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Mrs.E. J. BROOKS

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN my contention that Bulldogs could fit into any kind of sur-roundings and give complete satisfaction, providing these surroundings included human companionship and affections. But about six months ago I was more than slightly perturbed upon receiving a call from Lt. Comdr. Morris, R. N., for a grown Bulldog to be taken aboard a British destroyer. This surely was a crucial test. I am ashamed to admit my first thought was that the dog would be unhappy for the lack of home comforts; then I thought of the men on that destroyer, day and night always on the alert for enemy submarines, etc., safely convoying our precious troop and cargo ships to their destinations, and quickly decided they were the most worthy to have a good Bulldog. Selecting Peggy, a really smart one, as the most suitable, also a supply of first aid remedies with complete feeding instructions and a large-sized dinner pan, I delivered them to the ship's doctor and waited to hear how Peggy took to the Royal Navy.

"All is well," came through in a couple of months, but the letter, of which I have here quoted only three words, is so intensely interesting that the editor has asked permission to hold it for use as a feature article in a later issue. So keep an eye out for it
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