

The Hounds' Bugle



THE HOUNDS' BUGLE

FEBRUARY 1978

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FEBRUARY 1978

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Moore, Melody Waters

Paula Turnage, Ed.
13655 Bear Creek Road
Boulder Creek, California 95006

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THE HOUNDS' BUGLE
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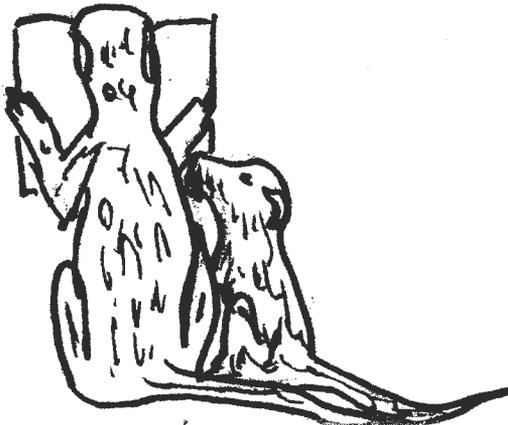
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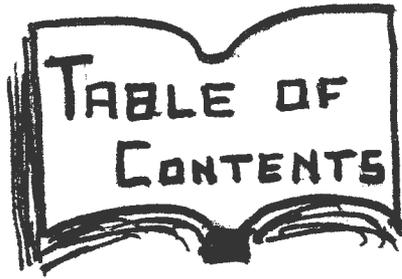
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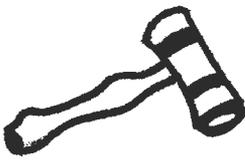




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THE HOUNDS' BUGLE

4.



FROM THE PRESIDENT...

Dear Members:

It was really great to see so many "Troopers" out in the rainy, windy, freezing cold weather helping to make our January 15th Match such a big success!! Many thanks to Lois Hall for being such a delightful judge. Also, thanks to Barbara Shaw, our match secretary; Greg Shaw, our ring steward; Ken Gabriel who set up the ring equipment and PA system, and to all of you who donated such lovely trophies. I took some movies which I will show at our March meeting.

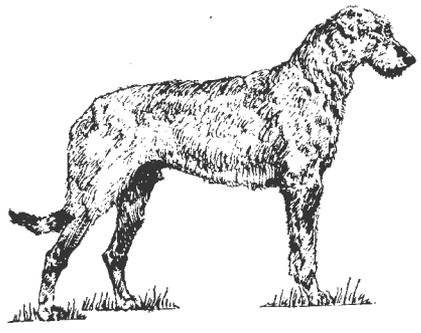
Barbara is now busy working out the details for our July 15th Match. Our annual dinner will follow. Keep the date open!!! Please contact Barbara if you would like to help in any way or if you want to donate a trophy.

Hope to see you all at our March 10th meeting. I will show movies and Mary Major is preparing a very educational and important to us all program on stomach torsion.

See you then,

Carol

Carol Gabriel



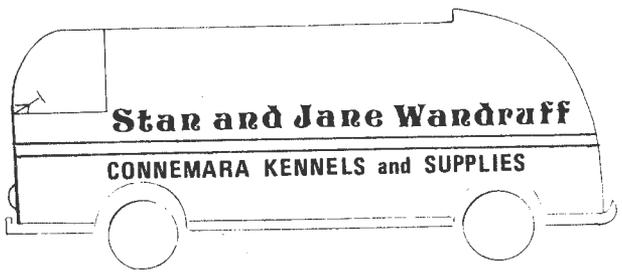
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*BOARDING ALL BREEDS
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BREEDERS OF IRISH WOLFHOUNDS

1130 BUTLER AVENUE - SANTA ROSA, CA 95401

(707) 546-8763



February 1978

Dear Readers,

Now that the holiday "break" is past, weekends are again filling up with doggy activities. Again, I am entering a plea for show results. I can only print what I receive & I'd hate to slight someone's win. Also, this year I'd like to give more consideration to other areas of IW achievement & print scores of IW's in obedience competition & results of courses. Please send me any & all data - we'll try to promote the TOTAL IW this year.

Paula

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA IRISH WOLFHOUND CLUB

Board Meeting - January 15, 1978

The board meeting was called to order by President Carol Gabriel at 1:23 pm in the rain at Queen Elizabeth Park, Fremont. Board members present: Carol Gabriel, John Hays, Richard Heskett, Mary Major, Greg Shaw, Paula Turnage. Board members absent: John Guitierrez, Lore Moore, Melody Waters.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Lure coursing. NCIWC's delegate to the ASFA Convention, March 4-5, will be Nancy Aiken. Any members with specific issues they would like Nancy to present are encouraged to write her immediately.

Open field coursing. Sue Roberts is to be Chairman of the committee. NCIWC is already committed to three courses scheduled for this year. John DeHaan will check on the legality of coursing (open field) in Ca. and will inform the board before any decision is made on next year's commitments. For the current course, \$25/judge (\$50 total) was allocated.

Constitution. Since the revised Constitution was just submitted by the committee, its discussion was tabled until March.

Yearbook. The committee is still waiting for membership response.

Match. The next Fun Match will be held on July 15. Judges in order of choice were Jacki Bruni, Martha Fielder. Location in order of preference: Washington Manor Park in San Leandro, Stigman Sterne Grove in San Francisco, Dog Training Area in Golden Gate Park. A dinner will be planned to

8.

follow the Match.

Welfare. Stan Wandruff has a male turned in for adoption. The club will write to him regarding boarding welfare cases. A letter from Connie Haack was received re welfare committee.

ADOA. The American Dog Owners Association, of which NCIWC is a member, will be sent our Secretary's address.

New members. The following new members were voted into the club:

Art & Phyllis Kermoyan
343 Butterfield Road
San Anselmo, CA 94960

Robert & Barbara Taylor
5431 Kenneth Avenue
Carmichael, CA 95608

WELCOME!!!

Programs. The next club program will be on TORSION & EYE PROBLEMS. There will be a recording from a seminar on these topics and a discussion following.

Respectfully submitted,

Paula Turnage

Paula Turnage

*Thanks to
Carole for Gabriel
this issue's
little "funnies!"*

!

Don't Forget!!!

9.

THE NEXT MEETING OF THE NCIWC WILL BE HELD
ON MARCH 10 - 7 PM - MARIN COUNTY HUMANE
SOCIETY.

PROGRAM:

REPORT FROM A SEMINAR ON BLOAT AND EYE
PROBLEMS WITH DISCUSSION*****
MOVIES FROM OUR LAST FUN MATCH AND OTHER
IW HIGHLIGHTS OF PAST YEARS*****

DON'T MISS IT!!!!!!!

Don't Forget!!

"TREASURES OF EARLY IRISH ART: 1500 B.C.
TO 1500 A.D." - on exhibit in San Francisco
at the M.H. DeYoung Memorial Museum from
February 25th to May 21st.

Don't Forget!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE!!!!!!!

A traditional IW event, marching in the
St. Patrick's Day Parade in San Francisco
is a good opportunity to get out and have
some fun with your hound and other club
members. Participation is open to all IW
owners (or leash holders). The Parade will
be held on March 19. Please contact the
Wandruffs for more information as to time
and meeting place.

Stan & Jane Wandruff
1130 Butler Ave.
Santa Rosa, CA 95401
(707) 546-8763



WELFARE -

To aid the club in its on-going welfare project, the Bugle will print information on the availability of any IWs "rescued" or otherwise put up for adoption.

Having decided to start an article on welfare with the above rather succinct, objective statement...I began to organize my thoughts on the subject...and found myself growing angrier...and angrier...

AND SO I CLIMBED UP ON A HANDY SOAPBOX, AND...

If each of us will become more attentive to prospective IW families, we should be able to build up a list of waiting homes. This would be a real help in lessening the trauma to a hound who might otherwise be shifted from temporary home to home while waiting for a permanent family.

As IW owners, lovers, and breeders, these dogs are OUR responsibility - whatever their "quality" according to the standard - some one of US brought them into being, and we are now ALL responsible to see that they are loved and cared for. The alternatives - to cut back on breeding, cull more thoroughly, take greater care in puppy placement, insist that buyers return an unwanted dog to the breeder (who should be more than willing to place it in a new home or keep it himself), and if there is no other choice, to have un-placeable dogs humanely destroyed. This may seem harsh, but necessary.

More and more IWs are finding their way into pounds, into the hands of unscrupulous breeders, dogfighters and the like. If the goal of this club, and of each one of us individually, is to promote and protect the Irish Wolfhound

then we had best get on with it! Following this article are the names of people willing to aid in IW welfare placement. We would like to add more names to the list, so that all geographic areas in which we have club members are covered. If you know of an IW in trouble and need of placement, contact the nearest committee member. It goes without saying that we should all be willing to help this committee by compiling a list of prospective homes. If possible, check the people out yourself - make sure they sincerely want an IW as part of their family, that they understand the responsibility involved, that they are able to house and care for an IW properly. It must be understood that these are NOT "bargain IWs" or "freebies" for breeding. In many cases, they are simply IWs whose families were not able to keep them, in some cases much love and understanding will be needed to restore their trust in people. Nothing could be worse than to place one of these hounds in a home to later have that home not work out, and to find the dog homeless again. The number of such unwanted IWs is growing - we've had reports of many adoptees in Oregon and Washington, and a lesser but still significant number here in the Bay Area. We MUST take immediate action to help these dogs and initiate long range plans to correct this deplorable situation.

The Bugle will, of course, be most interested in any reader feedback on this problem, or any other suggestions for consideration...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR IRISH WOLFHOUNDS TODAY...THIS MONTH...THIS YEAR..?

WELFARE COMMITTEE
 Agnes Tara, Chairperson
 1005 Wagon Rd.
 Sebastopol 95472

12.

WELFARE - CONT'D.

Carol Gabriel
2436 Center St.
Novato 94947

Connie Haack
Indian Falls
Keddie 95952

Paula Turnage
13655 Bear Creek Rd.
Boulder Creek 95006



MAJOR ACRES PROUDLY ANNOUNCES

THE ARRIVAL OF 8

4 girls * * * * * 4 boys

Sire - CH. MAJOR ACRES X-CALIBER (Murphy)

Dam - CH. MAJOR ACRES JUST PLAIN CUSH (Missy)

Carol Gabriel
2436 Center Road
Novato, Ca. 94947
415-892-5412

Mary Major
4120 Whistler Ave.
Santa Rosa, CA. 95401
707-545-0520

FUN MATCH!

January 15th was a grand day for mudders! This was the consensus of the stalwart exhibitors who converged on Central Park in Fremont for NCIWC's Annual Winter Specialty Fun Match. A cold rain, occasionally changing to sleet, greeted judge Lois Hall, Fleetwind Kennels, and her entry of shivering, but still game, IWs. Nineteen entrants and five specials braved the weather. The results of the judging -

Puppy Dogs 4-6 Months

- 1) Dun An Oir Ard Ri- Sh. Mulligan of Yesterday Valley x Timberlane Oona Ard Ri, Breeder: Moore, Owner: Sullivan
- 2) Castlemaine Burke of D- Ch. Mailsechlann Og of Duncairn x Ch. DeNora of Tara Hts., Breeder/Owner: Miller
- 3) Castlemaine Donnchad of D- same as 2).
- 4) Briar McGuire of Tara Hts.- Ch. Rory Magnus of Tara Hts. x Ch. Darianne of Tara Hts., Breeder: Tara, Owner: Heskett

Puppy Dogs 9-12 Months

- 1) Major Acres Darby Donaghue- Ch. Major Acres X-Calibur x Ch. Major Acres Just Plain Cush, Breeder: Gabriel/Major, Owner: Greene

Puppy Bitches 2-4 Months

- 1) Major Acres Farragh Faucet- Major Acres Ulaidh x Major Acres Edaquet Engerth, Breeder/Owner: Major

Puppy Bitches 4-6 Months

- 1) Aibhe Ard Ri- same as 1st in P.D. 4-6, Breeder/Owner: Moore
- 2) Chelsi of Tara Hts.- same as 4th P.D. 4-6, Breeder/Owner: Tara

14. 3) Castlemaine Hillary of D- same as 3rd
P.D. 4-6
4) Aorianne's Sacha of Tara Hts.- same as
4th P.D. 4-6, Owner: Rodwell

Puppy Bitches 6-9 Months

- 1) Dubh Guinness na Gael- Timberlane Finnbar
Ui Neill x Siobhan of Yesterday Valley,
Breeder: Moore, Owner: Taylor

Puppy Bitches 9-12 Months

- 1) Major Acres Elegance- Ch. Hale William
of Humbolt x Major Acres Vixen, Breeder/
Owner: Major

BEST PUPPY - Major Acres Elegance
BOS PUPPY - Dun An Oir Ard Ri

Novice Dog

- 1) Keystone's King's Counsel- Ch. Keystone's
Ko-op x Ch. Gerdin's Kerry of Heart G.,
Breeder: Elzer, Owner: Hays

Bred By Exhibitor Dog

- 1) Tara's Damion of Destiny-Breeder/Owner:
Tara
2) Timberlane Parnell- Ch. Timberlane Sean
Colin x Timberlane Kelley, Breeder/
Owner: Turnage

Bred By Exhibitor Bitch

- 1) Major Acres Chatty Cathy- Ch. Major Acres
Victor Vheevil x Major Acres Killarnee
Dhu, Breeder/Owner: Major
2) Timberlane Gillian- Ch. Timberlane Sean
Colin x Ch. Maghera Glass Ban Madrin,
Breeder/Owner: Turnage

Open Bitch

- 1) Timberlane Swyt Ness 'n Lyte- same as
2nd in B.B.E.D., Owner: DeHaan

BEST ADULT - Major Acres Chatty Cathy
BOS ADULT - Tara's Damion of Destiny

Tally - Ho!

On Saturday, February 11, NCIWC sponsored a mixed open field hunt in Merced. Ann Sweeney judged a field of 27 sighthounds (Minus IWs, as they had a breed hunt next day). The top five placements all went to greyhounds.

On Sunday, February 12, 4 intrepid IWs, masters/mistresses in tow, met in Merced for their IW-only hunt. Entries from Nevada had been unable to make it due to poor road conditions, so the coursers were one hound under the five dogs necessary for an official course. Jane Bulman graciously consented to attend the course and judge the dogs on an informal basis, so all was not lost. Her "informal" placements were:

- 1) Shadow- Toni & Larry Souza
- 2) Muggins- Toni & Larry Souza
- 3) Sweetie- Nancy Aiken
- 4) Kane- Sue Roberts

Toni Souza & Sue Roberts, NCIWC's open field coursing committee, are determined to entice more IWs into the field next time. In order to participate in open field coursing, your hound must be registered with NOFCA. To do this, send \$1 with a copy of your dog's AKC registration to: Jane Bulman, 2230 Las Amigas Rd., Napa 94558. To be included on NCIWC's open field coursing mailing list, or for further information on OFC, write: Sue Roberts, P.O. Box 3467, Fremont 94538.

On March 11, there will be a mixed breed hunt (including IWs). Then on Sunday, March 12, NCIWC will sponsor an IW-only course. The committee is trying to secure a field in Livermore, if one is not found, the course will be held in Merced. On March 18 & 19 there will be a Grand Course in Merced, limited

to experienced coursers with at least one second place or qualifying points. Novice entrants in the NCIWC course will be sure to find friendly folk willing to teach them and their dogs "the ropes" (or is it wire?) of open field coursing. Only warning- be SURE to dress warmly & have BOTH you & your dog in good condition! AND happy coursing!



Golden Gate Buffet -

For those of you who did not attend the Golden Gate show in February, NCIWC sponsored a buffet lunch the day of showing, for 1W exhibitors & supporters. Club members all participated generously in the pot luck & a really fine lunch (& dinner, too!) was enjoyed by all. Thanks to everyone who helped make it possible - a fine show of club fellowship that would be good to repeat in the future!

1976-1977 YEARBOOK

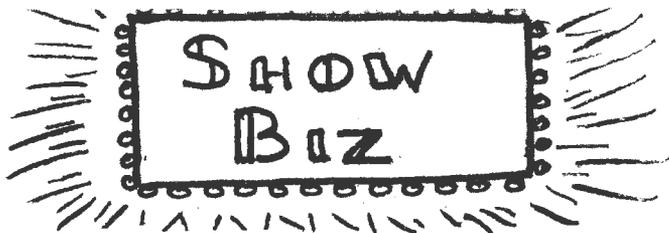
I HAVE RECEIVED A FEW CANDID PHOTOS FOR THE YEARBOOK & 1 CHAMPION PHOTO, SO FAR. IT WOULD GREATLY FACILITATE THE PRODUCTION OF THE YEARBOOK, IF I COULD GET MORE PHOTOS SOONER - RATHER THAN LATER! DEADLINE - JUNE 1ST!!

I NEED:

1) A PHOTO FOR EACH MEMBER'S DOG, WHO IN 1976-77, EITHER BECAME AN AKC (OR FOREIGN) CH., A F. CH., OR C.D., ETC. IF YOU WISH TO INCLUDE AN ABBREVIATED PEDIGREE, WE MAY USE THEM THIS YEAR.

2) CANDID PHOTOS OF YOUR WDS.
AT HOME - IN THE FIELD - AT PLAY.

PHOTOS CAN BE COLOR OR B/W. THEY SHOULD BE LABELED WITH BOTH DOG'S & OWNER'S NAMES. THEY WILL BE RETURNED. THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR PRINTING THEM.



SHOW
BIZ

Before welcoming in the 1978 show season, let me extend a belated congratulations to a 1977 winner. Since we didn't attend the Golden Valley Kennel Club show in Turlock in November (and since no one sent us the results) we were unaware that Timberlane Finnbar Ui Neill, owned by Lore & Lundi Moore, finished his championship. CONGRATULATIONS, FINN!!!

NOW ON TO 1978...

RIO HONDO KENNEL CLUB Glen Sommers 1/7/78
 BOB: Ch. Honeyvoo Cairdean Dalriada-Hensley
 BOS: Ch. Timberlane Martha Corey-Shaw
 BOW,WD: Singing Swords Sir Brian-Binder
 RWD: Honeyvoo Clarke-Weber
 WB: Singing Swords Brona-Engel
 RWB: Mo Scail Danna Ann-Miller

KENNEL CLUB OF BEVERLY HILLS Mrs. R.V. Lindsay
 1/8/78
 BOB: Ch. Timberlane Martha Corey-Shaw
 BOS,WD: Honey Voo Clarke-Weber
 BOW,WB: Arntara Maggie O'Murcho-Murphy
 RWD: Singing Swords Sir Brian-Binder
 RWB: Singing Swords Brona-Engel

GOLDEN GATE KENNEL CLUB Dr. Lee Huggins
 2/4-5/78
 BOB: Ch. Timberlane Sean Colin-Turnage
 BOS: Ch. De Nora of Tara Heights-Miller
 BOW,WB: Kilcorey Alexis of Limerick-Shaw
 WD: Castlemaine Donnchad of D.-Miller

RWD: Timberlane Parnell-Turnage
 RWB: Destiny's Dignity O'Donal-
 Tierney

SANTA CLARA KENNEL CLUB Dr. Gerda Kennedy
 2/19/78

BOB: Ch. Timberlane Sean Colin-
 Turnage

BOS: Ch. Timberlane Martha Corey-
 Shaw

BOW, WB: Delilah of Tara Hts.-Tara
 FINISHED CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

WD: Majestic Prince of Tara Hts.=
 Tara

RWD: Timberlane Parnell-Turnage
 RWB: Timberlane Twinkle O'Toole-
 Turnage



"Well, you asked
 if I'd bring along
 my best friend!"

HOW TO SPEND A TWO-DOG NIGHT by Irving Townsend via
Paw Prints-MCDTC

Almost everybody who listens to music younger than Lawrence Welk's is aware that Three Dog Night is the name of a rock group. A more select minority knows that a three-dog night is colder than a two-dog night, although not so cold as a four-dog night in that part of Russia inhabited by people called Samoyeds. In the interests of those other than Samoyeds, who seem to be too cold to care whom or how many they sleep with, I will address myself to rules for sleeping with two dogs. For the few who have already mastered this technique, I will later add a cat, although I urge beginners to leave the cat out.

To achieve any sort of success, certain arbitrary conditions must be assumed, the first one being that you must have a king-size bed. There is no point in lying down in anything smaller. While the size or breed of dog is not important (people who sleep with dogs know that before the night is over, everybody collects into a pile), the condition of the dogs may be. Very thin dogs, for instance, are lumpier. (You'll notice that the Samoyeds have developed comfortable dogs.)

I have selected the two-dog minimum because, as we shall see, it is the only way to stay in bed at all! The key word is Leverage. All dogs spend the night pressed tightly against their human bedfellows, but no two dogs ever sleep on the same side. This is, in part, an expression of the Let Sleeping Dogs Lie principle. It is also to create Leverage. Because the human is always in the middle, held tightly in place by the dogs and by his blanket (which dogs are sleeping on top of), restlessness and recurring cramps are difficult to handle. Here is a tip: when you first lie down and before the dogs settle against each side of you, spread your legs three inches apart. Stiffen and hold out no matter how great the pressure! When the time comes to turn over, bring the legs quickly under the now slightly slackened blanket and revolve before the dogs wake up. As soon as you have assumed a new position, allow for those crucial three inches again. Otherwise you're a mummy for the rest of the night.

HOW TO SPEND A TWO-DOG NIGHT - page 2

Never spread the legs more than three inches. A dog's favorite place to sleep is in the hollow created by legs too widely spread, and once settled, he and you are frozen into position until morning. (There is a way out of this trap, but it is difficult to describe without slides.) Dogs who prefer to sleep on their backs must be given turning space three times the height of the dog at the shoulder. Dogs who like pillows may be accommodated if you sleep on your side with the legs scissored, so that each dog has an ankle for a chin rest. Above all, beware of curling. When the curl is reversed, both dogs are dislocated, resulting in low growls on both sides of you.

When you are ready to add a cat, position is all important. (This is a trick the Samoyeds have long since mastered.) All cats prefer to sleep in hollows, but no cat will sleep on the same side as a dog. (Remember, you have only two sides.) You must therefore become a triangle. Do this by assuming a horizontal diver's crouch, thereby creating not only three more-or-less exclusive sides but two hollows as well. With one dog at your front and the other against your back, the cat can curl into the hollow at the back of your bent knees, separated from both dogs. All will then sleep soundly.

The Samoyeds have left no written instructions in any language we can decipher for coping with early-morning scratching, possibly because they are always awake early while being closely scrutinized by various animals, but again, they tell us nothing.

Just as well, Too much to remember at once will keep you awake!!



The Hound of Ireland

The war went on, and then came the lightning of Easter week in Ireland, and for a week old Shawn Mahoney hardly slept. They were fighting in Dublin streets, and he wasn't there. He wrung his hands, and about him Oisin and Mairi Lea clustered, and Mari's pup, Cuchulain, clawed at his knees in silent sympathy.

Then came days of horror: the rebellion crushed ruthlessly under foot, the leaders executed or thrown into prison and, what was worse, the clamor against the rebels for disloyalty to England.

"How could they be disloyal?" Shawn said bitterly. "They were never loyal."

Now was this the end of the saddest weeks. Mairi Lea was killed by a racing taxicab, and an English resident of New Rochelle patriotically poisoned Oisin. Passing the store, he fed the great hound a piece of liver with two needles thrust into it. And Oisin's death was terrible...

But Cuchulain, the very last of the great breed, thrived and grew from awkward puppyhood into magnificent prime, and as he grew so arose from the ashes of revolution the phenix of Irish freedom. The dead of Easter week clamored, and their mute and terrible tongues awoke young Ireland to white wrath. There was no longer romantic warfare in the hills, a child at the mercy of a son of Anak. There was a silent duel to the death, a pitting of brains and purpose, and suddenly Ireland was all but free. Cuchulain the magnificent, king of dogs, raised his head. And Shawn Mahoney, white-headed, weeping, paraphrased the cry of the Hebrew matron of old:

Shall I of a surety see Ireland free,
which am old?
Is anything too hard for the Lord?

A week later, for the second time in his life, he passed Sandy Hook. His ticket had been purchased quietly, and none who might have seen him would ever have thought that here were the finishing couplet of a great romance; this old, very old man with the great dog. Down in the second-class cabin he sat in a deck chair and watched the great Atlantic wallow by unchanged since the day his countryman, St. Brendan, had sailed to America centuries before Columbus—so goes the story old Gaelic-speaking tellers say by the turf fires of Connacht and Kerry and Donegal, when the harvest is gathered, and cold comes on the land.

The steamer, a great English liner, was to touch at Queenstown before proceeding to Liverpool, and there were no Irish in the second cabin. All were Americans or English, and old Shawn had no words for them nor they for him. What could there have been, anyway, between the young merry voyagers and the old man knocking on the portals of death? In the morning and evening he would have the big hound up from his quarters and sit with him on the forward deck, waiting patiently until the green hills of Kerry should arise in the east.

The only one that spoke to him was the chief engineer, a heavy Scot with a low, soft voice and an eye like chilled steel.

"That's a grand dog you've got, mister!" He strolled forward and sat on the hatch beside the old man. He patted the dog's head and Cuchulain nuzzled his knees. "The only man I knew ever had a dog like that was a man from my country, Campbell of Kilchoman, the Islay poet, him that went to Nova Scotia and was killed in France.

He's killed, you say?" Shawn took off his hat. "God be good to him, he was good to me. He gave me the mother of this dog."

"He must have liked you well-"

"Listen, young man, are you very fond of the English?"

"My forefathers weren't," the engineer laughed. "They liked this tune" - and he whistled "The White Cockade," the Stuart melody - "better than this" - and he gave a few bars of "Rule, Britannia."

"Black hell to their souls! I've got a story to tell you-" (The engineer listened with his eyes on the hound.) "And to think that in a few hours you say, my friend, the dog and I'll be in Ireland. I could cry, that's what I could, and I will-"

"But, mister-" The chief looked at him in dismay.

"What is it?"

"Didn't you know-"

"Know what?"

The navigator came trotting down the steps from the bridge. "Land ahead, chief."

"Where? Where? Oh, my Ireland! Where?" Old Shawn staggered to his feet.

"Off the port bow you'll see it soon." He left the white-haired rebel and the dog and strolled aft. Amidships he met the doctor.

"I see you've been talking to Mahoney. I wonder why the steamship agents sell tickets to people like that - you don't know the minute they'll die. I didn't think he'd live to land."

"Poor old fellow!" the chief said.

"He thinks he's going ashore with the dog."

"Did you tell him?"

"I hadn't the heart."

"You hadn't the heart!" the doctor laughed. "You! The worst-hated engineer on the seas. Slave Driver Stuart! You hadn't the heart!"

"That's just it. I hadn't the heart!"

So all morning and all afternoon the ship forged along, past the Blaskets, past Bantry Bay, past Cape Clear, past Clonakilty, past Kinsale. Toward evening she swung into Cork Harbor and dropped anchor off Queenstown. The purser came to old Shawn as he was collecting his belongings in his cabin.

"Old man, about the dog-"

"What about him?" Shawn threw his head up proudly.

"You're not thinking of taking him ashore?"

"Of course I'm taking him ashore."

"Ha-ha! That's rich. Lor' love a duck! That's good. Didn't you know, didn't you, that he's got to be in quarantine for six months at half a crown a day? I'll trouble you for a hundred and thirty-four dollars."

"Six months!"

"Come along. Get a move on!"

Old Shawn was all a-tremble. He saw the chief engineer pass the door.

"Young fellow, Mr. Stuart!" he called. The chief came through the cabin door. "Is this true-that the hound has to go in quarantine for six months-before he can land?"

"It's the law, Mr. Mahoney. It's very hard, but it's the law."

"The good old British law," the purser chanted. "It mayn't go with the rebels in Ireland, but it goes aboard this ship-"

The chief swiveled his chilled-steel eye toward him. His mouth closed.

"Six months! I won't live that long. And the dog in the hands of the stranger!"

"you know if you haven't got the money the dog will be killed."

"I think"-the old man gulped-"we'd better go back to America, the dog and I. To be so near and to go away again-that's hard."

"I hope you have your fare back!"

"If he hasn't, I have," Stuart snapped.

"I take it very kindly of you, Mr. Stuart, but I've got sufficient for my needs. Now, if you don't mind—"

The chief shoved the purser before him out through the cabin door.

The liner was not to pull out until the tide turned, and that would be two in the morning. The soft Irish night had set in now, and most of the passengers had gone to their cabins in preparation for the morrow's landing in Liverpool. Through the dark the lights of Queenstown pier glimmered like near stars. The chief engineer strolled forward on the hurricane deck. He came across the second officer leaning over the rail.

"What do you know, chief? The Sinn Fein have taken the admiralty pier and their volunteers are patrolling it. God, man, they'll soon be demanding passports."

"Right there at the pier."

"They've taken down the Union Jack and run up the rebel flag!"

"Ah, well! Times change."

Around the hurricane deck came a trio of voyagers laughing, two girls with a man between them, conversing in high-pitched English accents.

"So help me, the old boulder's sitting on the hatch downstairs crying his silly old chump off, and so help me, his tyke's crying too. W'at a lark!"

"Serve him right, I s'y. An old Irish mick and his mutt—"

The navigator shook his head. "Poor old beggar!" he murmured.

"So that's the way you feel about it!" the chief jeered. "I forgot you were Irish."

"I'm no' Irish. I'm Ulster Scotch," the Antrim man snapped. "I'd rather be crippled nor Irish, but—I'd rather be dead nor English."

The bridge bell sounded. "My watch." He turned to go.

"Willie John." The navigator turned in surprise. It was seldom the dour chief used a man's given name. "Keep a good watch for'a'd to port the night."

"Why for?"

"You might see the sea serpent, y' ken, and you'd get a medal for that from the Geographical Society. At any rate, don't mind t'other side."

The departing engine-room watch were surprised to see the chief swinging down the ladder. Usually they were free from the visits of Simon Legree when at anchor. Black, gigantic, muscled like Titans, they regarded him with the hot, reined-in animosity of jungle folk.

"The finest bunch of thugs and cut-throats this side of the clinkers of hell," he said, not without pride. "Well, men, there's very little love lost between us."

The stokers approved his reflection in grim silence.

"There's a bloody sight less since you tried to put me in the furnace two voyages ago."

The firemen grinned. Only for the third's quick and accurate shooting there'd a been a vacancy for engineer.

"So you think it strange that I came down here to ask a favor of you?" They glowered at him. "This has nothing to do with the ship," he explained. "As a matter of fact, it's a jailing business." They looked up interestedly. Their faces cleared. "At any rate, I'll accept the responsibility."

"Ah, t' 'ell with the responsibility," some one growled. "Shoot."

"Well, here goes. There's an old man above, with a dog. They won't let him ashore without the dog going into six months' quarantine. And he won't leave the dog."

So he's chosen to go back to America and take the dog with him. He's been waiting to come back here for forty years or more. Now, here's the favor I want you to do for me. Man the lifeboat on the starboard quarter, after dark, and bring him to the Queenstown pier. Give him and the dog to the Sinn Fein officer. He's an old rebel and they'll take care of him. Will you do it?"

A New York fireman stepped forward. "Cheese, chief! They ain't one of us wouldn't cut your heart out and feed it to th' dogs, but, Cheese! a favor. D'at's a different t'ing. Sure we will."

"Good, boys. Now, easy does the trick. No noise. If you get into a scrap, no noise either. Use spanners or a slicing bar. Get him ashore...."

A fireman collected the gear from Mahoney's stateroom, to the horror of a steward with a choked gullet. The chief touched old Mahoney on the shoulder. He and the dog looked up.

"Mr. Mahoney, come on. Get into this boat quick. And bring the dog. You're going ashore in Ireland."

"Don't joke me, sonny, Mr. Stuart. I'm an old man."

"I'm not joking you." He pointed to the boat ready to swing out, the men at the oars, the crew at the davits.

"These boys will take me ashore-to Ireland?"

"They'd take you to hell and back again, for the matter of that." He helped him in, and a couple of stokers lifted the dog after him.

"Sure, 'tis like the ould days, the boat in the night time."

"Good-by, sir. Good-by, Cuchulain. Swing her out."

"The blessing of God and Mary and St. Patrick and St. Brigid be on you all your days, on you and yours--"

"Thank you, sir. Let her go..."

He took a turn or two around the deck before lying down for a few hours. Aft the smoking room he ran full tilt into the purser. "I'm hunting for that old Fenian and his dog," the purser complained querulously. "I can't seem to lay a hand on them."

"I hope you find them," the chief laughed. Something in his tone made the purser look at him keenly. Then suddenly from Queenstown pier came a burst of cheering, peal upon peal of welcome and triumph, and through it ran a deep full note of the great hound's joyous belling. The purser became incoherent with fury.

"It was you. You did it," he accused the chief. "I'll report it. I'll report you--"

"Report and be damned, you spavined jackass!"

The chief had had enough of the air. He turned in for the night. He took his tunic off with difficulty, for the shrapnel of Jutland still pained his left shoulder. "Well, Alec, when you get out of jail you can get a job in the Irish navy," he told himself. He took his watch out to wind it. "That'll be some job for you, my lad!"



Stud Dog

CH. MAJOR ACRES JUST PLAIN CALVIN, C.D.X.
 (CH. Shamus of Shalako x CH. Fleetwind
 Just Plain Julie)

Black 8-3-72 OFA# IW366 61704

OWNERS: Betty Moore and Mary Major
 839 Topper Lane
 Lafayette, CA 94549
 (415) 283-3285

CH. TIMBERLANE GILES COREY
 (CH. Timberlane Colin O'Hegh, C.D. x
 CH. Major Acres Kilfenora Tara)

Light Grey Brindle 3-27-74

OWNERS: Greg and Barbara Shaw
 P.O. Box 293
 Livermore, CA 94550
 (415) 443-6669

CH. RORY MAGNUS OF TARA HEIGHTS
 (CH. Magnus of Arraghglen x CH. Mollie
 of Tara Heights)

Red Brindle

OWNER: Agnes Tara
 1005 Wagnon Road
 Sebastopol, CA 95472
 (707) 823-4665

CH. TIMBERLANE DONAL DEEDUM
 (CH. Timberlane Colin O'Hegh, C.D. x
 CH. Maghera Glass Ban Madrin)

Wheaton 11-20-73

OWNER: Suzanne Tierney
 Rte. 1, Box 170A
 Myrtle Creek, OR 97457 -

Listing

CH. HALE WILLIAM OF HUMBOLT
 (CH. Ballykelly Muadh x Margaret of
 Humbolt Hill)
 Red Wheaten 2-4-73
 OWNER: Betty Rector
 P. O. Box 646
 Fortuna, CA 95540
 (707) 768-3410

AM. & CAN. CH. TIMBERLANE SEAN COLIN
 (CH. Timberlane Colin O'Heigh, C.D. x
 CH. Major Acres Kilfenora Tara)
 Dark Charcoal Grey 1-22-73
 OWNERS: Gordon E. and Paula Turnage
 13655 Bear Creek Road
 Boulder Creek, CA 95006
 (408) 338-2596

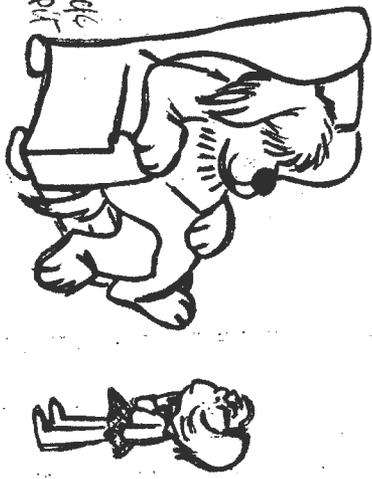
CH. RIVENDELL BRENDAN CU CHULAIN, F. CH.
 (CH. Sleepy Hollow's Finn McCool x
 Jircara's Tosch)
 Red Brown Brindle 5-12-73
 OWNERS: Gordon E. and Paula Turnage
 13655 Bear Creek Road
 Boulder Creek, CA 95006
 (408) 338-2596

According to my records, Giles, Sean &
 Brendan are the only current stud
 dog listings. The rest will be dropped
 following this issue, unless renewed.

1/16"



1/16"





The Hounds' Bugle

13655 BEAR CREEK RD.
BOULDER CREEK, CA 95006

3rd Class Mail