

TERRIER GROUP

Irish Terriers

QUITTING AGAIN

“I think he’s going to do it this time!” Louise said.

I went right over. Her husband, Harold Ynotsky, has been in dogs for 20 years. Like all such people, he suffers from dog-show withdrawal pains. Periodically he decides to quit the game.

As I arrived, Harold was in the backyard chucking a dog-showing outfit—a lime-green leisure suit—into a bonfire of show catalogs, breeder-feeder coupons, and all manner of combustible tack. His face was full of a terrible anxiety, as if he had an internal itch that couldn’t be reached even by clawing himself blindly. “You can kiss this crap goodbye,” Harold said. “I’m quitting dogs.”

“I won’t miss that suit,” I confided. The fire stoked up, and Harold relaxed as if the heat released his tension. “What brought this on?”

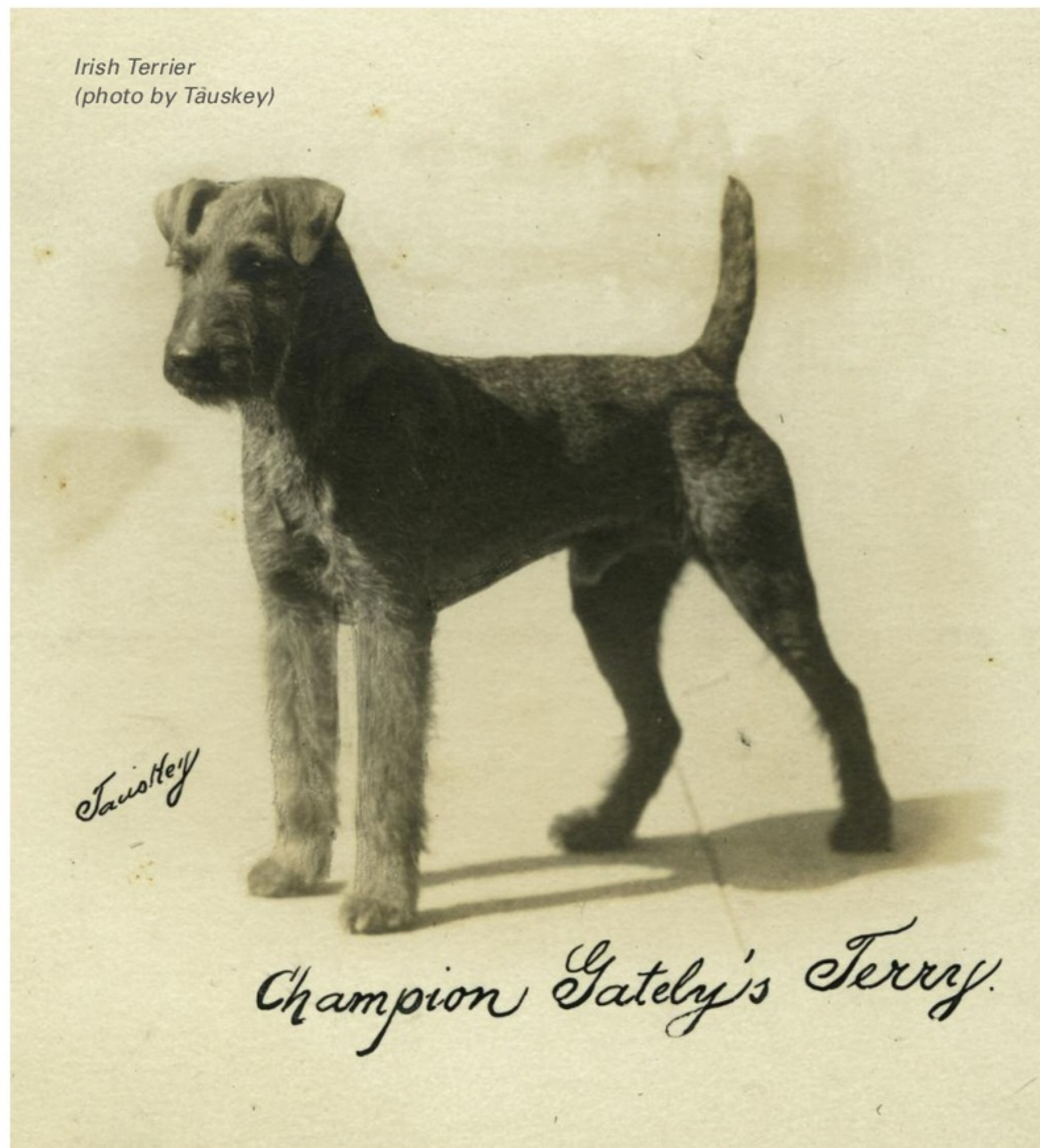
“Bruno won a Best in Show yesterday.”

“So you’re quitting at the top of your game rather than do a Willie Mays?”

“No,” he said. “I’m quitting because Bruno isn’t the type of dog I want.”

“You have generations of breeding invested in a winning dog, and you don’t want him?”

“He’s the wrong type.”



“But he’s *your* type!”

“He *is*, but he really *isn’t* ...”

“If you’d like to discuss this with yourself, I can leave.”

“I like things about my dog. But *they* are putting him up for the wrong reasons.”

“Darn!”

“My breed has a sweet, reasonable temperament. But a dog like that can’t win, so I bred a dog who behaves like he has a 110-volt cattle prod up his bazoo.”

“Everybody likes a showy dog.”

“Even if it’s wrong?”

“You’re winning!”

“It’s nauseating,” Harold said. “What has a man gained if he wins a Best in Show but has lost his breed type?”

“Harold, who bred this dog anyway?”

“*They* did,” he said, jumping back nervously. “I bred him for *them*: the hyper personalities were for the old pros; the wide movers to please the all-rounders; the extreme-looking dogs to please the breeder-judges, and the fault-free but also *virtue-free* dogs to please the novices.”

“And for Harold?”

“What could I breed? I’d have lost every show.”

“That won’t make a difference, now that you’re quitting.”

“Quitting!” Harold’s eyebrows pulled

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together. “If I quit, no one will see my dogs.”

“No one who counts,” I assured him. “The people who are seriously sick about breeding quality dogs will be at the dog shows.”

“That is where they hang out, isn’t it?” he asked. “If I really had a dog I believed in and wanted to show to somebody. I should take it to shows and show it to those breeders.”

“The nincompoops you referred to earlier?”

“The future of a breed rests with its breeders,” Harold said. A light came into his eyes. “I’ll be damned if I’m going to let their opinions push me around. I’m going to breed dogs that suit *me*.”

“You’re going to show dogs again?”

“You’re damned right, I am,” he said, and began stomping out the flames on his hound glove.

“Before you change plans to special Bruno in the spring, would you do one thing for fellow exhibitors?”

“What’s that?”

“Rush back in the house, and get your burgundy-colored suit—you know, the one with the white belt. And toss it on this fire.”

—Ellis West

[Irish Terrier Club of America](#)

Kerry Blue Terriers

LIFE DURING OR AFTER CONFORMATION

PART ONE

Is your Kerry Blue a Retired conformation champion? Looking for some opportunities? There are many Kerry Blues still receiving additional titles, and many opportunities to find new ways to demonstrate the breed’s amazing versatility. This is no surprise to the longstanding Kerry Blue Terrier fancier who knows the history behind this amazing breed. AKC titles aside, there are Kerry Blue Terriers in the U.S. who are therapy dogs and service/alert dogs, and dogs working on farms and in crisis assistance.

Looking back to the origins of the breed, we are reminded that the Kerry Blue was the all-around, do-everything-on-the-farm kind of terrier for the Irish farmer. These dogs were busy creatures, who loved to work!

I’d like to share a few examples of unique jobs our Kerry Blue Terriers are doing across the country. In the next few articles I will be sharing more.

Service alert dog Harper (GCh. Kamagh Too Busy Bein Fabulous) has been the companion of Carole Dickenson for seven years. For Carole, keeping Harper busy with tasks has never been a problem. Carole has had several medical complications in recent years and has been dependent on an oxygen device. She



Clockwise from top left: Liam, the “horse therapy” Kerry; Liam posing for his major win; Harper with her decorated service-dog vest; Liam connecting with a new horse friend