

# Canadian Cardigan Corgi Club

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### A BIT OF CANADIAN CARDIGAN HISTORY – circa 1960

The picture is blurry, because it is scanned from part of a tiny family snapshot. It is important, as it is one of the earliest pictures of Canadian Cardigans. These are the original **a7** corgis.

From left to right, the dogs are:  
**Gwencie Winkie, Taffy, Marble, Dilwel Dilwyn.** Wyn and Winkie figure in many modern pedigrees. I have not found the registered names of Taffy or Marble. Taffy was imported from Wales. Marble was bred by Margaret Head, sired by Wyn, and was probably a litter brother of Dogdene Little Bob of Mischief.

## **PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND ANNOUNCEMENT OF ELECTION**

It is a season of change in the CCCC. Over the summer, Marilyn Boissoneault had health issues that forced her to resign as president of the club. As vice-president, I automatically assumed her post. Soon thereafter, I returned to college as a full-time science student. If you remember your school days, you'll recall that if you want good grades you have to put in a lot of work in the evenings and weekends. If I am to achieve my academic goals, I have to make my studies my highest priority. Therefore, I will be unable to continue in any executive committee position after March 30, 2004. In addition, Al Alcock has informed the executive committee that he will leave the committee on the same date. Al has been both secretary and treasurer for many years. After chairing our extremely successful Yukon specialty, he feels that others should take on the responsibilities.

The upshot of this is that we need a whole new group of officers. Fortunately, the biannual election for the club executive committee is under way. The committee should have four officers (president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary) and five regional directors. The duties of the directors are listed in Article 2 of our bylaws, and election procedures are in Article 4. The bylaws may be viewed online at <http://cardigancorgi.ca/constitution.html>. If you read closely, you'll find that the immediate past-president sits on the executive committee for one year. I intend to do so.

Here is a summary of the most important facts about the election:

Fern Hunt is the chair of the nominating committee. She may be contacted by email at [waibourne@hotmail.com](mailto:waibourne@hotmail.com), or by telephone at 780-892-4531

Nominations must be in writing, but we consider email messages to be "in writing." Nominations close December 15.

Ballots will be distributed by January 30.

Ballots are valid if received by the secretary by March 1 (inclusive).

The new term starts on April 1.

It is time for change. The breed standard is nearing completion. It is probably time for YOU to seek nomination for one of the director posts. It is a two-year commitment, and especially for the regional directors, does not demand much time. Please give it some thought, and contact Fern.

Ron Stewart  
President

## **THANKS, AL AND FRIENDS**

When you realize that Al Alcock and his local committee did all the hard work to get the 2004 National Specialty organized and staged, you realize what a great asset Al is to this club. Those of us who made it to Whitehorse also attended the 6 Yukon Kennel Club shows, starting two days after the specialty. These also were organized by Al Alcock – no wonder he was tired by the end of it. The variety of activities, the stunning products auctioned to support the specialty and the CCCC, and the great hospitality enjoyed by those who came from afar, all had the making of a big, well-practiced operation, yet was accomplished by a small group of local volunteers. Hats off to them. The Cardigan quilt was a masterpiece, as its auctioned quickly revealed. I know the nights are long and dark in a Whitehorse winter, but the lady who designed a quilt with Cardigan corgis all over it had talent, and I hope her eyesight is OK after all that stitching.

The show went off without a hitch. Kaye Langshawe flew in to be ring steward, but otherwise all the setup was done by Al's team. I had repaired and refurbished some of the club trophies, then sent them up by Purolator. Obviously I had not done the job that well, because some came apart. No matter, Al had a team member who was much handier than I, and by show time they were all in A-1 condition.

The Mount McIntyre Recreation Center was an ideal spot for a show. There was lots of space for rings, lots of parking, good showers and changing rooms, lots of grooming space, etc. The show floor is, for the rest of the year, the curling rink. Best of all, though, was the bar and restaurant upstairs. You could retire upstairs for a buffet lunch and a beer. Then Al lined up magnificent meals – put on by the center. There was a get acquainted barbeque featuring bison and

caribou sausages, then the specialty banquet featured muskox steak. Those northerners know how to put on the dog (people)! *Charlie, Lore, Fern and many friends*

## **EASTERN BOOSTER**

Once again the Club held a very successful booster show at long Sault, Ontario, on August 29th, in conjunction with the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Dog Association's all-breed shows. We had a good turnout with 32 dogs entered, and again were well supported by members and exhibitors from the north-eastern US. Member Lenore Friesen even drove all the way from BC to take in the festivities!

Judging across the four days of shows was extremely consistent, which is always nice to see. Karen Lyons' Woodrose Whippersnapper took the breed all four days, and placed in the Group on the first three days (2<sup>nd</sup> on Friday, 3<sup>rd</sup> on Saturday, 4<sup>th</sup> on Sunday). Consistency was also seen when the four bitch puppies bred by Barb Hoffman placed 1, 2, 3, 4 in a class of 6!

On Sunday, the actual day of the booster, the weather turned threatening but we managed to complete all the breed judging in Group 7 (the herding dogs) before the rains came. And then it poured! Some of us managed to get our dogs back our set-ups and return to the tent by the conformation rings to cheer Karen on in the Group competition; some got back to the set-ups and were forced to remain there. Charlie MacInnes, with several dogs on lead, was still under the tent when the deluge began. There was a delay of 20 minutes or so while about 50 people and a couple of dozen dogs crowded under the tent waiting for a let up in the storm. Gusts of wind blew rain under the canvas and everybody inched closer to the centre. What was left of the grass underfoot became slick and muddy. Huge bulges appeared in the canvas as water pooled in the slack areas between the ropes. Every so often someone a little taller reached up and pushed against the canvas, sending water cascading onto the ground.

After a while, with no let up in sight, the judge decided to go ahead and judge the Group under the tent, despite the limited space. Now, for those of you who don't show, the breeds at the Group level are lined up in alphabetical order, except that the German Shepherd always goes first because it moves the fastest. On this occasion the judge cautioned all the handlers about the slippery footing, looked over the GSD and sent it around in a (small!) circle and back to the end of the line. Unfortunately the handler was going a little fast when he put on the brakes, slipped and slid on his derriere about ten feet, whereupon some wag amongst the onlookers called out 'Safe at home!' Everybody had a good laugh and judging proceeded a little more cautiously from that point.

To the great excitement of the Cardigan contingent, Best Puppy in Group, and eventually Best Puppy in Show, went to Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous, bred by Barb Hoffman and Patti Snyder, and owned by Connie O'Brien and Kathy Smith. There are two noteworthy facts about this win. First, Connie and Kathy are long-time Pembroke Welsh Corgi people; I guess they've finally seen the light! Secondly, and more seriously, this win represents the third generation in a row to win Best Puppy in Show! This is a remarkable and, we think, unprecedented achievement in Cardigans anywhere and is extremely rare even in more popular breeds. It is a real testimony to the quality and consistency of Barb Hoffman's breeding programme, and something she has every right to be proud of. For the record, the sequence goes like this: Ch. Mazara Merrymoon Reggae Bob (grandad); Ch. Merrymoon Noblestar My Girl (daughter); and now Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous (granddaughter). Congratulations, Barb & Co.!

Once we recovered from the excitement we enjoyed an evening of excellent food, lively and stimulating conversation and a few good laughs, in no way dampened (sorry - couldn't resist!) by the weather. Once again Barb and Ruth Lister, with help from Sue Burghill (who was celebrating a brand new championship on her Rosie, now Ch. Merrymoon Love at First Sight) put on a great potluck dinner for us all. (Thanks so much again, ladies!) As is our enduring tradition, we ran the inimitable Club raffle. In a new tradition, our very supportive American members, Lori Kopreski and Michelle Pinkett, ran a 50/50 draw for us. Thanks, everybody, for another successful booster!

Marilyn

## EASTERN BOOSTER RESULTS

Junior puppy dog: 1. Finnshavn Red Sable Ffloyd (MacInnes)

Senior puppy dog: 1. Woodrose Falltyme Stargazer (Foster)

2. Finnshavn Manitoulan Monti (Krug)

Open dog: 1. Aelwyd Piece of the Rock (Erickson)

2. Visions-Cardach Wait Til Dark (Bishop)

WD: Aelwyd Piece of the Rock

RWD: Finnshavn Red Sable Ffloyd

Senior puppy bitch: 1. Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous (O'Brien and Smith)

2. Merrymoon Noblestar Only You (Hoffman and Snyder)

3. Merrymoon Noblestar Only One ( Mall)

4. Finnshavn Sashimi Suzzan (MacInnes)

Bred by Exhibitor bitch: 1. Blue Wagn Acer Rubrum (Roessiger)

2. Cardach's Laura Engels (Bishop)

Open Bitch: 1. Merrymoon Love at First Sight (Burghill)

2. Blue Wagn Maliseet (Roessiger)

3. Woodrose Wilhelmina (Lauer and Lyons)

4. Merrymoon Noblestar Nite Music (Lyons)

WB: Merrymoon Love at First Sight

RWB: Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous

BOB & Group 4th: **Woodrose Whippersnapper (Mulcahy and Lyons)**

BOS: **Cardach's Elizabethan Blue (Bishop)**

BW: **Merrymoon Love at First Sight**

BP (AND Best Puppy in Show!): **Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous**

## IN MEMORY OF A GRAND DOG AM. & CAN. CH. AELWYD PIRATE PROGRAM, CAN. CD

July 27, 1991 - August 17, 2004

For everyone, there is a 'once in a lifetime' dog, that very special creature who may be either a top performer in the breed or an exceptional soul-mate and companion. Some dogs are both. Cobol, aka Pond Scum, was one of these. He was bred, owned, shown and loved by Karen Harbert, a long-time CCCC member and supporter. As a show and obedience dog, he did everything Karen ever asked of him: winner of the Canadian National Specialty 1995, Canadian Puppy Group winner, US Group placer, High Score in Trial at Canadian & US Specialties, #7 in the breed in Canada, in the Top Ten in the breed in the US, and a sire of note. He even turned a paw to herding, carting and water sports, somehow passing on his love of swimming to his descendants. Most of all he was the consummate gentleman. Cobol and his father Jasper were shown as a brace, and twice won Best Brace at all breed shows, without either of them so much as curling a lip. Pretty good for two active stud dogs who lived 3000 miles apart and saw each other once a year! As a companion, Cobol was Karen's shadow, bed dog of choice and a dignified but commanding presence in the house.

Though he is no longer with us, Cobol lives on: in memories, in stories, in his own achievements and those of his many descendants - (including Canadian Specialty winners Am. & Can. Ch. Aelwyd Golygus Kokopelli, WD '93, Am. Ch. Aelwyd Aberwyvern Baklava WB, BOW, BOS, Best Puppy '97, Am/Can. Ch. Aelwyd Partner In Crime, Best In Sweeps, RWD '2000) - especially those who come in dripping from a quick dip in the fountain.  
Ave, Pond Scum.

-Marilyn

## **WHITEHORSE 2004**

### **THE GREAT TREK TO THE SPECIALTY**

I had to be insane to take 14 dogs on the great trek, but hey, we were going to dog shows, including the National. I declared myself officially insane before I left, and I got back home in one piece. There were 13 Cardigans, of whom two were puppies, and a lone Norwegian elkhound.

**Day 1** -- I left home (Uxbridge ON) on 4 June (Friday), with my big diesel van pulling a brand new 25 foot trailer. The dogs travelled in specially built compartments in the van, while all the people gear rode in the trailer. A few lucky dogs got to sleep in the trailer each night, on rotation. The first stop was Brownlee Lake, near Thessalon, at one of my favourite trailer parks. The park backs on a large field of marsh hay, which is great for dog walks. Long walks off leash, morning and evening are an important part these long trips. After a good morning run, the troops settle down to sleep as soon as we start rolling, and even the puppies were good with only a brief walk in mid day. I had their compartment half bed and half newspaper, and they knew what that was for!

**Day 2-3** -- Next day we slogged up Lake Superior in lovely weather, stopping at Neys Provincial Park west of Marathon just as the drizzle blew in. There we had our first "dog incident". The far end of the park was empty, so I camped there alone and took all the dogs on what was supposed to be a long walk. Before we got very far someone started a fight, the underdog was Ritchi, and he took off. Oh, did I mention that it was nearly dark, and raining? I walked and walked, well into the night, calling Ritchi, but there was absolutely no sign of him. So I went to bed uneasily. Next morning I had to walk the troops, and as we were coming back to the trailer, a park truck pulled up. The young lady warden did a great job of telling me off for having the dogs off leash. Then, as she was leaving, she asked, oh, are you missing a dog? It seems Ritchi had turned up at the staff residence the previous evening, almost 5 km from my campsite. They took him in, of course, in fact one young lady gave up her regular bed so she could comfort him on the living room couch. When I got to the staff house, she was sitting on the steps with Ritchi on a rope. He was pulling briskly, telling her, as she said, that that was *his* van coming. He sure was glad to see me, and for the rest of the trip, he stayed close. I thanked everyone and left a donation to the staff party fund!!

**Day 3-4-5** It's a fearsomely long way across northern Ontario when you are in a hurry. I was due to stop over with Karen Moncrief and her husband in Kenora. It was late when I finally pulled in close enough to phone, and there was no answer! Since it was Sunday, I figured they might be away fishing or? So I stayed in a trailer park – all troops were walked on leash because we were right on the highway and surrounded by wetland. I got Karen on the phone next morning – they had spent the day gardening, outside so no phone! Monday got us across Manitoba. I was due in Edmonton to pick up Fern Hunt, so I took the Yellowhead highway from its start near Brandon. After a haul of almost 600 km, I called it a night at Binscarth, on the western edge of Manitoba. There was a nice municipal campground comfortably off the highway, and, I discovered, a nature trail which ran along the creek and its marshes, straight away from the road. What a bonus. So we had a good walk – about 3 km up the trail and then back to the trailer. When I got to the trailer, I felt crawling on my legs, then I saw a couple of small ticks on Brie, who was one of the rig dogs that night. I made a solution of water and dish detergent, and picked off all the ticks I could find. Boiled them to make sure they were dead! Next morning we did the same walk again. Partway back there was the putt-putt of a four-wheeler behind us, and then the troops set up a huge racket. Along the trail came a mounted (ATV) man and a very tolerant Labrador. We had a nice conversation, and as he left, he said that the ticks were especially bad this year! I stopped at a Wal-Mart along the road, and bought three hand sprayers of flea and tick killer. Everyone got sprayed liberally. That evening, late, we straggled in to Fern Hunt's place, west of Edmonton. Mileage on the day was 1020 km!

**Days 6-7-8-9** Day 6 was a day of rest, shopping and packing. Well, there was one other event. The reason for bringing young puppies with me was that Fern had a lady who wanted a tricolour Cardigan bitch. So she came over to pick up the puppy from me, and fell in love with a red Pembroke puppy of Fern's. Oh well!

Fern brought 8 dogs along, including 12-year-old Bryn. So now we had 22 dogs altogether, a true van full! We had two crates plus the four compartments I have built into my van, and we carried three exercise pens in the trailer. Still, there was no spare time – the routine was stop, walk dogs, set up ex pens, cook supper and crash! The dogs were for the most part well behaved, but they did bark loudly when the canine owners of neighbouring RVs were sighted.

The first day out we made it to Fort St. John BC, a tank full (600 km) beyond Grand Prairie AB. It is a sobering thought that it took us two days of hard driving to get to Whitehorse from Fort St. John, yet the latter has the closest shows that Al Alcock can get to from his base in Whitehorse. Fort St. John is also the official start of the Alaska highway. About

noon the next day we stopped to walk the dogs. The first road we turned off on had a weeks-old road-killed moose in the ditch, so we had to move on. When I took the dogs down the logging trail at the pull-off across the highway, there were quantities of moose and caribou droppings on the trail (excellent stuff to roll in declared certain of the troops!). At the end of the day we stopped at The Moose is Loose campground at Toad River. A nice park literally carved out of the forest. On the walking trail out back there were wonderful wild flowers, including abundant orchids. Through this first day on the Alaska highway, there were two conspicuous kinds of fellow travellers, big RVs and transport trucks. Cars and pickups were a small minority. Once we got to Whitehorse it became plain that well-heeled retirees with big motorhomes or fifth wheelers were many, and important people on this highway. One bonus from these folks is that the highway is maintained in to condition. It's a super surface, through spectacular country.

Wildlife was abundant: we saw several moose and black bears. We eventually saw two groups of mountain caribou. In Muncho Lake Provincial Park we became complete tourists when we stopped so I could shoot a roll of film of Stone Sheep, the northeastern BC subspecies of the Thin-horned Sheep. It started with a group of four ewes licking up salty soil on a bank right beside the road. Then two spectacular rams turned up, and they let me get within 12 feet of them. At one time we had six RVs stopped, and quite a crowd of photographers. I tried to slow down a pickup truck, for fear he would hit a sheep or a tourist as he raced through, and he gave me the finger! Must have been a local. The dogs stayed quiet throughout, but Fern stayed in the van with them. Sadly, we never saw the pure white Yukon subspecies, called Dall Sheep. Further up, along the Liard River, there was an old bull bison grazing on the mowed strip beside the highway. There were coyotes all over the place around Whitehorse. I didn't get much time for birdwatching. I had hoped to hear Townsend's Solitaires singing, and see a few northern specialties, but no time.

We pulled into Whitehorse on Saturday 12 June – so it took 8 days of driving to make the 5382 km from home. Lore and Rick Bruder were already set up at the campground, and we set up beside them. We had to move on the second day. When reserving the space I had asked to be in a back corner, out of the way. This particular camp was very compact, and the manager had very thoughtfully sited us at the corner where the dog walking trail headed back into the bush. That turned out to be a terrible mistake, because many of the big rigs heading for Alaska had dogs aboard, and they wanted to get on the road early. So the parade to the walking trail started not long after 5 am. Our crew had to announce each passage, no matter how hard we tried to shut them up. It did help to cover the van with a tarp, but they could still hear someone. Also, it was very hot, so we had to keep the van windows open. On Monday the manager had so many complaints he asked us to move. We moved down the highway to a park about 10 km from town, where the sites were spread out all over a hillside, and after that we got along fine.

Lore Bruder, Sue Bain, and Fern organized a day of washing show dogs. It was then that we found out that the tick spray I had used was not that effective. Neither Sue nor Lore wanted to touch ticks, so as they found them, they called Fern and I. Fern earned the title of Ms. Cardigan Tick-Picker of 2004. By this time the ticks had mated, and the females were filling up with blood to make eggs. The average female was the size of a soaked raisin, and some were almost up to the bulk of a cherry. The males had mostly fastened close to the lady of their choice. Obviously they had moved around in the van, because we found a couple on Fern's dogs. While this massive cleanup killed most of them, we still found a few on the rest of the trip. All these ticks came from the one place, and they don't seem to be a problem in Alberta. Somewhere in all this, I lost a dog. Lore announced that Bright, a blue bitch puppy, was going home with her, so Finnhavn Euphrasia now chases cattle in southern Alberta!

Then Tuesday dawned, and it was time for the specialty to begin. It was sweeps day, so we had the puppies on their best behaviour. The show was opened by the mayor of Whitehorse, a personal friend of Al's. The judge was a local dentist, Dick Smith. Dick and I go back a long way, as he used to live in London, then Ailsa Craig, and he practiced in Strathroy, all near London Ontario where I lived at the time. I sold him his first elkhound back about 1967. When I brought my foundation Cardigan bitch out from Wales, she was quite shy. An elkhound of Dick's made valiant efforts to get Dwyn to play, and finally succeeded. Anyway, Dick clearly enjoyed the judging assignment, and the puppies loved him. On a later evening, Fern and I dined at Dick and Cheryl's, where the main course was a Whitehorse specialty – Alaska halibut only hours out of the water.

Next day was the Specialty. This time the welcome was from the Commissioner of the Yukon, complete with piper to introduce him. This was the first national specialty for any breed north of 60, in either Canada or the USA, so Yukon is one up on its neighbour, Alaska. Our judge was Betty McHugh, who judged the first CCCC specialty in 1987. The full results were in the last newsletter. Her critique has run into trouble, as her tape recorder malfunctioned. However, she told me recently that she has not given up, so maybe in the next issue of this newsletter. Then it was on to the banquet to dine on muskox steak. Thursday we had the day off, thank heaven. The weather was truly exceptional, bright sunshine and up to 33C. Not only were the temperatures setting local records, they were also the hottest in Canada. So we all needed the rest.

Nationals are a place to make connections. One group that I had not met before, with two exceptions, was the local Cardigan owners. Most of them own Cardigans strictly as pets, but they threw all the weight they had into making this a

memorable show for the rest of us. The group who travelled to Whitehorse were almost all people I knew vaguely, but this was a wonderful chance to get acquainted. Kathy Seube and Sharon Young drove over from Alaska, with the other halves who don't make it to US nationals. Don Lassila flew in for the specialty but then had to fly home to run his local all-breed show in Montana. Don and Susan have been regular attendees at CCCC specialties. When I was picking up Sue Bain at the airport she told me that Carolyn Fricke and her young handler Viva Ridderhoff had arrived on the same flight. I sneaked over to the Avis counter and intoned with a big grin "They told me there was a Fricke Texan over here". These two brought quite a string of dogs, including a Border Terrier and a couple of Beagles. Jennifer Roundtree, who breeds Cardigans near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, rode up in Ellen McKee's motorhome, Ellen being a Malamute breeder friend from Jackson. You know what, when they got stuck in traffic in Calgary they discovered a Canadian chain that makes really good coffee. Yep, they got hooked on Tim Horton's. Two young couples from Ontario made their holiday in Whitehorse, and showed their dogs with success. Maja Krug and fiancée Darryl flew in from Guelph with Monti, a puppy sired by Maja's parents' Finnshavn Prince Owen. Greg and Sue Mills from Uxbridge flew to Edmonton, rented an SUV, and drove the Alaska highway. I was very pleased to meet Anne Gunn, who flew over from Yellowknife with her first Cardigan, Beka. Anne is a caribou biologist, and we have many friends in common in the wildlife community. Anne boasts one of the finest street addresses in all of Canada – she lives on Ragged Ass Road. You'd never know it, she says, because the town long ago gave up replacing the street signs that the tourists steal.

The Yukon Kennel Club shows went Friday through Sunday. Each show was limited to 175 dogs, so that one judge could do the whole entry. There were two rings now, one for each show. That made for three busy days, especially as the elkhound was in the ring in one show at just about the same time Cardigans were in the other show. Cardigans were the most numerous breed in the show with 17 or 18 each day, and did well in the group.

Rick Bruder was not enchanted with the prospect of sitting all day at dog shows, so he chose a typical Rick solution. He brought a tent, sleeping bag, deck chair, stove, and fishing gear. He flew in to a good lake in a chartered Cessna, and fished for three days. He only kept fish from the last two hours before the plane came in to get him, and produced enough for a fantastic fish fry for a dozen of us, at my trailer. The fare was grayling and lake trout, and lots of both. They were big enough fish that the bones were easily removed!!

Whitehorse is a very interesting place. It is the seat of the territorial government, and base for a lot of far flung activities. It has a long history, starting with being a way station on the route to Dawson during the gold rush that started in 1898. It has a considerable community of artists, and lots going on. I was fascinated to visit the Beringia Center, which gives a thorough background on the arctic grasslands where the woolly mammoths and giant ground sloths and other species thrived during the Pleistocene, disappearing a scant 11,000 years ago. You can buy jewellery made from mammoth tusks, hand crafted in Whitehorse. Then we went to the transportation museum on Sunday night to attend a concert by a local jazz ensemble, the Peters-Drury trio. Carolyn Drury has a fantastic voice, and she and Graeme Peters perform old classic jazz and swing songs, and write modern works in that old smooth style. The group around them varies, so the night we heard them, the trio was composed of four musicians.

Well, after that local colour, it was time to move on. At Lore's suggestion, I had entered four days of shows in Meritt, BC, southwest of Kamloops. Looking back, I wish these shows had been a week later, so that we could have played tourist in northern BC. I also would have liked to spend a day in Kluane National Park, which is about three hours west of Whitehorse. We spent Monday cleaning up and packing the trailer, (and catching up on sleep!). Early Tuesday we headed east along the Alaska highway as far as Watson lake, then turned west and south on the Cassiar highway in northern BC. We saw one memorable sight between Whitehorse and Watson Lake, as there was a forest fire near Swan Lake that was clearly headed for the highway. It's the first time I have seen a fire front with flames showing clearly above the treetops. The hot weather had had its effect, and this was the start of a record fire season in the Yukon, and a very bad one in BC. We saw more evidence of fire as we tripped south, but none as close as at Swan Lake. Mostly it was distant smoke, the worst of which was on the other side of a mountain. Two days later the Alaska highway was closed on and off, because of thick smoke and some fire too close to the road. In Meritt, there were frequent passes by large helicopters trailing water buckets, going to and from a fire base to a fire miles west of town.

The first night on the road we stopped at a campground called Moose Meadows, north of Dease Lake. The mosquitos lived up to the reputation of the far north, and led us to realize how few there were in Whitehorse. The owner told me they were catching ling in the river, and I wish I could have stayed. Ling is a freshwater cod, reputed to be one of the best eating fish in the north. We also saw a couple of pairs of Canada geese over the highway, which surprised me since the country was pretty much forested. Through the Dease Lake country we were travelling between large, widely spread mountain ranges like the Ominecas. At one point Fern caught a glimpse of a large brown bear feeding past the ditch, but it was too late to stop, so I missed my first look at a grizzly.

In late afternoon we climbed across the coast range through a spectacular pass to Stewart BC, on a fjord called the Portland Canal, at the south end of the Alaska panhandle. We went along the road as far as the US border (Hyder, AK), but

chose not to cross, as it was getting dark. We stayed in a lovely municipal campground among huge moss-covered trees. We were warned not to leave anything edible outside, and even so a bear took all our garbage out of a nearby garbage can and shredded it. In early morning we were serenaded by Varied Thrushes and Hermit Thrushes, plus a Western Tanager. We toured around town a bit, then climbed back up the pass to head south. At the top of the pass, after passing two glaciers and the lakes at their feet, and stopping to take photos, I saw a brood of Canada Geese in a creek beside the road. Big plus for me, the former goose biologist. We struggled on as far as Burns Lake, on the Yellowhead highway west of Prince George. Next day was a long one, as we turned south at Prince George, through the Cariboo, past Williams Lake and 100 Mile House, and finally past Kamloops into Merritt. In Merritt we stayed at the Claybanks campground on the edge of town. It was a nice park, with a municipal dog walk along the river just across the road. I think we travelling dog show types were more careful about cleaning up than the locals, and we much appreciated the space and freedom.

While we were showing in Merritt, Cheryl Reist from Nanaimo stopped in for a visit. Cheryl has bred Cardigans for twenty years or more (Cardicar is the kennel name). We had a good visit – this lady knows her Cardigans!! Cheryl and her husband are beekeepers, in the big modern sense. In addition to harvesting honey, they rent hives to pollinate crops, and their hives are spread all over central BC.

There were four days of shows staged by the Nicola Valley Kennel Club. The show committee were delighted to see us, and worked to make us feel at home. A couple of kids belonging to the ring stewards would have bought my puppies if they could. Our Cardigans did well, but did not place in the group. The chief ring steward had a strong Welsh accent, and told me that his grandfather had used Cardigans to manage his dairy herd in Wales. His memory was that the dogs were bulkier than what we had at the show. I found interesting, as modern Cardigans are too large for my taste. Once we left Merritt, the first priority was to get Fern home. That took us through the Shushwap Lakes, BC's premier cottage country, and on through Revelstoke to Golden via Rogers Pass, and then the length of Jasper Park into the Jasper Townsite. At one stop I hand fed Clarke's Nutcrackers, using my nutty travel mix, and then shared a handful of dog kibble with a couple of ravens. We had a lovely dog walk along the Sunwapta River, among a wonderful variety of wildflowers at the height of the blooming season. The down side was that I missed seeing any Mountain Goats, despite all the warning signs on the highway. We did see some spectacular bull elk on the outskirts of Jasper. Fern borrowed Torbjorn for a few months, so now I was down to only 12 dogs.

From Fern's I went south to Drumheller, to the Tyrrell museum, and on past several tourist sites to visit my aunt in southern Alberta, and then to Lore and Rick's place, then home. On the way south I passed the grave of the great Blackfoot chief Crowfoot. What a wonderful place his people chose! The grave is high on a steep hill above a curve of the Bow River. You can see the Rockies dimly in the haze, over 80 km away. That is all the heart of the ancestral Blackfoot country, over which Crowfoot ruled by diplomacy.

The visit to aunt Eleanor yielded some early photos, one of which leads in this issue. Once I left Alberta, I went south into the shortgrass prairie, and dry camped two evenings. The dogs loved these camps, way down dirt roads, where there was almost no traffic. We walked for miles!! East of Climax SK we stopped on the road in to an abandoned farmstead, and walked in the wheat stubble. I finally saw McCown's Longspur, a bird I have searched for for 45 years. Once I found them, they were all over!! We were shrieked at by a male Willet, and inspected by a pair of Marbled Godwits. The dogs were too busy chasing gophers to notice the birds!! The next night we were in cow country in eastern SK, but, no ticks!! Then we stayed at Karen Moncrief's in Kenora, and trickled home from there. We finally got home on 17 July, six weeks on the road, covering 14,630 km.

Travelling with that many dogs was indeed a lot of work. I built permanent quarters into this van when it was new. There are four compartments, big enough for four corgis each. There are Gali padded beds for each compartment, and two waterbuckets in each. I can ride with those half full provided I watch out for parking lot speed bumps. The dogs quickly fall into the routine. They want their runs morning and evening, and in the middle of the day if possible. They fall asleep within ten minutes of the van starting to roll in the morning, and stay that way until it looks as though I have pulled off the highway. The beds wash easily, so accidents or sickness are easily dealt with, and this year I carried a full change. By and large we travel as ambassadors for the breed, especially when kids come to visit.

Why, you ask? Well, the National was the excuse. I could have flown, except that I would never have got space for the 12 show dogs on a single flight. I am a retired biologist and birdwatcher, and I want to see as much of North America as I can, so it was a multipurpose trip and a super vacation. Thanks to all the folks along the way for good company and lots of help. Thanks especially to Fern, who worked hard and was good at keeping me going on the long days of driving.

Charlie MacInnes



## NEW (OLD) NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Marilyn's illness has also knocked her out of the newsletter editorship. We all owe her a tremendous vote of thanks for her eight years of work on this sheet. Actually, too typical of club newsletters in general, she was not only editor, but chief reporter and feature writer as well. Thanks for a well done stretch on a tough job, Marilyn.

I volunteered to take over. Lest the torsion on my arm turned to a break!. Actually, I am not new to the job, as I did the first fourteen years of this newsletter. I am going to reformat it better for the new year. This issue was done in a hurry, to get the election notice out. In future, I will probably use two columns. Suggestions are welcome. Is the print for this issue too small, or can you read it easily?

I want to get much more interesting material for pet owners. Yes, even I believe there is more to life than show dogs and dog shows. I can only make up so much of that, so I need help. I will accept almost anything, and I can take it from e-mail or snail mail. Write as you wish, but please write. Stories of what your dog did (or didn't), corgi jokes and cartoons, gripes, and requests for information, all are welcome. I will glean out of older issues some of the helpful tips – how do you get rid of porcupine quills when you are camped away from the road to the vet? - skunk removal formulas, and so on. Also, there will be some new features. Lore Bruder has become more vocal with her views from the ranch, and she has lots of interesting ideas on how Cardigans are built to do their jobs, what those jobs are, and so on. I also subscribe to ShowCardi-L on the internet, and I may have news from there.

I am going to incorporate pictures. There is one at the head of this issue, and I have several others waiting in a queue. Gloria Graham sent me, as part of her contribution, pictures of her early dogs, which go back as far as 1968. Interesting pictures will be gratefully accepted. Again, the best way to send them is via e-mail.

Incorporating pictures drives me to an earnest request. Please, please, if you can, sign up to get the newsletter via e-mail. I will be using Adobe Acrobat, and the pictures will come through in colour. It will hugely reduce costs to the club, not to mention wear and tear on my printer, if I only print a few copies.

Club members, this is *your* newsletter. Please tell me what you want in it!

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## NEW INTERNATIONAL WEBSITE FOR CARDIGANS

There is a new website up and running. It is intended to be a broad source of education about the breed. It is, and probably always will be, a work in progress. It is led by a truly international team, with members (past or present) from Australia, Britain, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Holland, New Zealand, Norway, Switzerland, and the United States. The history of Cardigans in Canada was started for this website, but will also featured on the CCCC site. The current strength of the site is a photographically illustrated comparison of breed standards, but there are also articles on a wide variety of subjects. So go and see for yourself at [www.cardicommentary.de](http://www.cardicommentary.de) After you have seen it, let me know what else could be added, and I will pass this on to the committee.

Charlie MacInnes