

A Dog With Something Undefinable

Regardless of the Difficulty, the Breeding of Bulldogs Is Worth the Trouble

By GLENN ADAMS, M.D.

THERE is an old saying that a bachelor has the best view of the marriage game. Sitting on the sidelines, he sees all the fumbled and muffed balls. Possibly that is the reason why Alf Lepine, New Kensington, Ohio, a terrier man, knows so much about the bulldog. Be that as it may, Lepine has explained in an exceedingly concise manner why it is so hard to get a "flier" in English bulldogs.

Lepine says that since it is the big-headed, all-in-a-heap puppy that folk desire, and since this is the very kind which is whelped with difficulty or by the Cæsarean route, the cards are stacked against the bulldog breeder from the start.

There is only one class of people who think that bulldogs are easy to raise, and that is the class which has never tried to raise them. There are lots of folk who think that they should be able to buy a good bulldog puppy for a song, and who pass along to other breeds when the prices asked for good bulldogs are quoted to them.

All breeders know the difficulties in breeding, rearing and conditioning bulldog pups. They know it from bitter experience in seeing handsome and valuable pups come into the world still-born or watching whole litters pine and die off in their earliest puppyhood; and in the latter period of the bulldog's life trying to properly feed, groom, care, and get him ready for the show ring.

I am not a pessimist, but it just seems like the best puppies are the ones that



AN HISTORIC TROPHY

The Grand Trophy of the Bulldog Club of America has been in existence for 34 years. It has been won by many famous dogs

die, while the worst survive. Fishermen have the same kind of luck. They catch the little ones, but the big ones get away. But just like a fisherman who sometimes catches a walloping big bass, so, too, occasionally, comes the big, wrinkle-faced, smashed-in nose, short-bodied bulldog pup. The thrill that you get from seeing a dog of this kind, especially if he should be of your own breeding, compensates for all the days, months, and even years of the hardest sort of work and worry with your bitches.

We Americans have imported from England for many, many years the best bulldogs raised there. Every year they come, the "cream of

the cream," but it has only been in the past decade that the American-bred bulldog has increased in quality as he properly should, from this admixture of the best imported blood. With bulldogs we suffer from the state of affairs which so exasperates the breeder of other dogs, namely, the frequent inability of our best bitches to have pups at all, and the inability of our best dogs to produce high-class pups.

Of course, this does not mean that our best bitches and dogs are not producers, but it does mean that this frequently is the case. And it is disheartening.

Do not think that I am painting a black picture for the novice interested in bulldogs, because even with these difficulties in breeding and rearing, the bulldog is quite well worth one's trouble, as there seems to be something—something undefinable and unexpressible—about this dog which impresses most people.

SOME folks, when they see a bulldog on the street or on the bench, shudder with terror.

"Isn't he hideous!" they exclaim.

But most people, even though they do not know the breed at all, when they see one of these waddling little chaps, with his upturned chin and deep hazel eyes, stand fascinated by his physiognomy.

If a snake has the power to charm and hold in animation suspended its victim, Heavens knows the bulldog has the same power. I have seen some people pull up a chair and sit safely out of reach of the bulldog bench and look from one to the other of the specimens with an expression on their face which seemed to say:

"Is that fellow telling me the truth when he says that they won't bite?"

"How can they eat with such funny teeth?" (Continued on page 144)



CH. MIDWICK MAN O'WAR

Here is an excellent specimen of an American-bred English Bulldog. He is owned by Turk McBee of Greenville, S. C.

A DOG WITH SOMETHING UN- DEFINABLE

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"I wonder if they have to be fed by hand?"

"I would love to touch one of them, but I am scared pink!"

If you walk down the street with a high-class specimen of almost any outstanding breed, say an Airedale or a Boston, unless you happen to meet some one who is interested in that particular breed, you will not attract a great deal of attention. The point I want to make is this: that the novice finds it difficult to pick out a good Boston, Airedale or beagle from a bad one. I may be wrong, but that is just the way it appears to me.

I had a striking experience of this one time when I was attending a show in Louisville, Kentucky. With a friend, accompanied by his champion Airedale, we rode from the fair grounds to the hotel. My friend had some business to transact and asked me to take the terrier and walk around a bit. I started out proud of my charge, but was painfully surprised to notice how few people seemed to pay any attention to my dog as I walked clear around the block.

Maybe it was that as a bulldog man I was spoiled. I have discovered that novices seem to know an outstanding bulldog specimen the minute they see one. Just take your bulldog on the lead and walk down the street. Watch how many folk pause to look. Note how many take the gutter to give you room.

Take him into a store. The only reason the girls do not climb on the counter is not because they do not want to, but because they are ashamed to. So it seems that a good bulldog is easily spotted by people who do not know a thing about the breed, while a good dog of some of the other breeds is frequently passed unnoticed.

Once a bulldog breeder, always the same. It makes no difference about your bad luck—you just stick. Some one has said that the only people who should try to raise bulldogs were fools and millionaires. I am not the latter and I do not think that I am the former. I am just one of the many folk who find pleasure and interest in raising my favorite breed. Maybe some day I will raise a "flier"; and maybe I won't. But there is a lot of fun in trying.

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