

## Sluggish Bulldogs Are in Fiction

### *Long Established Fallacy Regarding Breed Is Exploded at the Sparrow Bush Kennels*

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Photographs by R. W. Tauskey

WISDOM is little more than an egotistical fetish of the human race. Man guards this self-termed sagacity with a steadfastness which

often borders on conceit—yet, man does not really know the meaning of the term wisdom unless he has studied various forms of animal life. And once having learned something of the peculiar depths of the animal brain, he is not so prone to flaunt his own intelligence, for pure animal wisdom needs no touting heraldry.

This is particularly true in the case of dogs. Sometimes they do such inexplicable things that we are forced to shake our heads in wonder. It is impossible for mere man to explain these actions, for theirs is the rebel brain which, countless thousands of years ago, chose to forsake Divine reasoning and establish its own standards.

The dog allows his thoughts to be guided by an omniscience which sees everything, knows all, and can direct its actions in a sensibly correct direction. Such is true of all dogs, although enthusiasts of some breeds, sometimes, claim to discover advantages possessed by no others.

For instance, at Sparrow Bush Kennels, overlooking the sleepy town of Port Jervis and the lazy Delaware

River, the American-bred English bulldog is being glorified by Mr. and Mrs. George U. Hammond.

From there have come some of the finest specimens ever

to be benched at an exhibit of dogs, while the particular gem of the kennels is the impressive Ch. Sparrow Bush Sir Don, declared by many to be one hundred per cent. perfect as a bulldog.

"Donny," as his loving human friends call him, was not the seventh son of a seventh son, but he was the ninth puppy to be whelped out of a litter by Drewstone Barrage and Overlook Lady Sapho. The sire, old Drewstone Barrage, who met his fate by lightning last summer, was known throughout the country as the most perfect headed bulldog in existence. The dam supplied the remainder of Sir Don's qualities.

It is not hard to discover why Mr. and Mrs. Hammond breed such fine examples of the bulldog, for their Sparrow Bush Kennels are ideal for the propagation and training of the breed.

Partly through the nature of the country at the foot of the Catskills, and partly through the adaptation of sound policies, these kennels lack very little of value which might



WHERE THREE STATES COME TOGETHER

This is a view taken from Sparrow Bush Kennels. In the valley between the hills lies the sleepy town and railroad division of Port Jervis, N. Y. They are on the banks of the winding Delaware River. In the foreground is New York State. The background to the left is the State of New Jersey. The ominous-looking hills to the right are a part of the State of Pennsylvania

form perfect dogs. Yet the kennels are neither fancy nor idealistic. They are quite the contrary.

Sparrow Bush sits on the side of one of the numerous hills in the Delaware River Valley. The kennels are built on the highest piece of ground available, and for that reason there is never any problem of drainage to be considered. The air is always bracing, and no matter how cold it becomes, the bulldogs seem to thrive in the dry climate. Last winter a litter of tiny puppies was romping in the snow when the thermometer registered at 26 below zero. All of them are now sturdy youngsters.

Dogs at Sparrow Bush must become accustomed to the cold weather. They are not pampered in any way. Throughout the coldest times there is no heat inside the building excepting that furnished by their own bodies. It is sufficient to maintain them in comfort. Possibly if more fanciers would learn this basic truth there would be less trouble in keeping dogs healthy. Ill health is scarcely known at the Hammond place.

**T**HERE has never been a case of distemper at Sparrow Bush. In fact, this sometimes becomes embarrassing. On a number of occasions enthusiastic novices, who seem to think distemper is essential for the future welfare of dogs, have become greatly interested in these bulldogs. Seeking to purchase, they have asked the irrelevant question as to whether or not the dog previously has had distemper. It has cost Sparrow Bush many a sale. Sparrow Bush dogs have never had distemper, nor is distemper necessary to assure continued health of any dog.

The public at large has been



**SPARROW BUSH SIR BILLY PIKESTONE**

As his name implies, "a sir of the first water," and an offspring of the famous "Pike" and "Stone" blood. One of the seven generations of Lord Pike bred in the United States

frightened into a dread of distemper. It is a serious disease once it gains a foothold, but there are a number of big breeders whose dogs have never known distemper. Mrs. Hammond has been breeding various strains of dogs for the past nineteen years and has never had a case of distemper in her kennel. It is only six years that bulldogs have held sway at Sparrow Bush, but long before that time Mrs. Hammond took an intelligent in-

from end to end. The space overhead is not sealed, but has been left open to the rafters and roof. Because of this, no dust and dirt can accumulate.

**C**ONCRETE has been used extensively throughout, even in the pens. But to counteract the dampness the cement has been poured in two thicknesses. Between these two concrete layers there is a sheet of tar impregnated felt waterproofing. The cement walls are fastened to 2 x 4 studding, covered with mesh wire. The studs are between two sheets of this wire, so that there is an air space in the center of the concrete.

The pens are 5 x 5 feet, and on the passageway side there is a wall of cement blocks, 3 feet high, which is topped by an additional 2½ feet of wire. In order to keep the dogs off the concrete floor at night, there are removable wooden platforms under each box. The boxes are fitted



**MRS. GEORGE U. HAMMOND AND SIR DON**

The owner of Sparrow Bush Kennels takes particular pride in this famous specimen of her bulldogs. Sir Don is the privileged pet of the household. He guards the home in a convincing manner, and disdains the rougher elements of the kennel. His manner denotes his self-esteem

terest in the raising of dogs. This interest had its inception when she was a little girl running among her mother's large kennel of pugs at Saratoga Springs.

But, if they have no distemper at Sparrow Bush, it is because they take precautions. The place is absolutely spotless clean and pure. Every day the boxes and runs are sprayed with kerosene, which disinfects and removes all odors. Every two weeks the entire kennel building is white-washed, while once a month it is given a thorough disinfecting with a creosote mixture.

The building lends itself very easily to disinfection. The box room is reached through the office and then through the whelping pens. There are fourteen pens in this main room and these are arranged in a double



### NO FRILLS, BUT PLENTY OF EFFICIENCY HERE

The kennel building at Sparrow Bush is built on a side-hill and perhaps that accounts, in a measure, for the healthy dogs at the Hammond place. The high wire fences, seen in the foreground, are to keep the so-called "sluggish" bulldogs from jumping out

with removable tops, so that sunlight can be admitted for cleansing.

Windows are in every stall, and these, like the doors, are staggered or alternated to cut down drafts. In the summer the sashes can be removed and awnings fitted to the frames. Specially constructed indirect ventilators have also been placed above the height of the pens. By these means there is always plenty of air but seldom any draft at Sparrow Bush.

ON the outside the entire kennel measures 18 x 60 feet, and there is a drop of 10 feet in 60 feet, which makes a side-hill effect, providing two stories at one end. This gives space for three extra pens under the office and whelping pens. There are runways, 30 feet long and 6 feet wide, from each of the seventeen pens. These are enclosed by wire fences strung on 1½-inch iron piping embedded in a concrete base. The wire is run down into the concrete because bulldogs are very likely to break loose if put in an ordinary enclosure.

Whelping pens are not provided with any runs, but there are small sliding doors which may be raised to admit the brood bitches to the adjoining pens, from whence they may go outside. And the whelping pens are the only ones where there is any heat. This heat comes from the small stove in the office and may be regulated at will by closing or opening the connecting door. The remainder of the kennel is shut off from the whelping pens and

office by another door to induce quiet.

Bedding for any of the twenty-five canine inhabitants of Sparrow Bush Kennel is unknown. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond contend that dogs were designed with two coats so that they could be comfortable in any kind of weather. Dogs are not like human beings, which must depend on garments. That is why there is nothing except a few handfuls of pine needles in the winter at this sensible rendezvous of bulldogs.

The sensible policy guides everything at Sparrow Bush. The matter

of feeding has been an extensive and intensive study of Mrs. Hammond.

From long practice she has found that the bulldog needs to be fed but once a day. But that food must be scientifically rationed to provide all the elements necessary.

AT Sparrow Bush they are great believers in cod-liver oil as a conditioner. This forms part of the daily diet of every dog, bitch and puppy on the place. The other ingredients include kennel ration, biscuit and yeast. The yeast is another big item in the care of the dogs. But possibly the biggest thing in the cuisine at Sparrow Bush is the milk.

Hammond bulldogs follow the milky way from early puppyhood. There are forty quarts of milk used each day at Sparrow Bush Kennels. Of this, the grown dogs receive four quarts each and the puppies two quarts apiece. Sometimes they drink more milk, for their pans are often refilled if they show a tendency for more.

The milk is such a prominent feature of the diet that the Hammonds have three cows on the place mainly for the maintenance of the kennel. These bovines are tested once a year for traces of tuberculosis. Such a precaution is necessary, for in that dairy section of the country there is considerable trouble in isolating the cases of disease which crop out from time to time.

Grown dogs at Sparrow Bush eat two pounds of rations per day, and this is fed to them at



CH. SPARROW BUSH SIR DON

Here is the grandest bulldog that the Hammonds ever owned. He is credited with being as perfect as any one could wish. Sir Don carries the limit allowed in canine insurance. Yet that is not regarded as one-fifth of his actual value

one time. The puppies receive three-quarters of a pound, divided into two meals. Their diet is somewhat like that of their elders, but in addition they have raw chopped meat. The stud dogs receive the customary raw eggs and meat in addition to their other diet. They are all lusty eaters.

**M**RS. HAMMOND starts to feed her puppies at four weeks, and at six weeks weans them from the mother. It is her contention that the puppy must know how to eat before it is taken away from the mother. This system is not new, but it has worked out very well at this kennel.

Washing with water is not considered so highly at Sparrow Bush except when the dogs are being dressed and groomed for shows. But their coats are watched very closely. Every week they are gone over with vaseline to keep their skin in good condition.

The system at Sparrow Bush tends to make the dogs as natural as possible. All the canines are real characters outside of their bench show activities. And of them all "Donny" is the pride of the kennel. Yet he seldom spends very much time in the actual kennel building, for he is the guardian of the place. Sir Don may come and go as he chooses, and mostly he chooses to curl up on the furnace register in the winter and go riding whenever one of the family motors goes abroad. He is a sturdy-looking pet that seems to

possess the accumulated wisdom of all the ages.

Sir Don has many tricks which amuse the Hammonds and their friends. Possibly the most peculiar of these is the recognition of his own children. On the rare occasions when "Donny" deigns to walk through the kennel he will pay no attention to any of the numerous puppies except those of which he is the father. He takes particular pride in his offspring.

It is interesting to watch him minutely inspect his own youngsters. "Donny" will walk all around, appraise their qualities, and sometimes grunt as if something pleased or displeased him. Then, if there is an opportunity, he will try to train his children in the things which a true bulldog should know. He will make sham battle with the puppies, showing them various holds and strategic advantages to be maintained in a fight. Sir Don will make the puppies come right back at him with the things he has taught. Then he will make the children chase him. None but his own get receive the benefit of this cherished training.

**S**IR DON and the remainder of the canines at Sparrow Bush are real examples of active bulldogs. They refute that age-old fallacy that the breed is sluggish. Having spent any time at the Hammond place, one's mind is quickly disabused of the opinion that bulldogs are slow in motion and lack-

ing in initiative. Such a state of affairs would be impossible in dogs which do such energetic things.

One Sparrow Bush resident, in particular, Lady Nicky Whirlwind, cannot be called sluggish. In fact, she is such an ambitious lady that it is necessary to place a board across the top of her wire runway. This runway is six feet high from the base of the concrete to the top of the wire, yet Nicky can scramble up the end fence and easily go over the top unless the board is in position. This is one of the special exhibits at Sparrow Bush to show that bulldogs are not sluggish.

**W**HILE I was visiting the kennel, I had ample occasion to notice that there was nothing sluggish about the bulldog. At a word of command any of the grown dogs would jump from the floor to a high judging box, while they continually kept jumping to the tops of the boxes in their pens. And, in their desire to see their master and mistress, the dogs set up a system of springing up above the tops of the three-foot concrete wall. These things are not compatible with sluggishness.

Sir Don once went off on an informal exploring party which lasted all afternoon and covered more than twenty-five miles of the rockiest and hilliest country in that section. "Donny" not only went himself, but took another valuable dog, for he must have company. Two Hammond cars and a team with a farm wagon searched in several directions from Port Jervis. Finally, after one of the motors had become hopelessly mired in a bad bit of country, Sir Don and his companion turned up in the car of a friend of the family.

The pair was so tired by that time that they jumped right into the car when the door was opened. On the following day Sir Don covered himself with glory at the Philadelphia show, but his torn pads hurt

so in the final judging that he could not hold the necessary pose.

The Hammonds have turned out some splendid specimens of the breed. They have a stud department consist-



THE INTERIOR OF SPARROW BUSH KENNELS

Ventilation, daily spraying with kerosene, and frequent coats of whitewash keep the pens and runways at the Hammond kennels in absolutely clean condition. The concrete floor and partitions, and the feature of removable boxes and platforms contribute a large share toward the cleanliness. There has never been a case of distemper at Sparrow Bush, and the Hammonds see no reason why people should be continually harassed by that scourge of dogdom

ing of Ch. Sparrow Bush Sir Don, Sparrow Bush Sir Billy Pikestone and Sparrow Bush Sir Buddy. The brood bitches are a fine lot and include Sparrow Bush Lady Nicky Whirlwind, Sparrow Bush Lady On Her Own, Sparrow Bush Sweet Morn and Sparrow Bush Lady Sapho Matchless. All of these females are home-bred and have in their veins a great deal of the Lord Pike blood. That famous line is the basis of the Sparrow Bush stock.

Straight line breeding has satisfied the Hammonds to a remarkable degree, and they intend to continue making fine American-bred bulldogs. It is their contention that this country is far ahead of any other nation in the breeding of bulldogs. Certainly they have something worthwhile to display at Sparrow Bush.

The Hammonds have bred along lines calculated to produce the identical types which have been the backbone of the bulldog fancy since the first popularity of the breed. The same so-called ugly face, the same widely set shoulders, the upturned nose, the deep and well covered brisket and the staunch legs are apparent in every dog with a Sparrow Bush prefix.

They are not required to bait bulls up in that mountain kennel, but they must be true examples of such a traditional breed. And, further than that, Hammond bulldogs must represent the best that is to be found in this country. It is the American bulldog, to-day. No more does the Fancy value so highly the specimens which come from England—once the home of bull-baiting.

THIS situation has grown out of a peculiar complex of American dollars displayed in too lavish a manner before the avaricious eyes of some of the unscrupulous professional breeders from across the pond. If the Americans had been more conservative in their efforts to procure English-bred bulldogs there might have been a different story. But, most of the people who visited England had a great amount of money at their disposal. In most cases, they were on pleasure trips and did not care particularly what they



#### SIX OF SIR DON'S FINE CHILDREN

Notice the end puppy on the left. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond seem to have good reason to believe that he will develop into another champion like his dad. All of the youngsters at Sparrow Bush are lively creatures, and enjoy romping in the snow when the thermometer is far below zero

paid to bring back foreign dogs. It was one phase of enjoyment to spend fabulous sums for mediocre dogs.

In fact, the people who travel to Europe would be insulted if they were asked reasonable sums for dogs. Very few of them are able to tell the difference between faulty and sound creatures. High-sounding names, exorbitant prices that tickled the vanity and the surety of pages of indiscriminating publicity roped in the Yankee vacationists easier than some of Wall Street's bucket shops.

That is the story which is told of the pretty bubble of English-bred bulldogs. The bubble has been exploded, although the fact remains that the bulldog owes everything to the early English breeders. It is also true that some wonderful dogs are to be found in the British Isles, but, strange as it may seem, very few of these find their way to the United States.

AT Sparrow Bush you will find bulldogs capable of meeting the fiercest bull in the baiting ring. They have the famous undershot jaw which led to the invention of the Stilson wrench. Such a jaw is impossible to remove by drawing pressure when it has taken hold of an object. That is why a bulldog can wreak such havoc when he decides to take the offensive. In order to let go, a bulldog must be satisfied that the fight is ended.

But the bulldog does not often become pugnacious. He seems to know his own destructiveness, and he is not ready to engage in an unworthy cause. His kind eyes tell that, and his large skull gives hint of his rare intelligence which governs the character of those eyes. That is why children are per-

fectly safe with one of these dogs. Possibly the bulldog has the true parental nature. He makes allowances for the sometimes rash and thoughtless acts of children. A child may even take away the food of a bulldog without causing a regrettable scene. The bulldog is more likely to lick the hand of a child on such an occasion.

THEY are even tempered in the extreme. To see Mr. Hammond pick up Sir Don by the folds of heavy skin on that fellow's back makes one wonder whether bulldogs have any feeling. And, the nonchalant expression on Donny's face when he is dropped from more than two feet in the air is classic. Sir Don will land on his pads with hardly a quiver through his sturdy frame, and hardly a wrinkle of his sour face. Only the eyes gleam. They seem to denote pride—pride that Ch. Sparrow Bush Sir Don is sound of limb and devoted to his master.

And, despite the wonderful view, despite the glimpse of three states of the Union—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—the most pleasing thing to the lover of dogs at that comfortably appealing place, high up on the hill above Port Jervis, is the friendly and loving feeling between humans and dogs which is paramount at Sparrow Bush Kennels. They are the standard-bearers of a new and sensibly American manner of breeding bulldogs. And as such they should bring to this country canine tradition which previously has been every Englishman's birthright.