



**NEWSLETTER MARCH 2001**  
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**NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK:** I would like to thank those that have served on our past Executive and for different reasons can do so no longer, your efforts have been greatly appreciated. I look forward to working with our new and ongoing Executive members in the time to come and am sure that our growth will continue. As I have said before, we have a special Breed that we share a common interest in, and, while we don't always agree on every aspect, we can respect each others point of view. This is essential for our ongoing growth in the Club and in expanding our own personal areas of interest. Growth in any aspect can be both a joy and a pain, but is still a learning experience we can benefit from. I am presently taking time to consider my own breeding program and where I want to go with it; genetics are such an interesting area and surprises not uncommon, but again a continuous learning experience! I look forward to seeing as many of you that can make it to our Specialty in Winnipeg this year. - Fern

**ELECTION RESULTS:** As you probably noticed, we didn't actually have an election, as there was only one candidate for each position, so everyone who was willing to stand was acclaimed. Our new Executive is shown on the masthead. Welcome to Barb, Ron and Stephanie, and our thanks and best wishes to Patricia, Wendy and Karen Slutsken. And thanks as well to Karen Harbert and Karen Slutsken for acting as the nominating committee.

**SPECIALTY NEWS!** The 2001 Specialty will be held on Friday August 10<sup>th</sup>, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in conjunction with the Manitoba Canine Association shows. Judging will be in the evening after Best in Show, indoors. Keeper prizes are being donated by Lore Bruder (pottery) and by Heather Brenan and Fern Hunt (local wheat/barley wreaths). Lore is making leather file pouches for judges' gifts too. Our judges are Chris Edwards for Sweeps and Virginia Lyne will do regular classes. There is camping on site (but no power) and several campsites close by, which will be listed in the premium list.

**BOOSTER 2000 RESULTS!** Here are the results from last fall's booster show in BC (sorry to have missed the last issue but they were received after the newsletter had been "put to bed"!)

Best of Breed: Can Ch Waibourne's Butler of Simayak

Best of Opposite Sex: Can/Am Ch Round Hound Another Joy

Best of Winners and Winners Bitch: Aurigan Miss Goodnite

Winners Dog: Am Ch D Cross The Buck Stops Here

Reserve Winners Dog: Waibourne's Oskard O'Simayak

Reserve Winners Bitch: Pawcific Wishes for Wingello

**BOOSTER 2001 NEWS:** For those of you who aren't planning to go to the Manitoba Specialty, or who are going but would like a summer tune up for the dogs first, there will be a Booster Show on Saturday July 14<sup>th</sup>. This is being held in conjunction with the Kilbride and District Kennel Club, at the Milton Fairgrounds, Milton, Ontario. That's about an hour west of Toronto. Our judge will be Senor Norman Huidobro-Corbett from Spain. Rosettes and keeper trophies will be offered for BOB, BOS, BofW, Best Puppy, Winner's Dog and Winners Bitch. Premium lists will be mailed to all members in Ontario; if you are outside of Ontario and would like a copy, contact Marilyn Boissonneault (address on the masthead).

**CONGRATULATIONS!** Our congratulations to Sue Bain, whose 'other' breed is the Siberian Husky. Sue won both Best of Breed and Best Puppy at the Siberian Husky Clube of Ontario Specialty in the fall, with Ch. Bain's Northern Look Both Ways and Ch. Bain's Northern Anydreamwilldo, respectively. As most of you know, Sue is a long-time member (in fact she was the Club's first President), and judged Sweepstakes at our 1987 and 2000 Specialties. Well done, Sue!

### **THEREBY HANGS A TAIL.....curious canine expressions**

The English language is full of odd and curious sayings we use and commonly understand, without knowing their origin. Fifty years or so ago, such sayings fascinated Charles Funk, he of the Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary, whose hobby was tracking down the history and usage of these figures of speech. A number of them relate to dogs. So, in case you have ever wondered, here are a couple of curious canine expressions, explained.

***"a hair of the dog that bit you"*** Customarily, this applies to a drink taken as a pick-me-up on the morning after a spree, to a drink taken for relief from an excess of drinks. Heywood, in 1546, thus recorded it in his *Dialogue conteyning prouerbes and epigrammes*: "I pray the leat me and my felow haue A heare of the dog that bote us last night - And bitten were we both to the braine aright." The curious name for the practice comes from the widely accepted medical doctrine that goes back at least to the sixteenth century and was probably the common folk belief many centuries before that. That is, it was generally and seriously believed that if one were bitten by a dog suffering from rabies (by a 'mad dog') one's chance of recovery was greatly improved if a hair from the dog could be secured and bound upon the wound. It may be pertinent to remark that, though this treatment was still recommended up to the middle of the eighteenth century, its efficacy is now doubted; possibly the same could be said of the morning pick-me-up."

***"putting on the dog"*** Making pretensions of grandeur; assuming airs. This was American college slang of the 1860's. Whether or not it originated at Yale, it was so credited by Lyman H. Bagg, who, in his *Four Years at Yale* (1871) wrote: 'Dog, style, splurge. To put on the dog is to make a flashy display, to cut a swell' - and the latter expression in the definition could be defined 'to appear important'. The source of college slang even today can be little more than guesswork...But it was then that the Blenheim and King Charles spaniels were at the height of aristocratic popularity (ed.

note: at least in America). Nothing could be snootier, more high toned than those dogs. Perhaps we owe this doggy phrase to them.”

### **THE CASE OF THE MIGRATING MICROCHIP: *where did it go?***

Like most breeders, when microchips were first introduced for the identification of puppies, we were more than happy to abandon tattooing. Microchips provide a unique means of identifying an individual dog that isn't messy, doesn't fade over time, and is far less stressful than tattooing, for both the puppy and the person doing the job. No more trying to hold a frightened, squirming puppy on its back while the vet tries to tattoo 5 legible characters on its tummy, just inject a tiny chip smoothly and quickly between the shoulder blades! Hurray for the microchip!

Of course, they aren't perfect....

Jim had three and a half month old Cleo on his lap and was scratching her chest when he found an odd lump under the skin. It was low down at the base of her chest, just to the right of her sternum, and it seemed to be exactly the size and shape of a grain of rice....or a microchip. “You don't suppose...?”

When the chips first came out I'd heard a couple of stories of microchips that moved from the insertion point, including a somewhat hysterical tale of a chip that supposedly got into the bloodstream of an Irish Wolfhound and caused the dog to die of a heart attack. This was supposed to prove that the chips were deadly, but struck me as the birth of another urban legend. Still, Cleo had a lump, and since she had to go into the vet anyway I might as well get it checked out.

Other business finished, I pointed out the lump. The vet got out the microchip scanner and waved it over Cleo's back, where the chip should have been. Nothing. Then she held it between Cleo's front legs, and it squealed loudly. Aha!: the microchip was the culprit!

Although it wasn't doing any harm where it was, it was clear that if Cleo ever got mislaid and somebody checked in the normal place for a chip, they would conclude she didn't have one. So the vet and I agreed that old chip had to come out, and a new one inserted.

Since I had already sent in the individual puppy registrations to the Canadian Kennel Club, and Cleo was officially and duly identified in accordance with the *Animal Pedigree Act* with a microchip number that was about to become defunct, I called the CKC for advice. I found out that 'migrating microchips' (as they are called) are not unheard of, although usually they travel down the outside of the dog's leg, and they don't go very far. (They certainly don't get into the bloodstream or cause death to Irish wolfhounds!) In most cases the chip can still be picked up when the scanner is passed over the back. A chip that had wandered all the way from the back to the bottom of the chest was, said the CKC person, 'really weird'. More often than migrating, however, chips just quit.

Having to change a chip on a dog that has already been identified in the CKC records with a particular chip number happens often enough that the CKC has an official procedure. You need to have your vet write a letter, on the clinic's letterhead, stating that on such and such a day he/she removed microchip number ABC from (the dog's full registered name) and replaced it with microchip XYZ, and state why, ie. It quit working or migrated. DO check against your copy of the microchip form to make sure the vet clinic got both the original and the new numbers correct: I ended up having to get three letters from my vet because they kept copying the numbers wrong. And although I followed the procedure as the CKC described it, I'm STILL trying to get Cleo's registration certificate corrected!

A good idea, as part of your dog's regular health checkup, is to have the vet check the microchip to make sure it's still working.....and that it's still where it's supposed to be!

## **WHY CARDIGANS?**

We've all experienced it: the odd response of people who find out, for the first time, that you have Cardigans. The second question (after "no, the Queen has the other kind; this is the *Cardigan* corgi".) is always "but why Cardigans?", as if *everybody* should have a Golden Retriever. There is a different story for every Cardi owner - or rather, everyone who is owned by a Cardigan. I know of people for whom Cardigans are a family tradition. I know of someone who got into Cardis as a visual joke. I know of people who took a night school course in how to select the perfect breed of dog for them, and the answer was a Cardigan. Quite a significant number of people have switched from German shepherds to Cardis. And I know of people who got their first Cardi because I handed them a puppy and said "this is your dog" (not usually recommended, but they are now happily on their third Cardigan!).

So this is the beginning of a series I've been wanting to do for some time: why did *you* first take a Cardigan into your life? I know there are as many reasons as there are Cardigans and their people, and I'd like to print as many of these stories as I can. Please be generous with your stories; don't assume that how you came to fall in love with a Cardigan is of no interest to anyone else: we're all *crazy* about Cardis! Your stories don't have to be long or fancy, you can send them to me by e-mail or hardcopy, but please share them with us. And I will be asking some of you specifically!

To start off, here is how I met my first Cardigan....

## **THE ORIGINAL FLYNN**

In the summer of 1975, I had just finished my first year as a landscape architecture student at the University of Guelph. The School of Landscape Architecture recommended that after their first year, students should work for the summer in landscape construction or maintenance, to gain practical experience. So I found a job

with a local, one man operation called "Woody's Landscaping". It wasn't exactly a thriving business - mostly we cut lawns - but Woody had a few other irons in the fire. He had a small flock of chickens and sold eggs; he had Golden Retrievers; and he had some funny looking dogs called Cardigan Welsh Corgis.

The Cardigans were a new venture for Woody. Apparently he had acquired the two adult dogs from someone in the US the year before (years later, when I told Charlie MacInnes this story, he said he had heard of Woody's dogs, that he'd got them from Ann and Gerry Orht, and that they were quite good. He'd also heard that Woody had somehow managed never to pay for them.) Woody had bred the pair, and after a year, still hadn't sold a single puppy. Nobody in Guelph knew what a Cardigan Corgi was, but everyone knew about Golden Retrievers. Disgusted with his unsuccessful venture into Cardis, Woody decided to sell the entire lot, year-old puppies plus the two adults, for \$30 apiece.

That same spring, one of my professors had separated from his wife. Depressed and lonely, he was finding that the cat he'd borrowed from some students who'd left town for the summer wasn't much companionship. I suggested he get a dog, specifically one of Woody's puppies, which I hadn't even seen at this point. Knowing so little about dogs then, I even told him that after a year living in a pen the dog would probably be neurotic, but if it was, then at \$30 he wouldn't be out much money!

Surprisingly, Dick went and bought a dog. He chose a black and white bitch puppy, looked on a map of Wales and found the name of a place that he'd been to and could pronounce, and called her Llanfylln....Flynn for short. Dick told me that she walked into his house, took a look around, barked once as if to say "This is more like it!" and settled in happily to rule the roost. The only lasting evidence that she had spent her first year in a pen was that she never did fully master stairs.

Flynn was a wonderful dog. She became the mascot of the School of Landscape Architecture, coming to classes, hanging around the studios and attending all the parties. (In fact, Dick got invitations to student parties on the condition that he had to bring Flynn!) She came cross-country skiing, following in the tracks and every 30 feet or so doing a huge rabbit-hop into the air so she could see where everybody was. When we played monster ball, Flynn danced around the knot of people pushing on the ball, barking madly and occasionally darting in to nip a pant leg. Dick had family in New York City, and Flynn would accompany him on long weekends, sitting upright in the back of the BMW as though she were being chauffeured. In short, she was a real Cardigan Corgi.

Some years later, after I had begun working for Parks Canada in Cornwall, I was surprised to get a phone call one evening from Dick. He had decided to leave the School, in fact to leave the profession of landscape architecture, and was going to Switzerland to study psychotherapy at the Carl Jung Institute. And for some reason (because I still didn't know anything about dogs) he wanted my advice on whether or not he should take Flynn.

So Flynn went to Switzerland.....and promptly became the mascot of the Carl Jung Institute. (Dick told me that he got some pretty funny looks as he walked through the Zurich airport carrying a pair of cross-country skis and being led by a stubby-legged dog with big ears!) I don't know what psychotherapy students do for fun - they probably don't play monster ball, and by now Flynn would have been getting a little old for it - but she certainly knew all about parties! And when one of Dick's friends developed a terminal illness, Flynn was allowed into the palliative care hospice to stay with her...

Dick didn't return to Canada after he finished the course at the Jung Institute. He moved to Italy, and developed a travel business specializing in tours for design students, based in Tuscany. And that is where Flynn lived for the rest of her life. She died in a villa in Tuscany in 1989, at fifteen, a long, long way from Guelph, and even farther from being an unwanted year old puppy who didn't even have a name.

And when I finally got my first Cardigan Corgi in 1984, it was no coincidence that Joker was black and white, self-possessed, and looked very much like Flynn as I remember her. Although, even among Cardigans, I suspect Flynn was truly unique.

- Marilyn Boissonneault

### **MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS!**

Yes, it's time once more for renewing your membership in the Canadian Cardigan Corgi Club! You will find a handy tear-off renewal form on the back of the newsletter. Please take a minute or so and fill it out, write out a cheque, and send to Barb Hoffman. *All memberships should be in by April 30<sup>th</sup>!*

Some of you received a "puppy membership" when you acquired a Cardigan from a Club member this year. We hope you have enjoyed receiving this newsletter, and that you will choose to stay with the Club. There are lots of ways for you to get involved in the Club if you wish. And of course you will continue to receive this great newsletter!

Everyone who wants to become a new *regular* member must be sponsored by two regular members in good standing. *This does not apply to current full members renewing their memberships.* It does apply to current associate, junior or puppy members who wish to become full voting members of the Club. I suggest you contact the breeder from whom you acquired your Cardigan as one sponsor; they'll likely be happy to do it. Any other member, including an Executive member, can be the other. All of the Executive are listed on the masthead, with their addresses. Think of it as another way to keep in touch!

If you are currently have a puppy membership and want to stay with the Club, but don't care about voting privileges, you can become an associate member, in which case you don't need sponsors. Just fill out the form and send it and a cheque to Barb Hoffman.