For years the records have shown “no Best of Breed records available” for the 1923 Chow National Specialty, which was slated to be held in Chicago Ill. in November 1923. There was a recorded entry of 98 with the Judge being chosen as Dr. William S. Baer.

I recently discovered in the September 1923 issue of The Dog Fancier a short paragraph on page 23 which shed light on the case of the missing winner….because there was NO winner OR specialty.

Some political muscle flexing was going on that actually caused the Chow Club to pull out of the venue along with a few other clubs. Be sure to see the article in it’s entirety attached on the second page as well as a 3rd article written that gave the clubs a good scuff shaking over the entire matter. Very interesting stuff.

Quoting from the highlighted area in The Dog Fancier attached below:

“...Such as the disgraceful case which took place in Chicago last week when the Pekingese Club and the Chow Club, who had actually paid their money into the treasury of the Specialists Club Show of Chicago, which is to be held in that city next November in aid of the Crippled Children’s Home, demanded the return of their money and bolted the show, deciding not to support it when they found their nomination for superintendent was not elected.

How does it strike you? And the question arises, why will they not show unless they have their own nomination? Is it not time to legislate?”
am told Master Mind is a real hot one, and White Knight has the wrinkle something to own and be proud of these days of tight shirts.

Mr. J. F. McGovern's Marcan—We have the pleasure of knowing this fancier, both dog and owner are the real sort. You down eat will do well to insist some Ch. Heywood Duchess blood into your stock, and don't miss what I say.

Blackie and his mates we saw at Chicago, a getter of big litters and such a head piece and look at what he has done in the prize list. Actions speak louder than words. Owned by Mr. A. W. Auchon of Portland, Ind.

One of the most interesting dogs in the show was a Schnauzer kind of a fellow. He made a hit in the ring YEIEI.T. if you have lent them a thousand dollars and owe them a debt of gratitude, will place you ahead of the next fellow who may be nobody from nowhere, has a better dog. This is the principal thing which can exist and prosper. See to it that you get it. I need hardly tell you that allowing superintendents to advertise is good to the judging appointments is about as useless a proceeding as it is possible to make. You do this and you will find that what I say has a meaning. The management of a show knows what a man who would like for judges and his like is probably a selection that would not suit you. Do the job yourself. The manager or superintendent is a necessity and they are mostly splendid men, but the man you can't see, the man who gets others to do his dirty work, makes himself felt; and I appeal to all those who appoint your judges and see to the best of your power—what is his selection and not your own man far above it.

To show you how low they will sink, I had a letter a few weeks back sent to me stating that it is impossible in our columns asking the paid to cut out their ad in this paper. Another letter was written to me by the writer of Bulldog notes. Why? They gave one reason, but here is the real one; the breed that are chosen in their sides, they know the only way of exposure is through the press and they hate their plans upset. I tell you candidly I speak for myself, there is behind me men of prominence and power in the dog world who will see this ring broken, they have to many men who in the world of dogs ask you, who can understand, fair and square deal and we are going to get it coming and going. We are not after any one person, we are out for a principle, a square, honest-to-goodness deal in the ring.

We want nothing that will tend to the slightest off-color from the fundamental constitution of the game, the Takes reason why men are in the game, and what the game is for and last. Here it is: THE BEST DOG SHALL WIN.

We believe that every Chicago fancier and all our superintendents hereabout want to see the sport played upon this basis of fairness. We appeal to you to drop party prejudices and above all, personal infatuations, for the good of the game. Our shows can exist and increase in numbers only on this united effort. We appeal to the K. C. to lecture judges who know their work. The idea of not showing and not supporting with a breed because there is no license is a sign that you don't play because you can't have the way you wish. This creates only a lack of fair play, first hitting one and then the other, which spells disaster for everybody. Unless what goes out gets separate cliques, and cliques means non-success.

The dog world should be governed by the AKC and the A. K. C. should make laws that will put an end to certain conditions. To begin with, let them to some legislation that the public will regain the confidence which at the present day does not exist. Such is the disgraceful case which took place in Chicago last week when the Pekinese Club and the Chow Club, who had actually paid their money into the treasury of the Specialties Club Show of Chicago which is to be held November next in aid of the crippled children's Home, demand the return of their money and bailed the show, deciding not to support it when they found their manipulation for superlatives was not appreciated. How does it strike you? And the question arises, why will they not show unless they have the license to do so. Is it a time to regulate? Mr. Gates who was elected is a superintendents in the good old days when the AKC had some men like Everard D. Don't expect. One is out, probably the other fellow will get to go out. Watch these, there are some men I know worthy of a license to judge Bulldogs, but they do not seem able to get a permanent license. There are a few license Bulldog men around Chicago and evidently that's sufficient, and some of those few saddest judge. Why not Kramer, and Housack, and Slade, and Cogdall, and Low, and several others I could name, do more work in the ring? You never hear of them judging much. These boys are good doers of square kinds that can't be beat and they know their job.

I shot an arrow into the air.
And where it fell, oh where, oh where? Some one and it killed their cat
And I had to pay sixty and a half.
Which means nothing.

Mr. McCarthy has bred his young prize winning bitch to A. K. Kramer's Ch. Showbiet, and likewise has Mr. Fred bred his nice brindle female to friend Slade's stud dog with a name that no one on God's earth can pronounce. We hope better will have great litters and that amongst them there will be some winners of note. What better
And even more was written about the Chow, Pekingese, Police Dog and Boston Terrier Clubs pulling out of the show. This article in OCTOBER 1923, the month before the show was to be held laid it on the line about taking away entries from the show which was to be a disabled children’s fundraiser.