



English Bulldogs

BULLDOG WRINKLES

By William A. Richards

It is always pleasant to have our friends come and visit us, and some time back I was delighted to get a 'phone call from William E. Oakley, of Rahway, N. J., that he was on his way out here. Mr. Oakley, it will be remembered, is the man who has each year shown some five or six home-bred ones at Westminster, and in last April DOGDOM I remember of writing "Mr. Oakley deserves a great deal of credit for exhibiting five home-bred dogs," and naturally I was mighty glad to have him make a special trip over here from Washington, and the visit was all too short, for when two old-time breeders get together—you know the rest. We talked of everything but bulldogs, of course. I was sorry to hear that Wildetanue died some two years ago. He was that good, big white son of Wroxham Silent Prince, imported by Mr. Oakley. He told me of various good ones coming along and I was mighty glad to hear of them.

Several times this fall I have had a well known bulldog enthusiast come out from Baltimore to talk dog and look them over. He took a month's vacation this summer and spent it pleasantly in looking at every good bulldog between here and Boston. A visit was made in Massachusetts and every day he took a little motor jaunt to some kennel. I had told him of my bulldog friends *en route* and know he called on several of them. Bulldogs and the rest did him good, for he came back to business fifteen pounds heavier and feeling bully. Now what I am getting at is this—one day, not so long back, he told me that some chap I know, or who knows me, said to him: "Why don't you get Richards to stop that DOGDOM stuff? We know all that he writes and he is giving away for nothing, knowledge which has taken him and us years to learn by bitter experience, and pretty soon the country will be flooded with bulldog pups." He did not tell me who it was and I did not ask, but I thought to myself the little work I have been trying to do the last year or so through the courtesy of Mr. Bechmann and DOGDOM is perhaps bearing results. I was sure of it before from the many, many letters we have received *re* the stuff. Many is the inquiry which has come in about some little point I had not made clear, and gladly have I written and to breeders interested in some *other* breed. I have been glad to do what little I could for the benefit of the home-bred dog, and if a breeder can be straightened out and I can help, I want to do it. The more pups saved the more will be shown and sold. Every bulldog sold will be seen and some admirer will desire a good one for himself, and that in turn is but an endless chain. Am I not right? Surely

I am. Let me illustrate. For years I was in the gas business. In those days a gas stove for cooking was not as common as now. I used to take hold of a property to increase the output. We would not get into a section of the town and work it thoroughly—we decided it was better to get a gas stove in on each block and let the stove and its owner's praise create a desire in all the other ladies along that block to own a stove just like Mrs. Jones'. Did it work? Of course it worked, and it will in bulldogs. Bear this in mind. Whenever you are taking a walk and a man stops you and admires the dog, talk to him and talk bulldog, the best pal a man, woman or kid ever had around a place. If a clever, good looking girl wants to look him over, be sure and stop. Some of my best friends in Baltimore are those who have stopped me on the country roads roundabout, and they proved so interested and have gotten now to be real enthusiasts.

The past year I have not been fortunate in taking pictures, but of late have noticed a litter of pups that have delighted to sit in their kennel door on nice sunny days and what would have been called in the old days, "rubber." All beings of the gentler sex, they, of course, are doubly inquisitive, and while grooming an older dog recently they sat so still for such a long time,

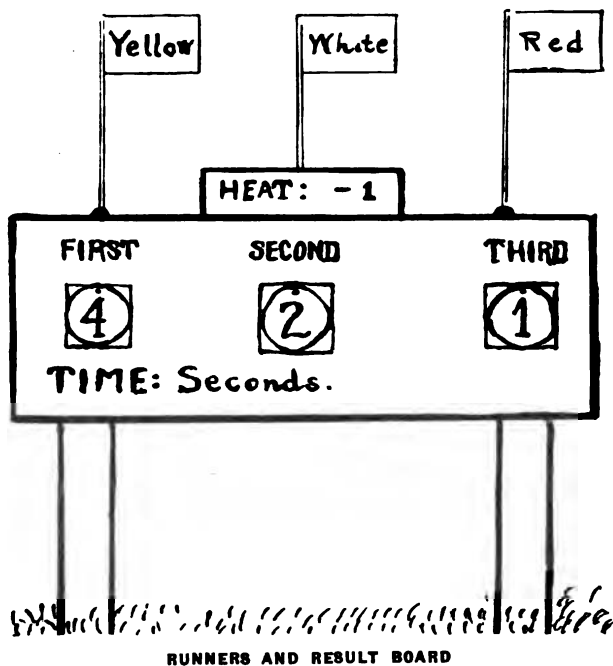
taking in the entire operation, as if they knew they were the next to be gone over, that I thought I would try to get a snap, and it was certainly with pleasure I found that one of the two exposures turned out fairly well. It did not give the detail of the stuff before the eyes as I would have liked, but gives the general type, but a little more detail would have shown up the expression better, and so decided to have a half-tone made for January DOGDOM to show what is growing along in sunny Maryland, and I hope there are hundreds of kennels all over with the youngsters thriving and coming true to type—remember it's type, type. TYPE we want. Then size. Do not forget the substance.

A good many years ago I had a bitch at the kennels called Newburg Peggy and mated her to Ch. Rodney Merlin, the corking dog Charlie Hopton brought over and soon made a champion. She came along most beautifully. Milk apparently was coming nicely, and I thought we would soon have some good pups. Along about the last week she just naturally exploded and in no time shrank to nothing. All I could find was a small patch of pinkish fluid (not blood). I had heard of false conceptions, but could not think it would happen right at home. This incident was brought to mind by an advice from the north this past week of a well known winner having done the same thing—even to having the milk. This past spring she whelped a big litter and brought them up successfully.

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SILENT WHITE PRISCILLA, S. W. FLAME, S. W. MARCIA, S. W. ELIZABETH, AT EIGHT WEEKS. SIRE, CH. SILENT WHITE DUKE EX ASTORIA RUTH LAW, BY CH. ASTORIA BARON. BREEDER, THE FARM OF THE SILENT WHITE BULLDOGS, REG., PIKEVILLE, MD.



RUNNERS AND RESULT BOARD

has just been run off is very great. The same board can be used for giving the numbers of the runners in each heat, in the usual way.

English Bulldogs

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The lady wrote me that she felt what DOGDOM had been doing for bulldogs the past year had helped her bring them through so well. This fall she bred to the same dog, and on the 58th day she came out of her box—thin, shrunken and dirty. She was all right an hour or two before. This is one of the many, many incidents or accidents pertaining to breeding. I would turn right around and breed her the next season. Another bitch in the kennel—due to whelp the same day—had nine strong, healthy pups. One came across, the other not.

Of course, this is old stuff to all the old-time breeders who suggest I cut this out, but as I said once before, it was Mr. Bechmann's desire to do something for the novice, and it is the novice we are trying to help.

Magnet Kennels have just imported from Mrs. Penfold Field, England, a splendid fawn colored English bull bitch. Mrs. Field was very loth to part with her but Mr. Parven was so insistent that she let her come and registered her in the E. K. C. as New Jersey Queen before shipping her. She arrived in splendid condition, October 23, and was just in time to be bred to Magnet Mahomet.

The Boston Terrier Specialty Show

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ways been called upon; but this year, for some reason or other, were neglected, which was indeed very unfortunate, and which I sincerely trust will not occur again. I refer to James Carroll, of Buffalo, and Samuel R. Foster, of Philadelphia, Pa., both well known judges.

Following are the awards in full:

Junior Puppy dogs, 28 entries.—1, Day Starette, William O'Connor; 2, Aullis' Sonny Sigourney, Mrs. Aullis; 3, Nifty

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A. K. C. 278330

Whelped June 27, 1919. Light wolfgrey with cream markings. KIM is a young dog of magnificent substance, a valuable sire for young or small bitches. He is the only son at stud of the 1919 Reserve Grand Champion Artus Mercedes. Stud fee \$50.00, refunded if service proves unproductive.

For Sale — Litter of wolfgrey puppies sired by KIM III OF FORKLAND, whelped October 9, 1920.

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21-8-12



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