

BULLDOG GROWLS (By Charles Madden, D.V.M., Dog News May 1921)
CHICAGO BULLDOG CLUB SPECIALTY SHOW

The Chicago Bulldog Club's first specialty show was held at the Stratford Hotel, Michigan Avenue, on April 30th, and must be termed a great success from every viewpoint. We are of the opinion that the exhibit of thirty-odd dogs and about sixty or more entries is a very good showing for a first attempt. The location and the hall were excellent. The judge did a fine day's work, we heard no complaints, only satisfaction and the dear old Bulldog, who never makes a lot of noise anyhow, seemed to catch the satisfied spirit of the affair. No dinner was held in connection with the gala day which of course is a pity, and no club meeting was called; while the latter was unavoidable, some little social function with the glad day would have lent more color to the gathering, imbued general good will, and probably have left a little more warmth to "the memory of the day." I think if I may say so we need a little more socialism in this direction. As it was, each party—or parties—went off to its own lunch counter. Somewhat cold, don't you think so? In England the men and women sit down together like a lot of good fellows and are the better for it. The so-called working man of the fancy is its vital force and life, and to sit down together to a social dinner and have a good time, is to the Bulldog club what a cup of hot coffee is to a frozen traveller. Personally I had supper on a round stool at a lunch counter with a man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow. We both enjoyed it immensely.

Adolph Kramer brought out a new dog in The Prince of Bellingham, a good son of Mr. Coghlan's Woodcraft Centaur. This dog needs a few more pounds weight and he will do a lot of winning. What could give us more pleasure than to see the popular vice president of our club with an "ace." He deserves it, and one day will have it. Brother Slade, a fancier of the finest type, was present with his splendid big bitch, Black Watch II, and the treasurer of the Club, Charles F. Low, won well with his fine bitch, Lomestoft Pollyanna. Mr. Low, as treasurer and secretary of the club, is invaluable, and his services, while calling for a lot of time and hard work, are always in A number one shape and we owe him a deep debt of gratitude; and Mrs. Low, always a keen fancier, watched closely the destinies of her pet Bull pup. Alex Stewart worked hard for the event. He was dogless, but there is a pickle bottle at home with a wee cucumber in it that will make them all hop when he comes out of the flask. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart always do their best to make a show a success and we are glad indeed to see the genial partner of our popular president looking so well again, and if we may say so, lady, with all propriety becoming the words, "So bewitchingly youthful."

Our friend, "The Captain," —to-wit, Captain Donlan, with his splendid dogs, Strathway Duke and Bunty. Yes, Bunty, you will pull the strings alright, you have all the makeup of a good one, and I know of no man so mean as would begrudge you, sir, all the good fortune with your dogs which the intricacies of the show ring can confer on you. Such men make the game, like a breath of morning air in summer time, "exclaim" "My god, how good!" You remind me, Captain, of some dear old fanciers that use to be around in the far past days. You take what comes to you and what you don't get, with the same good will, and we are all the better for having such fanciers in our club. We hope and predict your dogs will both soon be champions and we promise you "Cap," that if we judge and you show, that we will give you the Red, White and Blue. The only hitch is that we cannot see any probability of our Judging,—nevertheless there's the wish.

Mr. Saltzgeber won both Challenge prizes with Champions White Hope and White Light, put down in the pink by that master of the art, Jimmy Sullivan.

Mr. Judge, we want to add our wee word of praise for your excellent work. You instilled confidence in the great game we follow.

J. A. B. Hossack was present, but only for a few moments, just to have one wee peek at his old love. What a pity the fancy has lost such a sterling fancier, in spite of the fact that he called me "a fox." I could take anything from J. A. B., he couldn't insult me. I like him far too well. Mr. Hossack tells me he has gone in for breeding hogs, and left off breeding dogs; in short he has just swopped the D for the H—the latter part remains the same. "OG." and all we can say, whether it is D or T, or Dam or Hell, is "Oh Gee!" Mr. Hossack must have felt a cold shudder go down his back as he looked on one of his own breeding, and a good one, too. We refer to Mr. Burgess' Mcadowcraft Queen. Funny, isn't it, how a fellow waits until he has quit the game to show us a good one like this?