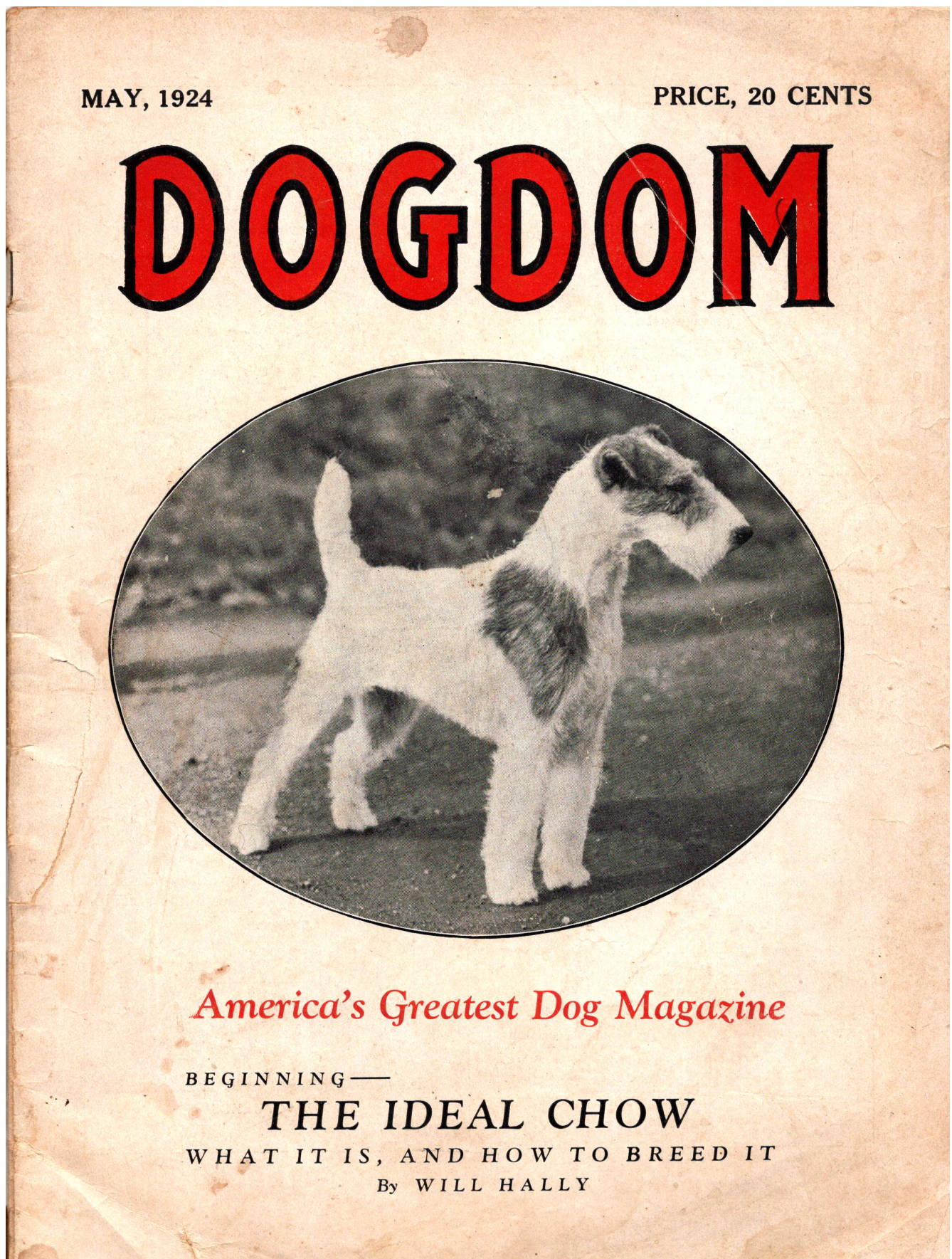


1924 MAY, DOGDOM MAGAZINE

AN ALL BREED PUBLICATION FROM AMERICA FEATURING CHOW BREEDERS, CLUBS, AND WINNERS

FEATURE ARTICLE "THE IDEAL CHOW AND HOW TO BREED IT"

BREED ARTICLE : Virginia Waller and her Chow kennel travels with Eugene Byfield



THE IDEAL CHOW

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO BREED IT

By Will Hally.

IDEALS are more often ambitions than achievements. Their illusiveness is part of their allurements. They are the gleams ahead which entice us forward; at the next turn of the road or over the crest of the hill, we hope that we will find them, but almost invariably they remain in that delectable kingdom—the kingdom round the corner. It is well that it is so, for our ideals are our idols rather than our intimates; familiarity would make them the little cousins to contempt. These sentences may be the most puerile platitudes, but they are an appropriate, indeed a necessary preface to such an article as this. The ideal chow, the perfect creature, is more the dog of our dreams than of our waking moments. In a lifetime's experience of livestock production, I know no other exhibition animal so difficult to produce to perfection as the chow is. This may be a British point of view which the American fancy does not corroborate, but it certainly holds good in this country. I am not so much as inferring that we have not many fine chows in England, exhibits which are well nigh perfect, but these outstanding animals are not numerous; we have any number of high class chows, but I am writing of exhibits which approach the ideal, not simply of those which are good enough to raise our enthusiasm.

The difficulty in breeding the perfect chow is not due to the inability of the breeders, but to the idiosyncrasies of the animal itself. In many ways the chow is a canine contradiction; compared with the ordinary dog it is a bundle of opposites, and it is distinctive in so many details; it has so many unusual features that it lends itself to flaws. Mentally and physically, the chow is a canine race set apart—therein lie its charm, its distinction, and its difference. These three words are as applicable to its mental as to its physical characteristics. Chow mentality makes a big appeal to consideration, but whatever digressions from its title this article, or rather this series of articles, may be guilty of before I write "The End," I must keep to the material aspects of the chow, in the opening stages at any rate. So I come to the accepted standard of the chow, and the discussion of which will afford the best illustration of the ideal animal. In spite of more than polite application, I have never been able to secure any literature concerning the Chow Chow Club of America, but I have been lucky enough to find your standard in the catalogue of the club's second specialty show, held at the Hotel McAlpin, New York, in 1921. There is an article on "The Chow Dog" in that same catalogue containing several statements to

which I take vehement exception; one of these assertions, and one which affects this part of my subject, is that the chow is a dog "greatly resembling the beautiful Samoyed of Asiatic Russia." To the uninitiated eye there may be a great resemblance between these two breeds, but I know few greater dangers for either breed than that their devotees

automatically accept any such resemblance and act accordingly. The chow and the Samoyed may have sprung from the same source, but that is not the question. The important point is that, however similar the two breeds may appear to the casual or unknowing glance, they are radically and fundamentally different. My experience has been (in life as in livestock) that the obvious can usually be trusted to look after itself, if for no other reason than it is obvious. It is those dissimilars which are liable to be taken for the similar that we have to guard against, so I want to emphasize that whenever you have a chow which by a little stretch of the imagination might be a Samoyed that has taken the wrong turning, or a Samoyed which with little alteration would make a passable chow, you are dealing with dangerous animals. Not dangerous in the sense of being violent or anything like that, but



THE CHOW CHOW. CHAMPION PICKLES, DAM OF CHAMPION LENNING AND OTHER NOTABILITIES

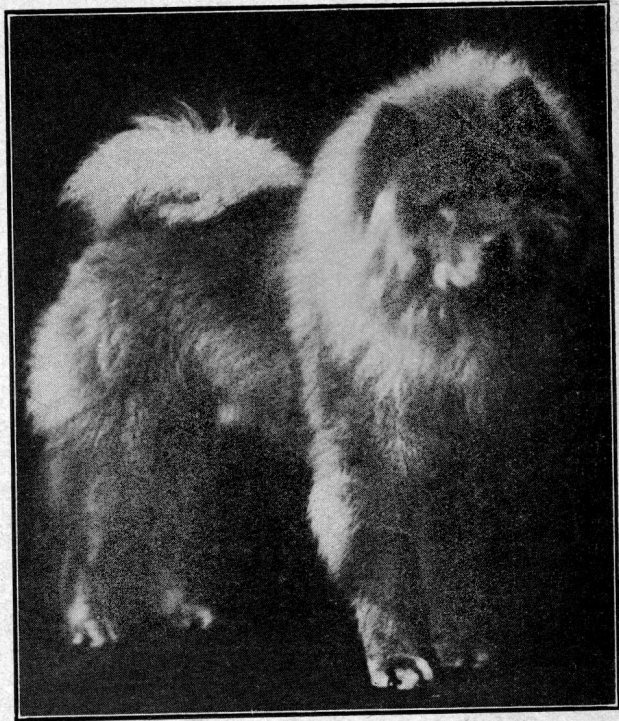
dangerous to their respective breeds. The chow which, with a few changes here and there, might be a Samoyed, and the Samoyed which, with some alterations, might be a chow, may have no relationship to each other; they may both be pure-bred for generations, but both are grave warnings to their respective breeders, for they represent a tendency which is leading them right away from their proper types; they are the emblems of a serious deterioration.

The contributor of "The Chow Dog" article also said that "The Anglo-Saxonized specimen" of the chow "is purely a bench show type." It is nothing of the kind, unless the writer means that we in England sorted out the bad from the good in our original importations, and took our ideal from the latter. I have known the British chow cult intimately from its very beginning, and we have no better chows today than were some of the early importations, such as the famous Ch. Chow VIII. We have now far more outstanding chows, because we have aimed at these and produced them by selective breeding, but we took our ideal from the early importations and we have never departed from it. Occasionally, since the quarantine law prevented the promiscuous arrival of dogs on our shores, chows have been imported from China, and these have been utilized as the bringers of fresh blood. They have proved themselves beneficial, which they could not have done if the

native type and the British show bench type were different. Through family and friendly connections in China, I have secured chows from there at various times, and nearly all of them excelled in the type we desire. Of course, they were selected dogs, and not simply the picker-up of unconsidered trifles in a Chinese street. But once and for all, let us get away from the idea that the Chinese chow differs from the British chow, for such an idea is an absolute myth.

Except for the addition of one word, the American definition of the "General Appearance" of a chow is the same as the English one. Your Chow Chow club says that the chow should be: "A lively, compact, muscular, short-coupled dog, well knit in frame, with tail curled well over the back." The word, "muscular" does not appear in our standard, otherwise the definition is identical. We are all agreed that the chow is a "compact, muscular, short-coupled dog, well knit in frame, but is the word "lively" exactly a happy choice, indeed is it quite accurate? "Lively" is a correct term to apply to such a dog as a terrier, that is always looking for trouble, but once a chow gets over a year old, its official puppyhood, or even before that if it has overcome the nervousness which sometimes attends youth, it is more often blasé than lively in the ring. The quietest and most reposeful section at a dog show is the chow one, while if you put a judge who knew nothing much about the breed into a ring and told him the chow is a "lively" dog, he would, nine times out of ten, put an inferior over a superior chow. If chows had to be "lively," then the majority of our great winners would have died unhonored and unsung! A chow sees far more than it usually pretends to do, and so it would be quite correct to call it alert, though even that word would not fit many of our most famous winners. Still, if in place of "lively" you insert "alert, upstanding," you will be infinitely nearer the accurate. In neither the American nor the British standard does the word "upstanding" appear, and yet, to be upstanding is a primary necessity of the ideal chow. The chow is a symmetrically-built, beautifully proportioned dog, with no longness about it anywhere, and when an exhibit is other than upstanding it loses much of its grace, while anything approaching a squatty carriage, or low-in-front appearance is the antithesis of the ideal.

In both the American and British standards, the tail is mentioned twice; where it comes into the "General Appearance" section it is similarly defined in both standards, but when dealt with under its own heading there is a difference in the wording, and which, to a novice reader anyway, would probably be differently interpreted. The American standard says: "Curled tightly over the back." The British standard says: "Curled, well carried over back." In this instance I consider that our standard is to be preferred to yours. Some readers may think that in saying so I am indulging in hair-splitting, but many beginners in the British chow cult get the idea that a chow's tail should



THE YOUNG CHOW DOG, CHAMPION LENMING

be curled tightly like the pug's, indeed double-curved on the back. I make no bones about my detestation of anything like the pug twist in a chow's tail, and this dislike of mine is not a fad. The imported chows had no such twist; their tails folded tightly over the back. At its root, the tail was literally over the spine, but as it traveled toward the shoulders it went at a slight angle, and the end of it was slightly to the side of the spine. Some tails of this type lie almost flat, and others have a curl in them at or near the end. I think that "folded tightly over the back" would be far more descriptive of the ideal tail, than the words "curled tightly" are. The pug twist is wrong, while the tail which as our British standard says is "well carried over back" is an asset to the dog, as it gives the impression of a shorter body while being undoubtedly the ideal. The ideal tail supplies a fitting end to this, the first article of the series.

[Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles on the chow chow, by Mr. Hally. The second will appear in an early issue.]

My dog! the difference between thee and me
Knows only our Creator—only He
Can number the degrees in being's scale
Between th' instinctive lamp, ne'er known to fail,
And that less steady light of brighter ray,
The soul which animates they master's clay;
And He alone can tell by what fond tie.
My look thy life—my death thy sign to die.

* * * * *

No! when that feeling quits thy glazing eye
'Twill live in some blest world beyond the sky.

—Lamartine.

CHOW CHOWS

By Virginia Waller.

OUR very energetic and ardent chow fancier from Chicago, Eugene Byfield, arrived in New York, March 29th and immediately started chowing. My notes may prove amusing and interesting to other chowists, who take such keen interest in doggy doings.

The writer (Mrs. Waller) accompanied Mr. Byfield on a tour of numerous kennels. First, we visited the charming chows at Elmhurst, owned by the Misses Gannon, where we saw some attractive youngsters and a very beautiful bitch, quite worthy of championship honors, if Miss Gannon could only be persuaded to show her. Mi Lady Jane is her name, I believe, though her kennel name is Pussy; a deep red bitch, with intense chow scowl, and beautifully balanced.

We also visited the Huf and Maxwell Kennels, but due to the dreadful weather (it was raining and misty) I had no opportunity to go over the kennels, though Mr. Byfield braved the mud and rain. At Mr. Huf's we made friends with his dark red stud, a real house pet, which he advises is in constant demand, and so, unable to attend the shows. This dog won at Mineola last year, under Mr. Rost, and is a big, vigorous dog.

We also visited the Bainbridge Kennels, and the manager, Mr. Schultz, was most kind, showing us all their dogs, including the lovely Champion Wanlung and Champion Mandarin, which seem to be holding their age very well. Old Bolo and Bubbles were there, as lively, it seemed, as when I first saw them as youngsters down at Harry Peters' Windholme Kennels, some nine years ago. They are litter brothers, too. There was a scarcity of young stock here, but a very attractive seven months old youngster was noted, that Mr. Walsh is keeping as a future show dog, I understand. The Bainbridge Kennel office and trophy room is most attractive, with photographs of all the great chows past and present adorning the walls, and everything systematized.

We had planned to visit many other kennels, but due to the lack of time, we had to postpone these visits till some future date when Eugene Byfield arrives home from abroad. However, we motored down to Mastic to spend a day with Miss Claire Knapp and to see her wonderful Clairedale chows. When good friends get together, and here were three, the "Clairedale," "Grasmere Farm" and "Sum," owners, many interesting breeding theories are discussed. Miss Knapp, whose marvelous results from her carefully studied and carried out line-breeding, are known full well, by her great show record, was delighted to see us and so anxious to show us all her show dogs and young stock. She was quite excited over a splendid litter, now two months old, sired by the writer's Champion Sum Sultan and out of his half sister, Chow Mein, which I sold to Miss Knapp six years ago. This is the same breeding that produced Wu Lu and Champion Flame of Clairedale, and, needless to say, none of the litter is for sale, though constantly being sought.

I might suggest to some breeders that it would be well for them to get Miss Knapp's viewpoint on line-breeding. She has consistently followed her theories out, and I must say stands pre-eminent in the game as an exponent of this type of breeding. She is one of our most successful and earnest fanciers, and so keen about her dogs. It is a matter of great regret to all the fancy that Miss Knapp did not accept the presidency of the Chow Club, an honor accorded her by unanimous vote of the club at the annual meeting.

AN event, not planned for our party, occurred during a luncheon, when a servant arrived to announce a fierce fire had broken out on the place to the rear of the garage and stables. Our Chicago fancier proved himself besides an ardent chowist and intrepid polo player, an equally efficient fire fighter. The help on the place were mustered into a bucket brigade and directed and assisted by Mr. Byfield and Capt. Bonney, the well-known aviator, who was also visiting Miss Knapp. After an hour's hard work, they finally subdued what might have been a most disastrous happening at Clairedale. Miss Knapp's kennels are far from the stables and other out-buildings, so the chows were never in great danger, but for a time a half dozen motor cars and several fine hackney ponies and the champion saddle mare, Zula, were in grave danger of being destroyed.

After the fire, three dishevelled but happy chow fanciers and one slightly wrecked aviator retired to the house for repairs. We were wet, covered with dirt and the chemical from the extinguishers, and certainly did not look fit for the show ring at any rate.

Afterwards, Mr. Byfield, who is a clever amateur photographer, snapped pictures of the chows and puppies. He is taking his camera with him abroad, and when the writer said "farewell and pleasant voyage" to him on board the S.S. Berengaria, April 2nd, bound for England, the Byfield camera occupied a prominent place in his suite. Mr. Byfield intends to photograph all the leading chow kennels he visits, and will, no doubt, have many interesting notes and chow photos to show the American fanciers when he returns. And, perhaps, some interesting chows, too, for "Gene" Byfield will bring back only good ones, I'm sure, for Grasmere Farm. He will visit France and Germany, too, and we await his home coming with interest and expectations. With Miss Knapp, we are promised the very first peep into the chow crates, when this enthusiastic breeder from the west arrives home.

Miss Knapp showed us all her dogs, in beautiful condition. Her recently imported black, Molly of Ting Hao, for which I predict an easy and early championship, as soon as she puts on coat, has become a perfect house pet, and is Miss Knapp's constant shadow.

During the fire, Molly rested some distance away on the lawn, and during all the excitement, remained perfectly unperturbed, with that quizzical expression so characteristic of the real chow.

Champion Chop Suey looked very fit and ready for the best of them in the ring, as in the days, just a few years ago, when male champions in succession were defeated by her for best chow in show. A truly beautiful and typical expressed chow! Chow Mein, the perfect mother, trotted about the lawns, occasionally running over to the kennels to look at her children, the previously mentioned litter that Miss Knapp enthuses over. Some Boy, a beautiful deep red male, as yet unshown, impressed us as a real comer. Perfectly balanced, and with a wonderful disposition, he is to be shown in the puppy classes this summer. Another fine puppy noted was a tremendous boned one, sired by Mr. Wu of Clairedale. Min Tye, the imported black, is good to look at, carrying a splendid coat now, and ready for the shows.

We saw so many dogs, it is difficult to mention them all without using too much space; suffice it to say there are

(Continued on page 211)

sider that what one would call a straightforward case of the ordinary Distemper is not at all difficult to tackle and, given half a chance, the patient soon recovers. Not so with Stuttgart; it requires the most expert nursing and extraordinary care. I am not attempting in this short article to go into the question of nursing, medicines, etc., but I have written very fully on this subject in my new book, which is now in the printer's hands, and can be obtained from DOGDOM early this summer.

Chow Chows

(Continued from page 164)

at present five bitches, in my humble opinion, worthy and ready to be champions at Clairedale, and mostly all home-breds. I'm a rather severe critic, too, as everyone knows, and have no use for the so-called "cheap champions." They have to be real chows, minus their coats—that's when I really like to see them—to judge how good they actually are. Coat camouflages crooked legs, bad bodies, big ears and numerous other defects.

We saw Champion Flame of Clairedale, the great winner. A trifle shy of coat, due to recent whelping, she still looked lovely and a real chow champion. Miss Knapp had the misfortune to lose her first litter from Champion Flame. It was sired by Mr. W. Mac Monnies' well-known Champion Punch. As I bred the mother of Punch and sold her to Mr. Mac Monnies, about seven years ago, this breeding was, in a sense, line breeding. Both Punch and Flame are grandchildren of my lamented bitch, Snoo Kee, to my mind the best bitch ever sired by the late Champion Eastern Star. This litter would have combined some splendid strains, and it is to be regretted that they did not survive, as both Miss Knapp and the writer were counting on another Snoo-Kee or Eastern Star. Clairedale succeeded in raising a splendid husky male puppy by Punch, which is the image of his sire, but two adorable sisters to Pung died also. Their dam is the show bitch, Eye You.

It is this unaccountable loss of young stock that so often discourages the novice breeder, and loses so many would-be chowists for the game. It sometimes evokes the query: Are chows really hardy? Personally, I have found them extremely so.

Before leaving Mastic—when we did it was long past midnight with several hours of motoring to the city ahead of us—Mr. Byfield purchased from Miss Knapp the bitch, Chee, by His Majesty, and also two Sultan puppies from me, one a bitch, Sun Blaze, that we have great hopes for.

So ends the chowing till our Chicago fancier returns, when he undoubtedly will write some interesting news for DOGDOM readers about his visit to England.

Mrs. Evelyn Mears is down to judge the Queensboro, on May 3rd, and the Long Island breeders have supported this popular lady with many specials. Two of our other Long Island shows have invited lady judges to officiate, and it does seem as though the exhibitors preferred them to men. By their entries, you will know them, is a good thing for show committees to remember.

We recently heard with regret, and sympathize for the owner, of the loss of fifteen chows at Mrs. Andrade's Kennel in Darien, Conn. However, the plucky owner is rebuilding her kennel and stock, and hopes to be represented soon again at all the shows. This means much to a fancy, where so many breeders give up after such a severe loss. Good luck, we say, to the Chu Chins.

John J. Greene, of Bronxville, N. Y., has added another stud to his kennel. Recently visited there with Mr. Byfield,

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Registered in America as "Glorious Soubriquet"
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He won his championship at three important shows in succession—under three expert judges—when less than 17 months of age, defeating England's best dogs, including six champions.

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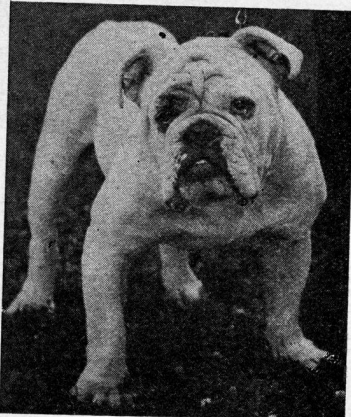
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DOGDOM - - **Battle Creek, Mich.**

while on our way up to Greenacre, and saw the popular Wu Fang and this imported dog. His name I cannot recall, but he is good type, deep red color, splendid expression, and should do well for Mr. Greene, at home and on the bench. He is a young one, too, and has his world ahead of him.

The Baltimore show had a splendid entry, and was judged by Mr. Anton Rost. Mrs. William Fitzgerald journeyed down with her first champion, of which she is very proud, Oolong Roly Poly, and annexed winners' bitches and a very handsome sterling silver cup, of considerable value. Mrs. Prinz, of Ridgewood, N. J., took reserve winners' with a youngster bred by Mrs. Fitzgerald, so it was truly a big day for this popular Long Island breeder.

Mrs. Adnah Neyhart came down from Framingham, Mass., and took winners' dogs with Hop-Toy. The Greenacre also showed their string of good ones, but this day did not fare so well.

To Mrs. William S. Baer, of Baltimore, must be given the great credit of this huge chow entry. This indefatigable booster for chows gave her time for months in advance to work up a big chow entry, and then very gamely entered her fine string of dogs, despite the fact that they were all out of coat. Everyone voted Baltimore a great show, and Mrs. Baer deserves all the compliments of the exhibitors for her interest and good sportsmanship.

Such interesting kennels as Miss Thompson's Waving Willows and the Greenacre Kennel were visited and numerous others, in company with Eugene Byfield, but review of them must be delayed till another issue, much to our regret, as printers wait for no one, when DOGDOM readers call.

Winners and reserve winners, both sexes, together with seven first and six special prizes were the honors garnered by Mrs. H. Earl Hoover's chows at the Toledo Kennel Club show, March 7th, 8th and 9th, the entry from the Manch Hoover Kennels, sweeping the boards. At this four point show, competing with twenty-three other dogs, Champion Sylvania Black was declared winners over the field. This splendid black dog achieved his championship by a margin of two points, as he was benched with thirteen points toward the honor. King Si, an unusually fine blue dog, declared best of color at the Chow Chow Club specialty show in New York in January, was given reserve winners. Winners', bitches, went to Frills, a dark red, and reserve to Showberry, a cream, from Mrs. Hoover's Manch Hoover Kennels at Glencoe, Illinois.

It is significant that Manch Hoover's victory was achieved without the aid of the best known and finest dogs in the kennels. Champion Victorious of Tien Hsia, Mrs. Hoover's famous dog which won the Chow Chow Club of America specialty show championship in January was not benched, nor were Champion Lu Cheng and Champion Chita Kwly, two other famous Manch Hoover dogs. This is certainly evidence that the reputation of these kennels does not rest solely on the excellence of one or two of the animals therein but on the general high standard.

At the recent Akron Kennel Club show Mrs. Hoover's Kennels scored another victory in the chow class. In this twelve dog show Mrs. Hoover's champion Sylvania Black was declared winners, with King Si, a blue, also from Manch Hoover, capturing reserve winners. Winners', bitches, was captured by Rosetta, another of the five chows benched by Mrs. Hoover. In addition, a number of firsts and specials were won by other entrants from these well-known kennels.

but it will take a real champion to beat him, according to Mr. Finch. Cocker spaniels were judged by Los Angeles' owner of the best kennel of this breed on the Pacific, and of a Pomeranian which many contend could win at a New York show. George Cranfield, formerly of Vancouver and Salt Lake City, Utah, judged various breeds of sporting dogs. He went over his dogs well and gave satisfaction. J. Carroll, of Buffalo, N. Y., made the awards in the Boston terrier classes. The crowd seemed pleased. The two kennels of wire-hairs—those of Mr. I. C. Ackerman and the Messrs. Christie filled one entire part of the marquee. They drew big crowds. The shepherd dogs and the lovely exhibits of Pekingese and Pomeranians had an enormous and pulling attraction for all and sundry. Harry Robertson had fully 100 dogs benched, and with them he had a large part of the winning. Chris. Shuttleworth, Dave Prime, Walter Freeth, Dan Morgan and other well-known owners and handlers were there with full strings.

Norman Swire informed Judge Gilbert that the particular colored cockers could win in Canada. Gilbert replied that the apple-headed, long bodied, toy-typed, useless, too short-legged cockers of the low and squat kind were entirely missing, and hoped, he said, that breeders would follow along on useful lines and improve the breed, as the cocker was a sporting breed. This dog was not a toy dog. Mr. Gilbert wanted to see cockers worked more, if only to prove their worthiness.

The crowds that surrounded the two rings all day reminded my correspondent of the W. K. C. and Toronto shows. The secretary, Pat Higgins, Dr. Miller, J. Mather, J. Matthews, Jerome Eddy and others worked with a will. It was a matter for general congratulation, and every one seemed happy.

Pointers and Setters

(Continued from page 175)

The novice winner, Hause's Freckles Rodfield, was third to the two just mentioned. After the success of Aracoma's Gay Bird in the puppy and novice bitch classes, it was easy to see how the wind was blowing and it was, therefore, no surprise to the rail birds when Aracoma Princess Peggy was placed first. As we have frequently said, this class of setter will please the exclusive bench show patron, but the field man may look at this type for a long time but never become convinced that it is of any use for practical purposes.

Pointers were a very good lot and the entry was larger by far than was seen at New York. Although the quail is a song bird in Ohio, breeders have not given up their favorites, and at the present time there are more pointers and setters bred in Ohio than ever before. The entry, however, was far from being entirely Ohio-bred dogs. Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, all furnished their quota and the sprinkling from farther points was in proportion.

Judge Johnson got away to a rather unfortunate start in puppy dogs when he placed Duke of Fishelton over Ashantee Dominant's Don, the latter being a dog of sound utility parts with type in abundance. Don was only thought good enough for second here, but it was rather amusing when this same puppy came back for winners, for he won in the novice class, and eventually took reserve, while Duke of Fishelton, the puppy which beat him in the first class was left entirely unnoticed. The dog, however, that should have been the easiest kind of a winner in the finals was Proctor Brown's Jake, the winner in the American-bred class. This dog, a nicely marked white, liver and ticked,

RED CHINAMAN



WE ARE offering to the chow fanciers the services of Red Chinaman, which we have just purchased from an eastern breeder. Red Chinaman is a very large headed, perfect bodied, dark red son of Champion Min T-sing that pillar of the American chow breed. His dam is a very good Lord Chomondeley bitch. He excels in short heavy bone, and unusual depth of chest and spread behind. His stud fee, to introduce, will be \$50.00. We will have some good puppies by him for delivery shortly, females from \$100; males from \$150.

To give chow chow breeders an opportunity to acquire some of the Champion Chee Kee strain in their kennels, we have reduced his fee to \$50.00 for a short time.

We have to offer two young male German shepherd puppies by Champion Etzel v. d. Ettersburg, from Esta of the Palisade (by Int. Champ. Apollo v. Hunenstein), at \$150.00 and \$125.00. Both like their sire. Whelped July 25, 1923.

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Eight dark red Chows, heavy boned, very large type dogs of excellent blood lines, proven sires of large litters.

Strong and healthy puppies. Pet and show stock always for sale.

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Ridgewood, N. J.
24-6-12

HUNTINGTON KENNEL CHOWS

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Puppies and grown stock from Win Sum Min T'sing, Wan Lung and Prince Li stock for sale.



Chows bred at Huntington Kennel are unusually husky and carry very heavy bone, with wonderfully massive heads.

AT STUD, FEES \$50.00

LION'S HEAD II Bright Red
LION'S HEAD III Very Dark Red
PRINCE LI Imported Black

MRS. F. M. DE LASKE, Proprietor
Howard St. Reading, Mass.

25-3-12