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prizes that appeared on the day of the show were very welcome last year we must have the sweeps prizes covered ahead of time.

We are including a strip of raffle tickets. If you return the part with your address with a cheque made out to the club, you are in and any winnings will be mailed. The price is 50 cents a ticket. Anyone who makes a cash donation will be included. Please send your ticket stubs and donations to Fanny Edwards. Chris Edwards is unfortunately unable to go to Montreal that week-end. This will make it easier for us to be up to date.

By the time this reaches you the date for entries to close will be fast approaching. That occurs at 6 pm on Sunday 12 June. The show secretary is:

Pat Harris  
3249 Tullochgorum Road  
Ormsdown, Quebec J0S 1K0  
(514) 329-3288

Please note that the obedience entry is limited. That is, no more entries will be accepted after the judge has seven hours of judging time filled. Get those obedience entries in early. Let's impress other people attending the show by putting up a good obedience entry!

A word of advice to those who will be camping on the show grounds: you are advised to get there on Thursday. There is not much grass on the show grounds, so the prime sites are taken early. If you want a nice spot, get there early!

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Canadian Cardigan Corgi Club will be held on Saturday 2 July, starting one hour after the completion of judging at the specialty. (There should be time before the all-breed judging starts. If not, then it will be after that judging.) Anyone having business to add to the agenda, please contact the Club Secretary.

## DRAWING TAMMY

by  
Laura Kelly

Shortly after I received my very first Cardigan Corgi, Finnshavn's Tammy, I set about drawing a picture of her for Charlie and Fanny.

What struck me while drawing her was the wonderful balance of her proportions. At first glance a Cardigan has a somewhat comical appearance which belies the powerful build of the breed. As my pencil blocked out her head, chest, legs and hindquarters I could clearly visualize this stout little dog bounding across the rocky terrain of her native Wales, keeping the herd in check with both speed and agility, all the while her large ears perked and attentive to her master's commands.

With conté I sketched in her roughish waterproof coat, and thought how it would protect her from all but the roughest weather conditions.

I learned a lot about Tammy that day with my pencil and conté. I learned that the same dog who was snoring amiably upon my sofa would have been equally at home bounding across rugged ground, bringing in the cows.

For me Tammy is a loving family dog, but I take pride in her heritage as a hardy, working breed. I hope that future breeders maintain that heritage in their dog's conformation and nature, so that the Cardigan will endure as both a pet and a working dog.

## WELCOME TO THE van STUYVENBERGS

by Charlie MacInnes

Not long before Christmas, Fanny received a 'phone call from Willy Van Stuyvenberg. Willy, her parents and three brothers emigrated from Holland to Canada in May 1987. The whole family are involved in breeding Friesian dairy cattle. For some years they have had at least one Cardigan to help with the cattle, and they brought two out from Holland with them. These two produced a litter on November 30th. When I heard that their bitch "Britt" was a daughter of "Exi", the dog I exported to Holland several years ago, I signed up for a puppy without even having seen the parents. I am pleased to say that I picked a winner. Her name is Nyland Finnshavn Anneke, she is brindle with just the right white markings, and pretty as a picture. However, her real strength is personality. My vet said, as she put paws on his chest so she could lick his face, that this was one of the nicest pups I have ever brought in. She was nine weeks old at the time.

Duke, the male, is just what a farm Cardigan should be. He is friendly, lively and a good ball player. After he greets new people, he lies down by the stove to watch the world go by. Even though he is six years old, he seems to have endless tolerance for puppies. Watch for Duke in the show ring this summer.

Britt is still young and has some filling out to do. She also is a friendly, outgoing dog, quite willing to have complete strangers look at her young puppies. She and Duke are quite competitive about toys in the house, but the game is very good natured!

This litter has been well spread. One is in Alberta, and another in Michigan. Here is the pedigree:

### NYLAND

Cornalis van Stuyvenberg  
R.R. #3  
Ayr, Ontario NOB 1E0  
{519} 632-8898            Leo

INT. CH. LEES BLACK BERRY  
Buck van het Dassenkamp  
Nieuwerpoord's Roza

Emiel van den Besthmerberg  
Sonja van Nieuw Bunnerveen  
Nieuw Weper Cenderella

Duke

Jeزالin Pirate Gold  
Emiel van den Besthmerberg  
Zeal Marian van den Besthmerberg

Sonja van Nieuw Bunnerveen

Pal Marc van den Besthmerberg Molen  
Nieuw Weper Cenderella  
Nieuw Weper Baroness

Nyland Finnshavn Anneke

AM. CH. BRYMORE'S TAX REFUND CAN. C.D.  
CAN. AM. & BDA. CH. FINNSHAVN'S WHISKEY TAX CAN. C.D.X., A  
CAN. CH. RHIWELLI LLYGAD Y DYDD CAN. C.D.  
NETH. CAN. & AM. CH. FINNSHAVN THE EXCISEMAN CAN. & AM. C.D.  
CAN. & AM. CH. DILWEL ROWLAND  
CAN. CH. MEDWYN LA BELLE CANADIENNE CAN. C.D.  
AM. CH. ROCKMOOR MAGGIE MY LOVE

Britt

INT. CH. LEES BLACK BERRY  
Buck van het Dassenkamp  
Nieuweroord's Roza

Sita

Emiel van den Besthmerberg  
Sonja van Nieuw Bunnerveen  
Nieuw Weper Cenderella

## THE CARDIGAN AS AN ESCAPE ARTIST

by Marilyn Boissoneault

I own Harry Houdini.

That isn't her registered name, of course, but Ch. Aberwyvern Patches C.D. is as accomplished an escape artist as the great Houdini. And, like the Master himself, at least one of her death-defying tricks has been performed while hanging upside-down.

With cardigans the natural assumption is that they escape from kennels, runs and fenced backyards by going under whatever obstacle they are confronted with. After all, how could a dog with such short legs possibly jump out? But Patches is a true Cardi: she does things in her own Quixotic way, thank you, and invariably performs her tricks by going over.

Patches career as an escape artist began when she was a year old. Her dam, Joker, was confined to the house with her second litter, and Patches was left in the kennel alone while we were at work. At that time our kennel was a converted chicken run, seven feet high, with two layers of chicken wire, one on either side of the four-by-fours which formed the support posts. The run was not roofed. For over two weeks we arrived home from work to find Patches happily sitting on the porch, awaiting our return. There was no indication whatsoever of how she was getting out of the kennel: she wasn't digging out, there were no holes in the fence, the gate was securely latched...and it was impossible that she was climbing over the top, wasn't it?

It all became clear the day I returned home and found Patches red buckle collar dangling from the very top of the seven foot fence, the buckle so firmly tangled in the wire that I had to cut it free with wire-cutters. The inner layer of chicken wire had a hole in it, which I had previously ignored because there was no corresponding hole in the outer

layer. Patches had apparently crawled in between the two layers of wire and worked her way up between them much like a mountain climber ascending a "chimney". At the top she simply squirmed out and jumped --- or fell --- the seven feet to the ground. Hence the upsidedown aspect to the performance. Thank heavens her collar was a bit loose.

The hole in the fence was quickly fixed, and from that day to this none of my dogs have ever worn collars of any kind while in the kennel. But Patches was only warming up.

Anyone who was at the Sanction Match held at Charlie and Fanny's in the spring of 1986 may remember Patches: the little blue merle bitch who jumped over the top of the ex-pen four times in fifteen minutes to join me in the ring. She was then tied to a tree, and finished off her performance by breaking her leash just before we were due in the ring for obedience.

In July 1986 we moved to Point Pelee National Park near Leamington. Jim built a good solid kennel of chain link fence, nearly six feet high. The only low spot was where the fence was built around a raised wooden platform next to a clothesline pole. As this was four and a half feet off the ground, we didn't anticipate any escapes, and it seemed, for the first few weeks, as though we were right. Then one day I drove into the yard and saw a blue streak burst from the blackberry tangle and race around the side of the garage. When I opened the gate I found three dogs inside, just as there should have been: Patches had put herself back in! Heaven only knows how long she had been getting out! Jim built up the low part of the fence that evening, and we had no more problems,

In January we moved back to Cornwall, and bought a house with a large yard surrounded by a six foot high chain link fence. No low spots. There were a couple of narrow gaps under the fence which a small determined dog might wiggle through, but I plugged those with bricks. And Patches got out!

For several days her trick had me baffled. One warm muddy day I arrived home (Patches was across the street in the neighbor's pile of topsoil) and finally figured it out. Our canoe, propped on wooden blocks, was leaning upsidedown against the fence. There were muddy footprints on the bottom of the canoe. Evidently the canoe gave Patches a sufficient boost, perhaps three feet, so that she could scramble up the remaining height of the fence. I moved the canoe, and stopped that trick.

After a brief dispute with the neighbors about too many dogs (three) which barked too much ( and got out too often), I began shutting the dogs in the garage during the day. The inside kennel is only four feet high, and we don't even try to keep Patches in it. She gets out every day, and spends her time either sitting on top of the freezer, or on the deck of our small sailboat, doubtless in yachting cap and flannels, dreaming of faraway shore over gin and tonic. Every day when she hears the garage door start to open, checks to make sure it's me as the car drives in, and scrambles back into the kennel with the others. I usually get a glimpse of her tail going over the fence as I park the car.

Obviously this is a pretty tame trick after her earlier feats, but it is relatively harmless and after all she is getting older. But if Patches ever learns to work the garage door opener, we'll be in big big trouble!

And that is one tale (tail?) of the Cardigan as an escape artist, doing things the hard way, over, not under. Of course, Cardis never do anything the expected way, do they?

## A TRIBUTE TO ANDREW ORR

by Charlie MacInnes

Andrew Orr passed away last fall, after several months of poor health. The whole club sends condolences to Vera. I shall miss my gentle friend Andrew, and so will every one of the Cardigans and German Shepherds who have ever lived, or even stayed overnight in the Orr household. Vera was the official "dog person" at Vanderro, but the dogs all knew they had a friend in Andrew. He also helped at every show and obedience trial he could, where he was that best kind of volunteer help - ready to do any job that needed doing.

Early in my acquaintance with Andrew and Vera I had Edna Dean's Cardigan Lynn entered in obedience at the Kingston shows. Vera invited me to stay with them, and I arrived the night before the first show. Lynn was a little shy, so Andrew was soon sitting on the floor coaxing her to make friends - a successful manoeuvre. Next day I arrived at the obedience ring to find Andrew in as substitute ring steward, filling in while someone went for lunch. To his horror, when he had to become a post for the Figure-eight, Lynn broke her heeling and jumped up on her new-found friend. Fortunately, the judge chose to ignore the incident, and Lynn passed.

I also remember Andrew taking me to his study in the new house they had built. (He was a successful playwright.) He pointed with pride to the magnificent views of the nearby lake from both windows, and explained how much easier writing was with those tranquil scenes to look at.

Vera, I hope you have many successful years ahead, as mother, grandmother and dog breeder. But you are right, there will never be anyone like Andrew again. He left this world a better place, because he loved you, the world, life, people and dogs.

## THANK YOU, LORRAINE, WELCOME, BARB

Lorraine Carwardine resigned as secretary a few months ago, to put more time into other interests, especially being a grandmother. We all thank her for a good job as a member of the executive. She really did keep club business moving along.

Barb Hoffman has agreed to fill in until the next elections for the executive. Please address club correspondence to Barb.

## THIS 'N' THAT FROM HERE 'N' THERE

Patrick Ormos and Cathy Cline had a super year in 1987. They finished a total of ten champions between them. Then they capped it all when Ch. Kentwood Lyneth won Best of Opposite Sex at the US National Specialty on

May 1st this year. Patrick is taking a year's leave to complete his PH.D. at McGill. We hope his winning ways continue.

As you may have gathered the Boissonneaults have returned to Cornwall. At least Marilyn has, Jim is still at Point Pelee. Bell Telephone must be doing well out of this.

Those warnings about house plants are true. A week or so after the Jenneys took a puppy from me, we got a worried phone call from Hugh that the puppy was having severe problems walking. A careful inspection revealed that she had been supplementing her puppy food with philodendron. Fortunately, she recovered. Those macrame hangers really are useful (Raffle or sweepstake item?)

Dianne Darragh's panic was a little different. Her Bengi disappeared from a totally secure backyard. We reviewed the steps taken - local radio lost and found, call to the vet since he had his rabies tag on the collar, local canine control - and notified the registration department of the CKC with his tattoo combination. (Instruct them to tell anyone that calls in that they will return the call when they have checked the files and have them get a phone number. Then have the CKC contact you so that you can make the contact. I once had a dog traced by tattoo to the CKC but after they had given them my name and address the caller refused to identify himself. I got an anonymous letter and no dog! ed. F.E.) The same afternoon Dianne received a call via the veterinarian that the dog was alive and well. A family had found the pup in their own secure yard curled up with the big dog. Our surmise is that some children had "borrowed" him to enliven their school winter break. At least a happy ending! For the record, Bengi is the only hockey playing corgi of which I have heard. This is not the boast of an adoring owner either since it was Dianne's neighbour who remarked upon it. When Bengi lacks a human playmate he takes a stick in mouth and bats about a tennis ball!

We had another call about a field sport Cardigan. Mr Attilio Paolillo bought a Cardigan from us about four years ago. He 'phoned recently to get recommendations on boarding kennels. In the conversation he let slip that their dog is an accomplished soccer player. She can play goal against he and his son, and she likes to take her turn on defense, too. She dribbles with her nose, she stops the ball by wrapping herself around it, and she can "head" a ball in proper soccer style.

Jenny Tryhorn came to Toronto from Alberta for the CKC AGM. It was neat to have a good chat. Barb Hoffman and Gerry Lescombe also attended along with Charlie and Fanny so there was good representation from the club. I once again raised the issue of allowing spayed bitches in the veterans class just to make sure that the new board was aware of the Club's concern in the matter. It seems to be a motherhood issue that everyone approves but has not yet made it through the dog show rules committee.

I received today a delightful piece of writing from new members, Barry and Peri McQuay, entitled "What on earth is a Cardigan Corgi?" He says that we are not obligated to use it and he hopes that 1500 words is not too long. It certainly is not and it will be the feature of the next issue. Many thanks. It is going to entertain a lot of members.

P.S. We accept all stories great or small!

## WELCOME TO THE NEW MEMBERS

Patricia Allen	406B Alexandria Ave	Alexandria Va. 22301
Eugenia Bishop	P.O. Box 397	Cookstown NJ 00511
Lee Ann Clements	16 David Lewis Dr.	Concord Ont. L4K 3H1
William Frankie	R.R. #8	Kingston Ont. K7L 4V4
Marion Harrington	R.R. #2	Drumbo Ont. N0J 1G0
Hugh Jenney	R. R. #4	Warkworth Ont. K0K 3K0
Elwood MacMillan	P.O. Box 728	Maple Ont. L0J 1E0
Berry & Peri McQuay		Westport Ont. K0G 1X0
Paulette Munroe	R. R. #1	Brechin Ont. L0K 1E0
Chuck Murray	627 Leland	Fullerton, CA USA 92632
Elizabeth I. Patterson	10001 Briar Rose	Houston TX USA 77042
Katne Romeo	RT 1, Box 221	Valatie, NY, USA 12184
Draig & Nola Smith	P.O. Box 1209	Gravenhurst Ont. P0C 1G0
Bev Vickers	251 Mill Road	Etobicoke Ont. M9C 1Y3
Cornelius van Stuyvenberg	R.R. #2	Ayr Ont. N0B 1E0
Charles Walcott	22 Catalina Dr.	Scarborough Ont. M1M 1K6

## --- NOTES ABOUT YOUR NEWSLETTER

In the last issue I told you about the used duplicator the Club had acquired. Well, the photo-stencil cutter broke down while we were doing the last newsletter. When Fanny took it in for repairs, the crew at AE Dick did a real double-take. This was not just an old, obsolete model, it was so old that none of them had ever seen one. The bad news was that they couldn't find one to scavenge a circuit board from to fix ours. A new one costs about \$3000.00, they might be able to recondition an older one for \$600-800. Well, we were stewing about that when I tried a wax stencil, with the plastic typing cover, in my computer's printer. It looked as though it might work - and this newsletter is the first trial run.

P.S. Have you renewed ?