

# DOGS

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Photograph of  
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# DOGS IN CANADA

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## Editorial

IT has been said that "Springtime is puppy time". Certainly it is true that many experienced breeders plan their breeding operations so they usually have puppies available for Spring sale. Fortunately, the sale of dogs remains relatively constant throughout the year, but if there is any season when the demand for dogs is greater, that season has been found to be in Spring months. One plausible reason for this condition may arise through practice of many prospective purchasers of puppies putting off purchases until the finer weather sets in, thus assuring that in the initial house-breaking stages, better conditions will be found out-of-doors. Then too, the young puppy has a chance to develop and be better able to withstand and share, with his new owner, the vicissitudes of our Winter weather.

The breeder with puppies on hand to meet the Spring demand is in a fortunate position, but that is only so if potential purchasers know of him and where he can be reached. Dogs, while a popular "commodity", are not scarce, and an inexperienced breeder who waits in anticipation for the buying public to "knock his door down" in order to purchase his stock, is likely to end his breeding activities a disappointed and disillusioned fancier. Dogs can certainly be sold, but the knowledgeable breeder knows that his name must be constantly before the buying public if his breeding activities are not to result in a depleted bank account. A number of breeders have, through advertising and other means, established a ready market for their stock, but their number is few, and for the rest, advertising is and will remain to be the best medium of disposing of their excess stock.

During the course of a year, many requests (by telephone and mail) for lists of breeders reach the Secretary of the Club or the Editor of DOGS IN CANADA. In dealing with such requests, our present practice is to mail to each enquirer a complete list of all breeders who advertised in the most recent issues of DOGS IN CANADA. In that way, we feel that we are providing a service, and at the same time helping those who support this publication by advertising in its columns.

The official organ of The Canadian Kennel Club Incorporated, published monthly at 667 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. As the official organ this magazine carries authoritative notices issued by the Canadian Kennel Club. Otherwise no responsibility is assumed for statements contained therein. Any use of fictional names corresponding to actual persons is coincidental. Full rights are reserved to refuse copy for reading matter or advertisement without stating reasons.

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## Dogs of the RCMP

*The wakeful bloodhound rose,  
and shook his hide.  
But his sagacious eye  
an inmate owns.*

—Keats.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are grateful to "R.C.M.P.", the Royal Canadian Mounted Police quarterly (Inspector R. W. Wonnacott, Managing Editor), for their kind permission to republish in *Dogs in Canada* this series of articles on RCMP Service Dogs.

ACCORDING to zoologists the dog is of the genus *Canis*, the common origin of which is the subject of some dispute. But through centuries of breeding there has evolved the many domesticated types familiar to the modern fancier, from the diminutive Chihuahuas to the giant Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes and St. Bernards. In some instances this careful attention to blood-lines in an attempt to produce a dog of a certain standard has resulted in an animal of little or no usefulness except as an household pet. And it may be said that the contrary holds true in other cases, that sporting dogs such as spaniels, hounds and retrievers have had their natural hunting tendencies intensified, rather than

lessened. By the same token it may be said that many of the characteristic most desirable in dogs used in police work, may be traced through the animal's development from a wild creature of the woods.

Some species of dogs are believed descended from early forms of wolves—the German Shepherd and Siberian Husky are but two breeds whose physical appearance bears striking proof of this argument—and in them we find the natural instinct of tracking down prey; of the will to survive indicated by their instinctive reception of training in aggressiveness. In addition these types inherited other characteristics developed by their ancestors while living in lairs—and these may be



grouped into one classification and called discipline. It shows in a respect for their dwellings and in cleanliness; all these are traits desirable in dogs to be used for police service.

Contrary to a popular conception, the "Police Dog" is not any one particular breed. What most people refer to as a police dog is the German Shepherd or Alsatian, but a police service dog may be of any breed and either pure-bred or mongrel. It is not so important that a dog have a pedigree but it is important that he be of the right size, temperament and intelligence to be trained for police work. Small dogs are useless. The ideal type will be big without being clumsy, and while speed is an essential, will have the sturdy build necessary to stand the rigorous duties of field work. In brief the animal must possess a good nose, an even disposition and be sound in every respect. He must be alert and loyal, courageous and at the same time gentle.

The use of dogs in crime detection is becoming of increasing importance throughout the world, but it is not a science developed merely within the last few years. It is known that in the 18th century bloodhounds were used for the detection of sheep stealers in the United Kingdom. Still earlier our ancestors employed them for tracking down those who poached on private hunting preserves and carried off game; in Roman times dogs were used for guard work. But it is to Austria and Germany that we must look for the origin of specially-trained dogs for criminal work and it is little more than 50 years since this science was utilized by the police forces of those countries. Recognition was slow in coming, but generally the idea caught on; British police forces experimented and the interest spread to America, South Africa and other parts of the world. A few Canadian municipal law-enforcement bodies tried out one or two dogs but no great progress was made. And then in 1935 the RCMP Dog Section was born.

The beginning was modest. "Dale of Cawsalta", a German Shepherd owned by Sgt. J. N. Cawsey, of "K" Division, was purchased for official use and he was followed into the Force by his son "Black Lux". "Sultan," another German Shepherd, became the third dog owned by the RCMP, and it may be that on the successes of these animals is founded the present-day Dog Section. However, it is to Dale that we must look for fostering the interest that led to experimenting with dogs. His master, Sergeant Cawsey, was a firm believer in the usefulness of dogs for police work, was a dog fancier of note and had some practical knowledge of training. In Dale he found an apt pupil and the dog accompanied him on investigations. It wasn't long before his keen nose helped the sergeant considerably and in November, 1933, he tracked an automobile thief from the deserted stolen vehicle to his home. This was followed by several successful cases of tracking burglars, locating lost and stolen goods and finally finding and saving the life of a small child lost in the woods. After being purchased by the Force, Dale was left in Alberta; Black Lux was sent to Saskatchewan and later the Maritimes, and Sultan worked in Manitoba. In 1937, satisfied that the experiment was proving satis-

factory, the Commissioner directed that a training school be organized for both dogs and dog handlers. Calgary was chosen as the site.

But while the Dog Section may be said to have originated officially in 1935, interest in the use of these trained animals was awakened some years earlier. During the Doukhobor disorders in British Columbia in 1931, officers of the B. C. Provincial Police were convinced that trained tracking dogs would be of great assistance to the police forces involved in the troubles. Many of their arguments were based on the publicity given to successes enjoyed by dogs used by South African

police, but their enthusiasm was shared by the Chief Constable of the New Westminster City Police who had a personal knowledge of the capabilities of trained dogs. Commr. S. T. Wood, who was then Officer Commanding the RCMP in British Columbia, did considerable research on the subject but it was not until 1933 that a decision was made to proceed with the experiment in "K" Division using Sergeant Cawsey's Dale.

Dogs, like humans, have their peculiarities and training methods successful with one dog or one breed might have the contrary effect on others. During the early years many dogs were tested,



Centre panel—Dale of Cawsalta.

Top picture shows dog on trail and at the bottom giving tongue after finding lost child.



principally of the German Shepherd strain. The Doberman Pinscher was also tried. The training was supervised by a man whose background included many years of specializing in this work in Germany. From the early group of dogs there developed some valuable workers whose names will be remembered for many years. "Tuff", a gray Shepherd, who showed early signs of being a first-class police service dog, was a big, rough animal, full of pep and the joy of living, who attacked all his work with almost too much enthusiasm. He required firm and exacting handling. His opposite was "Tell", purchased and trained during the same period, and a good worker, but in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of way. His feelings were easily hurt and he required quiet and sympathetic handling. He got it too from a dog master whose name will long be remembered in the annals of the Force—Cst. W. E. Rhodeniser, who was killed by the Indian murderer Nelson Sammy in Saskatchewan on Aug. 26, 1939. Tell had cornered the killer in the bush at night and from ambush the Indian shot and killed the dog master.

For many years there has been much controversy about the breed of dog most suitable for police work. Through fiction and history the Bloodhound has long been associated with police activities and for some of us through our memories of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", this breed has had an association of dread. It has been found, however, that while this strain produces excellent tracking dogs, their usefulness to a great extent ends there. They do not possess good staying power and for the varied duties required of police service dogs of the RCMP, they do not compare with the all-round usefulness of the German Shepherd. The latter is a rugged breed, good at tracking, at locating lost or missing articles, liquor stills and caches, at guarding persons and property, fearless in the face of danger and easily trained in aggressiveness. The Doberman has also proven useful for RCMP service.

An exception, of course, to those two breeds was "Cliffe", a rough-coated Reisenschnauzer whose long record of successful cases included an occasion when he assisted the liquor squad in searching a New Brunswick farm.



Dog stopp

When they were the suspect, the ran into a swa would escape un to attack. The the man but whe away the man ordered to stop s The dog obeyed able to reach th him. He was fo knife with a mur blade concealed known as a dar had served time was then used to and after coveri up an empty tobscent from this I carefully for son lifted his head a dog master follo clearing standing excitedly giving still were found ( able amount of r

In 1939 whe Schools were no old, a questionn the divisions of usefulness of d police work. '



"Tell"  
guarding  
stolen goods.



opping quarry—note the steady pull on padded arm with no ripping.

ere about 100 yards from the man saw them and wamp. It appeared he until Cliffe was ordered ne dog rapidly overtook when he was still 30 yards an stopped. Cliffe was p and guard the prisoner. ed until the police were the fugitive and arrest found to have a butcher murderous-looking 12-inch ed on his person and was dangerous character who ne in penitentiary. Cliffe d to search for the liquor, ering three miles picked tobacco package. Taking is he tracked slowly and some time then suddenly l and dashed ahead. The llowed to find Cliffe in a ling in front of a cabin ing tongue. Parts of a d outside and a consider- of mash inside the cabin. hen the Dog Training not yet fully two years nnaire was circulated to of the Force about the dogs as an adjunct to The replies received

clearly indicated that the Force as a whole appreciated the value of the work done in that short time by dogs stationed in the field. And it was believed they would be useful in establishing closer co-operation in the Force as well as between the RCMP and Provincial and City Police Forces. If anything, the enthusiasm shown indicated that the Mounted Police needed a great many more dogs than were available from training at that time. The greatest handicap was the lack of knowledge within the Force of what a well-trained dog was capable of doing. The public too was becoming conscious of the usefulness of dogs to police forces and from the questionnaire it was apparent that the Section would have to be increased. Dogs were then being trained at Regina and Rockcliffe.

Recognizing the abilities of certain breeds for certain purposes experiments have been carried on in various countries to determine the type of dog best suited for all-round police work. Important research was undertaken in this regard in England under the direction of the British Home Office. The problem was to find a strain that was courageous but not vicious, obedient without being friendly to strangers, in-





# Fertility

## Its Definition and Importance

Fertility in animals is fruitfulness. In the case of dogs it means inherent ability to regularly beget large litters of puppies. Poor reproductive powers are a common defect of many strains of domesticated animals; and as the profits derivable from breeding are very often closely related to the abundance of young stock produced, it is evident that the influences which affect the reproductive powers favourably or otherwise are worthy the breeder's most careful consideration. A good breeding animal should be selected for the quantity and quality of offspring it produces, since these are what bring the profit desired, as well as for breed characteristics and fancy points. The ability of the dam to rear her litter is an equally important matter, since it is not the puppies whelped, but the puppies reared into healthy dogs that count.

## An Inheritable Character

There is no doubt that fertility is a hereditary character, that good and poor breeding powers run in families, though all the members of a family are not necessarily equally fertile and able to propagate their kind, and that the offspring of prolific parents is likely in its turn to breed prolifically if properly managed, so that, whenever possible, both male and female should be chosen from families noted for their fruitfulness, since we know that favourable hereditary characters may be greatly improved by mating only animals in which these desirable characters are well developed. The low degree of fertility found in many highly bred families of dogs is due to the fact that prolificacy has been neglected by breeders in favour of excellence in other characters. The remedy lies in selecting for breeding purposes only individuals that come from large litters, not from small ones. In this way prolificacy can be easily and surely bred into dogs.

## Natural Selection and Fertility

Under natural conditions the offspring born in any race is proportioned to the relative fertility of the different types forming that race. A family endowed with a high degree of fertility produces more progeny than does a less fertile one. Of the young thus born those survive which are naturally best suited to the existing environment. Hence the type which naturally predominates in Nature is that best fitted to reproduce itself and to thrive in the life-conditions to which it is subjected. This is Nature's chosen type. Under the law of natural selection a prolific and vigorous race tends to establish itself strongly, while families handicapped by poor breeding powers and weak constitution tend to die out. As natural selection is everywhere and always at work, alike in our kennels and in undomesticated races, it is evidently a factor to be carefully considered in breeding operations. Artificial race improvement depends upon artificial, human selections just as all natural race amelioration is dependent on natural selection. Under human selection, the

breeder determines which animals shall be permitted to reproduce their kind; and when, as sometimes happens, he is obliged to neglect fertility and vigour in selecting for other desired characters, he is thus opposing the force of natural selection, and so endeavouring to perpetuate a type other than that designed by Nature to survive. Fertility and vigour are absolutely essential to success, and should be constantly kept in mind. When necessarily neglected in one generation, the deficiency must be repaired by devoting special attention to them in succeeding generations. It is only when a family of dogs breeds regularly and prolifically that we can be sure that the potent and ever-present, though unseen, force of natural selection is working for instead of against the establishment of the desired type. Many valuable families of animals have been lost through the tacit and mistaken assumption that all individuals inherit fertility equally, and that it may, therefore, be left to take care of itself.

## Exercise and Fertility

Lack of exercise, the effects of which are well illustrated by the shy breeding or sterility of wild animals in captivity and by the fact that in the human race large families usually occur amongst the working classes, is a fruitful source of non-conception and of lessened prolificacy. The dangers of confinement are generally recognized by farm-stock breeders, who enforce work when necessary, but unfortunately are not so universally appreciated amongst dog owners. Violent and excessive exercise, such as to materially over-tax the energies of breeding animals, may be almost equally hurtful to their fruitfulness and may seriously weaken their offspring. Even the novice realizes the importance of not over-taxing his dogs immediately prior to mating and of avoiding violently exercising the bitch soon afterwards. It is the evils of excessively reducing the energies by habitually severe and prolonged exercise which are sometimes overlooked.

## Food and Fertility

A plentiful and rational dietary all the year round is favourable to increased fruitfulness. Thus, the domesticated rabbit and pigeon, for instance, breed much more prolifically than do their wild prototypes. The practical stock-farmer who feeds up his stud animals nourishing foods during their mating seasons does so because it pays—because he is perfectly satisfied that the extra cost is very amply compensated for by the resulting increase in procreative power and by the greater stamina of the offspring. He recognizes, too, that it also pays him to do his brood animals equally well, for the better he keeps them up while they are bearing and suckling their progeny, the sooner will they again be available for breeding purposes, and the easier it will be to rear their offspring into marketable produce.

But liberal feeding does not imply over-feeding, for an excessive food

supply tends to fatty degeneration of the essential sexual organs, especially in females; and, generally speaking, animals overburdened with fat breed irregularly, and beget only small or weakling offspring. The evils of over-feeding seem to be much accentuated by extreme alterations—by fattening up stock excessively just before show and permitting great loss of condition in the intervals between. Indeed, animals thus treated seem to be less reliable for breeding purposes than animals those systematically maintained in "show" condition, so that uniformity of treatment would also appear indispensable for the best results. Many famous show-dogs have been equally renowned as sires or dams; and it is no safer to assume that ring-success necessarily means that the animal is the worse for them as regards breeding utility than it is to regard them as warranty of fertility. Naturally enough a dog that has been frequently and excessively fattened up into show form usually falls off in bodily condition in later life and is disappointing to the eye; but this does not of necessity injure its get. The danger of continued show-conditioning is that it may impair fertility. It certainly does so in some cases, while in others it apparently does not. Nothing but an actual test will demonstrate its effects on the individual animal.

On the other hand, it is obvious that stinted and insufficient rations must decrease fruitfulness. Practically speaking, breeding dogs use food for two purposes—for maintenance (to keep up their bodily heat and repair their own daily waste of tissues) and to produce young. If we supply only enough food for actual maintenance and nothing additional for production we cannot reasonably expect profitable returns. It is in the food of production—in the eaten over and above what is required to support life—that the breeder's profit lies.

The actual character of the food supplied may influence prolificacy. Excessive use of farinaceous foods, especially of such as contain sugar, impairs breeding capacity, somewhat increases the dangers of parturition by lowering the vitality of the bitch, and tends to the production of small puppies lacking in stamina, while a nitrogeous diet favours prolificacy and the production of healthy, vigorous offspring.

## Other Influence and Prolificacy

Anything which adds to the health and vigour of dogs also conduces to their increased prolificacy, since an animal's reproductive organs share the tone of its whole bodily system. On the other hand, influences that impair health tend also to lessen fruitfulness.

Breeding from either related or immature stock tends to lessen prolificacy; and may, if injudiciously continued, result in actual sterility.

The reproductive functions decline with old age, but in this respect animals vary so widely that no general rules can be laid down. Each individual is a rule to itself.





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loves its Master"*



# The Canadian National

**I**N THIS second of a series of articles on the Canadian National Live Stock Records we shall describe the procedure followed in determining how much each affiliated association shall pay to the Canadian National Live Stock Records for the work which the Records office handles on their behalf during each calendar year.

Where an office is maintained as a separate unit by a single organization, then the costs of maintaining that office can be exactly determined. Where, however, an office is jointly maintained, on a pool basis, by several organizations then an absolutely accurate cost to each organization cannot usually be exactly fixed. The Records office, handling as it does the records for thirty affiliated associations, is in the latter class. Obviously then an arrangement, satisfactory to the affiliated associations, has to be found so that the costs to each affiliated association can be fixed annually. Such an arrangement, which has been followed for many years, is set out in Article 33 of Articles of Affiliation and reads as follows: "The net expenditures of the Canadian National Live Stock Records, after applying against expenditures all moneys received by gift, grant, or devise, shall be assessed against the associations at the end of each fiscal year, on a pro rata basis. The amount of the assessment against each association shall bear the same relationship to the net expenditures of the Canadian National Live Stock Records as the number of operational items handled for such associations bears to the total number of transactions handled by the Canadian National Live Stock Records for all the associations in the year for which the assessment is made. For this purpose an operational item shall be defined as (1) a certificate of registration, (2) a certificate of transfer of ownership, (3) a certificate of membership in an association, (4) a certificate of registration of tattoo letters, (5) a certification of registration of a herd, stud, flock, ranch or kennel name, (6) an export certificate, or any other form of certificate of registration which is or may hereafter be provided for in the by-laws of an association. All other work done for any association by the Canadian National Live Stock Records shall be paid for by the association on a basis to be agreed upon between such association and the committee." All operational items are not charged on the same basis. While a certificate of registration is considered "one operational item", other items depending on the work involved, may be charged at more than a single item, or may be charged at a fraction of one operational item.

## Items Charged to Kennel Club

Elsewhere on this page will be found a list of all operational items for which the Canadian Kennel Club was charged in 1951. An explanation regarding each of these items of business may be of interest to the reader.

Item Number 1 represents the certificates of registration for individual dogs issued from the Records office in 1951. There were 13,174 certificates is-

sued last year, and each individual certificate is "one operational item, the number of items charged to the Kennel Club for such certificates varies."

Item No. 2 represents transfers of ownership. The Canadian Kennel Club in 1951 had 13,647 transfers are recorded with a registration fee of ONE transaction, of operational items for the Canadian Kennel Club for 1951 was also 13,647.

Item No. 3 covers registration for litter (4844).

Item No. 4 covers memberships handled by the office for the Kennel Club.

Item No. 5—In 1951 the head office at Toronto

## Cor

In the first annual report of the Canadian National Live Stock Records an error was noted on which the date on which the act was incorporated under the Pedigree Act. It was April 15th, 1951, as reported in the issue.

for reference purposes on which to enter awards, a carbon copy of registration fee issued from the office forwarded to the head office is charged to the Kennel Club of ONE-QUARTER item.

Item No. 6—When a dog's championship status and points earned under C.K.C. rules or equivalent title, notice to the Canadian National Live Stock Records is added to the particular dog as a separate record of that particular dog involved, the Club of TWO operational items is confirmed.

## Nature of

1. Registration
2. Transfers of ownership
3. Registration of litter
4. Membership
5. Copies of certificates
6. Posting charges
7. Export duplicates
8. Tattoo letters
9. Transfer of ownership
10. Duplicate certificates
11. Kennel names
12. Agreements
13. Stud Books
14. Re-issued certificates

Total No. of operational items



# Annual Live Stock Records

and since each individual is "rated" at ONE operational number of operational items to the Kennel Club for 1951 was also 13,174.

represents the number of ownership recorded for the year in 1951. Whether such items recorded simultaneously or independent of a transfer is rated as one, therefore the number of items charged to the Club for transfers of ownership is 13,174.

covers certificates of registration registered in 1951

covers the number of items handled by the Records Office of the Kennel Club in 1951 (3092). In order that the Club's records for Toronto may have records

## Correction

In an article on the Canadian Live Stock Records, it was made in stating the date which the Club was incorporated under the Live Stock Act. The correct date is 15th, 1915, not April 15th, 1915, as reported in the March

purposes and also records entered show and trial a copy of each certificate for an individual dog to the Records office is forwarded to the head office. Each such item is charged to the Club at the rate of ONE-QUARTER of an operational

When a dog attains championship as a result of awards earned at shows held under the Club's rules, the certificate of obedience trial is forwarded to the Records office. The certificate is recorded on the record for that dog as well as on the individual record of dogs descended from that dog. For the work involved in this is charged at the rate of ONE-THIRD of an operational item for each

Item No. 7—When a transfer is received at the Record Office showing sale to a citizen of the United States, a copy of the certificate of registration is made and forwarded to the American Kennel Club. This is done in order to enable the United States purchaser to apply to the American Kennel Club for registration without undue delay. The original certificate presented at border Port of Entry, if taken up, is sent to the Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, for examination, hence delay before the United States owner receives the original. The Canadian Kennel Club was charged for 962 at one operational item each.

Item No. 8—In 1951 916 breeders and/or owners registered tattoo letters in order to identify their dogs by the tattooing method.

Item No. 9—As already stated, the Club's head office is provided with a carbon copy of each certificate of registration for an individual dog issued from the Records Office. In order that the head office may also have an up-to-date record of transfers of ownership recorded at the Records office, whenever a transfer of ownership of a registered dog is recorded at the Records office, notice of such transfer is forwarded to the head office to be placed on the records. The Club is charged at the rate of ONE-QUARTER operational item for each notice of transfer forwarded to the head office.

Item No. 10—Occasionally an original certificate is lost or destroyed, and the recorded owner makes application for and is provided with a duplicate. In 1951 112 such duplicates for dogs were issued from the Records office.

Item No. 11—In 1951 an even hundred kennel names were registered.

Item No. 12—Occasionally a dog is sold on the understanding, by written agreement, that a certificate of registration is not to be provided, or, if a certificate is provided, that the dog will not be used for breeding and/or exhibition purposes. When such agreements are entered into and a copy is forwarded to the Records office, note of the agreement is entered on the records of the dogs concerned. A charge of ONE-THIRD operational item is made to the Club for each such agreement recorded.

Item No. 13—While the Club has not

of Operational Items	Number Processed in 1951	Transaction Rating	Number of Operational Items Charged
Registration of individual dogs	13,174	1	13,174
Transfers of ownership	13,647	1	13,647
Registration of litters	4,844	1	4,844
Transfers recorded	3,092	1	3,092
Certificates to Secretary	13,174	1/4	3,269
Championships and titles	564	2	1,128
Duplicates	1,024	1	1,024
Letters allotted	916	1	916
Transfers of ownership notices to Secretary	3,644	1/4	911
Certificates issued	112	1	112
Names registered	100	1	100
Entries recorded	51	1/3	17
Books mailed	8	1	8
Duplicate certificates	3	1/2	2

Total of operational items charged to Kennel Club in 1951..... 42,244



# A Fancier Is Born

• By James D. Strachan

TO chronicle the making of a dog fancier can hardly be considered as news, but if you stop to think for a moment, it may occur to you that in all your reading you have seldom noticed the matter referred to before, so it may be quite possible that the commonplace event may have an element of news value in it after all, and so will proceed on that assumption, weak and shaky though it be.

Prior to 1883, a widow was charged with the raising of three sons and a daughter. One of the boys helped lessen his mother's burden quite considerably by walking out puppies after school hours, the regime being to get to the kennel quickly, take out the puppies for a walk, the distance being determined in all cases by the age and development of the youngsters themselves before leaving the kennel. After the first trip, the 'walker' presented himself at the kitchen door, where a kindly maid would serve a generous portion of bread and syrup, or bread and treacle (molasses), or bread and butter, or bread and cheese, or plain bread, but very seldom only the bread. With that 'manna from heaven' tucked safely away, the second 'walk' was started and upon returning again to the kennel, if the gloaming had not fallen, a third 'walk' would be indicated, so that "roaming in the gloaming" was indeed more truth than it was poetry. The results were equally beneficial to the 'walker' and his charges. The former was certainly out of bad company, and his mind oftentimes became attuned to nature in its very varying aspects. The puppies grew like weeds, their temperaments developed as substantially as the rock of Gibraltar. They ate well, slept well, and if sickness ever did catch up with them at any time, and they had to be removed to the "isolation hospital", they almost invariably responded quickly and successfully to prescribed treatment.

The "widow's son" referred to above having been the writer himself, this story covers some personal experience, and offers rich material for reminiscence now. Sixty years later, as the sunset of life spends itself, and the 'gloaming' comes down slowly, I admit that I write this episode at the request of several interested friends. I will also vouch for its veracity.

In the United States and in Canada we speak of expositions and exhibitions when we are referring to live stock shows, but back in the Summer of 1883 the attraction would be "The Wishaw Cattle Show". Here the best of Scottish live stock for miles around would gather in my home-town, Wishaw, and there always was a dog show held as one of the special features, and at these dog shows Collies were always prominent. Also, the two leading Scottish breeders of that day would always be contesting exhibitors, the two Roberts, Robert Chapman of Glenboig, and Robert Tait of Wishaw, both were pawkey, canny Scotsmen. There must be many collie fanciers who never even heard of Robert Chapman as a prominent Collieite, and to those I merely mention that it was Bobbie's collie, "Heather Ralph", who sired Mr. A. H.

Megson's super Collie of its day, Champion Ormskirk Emerald, so the Johnnie-come-latelys can start and trace him from there, if they think it worth their while. I suggest that they don't start.

Well, anyway, the two 'Bobbies' had met and when the hectic competition was over, Mr. Chapman said to Mr. Tait that he would like to go to Carlisle (7 miles away) to pick up a puppy then seven weeks old that he had coming to him for a service, and would do so right then if he could get some reliable person to take his two Collies (a dog and a bitch) back to Glenboig. Mr. Tait said to him, "Here's quite a reliable laddie that would take the dogs back to Glenboig for you." I can remember Mr. Chapman giving me the 'once over' and I realized that I had not measured up to his expectation as I heard him say, "I'll go to Carlisle some other day." But 'Bobbie' Tait was never a man to be set back on his heels as easily as all that, and it really warmed the cockles of my heart when I heard him say, 'Chapman, you're too damned hard to please; Jimmie here can be trusted with the best of my own dogs, and the judges have just said that mine are better than yours.' Mr. Chapman asked me if I knew the road to Glenboig, and in turn I gave him geographical proof that I was familiar with the countryside, but it was by train that he had in mind for my travelling and that was different. In due course, however, he gave me half a crown (50 cents), and told me to take the train at Wishaw Central (then newly built), change at Holytown and Whifflet high level, and to put the dogs in the boxes to the right and left of the carriage door (another doggie convenience long since obsolete) and when I got to Glenboig I had to wait until he arrived home.

It was with a light heart that I set off with as handsome a pair of Collies as any man would ever want to see. I participated in their glee and romped my full share, too, but nine miles—as dogs travel—is quite a piece, and before I arrived at the Heather Kennels, Mr. Chapman was already there and had finished his dinner. He was just coming down the stairs when I put in an appearance, and I could see that he was very cross. "Where have you been? What has kept you?" were his first questions, and before I could make any suitable answer, he said, "Didn't I tell you to come to Glenboig in the train?" and again, before I could answer, "Why didn't you do as you were told, and come in the train? I gave you the money and told you what I wanted you to do. Now tell me what happened?"

"Mr. Chapman, I wanted to save the half crown for my mother."

"Are you sorry that you disobeyed my orders?"

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Well, it appears that you're not afraid to speak your piece. Are you hungry?"

That has always remained in my

memory as the 'craziest question ever put to me by any living man, but upstairs we went, and there in the kitchen was the biggest, thickest, juiciest steak I had ever seen, and it was soon in front of me, with potatoes and mashed turnip. What a meal! Kings or Princes never had better. Then came the dessert—green gooseberry pie, and I'll put my hand on a stack of Bibles and swear that the gooseberries must have been soaked in lemon juice for a month, or more, because after eating that pie, my cheeks were literally pulled into the centre of my mouth, and probably would have stayed that way, only for the startling information that was to follow at once: "How did you like that steak, son?" Mr. Chapman said, and I was hard put to answer the one word, "Fine." Then he said, "Well, that's just horse meat from the Carfin knackery." My jaws relaxed at once.

After dinner my host tried out my conversational, diplomatic abilities, and soon I had described the length of time I had been walking out Collies for Mr. Tait, how Mr. Paisley, the kennel man, and I had played marbles with the home-made distemper balls sometimes, and how Mr. Tait had caught us at it quite often as he would slip into the kennel for his evening pipe, how it was fun to feed beef tea to sick puppies, and when they had enough, what was left was never wasted. He said, "How many puppies are in the Wishaw Kennel now?" I said, "I couldn't tell you, you must ask Mr. Tait yourself." He said, "You are a very clever boy, and an old fashioned one, too, for your years. You'll be a good dog man some day. Come on down to the kennels, and I'll show you some of my other dogs."

Once downstairs, he said, "Would you like to see some St. Bernards?" and I said, "No, I know Mr. Shearer Clark has all the good St. Bernards." Mr. Tait told me that Shearer had won everything in Edinburgh. "Let me see the collie puppies," so to the nursery we went and near the door was a little tri-color with the right front leg tied up in splints. There was a look in that puppy's face that bespoke sympathy and understanding if ever I have seen such virtues in any dog's face. Well, we looked at about thirty-five Collies, all under a year old, and they were a healthy, well developed group of youngsters to look at. Mr. Chapman said, "Have you a Collie of your own?" I said, "No." He said, "Would you like to have one of your own?" I said, "Yes, Mr. Chapman, I would, and if I had one of my own, it could stay right under my bed, and I would share my grub with it." He said, "All right, son, you pick one out, and I'll see whether I can let you have it or not." I said, "I've already picked one out—that wee 'tri' near the door where we came in at." He said, "Not that one. Gracious me, laddie, that one has a green splint in its leg. You couldn't have that one, but make another pick." I said, "The wee black dog. I like him best." Mr. Chapman said, "That's not a wee black dog, that's a wee black bitch, and her leg's broken. I'll give you another chance." I said, "I want the wee 'tri'."



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### JULY 1st

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Later, and after a cup of tea, I was all ready to leave Glenboig. I had received my instructions not to let my little bitch walk. Yes, she was mine, and besides, I had another half crown in my pocket to pay my way back to Wishaw, and I had to arrive there at 10:30 if the train got in on time. On the way to the station there was plenty of everything arising out of that eventful day to keep my young mind and imagination working overtime. Mr. Tait had said he could trust me. Mr. Chapman had yielded to my insistent request for a little lame tri-color Collie. I had two half crowns jingling in my corduroy trousers' pocket down nearest to where the biggest patch was—five shillings, almost as good a start as Andrew Carnegie ever had. I stood still for a moment, the better to get the whole picture into focus. I squirted the dust up between my toes, and the sun was still warm, and soon I decided to walk the nine miles back to Wishaw. A puppy is a joy to carry for the first mile, and perhaps for the second mile as well, but before the ninth mile is cut off, it has become a dead weight for sure and certain. At twelve-thirty o'clock a.m. I pulled up at my mother's door on Marshall Street. The door was locked, and the street was in black darkness. Timidly I knocked, again and again I knocked, and finally the door opened, and before I knew what was happening or could offer any explanations, or tell about my wonderful wealth, or say a word about my dog, I was in the very midst of my "Waterloo", and was thrashed to a frazzle. Mother was a powerful woman, and to end the battle, and to leave no doubt as to who the victor was, she picked me up and threw me bodily into my bed. Then she picked up my little cripple bitch and threw her out into the night. Please do not judge my mother too hastily. Remember that she raised four of us on her own effort, and had to work six twelve-hour days every week in order to meet her obligation to us, and if she had a rough exterior, she had a tender heart and I have all the proofs that a provocative son might ever need for that. God rest her soul.

As I sobbingly lay awake, painfully

conscious that my little tummy had closed in on my backbone, I heard the

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steady breathing that denotes sound slumber coming from mother's bed, so I got up, tip-toed to the door, and opened it, and there was my faithful, scared little puppy waiting for me, so I picked her up and got into bed with her. My brothers, Joe and John, were about to complain, when I threw the sign, "Murder at the crossroads", so they both shut up. I prayed earnestly, "God make my dog 'Lady' good, and keep her quiet and clean until my mother goes to work in the morning, and don't let her file (dirty) the bed. Amen."

By six-thirty, I was rudely awakened to learn that "Lady" had been good, but not clean. The bed was "filed"—and how. There was a time limit to this fracas—because mother had to start work at seven o'clock, but she made the most of her opportunities up to the very moment she left. I was black and blue all over.

Now I have black murder in my heart, the whole world is against me and my dog, but I still have five shillings. Nobody to stop me from doing anything I want to do, or go anywhere I want to go, and Dick Whittington has nothing on me for intentions. In the yard was an old disused boiler that used to generate steam to drive a power hammer in Watts' smithy. So I opened the double door, and it was about four feet wide and six feet deep—just the makings of a dandy kennel. So, after I fed the family, I had time to get two armfuls of grass for a bed for my pup, and by nine o'clock everything was as it should have been, and off I went to school. At 4 o'clock I reported sick at the kennel and was given some bread and sweet butter and marmalade and was sent home. Why didn't I think of that excuse before? On reaching home, I opened the boiler doors and there was my little dog, not a tri-color at all, just a solid black dog with pounds of soot in her coat. But for a boy that is deeply in love with a dog that is nothing and I got bricks and sandstone, and rubbed and scrubbed the walls, roof and floor of that boiler until the place was really clean. Then I went off to the hot water pond that came from Wishaw distillery that was always at just the



right temperature for washing a dog, and in no time at all I had "Lady" washed, dried and combed, and she did look really nice if I do say it myself. She soon became the idol of Marshall Street.

When mother came home at night she was pleased with my housekeeping report, and with the dinner I had prepared for her. I sensed that she was ashamed of the rough handling she had given me, but I also knew that she would never admit as much. So, I started in and told her the whole story of the day before, deleting nothing, but emphasizing my concern for her alone as I explained the holding on to the two half crowns instead of going and coming by train. Soon the purport of my little sacrifices came home to her, coming home through the dark moonlit roads at midnight, carrying a lame dog nine miles. She put her powerful arms around my slender shoulders, gave me a hug as she said, "And I put you to bed without any supper, and I put your wee lame dog out in the cold." That was enough. I realized that she was sobbing in her great heart. That night when we retired I was not surprised when mother said, "We can't have that poor wee beastie out there in that dirty old cold boiler. I'll go and bring her into the house." Her face beamed as she brought "Lady" before a fire that had been "made up" for the night.

One evening I was on my way home after exercising "Lady" when a gentleman stopped me and said, "What's wrong with your dog's leg?"

"Broke."

"How long has it been in splints?"

"Six weeks since I got it, and it was broken before that."

"Dear me, the splints should have been taken off long ago."

"No, the longer the splints are kept on, the stronger the leg will be after they come off."

"No, son, you're wrong. Let me take them off now. I'll be responsible."

So we both squatted on the sidewalk with our feet barely clear of the gutter, and there "Lady" had the splints taken off her little leg, and it was queer to notice that one leg was so thin, and the other leg so sound and strong. The man was Alan Lindsay, and he and I remained friends until the time of his death some two years ago.

Walking up past the Wishaw Central Station one evening "Lady" was the target for every eye. As we passed the public house at Thornlie and Hill Streets, Andrew Girdwood, who raised some good Collies in his time, stood in the doorway, paid a nice compliment about my dog, and offered me five pounds for it (\$25.00). I refused, and said that "Lady" was my chum. He asked my name and where I lived, and I told him, and when I left him I felt that I had become a dog fancier. Mr. Tait had said "Lady" was a lovely bitch. Mr. Girdwood had said, "That's too good a Collie for any boy to have for a pet." I was proud of "Lady", and we loved each other.

One evening I had been walking puppies from four o'clock until eight o'clock and I was both tired and hungry when I got home. I was rather glad to find some salmon (tinned), bread and milk, and started in to enjoy eating it. But something seemed to be wrong. Where was "Lady", my faithful little shadow? To all enquiries I only received vacant stares which told me most

## SPECIAL ISSUE for Cocker Spaniels

The June issue of *Dogs in Canada* will feature Cocker Spaniels in its advertising and editorial columns. Special articles on the breed will be published and the issue will be one the Cocker Spaniel fanciers will retain for some time to come.

It is suggested that your advertising space be reserved as soon as possible. Advertising copy and cuts need not reach the Editor before May 5th, but the earlier your copy is submitted the greater attention it can be given in setting up an attractive advertisement.

For any required information in advertising and engraving rates communicate with the Editor, 667 Yonge St., Toronto 5, or phone PRincess 2656.

eloquently that "Lady" had been sold in my absence, and remembering Girdwood's offer, I hastened up there, went right into the bar, and blindly accused Mr. Girdwood of having taken my dog away. Without showing any signs of annoyance, he came round from behind the bar, got me by two ears, lifted me up bodily, carried me to the door that way, kicked my little "behind", and told me to run away home or he would put the police after me (and policemen in those days were not the friends of the children that they are today). I was back in the bar just as quickly as he got there. There was a chap named "Sandy" Hinchelwood who hated Jews, Irishmen and cheap sports as he hated poison, but he had a high regard for Andrew Girdwood, and "Sandy" shouted, "If you have that boy's dog, for goodness sake, be a man and give it back to him." Girdwood demurred, and big Alick shouted, "Give that laddie back his bonnie wee dog, or I'll walk out of your bar, and never darken your door again as long as ever I live." And so "Lady" and I were re-united. The next night, Mr. Girdwood came to my mother's house, received the complete story of "Lady" and her boy owner. I looked at my mother with awed pride as she offered the two five pound notes back to Mr. Girdwood that he had paid her for the dog, and I admired Andrew when he said, "No, I'll get a good Collie from your boy some other time." God rest his soul—he did, too.

On the following Thursday Mr. Chapman came to Wishaw, and I was there when "Lady" was brought in. "My Lord, what a sonsy, we'll faured Collie" (well put together, typical). Lady and I went to Glenboig with Mr. Chapman and when I returned a week later, I had another Collie puppy, a generous amount of money—twelve pounds—and an undying regard for the words, "Heather" and "Chapman". And I would remind DOGS IN CANADA readers that both these words represent the greatest dogs of the Scottish Terrier breed alive in the world today, and at the Heather Kennels at Glenboig, in the Summer of 1915, I had the extreme pleasure of handling the Scottish Terriers "Heather Necessity" and "Heather Realization" in the presence of Robert Chapman, Jr., and his brother, James. The editor advises me that Robert Chapman died recently, and I sincerely regret his passing.

### COMING OBEDIENCE TRIALS

April 18-19th—Vancouver Island Dog Fanciers' Assoc. (two trials), at Victoria, B.C. Mrs. F. H. Webb, 1072 Marigold Rd., Victoria, B.C.

April 19th—Guelph Kennel Club, at Guelph, Ont. Milton E. Downes, 16 Chase Ave., Guelph, Ont.

April 27th—Ladies' Kennel Club of Canada Inc., at Montreal, Que. Mrs. J. T. Preston, Hon. Sec., Room 310, 1440 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Que.

May 9th—Kent Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. Mrs. Hilda MacGregor, Box 68, Chatham, Ont.

May 10th—Sarnia Kennel Club, at Sarnia, Ont. Chas. J. Fischer, 332 Confederation St., Sarnia, Ont.

May 11th—Windsor Kennel Club, at Windsor, Ont. Mrs. Alex. Napier, 3774 Walker Rd., Windsor, Ont.

Sept. 27th—Oakville & District Kennel Club, at Oakville, Ont. Lieut.-Col. M. H. A. Drury, 55 Reynolds St. S., Oakville, Ont.