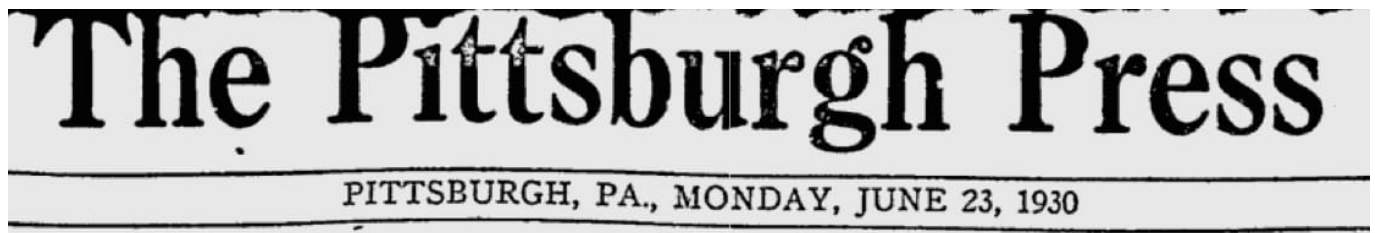


AN INTERVIEW WITH A CHOW ...'SONNY BOY' SPEAKS HIS MIND



An "interview" from the chow "Sonny Boy's perspective, this charming 1930's article touts Ch. Lord Cholmondeley and other top winning chows of the day . What a great little peek into the past through the eyes of a chow and his mum.

***'Sonny Boy' Indignant at Efforts
To Evict Him From Apartment House***



The chow dogs with Mrs. Charles E. Newhouse are Sonny Boy, at the left, and his mother, Chin, as a result of whose presence J. A. West, owner of the Jefferson Apartments, 5600 block Forward Avenue, has filed suit to eject Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse from their apartment. Sonny Boy expressed his view of the case in an interview today.

Cites Ancestry and Mourns for 'Good Old Days' in Interview

"Sonny Boy," chow dog, whose presence is persona non grata to the owner of the Jefferson Apartments, 5600 block Forward Avenue, received a Press reporter today with the air of a gentleman and a martyr.

"If my great-great-grandfather, Lord Cholmondeley, could hear of this he would turn over in his grave," the chow assured the reporter gravely.

The event which might cause Lord Cholmondeley to shake in his burial place was the filing of a suit in Common Pleas Court Saturday by J. A. West, apartment owner, launching ejectment proceedings against Charles E. Newhouse, master of "Sonny Boy," and "Chin," the pup's mother.

"My great-great-grandfather, his lordship, was a champion," the martyr dog said.

"My mother's mother was Chan Yusa Snoo Kee. Does that suggest anything to you?"

"Snookie," repeated the interviewer brightly.

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"To think that the great-granddaughter of Yap Susa has been asked to leave. I want to tell you that no such affront has been offered to a chow of noble lineage since the Chinese used to eat our ancestors many centuries ago."

"Our people always were a bit too meaty," he confessed.

"I tell you I have had no appetite since I heard the news. The dainty spinach and lamb that my mistress prepares so charmingly have failed to attract me. Corn flakes and milk no longer tastes good.

"I would like you to inform the public that no chow would have been so inhospitable as to attempt to eject a guest from his kennel.

"I cannot imagine what the cause of complaint can be. We chows are quiet dogs. I have heard curs in the streets howling far into the night, but dogs of our line are restrained in our conversation.

"To think that I was born here on the day my master and mistress moved in. I was one of four pups. Mistress sold my sisters, "Chin" and "Little Girl," and my brother, "Teddy Bear."

"Sonny Boy" shuddered at the thought.

"I am sure the persons who complained of the presence of my mother and myself do not know that my parent is a daughter of Chan Yusa Winkie. Chan Yusa Winkie was a son of Chum Lee, and the latter's father was his lordship himself."

"Sonny Boy" is five months old. He still has his puppy coat, cinnamon-colored and as thick and soft as a

sheep's fleece. The great-great-grandson of Lord Cholmondeley is stocky in build. He looks like a little bear.

"I do not want to dwell unduly on the family tree, but you can see how important it is in a crisis of this kind," "Sonny Boy" continued anxiously.

His mother, a red chow with a sleek coat, trotted around the room like the stately matron she is, paying scant heed to her son's conversation.

"No dog, whether he be of mongrel blood or of such noble ancestry as mine, could make half the noise that some of these radios do.

"As to gentle behavior—do you know that my mother sleeps beneath the crib of Geraldine Anne, my mistress' year-old baby. I sleep in front of the door. It is the post of honor and of danger.

"Mother tells me that in Cleveland, where master and mistress lived before they moved to Pittsburgh, things were different. The name of Lord Chomondeley meant something there. Some apartments might have refused Geraldine Anne, but none would have refused mother and I. This is a matter that Pittsburghers with civic pride should investigate.

"I tell you this insult is enough to give a gentleman of the old school pause for thought indeed. Things are getting positively Bolshevikic, my dear fellow."