for a while. But Ollie gradually became frustrated and very territorial. He couldn’t stand other dogs walking by his house. He would run frantically back and forth across the front yard, barking wildly, and then break through the fence to attack the neighborhood dogs. He especially hated Chester, a yellow Lab, who was walked past our house several times a day.

Over time, Ollie’s hatred of Chester became an obsession. One Sunday, unbeknownst to anyone in our family, Ollie sneaked out the back door without his electronic collar. He ran up and down the street chasing cars. Then he spotted Chester and attacked him. It was all our neighbor could do to keep the 80-pound Lab from retaliating and killing Ollie. The neighbors, upset and tired of Ollie’s behavior, told me they were going to call the police. We kind of chuckled at the prospect of the Rye police answering a call about a “vicious attack dog” and finding an adorable seventeen-pound Norfolk. Nonetheless, we realized that, sooner or later, Ollie was likely to meet his demise in the jaws of a more powerful dog or under the wheels of a car. We could not allow that to happen.

We called Sue Ely, whom we had contacted earlier when we began to suspect that Ollie was too spirited for our family. At that time, we opted for obedience training. But, this time, we felt we would be saving Ollie’s life by rehoming him. Within a few hours, Sue found Ollie a new home with Peggy and Tom Metcalf, who had four Norfolks and were looking for an earthdog. Knowing that Ollie needed an outlet for his energy and that he came from a line of hunters, we thought this sounded ideal. Now, I had to break the news to my kids. After tears, door-slamming and angry words, our family did what we thought was best for our beloved Norfolk. I loaded Ollie and my three kids into the car and set off to meet Peggy Metcalf in Albany.

Life without Ollie is not the same. It breaks my heart to see Max looking for his playmate. The children seem to be adjusting well. My husband and I miss Ollie most. We still look for him in the window waiting for our car to pull into the driveway and we miss his greeting when we enter the house. We loved Ollie so much that we found him a home better suited to his needs. We know Peggy will love him and teach him to be an accomplished earthdog.

—Susan & Geoffrey Exum, 31 Evergreen Ave, Rye, NY
“LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE”  
or “How Many People Does It Take To Rescue A Norwich Terrier?”

On November 29, 1997, a woman brought a small red dog to the Chesterfield County Animal Shelter near Richmond, VA. She said the dog, found wandering near her home, seemed nice, but “coughs up spit all the time.” The woman declined to give her name. Shelter personnel processed in the little dog, bathed it, clipped its coat and nails, and placed it in Cage 16. Intake records made no mention of breed, but indicated the dog would be available for adoption December 8.

On December 1, Sue Woodle, a local breeder and dog-show judge, went to the shelter to check new arrivals. Sue looks for purebreds and notifies nearby breeders and rescue groups. She recognized the occupant of Cage 16 as a Norwich. She went home and called Marge McClung, a Virginia Terrier Club (VTC) member. Marge called VTC member and former Norwich breeder, Norma Aprahamian (Chaos), who contacted VTC member and Norwich owner, Maggie Wilson, to ask if she could rescue the Norwich. That evening, Sue entered the Norwich on an Internet dog-rescue list. NNTC member and Norwich breeder (Norweim), Carol Jordan, saw the notice and called Sue Ely, NNTC Rescue and Rehoming. Seeking a NNTC member near the shelter, Sue called Regina Swygert-Smith (Bilbrough) in Bluemont, VA. Despite being over two hours from the shelter, Regina called and placed her name on the list to adopt the Norwich.

Meanwhile, back in Richmond, Maggie Wilson checked on the Norwich which shelter personnel said was a “very sweet male” that looked “like a fox.” When she saw the dog, Maggie stopped short and exclaimed, “Not only is that a Norwich, but I’m certain I know this dog!” Maggie was sure this Norwich had been at her grooming shop the past summer, matted and flea-infested. The woman who had brought the dog in said she’d adopted the dog when its elderly owners could no longer care for it. Maggie remembered the Norwich as a 6-year-old female named Brandy. But the shelter said this was a male. Maggie took a closer look at the occupant of Cage 16 and found “him” to be “her.” Thinking the dog was lost, she called the woman who had brought Brandy to her shop. She asked if the Norwich was missing. Dead silence. Finally, the woman sputtered, “Oh no, no, no. That dog is ah, ah, right here with me.” And hung up.

Next Maggie called me. I went to the shelter December 5 to meet the Norwich and returned three days later to finalize the adoption. In the interim, VTC member and Norwich owner Paul Lanier had called to say a man in Alaska had phoned him about adopting the Norwich. When Paul said that the dog was spoken for, the disappointed caller commented that Norwich are “awfully hard to come by, especially in Alaska!”

I went from the shelter to my veterinarian and left the Norwich there for a complete health check. That afternoon, my vet reported that she had hook, whip and tapeworms and tested positive for heartworms; heart, lung, kidney and liver functions were all good. The vet recommended first treating the intestinal parasites, and after three weeks, to begin treating the heartworms. He estimated the bitch as 6 to 7 years old and said she appeared to have whelped several litters.

When I brought her home, I prepared a crate for her in the den, where my husband and I spend a lot of time in the evenings, and another in our bedroom where we and our two other dogs, Buster Bear (a Norwich) and Toby (a Silky), sleep. The next day, I called Sue Ely to report on the bitch’s health and to tell her to stop looking for a home because Annie (named after the “little orphan”) was staying right here. She was so easy to live with and had a lovely temperament. The only worry was the heartworms, which led to frequent coughing and occasional spitting up blood.

My vet treated the heartworms with Immiticide, which was injected into a muscle twice in one day. For the next thirty days, Annie was barred from strenuous exercise; then she had a
second injection. Between injections, Annie kept quiet, gained weight (here was a Norwich that actually needed to gain weight!), and grew a beautiful, deep-red coat. Five days after her second injection, tests confirmed she was negative for heartworms. Only then did my vet tell me that Annie’s heartworms were the worst he had seen in two years.

Annie has been with us now for six months. I believe she was meant to come to us. We had been heartbroken at the loss of our dear little 13-year-old Norwich bitch, Twig (CH U-CD Yarrow’s Hedgerow Twi, CDX, CGC) on November 17. Just two weeks later, Annie arrived. James Whitcomb Riley wrote a poem in 1885 called “Little Orphant Annie.” The opening line reads “Little Orphant Annie’s come to our house to stay, …” Yes, she most certainly has.

—Patty Fineran, 37 Towanda Rd, Richmond, VA 23226

Editors Note: There were many willing rescuers for Annie. Perhaps her luckiest break was the fact that Patty Fineran, a long time Norwich owner and member of the NNCTC and the VTC, is listed with the Virginia Federation of Dog Clubs and Breeders as the contact for Norwich and Norfolk rescue. Such quasi-official status carries a lot of weight with shelter personnel who often will put that person’s name ahead of other potential adopters. All shelters want to place dogs in the best possible home; what better new start can a purebred get than to land in the hands of breed-knowledgeable people. A contact person can make a big difference for those Norwich and Norfolks who find themselves needing a new home.

MAKING (A LITTLE) HISTORY

Tyke (CH Get’Em Good, JE, CGC), the first Norwich bitch to earn the AKC Junior Earthdog title, is fast adding more “firsts” to her credentials. The first Norwich to have her photo in Full Cry (“America’s Leading Tree-Hound Publication”), Tyke is also well on her way to becoming the first Norwich to “title” with the World Tree Dog Association (WTDA) in both their treeing and bench show events.

I started Tyke’s treeing “campaign” out of curiosity. An ad in Full Cry listed a treeing contest at a nearby sportsmen’s club, so I decided to treat Tyke and myself to a nice day out and see another facet of the dog world. When we arrived, I asked the Master of Dogs (comparable to the show superintendent) if I could try Tyke in the treeing event. He called the WTDA president, who gave permission to register Tyke on site and allow her to compete. (Try that with the AKC!)

A treeing contest uses a raccoon in a cage with a long rope attached and run through a pulley up a tree (in this case, a telephone pole). A 30-foot circle is drawn out around the tree. The contest starts with the cage on the ground and the dog – one at a time – held just outside the circle. When the judge says to release the dog, the cage is pulled up the tree (only about 3 feet for Tyke). As long as the dog stays inside the circle, the judge counts the number of barks in 30 seconds. Since Tyke had never seen or scented a raccoon, we were allowed to go last after watching the other dogs work. When her turn came, she rushed in barking, stayed “treed” the full time, and finished in second place.

After the treeing event, I entered the “bench show,” where Tyke was BOB. This literally takes place on a bench about 2 feet wide and 10 feet long. Dogs are not gaited. They are stacked while the judge stands back to get an overall view of their conformation from each side. The judge then steps in to examine the dog’s bite, etc.

Tyke’s next treeing contest took place in April, 1998, nearly ten months later. I wondered if she would remember what to do. She did! The raccoon was much larger this time. Tyke was wary of its size and aggressiveness and stayed a few feet back from the cage while barking. She even looked over at me once or twice as if to say, “I’ve got it cornered. Aren’t you going to help?” But she stayed “treed” and won the contest with a count of 64 barks.

Tyke now has 50 points in the bench show and 45 points toward the treeing title. She most likely will make it into the WTDA “Hall of Fame” as the first Norwich to earn these titles!

—Kate Kenny, 1203 Kearney St, Port Huron, MI 48060
Nineteenth-Century Dog Painting

The Pet Portrait

George Armfield, whose full name was George Armfield Smith (c. 1820-1873), was a prolific and successful British painter whose favorite subjects were hunting scenes. This interest harks back to the eighteenth-century sporting-dog painting, a genre that preceded the pet-dog portrait of Victorian times by a century or more. Although English sporting scenes typically featured larger dogs, such as pointers and setters, in the field, Armfield loved terriers and often painted them rattering and going after small game.

In one of his more unusual works (Fig. 1) Armfield portrays his subject just after the kill—a hard-bodied, short-legged little earthdog caught in the reflective moment between its predatory and domestic instincts. (Notice, incidentally, the absence of a dog collar.) This terrier is clearly an early Norfolk, and closer in type to today’s breed than the one on this issue’s cover. Even this dog’s glaring faults (bandy front, amber eye, white-splashed chest, “irregular” ears) confirm its identity and link it to its close cousin, the Norwich.

Now, contrast the serious mood of Armfield’s painting with the light-hearted, almost childlike antics of the toyish, black and tan Norwich-type pup painted by Thomas Earl (Fig. 2) as it teases two puzzled but fearless pet rabbits. Like most hand-colored prints and engravings, this pet portrait was copied from the artist’s original oil painting and marketed inexpensively in large numbers. Thomas Earl (fl. 1836-1855) lacked the fame of his relatives of the same name—the father-daughter dog painters, George and Maud—but he was appreciated for his scenes that appealed to the sensibility of Victorians toward all animals, especially pet canines.

“Animal rights” are again the theme in a 1885 print (Fig. 3) by Arthur J. Batt. A remarkably modern-looking Norfolk puppy is burdened by guilt as his master, somewhere offstage, scolds him for the “crime” of dispatching a pet dove. Batt (fl. 1875-1897), noted for his small, expressive domestic-animal paintings, gently elicits our sympathy not only for the corpus delicti but also for the sad-eyed and repentant pup who, in a weak moment, succumbed to its “wild” impulses. Queen Victoria, premier patron of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, would have relished the gentle irony of this visualization.

The American Legacy

By the first quarter of this century Norwich terriers—both prick- and drop-ear—had “discovered” America. Today, we are cautiously proud that Norfolk and Norwich are becoming known and sought after throughout the world. Their images have been recorded by daguerrotype, camera, in prints, drawings, watercolors, and, best of all, in paintings. Some of the earliest portraits of our dogs remain unidentified or misidentified. Others no longer exist; and still others, fragile with age, are sequestered in private collections. But thanks to the enthusiasm of fanciers and skill of contemporary artists a new beginning for the pet portrait is on course.
Fig. 3  Norfolk-type Terrier with Dove

Fig. 4  Nora

Fig. 5  CH Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown
Clearly, the empathy and spirit of nineteenth-century pet portraiture are alive and well in the fresh and powerful contemporary portrayals of our two breeds. Like many a Victorian portrait, Nora (Fig. 4), by the well-known animal artist Christine Merrill, celebrates a beloved companion. Painted in 1993, this cosmopolitan “city girl” gazes at us beguilingly from amidst the beautiful objects with which she lives. In rustic contrast, Ch. Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown (Fig. 5), 1991, by the gifted painter of human portraits, Nan Coffey, vibrates with robust, athletic energy. These are but two of the many paintings of our dogs that have been commissioned within the past decade. Viewed together, they reveal the versatility with which our companions respond in return for the love and care we give to them. As more Norfolk and Norwich fanciers become intrigued by the possibility of owning a portrait of their favorite pet, it is both remarkable and reassuring that talented artists like Coffey and Merrill are ready and waiting to take on the challenge of fulfilling our dreams.

—NRL

References

Color Section Credits
Fig. 1 George Armfield (English, fl. c. 1820-1893)
(Title Not Available) Norfolk-type Terrier with Game (Oil on Canvas, Date Not Available)
Courtesy Donald E. Rowe and March Winds Kennels/Photo: Catamount Studio

Fig. 2 Thomas Earl (English, fl. 1836-1855)
(Title Not Available) Black and Tan Norwich-type Puppy with Rabbits
(Handcolored Print, Date Not Available)
Courtesy Barbara Miller/Photo: Barbara Miller

Fig. 3 Arthur J. Batt (English, fl. 1875-1897)
(Title Not Available) Norfolk-type Terrier with Dove (Handcolored Print, 1885)
Courtesy Barbara Miller/Photo: Barbara Miller

Fig. 4 Christine Merrill (American, Contemporary)
Nora (Oil on Canvas, 1993)
Courtesy William Secord/Photo: William Secord Gallery, Inc.

Fig. 5 Nan R. Coffey (American, Contemporary)
CH Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown (Oil on Canvas, 1991)
Courtesy Nat R. LaMar/Photo: © Nan R. Coffey
Eight AM, Sunday, November 30, 1997: It was rainy and chilly at Brookhill Farm in Clayton, NC. Nevertheless, one after another, cars kept winding carefully along a ridge of grass between two groves of oak trees, then parking on the hillside that sloped down to a small pond. In the distance, cows were walking through the trees on muddy little tracks; a Porta-John stood sentinel on the hilltop; evidence of cows was everywhere.

The cars sprouted ex-pens; a small tent bloomed near the den areas. We were at an earthdog event hosted by the Border Terrier Club of the Carolinas and Virginia, and, significantly, attended by a group of hardy Norfolk owners and their dogs. Several of the dogs have championship names, but on that rainswept landscape, they were simply Jeep, Grazie, Bonnie, Sam, Georgia and Annie. Champions or not, they were all there to do the same thing: go to ground after RATS!

By the time the Introduction to Quarry had begun, the tunnel entrances were puddled with a cold, discouraging broth of red mud and water; even seasoned dogs had to be urged into the earth with more than the one command allowed for qualification. Nevertheless, the Norfolk group was thrilled that two of the four dogs in IQ qualified – Jeep and Grazie. Now we faced the Junior Earthdog class in which we would compete for a leg on an AKC title – competing not against each other but against the clock and the weather. Splotched with red mud, we stood in the rain and cheered each Norfolk on.

When the two JE sections had finished, results reflected the weather more than the dogs’ gameness. A 30-foot earth with three right angles can be daunting in fair weather; in this rain, that tunnel was downright impossible. Despite heroic shoveling by members of the host club and the judges, the tunnel sloshed with about two inches of water into which the dogs had to jump. Some seasoned dogs backed out, their ardor dampened by the waves they stirred up as they tried to negotiate the first turn; others who made it to the rats took more time than allowed and did not qualify. Team Norfolk’s results included both of those scenarios, but two bitches, Grazie and Georgia, beat the odds and qualified.

Win or not, nobody lost anything. It was wonderful to see the dogs work, to see the eager focus with which, rain and all, they leaned out of their owners’ arms, anticipating the command to enter the tunnel. When spring comes, I know we will all be back in the New Jersey beanfields training and competing. Stay tuned for our next adventure! —Sue Ely, Bernardsville, NJ

Members of Team Norfolk: Debby Pritchard, Grazie; Richard Reynolds, Jeep; Mary Waters, Bonnie; Joanna Faircloth, Annie; Sue Ely, Sam and Georgia.

"Mom, I'm just going to ground"
Photograph by Lark Schlumbaum

"First, we investigate. Then we go to ground."
Photograph by Robin Siegel
My “search” for a dog began in July 1997, shortly after the death of my much-loved, 13-year-old Cocker, Robbie. Although my husband and I were not sure we wanted another dog, I started my search almost immediately at the local bookstore. My goal was to research various breeds in hopes of finding a dog better suited to our lifestyle. Although I loved Robbie, I had purchased him with very little forethought. In the mid-80s, Cockers were very popular; I wrongly assumed that a popular breed must be perfect for just about everyone.

I had found Robbie by scanning the classified ads. For $35, I purchased a 10-month-old dog who was unwanted by his owner, plus a crate, a brush, and a book about Cockers. I felt I was getting a great bargain! Unfortunately, I knew nothing about this dog’s background except that he was AKC-registered. His prior owner told me to look in the book if I had questions or problems after I got Robbie home. At a relatively young age, Robbie developed many typical Cocker health problems. He also had some nasty habits and quickly developed others, for which I take full responsibility. When I purchased Robbie, I made a commitment to care for him for his lifetime. I kept that promise, but vowed to be more careful when selecting my next breed.

The bookstore had several books on choosing the right breed. After thumbing through a few, I purchased Daniel Tortora’s *The Right Dog For You* and Chris Walkowicz’s *The Perfect Match*. Since I would be the primary caretaker, a dog’s adult weight and size were principal concerns. With chronic neck and back problems, I wanted a dog no heavier than 15 pounds. So, I focused on terrier and toy breeds.

After much reading, I was drawn to terriers, especially the short legged ones. I further researched each breed in *The New Terrier Handbook* by Kerry Kern and bought some dog-training books. I narrowed my choice to Norwich and Norfolk and then searched for breed-specific books, finding only *Norwich Terriers* by Anna Katherine Nicholas. I foolishly searched classified ads, hoping to find Norwich or Norfolk puppies for sale; I even checked pet stores, not to buy a dog, but to see real-life examples of the breeds. Up to this point, I had only seen pictures!! Most pet shop staff had never heard of either breed and had no idea where to find one.

I turned to the library and the Internet. I made copies of articles about both breeds, about training and about what to look for in a reputable breeder; I printed everything I could find on the Internet. I wrote the AKC, breed clubs, and checked breeder ads in the *AKC Gazette*, *Dog Fancy* and *Dog World*. I called a few breeders, but no one had puppies available.

My next step was to attend a dog show where my husband and I hoped to see Norwich and Norfolk and locate a breeder. I found a show near Ocala where Norwich and Norfolks were entered. The next weekend, my husband and I went to our first dog show; arriving early so we could locate the Norwich and Norfolks, observe their pre-show grooming, and find someone we could question about the breeds.
The plan worked! We saw both breeds and, although we liked each, we preferred the prick ears. We also obtained the name of a Norwich breeder who lived in our hometown! When I telephoned Pat McGowan, she conducted an extensive interview. Rather than being offended, I was impressed by Pat’s concern for her dogs and the general well-being of the breed. She had a 5-month-old red male available. A few days later, Pat brought the puppy and his mother to visit us.

We instantly fell in love with “Max.” My husband often comments that my search was definitely worth the effort because Max is the perfect dog for us. Pat continues to be a great source of information on Norwich. She has also become a good friend. She frequently visits Max, and he stays with her when we go out of town. Although Max is our perfect dog, no breed, including the Norwich, is suitable for everyone and every lifestyle. To find your perfect dog, you need to consider so much more than just how cute a dog looks in pictures or on TV.

—Suzanne H. Niemann, 4539 N.E. 6th St, Ocala, FL 34470

Although U.S. bookstores are not likely to have copies, *The Norfolk Terrier*, Second edition (1994), by the late American breeder, Joan Read, and *The Norwich Terrier*, Revised edition (1997), by long-time English breeder, Marjorie Bunting, are excellent and comprehensive sources. The Norfolk book is available from Jane Anderson, 76 Pequotsepos Rd, Mystic, CT 06355. The Norwich book may be obtained from *Dog World* magazine in England (011-44-1233-621877, Fax 011-44-1233-645669, ask for Beverly Russell) or from Alison Freehling, 3500 Huntertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383, who has about a dozen copies available ($31 plus $2 postage).

**DO FENCE ME IN!**

Those reading about Ollie’s rehoming (page 11) may draw different conclusions but, for me, the moral is that Norfolk and Norwich terriers are not everyone’s “ideal” breed. Norfolk and Norwich breeders have a responsibility to educate potential owners as to not only the “pros,” but also the “cons,” of living with small “hunt” terriers. Perhaps Ollie is more active and feistier than the norm; but, as puppies and young adults, Norfolks and Norwich generally possess boundless energy and enthusiasm and thus require abundant, supervised exercise, be it regular on-lead walks, “go-fetch-it” games or active terrier events like go-to-ground and agility. As sporting terriers “eager to dispatch small vermin,” they must not be allowed to explore unchaperoned beyond the perimeters of a well-fenced yard. And, as Ollie’s story documents, invisible fencing does not confine a dog intent on escape. Several years ago, I sold a Norwich male to a couple who installed invisible fencing. Whenever this Norwich spotted a squirrel, chipmunk, cat or dog, his innate hunting instinct outweighed the temporary discomfort of the electric shock – and off he went. After three or four escapes, his owners erected a secure, chain-link fence to keep their Norwich home. Persons not willing or not able to exercise a Norfolk or a Norwich and to provide a safe area to confine their dog should, in my opinion, choose a different breed. To give small hunt terriers unbridled freedom invites tragedy, as the Exums wisely concluded in their decision to rehome Ollie.

—AGF
ANNE WINSTON, MT. PAUL NORFOLKS
An Interview

Mrs. John L. Winston (Anne) was a leading drop-ear Norwich (now Norfolk) breeder for 25 years. She acquired her foundation bitch, Castle Point Trivet, in 1950 and continued to breed Norfolks at Mt. Paul, the Winston family estate near Gladstone, NJ, until 1976. Mrs. Winston served as Vice President of the Norwich Terrier Club (NTC) from 1959-1961, as NTC Secretary from 1961-1974, and as NTC President from 1974-1976. Her CH Mt. Paul Anderson (1955-1969), the first Norfolk bred at Mt. Paul, was a leading sire in the early 1960s. A photo of Andy’s head was used to represent the drop-ear breed on the cover of the inaugural issue of the Norwich Terrier News (May, 1962). Excerpts from Mrs. Winston’s President’s Message in the Fall 1974 News embody her philosophy as a breeder: “My frequent hope for the breed is that all members will keep in sight the original purpose for which our terriers were bred, faithfully cull poor temperaments and bear the standard in mind as a guide for sound workers – not beauty per se. The standard was not drawn up for pure beauty, but for better performance in moving, which enables your dog to handle himself in the field with endurance and strength.”

Now a spry 83 years, Anne Winston still attends NNTC Specialties at Montgomery and still has a wonderful eye for choosing a “pick of the litter” Norfolk. The Mt. Paul Trophy, originally for Best Drop Ear at the NTC Match, is now awarded in honor of Anne H. Winston to the BOB Norfolk at NNTC Specialties.

I thank Sue Ely for interviewing her long-time friend for the News and hope to include profiles of other early Norwich and Norfolk breeders in future issues.

—AGF

The Interview

To walk into Anne Winston’s house is to walk into the world of a woman who has spent her life with dogs, horses and the people who love them as much as she does. There are photographs, portraits and trophies wherever one looks; conversations often circle back to remembrances of a particular animal whose achievements are recalled by something I have done that day with one of my dogs; or something that has happened in the hunting field or even on a walk in the woods.

I was thrilled to be asked to interview and write about Anne, not only because she has been my mentor in Norfolks since 1963 (when they were called drop-ear Norwich), but also because I value her advice and, above all, her company. We often have dinner together and her daughters laughingly refer to me as “the dog daughter.” Anne has an infallible eye for picking out a quality puppy; she sees through my follies; and, humorously, her own. Best of all, she is knowledgeable about what counts and what doesn’t in the world of raising, training and showing pure-bred dogs.

_How old were you when you owned your first dog?_ I was nine. My grandmother gave me a Pekingese against my mother’s wishes. I don’t really remember him ever being a puppy. His name was Ping, and eventually we got a bitch named Pong. These two dogs used to have “weddings.” We didn’t understand that there was something else involved. Pong was dressed in doll’s clothes and Ping had little pants on, and we would have weddings. That’s how much I knew.

_How many breeds of dogs have you owned in your lifetime?_ First, Pekingese..., then my stepfather gave me a German Shepherd bitch that I loved more than life. We took her to Princeton to a man who did a lot of training. I asked him, “How will I ever make her mine?”
He said, “Somebody is to tie her out behind the barn. You are to wait two hours and then let her loose.” Well, after that, she was mine to the point that the maids couldn’t do my bedroom; nobody could saddle my horse; nobody could clean my car. But I loved her. And then I had Border Collies that I loved. They worked with the sheep. Then a Standard Poodle that I put through Obedience. Somehow I got involved in Norfolks through Mary Baird [Castle Point]….

Well, that was my next question. What was your introduction to Norfolks? Mary Baird gave me my foundation bitch, Castle Point Trivet. Trivet was the result of a big mistake – a brother/sister “marriage” at seven months. Mary didn’t know what to do with them, so she gave me my pick. So that was it. That started me on the downward trail.

Hardly a downward trail! What kept you in the breed? Well, I can’t say Norfolks were easy. I think I persevered because I couldn’t wait to see if the next litter was what I had hoped it would be. I remember a puppy I kept that was just the best little dog I had ever owned. When he got to be five months old, I knew I couldn’t keep him because he had a level bite. His name was Mr. Paul Tiger, and he was wonderful. I resented the fact that I couldn’t keep him because his teeth weren’t quite right.

What were the three top qualities you bred for? Number one was temperament; number two, it would have been nice if they looked well. And number three, if both those things were there, then maybe I could show them, but that wasn’t my prime thing in life. If they weren’t what I considered a good terrier temperament, I really didn’t care much for them.

Whom would you nominate as the best of the Mt. Pauls? (Silence) When you think back on them, who were the top ones? That’s hard…I think Tulip. She was everything; she was small; she was tough; she was lovely; and she was sound. Rowdy was a flash in the pan, but I really didn’t like him as a person. I thought he had a yellow streak. I remember I showed him in a match under Barbara Fournier (Bethway) and she looked at me in horror. He was nine months old, and I must admit he was all feet and legs and nothing else. Then, when I won the Specialty with him, when he was older, Barbara looked at me and said, “That can’t be the same dog.” I said, “He has the same name.” She couldn’t believe it. He was so big; he was a very late bloomer. Andy (Mt. Paul Anderson) was my favorite, but, as for what I bred, I think Tulip embodied, to me, what I thought should happen.

What do you see in today’s Norfolk and Norwich that is the same or different? There’s far too much emphasis put on showing, and, to me, that came third. It upsets me because you lose so much just having a dog look pretty in the ring and not have it able to work. Having them work is very important to me. That’s what they were bred for, and when they lose that they are just another terrier.

It would take many editions of the News to share all the stories Anne can tell about her life with the Mt. Paul Norfolks. Perhaps the best one is about the dog she said was her favorite, CH Mt. Paul Anderson. One spring day, Anne was walking in the woods on her New Jersey farm when she was charged by an enraged doe which she had unwittingly separated from her fawn by walking between them. As the doe flung herself at Anne, she was deflected by Andy, who jumped for the deer’s nose and hung grimly as she tried to whack him off against the trees. Although he protected Anne, the price he paid was a broken pelvis. No wonder he was her favorite. Andy was the sire of my first Norfolk, Mt. Paul Hades, who still is a favorite of mine after 35 years of owning and breeding Norfolks.

—Sue Ely, Bernardsville, NJ
A DOG’S LIFE, INDEED!
The following is excerpted from the Tryon (NC)
Daily Bulletin column, “Foothills Chronicle,”
and is written by senior columnist and Norfolk owner Bob Witty.

One year ago, Georgy arrived at our house and changed our lives forever. A multi-

personality Norfolk terrier, his impact on our daily routine, on the even temper of our ways,
and on our sleeping habits has been huge.

When my wife, Rosemary, and I decided that we would convert our duo to a threesome,
we agreed that a large dog was out of the question since we had already started downsizing our
lives. So this feisty fellow fell in behind a long line of well-remembered canine companions
and proceeded to take over the place.

Having decided to take on a Norfolk, we contacted the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club
and were put in touch with a charming lady, Sue Ely of New Jersey, who is honcho of the
breed’s “rescue” section. She gave us two leads, one a female in Buffalo and the other a four-
year-old male in Charlotte.

So on a nippy winter day, we picked up Georgy from the Zebedee Kennel (near Charlotte),
took him from his 34 buddies, and brought him here to reign as king of our household. A
mixed blessing for him I suppose, and for us an on-going period of adjustment, of joy and of
some pathos. (He marks the latter with his dolorous, forlorn mode, designed to suggest to us
his sad plight.)

With his native intelligence and bright, knowing, piercing brown eyes he took immedi-
ately to Rosemary. She fed him, coddled him and walked him and in general was his pack
leader from day one. Melanie Wallwork, his breeder, had warned us that he was partial to women; was, in
fact indifferent, even fearful, of males. That was an understatement. Loved her, hated me. Well, “hate” is over-
drawn. Let’s say he was wary of me and though we both worked at it, progress was slow, a test of will be-
tween a 12-pound dog and a 180-pound man.

I carefully explained to Georgy that I was the guy who paid the bills around here and that he’d better straighten up and fly right by recognizing that fact. That is, give me the same attention and affection he bestowed on Rosemary. Or not eat.

A dog’s life: When Georgy is released each morn from his Kennel Cab (condo) after his 10-hour snooze, he is briefly pranced around the property with its lovely morning smells and sniffs, and given a snack. At mid-morn he indulges in “Georgy’s Hour,” a joyous trot up the old mountain logging trails for a couple of miles.

At every turn on this jaunt there are scrumptious smells and fascinating nature formations
to explore. An afternoon shorter run and a breeder-recommended supper is followed by a night
saunter. A dog’s life indeed. But it certainly is good for Rosemary’s physical conditioning
program.
Watching this little blighter proudly start off on these adventures with her in tow pleasures me no end. Seemingly walking in four directions at once as those four-inch legs pump furiously, he is a bundle of energy. He is on a lead, but "leads" her wherever he pleases. After all, it IS his hour.

Inside the house he is a different personality. It is HIS house and he has established certain chairs and niches as HIS domain. Outside in a spate of energy he turns into a dynamo, stubby tail waving like a gone-crazy semaphore, excitedly curious about every new sight or sound or smell.

He and I have, as the more experienced Norfolk owners predicted, become pretty good buddies. We both enjoy that 7 AM one-mile saunter and when "She" is away he even snuggles up to me. (Second fiddle!)

So Georgy has taken over our lives. Our clocks are tuned to him, our days are planned around him. This dual-personality critter, in turn effervescent or subdued, wary or aggressive, loving or snarky, is king-of-the-hill.

In the Witty household, he is Best In Show.

—Robert Witty, 621 Laurel Lake Drive, B-144, Columbus, NC 28722

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IN MEMORIAM

CH CHIDLEY MAGIC MARKER (1983-1998)
CH YARROW’S JASMINE (1986-1997)

A SAD FAREWELL TO TWO OLD FRIENDS

Pictured here in 1987, Jessie (in the foreground) and Mark were the beginning of Landmark (named when I landed Mark, a landmark event).

Mark was the top winning and top producing Norfolk terrier of his time. He was Top Dog here at Landmark. When he was 8 and a half, he went to live with friends and retired to a life of ease in a family of his own where he reigned as the Royal he was. He died peacefully with both of his families at his side.

Jessie was, and always will be, my number one Norfolk. She was my best friend, my soulmate, my joy. She changed my life so much for the better. There are no words to express how much I miss her.

I owe a lifetime of gratitude to Joan Read and Beth Sweigart for making these wonderful years possible.

Rest in peace, sweet angels, until we meet again.

—Franzi Corman Nidever, Sherwood, OR
WE WENT TO TAKE IT EASY!
A Tale of Five Campers

We've just returned from our camping expedition in southern Maryland at the Take It Easy Campground where we had entertained fond hopes of doing just that. As we soon discovered, this was an extremely optimistic view of what we would be doing, for a variety of reasons, which include:

1. When camping in a motor home, there is no maid to clean up after you and no chocolate is left on your pillow. In fact, if you notice anything dark on your bed, you must observe it carefully to see if it moves.

2. Spending eight days with five bitches of whatever species in a 24-foot enclosure can be challenging; even more so when all but one thinks she is Alpha. (It can be frightening to discover where you actually are in the pecking order!)

3. When one of the above is in heat, do not think for a minute that a tall, dark, handsome (but ill-bred) stranger will not appear and constantly patrol your perimeter, wreaking havoc in your peaceful pack. And only complete fools imagine that they can take three terriers camping, keep them loose in an RV, and keep them IN the RV just by “being careful.”

Of the three aforesaid Norwich terriers (or perhaps more appropriately “terrors”), one (Shadow) is a born camper, loves to lie in the dirt, frisk through the fields and eat dead toads. The Tramp (aka Ruffen Reddy) wants to “do it” in the dirt and the fields; eating can wait. The third (Sparrow) wants to lie only on carpet, is too sulky to frisk, but is willing to eat everything but the toads.

At first, we had two ex-pens joined together and situated about ten feet from the RV in a nice shady area, but we ended up moving them to form a veritable Alcatraz in front of the RV door. This was needed because Ruffen Reddy was entirely too ready and slipped out the door behind me to cavort madly around the campground with her Lothario, while Ethel and I ran desperately after them screaming “Ruffen, Ruffen!” at her and “No! No!” at him. Thank God for denim doggy britches!

A second escape occurred after Shadow discovered that a screen door can be opened by jumping on it, allowing both her and Ruffen to dash off with Guess Who! Again, a mad chase, with Ethel driving this time and finally heading them off at the pass. (Hi, kids, want to go bye-bye in the car?)

By this time, we were exhausted, so it was no trouble for Ms. Frisky-Tail (Shadow) to yank her leash out of my hand while crossing a meadow one fine morning. Having fewer raging hormones than her mother, she contented herself with a wild run to Ethel, who did a fine swim dive onto the puppy.

We are all home safe now, and to my knowledge, no one is “knocked up,” though the two of us are definitely knocked out! We can laugh about it now, but believe me, it was terrifying to be in danger of losing our dogs, not just once, but three times. The truly amazing thing about it is that, in spite of it all, I think we love them now more than ever.

Regards from Camp Pooped Out!

—‘Ret Mallis, 5707 Janice La, Temple Hills, MD 20748
Terrier Song

I hate grass.
It gets between me and my fundamental friend,
The Earth.

Grass wets my paws and Important Parts;
Grass in the ring turns a walk to a hop.
No terrier’s friend or kin to the grass.
I HATE grass.

But Earth, oh Earth! My preyground!
Home of the mouse, the rat, and the vole;
Den of the fox, the tunneling mole!
I LOVE Earth.

Let me dig in the dirt! Let me root!
Let me roll in the scents of the soil,
To the joy of my soul. I hunt! I catch!
I LOVE EARTH.

'Ret Mallis

Photographs by Richard Schiller
Archie

She shrieked as if suddenly showered in ice water...which, indeed, she had been. Moments earlier, her stubby beach chair planted safely above high-water line, the stranger drowsed peacefully in the blinding July sun of a Gloucester noon. That was before Archie emerged from the chilly North Atlantic. True to form, my Norfolk never shook off immediately upon leaving the surf. Rather, he had the habit of marching to the nearest occupied beach chair (usually mine) to provide its overheated occupant with some of the selfsame refreshment he had just enjoyed.

The woman in the beach chair, whose name is Audrey Brighton, proved a good sport. Recalling the event years later, she characterized their introduction as one of her life’s “more bracing” moments. “The thing about Archie,” Audrey wrote, “is that whether he made you smile because of his antics or in spite of them, he had the knack of somehow making you feel good about yourself.”

How Archie came into my life is a story all by itself. It began in England, a year or so before our first encounter.

A giddy March wind filled with the promise of all that was new and young blew winter first in one direction and then another as I headed down a Chichester lane for a quiet lunch by an ancient stone wall. It had been a trying morning. An hour’s solitude seemed at least as nourishing, in prospect, as the apples, cheese, and bread I carried. As things turned out, I was not to experience the seclusion I craved. It proved no loss.

Strolling the flat coastal plain, a spur of the South Downs gently rose and fell before me. At my back, tiny boats bobbed on the crumpled silvery waters of the yacht harbor. And on either side of the Roman road, amid the countless shades of green that define the Sussex countryside, puffy sheep plump with winter wool grazed. It was from among these my eye first caught sight of a lone rider atop a dark hunter making deliberate speed. A convenient stile served as seat, table, and viewing platform to watch composed horse and rider effortlessly top a couple of fences to pull up beside me.

To be chatted up by the British horse gentry is to be chatted up indeed: the daffodils that were, alas, gone; the Goodwood Park race meeting that was to come; the victory of hope over logic that characterized British winemaking – the rider and I spoke of these and more. Having done her bit for local tourism, my co-respondent made to leave but before she bid me ta, whistled and called out, “Come on, Dainty.”

Imagine my amazement when, over the wall, vaulted, as if flung by a catapult, a tiny red beastie of a dog of a sort I’d never seen, a rusty bottle brush on legs. The sight of Dainty both charmed and troubled me: Charmed me with her winning way, and troubled me in that her living presence revealed my heretofore complete ignorance of Norfolk terriers.

On my return to the States it did not take long to discover why there was such a gaping hole in my knowledge of things canine. Few breeders, small litters, and high prices conspired to make Caspars of the breed. Notwithstanding my self-righteous indignation at having been deprived of an animal that was not only at once fierce and
winsome but “talked” as well, I left my name with every breeder listed in the Norfolk Club register. And I waited. And I waited. And I waited, growing more impatient with each tiresome round of semi-fawning phone calls to this kennel and that.

Meanwhile, word came that my friend Susan’s brother succumbed to AIDS. My response was to leave a message on her answering machine offering to do whatever she might reasonably need to assuage her pain. Presently, Susan asked if I would consider adopting Archie, her late brother’s then five-and-one-half-year-old Norfolk.

Never before had an adult dog come into my life to stay. Since boyhood I had chosen my animals early in their lives. Was I letting myself in for someone else’s troubles? The sight of him dispelled any doubt I might be making a mistake. Yes, he had his idiosyncracies, but more to the point were the admirable qualities he was to reveal over a long life well lived. His gameness, for example. It bordered on incandescence as he drove on tirelessly in the track I laid down on a long cross-country ski trek across Vermont. And there was his bravery. A renegade Doberman wandered onto my property one afternoon to menace me as I felled some brush. Before I knew it, Archie was on the beast. I was unable to separate the two before the Doberman was badly lacerated. Archie, however, sustained grievous internal injury. The Doberman was eventually put down. Archie spent more than a week under close post-operative observation at New York’s Animal Medical Center, and several months in crated recuperation.

In the twelve years we spent together, Archie and I were inseparable. More patient with me than any of my editors (and certainly more so than my agent), he’d lie at my feet biding his time until my work day was over, all the while containing his eagerness to lead me to the marshy reaches of my pond in search of that most savory of all delicacies, fresh toad. Or, hidden in the folds of my greatcoat as I registered, he traveled with me from Boston to Austin and beyond, a quietly undiscovered stowaway in hotels where dogs were never supposed to be seen. A proper summer Sunday for us both was to hike the northern reaches of the Appalachian Trail in Connecticut, followed by a picnic of chicken-salad sandwiches and a three o’clock chamber concert at Music Mountain (where, one summer, college-girl ushers came to be more solicitous of his listening comfort than of mine).

Archie died one night in late August 1996, succumbing finally to a cerebral hemorrhage. Several days later, I had Audrey Brighton’s condolences. “It is always a sad thing to have to write a letter like this,” she wrote, “but it is all the sadder for me now, for from the moment we met, your Archie touched my heart.”

—Anonymous

The author of this Norfolk tale has requested, and been granted, anonymity by the editors of the News.
THUNDER WILL ALWAYS BE IN OUR HEARTS

Our former dog walker used to take our Norwich terriers, Hubcap and Thunderbolt, to the park regularly. On this particular day, Cheryl returned to our home, pulled into the driveway and, instead of carrying “the boys” into the house, inexplicably let them out of the car without their leads.

It was a beautiful autumn day and two people were walking by with their dog. Cheryl engaged them in conversation, totally unaware Thunderbolt (who had been waiting patiently by the door) was moving to the top of the driveway. He rounded the corner of the stone wall and entered the street at the same moment a car passed. The driver didn’t see Thunder until it was too late. The size of a Norwich makes it almost impossible to see one from behind the wheel of a car; nor could this gentleman have anticipated a dog running suddenly into the street. Thunder was struck and killed instantly.

We lost Thunderbolt the day after Montgomery 1996. A year and a half later, the profound sadness is subsiding, and our little guy remains with us through the happy memories. The passing time has also given us an opportunity to learn more about the place of pets in our society and how best to protect them.

For those of us who must trust others to help in the care of our dogs, it is imperative to have a contract, not just a verbal understanding, with the person concerned. A document of this nature might not have saved Thunder, but it would certainly have given us some recourse against the dog walker since our instructions were obviously, and recklessly, disregarded; our dogs were never to be off lead outside. The dog-walker community is unregulated. A written contract can specify a standard of care for your animals, clearly outlining what you expect of the walker and what services the walker agrees to provide. This may seem obvious, but too many people, ourselves included, have only a casual understanding with those who care for our beloved pets.

After our loss, we went a step further and pursued legal action against our former dog walker. Our reason for doing this was two-fold: We were stunned by her callousness to Thunder’s death, and we hoped we could protect other families by requiring her to enter into written contracts to which she could be held legally accountable. We were dismayed to learn that in Connecticut, where we live, dogs are considered personal property and, as such, we had no grounds to sue for loss, or pain and suffering. The most we would be entitled to was compensation for the cost of the dog. Without a prior legal position, it was evident we would not prevail in our efforts to regulate her business practice.

In researching the issue further, we learned that New York and Massachusetts have actually changed their laws and now consider pets to be family members. As a result, there is legal recourse for the untimely, or unnecessary, loss of a pet in these states. In order to have something good come out of our loss, we are dedicated to working with our state legislature to change the Connecticut statute. For us, it’s a way to create a legacy for Thunder. We urge others to do the same. Our dogs are not like pieces of furniture. They are not an extension of the family; they are family.

Wouldn’t it be wonderful if this was a universally accepted truth!

— Anne S. Taylor, 219 Old Long Ridge Rd, Stamford, CT 06903

On the Alert
Photograph by Richard Schiller
In February 1997, my then 13-year-old daughter, Courtney, and I attended the Maryland KC show in Baltimore, arriving just in time to see the Norwich "strut their stuff." We were smitten by these adorable, feisty terriers. A kind, knowledgeable gentleman wearing a wide-brimmed hat stood ringside. Paul Lanier answered our many questions about the breed and introduced us to his wife, Jo, and to their dog, CH Chaos Wakefield. Courtney and I left knowing that we had to have a Norwich!

A month later, at a local match, another Norwich, Dreamweaver The Witch Doctor, crossed our paths. The owners, Jacqueline Keith (a budding Junior Handler about Courtney's age) and her mother, Melanie, answered more questions and gave us a list of breeders. Little did we know that they would become dear friends.

In April, Melanie introduced us to Anna Bellenger at the Columbia Terrier show. We exchanged telephone numbers, made numerous pleading phone calls to Anna and, ultimately, became the proud owners of a cute Norwich puppy bitch, Devondale Mistress Mason. Upon family consensus, her call name became "Abby." Courtney and I are grateful to Anna for letting us have our first Norwich.

While "socializing" Abby at local shows, we met Al Ferruggiario and Robyn Snyder. Both were helpful — telling us about local handling classes and offering grooming tips. Eventually, we met Regina and Michael Swygert-Smith. We hinted that Abby needed a playmate. The Swygert-Smiths knew of an available Norwich puppy bitch and put the wheels in motion. With much persistence, Courtney and I convinced 'Ret Mallis and Ethel Williams that we would spoil Evergreen's Fox Fire as much as they had. We named our new addition "Russet" as her grizzle coat reminded my husband of a baked russet potato! Thank you, 'Ret and Ethel, for our sweet little girl.

By now, Courtney was anxious to get into the show ring. That certainly has been a learning experience! We never knew how much preparation was needed prior to entering the ring. We had so many questions and fortunately the right people were there to assist us. Courtney and I are indebted to our mentors, Regina and Michael, whose assistance has been invaluable. They led us to our second Norwich puppy, taught us grooming techniques, offered handling tips, and helped us acquire a collection of "absolutely necessary" dog-show supplies. Now, Michael insists that we must get a generator and a large over-sized van!

As newcomers, we certainly have been made to feel welcome in the Norwich world. We wish to sincerely thank everyone.

—Pat and Courtney Mason, Herndon, VA

"Born To Shop"

Our Norwich male, Tog the Ribber, loves to be wheeled up and down the aisles of Office Max, Home Depot, Bed Bath & Beyond, et al., in the baby seat of a shopping cart. He patiently sits, looks at all the merchandise, and becomes a real-life commercial for Norwich terriers. People "ooh" and "aah" over him, ask about his breed and delight in petting him. Tog loves the attention and so do we, proudly describing the wonderful traits of this unique breed. Whether he's riding in the shopping cart or curled up next to us in bed, there is nothing better than being the "parents" of a Norwich!

—Julie & Ron Tedeschi, Long Island, NY
IN MEMORIAM

CH RONNELL’S APPLAUSE, APPLAUSE
May 29, 1982 - June 27, 1998

If you are fortunate, in your lifetime you will have one “special” dog that will forever change your life. I was lucky to have bred, owned and loved my special little dog, CH Ronnell’s Applause, Applause (“Andrew”), for sixteen years. Those new to Norwich may not know who he was, so let me tell you about my best friend Andrew.

I got Andrew’s mom, Chaos Amy, from Norwich breeder Norma Aparhamian. Andrew was one of three puppies from Amy’s (and my) first Norwich litter. He came into the world surrounded by English Bulldogs, a breed he adored his whole life. Showing a terrier was a new experience for me, but with lots of help and guidance from professional handler Robert Fisher, I finished Andrew on the Cherry Blossom Circuit when he was only ten months old.

Andrew did not show again until he was almost five years old. Through him, I met Sandra Stemmler whose generosity, kindness and faith in my little red dog enabled the rest of the Norwich world to know him. I shall always be grateful to him for my friendship with Sandra.

His first weekend out with handler Billy Kamai, Andrew won a Group II and a Group IV. The next weekend, Andrew was BOB both at Hatboro and at the NNTC Golden Jubilee Specialty (1986) at Montgomery County under breeder-judge Johan Ostrow. That was just the beginning of an exciting show career. In 1987, he again was BOB at the NNTC National Specialty at Huntington Valley KC under English breeder-judge Ruth Corkhill and went on to win BIS, the first Norwich ever to win both a Specialty and BIS at an all-breed show. He repeated as BOB at the 1988 NNTC National Specialty under Norfolk breeder-judge Anne Rogers Clark, becoming the first Norwich ever to win three consecutive national specialties (at a time when the NNTC had only one specialty a year). He also retired the lovely Golden Jubilee BOB Challenge Trophy presented to the NNTC in 1986 by English Norwich breeder, Mrs. P. Cemlyn-Jones. That fall (1988), he won BOB at Hatboro, Devon and Montgomery.

During his brilliant show career, Andrew garnered eight BIS, 135 BOB and 96 group placements, giving him an impressive 71 percent breed/group ratio. He was Number One Norwich dog in 1987 and 1988. In 1991, he won the Veteran Dog class at Montgomery, where he showed like a youngster despite being almost ten years old. I will always remember that day; his eyes lit up and seemed to say, “I’m back.”

Bred on a limited scale, Andrew proved a worthy sire, producing more than twenty breed champions. He was bred three times to CH Barnstable Superstition (Stacey) and all fourteen puppies finished their championships, twice making Stacey the year’s top-producing Norwich bitch. One of Andrew’s daughters, CH Barnstable Cauz For Applause, was also the top-producing Norwich bitch in 1992, with all five of her puppies becoming champions.

More than anything, Andrew loved to show, enjoying himself inside and outside the ring. I can still hear his familiar show-ring bark (which was not so popular at the time!). I miss him dearly, but he will always be with me. I’ll see you again, “Drewski.”

—Sue Weaver, Pinetops, NC
SHOW OFFS

"Gimme Four, Brother!"
A Norfolk Handshake
Photograph by Michael Swygert-Smith

"Let's Play Stick"
Photograph by Richard Schiller

"What A Meal!"
Photograph by Richard Schiller

The Princely Digby
CH Highwood's Royal Coachmen
Photograph by Susan Begley

A Girl & Her Norfolk
Jacqueline Soltz & Bennett
Photograph by Michael Swygert-Smith
New York City is my home – you’d think I’d be blasé about this city in constant motion, with its crush of traffic, horns blaring, sirens screaming. But it is a city that never ceases to amaze me. What must a visitor feel in this cavern of tall buildings and rushing people?

New York City is the site of the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, which always begins with parties. This year the AKC Museum of the Dog theatre party began on Broadway with the musical, “Ragtime,” and ended with a late supper at the renowned 21 Club. Festivities continued the following evening at The Dakota where Cathy Thompson, newly arrived from England and on her first trip to the Big Apple, awaited me at my apartment. Cathy, well-known for her Belleville Norfolks and Norwich, currently co-owns Eng/Am CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville (“José”), with John and Pam Beale.

Sunday morning I gave Cathy the Fifth Avenue sightseeing tour. By noon we were at the AKC Open House where we joined Julie Brennan, who has painted the Best In Show portrait of the Crufts winner for the past 17 years. Cathy and I then dashed to the Pennsylvania Hotel for the Morris and Essex meeting. For those who are new to dog shows, the Morris and Essex show was organized by Mrs. Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge and held at her New Jersey estate for some 25 years ending in 1953. A group of dog fanciers is hoping to revive this event. Finally, back at the apartment waiting for Pam Beale to arrive, we ordered dinner “in” — from the deli — and Cathy got her first real taste of New York.

Monday at Madison Square Garden. It was Presidents’ Day, a national holiday, and the crowds reflected that. It was so crowded in the benching area that spectators were asked to stay out of that always crowded space. Ticket sales were stopped mid-afternoon in an effort to cut down on the crowding. There is always a contagious excitement in the grooming and benching area at the Garden; this year, it was even greater with the crush of spectators and fanciers.

Mr. Robert Fisher, a well-known terrier handler, judged both breeds; his ring stewards were Mrs. Nancy Lindsay, whose husband is a member of the Westminster KC, and Mrs. Susan Sprung, whose husband Dennis is an AKC VP. Norfolk judging began at 9:00 AM. There was an entry of six with one absent. There to watch were the early morning die-hards: Barbara Parker, Jack and Susan DeWitt, Nat LaMar, Richard Schiller, Betty Fell, Barbara Fournier, Joan Kefeli, Louise Leone, Jim and Marge McTernan, Robert and Henrietta Lachman, Judith Felton, and a host of others from the AKC, Westminster KC, and the press. The Award of Merit went to CH Wonderwood Jack O’Lantern, bred by Jessica Relinqu and owned by Freddie Jackson who looked pleased when her little guy took this honor. Mr. Fisher chose CH Max-
Well’s Walk On By as BOS. Wicket, who is owned by the McTernans and yours truly, was handled by Larry Cornelius. She was BOB at the 1997 NNTC National Specialty at Montgomery and finished 1997 as Number Three All Terrier. The BOB ribbon was awarded to the English import, CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville, who was piloted by Peter Green. This four-year-old was bred by Michael Crawley of England where José earned four CCs before coming to the US. Cathy and Pam were thrilled with his win.

In Norwich, Mr. Fisher had an entry of seven with one absent. CH Ariel Red Ramses at Den-Mar, owned by Marie and Dennis Cato, was his choice for the Award of Merit. Susan Benson, owner of CH Highwood’s Iron Blue Dunn who was handled by Kathryn Mines, was thrilled with the BOS ribbon. The Number One canine in the country, CH Fairewood Frolic, known as “Rocki,” easily took BOB. Rocki was bred in Canada by Lotus Tutton who sat beside owner Glorvina Schwartz watching the judging. Rocki was sired by CH Royal Rock Don Of Chidley, well-known in the Norwich world. She is a super little dog and was beautifully handled by Peter Green.

Evening at the Garden is always a thrill. The ring flowers were purple and yellow, Westminster colors. Jon Cole, the tallest man I know, judged the Terrier Group. Our little girl, Rocki, walked away with the top honor. She spent Tuesday relaxing and being pampered by the Green team.

Dr. Josephine Deubler had the honor of judging Best In Show Tuesday night. Dr. Deubler is a long-time small animal vet at the University of PA; she is also the backbone of the Bucks County and Montgomery County Kennel Clubs. The Best in Show lineup was strong, but the Number One dog in the country did it again, for the last time. The big ribbon was awarded to Rocki. Congratulations to owner Glorvina Schwartz, her husband Sandy for all his support, breeder Lotus Tutton and to Beth Sweigart and Peter Green. It takes a team in tune to make a top winner.

As a side note, with this win, Peter Green equaled handler Percy Robert’s Westminster Best in Show record of four wins.

Get your Norwich and Norfolk ready for Westminster 1999. I’ll try FedEx, UPS, the US Mail, and hope to make the entry; this year I was left out of the pack. That is one of the problems at Westminster. The entry is limited to 2,500 champion dogs. No entry is taken prior to 8 AM on entry day and the limit is reached within minutes. But, should your entry make it...there’s nothing like it. After all, it is Madison Square Garden and New York City.

—Barbara Miller, Old Brookville, NY
CALIFORNIA SPECIALTY

SWEEPSTAKES IN CALIFORNIA
A Critique by Judge Joan Eckert

I could start by saying it was a beautiful day. It was. That the grounds were as lovely as possible. They were. That the show committees had done the best possible work and planning. They had. So I won’t bother you with the trivia. But, to those of you who couldn’t make this grand show and weekend, you missed a truly lovely experience.

Before I report on my findings, I feel compelled to express my never-ending disappointment in the presentation of young dogs. I can see why handlers usually win. After all the planning, expenses, shipping, whelping, vet bills, phone calls to friends, grooming, travel, entries, etc., etc., the BIG day arrives and you march into the ring with an unsocialized, un-lead-broken, terrified puppy. Tail down, crawling around the ring and you then damning the stupid, uneducated judge for not “finding” and rewarding your little pride and joy. Well, congratulations! You have just made a fool of yourself and your pretty new baby and have joined the ranks of the novices who believe that the only reason the professionals win is because they know the judges. Wrong!!! There were several puppies in Sweepstakes I couldn’t get a good look at. I felt a little ridiculous twice because I could not and would not reward someone for making a fool of themselves and their great little dog. On the other hand, I don’t want to be misunderstood about puppy behavior. There is nothing any cuter than a fractious, playful show puppy. I don’t want to see little robots, trained to such a degree that they can’t show off that great terrier character. Get in the game, folks!

Now, on to bigger and better things. The puppies. I don’t know if it’s because I’m more critical of Norfolks, but I found the Norwich more pleasing than the Norfolks. In my first class of 6-9 month Norfolks, I had two very promising boys. Mayfair Winter Baron was a darling little guy, very sound and appealing but possibly too small. Traveling Bandsman of Richell was very nice, but not ready for me and the ring; as I said to the gallery, he must be a good judge of character as he wouldn’t let me near him. But he seemed very sound, with good ears, head, neck and body. I really liked my eventual Best in Sweepstakes, Rightly So Bear With Me, out of the 9-12 month class. Impeccably groomed and presented, he stood out. I would have asked for a little more attitude and, as with many Norfolks, I want a tidier foot. But, all in all, he had what a breeder is looking for: good type, size, mouth, topline and angles. For the most part, my bitch entry left much to be desired. I thought Buckeye Deerwalk Lilybelle (9-12 mos.) was a very pleasing puppy. But, again, I could not get a good look. I put her up over Bonfyre’s Scarlet Letter as she offered me more being naughty than the other did being nice. The 12-18 mos. class offered a little more variety but not much reward except my eventual BOS, Max-Well’s Hailstorm. She was really a beauty. Max-Well has been duly rewarded by the use of Joy Taylor’s Nanfan breeding program; it is truly Nanfan West. The impeccable grooming and presentation by the handler made her an easy winner. The only reason I chose the male over the bitch was her lack of coat and his solid-as-a-rock topline. But, to take home, she would have been the one.

Now to the real fun. I was so pleased with the lovely entry of Norwich. My two top dogs should, and would, please any knowledgeable breeder. To see good angulation, toplines, coats, decent bites and movement gave me a new lease on life. The 6-9 month class gave me a look at as nice a young dog as I’d seen in a long time. Sent from Michigan, Sho-Me Ketka’s Blackrange Kiwi, a black and tan, was the one to beat. Everything was perfect but the length of body. What a little dynamo! The second place puppy, Ariel Orange Julius Jr, was very typey but lacked a good topline and his coat left much to be desired. The 9-12 month class was very interesting. Tinytowne’s High Roller was to die for, so attractive, but really out of coat.
Bunratty’s Black Knight was also very nice, but too much leg for me. Abbey Court Quintessence was acceptable but bites are a problem for me. The last entry in this class, Jumpin Bronco Billy, was just not my type. I found my Best In Sweeps, Fairway’s Spyglass Charlie, in the 12-18 month class. Here again my winner jumped out at me. Beautifully presented and groomed, this grizzle male was all I could ask for.

I had fun with the 6-9 month bitches. Huntwood Star O’Max-Well was too wonderful for words. I really can’t fault her other than she needed more coat. She was easily my BOS. And what a show dog. She will be knocking the socks off a lot of judges. I really liked my second place pick, Little Tramont Licorice. I did not find her long tail distracting (although the US standard calls for a medium length, docked tail) but the movement of it bothered me. But what a pretty thing she was. Not much to complain about. I could not get a good look at my third and fourth bitches, Bedams Pardon Me I’m Alpha Wich and Bedams Simply B-Wiching, who looked as if they would rather be anywhere else but in the ring. In the 9-12 mos. class, Abbey Court Pair-A-Doxical was typey and seemed very sound but a tad long and not a good bite. Rattletrap Kelly My Sweets was very cute with the shortest of hocks but a bit cowhocked; Karilynn’s Limited Edition had a great coat but not the angulation our standard calls for. The 12-18 mos. entry was my best class. First place went to Corymor’s Sweet Patootie who had a great topline, good movement and soundness, plus, bless her heart, she showed up a storm. She did her owner/breeder proud. The next two, Dunbar’s True Colors (2nd) and Satin Doll (3rd) were very typey and lovely examples of the breed but their handlers did not do them justice. Fortunately they were fine in the regular classes.

Overall, I found the quality very acceptable but I do think some breeders should refer to the written standard and not interpret it so as to negate their own dogs’ faults. Anything other than the written standard is a fault.

Thanks to all for a happy and gratifying day.

—Joan Eckert

THE NNTC SPECIALTY IN CALIFORNIA
NOTES FROM JUDGE JOHN TOM WARD

I want to thank the NNTC for a wonderful and exciting day. As many of you know, my love for these dogs goes back to the early 70s, when my wife and I bred “prick ears” under the Donnybrook prefix. I can’t properly describe how honored I was to judge the Specialty, or how much I enjoyed it.

I have been asked to comment briefly on the entry and my placements, so here goes.

NORWICH
Puppy Dogs, 6-9 mos: Sho-Me Ketka’s Blackrange Kiwi - a lovely black and tan who won on expression, coat and proportion.
Puppy Dogs, 9-12 mos: Bunratty’s Black Knight - another black and tan, a very promising puppy which can expect to do well with some more maturity. RWD
Bred By Exhibitor Dogs: Fairway’s Spyglass Charlie - a short-backed, properly balanced young dog, beautiful coat. Moved out strong, head and expression. I would have been proud to have bred him. WD
Open Dogs: Tinytowne’s High Roller - a nicely-balanced black and tan with a very nice head. Edged out his competition in this class on head and length of loin.
Jean Bryant & Fairway Spyglass Charlie

Sweeps Judge Joan Eckert

Specialty Judge John Tom Ward

Glorvina & Sandy Schwartz, ringside with Joan Kefeli

Anna Bellenger up close with her Norwich

A Special Point of View – from “Mom’s” lap

Photos: Barbara Miller
Puppy Bitches, 6-9 mos: Little Tramont Licorice - a young bitch with an obvious fault (an undocked tail) and equally obvious virtues: very nice forequarters and neck/shoulder/topline and moved well with strong drive off her rear. She won this class and RWB with her substance and near perfect topline.

Puppy Bitches, 9-12 mos: Karilynn’s Limited Edition won this class primarily because she was shorter backed and better balanced than her competition. I would have liked a higher tail set. Tinytowne’s Miss Periwwood pushed her on the strength of head, expression and clean neck line.

Junior Bitches, 12-18 mos: Satin Doll - a pretty little bitch, nice color, good topline, cobby, pretty head. A bit wide in front but her virtues carried her to number 1 in this class.

Bred By Exhibitor Bitches: Bodkin Nessie - a nicely proportioned bitch who did more for herself than her competition. She moved more cleanly than the other girls in this class and showed more spark.

Open Bitches: Pandora’s Legacy is a nicely balanced bitch of lovely Norwich type and with a great coat. She had good substance and, once she got going, moved very well. WB

BEST OF BREED: CH Cobblestone’s Poppy Hills. This bitch just reeks of breed type. I couldn’t deny her short, level back, shoulders and face. She is a “show dog” and a beautiful Norwich package.

BEST OF WINNERS: Fairway’s Spyglass Charlie. Again, a beautiful young dog.

BEST OF OPPOSITE: CH Melody’s Kris Kringle showed me a short back, level topline, good tail set and a good masculine head. He didn’t put a foot wrong and really asked for it.

AWARDS OF MERIT: CH Teutonia’s Viktor, CH The Moonlight Gambler, CH Jumpin Jack Flash.

I felt the Norwich entry was strong. I would have happily taken home any of the winners. Perhaps breeders might want to pay a bit more attention to toplines (high rears), tail sets (low) and length of loin (too long). Mouths were generally good but a few were off, including missing incisors. There were some short upper arms, which inevitably showed up in movement. On balance, however, the breed is obviously in good hands.

NORFOLK

Puppy Dogs, 6-9 mos: Mayfair Winter Baron - nice red coat, pretty head, proper eye, clean mover front and rear. Best layback of shoulder and balance in class.

Puppy Dogs, 9-12 mos: Rightly So Bear With Me - a very nice looking puppy, well-balanced, pretty red coat. Gave me the “Norfolk hop,” tended to move a little close behind.

Bred By Exhibitor Dogs: Buckeye Bold Venture - good looking, typey dog; moved well, a tad high in the rear. Didn’t use ears very well today.

Open Dogs: Max-Well’s Cyclone won the class and WD – very pleasing balance, better coming at you than his competition, nice high tail set, excellent reach and drive. RWD Wonderwood’s Rob Roy pushed the winner hard.

Puppy Bitches, 6-9 mos: Rightly So Run For The Roses - a lovely puppy bitch I would expect to do very well with a little more maturity. Moved a little close behind.

Puppy Bitches, 9-12 mos: Bonfvyre’s Scarlet Letter - a nice smallish bitch, pretty color, good sharp expression. Used herself well.

Junior Bitches, 12-18 mos: Strathcona’s One Trik C - pretty, good topline. Movement good going away and in profile. All three girls in this class were naughty on the lead, making evaluation of movement difficult. They’ll grow up!

Bred By Exhibitor Bitches: Rightly So Foolish Pleasure - absolutely beautiful on the table, nicely proportioned, beautiful mover in profile, a tad close going away. Would have preferred a smaller, darker eye but the clear winner of this class. RWB.
Open Bitches: Wonderwood Canasta filled my eye - beautifully proportioned, dead level topline, very typey, good mover. WB

BEST OF BREED: CH Elve Nick Redthorn At Belleville, a stallion of a dog, no question about his gender. A good shoulder blending nicely into a level topline, high tail set. Moved with authority and asked for the win.

BEST OF WINNERS, BEST OF OPPOSITE: Wonderwood Canasta.

AWARDS OF MERIT: CH Mayfair Rock ‘N’ Roll (from the Veteran class, almost 10 years old!); CH Strathcona’s Boozy Rouge (also a Veteran); CH Wonderwood’s Jack O’Lantern; CH Max-Well’s Blizzard.

This was a really fine group of Norfolks. The quality ran through all the classes. Some placements were close calls. A few had somewhat large or “loose” ears; a few had fuller or lighter eyes than I would have liked, but this is nit-picking. Based on this entry, the Norfolk is a much improved breed over what I saw only a few years ago. The quality of the bitches suggests a good future.

—Tom Ward

ABOUT OUR SPECIALTY JUDGE

Tom and Billye Ward became involved with pure-bred dogs and the show scene in 1964 when they began showing Westies. Since that time, they have bred more than 50 champion Westies under the Donnybrook prefix and, more importantly to the Norwich and Norfolk fancy, a number of champion Norwich under the same prefix. The Wards became involved with Norwich in the early 70s when they obtained Tabitha Twitchett from their friend, Neoma Everhart. Subsequently, they obtained Windy Hill Anne from Johan Ostrow and, from Anne, bred their Donnybrook Norwich champions. Many of their Norwich were shown by their son, Jonathan, who began showing them when he was six years old. [See photograph on inside back cover.] Tom received his first judge’s approval from the AKC in 1978 and for the next thirteen years, he judged only Westies, primarily at specialty shows, including the National Specialty in 1980. He again judged Westies at Montgomery County in 1996. Since 1991, he has expanded the number of breeds for which he is approved and is now awaiting AKC action on his request for the balance of the terrier group. Tom and Billye have been members of the NNTC for many years and, whenever possible, Tom acts as ring steward at the NNTC Match following Montgomery.

THE TROPHY TABLES

Photographs by Kitten
Best In Show Specialty
CH Cobblestone's Poppy Hills

WD/BOW
Fairway's Spyglass Charlie

BOS
CH Melody's Kris Kringle

WB
Pandora's Legacy

AOM
CH Jumpin Jack Flash

AOM
CH The Moonlight Gambler

RWD
Bunratty's Black Knight

RWD
Little Tramont Licorice

Not Pictured: AOM Winner CH Teutonia's Viktor

Photographs by Kitten
CALIFORNIA SPECIALTY

NORFOLK WINNERS

Best In Show Specialty
CH Elve Nick Redthorn At Belleville

WB/BOW/BOS
Wonderwood Canasta

WD
Max-Well’s Cyclone

AOM
CH Wonderwood’s Jack O’Lantern

AOM & Best, Veterans Sweeps
CH Mayfair’s Rock ‘N’ Roll

AOM & BOS, Veterans Sweeps
CH Strathcona’s Boozy Rouge

RWB
Rightly So Foolish Pleasure

Best Puppy, Sweeps
Rightly So Bear With Me

Not Pictured: RWD Wonderwood’s Rob Roy and AOM Winner CH Max-Well’s Blizzard

Photographs by Kitten
CALIFORNIA SPECIALTY

CALIFORNIA AND THE NNTC SPECIALTY WEEKEND
“California, Here I Come!”

It might be a cliché, but as the song says, that is what many Norwich and Norfolk aficionados did the third weekend in June 1998. The California weather, sunny with cool breezes, didn’t disappoint. The hospitality was superb. A huge round of applause to Brenda and Lyle Coleman, David Powers, Jerry Roszman and Susan Lawrence, who showed us their “Hollywood” style. Louise Leone, our now retired trophy chair, is to be congratulated for once again presenting us with quality trophies at the Specialty. The Coleman’s pitched in the following day at Great Western with a California touch – etched glass trophies and hand-painted items.

The weekend began with a breed seminar organized by Joan Kefeli, our Education chairman. Mit Seiler, Ken Sumner, Angela Smith and Fran Westfall represented Norwich; Louise Leone and Susan Kipp spoke on Norfolk. I provided Joan with materials from a previous seminar: my interpretation of the Norfolk standard and drawings by NNTC member Meredith Dwyer.

Friday, the day of the Specialty – we went to the CalState campus in Long Beach. It was evident that an enormous amount of work had gone into this Specialty Show day. California, not known for using tents, had gone “Eastern.” Tents, tents, and more tents. All white! It looked like a garden party. The grass, beautifully manicured, went on forever with nary a bump or hole. It was a picture perfect day with not a cloud in the sky. Show Chairman Kathleen Eimil is to be congratulated, big time, for leading this parade. Coffee, muffins and biscuits were provided for our Club breakfast. Exhibitors were mostly from California but other states were represented as well. This is a super location, easy to fly to, with plenty to do. I was surprised there weren’t more NNTC members in attendance. The Great Western Terrier weekend is one our breeds should support. It is the “Montgomery of the West.”

Joan Eckert, Abbedale Norwich and Norfolk, judged both breeds in Sweepstakes. She did an excellent job, giving each exhibit and exhibitor its rightful due. The Norwich entry was 22 (2 absent). Best in Sweep was 17-month-old Fairway’s Spyglass Charlie (CH Fairway’s Sam I Am Sam x Skyscot’s Daisy Miss Mayzie), bred and owned by NNTC Governor Jean Bryant. Best of Opposite was awarded to 7-month-old Huntwood’s Star O’Max-Well (CH Kristil’s Royal Conqueror x CH Kristil’s Short Stockings), bred by Susan Kipp and Debra Oster and owned by Kipp and yours truly.

Tom Ward judged the regular Norwich entry of 38 (4 absent). Fairway’s Spyglass Charlie came from BBE to win WD/BOW ribbons for breeder/owner Jean Bryant. Needless to say, this lovely young dog was having a heck of a day. The icing on the cake: Charlie earned his championship with this win. RWD was Bunratty’s Black Knight (CH Castle-Bar Ghost Writer x Sand-Castle Piper Aboard). This black and tan dog, owned by Ronald and Estelle Crawford, came out of the 9-12 month class. Anna Bellenger’s imported bitch, Little Tramont Licorice (CH Chestnut Hills Royal Blue x Little Tramont Funny Christmas), arrived on our shores from Switzerland with an undocked tail which she proudly wagged as she moved around the ring. This little bitch, who was bred by Helene Gisin, was RBW. WB was Pandora’s Legacy (CH Little Brown Jug x Ferguson’s Merry Pandora), who was bred by Laura Henrichs. BOB was awarded to CH Cobblestone’s Poppy Hills (CH Skyscot’s Steeplejack x CH Fairway’s Chip An A Putt), bred and owned by Laurie and Peter Loeffler. This appealing little bitch had terrific composure on the table. BOS went to the black and tan, CH Melody’s Kris Kringle (CH Fairway’s Sam I Am Sam x CH Harmony’s Mandolyn) bred and owned by Dorothy Gunn. Awards of Merit went to CH Teutonia’s Viktor, CH The Moonlight Gambler and CH Jumpin’ Jack Flash.
After lunch Joan Eckert judged a Norfolk Sweepstakes entry of 11 (1 absent). BOS went to Max-Well’s Hailstorm (CH Max-Well’s Will B Good x CH Max-Well’s Summer Storm), bred by Barbara Miller and Susan Kipp with Best in Sweeps to Rightly So Bear With Me (CH Nanfan Culver x CH Southampton Winnie The Pooh), bred by Meg Lockwood and owned by Louise Leone, Toni Harrold and Virginia Hedges.

In Veteran Sweeps, a new class, Kathy Eimil showed her CH Mayfair’s Rock ‘N’ Roll to Best Veteran in Sweeps, with Brenda and Lyle Coleman’s CH Strathcona’s Boozy Rouge taking Best of Opposite. Both Norfolk veterans drew loud applause as they strutted around the ring.

In the regular classes, Tom Ward judged a Norfolk entry of 31 (1 absent). WD was Max-Well’s Cyclone (CH Max-Well’s Weatherman x CH Max-Well’s My Thyme), a 14-month-old bred by B. Miller and Michele James and owned by Miller. RWD went to Wonderwood’s Rob Roy (CH Mayfair’s Rock ‘N’ Roll x CH Wonderwood Red Reign), bred and owned by Merlynn Armi and Linda Murphy. Jessica Relinqué was ringside, having flown down from San Francisco, when her Wonderwood Canasta (CH Mayfair’s Ace Of Hearts x CH Wonderwood’s Metro Gnome) took WB. RWB went to Rightly So Foolish Pleasure (CH Arroyo’s River Darter x CH Rightlyswowherethesinonshore-Yes, this is correct!), who is bred and owned by Fritz Rumpf, Louise Leone and Carroll Harrold.

All the Norfolk “specials” were males. Top ribbon went to Eng/Am CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville (CH Salette Gold Bullion x Elve Damson Goodbody), who is co-owned by John and Pam Beale and Cathy Thompson. Awards of Merit went to CH Max-Well’s Blizzard, CH Wonderwood’s Jack O’Lantern, CH Mayfair’s Rock ‘N’ Roll and CH Strathcona’s Boozy Rouge.

The day was gorgeous – we didn’t want to leave but leave we did, heading back to the hotel for a “gathering” of old and new NNTC members followed by a lovely hospitality hour.

The next day at Great Western Terrier Association, NNTC member Fritz Rumpf (Rightly So Norfolks) was Sweeps judge. His Norfolk entry was ten (3 absent). BOS was awarded to Mayfair Winter Baron, bred by Kathleen Eimil who co-owns him with Terry Dodds and Pat Gilines. Best in Sweeps went to Max-Well’s Hailstorm, bred by Barbara Miller and co-owned with Susan Kipp. Later that day, Haily made the cut in the Puppy Sweepstakes Group.

In the regular classes, the Honorable David Merriam judged both breeds. Out of a Norfolk entry of 26 (5 absent), he awarded WD/BOW to Max-Well’s Cyclone which finished him. CH Strathcona’s Boozy Rouge was BOS. BOB was CH Elve Nick Redthorn at Belleville who went on to take a Group IV under judge Bill Bergum.

Fritz Rumpf judged a Norwich Sweeps entry of 17 (3 absent), awarding Best in Sweeps to 11-month-old Tinytowne’s High Roller. Bred by Dana Sansing, this lovely black and tan is co-owned with Michelle and Randy Welcher. BOS went to Huntwood’s Star O’Max-Well.

In the regular classes, Judge Merriam awarded WD to Sweeps winner, Tinytowne’s High Roller. Dick Hanna’s Satin Doll was BOW/BOS. Bodkin Nessie, bred and owned by Chris Hofer, was RWB. The black and tan CH Melody’s Kris Kringle won BOB. The Norwich brace, CH Ariel Lionheart and CH Ariel Rojo Del Sol, was shown by Karen Whalen; they represented us nicely in the brace competition at day’s end. Hint…wouldn’t it be nice if more of us stayed for the group competition to cheer on our breed winners?

At the NNTC dinner that evening, there was a lively business in raffle tickets. Joan Kefeli’s table must have had an “in” – it seemed to me every winning number belonged to someone at that table. Lucky, lucky, lucky!

Des Murphy judged both breeds the next day at the Kennel Club of Beverly Hills. In Norfolks, he chose Buckeye Bold Venture as WD. Freddie Jackson piloted her Copperplate Wintersky Cricket to WB. Mr. Murphy took his time deciding on BOB. Finally, CH Elve Nick
Redthorn at Belleville prevailed. Congratulations to Pam and John Beale and to José, who took Breed all three days.

There were 23 Norwich entries (9 absent). Mr. Murphy awarded WD to Bunratty’s Black Knight and WB/BOW/BOS to Huntwood’s Star O’Max-Well. The German import, CH Teutonia’s Viktor, owned by Sandina Kennel (Glorvina Schwartz), was BOB.

The weekend was full of excellent Norwich and Norfolk; the quality couldn’t have been better. Each judge did a splendid job. And, note the consistency of the judging. It was a pleasure to see our breeds beautifully presented and capably handled. It was a wonderful California weekend.

—Barbara Miller, Old Brookville, NY

STOP PRESS
Our deepest sympathy to Dorothy Gunn and all those involved with CH Melody’s Kris Kringle on his untimely passing in July 1998.

CRUFTS 1998

The host city is Birmingham. Time of year is March. Show is Crufts. If you haven’t been, give it a try at least once. The most convenient hotel is the Metropole which is about a five-minute walk from the National Exhibition Center, the Crufts venue.

This year the NEC opened another hall offering more room for breeds, exhibitors, spectators and vendors. At least 340 vendors displayed their wares. A few dog food companies had exhibits at least two stories high. It takes a full day to cruise the vendors and Discover Dogs, a special exhibit where each breed club sets up a booth with photos, dogs and owners who can answer questions about the breed.

Pam Beale (on her first trip to Crufts) and I arrived Thursday and headed directly to the NEC. The overseas visitor lounge at the NEC is manned by capable ladies who willingly answer questions and give directions. Good spot to hang your coat as well. We spent the day touring the vendors.

Friday was Terrier Day. Americans ringside were Charles Kaleta, Terri Gianetti (a Beagle breeder who wants a Norfolk), Carl and Faith Shrader, Matt Stander and Gene Zaphiris of Dog News and Jackie and Terry Stacey. Jackie, a Norwich owner and lover of Norfolks, is married to a former AKC VP who is now with Pedigree. Also ringside was Rocki’s breeder, Lotus Tutton. Peter Green popped back and forth to watch Norwich and Norfolk judging.

Rings are huge at Crufts. Lighting leaves lots to be desired. Michael Crawley, Norwich and Norfolk breeder under the Elve prefix, judged Norwich. Litter brothers Batwins Suspicion and Batwins Just Pretend won the Junior Dog and the Post Graduate classes, respectively. Breeder Beverley Watkins was pleased as Just Pretend won Reserve Challenge Certificate. (Challenge Certificates are referred to as CCs. In order for a dog to become a UK champion, it must win three CCs under different judges.) Mr. Crawley awarded the dog CC to Nightshade Rouletta V. Darcharia from the Open class. This 2-1/2 year old Dutch import is owned by Mr. & Mrs. Chambers. Dogs in my opinion weren’t as strong as bitches, so Mr. Crawley had his work cut out for him. He did a splendid job sorting it out. Reserve bitch CC went to Miss Jenkins’s Kinridge Kimono of Squirreldene. The bitch CC and Best of Breed was awarded to Kelltara Topsy Turvey, bred and owned by Mrs. P.M. Phillips. CH Elve the Viking sired both of these winners. Norwich showed a vast improvement over last year’s entries.

Norfolks were judged by Ann Wood. I was a bit disappointed in the quality of the early dog classes: One sniffed his way around the ring; another had his tail down, a few had top lines that were off, one appeared lame and, generally speaking, hindquarters were poor. Keep in
mind the entries are large here: 78 Norfolk and 58 Norwich. Each entry must qualify for Crufts which means earning a first place at a championship show.

A gorgeous red dog bred and owned by Rita Mitchell, CH Richell Claret, went Reserve CC. Rita moved him beautifully, showing off his incredible stride. CH Honey King at Gregarth, sired by Claret and bred by Karen Kruger and Michael Crawley, captured the dog CC. Both the CC and RCC winners came from the Open class. Claret also sired top winning Richell Material Girl who was Reserve CC from the Open class. She’s lovely! Champions and non-champions are shown in the same class in the UK; there is no Best of Breed class for champions. If there were, this little lovely would have earned her championship quickly. But, she’s had to follow behind England's top Norfolk, CH Cracknor Call My Bluff (Betty) who was Number One Terrier in 1996 and Number Two All-Breed. Betty, who is handled by her breeder, Elisabeth Matell, is exceptional – excellent coat and condition, a glorious head, compact body and show style beyond compare. American ringside observers were shocked when the judge placed Betty fourth. Whatever could the judge have been thinking?? The Gullicks’s Honky Tonk Woman, out of coat but moving well, took the CC. In previous classes, the black and tan Richell Black Pearl could have come home with me, along with Cathy Thompson’s black and tan Brymarden Dark Secret at Belleville. Excitement occurred during the Limit class. Walking into the Norfolk ring without any announcement—Princess Anne, looking very regal! The judge stopped judging while the Princess chatted with a few exhibitors and moved on. This was England in all its glory. It was interesting judging. Honky Tonk, under the direction of Andrew Gullick, won her second CC; Call My Bluff was out of the running; Cathy Thompson’s CH Pirouette at Belleville, England’s top Norfolk bitch, was absent. Best of Breed went to the dog, CH Honey King at Gregarth.

After the group judging, Pam and I visited with Nanfan’s Joy Taylor and stopped by the Crawley/Thompson kennel. Finally...London. Go if you can – it’s a great experience.

—Barbara Miller, Old Brookville, NY

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**THE NORWICH TERRIER**

The Norwich Terrier is well-known in Cambridgeshire and the Eastern Counties of England where it originated. There are two types, the drop-eared and the prick-eared and at the present time the mating of the two is resulting in a more even standard in the specimens seen on the Show Bench. The dog is of the “one man” kind, very game and loyal to the extreme. It is a perfect Terrier; can be trained to the gun, will penetrate the thickest cover, is keen on the scent and retrieves well.

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**GENERAL HINTS**

**TRAINING FOR TRAFFIC (2).** While the puppy is on the six yard lead he should be given the same words of command as if he were free: “over” for crossing the road, “close” when the lead is shortened up on crowded pavements; “no” if he tries to go on the road or chase cats; “steady” if he is trying to hurry.

**SENIOR SERVICE CIGARETTES**

*Courtesy Teresa Murphy & Regina Swygert-Smith*
CHICAGO

A WEEKEND IN CHICAGO
The NNTCGC Specialty

If you haven’t been to Chicago, go; but wait until 1999, specifically February 25-28, when the weekend boasts four all-breed shows and the NNTC of Greater Chicago Specialty, as well as Puppy, Bred By Exhibitor and Veteran Groups, and a charity ball benefiting the AKC Canine Health Foundation. Chicago is a super city with magnificent upscale shopping along Michigan Avenue, off-beat restaurants to delight your palate and excellent hotels.

As for 1998, congratulations to Carol and Bob Suggs for making the weekend a huge success. They even arranged for warm weather; exhibitors lounged on outside terraces overlooking Lake Michigan during lunch.

At the Blackhawk KC show, Judge Dorothy Macdonald awarded WD/BOW to Max-Well’s Tornado, bred by Barbara Miller, Susan Kipp and Sandra Tait and owned by Miller and Kipp; and WB/BOS to Skyscot’s Quick Study, bred by Leslie Becker and co-owned with Marleen Greif. BOB was CH Max-Well’s Blizzard, owned by Kikuku Miyagi and B. Miller. In Norwich, Jacqueline McMurray led her young puppy, Barkwich Royal Heir Of Huntwood, to WD. This typey little fellow was bred by Susan Kipp and Debbie Oster. Arcadian Gem’s Chrysobery, handled in BBE by breeder/owner Kathleen Attwood, was WB/BOS. McMurray’s and Kipp’s CH Kristil’s Royal Conqueror was BOB.

Saturday, the NNTCGC held its Specialty at the International KC show. Greater Chicago certainly knows how to select trophies which ranged from mailboxes to picnic baskets with the breeds beautifully hand-painted on each.

Eight Norfolks entered Sweepstakes. Mrs. Barbara Schulenberg awarded Best in Sweeps to Max-Well’s Tornado and Best of Opposite to Max-Well’s Hailstorm, owned and bred by Miller and Kipp. Mrs. Neoma Eberhardt judged regular classes. WD/BOW was Max-Well’s Tornado; WB/BOS was Skyscot’s Quick Study – both finished their championships that day. RWD was Max-Well’s Cyclone; RWB was Max-Well’s Hailstorm. BOB went to CH Max-Well’s Blizzard.

It was a lovely small Specialty for Norfolks but unfortunately the word is “small.” Come on, people; this is a great venue. NNTCGC members put a lot of effort into this event.

In Norwich Sweeps, Dunbar’s True Colors, a bitch bred by Joan Kefeli and her daughter Natasha, was BOS. Best in Sweeps went to Tomar ‘Ope He Brings A Rose, bred by Mary Paisley and Sandra Steimmel and owned by Paisley and Sue Lavacek. In the regular classes, Mrs. Eberhardt selected this lovely young dog WD/BOW; RWD was Dunbar’s Mr. Mac Denbeigh, bred by Joan Kefeli and owned by her and Susan and Allan Hoppe. Jackie McMurray’s Barkwich Captures My Heart was WB; RWB went to Half A Bob’s Copper Love, bred and owned by Carol and Bob Suggs. BOS was Tomar’s Wild Rose at Reverie, bred by M. Paisley and S. Steimmel and owned by Paisley and Ann Carlson. Debra Oster and Susan Kipp bred BOB winner, CH Kristil’s Royal Conqueror; co-owner Kipp piloted “Rudy” around the ring making owner McMurray quite proud.

At Sunday’s International KC show, Mrs. Michele Billings awarded WB to the ten-month-old Norwich puppy, Max-Well’s Hailstorm. Mrs. Billings took her time in BOB. It was the Kipps’ kennel assistant, Stephanie Mason, who walked away with BOB for Max-Well’s Hailstorm; Blizzard was BOS. “Haily” continued her winning ways by capturing the Puppy Terrier Group. In Norwich, Tomar’s ‘Ope He Brings A Rose again went WD, with RWD to Dunbar’s Mr. Mac Denbeigh. Arcadian Gem’s Chrysobery repeated her Friday win as WB/BOW/BOS and, as well, was Best Puppy. RWB was the black and tan Bon-Mark’s
Honeymoon Night, bred and owned by Bonnie Mrozinski and Mark Buri. For the third straight day, CH Kristil’s Royal Conqueror went BOB.

It was a delightful weekend, warm and friendly. Let’s make it even better in 1999 as we support the four host shows, the Canine Health Foundation and the NNTCGC.

—Barbara Miller, Old Brookville, NY

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

In June 1981, the Norwich and Norfolk Terrier Club of Greater Chicago (NNTCGC or Greater Chicago) was founded on the show site of the Great Lakes Terrier Association (GLTA).

In 1990, Greater Chicago was licensed by the American Kennel Club and in June 1991, held its first Specialty with GLTA. Because there is a misconception about NNTCGC’s involvement with GLTA, I hope the following will set the record straight.

When the NNTC decided to hold a roving Specialty in Kalamazoo, MI, in 1996, Greater Chicago felt threatened. We realized that a regional specialty three weeks after Kalamazoo and only 250 miles away would adversely affect our entries. The NNTCGC decided to act in its own best interest and moved its specialty for that year only to another location and date.

At that time, fifteen terrier clubs were members of the GLTA. Each club was, and still is, represented by one delegate. Greater Chicago explained the situation to GLTA and offered to pay its share of expenses for the 1996 show, even though we would not hold our specialty there that year. Nothing in the GLTA Constitution and By-Laws prohibits a member club from dropping out for a year. Without notifying delegates in advance so they could consult their respective clubs (a violation of the GLTA Constitution and By-Laws), the GLTA Board voted the NNTCGC “out!” We did not leave by choice.

Since then, our Specialty has been held with the International KC, a show that draws entries from all over the US at its prestigious event on Chicago’s beautiful lakefront. Rather than fight the heat of the GLTA venue, exhibitors at the NNTCGC Specialty are comfortable in the clean and spacious McCormick Place complex. Back at GLTA, entries continue to fall; two clubs are talking about disbanding; a third has solved its cash flow problems by holding two specialties a year – one with the International to pay for the one it holds with GLTA.

To fans of the GLTA weekend, I say, if the remaining fourteen member clubs ever agree to reinvent the Association into a Group Club (a concept better suited to today’s show scene and one discussed often when Greater Chicago was a member) and if Lake County Fairgrounds (the show site) builds that air-conditioned building it has been talking about for almost a decade, I’m certain that the NNTCGC will vote to consider the Norwich and Norfolk classes of the Great Lakes Terrier Club as its Specialty.

In the meantime, we look forward to seeing you on February 27, 1999, for the NNTCGC Specialty at the International.

—Carol Suggs, NNTCGC Secretary
Listen to your "elders!"

*Photograph by Richard Schiller*

Boring...

*Photograph by Michael Swygert-Smith*

Ambivalent Ear!

*Photograph by Michael Swygert-Smith*

Five weeks and stacking!

*Photograph by Michael Swygert-Smith*

*Did someone say SNOW?*

*Photograph by Richard Schiller*
CH TERRAPIN TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY
(CH Devondale's Master Manfred x
  CH Terrapin Tina Turner)

Breeder/Owner: Margareta Wood

Once Wallis learned to put four feet on the ground, she paraded on to her championship in very short order. Always proudly shown to all wins from the Bred-By-Exhibitor class.

CH TYLWYTH JUST RILEY, CDX
(CH Copperplate Alexander of Venerie x
  CH Tylwyth Fatal Attraction)

Breeder/Owner: Mary D. Fine

Finished owner-handled from Puppy and Bred-By-Exhibitor classes..

CH DANELLENS I LIKE IKE
(CH Terrapin Timbuktu x
  Danellens Go For The Gold)

Breeder: Helen Biles
Owners: Helen Biles and Margareta Wood

Ike was liked, finishing in eight shows with three majors. Special thanks to Donna Hodgson and Missy Wood for their support, conditioning and handling.
NEW TITLE HOLDERS

CH JERUSALEM POPOVER
(CH Miller’s Sanmann Golden Edge x
CH Jerusalem Butterball)

Breeder/Owner: Phyllis K. Pullen

Popover is my happiest Norwich ever. She “smiles” all the way around the ring!.

CH BILBROUGH SUGAR PLUM FAIRY
(CH Yarrow’s Cock Robin x
CH Wenwagon’s Adagio Bilbrough)

Breeder/Owners: Regina & Michael Swygert-Smith

Always owner-handled and shown in the Bred-By-Exhibitor class, Plum finished with back-to-back 4-point majors. Her sweet face belies her terrier spirit and her determination to annihilate any stuffed toy in her presence.

WINNIE AND HER WINNING WAYS!

On July 25, 1998, my Norfolk bitch, CH Southampton’s Winnie The Pooh, finished her Novice Agility title at the Shetland Sheepdog Club of Greater Baltimore Agility trial. Winnie finished in three straight shows winning three first places in the 8-inch division. I believe Winnie is the first Norfolk to earn an Agility title. The next weekend she got an “insurance” leg at the Lynchburg Agility Trial, once again winning first in the 8-inch division.

Winnie and I have been training with the Merrimac Dog Training Club in Hampton, VA, where I am an obedience instructor. Winnie loves agility and has to be held back from the start line due to her excitement. Winnie is a fun dog. She has a TDI from Therapy Dog International, her Canine Good Citizenship and is training for her CD. Three years old in August, she also found time to have a litter by CH Nanfan Culver. One of those puppies, Rightly So Bear With Me, won Best In Sweeps at the California Specialty. Another pup, my Locklan And Tigger Too, was Best in Match at the ANTA Spring Fling in Warrenton, VA, in April.

I’m very proud of Winnie and her accomplishments and blessed that Virginia Hedges allowed me to have her as a young puppy so I could do early training.

—Meg Lockwood, 3 Crosby Cir., Poquoson, VA 23662
ROLLING RIDGE (NORWICH). Litters of two and four puppies, born five weeks apart last November and December, gave added meaning to the phrase “busy holiday season.” Although there are advantages to closely-spaced litters, for me it was doubly stressful, doubly tiring and an experience I don’t wish to repeat. Thankfully, both dams were caring, responsible mothers with plenty of good milk. The puppies were also problem-free: no neonatal mortality, no supplemental feedings, no emergency trips to the vet. Still, despite the “easy” litters, for four months my life seemed a non-stop treadmill of puppy and brood-bitch chores.

Just as the older pair was almost weaned, the younger quartet arrived -- early (59 days after the first breeding) and unexpectedly (the dam’s temperature never was lower than 99.6° F.). I returned from an afternoon trip to the grocery store to find R.R. Bonny Blue shivering, soaking wet behind, and panting. That morning, she and I had been to the vet for x-rays to determine if she’d need a C-section later in the week. She did -- five hours later!

While Bonny recovered from the surgery at the vet’s, I rushed home, moved the older puppies to a spacious, second-floor bathroom and prepared a cozy nook off our first-floor bedroom for the new arrivals. For the next six weeks, I went up and down stairs countless times, feeding upstairs puppies and the downstairs dam, cleaning both puppy quarters, playing with upstairs puppies and walking the downstairs dam -- etc.!! Apart from the physical strain, I was also mentally stressed, worrying that I might expose the younger downstairs puppies to upstairs puppy germs. To minimize this risk, I washed my hands with antibacterial liquid Iodine soap so often that they were soon cracked and dry. In addition to the puppies and dams, our gang of five “regular” terriers also needed walks, meals and TLC. And, to top it all off, the heart of my “dog days” coincided with Thanksgiving and Christmas family festivities and feasts. Due to the hectic schedule, I actually lost weight during this traditional put-on-pounds season. That was one advantage of back-to-back litters!

Four puppies have now gone to wonderful homes in KY, NC and IL (two). We kept a female from each litter. Hopefully, in two or three years, they will both have litters of their own -- at least twelve months apart!

—Alison & Bill Freehling, 3500 Hunertown Rd, Versailles, KY 40383

HEVANS (NORFOLK). The first half of 1998 has been busy. I have Penn HIP evaluated nine dogs ranging in age from five months to four years. There were already two Norfolks on record, so the breed’s total is now eleven. When that total reaches twenty, Symbiotics (parent company) will do a breed average. Because I feel Penn HIP is the best method, I have not pursued any others.
I had all my dogs examined at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. The dog must be anesthetized, but the veterinary school seems to have the procedure down now for Norfolks. If anyone is interested in this procedure, I would be happy to talk to you. I also had my Norfolks' eyes “CERFed” (Canine Eye Registry Foundation); no problems surfaced.

The whole gang went to the ANTA Spring Fling and all, including me, had a great time.

In June I traveled to the World Dog Show in Helsinki, Finland, with my mom and daughter Reba to visit fellow Norfolk breeder Stina Selen. From there I traveled through Switzerland and down the Rhine River to Amsterdam where my friend Debi and her daughter Georgia (Norfolk pet owners) joined us. We traveled to Hamburg to visit Jan and Claudia Erlandsson and saw some of the local sights. Then we went to Ritzenburg to visit with Frauke Hinsch. While there, I also saw Hilde Grau, Katarina Goen and Birgit Ozekker and visited Regina Metzner, all Norfolk breeders. We took in a butterfly garden and went to see the old city of Celle as well as the town of Verden, the walled city of Rothenburg, and the town of Triberg in Germany's Black Forest.

—Heidi Evans, 158 Delaware Ave, Laurel, DE 19956

PINCHBECK (NORFOLK). There are a couple of new titles on my kennel room wall these days. CH Reidmar Sweet Georgia Brown has now officially earned her Junior Earthdog, with an extra leg down in WVA in May. There had been a mix-up with numbers in the North Carolina rain last fall, so we got an “insurance” leg in case of any queries down the road. That was no problem for Georgia, who loves the whole muddy, baky business. She went flying through Junior and then romped off to get her first leg in Senior. Georgia travels in the mighty talented footsteps of Rosie, Robert and Henrietta Lachman's bitch, who was the first Norfolk ever to win the Senior Earthdog title. Rosie earned two legs on her Master Earthdog that weekend in West Virginia. She sets a really superior standard of work for the rest of Team Norfolk to emulate.

Georgia’s son, CH Pinchbeck Sam Browne, got both legs of his Junior Earthdog in West Virginia. We’ve decided to give him the “Renaissance award” because, in the course of two months, he got two legs on his CD, was bred to two bitches, and earned his JE. We did not ask him which his favorite event was, but we can guess! However, go-to-ground is a close second. He whips down that tunnel in 11 seconds! Sam’s son, CH Pinchbeck Old Sweet Song, aka Ollie, has been bred to an English bitch of Enid and George Wright’s. When he has finished his Special’s career, he will have a chance to sample the thrills of the mud and the rats, too.

Pinchbeck Pollyanna CD has paused in her training toward the CDX to contemplate whelping puppies by CH Jufelt Black Gwillum. After only two puppies in 1997, it is nice to think that there might be the patter of tiny feet once again. I’m trying not to count my blessings before...we all know how dangerous that is!

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

TYLWYTH (NORFOLK). A male champion for Tylwyth! After all these years, I finally kept a male -- my whole litter from December 1996. Riley’s picture and parentage are in the New Title Holder section of this News. His current projects are Utility and Earthdog trials, both of which will probably be long-term pursuits.

A repeat breeding produced three more boys and one girl. The boys are in lovely homes in CT and TX and the girl stayed with me. She (Tylwyth Just Shaelyn) is now pointed and about to start on her CD.

CH Tylwyth Just Chelsea, Am/CAN UD, CG, CGC is now officially retired from the ring. She made her last appearance in obedience this past March at the age of 14!

—Mary D. Fine, 66 Ellise Rd, Storrs, CT 06268
MAX-WELL (NORFOLK). It was a very interesting spring. Max-Well’s Ward Of The Court earned her championship under the leadership of Susan and Scott Kipp. I co-own "Courti" with my new Japanese friend, Shigeo Watanabe. Max-Well’s Weather B Good, co-owned by the Beales and me, also earned his championship with the Kipps in charge. Both of these fine young dogs are now in Japan. While being shown in the U.S., the co-ownerships remained intact but once championships were earned, we removed our names from the papers. I am in contact often with the new owners and know both dogs are making them proud.

Lovely puppies arrived in May. CH Max-Well’s Whizard Of Oz, who was line-bred to her grandson, Max-Well’s Cyclone (a Storm son), whelped two girls and a guy. A repeat breeding of CH Max-Well’s Wilhelmina and CH Max-Well’s Wild Card produced three boys and a girl. As with all my litters, I’m keeping a close eye on the puppies as I expect to keep one or two from each litter, especially as these are the last litters for both girls who can be very proud of their progeny.

Deciding to re-home older dogs you love is probably the toughest decision we breeders have to make. From time to time, I make these decisions because I feel that being one of many isn’t much fun. CH Skyline’s BJ Max-Well now resides in Essex, CT, with Betty Lund. As soon as BJ and I entered Betty’s home, I knew they were going to get on famously. BJ investigated the bedding in her crate, ate a biscuit, toured the garden and licked me goodbye. I cried all the way to my daughter’s home in Rhode Island. CH Max-Well’s Will B Good, a Best In Show dog who has produced his share of champions, now lives “out East” on Long Island. His new owners are delighted with Willie and are spoiling him. They visited me recently and while Willie remembered me with kisses and hugs, he and his new friends seemed happy with each other.

As breeders, we must be wise how and where we sell our puppies. Recently, an unplanned breeding produced three pups; one went to a family who found this little Norfolk a bit much as they owned a number of dogs. Nat LaMar and I were contacted; within hours, we had a new home for the puppy in upstate NY with a family I had been in contact with about a Max-Well puppy.

You’ll see me at Montgomery watching and photographing Norfolk and Norwich as I’ve done for the past 25 years. For a number of years, I also videotaped both breeds with voice commentary. Those tapes and my photo albums will be turned over the AKC Library one of these days.

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

P.S. Willie decided that “camp” was not for him; he came home just days before he was to go to France for the summer. I guess he prefers bagels to croissants. He seems happy to be back with his Max-Well friends.

GLENDALE (NORWICH & NORFOLK). Lots of “summer help” here in the Glendale gardens. Fat, furry bodies who smell of mint and tomato leaves -- black cherry eyes that spy out small toads and butterflies. Question: Do puppy bites on baby pumpkins look like dinosaurs have been nibbling when everything is grown? Lovely!

Speaking of lovely, the June Specialty at California’s Great Western shows was just that. Special thanks to the small but very efficient group of members who worked so hard to provide such a wonderful time for all of us. A big hug for our Show Chair, Kathleen Eimil, ever behind the scenes smoothing the way for the rest of us.

— Linda Haring, 695 Glendale Blvd, Mansfield, OH 44907
BREEDER UPDATES

HIGHWOOD (NORWICH). Not too much has been going on here. Most of the dogs are well over ten now so we are watching our weight, shaving down for the summer and sleeping a lot. CH Highwood's Parachute Adams continues his winning ways and we are all very proud. He has been taking his share of group placements among them two Group Ones. He is a young dog and seems to love the ring as did his father, Willum.

So many calls for puppies! The wonderful homes will wait. They will stay in touch, want to visit and follow instructions about the care of the puppy once received; and, most importantly, they will call, send Christmas and birthday cards, come for grooming and general information. You will never lose track of the really good homes!

Ratty, Shooter and Rif (the male I kept from Gnatty's litter of six) are siring nice litters. The progesterone testing of the bitches has made my life (and the visiting bitch's) a lot easier. Pinpointing ovulation has cut down on the number of breedings and stress on all involved; and the litters have been larger, especially on the older bitches. Ah...technology. Keep well.

—Nonie Reyners, 326 Cantitoe Rd, Bedford Hills, NY 10507

BILBROUGH (NORFOLK & NORWICH). We've had an exciting year. Regina began handling Kingmont's Lord Chesterfield (Iggy) for his owners, Mickey (Mrs. Igor) and Elizabeth Prenikoff, and in April at back-to-back shows in WVA, Iggy got Group II placements from Judges Dr. Alvin Krause and Mrs. Lenora Riddle. Iggy now needs only two points for championship. At the same time, Regina and new NNTC member, Lorenzo Mosby, joined up to finish The Jones Boy Of Kitnor, a Norwich belonging to Jean Kessler (also a new Club member). Will's first major came under Judge Robert Fisher at Old Dominion in April and the second, and his championship, under Judge Desmond Murphry at Garden State All Terrier in May. After summer at the beach, Will returned "raring to show," getting a Group II under Judge D. Roy Holloway in September (with Regina at the helm) and then BOB at Montgomery, with Lorenzo in command!

Of all these wonderful wins, however, the sentimental favorite was in July when Norwood Clyde, owned by Kathy Riley (another new Club member), finished his championship. Groomed to within an inch of his life by Regina, Clyde was ready to win for his long-time handler, Jayme Evans. When he was awarded BOW, which gave him the needed second major to finish, you could hear the ringside crowd's roar all through the building at Howard County.

As if our Norwich news weren't exciting enough, Michael took over handling Dollop of Whitehall, bred by AKC judge and Irish Wolfhound breeder Martha Dean, putting majors on him under Judges Ken Kauffman and Richard Bauer during the Cherry Blossom circuit. Dollop recently returned to Bilbrough from Lexington, KY, to get the final points for his championship.

As we have expanded our horizons, particularly into the Norwich community, we have met some very special people, but no one as extraordinary as Robin Siegel who invited us to spend a July weekend at her house so we would be nearer the site for three shows. Sounds pretty normal, you think. Imagine, however, inviting two adults and ELEVEN dogs to your house! Robin's neighbors watched in amazement as we moved 11 crates from our van into the house where the three resident Norwich greeted us enthusiastically. That's right -- three adults and 14 dogs in one house! And nary a problem (except noise at feeding time).

Our Norfolk numbers are decreasing and increasing simultaneously -- some of our older guys are heading for "only dog" homes. At the same time, our wonderful bitches are presenting us with "newcomers." Ruby Dee (CH Windstar's Wildflower) was bred to CH Max-Well's
Sweet Potato and produced a litter of two (1 guy, 1 girl) in September. In early November, Sophie (CH Wenwagon’s Adagio Bilbrough) is due to whelp her third litter by Robbie (CH Yarrow’s Cock Robin), a repeat of the breeding that gave us CH Bilbrough Sugar Plum Fairy. Speaking of Plum, in March she got back-to-back 4-point majors under Judges Dr. Harry Smith and Ms. Peggy Biesel-McIlwaine, and her championship. Because Plum got all of her points from the Bred-By-Exhibitor class, she earned the gorgeous medallion awarded by the AKC to each dog who becomes a champion of record as a result of participation in this class.

Dog life is busy, challenging, time-consuming -- and it’s what we love. See you ringside as soon as we can escape from beside the whelping box.

—Regina & Michael Swygert-Smith, 21276 Willisville Rd, Bluemont, VA 20135

TERRAPIN (NORWICH). We have a new addition to our household and, no, it’s not a litter or a foreign import. It’s Buddy New Year, an old, deaf Border Collie-like stray that we found staggering down a country road on a bitterly cold New Year’s Day. At best he looked as if he was going off to die. But I would have nothing of that! Standing in the middle of the road, freezing cold, I tried to coax him over, hoping to find an identification tag. Ever so slowly his creaking body made its way toward me and when we finally met face to face, his tired old eyes looked right into my soul. Without a moment’s hesitation, I cupped his head in my hands and simply said, “C’mon, Buddy. We’re going home.”

After a complete physical exam, two days of de-matting and shaving, plus the surgical removal of a collar that was literally embedded in his neck, Buddy New Year officially joined the Terrapin gang. He is slowly putting on weight, slowly getting a sheen in his emerging coat, slowly forgetting his fear and his pain. The only bitter reminders of a past life are the deep scars around his neck. But where once there was a collar that threatened him like a hangman’s noose, he now sports colorful kerchiefs. His cracked pads are healed, there’s a spring in his step, and an 8-month-old Norwich named Twyla never leaves his side.

Often when I glance out at him sleeping peacefully under his tree, I am reminded of passages from the last chapter of Black Beauty. “I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over. And I am at home.”

—Margaretta Wood, Box 707, Phoenixville, PA 19460
Zack and Brian Prentice with "Gizmo" (Bilbrough Playing Through)

*Photo by Tena Prentice*

Vintage (over 20 years old) photo of Jonathan Ward and a Donnybrook Norwich

*Photo submitted by his parents Tom and Billye Ward*

Young men and their Norwich friend

*Photo by Laura Huber*

Littlefield Mazie Dear and friends at Lake Placid

*Photo by Leandra Little*
Wild Flower Gardening

Photo: Laura Huber