

# Canadian Cardigan Corgi Club

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## ***MORE CANADIAN CARDIGAN HISTORY***

### **Can. & Am. Ch. Pemcar's Kimberlee Merle Can. & Am. C.D.**

Kimberlee was bred by Jenny Rickarts of Moose Jaw SK, and owned, trained and exhibited by Gloria Graham, who lived in Regina at the time. She finished her championship in 1968, and was about the 12<sup>th</sup> Cardigan to do so. She must have been one of the first to finish an obedience title in Canada. Her descendants live mostly in British Columbia. My thanks to Gloria Graham for sharing with us. By the way, the original picture was in black and white, that's how long ago it was taken!

## PRESIDENT'S PAGE

When the position of president fell to me, my responsibility was to set the agenda for the executive. With Marilyn gone, and Al taking a much reduced role, I determined that the two items that could not wait were setting the location for the 2006 specialty, and getting the election of the new executive underway. Beyond that, I felt that it was more appropriate for a new executive to



take care the ongoing concerns of the club. Those concerns are very important. Among the various clubs that people join, breed clubs are unique because they have considerable sway over the welfare of animals in the present and in the future. When a recognised dog breed club adjusts its breed standard, breeders adjust their practices accordingly, and those adjustments have a real effect on the well-being of the resulting puppies for many generations.

When the new executive committee sits for the first time in April, I am going to recommend to the new president that she make the revision of the breed standard the first priority for the executive. And, in my role as past president, pet owner and performance trainer, I am going

to advocate a standard that places a premium on athleticism and the long-term structural health of our dogs.

Are Cardigan Welsh Corgis herding dogs? I have met many people who think that their dog Fluffy is something special because it passed a herding instinct test. Fluffy then goes back to the suburbs and resumes its previous lifestyle of playing with the kids and defending the back yard against squirrels. Fluffy's owner reckons that Fluffy is an honest-to-gosh herding dog, but I am here to tell you that it just isn't so. Cardigan corgis with herding instinct are common, but those with the physical fitness required to do real work on a farm are not. My dog Hughie is a herding fool, but his hips are terrible. My other dog Sparkey ruptured a disc when she was five, and now can barely climb a couple of stairs. If the dog cannot work for a couple of hours a day, it isn't a herding dog.

We cannot deny that there are health issues in the breed. To pretend that there are not hip and back problems is simply to ignore the facts. Unfortunately, it would be very difficult to conduct a statistically valid assessment of the health of our dogs' elbows, shoulders, spines and hips, so we rely on anecdotal evidence. But dang it, I know too many corgis with hip dysplasia and herniated discs.

Even if the vast majority of Canadian Cardigan Welsh Corgis have no more rigorous responsibility than squirrel patrol, each and every dog is well served by sound, athletic structure. I am encouraged that the next president of the CCCC, Lore Bruder, works her dogs. Let us all strive together to improve the breed for the benefit of the dogs.

Oh, one more thing: **DON'T FORGET TO VOTE FOR THE NEW EXECUTIVE MEMBERS!**

## CANADIAN CARDIGAN CORGI CLUB

### 18<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL NATIONAL SPECIALTY

I am sorry that the following is all that was on the tape we used to record my opinions of the dogs I placed in the Corgi Specialty. There were long gaps, covering most of the males, and the background noise (especially barking) also made it very difficult to hear. The following are my opinions of the exhibits as I placed in their classes. If some of the descriptions seem short it was lack of quality of sound.

**WINNERS MALE** was #19, *Phi-Vestavia RCR Vanguard*.- This is from memory as he is not on the tape. I remember I liked his elegance, good topline, front with upper arm equal to scapula, matching rear assembly. I remember him being tall, and a little high on leg. I checked his age and feel with maturity and exercise front angulation will improve which will give him a lower profile.

#### **VETERAN DOG CLASS**

1st `Ch. Finnshavn's Michael Oarsman is a nice dog with a pretty head, good topline, and body, who moves nicely coming and going. He presents a nice overall picture.

2<sup>nd</sup> AM CAN Ch. Bluetrix Son of Spuddie Wind also has a pretty head, and good forechest, but could use more length of upper arm and more angulation in the hindlimb assembly.

3<sup>rd</sup> Ch. Redbud's Mr. Goodbar was a little upset about being in the ring. He has good forechest, and length of upper arm, but could be prettier in head.

#### **JUNIOR PUPPY FEMALE**

1<sup>ST</sup> Finnshavn Eleanor Black is a pretty puppy with a good topline, and nice body, moved clean coming and going. However she is a little forward in front, and needs more forechest. I think she will do well.

#### **SENIOR PUPPY FEMALE**

Unfortunately, there was nothing on the tape for this class.

#### **YEARLING FEMALE**

1<sup>ST</sup> Waibournes Kaci Dawn was a little small for her age, and out of coat today. However she has a pretty head and moves cleanly coming and going.

#### **CANADIAN BRED FEMALE**

Nothing on the tape for this class.

#### **BRED BY EXHIBITOR FEMALE**

1<sup>ST</sup> Am. Ch. Nicholar's Guardian Angel, is a lovely bitch, with a nice tight front , good forechest, and topline , good angulation front and rear and lovely reach and drive when moving.

2<sup>nd</sup> Wales Tails Je N:e Sailsquoi, has good forechest, however is short in upper arm and could use more angulation in rear and as a result was not the best moving.

3<sup>rd</sup> Live Oak She's The One is a small bitch, with a topline that dips behind the shoulders and could use more muzzle and smaller ears.

#### **OPEN BITCH**

1<sup>ST</sup> Tuahine Ebony Faerie is a nice bitch with well placed and angulated front and rear, resulting in good movement, good topline, however could use more forechest.

2<sup>nd</sup> Aurigan's Teton Tornado is a small bitch with good topline, nicely placed front assembly, who is a bit close going away.

3<sup>rd</sup> Aelwyd Welgem Apache Tears has a good topline and forechest however one ear is a little soft, and could use more upper arm. She was not pleased to be a show dog to day.

4<sup>th</sup> Finnshaven Always Tri Inge was not my cup of tea, and I did not like her head, topline nor front.

**WINNERS FEMALE** *Am. Ch. Nicholar's Guardian Angel*

**RESERVE WINNERS FEMALE** *Yasashiikuma Scirocco*

#### **VETERANS BITCH CLASS**

This class was extremely difficult to judge, because all three bitches were of different types.

1<sup>st</sup> AM CAN CH. Finnshavn's Blue Belle was the best mover in the class, with front a little forward, and topline a little off. She had a good rear.

2<sup>nd</sup> Ch. Robinhoods Ewe've Got a Friend was a nice mover, although her topline was a little off and she is straight in rear.

3<sup>rd</sup> Ch. Finnshavn's Alynns Ruby Red TD was not as good a mover as the first two. Although her front was well placed, she needed more upper arm. Her topline was good but she needs more angulation in the rear. and I was not fond of her head.

**BEST OF BREED AND BEST OF WINNERS** *Am. Ch. Nicholar's Guardian Angel* came from the Bred-by Class and was Winners Bitch. I was truly impressed by the quality of this bitch, her sound structure and the pretty picture she presented.

**BEST OF OPPOSITE SEX** was *Ch. Ritchi-Bubble-Gum De La Caverne Des Anges* and came from the Specials class. He is a very nice Sable dog with pretty head, nicely angulated front but could use a little more upper arm, and more angulation in the rear assembly.

I was very pleased to be asked to judge this specialty, since it is a breed that I feel comfortable with and have judged many times over the years. Also to be asked to judge the FIRST SPECIALTY ever in the Yukon is a very big honour. Neither Bill nor I will ever forget this event and the hospitality shown us in the north. You live in one of the most beautiful areas in Canada, but I think you know that. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to share it with you.

Betty McHugh

## 2005 SPECIALTY NEWS

The 19<sup>th</sup> National Specialty will be held at **Long Sault, Ontario, on Saturday 27 August 2005**, In conjunction with the Stormont, Dundas , and Glengarry Kennel Club's show weekend.

Judges:

Regular Classes: **Mr. James Reynolds (Ottawa, ON)**  
Puppy and Veteran Sweepstakes: **Ms. Jennifer Roberson (Flagstaff, AZ)**

The S, D & G Club have four shows on the weekend, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and our specialty will be an additional show on Saturday. That means there are 5 sets of championship points available for Cardigans. There are also four obedience trials, two each on Saturday and Sunday. It is CCCC policy that one of the Sunday trials will be designated the official specialty obedience trial, to avoid, as far as possible, conflict between obedience and conformation.

For those who were at the booster at S,D & G in 2004, there was a rumor around that this year's show would be in a different location. That is *not* true – we will be back at the familiar campground. As in 2003, Ruth Lister and Barb Hoffman will coordinate camping reservations, so contact them ASAP if you are planning to camp or bring an RV. E-mail is [marymoon@KOS.NET](mailto:marymoon@KOS.NET)

Barb Hoffman is show chair. She sent the following:

2005 CCCC National Specialty: Your show committee for the 2005 National would welcome donations towards any trophy you might choose to sponsor. Please specify which award you are sponsoring. Your name will appear on the keeper trophy as the donor. If you would like to make a donation in memory of a favourite Cardi, please specify and the memorium will likewise appear on the trophy. So far the BISS has been sponsored, but all the other awards are available.

As well, we would welcome donations for the raffle, our annual fundraiser. There are many talents and skills out there among our membership ( Karen H.'s jelly, Fern's leash racks and Lore Lee's leatherwork come to mind). At the Ontario booster this summer we raised over \$200.00 from the sale of raffle and 50-50 tickets. Send raffle and trophy donations to Barb Hoffman, 366 Davis Lock Road, R.R.#1, Elgin, Ont. K0G 1E0.

News about the premium list, and website to download it from, will appear in the next newsletter.

## BRAGS AND NEWS FROM MERRYMOON

At the 2004 Ontario CCCC Booster at the S.D. & G. Dog Association shows, Merrymoon Noblestar Outrageous, "Lucy", (Merrymoon Pluperfect PonyXpres, "Welles" x Can/AmCh.Merrymoon Noblestar My Girl, "Vayda") owned by Kathy Smith and Connie O'Brien and bred by Barb Hoffman and Patti Snider, in addition to winning RWB, made Cardigan history by becoming the 3rd generation of Merrymoon Cardigans to be awarded a Best Puppy In Show award. 2 years ago at the CCCC Booster at S.D. & G., Lucy's mom Vayda won her first of two BPIS awards. 2 years prior to that, Vayda's sire, Ch.Mazara Merrymoon Reggae Bob became the 2nd Cardi and 1st male Cardi to win A BPIS.

In addition to being a show dog, the only Cardigan in Canada to win multiple BPIS awards, and mother of champions, Vayda is now a registered therapy dog with Therapeutic Paws of Canada, Inc., and is currently visiting the Maple View Lodge nursing home in Athens, Ont. She has shown an amazing ability to calm agitated residents and cheer up the depressed. The staff say they don't know who benefits most from Vayda's visits, the residents or the employees. Watch for Vayda on the 2005 Therapeutic Paws Calendar!

Also, I am looking to place some of my dogs. Available to pet homes with spay agreements are:

- 1 sable/white mismark female - 11 months - Gwennie
- 1 red/white female - 11 months - Sinead
- 1 brindle/white female (spayed) - 4 1/2 yrs. - Ceri
- 1 brindle/white female - 8 years - Canadian Ch. - Gracie
- 1 brindle-pointed black/white coated female - 13 weeks - Angela
- 1 brindle-pointed black/white mismark female - 13 weeks - Maggie

To show or pet homes:

1 brindle/white 5 year old female - Canadian pointed - Annie. Annie has also had agility training up to the 3rd level, as well as basic obedience training.

1 brindle/white 2 1/2 year old male, full white collar and medium blaze - Duncan (Duncan was shown at 2 shows in Canada. At 8 months he was RWD the first day and BOW, BPIG and BPIS the second day. He was shown 2 days in the U.S. at 6 months of age, and went BOW for a 5 pt. major and Reserve to a 4 pt. major the second day.) Duncan would make a lovely first show dog for someone, or a great "juniors" dog for a young handler. He is sweet tempered and eager to please and responds well to kindness and praise. With a soft but firm touch, a very showy dog.

Editor's note: These are late, as I forgot to include them in the last newsletter. Apologies to Barb, and I hope I now have a better filing system.

## IN MEMORIAM



**CH FINNSHAVN ALYNNS RUBY RED TD  
"BUBBLES"**

**10 May 1994 to 1 February 2005**

Ever once in awhile our lives are touched by something truly wonderful. It may only be for a fleeting moment or it may be with us for much longer. Bubbles was truly one of those fairies that arrived and graced our home. Always the character, always full of life and happiness. Having suffered through two major back surgeries and a cruciate ligament she never complained and always, always had that indomitable spirit to shrug it off as just another adventure one goes through in life. She was truly one of God's great creatures to have visited this planet.

Bubbles would do anything for me, as I would for her. We formed a bond that, even though she is gone, will last forever. My heart was fractured when she left but her memory will never fade. We went everywhere in our travels together and she was never far from my side or feet. She was my navigator, my pal, a spark that helped me through some of my worse times, always there, always the happy one reminding me that she was there as my friend. I am glad I never took her love and affection for granted for as she was my friend I too thought of myself as hers, pals to the end.

Please join me in raising a glass to Bubbles as she transits the Rainbow Bridge. Her new journey will be what her life was - an adventure of giving unconditionally. With the greatest of love and admiration for my friend I want to thank God for the love he allowed me to share.

*Al Alcock  
Whitehorse, YK*

**IN MEMORIAM****GONE TOO SOON  
CAN. & AM. CH. ABERWYVERN LLANELIDON – “ELI”  
1994-2005**

It is with great sadness I announce the passing Saturday January 15, 2005, of Marilyn Boissonneault's beloved stud dog Eli, Ch. Aberwyvern Llanelidon, at the age of 10, and a little more than a half. Eli was a valuable sire with a strong percentage of champion offspring in limited use, and Best Stud Dog at a Canadian National, but he will be remembered for some of the lighter moments in his life.

Eli's mother Emily Murphy (Am/Can/Mex. Ch. Aelwyd Hotspur x Am/Can. Ch. Finnshavn's Helen McLeod) was born in October 1989. She was to go to Marilyn, but it was a terrible winter and no airline was shipping dogs. Just before Christmas one of my staff members, a dog lover, got a ticket to New York from her mother. On Christmas Eve Marcia smuggled 2 puppies to Syracuse in her oversize purse. Marilyn's husband Jim had to drive through a blizzard to pick up the puppy.

I co-owned Eli and showed him for Marilyn when her back was giving her trouble. He was a big dog, sometimes difficult for her to lift, so she trained him to give a leap to lift off as she picked him up. She forgot to tell me. The day I finished Eli's championship I bent to pick him up, he achieved liftoff at the same moment and collided with my skull. Ever after he was known as "Bonehead!"

Even when not whacking handlers in the head, Eli was an armload. At one of our shows the elastic on my pantyhose gave up the ghost just as I lifted him and we went all the way to BOB with my free hand clutching at the remains.

He was a good natured, happy dog, and generally civil toward other males. Marilyn and I shared several circuits with Eli and my Pond Scum in the same cottage or motel room and they behaved like gentlemen.

Goodbye, Bonehead, you'll be missed.

*Karen Harbert  
Tucson, AZ*

**IN MEMORIAM**  
**AELWYD JUDGE EMILY MURPHY**  
**1989-2005**

I am very sorry to announce the passing of Aelwyd Judge Emily Murphy at the age of 15 and a half. She was Eli's mother, and he clearly received his good humour and unquenchable zest for life from her. Emmy was bred by Karen Harbert, owned and shown by Marilyn Boissoneault, and spent her retirement years with George and Nancy Davies, who adored her. She never finished her championship, but achieved every Cardigan's highest ambition: to live with a Welsh-born butcher and have her own pet cat! Judge Emily Murphy was born in San Diego California October 18 1989 (the 60th anniversary of the Persons Case, hence the name - check your history books!) and died in Morrisburg Ontario, February 10 2005. Fittingly, Emmy arrived in Canada during a blizzard, and left the same way.

*Marilyn Boissoneault*

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**NOTES ON MY FIRST LITTER**

First of all, I must say, corgis and I suppose any dog should come with a warning label. Always expect the unexpected, and always have a good support system when things get tough. In this I have been very fortunate, I have had the support of Fern Hunt and later Lore Bruder to help me, as well as a wonderful friend who has bred other breeds for many years. Not to mention my mother, without whom none of this would have been possible. She has been a real trooper through all of the tough times as well as the good times.

Of course it goes without saying that the puppies began arriving at 12:30 am on a weekday, with the last arriving at 4:30 am. I understand this is quite quick for 8 puppies to arrive, all I know is we were busy, but all went rather smoothly. We noted a description and a weight for each puppy as they arrived. Minuet did not seem to have many problems.

I appreciated how lucky we were that 7 boys and 1 girl had arrived apparently healthy and alive.

After all calmed down, we settled Minuet and her new litter into their play pen and attempted to get a couple of hours sleep. Mom on the chesterfield beside the crate, (because she fits the couch better than I do), while I was on my bed not more than 5 feet away. We had no sooner turned off the light when Minuet barked. I wondered if we had another puppy on the way, and jumped up immediately, to find her standing over her puppies growling and then snapping at the puppies. I grabbed her, mom grabbed the puppies, a hot water bottle, towels, and dumping the toys out of the toy bucket, she carefully bedded down our new little family. Meanwhile Minuet went into her crate for a minute so we could decide what to do next.

We knew the puppies would need a feeding very soon.

So I sat down on the couch and stretched Mini out beside me. I held her collar and her nose, and mom put the puppies into place. Luckily we had 10 buttons to choose from, as even from the start, some of them were very hungry little boys. Most of the puppies were black and white but two of them were blue merles. The first feeding went well with Mini in a strangle hold. She even cooperated by washing their bottoms, but heaven forbid she see a puppies head. Those she snapped at.

When day light hit, I phoned my boss and asked to take the time off I had saved up. I was told I could take the time off if I came to teach my preschool classes first. So I would have to go to

work for at least 5 hours. There was no way mom could do the feedings by herself. I phoned Fern, who promised to get out to us by that evening, and phoned my friend, who was able to lend us her adult daughter for the day( she works as her mother's kennel maid).

By that evening, things had not improved with Minuet. She even got hold of one of the puppies in an and tossed him. He was fine, except he half opened one eye at three days of age. (It did not hurt him, we just figured he wanted to see where his mother was at all times, he was also the first to start putting his ears up. He is still doing well, and is enjoying life, out on Vancouver island, with his new human mother, father, and corgi big brother.)

That next night Minuet attacked her big sister (our older corgi), then she started circling the play pen growling, and even tried to break into the pen to get to the puppies. In desperation I phoned my friend again, and she phoned a vet friend who had been a breeder for many years. Without hesitation the vet said get her some calcium. Lore later confirmed this, as it sounded just like milk fever in a cow. Big sister and I hopped into the van and ran to Superstore and picked up some liquid calcium. I had gone on a run the night before, for bottles and canned milk, and meant to pick up calcium then, but one is not exactly thinking clearly when they have not slept for over 24 hours. Within 20 minutes of receiving the first dose of calcium, Minuet relaxed against me and fell asleep. She relaxed for the first time since having the puppies. Her behaviour towards them improved too. She would stretch out on the couch and feed them, when they had finished, she would jump up and leave, but she no longer attacked them. On the other hand, she had no interest in living in the pen with them. She walked on them when we tried reintroducing them, and would feed and then leave them. Because of her past behaviour all this was done under strict supervision.

So Minuet lived in her crate outside of their pen, every 2-4 hours, mom and I got up and put mom and puppies together, then I would go to work, and come home at lunch and help feed. Mother did a feeding by herself in the afternoon, and I would come home and help feed supertime and through out the evening. Except for work, we rarely went out, in fact I don't think mother even left the house for the first 3 weeks. I ran all the errands that we needed.

Within the first week, we were supplementing the puppies with plain yoghurt on a tiny spoon at first, and then later, they put their faces in the pot and licked it up themselves. They wore as much yoghurt as they ate, but Minuet likes yoghurt so she enjoyed cleaning them.

By 4 weeks 4 puppies not only filled the space but also drained her and she had enough of this feeding thing, reluctantly she would even let them feed at all. By then we were supplementing with finely mashed soaked puppy crumble, (lamb and rice formula), rice pablum, cream of wheat, and case upon case of canned milk. (We tried goats milk but the puppies did not like it). I continued to weigh them, as I had the night after they were born, to make sure they were growing and being fed enough, and they did well. With the first shots at the vet we got a clean bill of health all puppies had grown and developed properly.

So far we have placed 4 puppies, though all went to pet homes, they are treasured members of their families. Out of the 4 we have left, I want to keep and show 3 of them for sure. One of course is our only little girl. It will be interesting to see the girl she will grow up to be. Would I breed her mother again? At this point I don't think so, I am not certain how many of her problems were medical, and how much was just down to her being lousy mom material. So I will probably wait and see how her daughter does before trying again. Maybe by then we will have had some sleep, and had time to recover.

The one thing we kept reminding ourselves what how much they were worth it, and they sure are. They are still a lot of work, we are now in the process of house training 4 puppies, leash training, and getting them ready for their first show.

So for all that could have gone wrong we were very fortunate and truly blessed.

Kathryn Osborne, Camrose, Alberta

## YUKON DIARIES

It was a trip brought to reality by the excuse of a few dog shows – a trek from the wilds of Wyoming to the wilds of the Yukon – that became a trip for dog shows that just happened to be north of 60 degrees north latitude. Our perspective certainly changed with the experience.

We are Jennifer Roundtree and Ellen McKee, friends who show and breed dogs, though vastly different in our breed selections. When I (Jenn) first learned of the Canadian Cardigan Corgi Club National Specialty, in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, it was a nice idea to go, but not one I entertained a hope of doing given the distance and expense. Doggie conversations with my good friend with a motor home and a yen to travel to the far north changed all that. We set out on a sunny June day, two Cardigan Welsh Corgis, three Alaskan Malamutes and two middle-aged women in an equally middle-aged motor home named “Jo-Beth.”

The trip began with a late start. A bad tire looked to make things worse at 4:30 p.m. on Friday afternoon. We still talk about the mechanics at the truck stop who drove into Butte to get us a tire and stayed late to get us rolling again. The next day brought us one of the best parts of our adventure when we wandered by chance into a Tim Horton’s restaurant. One cup of that coffee and we were addicted; Timmy’s became a staple of our travels in Canada from there on out. Months later, we are still going through withdrawals!

And, certainly, learning that the pay showers in one of the campgrounds we stayed at required dollar coins, rather than quarters was quite a surprise since we had no idea what “loonies” were. We thought we must qualify by definition, but why didn’t those quarters fit??? Helpful and welcoming Canadian citizens by the dozens made our learning experiences a delight! The wildlife and scenery along the four days north were amazing as well. We stopped when we could, checking out views, taking pictures and such, but there are many places we will revisit on our next trip, when we will plan a more leisurely drive north.

We both live just south of Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks, in Wyoming, USA, and much of the scenery was the familiar magnificent mountain ecology of home. However, as we fared north of Fort Nelson, the scale of the geologic formations began to tell us we were far beyond the boundaries of anything either of us had previously experienced. The most notable characteristics were those left by the glaciers of the past ice age. Ellen is a geologist by training, and her commentary on what we were seeing outside the windshield changed time. I could see the massive ice sheets, grinding the valleys out of the rocks beneath them. There were towering glacial cliffs, shedding icy boulders and leaving fields of rubble at their feet. Mountains were created; rocks were folded and molded before being thrust to the surface or ruthlessly uncovered as the softer materials were scraped away by the hard hand of time. The rugged features of the land came to life in a different way than merely as a pretty mountain forest.

The scarcity of human impact in the north was very evident, though less in what we didn’t see of the population than through the other species we observed from the road. It is a rare thing to see bears foraging by the roads at home, even in Yellowstone these days. We were fortunate to observe 15 black bears, in many colors other than black, wandering through the woods, over the road, and continuing on their hunt for a good meal. They paid very little mind to us, instead concentrating on the prime objective of food. Another treat was the herd of Stone Sheep along the shores of Muncho Lake. The Cardigans were hot to herd the herd, so we were careful to observe from a distance. Lastly, and my favorite, were the caribou. I was sure we were going to miss seeing any as none appeared on the way to Whitehorse. On the way home, however, two obliged me by passing the highway on their travels.

Arriving in Whitehorse, anticipating the weather to be rainy and cool, as forecasted, we were greeted by full-on summer heat. The dogs were less than thrilled with the temperatures, but

performed wonderfully all the same. A shopping trip provided shorts and t-shirts and we were ready.

Ellen marked my catalog on the day of the specialty, as I watched an array of Cardigans judged and awaited my turn in the breed ring. As we watched, we discussed the dogs, making our choices then seeing how our thoughts stacked up against what the judge, Betty McHugh, chose. It was quite satisfying to find we agreed with her in most cases. Ellen's eye proved better than mine. Her ability to see structure through movement, we later learned, was one of the things she had in common with the judge. That day I learned a great deal watching and listening to both Ellen and Mrs. McHugh.

Our turn in the ring, my girl and I did as well as I expected, coming away with a second in our class. Emmie was out of coat and inclined to "Hoover," so a good finish overall. It was my blue boy, Bridger, whose performance changed our perspective of the trip.

We were against stiff competition in the open class. I knew some of the dogs and one had been number one in breed in the U.S. the prior year. We had come merely to show up, an excuse for the trip, so I had no real expectations. As we moved in the ring, things changed. Bridger was all ears, standing and listening with unusual attention, moving at my side so smoothly he seemed to float, greeting our judge with quiet friendliness. The judge re-ordered our class and there we were at the front; moving around the ring one last time. My heart was beating madly, hoping Bridger could hold it together. As we rounded the final corner, I heard the judge give us first. I remember wondering how that happened, and what we had done more exceptionally than the rest.

I would like to say I waited impatiently, or with trepidation for the winner's class, but truly, I do not recall much before we went in. Again, Bridger seemed so focused on his job that all I had to do was be with him. Mostly, I think he supported me in my excitement. Again, we went down and back and around the ring. Mrs. McHugh called for individual movement once again. Then, she reordered the class. We were in front! Around the ring the last time, I took my eyes off Bridger just long enough to see the finger pointing to us for Winner's Dog! What a thrill! Ellen was clapping madly from the sidelines, and then hugging me, hugging Bridger. We have a trophy, oh, make that two!

The exhibitors, the judge, all were exceptional. It was an honour to win in such good company. We made many new friendships and renewed old ones. We did not go further than our Winner's Dog award that day, losing to Susan Young's very deserving girl from Alaska, but it was more than enough. The trip was a great adventure, made pleasurable in large part by the people we met and visited with along the way. Canadian hospitality equalled any we have previously encountered, and we will surely be back.

Jennifer Roundtree  
Thane, WY

## **ADVENTURE TO WHITEHORSE WITH FINNSHAVN MANITOU LIN MONTI**

When Charlie MacInnes mentioned to me when I first started showing Monti in conformation about the Cardigan Corgi Specialty 2004 being in the Yukon I played with the idea going. Darryl and I have always wanted to go and discover northern Canada since we met. For about two months I did some research on the Yukon and some thinking if it was possible. I also thought to myself what great excuse to go to the Yukon and attend a dog show. When I booked the trip for 8 days to the Yukon I considered myself a bit insane bringing an eight month old puppy across Canada with my fiancé. Once I booked the trip and requested the time off work my boss thought I was joking with him that I am going all the way to the Yukon to attend a dog show.

A colleague of Darryl's told him that he didn't believe Darryl is going to the Yukon for a dog show. His colleague figured Darryl was taking a week off to try another job.

The Friday before the great event, we left for the Yukon at 8:00am Ontario time. We had set our alarms to be at the airport for 6:00am in order to have plenty of time to check Monti in. Well something goofed and we got up at 6:00am and barely made our flight. Thankfully the airport attendants were very helpful and had Monti checked in 20mins before the flight and we made it on the aircraft 10mins before taking off. Once Darryl and I arrived in Vancouver where we had to change planes I kept asking Darryl, wondering if Monti made the flight and if the layover of an hour and half will be enough to switch planes for Monti. My worst fear was showing up in Whitehorse and the airport attendant telling me Monti is still in Vancouver. While waiting to board the plane to Whitehorse I was watching the aircraft attendants loading the plane with luggage to see if I could spot the 'special' luggage. I started getting nervous when I didn't see Monti board the plane and it was our time to board the aircraft then, just when we were about to board I shook Darryl and pointed out the window yelling "look there is Monti boarding the plane". At that point I sure had a sigh of relief knowing Monti was on the plane.

Since Darryl and I were here on a holiday we spent most of the time discovering the Yukon. Our first day we traveled around Whitehorse, which included the Yukon Wildlife Preserve, a walk along Miles Canyon and the viewing of the fish ladder dam. The next day we decided to take a road trip to Skagway, Alaska since Charlie assured me I had the proper paperwork needed to cross the border with Monti. On the way there we stopped at many major attractions, which included Emerald Lake, Carcross Desert and Bove Island. Skagway is a town that took part in the Gold Rush and is famous for the Chilkoot and White Pass trails, which we walked along. The day before the beginning of the Specialty Darryl and I spent the day in Whitehorse hitting all the must see attractions. Our highlight was the MacBride Museum where I got to practice the technique for panning for gold (I actually got five pieces) and learning the history of Magee's cabin. We then took a tour of the SS Klondike, the ship involved during the Gold Rush period. On our way back to the hotel along the Alaska Highway we went to visit the Beringia Center where Darryl learned how to throw spears with an atlatl, and I was just amazed on the biological history of the area.

The first day of the Specialty arrived, with Monti entered in puppy sweepstakes. While I was grooming Monti for his class a local newspaper photographer snapped quite a few pictures of myself and Monti and we had a brief interview about Monti and the breed. The man told me to watch out for tomorrow's paper since Monti and I might be in it. I was a little excited since I have never been in a newspaper before but, I felt chances are the article may not make it. Once the sweepstakes were completed, where Monti took his class, Greg and Sue Mills from Uxbridge invited Darryl and I to join them to go to Frank Turner's place for a tour of his dog sledding facility. Monti and Pete had very nice doggie sitters for the afternoon, although Monti was unsure why Darryl and I were leaving him with these strange people.

When we arrived at Frank's place we first went to greet all the dogs by their houses. It was absolutely amazing to see so many friendly dogs in one spot. We then had the opportunity to take a walk with some of his dogs down to the river, I was just amazed at the speed his dogs had on them. Next, Frank took us in his house for a video on his last dog sledding race, which was from Whitehorse to Fairbanks, Alaska. As we were watching the video Frank really made us feel you were in the race by describing what was happening in each interval of the experience. After the video Frank gave us an overview of his nutrition program, which I found almost the most interesting as I come from an agriculture animal nutrition background. As well, Frank showed us all the equipment needed for such a physical challenging race and how he needs to prepare his dogs and himself for a race. At the end of the tour Frank again gave us the

opportunity to visit with his dogs or ask any additional questions. Darryl and I both hope to return and take advantage of his dog sledding weekend tours in the winter where we would get the chance to try dog sledding with one of his teams.

The next day was the Specialty. The show opened with a bagpiper to lead our dogs into the ring. Monti didn't enjoy the music from the piper too much; I have never seen him have his tail so far between his legs since then. After the opening ceremony, Monti was the first to enter the ring, and considering the uproar from the piper, he didn't do too badly for himself. He qualified to compete later on in the day for best puppy. One thing Darryl and I learned is that Monti gets quite jealous and upset if we are handling other dogs. After covering Monti's cage with a blanket Darryl and I could continue our duties for Fern, Sue and Charlie. After a long day at the class Specialty Darryl and I were ready for a rest before the banquet. On the way to our hotel we stopped to see by chance if Monti and I made the local newspaper, not only did we make the paper we made the front cover in full colour. I was so excited I think I stared at the page for a good five minutes; I of course brought a copy to show the group at the banquet.

After an enjoyable time at the Specialty Darryl and I had two more days in the Yukon before we had to fly back home. Since we arrived Darryl wanted to take a horseback ride tour; we managed to go on the hottest day of our stay where we went for a half day tour on mountainous terrain. Once we reached to the top of the mountain the view was superb of the Yukon River and Whitehorse. There was one thing missing in our holiday for me, which was to see some wildlife and a tour to Kluane National Park. On our last day we took a road trip to Haines Junction to get a taste of Kluane National Park where we took a walk with Monti on one of the famous walking trails. Unfortunately, since the climate was unusually hot for the time of year even though we left early in the morning Darryl and I didn't see much wildlife close-up but, we did get a view of some bear, caribou and mountain goats in a distance.

If any member thinks of going to a Cardigan Corgi Specialty I would definitely encourage you to try to attend. For me it was a lifetime experience. I was able to meet many other Cardigan Corgi owners across Canada, gained more friendships, I learned more about the breed and on top of everything else I had an awesome time. I know in the future if possible I plan to attend many more CCCC Specialties with Monti.

Maja Krug  
Guelph, ON

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## **FROM THE RANCH**

It is funny how some times the answer is right in front of a person and because we think we are so smart we miss it!

My old girl, Patches, is approaching 14. She has cataracts that impair her vision and she is having a harder time of fast movement and needs a running start at the stairs. Teeth are good, coat and hide are in nice condition. She has been on Innova food for seniors for a year now and it has done wonders for her. But yet she was still getting a little thinner and at times seemed so tired at night. I feed in the morning, have forever as we never know when we are going to get home at night some days. They get a dry biscuit most nights, a great training moment.

My father is quite elderly, 86, but of good mind and body. He never ceases to amaze me. We were putting in some long days before Christmas and we had to stop often not for a rest so much as a little bite to eat. I thought that makes sense seeing as he is diabetic. When we got chatting about it he commented that his eating habits really have more to do with his age than his

disease. I asked him what he meant. His answer was the answer for Patches. He explained that when you are older it is much harder on your system to ingest large amounts of food. The large release of sucrose in an older system, diabetic or not, is hard on the old pancreas and one ends up with peaks and dips. If he eats lots of little bits he gets more out of it and it is much easier on his system. Both going in and coming out. Seeing as he has done such a good job of his health I took his advice to heed.

Patches now gets two or three small meals a day. Breakfast is at a regular time, after that it is when we are here. It does not seem to bother her that they are all over the mark as far as time. She just seems happy that she is getting smaller amounts more often. Her energy level has become reasonably steady. No more constipation, or butt dragging. Even her urgency to urinate NOW has slowed down. It is hard to remember that what is on the inside, the organs, are also getting older and we need to think of their care as well as what is on the outside.

Once again the wisdom of our seniors comes to the rescue. My father is a fountain of information and the only dogs he has ever had have been the "collie types" born under the neighbors porch and always a male so they would not have pups. But his common sense has helped me out several times. Keeping ones mind open can get a person handy information from the oddest sources.

Happy trails

Lore Lee Bruder  
Pincher Creek, AB

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## INCIDENTS AND LESSONS

It was a beautiful sunny June day, a busy Saturday at Finnshavn, over twenty years ago. I had two elkhound families visiting, one to meet the breed, the other wanting some training tips. We were sitting on the side lawn talking. One of the corgi bitches, Trouble, disappeared into the long grass behind the drive shed. There came one meaningful, questioning WOOF?? Two other corgi bitches trotted off to investigate. Out from the long grass, around the shed, came the three, Trouble behind, the other two on either side of . . . A PORCUPINE! They herded it right up onto the lawn among the people, where Tundra the elkhound charged in for the kill, and – Whack! – acquired a face full of porcupine quills, which we spent the next half hour pulling out. The corgi girls, on the other hand, didn't have a quill among the three. Most of my elkhounds have had one face full of quills in their youth, but after that they chase the porkies up trees from a safe distance. Tundra was an exception, she swore revenge on the species and never got it through her head that she had lost every encounter. I always thought it remarkable that the three corgis exerted their authority and brought the porky right out into the open, and away from any escape tree. Then a more interesting thought occurred to me. I have never, in 40 years, had a corgi get quills, and as I ask around, I have yet found only a single example of a corgi who got too close. I asked long-time member Genie Bishop about this. She owns a camp in Vermont – one that has been in her family for a hundred years – and she spends most summers there. None of her corgis has ever needed quills pulled, but one show dachshund got a porcupine right under the camp. If you know of a corgi who got quilled, please let me know. The one "quilled" Cardigan around here was Emily

Ann, belonging to Sherry Saunders. She came back from a walk with three quills very lightly stuck in her face. Maybe it's significant that the GSP she was in the woods with came back with a real face full, so I suspect she was just helping her friend. One of my early show Cardigans rolled in a very dead porcupine, mostly rancid fat full of quills, less than two hours before he was due in the ring. All he needed was a quick bath – none of the quills stuck. So, to quote Gilbert and Sullivan – “What never??? Well, hardly ever!”

That got me thinking. Only once have corgis of mine ever been skunked. The elkhounds, labradors and GSPs (German Short-haired Pointers) have been skunked right here on the property. They've got more than one porky, too. The one time corgis got skunked was on a late night walk in late November, involving elkhounds, labradors and corgis. A frightful fracas broke out off in the trees, the smell wafted down the hill, and I bathed seven dogs, including three corgis. I am sure the corgis were followers, not leaders of the attack – and, by the way, the skunk was killed, because Dwyn the corgi brought it home, frozen solid, a couple of weeks later. As I ask around, it seems that corgis know about skunks, too. Dai Morgan, my first Cardigan, was actually on sniffing terms with the local skunk where we lived in London ON. One evening we were coming home from a walk, two off-leash dogs and I. As we came up the concrete walk to the white front door, I thought it was our shadow on the door, until that shadow erected a characteristic bushy tail and growled, from maybe six feet away. I told the two dogs to heel, and we all backed up. The skunk, as skunks do, walked along the building sniffing, no hurry at all. About two weeks later we were down on the flood plain of the Thames walking, in daylight, on the hiking trail, with the dogs exploring ahead, off leash. As I came around a bend, I saw a skunk heading towards us. Dai walked up to it and sniffed noses, then each of them sniffed under the other's tail. Finn the elkhound watched from no more than six feet away. It was so casual that the skunk and dogs obviously knew each other. You could almost hear the conversation – “How are you today, Skunk?” “Good, thanks, Corgi, how's by you and your pal?” When the skunk saw me it left the trail and disappeared into the long grass, but no hurry!!

So what do you do if you have the exception, the corgi that attacks a porcupine? With elkhounds, this tends to happen on camping or hunting trips when the nearest vet is hours away, so I have learned to get the quills out myself. The important instrument is a pair of Vise-Grip pliers. Every back pack I have has a pair of the small 4' Vise-Grips in it. You set the Vise-Grips so that they close firmly when you snap them shut. Be careful, because you can set them too tight, and they will cut the quill, which is bad. If you use normal pliers, you reach for a quill, the dog jumps, you jump, and you let go of the quill. With Vise-Grips you snap them onto the quill, the dog jumps, and pulls the quill out because the Vise-Grips don't let go. If your vet will let you have them, a couple of Atravet pills can also be part of the emergency kit. These are tranquilizers that make it easier to handle a very upset dog.

For skunk, there are many remedies, the least and worst of which, in my opinion, is tomato juice. There are now a couple of products on the market which contain enzymes that break down the mercaptans which give skunk musk its smell. The general deodorizer NOK-OUT claims to be effective. Failing that, my standard home treatment is to soak the whole skunked area with cooking oil. Work the oil in thoroughly, then wash it out with a mild dish detergent or a good dog shampoo. For your emergency kit, there is actually a product called Filthy Animal 32:1 shampoo, made by Kelco. It is an all-natural product which does clean a dirty dog up well without drying out the skin. It is diluted 32:1 before use, so it is compact to carry. Other home remedies for skunk include Pepsodent toothpaste or Massengill's douche.

While corgis may be good at avoiding porcupines or skunks, they are very good at acquiring bush perfume. Dead snake is irresistible to roll in, followed closely by dead fish, the stinkier the better! Then, have you ever watched a puppy come up to a pile of mink, or racoon, or

whatever, poop, sniff carefully, and wrinkle its brow with thought “Now, is this fresh enough to eat, or shall I merely roll in it!”? When young calves go out on the first green grass of summer, they drop very runny, highly smelly calf pats. These are prime rolling stuff. So your travelling kit needs to be equipped to remove grime and smell. Filthy Animal 32:1 fills the bill.

Charlie MacInnes

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## FROM THE EDITOR'S COMPUTER

This is a surprisingly big issue. At least, its size surprised me. I said in the last issue that I hoped to make it interesting to all the members. I asked for help, and I got a lot. But there are a lot of you out there who have interesting ideas, funny stories, or keen insights into the abilities of Cardigan corgis. This newsletter needs you. I really welcome the contributions from members in this issue, but please keep them flowing. And even if you don't write more than a paragraph, give other members something to think and write about. Let's be a real community.

The history project has grown to the point that it will not be printed all in one issue. Actually, I hope Ron will be able to put it up on the website this summer. When I last revised it, it was 33 pages of single-spaced text. Now I am collecting pictures to go with it. Please, if you have great pictures of Cardigans, or pictures of great Cardigans, scan them and send them to me. I want to thank Helen Jones and Joyce Moulton for very good information on Cardigans in Canada before 1970. Then, there are the individual contributors: Gloria Graham sent a wonderful write-up, and pictures that will appear in future issues. If you want an MSWord copy of the manuscript, flip me an e-mail.

One sad part of the size of this newsletter is the pages distributed to senior dogs who left us. We will always publish such write-ups, and I really want to hear about dogs that were just great pets. All old pets are special!!

I am still working out the format for this newsletter. In this issue I have changed the type, and, upon request, made it larger. Is it more readable? The front page will be changed, necessarily, for the next issue, which will have a whole new executive. Please, tell me what you like and don't like. Also, if you can possibly get it by e-mail, please let me know. It cuts the costs to the club by at least \$2.00 an issue. My e-mail is [macinnch@netrover.com](mailto:macinnch@netrover.com).

### NEW OFFICERS

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This board will take office on 1 April 2005