

TERRIER GROUP

*And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*—Rudyard Kipling

I was on my cell phone this morning when the house phone rang. I glanced over at the caller ID and saw that it was my vet's office. When I was able to play back the message it said, "Rosie's ashes are here for you to pick up whenever you have time."

My heart ached again, just slightly this time, as it does every time I think of her and I'm reminded that she is gone.

Less than a month ago I learned that her younger brother, Riley, had passed very suddenly, and I grieved with Andy over that loss. He was such a beautiful Glen, a successful show dog, a sire of three litters, and a beloved family member. Glens are a rare breed, and those of us who are active in breeding or showing or involved in Glen of Imaal Terrier Club of America (GITCA) parent-club activities are a close community. We are cheered when we hear of a new litter, and we sympathize with the pain of loss that comes when one passes. I have cried many times when reading a heartfelt eulogy for one of our breed—sometimes dogs that I have never met, even dogs in foreign countries, but ones that I have come to know through photos or stories.

Earlier this month Tipper, my first Glen, turned 15 years old. We celebrated his birthday with a ride in the car and a visit to a big-box pet store, with a leisurely walk around the aisles and the purchase of a new toy and treats. Tipper has a half sister, India, in New York City who just turned 16. They are blessed with longevity in that family. Tipper is special because he is the first dog who was all mine and is my first AKC champion.

But Rosie, sweet Rosie, well, she was special to me in so many ways. She was a successful show dog, three times ranked in the top five and invited to Westminster, where she was Best of Opposite in 2009. More importantly, though, she was always the first to greet me when I came home, the one who laid her head on my foot as I worked at my desk, and the one who had to be next to me when I fed horses twice a day in all kinds of weather. She shared my bed, resting less than an arm's length from my heart every night. After she retired from showing she would cry at the back door as I packed the car to head to a dog show. It broke my heart to leave her behind, so I started shopping for a travel trailer. I wanted to be able to take her on the road with me this year. The last trip she took with me was to look at travel trailers in Buffalo.

Her passing came suddenly and unexpectedly. She just didn't seem herself, would not

climb stairs, didn't have her usual energy or enthusiasm. Three trips to two different vets and \$2,000 for exams, tests, and medications could sadly not stop her from slipping away from me, victim to a rare form of cancer. I would have given thousands more to bring the sparkle back into those warm, brown eyes and keep her at my side for even a few months more.

The outpouring of condolences from those who knew her was so very comforting. Even friends whom I had drifted away from over the years wrote to say what fond memories they had of her, how sweet she was to every person and every dog she ever met.

I loved you, Rose. Thank you for making me feel loved in return.

"A single rose can be my garden; a single friend, my world."—Leo Buscaglia

—Jo Lynn,

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Glen of Imaal Terrier Club of America,

<http://www.glens.org/>

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 tempera-

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ment. 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 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,

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Irish Terrier Club of America,

<http://www.itca.info>

Kerry Blue Terriers

ARE YOU A GOOD BREEDER?

It takes more than having a litter of puppies to say you are a good breeder. It is hoped that you did your homework investigating the pedigrees of the sire and dam, including possible health clearances required. However, are you ready for the hard work and the responsi-

bilities that escalate after the puppies are born?

Puppies are cute and fun, but it is important to consider your responsibilities for the litter before moving forward with a breeding. Assuming proper nutrition and veterinary care of the dam and her litter helped produce a healthy litter of puppies, you now have to start the process of raising well-adjusted puppies for at least 10 to 12 weeks, until they are placed with their new owners.

- Do you have the time and money to maintain the puppies in a clean and healthy environment, offering them any necessary veterinary care? Three or four visits to a vet may be required before they are ready to leave home.

- Do you have a safe space to allow the puppies to run and play as they mature? A fenced-in area that offers the puppies stimulation with ramps, toys, and tunnels will help build muscle tone and confidence.

- Are you able to crate-train each puppy so that when they go to their new homes they will be secure in a new environment? This will take some patience and more than a few early-morning wake-ups to make sure the puppy does not soil his crate.

- Once the puppies have had the necessary vaccinations, will you socialize each puppy, bringing them for car rides, trips to a park or a walk on a leash? Offering each of them new

experiences, *independent* of the other puppies in the litter, promotes the self-confidence needed during this developmental stage.

- Do you have the equipment and expertise to groom your puppies, or do you know someone who is willing to do this for you? As the breeder, you may need to teach the new owner the breed's basic maintenance requirements. If you are not personally able to do this, you will need to contact someone in the owner's area and ask them to help the new owner in this process.

- Should ears need to be set, can you do this for the length of time required, or do you know someone who will do this for you? Other responsible breeders will usually be more than willing to help you. Give them a call first, however, before forwarding their information.

- Are you willing to thoroughly interview each potential new puppy owner and perhaps even visit their home if reliable references are not offered? Placement of the right puppy with the right owner is not the easiest task. Does the dog need a fenced-in yard? Are *all* members of the family on board for the purchase of a dog? Does the age of the children present an issue? What other pets are in the home? Does anyone in the family have dog allergies?

- Are you able to present the new owner with AKC registration papers, a contract, the