

TERRIER GROUP



Glen of Imaal Terrier

from abroad to increase the gene pool here in the U.S. When we have to tell someone that their 20-pound, silky-coated, drop-eared pup is clearly not a Glen, it is not out of disrespect for the owner or the pup, but out of respect for our breed. Someone who likes that size in their pet will quite possibly find a 35 to 40-pound adult male Glen a bit more dog than they bargained for.

Dogs are such wonderful companions and there is a shortage of both purebreds and mixed-breeds right now, with so many people working from home and deciding that it's a good time to add a canine to the family.

If you find a cute rescue who seems to resemble photos you've seen of Glens and tugs on your heartstrings, then adopt him or her—but be aware that the chances of this actually being a Glen of Imaal Terrier are very, very slim.

—Jo Lynn,

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Glen of Imaal Terrier Club of America

Irish Terriers

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

No judge could miss my dog. The competition was too sorry. Suddenly a cloud covered the sun, turning the show grounds dark. The other dogs, exhibitors, and spec-

tators stopped moving. I should have been frightened, but then the little man appeared.

He wore a tux and top hat and stood in the center of the ring. He and I were the only figures in full sunlight.

“So, your dog is going to win again?” he asked lasciviously.

“Of course! Did you think these miserable pigs could beat me?” I leered.

“Not a chance,” he growled. “I gather you don't think too much of your competition?”

“Who could?” I said, beginning to feel a bond with the stranger. “Do you see these pigs?”

“I'd like to,” he cackled.

I glanced at the lineup of dogs just as their bodies began to bloat, swell, and mutate into something awful—or edible. They turned into pigs! Some of them snorted and wiggled their snouts.

“I'll be going now,” the little man said. “I know you can beat these pigs.”

“Hey, I can't show against pigs!”

“You didn't mind beating them when you just thought they were pigs.”

“Beating pigs or animals you don't respect doesn't mean much.”

He looked crestfallen. “This doesn't have to be meaningful, does it? I'm afraid you're not going to be any fun.”

“Some of them are decent. I never looked

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Irish Terrier: "That sickening flattery won't make your dog any better."

too closely before."

"Get an eyeful," he said. Several of the dogs, turned stiff and hard as stone, whisked into place beside my dog. "What do you think?"

"He has a reasonable head," I said begrudgingly. "That one has a good jacket, and the other has a beautiful outline."

"That sickening flattery won't make your dog any better."

"Yeah, but if I don't respect the competition,

then what have I gained by defeating them?"

"Oh, please, I'm sickened by respect." His head whipped around. "Tell me about these fools at ringside."

"There are some simpletons! They wouldn't know a good dog if they bred one."

"I love it," he cackled. "There's no use beating these dolts. Let's go brag about your wins to some real people."

The Best of Breed ribbon leapt into my

hand, and we fell through a dark tunnel only to appear on a strange, crowded street corner.

"Brag to these people," he commanded. People were staring.

"Best of Breed." I said, showing the rosette.

"*Hmmpft!*" said a dignified woman, "but what kind of a dog is that?"

"He won from the American-bred class," I said.

"Isn't an American-bred some kind of horse?" a man asked.

"This is no good," I said. "These people don't know anything about dogs. My win means nothing to them. I'd rather go back to the dog show

"But those people at the show are morons," he reminded me.

"Well, we do have different points of view, but at least we share a common interest and language. Maybe that's a basis for learning to respect one another."

"What a nasty turn of events," he said, his face blushing bright red. "I loved to think of you showing against pigs in front of morons. Let me know if you get that attitude back. We could have a lot of fun together!"

A flicker of flame appeared inside his body and then he was gone, leaving only a burned, acrid smell.

My dog and I reappeared at the show. The show resumed and the light returned, but

clearer than before.

—Ellis West

[Irish Terrier Club of America](#)

Kerry Blue Terriers

PANDEMIC PUPPY BOOM: MAKING THE MOST OF QUARANTINE TIME

Has anyone noticed the postings of puppies has been on the upswing on social media these days? Breeders are receiving many calls for new puppies, rescues, and retired show dogs; as many of us are "sheltering in place" for months at a time. AKC litter registrations for Kerry Blue Terriers since January 2020 are up 12 percent, comparing July 2019 to July 2020.

Across the country, pet adoptions have been on the rise. On the CDC website, information on the benefits of owning a pet includes *decreases in blood pressure, cholesterol levels, and feelings of loneliness, and increased opportunities for exercise and outdoor activities.* The CDC shares the importance of choosing your pet carefully, doing an assessment of your needs and the health needs of the pet you plan to adopt or purchase.

One area that seemed to be missing from the post was the important topic of training your pet. Many of us know that when choosing a Kerry Blue Terrier, understanding your dog's

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