

'BAT EARS'

THE MIDLAND & NORTHERN COUNTIES

FRENCH BULLDOG CLUB

BULLETIN

"WINTER ISSUE 1987"

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 Dear Members,

The club has had another very good yet sad year up to
 going to press.

Part of the sad news is that we have lost two of our very
 staunch supporters - Taffy Watkins who joined the club just
 after it was formed which is nearly 30 years ago. He was a
 committee member and had been chairman of the club, when he
 retired as a committee member he was made a Vice-President.
 The first time Taffy gave C.C's. was at one of our club shows.
 Charley Girl of Sianieuan was his first Champion, he also
 bred Ch. Sianieuan Hortense who was made up by Richard Thomas
 and Peter Tugwell. We will all miss his laughter and jokes.
 To Jean and his family we offer our sincere sympathy in
 their loss.

Mrs. Eileen Torance had been a member for about sixteen
 years first with her husband and when he died she continued
 to come to shows and supported the club, to her son we send
 our sincere sympathy.

We had two excellent shows. Judging a French Bulldog club
 open show for the first time was Mrs. Chris Coley, who was
 breeder of the year in Bostons last year. The championship
 show was judged by Arnold Hendricks giving C.C's for the
 first time in any country. Our members were very surprised to
 hear he did not give the equivalent to our C.C's. in his own
 country, Holland, when you see the beautiful champions he
 has bred. He gave Mr. and Mrs. Wrights beautiful young dog
 Mr. Benjamin of Cridle his second C.C. and BOB, but I have
 since had the devastating news that they have lost him, I
 would like to send my own and the members sympathy on their
 sad loss, it will also be a great loss to the breed. The
 bitch C.C. went to Migrelo Bebe of Banerjee the first in the
 breed for her owner Mrs. Goodacre.

Mrs. Jean Wells has bred her first C.C. winner in Batu Pavanah and she also bred Batu Dandine who is the first C.C. winner in the breed for Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly and expertly handled by their daughter. It was also nice to hear that Jill Keates had won a group with her Frenchy Ch. Nokomis Omeme, congratulations to all the winners mentioned and not mentioned. I have lost touch with the winners at the shows as I do not have a dog paper and have not shown at any of the championship shows.

I would like to thank all the committee members who helped at the shows some coming early and some helping during the day, and some staying late to clear up and a special thank you to non-committee members Mrs. Horsfall and the James Family especially Andrew and not quite six year old Paul who was very busy washing up.

There will be a special for every exhibitor and special rosettes for our 30 anniversary shows next year. Judges Rod Ward the Open Show and Barbara Chattaway the Championship Show.

Will members start to get their champions with pedigrees ready for the club handbook.

Dick Bowgen has very kindly said he would help with the handbook, so I hope it will be a good reference book to follow on where we left off last time. There will be a separate form to fill in for booking pages for the handbook.

The A.G.M. is to be held on March 20th, 1988.

We hope Arlie Alford McCoy will accept to judge our Open Show in 1989.

Chris and Tracy Rate are kindly going to be Editors of 'Bat Ears' starting in 1988 so please will members send them any items for 'Bat Ears'.

I would like to congratulate Chris and Tracy on the birth of their first daughter.

Jean Wells has had another spell in hospital and Jean McEwen has been in the wars first badly pulling the ligaments in her leg which was put in plaster and she could not drive for six weeks, she had just got over that and she fell and broke her other leg so was back in square one! I hope both are now fully recovered.

I would like to wish all members a

VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A WINNING NEW YEAR.

Ann Cottrell

MR. R.H. WATKINS

The Midland & Northern FBC and the French Bulldog breed lost one of its staunchest supports with the death in August 1987 of Dick 'Taffy' Watkins. Dick had been fighting a long and courageous battle against throat cancer enduring with amazing cheerfulness the extremely unpleasant treatment of radiation and chemotherapy, and finally major surgery. He appeared to have won his fight when we saw him in July of this year stewarding for our breed at the SWKA wearing a smart goatee beard to cover his operational scars. In August however he died peacefully as the result of a heart attack.

Dick who was in his early 70's at the time of his death became involved with French Bulldogs in the early 1950's which is when we met. His battered features, the result of his early loves of boxing and rugby football, coupled with his mischevious sense of humour soon made him one of the best known characters in South Wales canine circles. I will write the story one day of some of Dicks Humour, jokes and exploits, but at this stage I will just repeat one of my comments from my speech to the SWKA when we honoured Dick by making him a Hon. Life Vice-President. I said at the time that "I had always found Dick totally reliable" and then added that "He would always get me into trouble". Nevertheless despite being allocated ring 13 on Friday the 13th when I judged Crufts 1987, I was delighted when Dick accepted my invitation to steward for me on that day. Of the many great moments we had together over the years probably the greatest was at Paignton in 1977 when Dick won the Bitch C.C. and I won the Dog C.C. under Bill Sigger thereby making up two new champions.

Dick served the breed as a committee member of the French Bulldog Club of England and as a committee member, chairman and Vice-President of the Midland & Northern FBC he was also the breed representative on BUBA for many years.

To Jean his wife who gave him so much care and happiness in his last years and to his son John and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

The world is a less colourfull place without Taffy Watkins.

Elwyn Harding.

FRENCH BULLDOGS

Little French Bulldogs
 With their turned up nose
 But nobody knows
 Where their little nose goes.

Black silky coat,
 Round funny face,
 They act the goat
 In any silly place.

Now if you imagine the puppies,
 They'd be very small,
 About the size of a tennis ball,
 Little legs an' all.

They are lots of fun,
 Especially when they run,
 Their little legs go so fast,
 But then they've gone in a flash.

by Charlotte Barr, Aged 11

A day in the life of a French Bulldog Puppy

- 7.15 a.m. I was awake before this, but my new owner didn't arise until 7.10 a.m. I had already done my bits and pieces (so important first thing) and she let me into the kitchen, where I was soon given some scrambled egg - I loved the butter!! I think that we might like it here.
- After some horseplay with my girl companion, we were both returned to a thing 'she' calls a puppy pen. I thought that people wrote things with pens - but still, we shall wait and see.
- 11 a.m. We both slept soundly for three hours, but when we were let out again, I decided to kill the mat in the kitchen. Couldn't manage it today - but I have my eye on it for when I'm older!!
- 11.45 a.m. Tried chewing the wooden drawers in the kitchen. Funny taste, but I kept at it.
- 12 noon Lunch - at last. This was best minced beef, warmed with puppy meal. We both like the food here, and

- licked our bowls clean.
- 12.15 p.m. Had a look round the garden. It's just nice for us (except that we can't get out into the great outdoors to play) We have tried very hard, but we cannot even chew out way out!
- 1 p.m. After pruning a few shrubs, which looked lovely after we had bitten off all the leaves, she who must be obeyed put us back in our pen. She didn't look very pleased. Can't think why. We thought that we had been so helpful.
- 4 p.m. Awoke after lovely dreams of all sorts of things, but after another very nice meal we both decided that we shall stay here. It seems a decent place.
- 4.15 p.m. Out in the garden again to do our bits and pieces - in for play with our toys - my goodness how the time flies.
- 7.30 p.m. Supper time, another nice meal. I really am quite sleepy now. It's hard work pounding a typewriter you know!
- 9.30 p.m. I think that we must have been asleep again, but we roused ourselves to have some warm milk and honey and..... so to bed.

From Fifi and Frankie Miller

As promised last time.....

Reminiscences of Crufts by Elwyn Harding

Crufts is here again and for me of course it is a very special one. I wonder what the peculiar magic there is about this show. I confess to disliking exhibiting at Crufts, I find the crowds, the heat, the need to arrive very early and to leave late combined with winter travelling conditions, does not engender in me the enjoyment that a hobby should produce. Crufts is not the biggest show the LKA is vastly bigger, yet Crufts does have an Aura about it which draws exhibitors and spectators every year, like drug addicts looking for Heroin. "Qualifying for Crufts" is pursued by exhibitors as eagerly as are the big green cards, and they proudly announce 'My Dog is Qualified for Crufts' attaching to it the same importance as they would if the dog had won a title. I have won two CC at Crufts one of

these with Best of Breed and confess to being inordinately pleased and excited by these 'special' wins. When asked to judge at Crufts I could not have been more pleased, yet I believe there are more prestigious appointments for a breed specialist. Judging the Breed Club Championship show must be the ultimate accolade, yet Crufts has some indefinable special meaning and magic to the Canine world in the UK and world, at large.

It is nearly forty years since I first visited the show as a spectator I remember being totally underwhelmed by it then, yet I was obviously addicted because I have kept returning to Crufts again and again.

One Crufts I remember well in the early 1950's, we had travelled by coach from South Wales through a freezing night with ice on the inside of the coach windows. The M4 had not even been thought of then so it was a very long slow journey. For some reason best known to the Metropolitan Police and the coach driver we were set down miles from Olympia and had to trek with dogs, bags and all our paraphernalia to the show. We and the dogs were thoroughly exhausted by the time we made it to the benches and we found out that we were being judged late afternoon. Dick Taffy Watkins was amongst the intrepid party and he immediately demonstrated the most amazing ability of being able to sleep in any position imaginable, on the bench, under the bench, at the ringside, standing up, sitting down etc. with his dogs curled up with him like hot water bottles.

After our classes where we were singularly unsuccessful; Dick returned late from the bar to discover that a voucher for one tin of meat had been left on his bench, and everyone else's bench. Dick said to me "Come On we'll go and collect our tins of meat". It was easier at that juncture for me to go with him to collect the meat than to explain to him that the last thing I wanted or needed was a tin of dog meat. We arrived at the stall as they were putting up the shutters at the end of a long day. "Too late" said the effete young salesman; in a voice that sounded as though he had swallowed Harrods, then his voice faltered when he had an eyeball to eyeball confrontation with Dicks battered, and by now unshaven countenance, breathing booze and belligerence, "All the loose tins have gone and I cannot open another case". Dick leaned heavily on the counter and said in a chilling voice, "Don't bother to open another case just hand over the whole case". The young mans nerve

snapped and a case of 48 tins of meat was pushed into Dick's hands, whilst Dick solemnly handed over in return two one tin vouchers. Dick's day was made, we collected our dogs and dog showing bags etc. and now loaded down with a further 50 lbs of meat set off to find our coach which it seemed to me had parked in Reading. We were staggering along in the vicinity of Olympia when we spotted a small Cafe with the proprietor in the act of closing for the night, but Dick loaded with 50 lbs of meat, dogs and dog baggage proved too heavy for him to push back into the street and he surrendered to the inevitable and opened up, within minutes his cafe was overflowing with exhausted Crufts exhibitors and dogs. On the coach Dick handed over 24 tins of meat to me. This very hard won booty which nearly resulted in two Welsh Hernias proved a total white elephant. The Dogs wouldn't eat it.

Crufts also saw my most embarrassing moment in my show career, when I took Hugo into the Utility Group with the TV cameras whirring and the thousands of spectators arranged on terraces around the ring. Hugo was always a great extrovert and a wonderful dog to show so I entered the ring with great confidence. Hugo was on great form and I knew we would put up a good show, for the breed. My turn came Percy Whittaker, the judge asked me to move Hugo first before the table examination Hugo moved like a dream, alert on his toes, up and down twice, then I was asked to put him on the table, I bent down to pick him up and disaster happened, my trousers seam split from top to bottom from then on it was like a nightmare, it had happened to me before on the Rugby field, but then I had fourteen good men and true to cover my confusion whilst replacing the torn garment. Here in a ring set up and organised to give everyone the best possible view there was nothing or no one to help. I could not get out of the ring quickly enough. I remember saying I may have shown my nether regions to several thousand ringside spectators but I pray the BBC will not show it to the whole world. Fortunately they only showed the Group winners that year.

Crufts 1985 was again a show to remember for me. I was showing Hadyn in the Open Dog class he had been seen by the cheerful and competent Barbara Chattaway who was occupying

the ring centre and I was half relaxed watching the other dogs in the class going through their paces. I turned to get Hadyn into position as the last dog moved and trod on his foot. The yell that he let out startled judge, stewards and spectators and frightened the life out of me. Now Hadyn is a sensitive soul unlike his father Hugo who would have nipped my ankle and then, honours even, forgotten the incident and got on with the show. Not so Hadyn he played to the ringside for sympathy holding up the injured paw and looking at me with sadness and reproach oozing from his eyes. For Hadyn the show was over, he had had enough of me and Crufts, even the second prize he was awarded proved no consolation for the injury, he suffered at my awkward feet, yet when we walked out of the ring he wasn't even limping and the next day he cheerfully walked the three miles that is his daily routine. He may not have won a first prize that day but his performance was worthy of an Oscar.

Crufts for me is full of bitter sweet memories, memories being the operative word. I remember more about Crufts than any other shows there is something in the Crufts magic that works.

These are two letters written by 'Rollo' who has gone to stay with my daughter, her German Shepherd "Red", and Pointer "Rhythm".

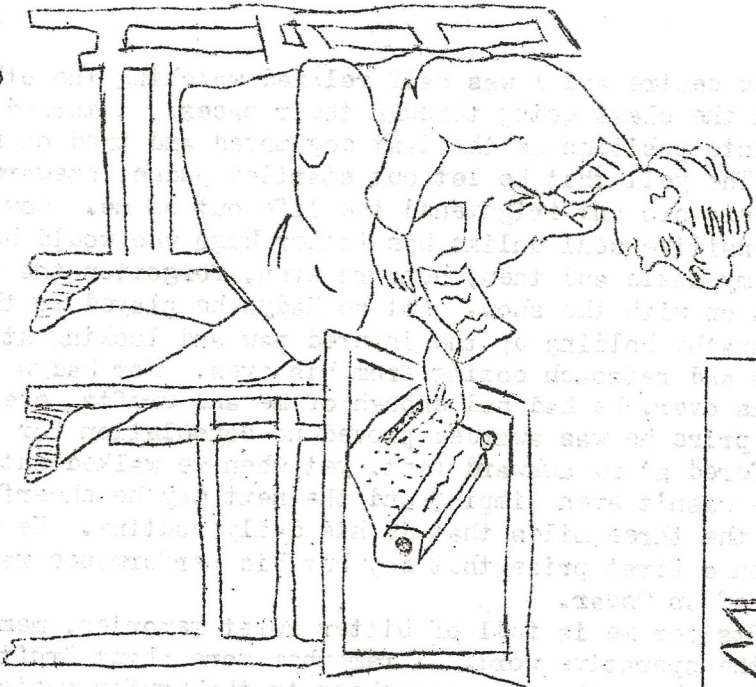
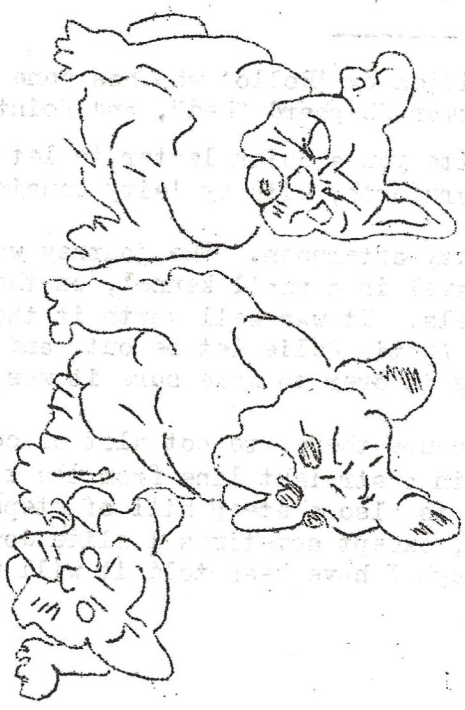
I just thought I'd write you a quick letter to let you know what I'm doing here in Carnforth, with my 'eity cousins', Red and Rhythm.

I arrived here yesterday afternoon. The journey was quite an ordeal as I had to travel in a small kennel, on the back seat of a house with wheels. It was well worth it though, because when we arrived, Auntie Julie let me out, and I bounded about the place, checking it over to make sure it was a suitable place for me.

It's good fun here because there are not alot of corners in the house and I can run in a straight line from the kitchen to the sitting room. There is also a steep hill of steps which I love running up and down, except sometimes I slide down the bottom half of them, though I have been told it will make my tummy bald.

FRENCH BULL DOG WELFARE

SUPPORT
US. 

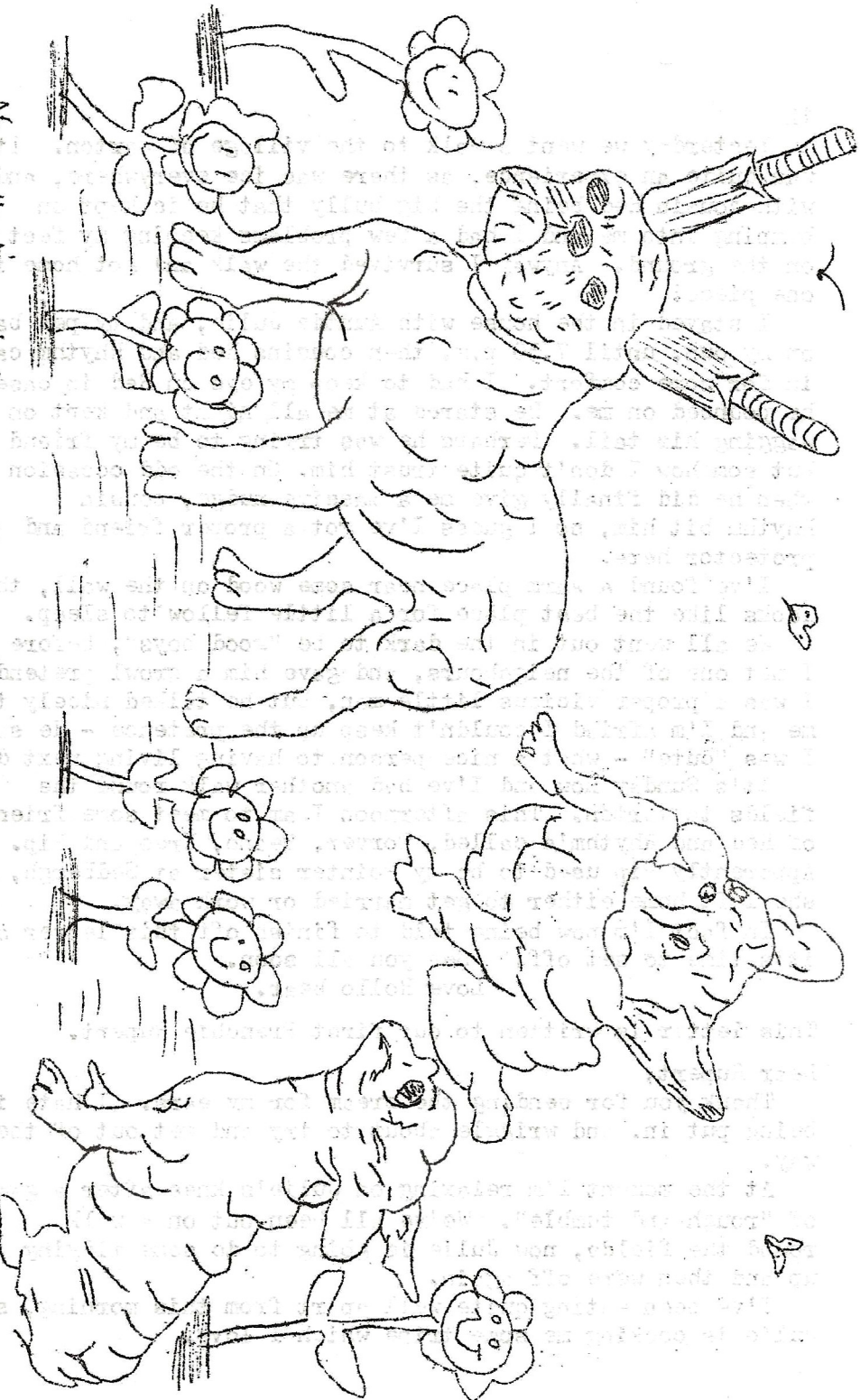


B. GODFREY

I have told you before, there is not a loan club!

Now, that's what you call a pair of bat ears.

B. GODFREY



Yesterday we went a walk to the village of Warton. It was quite an experience, as there was ice everywhere, and with cousin Red being the big bully that he is kept on bumping into me and I had a few problems keeping my feet on the ground. Anyway I survived the walk and got home in one piece!

I stayed in the house with Auntie Julie, and my pet ball, on my own, until 7.30 p.m. then cousins Red and Rhythm came in for some comfort. I had to keep my eye on Red in case he pounced on me. He stared at me all night and kept on wagging his tail. Perhaps he was trying to be my friend but somehow I don't quite trust him. On the odd occasion when he did finally give me a massive nudge, cousin Rhythm bit him, so I guess I've got a proper friend and protector here.

I've found a warm place near some wood on the wall, this looks like the best place for a little fellow to sleep.

We all went out in the dark to be "good boys", before bed. I met one of the neighbours, and gave him a growl pretending I was a proper vicious little man, but he talked nicely to me and I'm afraid I couldn't keep up the pretence - He said I was "cute" - what a nice person to have living next door.

It's Sunday now and I've had another walk round the fields to Warton. This afternoon I am to meet some friends of Red and Rhythm's called, Torver, Beano, Free and Pip. Apparently Pip used to be my Pointer sister at Sedbergh, but she left home either to get married or work away.

In fact I'm now being told to finish off this letter as it's time to set off. See you all soon.

Love Rollo Bear.

This letter is written to our first Frenchie Rupert.

Dear Rupert,

Thank you for sending the cream for my ears. I hate it being put in, and wriggle about to try and get out of the way.

At the moment I'm relaxing on Julie's knee after a game of "rough and tumble". We've all been out on a walk round the fields, now Julie is going to do some tidying up and then we're off again.

I've been eating quite well apart from this morning, so Julie is cooking me some tripe which I love.

Yesterday we had some special bits and pieces. On Wednesday I went to work with Julie - (Julie looks after two children for 2 hours each day). and met Frances and Alistair, Pepper the cat (whom I hated) and a guinea pig called Ring-gin, who I possibly would have eaten if I could have got him.

Frances thought I was very nice, mind you, I thought she was rather nice and chased her up and down the stairs.

She dressed me up in a bobble hat, scarf, mittens, and a little blanket over my back. I really enjoyed this and was very patient, especially considering that I am still a baby. When I fell asleep she put a pillow under my head and covered me up, this was very comfortable and I started to snore.

Last night I had a rollo to eat (something they've named after me). It took me absolutely ages to eat it, but when I finished it I could have eaten another.

Cousin Red is a funny boy, he watches me all the time wagging his tail. If he's staring too much I just sneeze or spit at him and he soon jumps back.

Rhythm doesn't like me to sit on knees, so I have to wait until they are in their bed.

On Monday, I am going to ring-craft classes. Red went last week, and apparently was too big-headed, so I'm going to have a turn. I'll have to watch out for Rotweillers! (Whilst out walking last week Julie and the dogs were attacked by a Rotweiler and Rollo was thrown over a wall for protection, as he was trying to defend her).

Talking of Rotweillers, we are going up the crag this afternoon. Julie hasn't dared to go again yet, but this afternoon looks promising. If I see it I'll do my best to protect them all providing I don't get thrown over any walls!

Love to Frenchies, Mum and Dad.

Love from Rollo Bear.

P.S. I think I might fight with you Rupert when I next see you, especially if you come into my holiday home.

Extract from French Bulldog Fragments, Our Dogs Christmas Number 1933. These were written by Lady Betty.

Mrs. P.L. Long had some good classes to judge at Birmingham, and made her awards with the greatest care, paying special attention to soundness and action. As she had not been to any shows since Richmond, she came fresh to the work, and her decisions were very well received.

Mrs. Long says; One of the things that struck me was the number of bad ears. As ear carriage is one of the chief characteristics of the breed it is a pity to see so many that are too large or badly carried. Another thing is that many of the animals lacked animation, and were very subdued in the ring. I know it was cold, but even so a healthy Frenchie should be lively and full of beans.

Extract 1934 - Lady Betty

The ranks of French Bulldog owners in Scotland, suffer a sad loss in the death of Lady Helen Tod, the sister of The Duke of Atholl, who passed away last week, at Tirmie, Blair Atholl. Lady Helen Tod exhibited at The Scottish Kennel Club Show, two years ago, where her good little dog, Brigand won a prize in the Open Class, and Lady Helen very generously presented Brigand's prize money to the French Bulldog Club, as a donation in honour of his win. Brigand's home name was Briand, which being that of the distinguished French Minister could not, of course, be used for his registration.

In the 1934 issue there were nine adverts, for dogs at stud, puppies for sale, or wanted.

Stud fees around £4.4 shillings

Puppies for sale 6 gns, £2.10 shillings, and 5 gns.

In days gone by there used to be litter classes held at shows and here follows an advert for such a litter.

Xmas presents - For Sale: The first and second prize litters at the French Bulldog Club Open Show. These and others for sale at moderate prices. Apply Dighton, Kneesworth, Royston, Herts.

This proves to be an interesting advert:

WARNING TO THE FANCY

Do not close your eyes to the fact that the majority of winning dogs to-day are far too big. Take notice of the Belgian expert, Mr. Dale Long, and get back to the small, attractive Frenches, Use new blood

At Stud that outstanding Imported Sire:

STATION MONARCH

19lbs weight. A gaily marked brindle pied. Big skulled, very short, well finished face, excellent front, good spring of ribs, and a real roached back; this is a combination of points rarely seen today. This dog judged impartially and by experts, would score more points than the majority winning today. He has annexed the no mean number of 20 awards in four English Championship Shows, including best pied and reserve champion at Crufts, best pied and challenge certificate at Crufts, best pied and challenge certificate at Edinburgh. Waterloo Cup, Silver Cup, Copper Jug for best pied etc. Fee 5 guineas. Apply owners: F. & G Jakeman, 64 Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 19.

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Frenchie Interludes - Miss Leta Ogwen-Jones

Once I went to a Conference and as we sat at coffee I filled the conversational gap with stories about Frenchies I had owned until a men I did not know, jumped up red in the face and said "I am going, I have never sat at a table with a LIAR before!!" But with your intimate knowledge of the sagacity and caninness of the French Bulldog I am sure you will agree after reading my tiny stories, that they are all true and have perhaps also happened to you.

At first I did not realise what thought-readers our Bullies are. My baptism as one might call it was when I decided to go out with a friend for lunch. I had often gone out on emergency calls, without Max but free time pleasure had not occurred. My friend called for me and I went to get my coat returning to see that Max who would have to be left was comfortable, only to find a very angry puckered face on a very busy dog engineering the biggest puddle in the middle of the sitting room carpet that he could manage...well it was the carpet that was baptised because hither to fore he had been immaculate in his habits.

I soon became aware that if it was anything but office routine, where he accompanied me patiently, I had to take him with me. And talking about the office I was rung up by a big wig from the Home Office and while I was trying to sound alert and intelligent, at great personal effort there came the unmistakable sound of snoring from under the desk. What thoughts could be flashing around in the carpeted London office about the squalid conditions in that remote part of the Kingdom where the Welsh possibly kept a cow in the office ready for their tea-break? I faced the situation and said

"Do you hear snoring"? "Well I thought I did" said an amused voice.... "It's my French Bull-dog". "Well that explains everything," - she must have known one!

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My next story for the Frenchie Arabian Nights is again about Max. He gradually took on the position of House-owner as he grew from tiny puppyhood. Everyone coming in was HIS friend (or foe) and I am glad to tell you that he also had some dog friends. There was a large labrador living apparently in the next road whom we met from time to time and whom I called 'Blondie'. They always seemed such close friends but I was not prepared for the next manifestation of camaradie.

In the summer when it was too hot to take Max to work I left the doors open into the garden at a time when burglaries were not expected...such a long time ago. I thought he was a sufficient deterrent for any tramp as he appear at the glass door in the hall whenever the bell went. Indeed one friend suggested sourly that I could place a piece of magnifying glass in the bottom panel and no one would call again. So when I wanted my electric stove repaired I arranged for the service to take place while my cleaner was in the house. She left a note to say the men had not been.

As it happened I saw the electrician who usually came and said "I was disappointed to have been left without a cooking facility for three days". 'Haven't you tried your stove?' he said with a happy smile. 'of course not,' I nearly bellowed 'you did not come on Monday and there has been no one to let you in since then!' "Ah but you see we came on Tuesday as we had had to let you down on Monday." "Well, you could not get in without anyone in the house and Max at large." "But we know your house well by now, you always leave the garden-doors open" "but Max was there!".. "Bless him, we know him very well, he goes every day to my Mother's for a sandwich!" "WHAT! Where does your mother live?" "Across the playing fields. You know that big golden Labrador? Well he comes every day for Max, opens your garden gate with his paw and lets Max out. They cross the road to the field and across the field through the hedge and my mother lives in the houses under the beech trees facing this way. Then they each have a

sandwich! Oh yes he brings him back too and lets him in again!" I would not believe it but once or twice when Max had strayed and I had driven the car round hooting a sort of signal I would find him near that area standing on the kerb signalling quite clearly with his big ears.

I suppose my first story should have been about Max's encounter with the Big Wigs. He was 9 or 10 weeks old, tiny enough to hid behind my big musquash collar (no wild life qualms in those days) and smaller than the beef shin bone I had wangled from the butcher. We crept into Chester's Town Hall, well before committee time and settled down, me in a strategic chair and he in a musquash nest with bone under the table. My Colleagues from Wales and North West drifted in and only to one person did I indicate The Presence (strictly forbidden and very unprofessional!). During the morning little whispers travelled and some disapproving eyes roamed from the agenda papers. At lunch two stayed to see how I could eat and recommended a pub where they graciously decied to turn a blind eye to a small person. After lunch I found a patch of grass hidden away in the Cathedral Close and willed my pup to do all for king and country and especially for me. He did promptly and we returned in careless triumph. The porters were now on my side as there had been no accidents..and it is hard to resist a Frenchie's eyes and ears. We settled to another strenuous session which had to be hurried as the mayor and the Sheriff were coming to pay their respects.

In due course the great ones were announced and a longish speech covering all relevant matters of local civic pride delivered. We were already exhausted to a comatose state when suddenly our host most gallantly told us we were doing a very good job, we woke with the excitement and clapped ourselves like mad. At that moment Max sensed victory in the air and leapt from under the table, all taboos forgotten, on to my lap and placed his paws on the huge table and gave his barking oratorio of triumph. It was too late for me to go under the table but a gracious lady sheriff came quickly down from the dias to say she loved Frenchies. At another meeting, Max repeated some of the performance. He was sitting beside me when the meeting paused at 4 p.m. after a gruelling day. The Chief Inspector looked around and asked for further comments when Max with a tremendous sigh,

plonked his front paws on the table and sank his head between them. "I think Max Jones has said it all for us" said the Inspector as he gathered up his papers.

The best story of Max's uncanny response to human thought certainly earned me the title of 'Liar' from a doubting Chairman of some authority's Committee. It has been told before but a long time ago. So.....

Max somehow seemed to get out by himself and when he had lost me would go down the street calling on our friends by pounding on their doors and skeedaddling through the moment they were opened to search the house for me and then make off to the next known front door further down the road. Like every Frenchy you know, he was insatiably curious and I noticed his love of building sites, used as he had been to my house with workmen in for nine months. So when I went to visit a young family with a new baby on a new estate, I thought it better to release him ferretting amongst planks and bricks rather than take him with me and I drove slowly on the next few yards so that he could keep track. I rather overdid my enthusiasm for the nice baby and the parents just sat there waiting for me to find one thing after another to say. Unfortunately I had been invited to tea so could not leave at a proper time. When we finished tea it was definitely dusk and I was worried that I had not heard Max pound on the door as per custom.

I took the car slowly along blowing a tattoo on the horn which he had always responded to. The only interest I awoke was a rather aggressive man who bounced up and said "Have you lost a Bulldog"? "Yes," "Well I've sent the police to your house!" I controlled a flash of anger and I said "You must have seen him and read his collar". "Yes, he's in my house". "So no wonder he never came to get me!! But you must have had trouble?" "Oh no, he knocked at our door somehow and dashed in. So we put OUR dog in the washhouse (I expressed real concern at the slight to their dog) and he has been very good playing with my daughter." By this time we too were going in and there in the passage a chirpy Frenchie with two empty plates and a drinking bowl before him and a little girl teetering on rather new legs in ecstasy beside him. Of course as soon

as he saw me he started a happy dancing-dervish act and the parents dropped on to their knees one each side of the little girl to protect her from this cheerful frenzy. As I thanked and apologised in some confusion I slipped the leash on the collar and by now completely bemused and remembering my own parties said "Now Max thank Mr. and Mrs. Perrumphph for having you and come home". Max immediately went to the kneeling lady and licked one ear and then paw on his shoulder to the husband with another appreciative swipe coming to stand before me with his head on one side "OK? Missus". I am sure they thought the sweets next day had been personally bought by the rascal.

More Frenchie Interludes another time.....

Aunty Fido's Hints to Pet Owners

Before I start my little helpful replies to all the correspondence I have received (?). I do hope that we can keep all this to ourselves, I mean my dears that I don't think the BREEDERS would approve. Even my Vet said it was all nonsense but he has actually come round....perhaps he thinks I need humouring. Well, I ask you...or rather I don't.

Bandages Well there we have a great problem. I had a very vain little Bullie and we used to play a lot about the place. Sitting down on the floor beside him I tried a big wooden bead necklace on him. The lovely deep blue looked wonderful on his brindle coat, so I said so. Up went the little chin the eyes half-closed with pride and he sat bathed in the glory of his own beauty, rudely disturbed when I took it off again. But it registered. When he had torn a dew-claw, I went to the vet who did what had to be done and said 'You'll never keep this bandage on!' "If, you'll excuse my odd behaviour, I think I will" and I proceeded to say "Oh, How beecootiful you look! What a SMART Bandage you have there!" etc. etc. He walked out of the surgery, three steps and a flourish of the bandaged paw for all to see, as the vet and I agreed, just like a young girl with an engagement ring (well the extroverts!)

It was a worse job taking it off at the end of the week when all was well, I did that sitting close together in the dark...he was always more amenable when the lights were out!

The Approach of senile depression in males Well my dears, you must have thought of this one, invite a nice little bitch in for short and well chaperoned visits..this shortens the Vet's bill, drastically..and certainly lengthens the life of our much loved companions.

Hygiene I am sure some of my readers will sympathise with 'Desperate' from Woolly Wenlock who writes to me of the great embarrassment to guests who have sat on her sofas only to find themselves definitely hairy at the back. My little wrinkle is to tell her/him that when the Head of the House insists on the sofa as main resting/snoozing place a quick rub over by hands incased in household rubber gloves will do a lot more than all these 'ere special brushes.

Health and Youth to the Pensioner Pet Owner Remembering a cure for a pinkish Frenchie proboscis was sea-weed, I made an excursion to the chemist who joined in the fun and recommended Kelp tablets but when went serious and said "You would do well to take some yourself as you look anaemic." So off we went. The nose went jet black, the tum followed, dark grey and when I went to the vet for something and complained about the useless scrubbing I was performing on the grubby looking tum, he said it was pigmentation. A few weeks later that word pigmentation made sense again as I noticed that my greying hair was darkening slightly and months later was definitely showing shades of brown and even chestnut. So, my dears, if you follow all my excellent advice pet and owner will live longer and lovelier I wonder?
