



## KERRY KLIPPINGS

By Pearl Bank Steward



Gossip-over the back-fence! Come on out! Do you remember J. E. Slade of Hood River, Oregon? Well, he was the first writ-



Kilpatrick, Owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kiernan, 3860 N. E. Alameda, Portland, Ore.

er-in-ner we had upon graduating from a Fictioneer into a Columnist. (Or was it a demotion? We haven't been able to find out yet!) And, as the Slade Kerries are tops at following a scent, they just naturally trail after our plea in our last issue for keeping Kerries KERRIES. Fur, while one or two of the Slade dogs, couldn't get into the Standard with a shoe horn, many of them wouldn't be challenged by even a disgruntled Competitor, and they are the sturdy, game intelligent animals which Kerries should be. In fact, the only blot on the Slade escutcheon we have been able to ferret out is the fact that his daughter, Mrs. Hanford Haynes, of Burlingame, breeds cockers. Now, the cockers are fine little fellows, but when a Kerrier's daughter isn't a Kerrier—! Well, it's a Bar Sinister or somepin'!

You couldn't read Mr. Slade's breezy letters, however, and not know he was not only a true Kerrier himself, but that his dogs are true Kerries. In fact, his first letter was written just after he had come in from checking up on a tree with a bear in it and one of his dogs under it. But, having no gun, and knowing that, if the bear came down, the dog would tackle it alone and be killed, he called it off.

Mr. Slade's oldest bitch is his almost-human Kilpealer. She's the mother of the brood, but is, her master says, "the best of the lot" still. He bought her from Guy Mordecai-Jones, an Englishman who brought her sire and dam, Shevermon and Kilgaily, over from Ireland. These two Irish dogs were powerful, game and intelligent. But, being allowed to run wild, they reverted to their caveman ancestors. After killing deer and porcupine, they were finally shot, Mr. Slade

says, by a man who found them finishing up on a cow and a two year old steer!

Kilpealer, or Pealer, as her master calls her, inherits the strength and intelligence of her parents, but she eats no contraband beef nor bites no stranger's hand—unless she has her orders. In fact, Mr. Slade disposes of a Kerry who lacks judgment. (We wish he would take our Peadar in hand!)

Pealer is a true terrier in type, Mr. Slade says, and has a curly, blue coat. She is very smart, understanding everything that is said to her, and is almost too game. Very energetic, she disgruntles her master by running into culverts and bringing out porcupines when he is after bob cats!

Unfortunately, the lady doesn't stop at bob cats, either. She frequently tackles a certain little woods creature who wears stripes, which doesn't make her such a pleasant companion in the car. Mr. Slade says he has built a house for her on behind, so that when following motorists object to his windage he can tell them it's the exhaust!

Pealer inherits her efficiency legitimately, however. Her Aunt in Ireland held a record of pulling two badgers out of natural earth in thirty minutes! (Page your lap dogs!)

Pealer was shown at Golden Gate in 1930, and went home with five ribbons, a gold cup and Best of Breed. In 1934 she went reserve in Walla Walla, (Wash.) first annual licensed show. As far as we know, she wasn't shown again. For, if you remember, Mr. Slade was disgusted that intelligence and gameness seemed to be minimized and more "showy" (yes, it makes a pun, but think it over) points magnified.

In 1930 Pealer was bred to Blue Leader's stud, Ch. Leinster Leader, and produced a fine litter. A dog went to Mr. Medford Reed, of Hood River; and a dog to Mr. Elmer Moller of the same city. We do not have data on Mr. Reed's dog, but Mr. Slade says that the Moller Kerry is a fine, powerful animal who would take ribbons anywhere, and has won local renown in hunting China Pheasants.

Another dog from this, Pealer's first, mating went to Mr. Slade's brother-in-law who lives on Long Island at Smithtown. This Kerry follows the Pealer tradition of utility. Very intelligent, he can do almost anything. Even the children impress him into service for hauling their sleds up hill when coasting.

Mr. Slade saved two pups for himself from the Leinster litter. The dog which he considered his best bet died at seven months. The bitch, Acushla, a "big, powerful brute, but very handsome", he has kept for breeding. Up to date, however, she has been a Militant Feminist, throwing only female pups.

In 1934 both Pealer and Acushla were bred to Killarney Jim (Ch. Garybawn Bouchal ex East Point Tammany Lassie), owned by Miss Hilda McCormick, of Sedalia, Missouri.

There were seventeen pups in these two litters! And again Mr. Slade had bad luck with the smart, game one which he kept. And again it was at seven months that he lost him. (And we had always supposed that seven was a lucky number! Shades of craps!)

Other pups from these litters are owned by Mr. Aaron Frank of Meier and Frank,

Portland; a bitch by Mr. Tom Quast of The Dalles, Oregon; another bitch by Mr. Quin of Husum, Wash.; a dog by Mr. Childs, who is Director of the State Experiment Station at Hood River. The Child's dog, Mr. Slade says, weighs sixty pounds (!) and can whip anything in that country. Another dog—Pealer's—is owned by the W. E. Kiernans of Portland, but you will hear more of "Pat" in a moment.

Last year Mr. Slade at last seems to have broken his jinx. Out of a new litter of nine, he has now—and still alive in spite of being SEVEN MONTHS old—a son of Pealer's by Twister, an imported Irish dog. Twister's pedigree isn't available, at the moment, but Mr. Slade says he is a good terrier type with a curly, blue coat. Twister is owned by Mrs. Ray Hill of Yakima, Wash., who also owns a Pealerson by Killarney Jim.

Mr. Slade hasn't hunted much this winter, he says, but not so long ago the game warden was complaining that the wild domestic cats in the jungles along the Columbia River were getting his young pen raised pheasants. So—as Mr. Slade modestly and simply puts it—"I exterminated them!" Boy! what a sub-well time for a Kerry!

Just before Mr. Slade's last letter, Felix Mordecai-Jones, one of the English family which brought over Pealer's parents from Ireland, located some bob cats. But when Mr. Slade took down his Kerries, he was met with the news that a neighbor had put out traps. Of course the Kerries were bitterly disappointed, and rather than have them sulk, their master took them home, and turned them in to fight his captive bob cat through the wire. The bob cat, it seems, has a large pen and is not at all afraid. It reaches out and rakes the Kerries across the nose. And "a cat scratching a Kerry Blue", says Mr. Slade, "has the same effect as dropping a bomb on an Ethiopian hut"—they give a good imitation of a mad dog! And I'll bet the dogs were madder still when they learned that those traps picked up two bob cats and a lynx.

Well, so much for Pealer and her pups, except for "Pat". A trophy to Mr. Slade for breeding for strength, intelligence and gameness.

As to Pat—or Kilpatrick, to give him his company name—he is a Pealerson, owned by the W. E. Kiernans of Portland. He is the one who has been writing ardent letters to our Colleen. And the story of his coming into the Kiernan menage is quite typical.

Pat was a Doorstep Baby. Mrs. Kiernan had never seen a Kerry, and Mr. Kiernan brought Pat home one day, set him down at the front door, then stepped back out of sight. When Mrs. Kiernan opened the door, she saw a "long legged, awkward, homely looking animal", and wasn't so pleased. But before she could "shoo" him, she got a good look into a pair of appealing eyes. And the Walls of Jericho fell. Now she can see no other breed, and thinks Pat has all the virtues of all the Kerries in the world without any vices! In fact, her husband says she is "screwy". We've heard that one before, too. But the only difference that we can see between the male and female of the

species Kerrier is that sometimes the females aren't so clever at covering up!

And, while we are on the subject—does it burn us up to have the dogs make the biggest fuss over the Master when it is the Mistress who does all the dirty work? That's what happens in the Kiernan household, too. Must be a Kerry characteristic. Only Frieda Fox' gallant Liam seems to be true to the Ladies!

Although the Slade dogs are on the big side—and sometimes bigger!—the best of them evidently are within standards. Pat must be about the maximum for a dog, we gather. He hasn't broken in color yet, Mrs. Kiernan says, but is well built with sturdy legs, shoulders and good muscle.

If you look at our picture this month, you will also see that Pat has personality. Mrs. Kiernan took the trouble to have a commercial photographer come to the house so that we might print a picture of one of Pealer's sons. Don't you like his expression?

Like his mother, Pat learns easily. He opens a door, gets his comb (though we think brushing is better for Kerrals, and Mrs. Kiernan, at our suggestion, is now using a Fuller's Bristlecomb), has his grooming, takes the comb back and puts it on the shelf again, then shuts the door behind him.

Pat also loves children. Not so long ago, the Kiernans were at their country place on the Columbia River, and had, as guest, a ten year old boy with a yen to go swimming. Mr. Kiernan consented to the swim, but when Pat saw the boy actually in the water and saw that Mr. Kiernan wasn't going to do anything about it, he rushed in, grabbed the boy by the arm and pulled him out. Then he patrolled the beach between the youngster and the water, until, finally he had to be restrained for the would-be swimmer

to even get wet!

Pat complains bitterly that, when he rides in an automobile, he drools frightfully. But we think he will outgrow it. Colleen used to the habit annoyingly, but seems to have gotten over the nervousness, which, in all probability causes it.

Pat complains, also of the the law in Portland, during their rabies scare, that all dogs must go out on leashes. Well, we don't blame him. Imagine one of the Kilpealer family, whose meat is everything from bear to two year old steers, tied to a sissy leash!

One other thing is worrying Pat—that he thinks he doesn't look as beautiful as Colleen's picture in the mag. Well, all we can say is that Colleen is really that beautiful when she is **just so**—but that she can look as roughneck as the toughest when she is unstripped. And, for the encouragement of Kerrals who own puppies in the leggy stage, we would add that we can show you pictures of Kerrals who have turned out very handsomely, who looked like the Wrath of God at the awkward age.

As for Pat—he should worry about his looks. He's a brand new hero—paint wet. Recently Mrs. Kiernan gave a large party and there were a dozen cars parked outside. Inside, the ladies—as ladies will—were chattering like magpies. Suddenly in the midst of it all Pat, very much excited, barged through the front door. His mistress, thinking that it was the chattering ladies who excited the gentleman, went to close the door behind him. Then she saw smoke—plenty of smoke. A big new Packard was in flames! (She should have known, in the first place, that mere women wouldn't bother a Kerry!)

They called the fire department, and the fire was extinguished. But the firemen said that, a few minutes more, the gasoline tank

would have exploded, and then heaven alone knows what would have happened to those dozen cars parked end to end.

But wouldn't you just know that one of those smart Kilpealers would get himself a medal just in time to sport it in Kerry Klippings on his Day to Howl?

One thing we are glad to learn—Kerry Klippings is doing some good. Pat writes that it has caused his stock to soar among the "Don't know 'ems"!

About that cartoon Mrs. Kiernan sent down? Evidently someone razzes her, as we get razzed, about taking Kerrals as an Institution. The drawing showed a motherly woman wiping the paws of a big, husky, he-mannish Kerry. He had a big ribbon and bow around his neck, and, behind them, were shelves containing—dog cakes, Fibo, beakers, mange cure, worm pills, flea powder, lysol, Spratt's ovals, bone meal, drinking dishes, soap, brushes, combs, scissors, Terrier meal and a half dozen more unlabeled packages, boxes and bags. From the woman's mouth issues a balloon—

"Patsy wantis muvver to dry um's teensy, weensy tootsies. Bless um's little heart. Got um's ickle feets wet. Muvver'll dry Patsy's tooties and give um's a ickle cough medicine. Then Patsy get nice dry biscuits, ickle honey bunny boo."

And says the big he-mannish Kerry—"Aw heck! Why in hell can't I have an honest to God bone?!"

And that's the little curlycues at the end of the page for the Kilpealers, until we have more news of them.

So what hol for the Oakland show and the . . . . .

Well, we have to admit we didn't quite make the grade on our twenty Kerrals. But we would have if Valleyfield had shown up

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(Puppies Occasionally for Sale)

as we expected. But, though Miss Gladys Chesebrough and Miss Ettoiswill Shannon are home again, they want to get their dogs in top shape before again showing. We'll bet, at that, that the dogs were glad to stay home and listen to Ch. Skatha tell all about her Eastern trip.

However, eighteen entries in Kerries isn't to be sneezed at. And fifteen on the bench. Mr. Duffy, you see, did not bring Rae Steinheimer's Ch. Perfect Peach, nor his pup, Wicklow Warrior (Ch. Kingdom Hero of Cheriton ex Reet of the Chevin). Nor did Blue Leader Kennelmaster Brown bring Blue Leader's Blithesome.

Too bad. We always hate having any of Blue Leader's missing, and Peach always helps make our bench dressy with her lovely coat. Then, too, we were anxious to see Wicklow Warrior, as Mr. Steinheimer thinks a great deal of him, and we like to see the new ones coming along.

However, the first to go into the ring on Sunday morning, under our Judge, Mrs. Maude Turner, was a never-before-benched male puppy—Irish Lad of Killarney (Ch. Lerrig of Killarney ex Brigidd of Killarney), own by Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Elkins of Fresno. "Mac" is still very much of a puppy, and, stripped too close, looked rather Schnauterish as to body. But he has evidently already made up his adolescent mind that when he grows up, he wants to be a Show Dog and not a Street Car Conductor. He has amazing style for a little fellow. Head up, eager terrier look and well held tail. Anyone who knows Kerry puppies knows that they are a Grab Bag Prize, but Mac, with his straight back and nice tail set, his good eye and nice straight front, would seem to be both a Promise and a threat. This time, however, he was in his class alone.

In American-bred dogs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Bartley's Blue Michael of Athlone (Ch. Sheephead Lad ex Ch. Sylvia) went up against our own Peadar of Killarney (Ch. Watteau Prince Padriac ex Colleen of Killarney.) We were thrilled with Peadar's win, of course, especially as we have very few opportunities of showing, but our exuberance was greatly dampened by the fact that it meant taking it away from "Kelly". Kelly is an old friend, and we appreciated the long trip which Mrs. Bartley took to show. Besides, Kelly, who, as we have told you be-

fore, is a cobby little fellow with the true blue coat we see all too seldom, and the good eye to go with it which is still harder to find, has won himself almost enough points for a TWIN CHAMPIONSHIP, but lacks one illusive three pointer to put him over.

Well—all of us northern Kerriers are pulling for that "Ch." before Blue Michael's name before the year is over.

In open dogs, with Wicklow Warrior A. W. O. L., the Wm. F. Foxes' Liam Prince of Killarney (Ch. Watteau Prince Padriac ex Colleen of Killarney) lost to Anna Katherine Flint's Rory O'Rourke of Killarney (Ch. Padriac ex Princeton Chloe.)

Liam, because of his ears, may have to wait until we judge strictly on points before he comes into his own. But, as we have noted before, when you penalize him on his head you've just about done it all. Rory, however, we all consider an exceptionally good specimen, as you know. It's an honor to go down to him. We only hope he turns a bit more before the rumored strictness on color begins to put the dark ones down.

Winners Dog went to Peadar, Reserve to Rory.

In Puppy bitches, E. A. Shilton's Patricia of Killarney went over Paul A. Gilliard's Molly Bawn. Both of these Killarney sub debbs are more or less in the gangling stage at the moment, but we suspect one reason Judge Maude Turner placed Pat over Molly was on color. Pat is already showing very distinct signs of blue, while Molly is still wearing her fall outfit of slightly bronze. (Some of us women are too busy for spring shopping!) We saw Molly again the other day, though, after being stripped down, and the blue is showing through nicely.

Right here we'd like to compliment our Judge on so thoroughly going over the puppies. No matter what the outcome, a new

owner is pleased to have real attention given his dog. His interest and his fee are as good at the oldest exhibitor's. He has a right to the Judge's time. A very gracious thing and a very wise thing to recognize it.

In American-bred bitches, our Empress Dowager, Colleen of Killarney (Ch. Knockaderry of Cheriton ex Int. Ch. Grafton Blue Belle) went down to Blue Leader's Best Maid (Int. Ch. Watteau Prince Padriac ex Princeton Chloe.)

In Limit bitches, Noreen of Killarney went, as in S. F., over her sister, Banshee of Killarney. Noreen is another who dolls up the bench with her lovely coat. Both are owned, and were bred, as you know, by Todd Iverson of Berkeley.

In Open bitches, Blue Leader's Belinda (Int. Ch. Helter Skelter ex Muircroft Wilma) went over Miss Freddie Weis' Blue Chip Beautiful (Ch. Kingdom Hero of Cheriton ex Nannette of Oakcrest). We suspect that here, again, color counted heavily. Belinda has a lovely blue coat, which you have heard us admire, while "Beauty" has been a slow turner. Both dogs looked very nice in the ring. Beauty, although dark yet, has a lovely silky, wavy coat, and should win herself some more points when she is a bit bluer. She is very sweet. Thanks to Miss Weis for taking the long trip to let us see her again.

As for Belinda she has now definitely left her Stepsister estate. She is not only on her way to her Championship, having gone Best of Breed in San Bernardino—best Terrier, too, I think I remember—but she has been sold to James E. Bramberger of Salt Lake who intends to both show and breed her.

In the meantime, we believe Blue Leader Kennelmaster Brown is going to campaign her over the Arizona circuit.

We are thrilled to see a dog we've "plugged"—and very sincerely—get a home



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Bridegroom is another by Watteau Prince Padriac and considered by many to be a greater show dog. His dam is the famous Brood Matron, Princeton Chloe, which leads us to believe that Bridegroom should prove a great success at stud.



and all this attention, but we feel sold out that Belinda is not to stay in this State where we so badly need her color. Heaven knows, we have far too few real blues to lose such a good one. In fact, having personally become very, very fond of "Kathy", we actually have a choke in our throat as we write. We can only hope that she will be part of the Bamberger family, and get a very great deal of love, for "Kathy" is the type of Kerry who needs more than the usual amount we think.

These decisions over, things went swiftly. The Wm. F. Foxes' Int. Ch. Watteau Prince of the Blues (Int. Ch. Black Prince of the Chevin ex Norah of the Chevin) went over their Ch. Lerrig Prince of Killarney (Int. Ch. Blue Leader's Helter Skelter ex Brigid of Killarney), though we think Lerrig was looking his very best. In fact, we think Lerrig undoubtedly will soon take Prince's place in the limelight. For, sad as it seems, younger dogs will come into their own and gradually push the oldsters into retirement. (Though, seeing Prince showing, who would say he isn't in his prime? His coat looked the best we have ever seen it for the Oakland Show.)

In Local dogs and bitches, Peadar went over his brother, Liam. Put these dogs' respective points into a hat, scramble them and draw them out and it's still anybody's win.

Best of winners went to Belinda, as did best opposite sex.

Prince went not only Best of Breed but first Terrier.

As to what went on for Best in Show, we are still wondering. Judge O'Dea insisted upon Prince's handler, Dan Shuttleworth, showing him on a loose leash—hard on any dog in a ring covered with the reminiscences of two days of showing. Though, personally, we would be glad to see all dogs shown on loose leashes, and let their natural showmanship stand or fall, it seemed unfair to handicap the Kerry alone. We were really proud of both the dog and Danny, they handled themselves so well in the ring under such trying circumstances. We always believe in withholding judgment until we know the story, but we would like sincerely to know Judge O'Dea's reasons for asking for the loose leash on only the Kerry.

As it was, we "see by the papers" that Prince went Third in the Show in spite of handicap.

That, for the Kerries, ends a bang-up show. If Oakland gets any bigger and better they will have to use the Cal Stadium. And were the wide aisles a God send to us poor exhibitors who, after all, do have to get away from the benches once and awhile, and back to our dogs again.

The whole show seemed to run along in oil. Dogs judged practically on time, exhibitors pretty much pleased all the way around, and good clear signs for the traffic.

And wasn't the "Lady and Her Dog" stunt colorful? Though—and this is just between us Kerriers—we did think that pretty Frieda Fox, with her simple peasant's costume, natural walk and loose leash on her Liam, looked as though she had actually strayed from Irish fields into a masquerade of the more sophisticated. We even had a perfectly Strange Man—bless his heart—seeing us coming into the Auditorium on Sunday, and mistaking Peadar for his brother, Liam, stop us and say—"It's the lady that had that dog that should have won the prize. She looked the REAL THING!"

#### DOCKED TALES:

Miss E. L. Kiessling (Kozeeland Kennels, Reg., Creighton, Neb.), in spite of the fact that Kozeeland spent forty days at below zero temperature, and the Mistress had to write with pencil because the ink was fro-

zen (!) reports two sales. And we complaining because the rain made our dogs muddy! We're ashamed, really we are. All hail to the breeders who keep up their standards and their courage under such difficulties.

Argo of Kozeeland has been sold to Mr. Lewis Bolser, manager of Champion Animal Food Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Bolser owns also Ace of Kozeeland, a litter brother to Argo, who he purchased last month, and with whom he is much pleased. He will show these two dogs as a brace in Minneapolis at the April show. Luck to them!

Kozeeland has also sold the bitch, Blue Belle of Kozeeland (imported Ch. Anglont ex Rose of Kozeeland) to Mrs. Dean C. Gill, of Indianapolis. Mrs. Gill will breed Blue Belle to Ch. Ben Edar Blaise this spring, and, as Miss Kiessling puts it—"although no one wants to count the chickens before they are hatched, two puppies are already 'contracted' for".

Kozeeland has been prominent now for a month or so in DOCKED TALES. But you've heard of the tail wagging the dog? Before long you will be seeing Kozeeland wagging the front page, for we are rapidly accumulating so many interesting things about its dogs that they can't be confined to small spaces much longer.

Which makes us think—don't be discouraged all you good Kerriers—Mr. Hitsman, Mrs. Biltgen and all the rest—your spotlight time is coming. We are only thrilled—though sorry, too—that we have so much material pouring in that we scarcely know how to handle it. Even when the magazine is so generous to us on space.

And yet we are asking ever for more. Dorothy Yule, Secretary to both the Western Kerry Blue Terrier Club and to Mrs. C. H. Jackson Jr., was up from Santa Barbara for the show, and looking stunning in a turquoise knit suit which made her look like her own young daughter. We made her promise solemnly to send us the material and cuts on Blue Leader for which we have been howling loudly for months. For Blue Leader, of course, should have been the First Act on the Bill. Mrs. Jackson was the first to put real money and real thought into the breeding of Kerries on the Coast. We've spoken before of her generosity to would-be Kerry owners and breeders, and since we wrote those lines we've had half a dozen letters mentioning gratitude and admiration for "your Mrs. Jackson."

Did we mention that the Valleyfield girls are back? Both looking tops and as gracious as ever. Since they started their first showing with us several years ago—but oh! how they have piled up shows on us since!—we never feel a Show is right without them.

And Mrs. Frank Bartley and Freddie Weiss—somehow it seems as though all of us should always be together when it comes show time. And, in this case, it thrills us to believe that soon this north and south business will be completely over for the Kerries. These two owners took the 500 mile trip for good sportsmanship, and, losing, still went back good sports.

Mr. A. Ellis Barron, of San Diego, has just sent up some snaps of his Sweetwater Smoky Girl's puppies, by Blue Leader's Ch. Muircroft Victa, which you will find advertised under the Classifieds. They look adorable, with some of the coats looking as though they must have been marcelled by some one named "Antoine" at the very least! We wish we lived near enough to take a look. Mr. Barron went to Phoenix with Smoky Girl, and now we are waiting anxiously to hear what she got herself. Smoky is a Helter Skelter-Brigid of Killarney daughter. Victa is by Ch. Watteau Prince Padriac ex Ben Edar Beetle.

We guess we are a case of Arrested De-

velopment, or something, for we get TERRIBLY THRILLED over our Kerry mail. Our "old" correspondents are still "live" and we are getting new ones every day. In fact, our Family threaten to move out because we are getting nothing but Dog Letters. Even the mail box is beginning to bark!

We had a nice letter out of the clear sky, the other day, from Mrs. T. L. Goggin of Massachusetts. The Goggins owned a Kerry, lost it and are now getting another. They couldn't find a Kerry column which suited them in the East, so they "went West". For Mrs. Goggin, and for other new owners of Kerries, we promise to print, as soon as possible, some rearing and training suggestions.

We had a nice letter, also, from Mrs. W. E. Barnes, of Dodge City, Kansas. The Barneses own a puppy out of Peggy Blue Girl (whom we suspect to be of Father Leen's breeding) and Ch. Escondido Shadow Boxer. The Barneses are so much in love with the Kerries that they intend having Kennels.

We have waiting on our desk for answer too, a very interesting letter from Rev. Fr. Leen himself. We had been meaning to write him, for he is one of the first breeders in this country, and a real lover of the Kerry for his own sake. He thinks our Klippings the best on the breed he has seen. (Oh well, it's time for a new Spring hat, anyway.) We'll be telling you in detail of Father Leen's dogs anon.

Hurrah! The Rae Steinheimers are moving to Los Altos this month, and are going to have their kennels there. We hope whatever bird takes care of dog puppies knows his geography, for Ch. Patty of the Chevin and Ch. Blue Demon Belle have both been bred to Ben Edar Bawcock and are expecting. In the meantime, however, their kennel mate, Ch. Oakcrest Moonbeam is using the cradle first with a litter of four dogs and four bitches by the same sire. Bawcock is by Slievh Corrig ex Ben Edar Beth.

All of us Kerriers have long known of the Orrin Bakers of Chicago, but it was very exciting to meet Mrs. Baker "in person" at the Show. The Bakers have just imported a litter brother to Bawcock with whom they are very much pleased. He is an Irish bench champion, although he has not made his field trials yet. They have sold their Thelma Tailteann, who has been doing so much winning in the East, to a man in Georgia who is starting Kennels.

We are particularly interested in Thelma because we know where a cute little sister of hers is hiding out in California woods. Anybody who is a good tracker is welcome to the trail, but we aren't lending our bloodhounds.

Bill Fox discovered a Kerrier neighbor at the Show. L. J. Noonan, of Oakland, has acquired Bantry Boy, a six months pup. The dam is from Blue Leader stock, we understand, and the sire is Ch. Kingdom Hero.

(Continued on Page 37)

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## KERRY KLIPPINGS

(Continued from Page 33)

of Cheriton. It's swell, always, to find another Kerrier. (We used to say "ardent Kerrier", but what's the use? Give any Kerry owner a few months and he is ardent. Besides, no one qualifies as a Kerrier (we made the word up ourselves so we can do as we please) unless he is Slightly Crazy. Over Kerries, of course. We don't take in all asylums.

Another Kerrier at the Show, although he isn't new, for he has owned a Kerry before, is Mr. James Weesner of Alameda. He has just taken on one of the Brigid of Killarney's last pups by Helter Skelter, bred by Todd Iverson. So far the little bitch hasn't been formally named, but a child in the house calls her "Inker"—pretty cute.

One more thrill—we have heard much of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fottrell, of Garganagh, Castleknock, county Dublin. (Don't you love saying it?) The Fottrells have the Tailteann Kennels, you know. And now we find, drifting by our Kerry benches at Oakland, Mrs. Elia Fottrell, daughter-in-law to the late Dr. Michael J. Fottrell, brother to Henry. Dr. Fottrell brought the first Kerries into San Francisco, Mrs. Fottrell, Jr. believes. They were imported from Ireland, and their names were Shawn and Killegane Lass. They had one litter of three dogs. Mrs. Elia Fottrell had one pup, but unfortunately lost it. Mr. J. T. McCormick of the Richmond Banner, who also visited our Kerry bench, had the other two, we believe. He showed them, he says, when there were scarcely a hundred dogs in a show.

Shawn, Mrs. Fottrell thinks, is somewhere in Tracy. If anyone gets track of him, let us know. But think of having a Fottrell in our own back yard—almost—and never knowing it!

Oh dear—look at the pages and pages! It seems we are getting long windeder and long windeder. We're really ashamed. But we are getting so much that is interesting, and if we wait over a month there will be just that much more!

But before we sign off, we want to add one thing more. We have been hearing a lot about the new United States Kerry Blue Club, and are very much interested in what we hear. Mrs. C. H. Jackson, Jr., has joined, so has Mrs. More of Escondido and the Misses Cheshbrough and Shannon of Valleyfield, and a lot more of the good Kerry people. From reports the new club is absolutely on the right track—certified judges who have to send in cards with the points marked according to their judging and everything. We have sent for more information, and as soon as we get it we'll pass it on.

Altogether, it certainly looks as though Spring was here for the Kerries with all sorts of new life breaking through.

July 25-26—Santa Cruz Kennel Club Show



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