

'BAT EARS'

THE MIDLAND & NORTHERN COUNTIES

FRENCH BULLDOG CLUB

BULLETIN

"SPRING ISSUE 1987"

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 Printed by: Miss M. Smith, 2 Burnell View, Blakemores
 Bank, Bayston Hill, Shrewsbury, SY3 0EE
 Published by: Midland & Northern Counties French Bulldog
 Club.

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 POLICY OF THE CLUB

Dear Members,

It has been a very good year for the club with two very well supported shows. I would like to thank the committee and members for their help, the ones who arrive early and put everything in order for the day, some who stay late to tidy up and all the people who bake, give specials, donations, prizes for the raffle and those who very kindly brought wine and delicious cheese for the party after the championship show.

A special thanks to Chris Bristow and Chris Rate who spent most of their time in the kitchen with a non doggy friend of mine, who although working in the kitchen all day said she thoroughly enjoyed herself as the people were all so friendly and it was such a happy atmosphere.

Since our last bulletin we have lost our fourth member in Mrs. Dorothy Gordon-Williams at the grand age of 93, she had been a member for over 25 years and was a committee member for several years. She made up a champion in Michele of Millhouse.

Also one of our newer members Mrs. Ann Norris lost her husband very suddenly, to all the families we offer our sincere sympathy.

Several of our members have had spells in hospital Dick Watkins, Jean Wells, Sidney Booth and Leslie Thomas. I hope they are now all fully recovered and that we shall see them all at Crufts.

I am sure all members will wish Kathy Broderick and her family all health and happiness in their new life in Australia. The family emigrated as the climate suited Kathy so well, as she found out when she had a holiday over there.

Dick Bowgen - I am sorry to report that Dick Bowgen has resigned as Editor of 'Bat Ears'. I would like to

take this opportunity to thank him for all the time he spent on the bulletin on behalf of all the members, we will try to keep up the good work.

It is very nice to see our newer members winning well - Merry Lane made up her first champion in Tollydane the Tatler, Tim Hurstwaite got 2 OCs with Tasmai Bilbo Baggins who was in the first litter he bred, Peter Shagne had his first CC with Le Baronet Fontenelle, Leslie Thomas also got her first homebred CC winner. Mrs. Gordon too, made up her first champion in Ch. Nokomis Moonchild of Condor.

I heard from Jill Keates that she is the leading breeder of the year - has the best of Breed in Nokomis Omeme and Best opposite sex and best puppy with Tollydane Peirot.

Congratulations to all winners, the ones I have mentioned and the ones that have not been mentioned. As I have not been going to the shows last year and do not have a dog paper, I could have missed quite a few new winners, so please accept my apologies!

I would like to thank all the contributors.

We are going to have a Club Handbook for the Club 30th Anniversary in 1988. It will be on the same format as before, so it can act as a reference book. The cost will be £15 a page.

Wishing all members all the very best for 1987.

Ann Cottrell

Secretary.

Membership: Single £1.50, Joint £2, Life £35, Overseas £5
Club Badges £5 Handbook £7

President's Letter

In 1986 we saw two very successful club shows at Penkridge with Mrs. Pamela Cross Stern judging our open show in April. Mrs. Cross Stern displayed great care and consideration for both exhibit and exhibitors and it is easy to see why she has become one of the foremost judges in the country. Mrs. Cross Stern is of course the daughter of the late Fred Cross one of the great all rounder judges of this century. Our Championship Show was judged by Mrs. Judith Sidney the popular president of the French Bulldog Club of England, and a very well known exhibitor of French Bulldogs with a long experience in the breed.

Both these events were tremendous successes, financially and much more importantly socially. Exhibitors and spectators displayed generosity, appreciation and enjoyment of the event. Dog showing at its very best.

We look forward eagerly to 1987 when we have Mrs. Chris Coley judging our open show. Mrs. Coley is an exhibitor and a breeder of French Bulldogs, but she is also an extremely successful breeder and exhibitor of Boston Terriers, currently one of her home bred Bostons is holding the breed record for CC wins. The judge elect for our Championship show is Mr. Arnold Hendricks a dutch citizen who has judged the breed quite frequently in the UK and is reasonably well known to UK exhibitors. Assuming KC approval of his appointment Mr. Hendricks will be awarding the big green cards for the first time at our Autumn Show.

In 1987 also we prepare for an important club anniversary when in 1988 we will be thirty years old. We are planning to celebrate this important year and I know the Midland and Northern Club family will rally around to make it yet another great and memorable year in the club history.

Our club has prospered because of the happy spirit which is evident at all its functions. New members are rapidly assimilated and welcomed, soon to become imbued with the club spirit and atmosphere and work to keep the atmosphere alive. We do have a great club with a wonderfully warm and friendly nature, due entirely to the happy bunch of French Bulldog enthusiasts that form the club. You lavish Tender loving care on the clubs health and happiness and it behoves us all to ensure that no one or nothing interferes with these attitudes for they are our clubs life blood.

I look forward to seeing you all at our 1987 events and sincerely wish you all a happy and successful 1987.

Elwyn S. Harding.

To 2 Frenchies on the death of a loving and loved master
To Bing and Samantha

He won't be coming home here anymore
Your little feet will patter on the door
For only me.
You wait, and peep, as if to see
Is he coming too - with me?

But no - its only me.
When we go walks - I lock the door,
You have to wait for this new chore,
I need a pocket for the key
Because there's only me.
Then, on our walk, we can pretend
That's its a dream, and it will end
That is, until we get back home
He's gone, but I am not alone
We're three - not only me.

J. Rees

BRING ON THE CLOWNS

When I chose a Welsh name for my new Frenchie, it was with a sense of mischief. French would have been better but I could not resist seeing what the Kennel Club would do with the spelling and there was some clause about foreign names which I wanted to challenge if anybody decreed Welsh to be a foreign language. So I hunted through the myths of the Mabinogion, a pre-Arthurian period, and came upon 'Macsen Wledig'. He was a mighty Emperor of Rome who had dreamed of a beautiful chess-playing princess and sent out his men to search for her. News brought him to Caernarfon Castle where the Prince's family certainly were enjoying their chess and carving chessmen as a hobby. The wedding took place but in simple, tribal Wales there were no words for Emperors. Maximillian translated to Macsen and his pomp to the 'owner of lands' 'Wledig'. I had forgotten I was not to call my odd little Frenchy by any name with a capital M. So off went the transfer form to Crufts. I had a reply in due course chiding me for having a French bulldog and giving him an ordinary name. They were being helpful and said that the name should contain Prince or Duke or something similar to suit the breed. I am sorry I never kept the letter but Frenchy

owners please note! I sent the above explanation back to the club and they felt it entirely suitable. Macsen owned no land but he guarded mine and my goods and chattels ferociously.

And there he stood, his tail always gay and askew, his ears pricked after the anxious weeks of stroking them straight as he slept and now a vivid signalling equipment for questions and to alert me from a roadside when I was out looking for the naughty escapee. Odd he may have been to all other owners and horrific he may have been to the breeders, but as a companion he was intelligent, witty and loveable, alert to my every mood and move and intensely loyal, of course. Each night when I came back from a day of exhausting winter travel and stressful situations, he was there to greet me and as I flopped like a zombie into my father's arm-chair (so that I would not have to see it was empty) he decided that a cabaret show was the only way to bring laughter. He had found a little brass bowl and this he wore as a piece of armour. Held between his teeth and tipped right over his nose he would feint charges at the furniture racing back for applause with his round bright eyes peering over the rim and his ears taut and upright with excitement. He pranced and posed until I joined in and agreed to throw the bowl about for retrieving practise. He got good at tipping it up when it was upside down, sometimes with the aid of the skirting board when mere paw-bashing produced no results. One day, however, he was stymied. It would do nothing. The wheels whirled round under the nice bulgy forehead and he moved the upside down bowl to the corner of the carpet and stood over it, gently holding the corner of the carpet in his teeth and backing inwards until the carpet had rolled the bowl to an upright position, pickable up and ready for the next entertainment. I know a few humans who would not have thought of that one!

The little Clown got nearer to the circus ring with his next antics. The house was being divided into two flats and the builders with no warning took out the staircase temporarily-for-nine-months leaving me with a runged straight ladder, a housekeeper aged three quarters of a century and my Frenchy, Macsen Wledig. I introduced him to the ladder as by now we were all living entirely upstairs with downstairs facing the winter of '63 with open doorways

back and front, a huge open stair window (gone) and sundry holes for other windows to come. Macsen sensed the necessity for wholesale success and I lifted him up...two front paws on rungs, two back paws below, front ones up back ones up, try again two fr..and he was away to the top and even manouvered the tricky side step off the ladder on to the last remainder of the stairs at right angles. Of course he always came down on my arm with two paws tightly gripping my shoulders but he was by now an expert at ascent.

I visited the residential nursery occasionally and taking Macsen whom the children, even those with calipers, etc. adored. I lost him one day. Matron steered me to the play garden and there in line was Macsen, soon it was his turn to climb the six-rung ladder, a mere doddle to him, and then swish down the slide with a gorgeous silly grin on his face to return, with no cheating to the queue for his next ride. The children naturally saw nothing extraordinary about it, he was one-of-them.

He was also a dancer, he loved to be given some new, strange food like a grape and he would put it on the carpet and dance round it, facing the grape all the time prancing a step towards it and then leaping back until he had gone round full circle. Summer arrived and the strawberries. This big red fruit looked very special and he flung himself on his back on the ground, head towards the strawberry and propelled himself around the circle with bottom wriggles throwing a paw back in salute to the lovely strawberry each time he wriggled the next few inches. He always ate the objects to which he had paid such homage.

Leta Ogwen-Jones

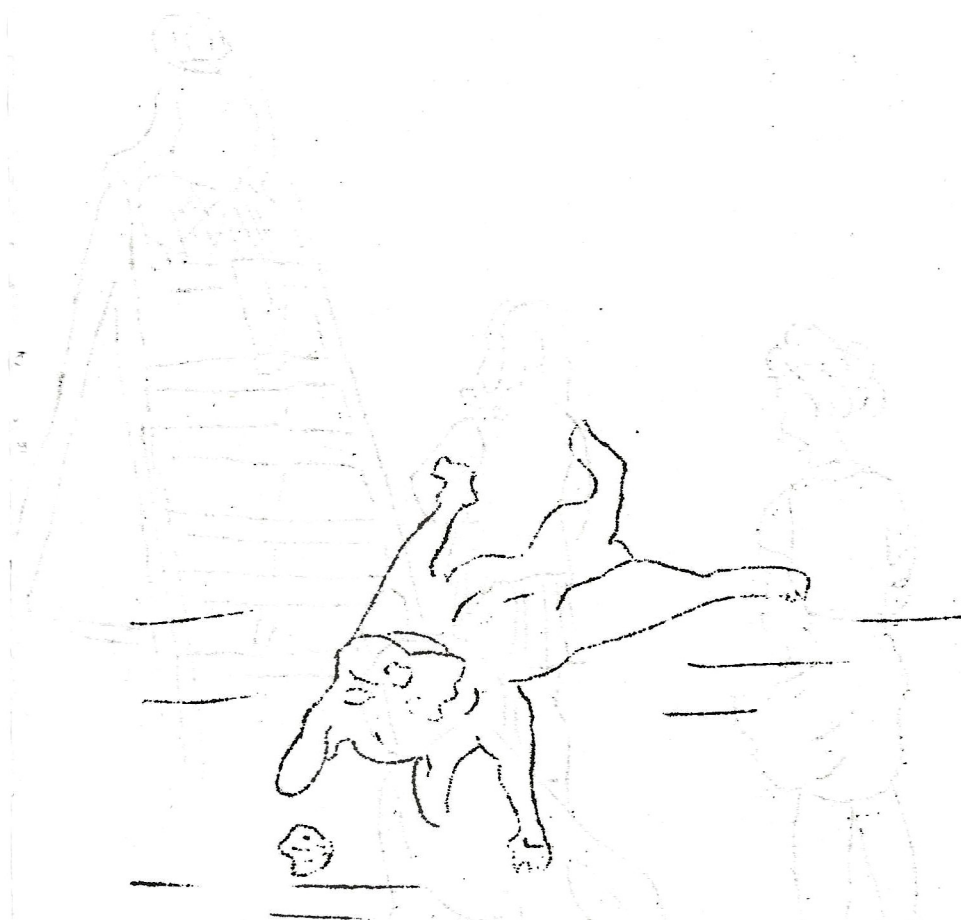
LIVING IN SWEDEN

Ann asked me to write 'something about living in Sweden with the dogs'. My initial reaction was that it is much the same as in the UK, except for the climate - hotter in Summer and colder in Winter here. However, there are more differences which have slightly affected the dogs, and me more so, but it was the climate we noticed first. We travelled over together, going to Harwich in a large VW van, 2 people, 5 adult French Bulldogs and 3 puppies, and a teenaged Lab, Kate. We shared a four berth cabin on the ferry, much to the delight of the dogs, and after 5 hours at Gothenberg clearing customs and the

border vet., faced another 7 hours by road. With regular stops, walks in woods and food, they were not upset, or tired. They quickly settled in the rambling house at Tullinge, and were happy to meet Dextra, Jans Swedish Lab, and Charles our English import who travelled over a month earlier. Kate suffered a little at this point; from 8 weeks old she had lived only with Frenchies, they were her 'family' and suddenly she was faced with a huge black boy, and a rather large placide yellow girl. She was very puzzled, and returned again and again, with disbelief, to examine their long wagging tails. The Frenchies decided they had no idea which clothes to wear, and threw their coats in the most devastating moult I have ever seen. I had five almost bald little people, resembling what the Swedes call Kinesisk Nakenhunds! They had 3 months 'house quarantine' (simply keep away from dog-shows, please), during which time they grew lovely new jackets, and Brig, for the first time ever, has a soft coat.

The first show we entered fell on a blistering hot day, had it been in England I should certainly have stayed at home. However, I was sufficiently aware of the Swedish environment to know that shade is always available, traffic jams almost unheard of, and water never very far away. It is possible, almost everywhere, to park cars in woods, and stay for hours, perfectly comfortable, often near to the ringside. This is lovely and takes the worry out of travelling and showing in hot weather. There is of course, another side to the coin! Wet weather accommodation is unheard of; if it rains, you simply get wet! I haven't experienced it yet, but have seen videos of Frenchies being shown in torrential rain (a la Bath!) being tucked under the skirts of huge macs., sheltered under umbrellas, and looking as sad and poverty-stricken as only damp French Bulldogs can.

Winter brought new experiences to us all. The snow arrived in November, and stayed until April; it was dark mid-afternoon (in Summer it stays light all night), and unbelievably cold. Swedish house are however, very warm, as are the shops, and all public buildings. The Frenchies piled up their vetbed by the radiators, all around the house, and looked set to hiberante. Nothing could persuade them to go farther than 2' from the door to be

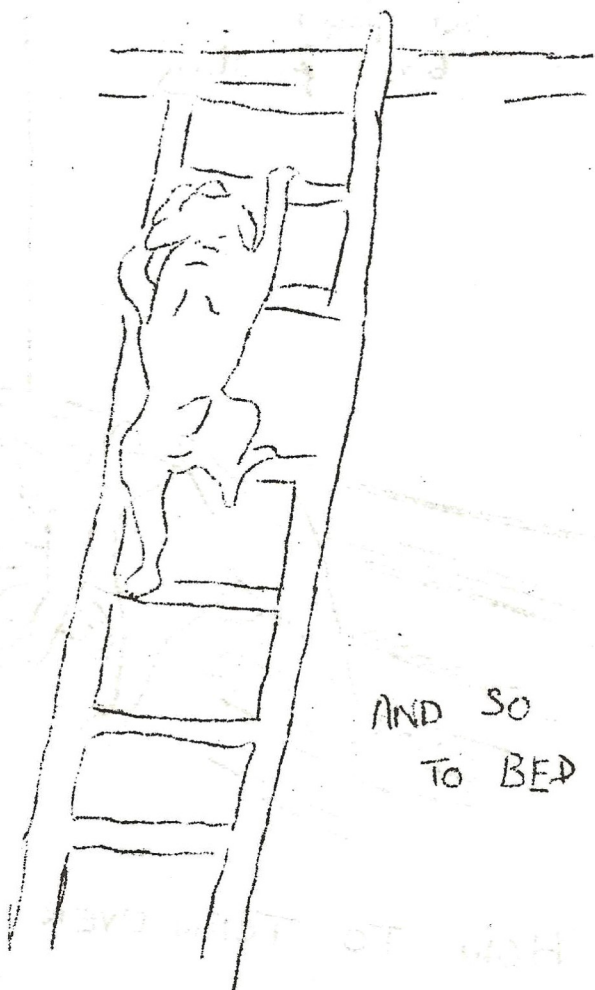


HORIZONTAL DANCE
WITH FLAILING PAWS
AROUND STRAWBERRY

W00? H20? VM



MY TURN SOON!



AND SO
TO BED

see pages
6 & 7 for story



HOW TO TURN OVER A BASIN -
see Mrs Beeton for details

clean; however, if humans, muffled up, and went out with them to play snow-games that was fun. We could go for walks too, but only if the temperature was above -12° , below that their feet froze and they went lame, so I learned to look at the outdoor thermometer at least twice a day. If it was 'warm' enough, wearing thick woolly jumpers and heavy waterproof overcoats on top, they were happy to plod around the village with me. I hated it! The one blessing here is that the snow is not wet, and none of us needed to be dried off when we came indoors. Of course, exercise in snow has meant that their toe-nails have had to be cut regularly throughout the Winter months, no joy for any of us.

I wonder if, in time, we will become more acclimatised. One puppy, aged 9 weeks, who joined us in January, loved the snow, appeared to be immune to the cold, and played happily outdoors without any ill effects. I have noticed 'native' French Bulldogs, often enjoy the snow, and are perfectly content out of doors in breath-taking cold.

I can't speak for the dogs, but the thing I miss most, is the close friendship of people at home. The best thing about living here for me, especially now that we have moved into the country, is the space, and I think the dogs love the freedom too. This is a country, twice the size of the UK, with a population of 8 million (similar to the population of London). Allowing for the fact that most families have 2 homes, often a flat in Winter, and a 'Summer house', there are still vast, unpopulated areas. We are lucky to be surrounded by trees and woodland, and Winter, if we wish, can go for days without seeing anyone. It is wonderful to be able to walk with the dogs free, and maybe they have learned a little from the Labs., as when the snow started to go, they showed obvious joy, and discovered all the wonders which had been hidden, returning home carrying twigs, fir cones and other 'treasures'. They seemed to settle quicker and easier than me, their understanding of the Swedish language was immediate - mine is taking much longer. Culture shock hardly affected them; I take comfort in the fact that I didn't as they did temporarily loose my hair!

Maureen Bootle Blomquist, PL2357, 148 00 Osmo, Sweden.

A LITTLE FRENCH BULLDOG AND OBEDIENCE

On October 19th, 1986 the Progress Tests took place at Swadlincote Leisure Centre, South Derbyshire, where Rod Ward holds the Obedience classes on Sunday evenings and where my little Frenchie 'Aliette' has been attending for some months. As you can imagine this is quite an event with some 30 or so dogs taking part in our class and we all have to do our "stuff" before an independent and qualified judge. Betty, Rod's mother, and who incidentally used to be in charge of the German Shepherd Demonstration Team for the Tamworth Branch of the British Association for German Shepherd Dogs sits on the panel too.

Well on this occasion my little lass really did herself proud - it gave me a real thrill to see her go out for the dumbbell in such a happy manner and execute a nice heel and finish. Lots of the spectators on the side lines were ooh-ing and ah-ing and several came up to me afterwards and had a chat - one or two to say "I didn't know that bull breeds could do Obedience" and several more very surprised when they learnt that she was also a "show-dog". "I didn't think you could do both" they said. So that's something Betty usually takes up and calmly says "Surely your child when it was small knew the difference when you said "Sit while mother puts your socks on and stand while I put your coat on. It's just the same with a puppy when it is taught correctly from the beginning." Anyway to my great delight and loud applause I was awarded a Silver medal and in my remarks there were the words "take things slowly". But you all know me!!!!!! I'll let you know how we go on at the next Progress Test - meanwhile we have the Christmas Party to look forward to and Rod and Betty devise various activities for us - this year's competition is for THE DOG WITH THE PRETTIEST CHRISTMAS NECKLACE so I must leave off now and get cracking. (I wonder what Rod will dress up as this year.) The Frenchie people missed the laugh of the century when he came in his tutu as the fairy off the Christmas Tree. He'll make me work twice as hard when he knows I've told you that bit.

C. Young-Lumsden

MAYBE ITS BECAUSE SHES A LONDONER.....

I am a very high class, beautifully bred French Bulldog and I normally speak English with a most attractive French accent and shund (or sounded) very much like a canine Maurice Chevalier. However, all that was before I picked the woman whom I chose to own. She was born in a place called London and, not to put too fine a point on it, she don't speak proper. That doesn't stop her going to many Championship Shows in order to get what she calls a "ticket" (I have some of these 'tickets' and she is very pleased with me).

I would now like to tell you what it is like to be a Show dog and will describe one of the days in my life.

It is very dark - the middle of the night, I think, when there is a shrill sound from the dog and bone - she shakes me awake and says "Come on we're off to a show" I tell her to go away as I'm brown bread and she says I'm not to tell so many pork pies (I have been doing it a lot lately) and I must get down the apples and pears and have a cup of Rosie Lee. She then powders and paints her face and combs her Barnet Fair. We then get into the lah-di-dah and travel off down the frog and toad. We go miles and miles and miles until we get to a place called the 'Show Ground'. She pulls one out of the car where I was having a nice sleep. She puts on my lead and then puts me on the bench where I sit like Patience on a Monument until its time to go in the ding-a-ling. I prance up and down in front of the old Barnaby Rudge and sometimes he gives me a first prize. In that case he's a proper gent, but sometimes I'm placed lower and then she says hes obviously Brahms & Liszt - you can see by the colour of his Boat Race and how unsteady he is on his plates of meat.

Well, that part of the day is over and home we go, having waited for 'Early Removal' - whatever that is - I wish it wouldn't come to shows - its a great nuisance.

The one I own drives home happily, or not, as the case may be, while I snore loudly in the back seat. Am absolutely whacked and long to get in my tisket-a-tasket by the radiator.

We both have a large meal and go to bed. Thank goodness tomorrow is an ordinary day with love and kisses and walks by the river. Who did invent Dog Shows? Was it Mr. Cruft? Pity he bothered.

- Judith Sidney

Dear Editor

I read with dismay the statement by Mrs. Hargreaves in Bat Ears that dogs had been rescued in Wales from 'deplorable conditions'.

These dogs were collected for the rescue organisation by Mr. B.W. Cadogan and myself and we then are the only people who saw the conditions under which they were living.

The facts are that the owners had become chronically ill and one of them was now totally bed ridden. They realised that they were no longer able to care for the dogs and took the responsible and in their case courageous course of asking the Rescue Organisation to place the dogs in good loving homes. At least one of the French Bulldog bitches could easily have been sold for a high price had they wished to take this course, and in recognition of this fact the Rescue authorities made an unusual and generous gift of money to the unfortunate owners.

We arrived at the house without prearrangement and found the dogs concerned sleeping on the sick owner's bed. They were well fed and had not wanted for love and affection. The parting was extremely tearful.

These are the facts. Where Mrs. Hargreaves' "Scouts" obtained their information I do not know, but it was certainly not from the only two persons who were involved with the collection of the dogs.

I regret the need to publidse these cases in this manner. I believe that the Rescue Organisation can do its excellent work, better, if that work is kept private and confidential. However, in the interests of common justice and truth, I must correct wildly defamatory statements

Regards

Elwyn Harding

(Note:

this letter was sent to the ex-Editor)

JOE -- THE JOKER

Fairly soon after the war my husband and I were at Newmarket races and bumped into one of his gambling friends who lived at Woodford. He owned a Bull terrier and knew it was a favourite breed of mine. Would I have him? They (he, his wife and children) to buy a canary from a pet shop in Soho. In the window was a bull terrier puppy looking most forlorn. He was expensive, being a son of Ch. Ormandy Moguffin, a very famous dog in his day. The children persuaded him to buy him instead of the canary. Never had he regretted anything more! At first all was well, except for chewing everything in sight. As he grew up he began to find life very boring, children at school and parents always away racing. He managed to escape constantly and was found playing football with the local children or following horses in Epping Forest. My husband to my astonishment agreed! They were going to Newmarket the following day and would leave him at the Railway Hotel which was run by some friends of mine in Bishops Stortford. They arrived early and did not stop. There tied to a railing outside was a sad, rather dirty bullterrier. My Alsatian and Springer spaniel were affable dogs and took to him immediately. Joe loved motoring, so was happy to get in the car with us. He was an energetic dog, but provided he exercised with my horse plus the Alsations and springers he gave no trouble.

My Ma in Law had a shire horse which had grease (a horrible complaint of the feet which shire horses used to get). She asked me if I would have him in a large loose box. She lay down on the deep bed of straw and never got up again. Joe stayed with her day and night, I feeding him beside the mare. The mare never got better and sadly had to be put down. Joe was very sad. He was always slipping off looking for adventure and would go to Bishops Stortford, which in those days was a sleepy market town. I had a phone call from the busy restaurant asking me to collect him, he was curled up fast asleep on one of the tables, having had a good meal in the kitchen! Joe loved parties and in those days after the war we had a lot of 'bottle parties' as alcohol was still rationed. If anyone put a drink on the floor Joe would be sure to drink it! Someone taught him to smoke and was photographed by the local press. I do not know if he really enjoyed it, or just did it for effect as he was a real clown. He did some modling for Vogue, advertising children wearing warm vests and pants!

The Gt. Danes and Alsations also did some with snooty models. It meant going to London two or three times a week and we all got fed up with it, so I gave it up, but it was very profitable.

One day I had to go to London on business and left them all at home. I had an excellent help who loved them all and looked after them for me till I got back. When I returned at 6 no Joe and no Karl, note to say they had slipped off! I phoned the Police, yes they had been seen hunting a hare at Harlow and nearly got shot. The older farmer got his gun up to shoot them, but the son restrained him saying they were obviously someones pets. The dogs turned up about 9 p.m. Joe came in crawling on his stomach looking very ashamed, followed by Karl who hastily gave me his paw. They never went off again.

I kept several pedigree large white sows in those days, and Joe was very fond of them. One sow, Matilda, always came into the house when she was going to farrow and expected me to come and dry the piglets as they were born, assisted by the dog family. When the last one was born, she turned nasty tempered and we all had to depart quickly! When the babies reached a certain age the vet and assistant came to castrate them. Before they arrived I had to separate them from the sow. The first one squealed, then there was a roar of rage from the sow and she put all her weight against the pigsty door, tore across the yard and seized the vet's assistant in the middle of his back and shook him like a rat! The vet, the Alsations and myself tried to drive her off. Joe was most upset, and was busy licking the sow and trying to comfort her! Eventually peace was restored, but not before the assistant's clothes were torn to shreds. We all went into the house and I brought him round with brandy. Joe stayed in the yard to comfort the sow! He was kissing her while we were hitting her!

Joe lived to a ripe old age and we buried him in his favourite place in Hatfield forest under an oak tree.

I missed him very much and a friend said why do you not get a small dog you can cuddle, so this was when I bought my first Frenchie Benhooks Marie-Louise to fill the gap. Something I have never regretted.

Pat Cox

For those who have not had the experience of Homoeopathy I will attempt to give a very short explanation. 'Treating like with like'. This means treating an illness with a substance that produces in a healthy person, similar symptoms displayed by the person who is ill. Current medical opinion believes that symptoms are caused by the illness. Homoeopathy by contrast, sees the symptoms as the body's reaction against illness as it attempts to overcome it and seeks to stimulate and cure, not suppress the reaction. It is often argued that the cure is psychological but this is obviously not possible in the case of animals. Many vets and doctors will also argue that the patient would have made a recovery given time. These are the attitudes that one has to listen to from time to time. It is not always a quick or instant cure as with antibiotics but it is usually permanent without recurring symptoms. A great deal depends on the selection of the correct remedy and this can only come with experience, also early diagnosis. My experience is that the longer one delays the longer the cure may take. When treating a person or animal by this method the whole person is treated and therefore the same illness in two different people may be treated with different remedies. It takes time and understanding and is perhaps more difficult to treat animals because one has to rely on the owner to assess the animals character.

In the 18th century Dr. Samuel Hahnemann convinced that existing medical practices did more harm than good, began to look for an alternative form of treatment that would be safe and gentle and effective. Appalled by the medical procedures of the day he believed that human beings had the innate capacity for healing themselves. He reasoned that instead of suppressing symptoms he should seek to stimulate and so encourage and assist the body's natural process. Over a long period Hahnemann and his followers took small doses of various substances and carefully noted the symptoms that they produced. These were called provings. Consequently patients suffering from these symptoms were given the relevant substances. The results were encouraging and often remarkable.

(to be continued)

The Club offers their congratulations to all who made up Champions in 1986. We also offer our good wishes to Elwyn Harding who will be judging at Crufts 1987. We hope to include Reminiscences of Crufts next time.

Some of the Championship & Club Shows

Crufts: Friday Feb 13 - Mr. Elwyn Harding

Manchester: Mr. Sid Booth

M & N. FBC - Oren - Sunday April 5th - Mrs. Chris Coley

FB C of E - Sunday, April 12 - Miss F. Hamilton

WELKS - Sunday, April 26th - Mr. Joe Braddon

Birmingham Nat. - May 3rd - Mr. Bryn Cadogan

Scottish 1 - May 16 - Mrs. Shirley Ellis-Jones

Bath - May 25 - Miss Ann Cottrell

Three Counties - June 16 - Mrs. Vivien Watkins

Blackpool - June 26 - Mrs. Mary Baker

Paignton - July

South Wales - July - Mrs. C. Koudjis

FBC of E Limited - Sunday, July 19 - Mrs. Jolli King

East of England - July 21

Leeds - July 26 - Mr. Graham Newell

Bournemouth - Aug 7 - Mr. Mike Stockman

Welsh Kennel Club - Aug 15 - Mrs. Dilys Harrison

Scottish 2 - Aug 28 - Dr. Ben Rauen

Leicester - Aug 31 - Mr. Colin Reed

City of Birmingham - Sept 5 - Mr. George Amos

Richmond - Sept 11 -

M and NCFBC - Sunday, Sept 26 - Mr. Arnold Hendricks

FBC of E - Open - Saturday, October 10th - Mrs. Riky Van

Raamsdonk

Driffield - Oct 11

Midland Counties - Nov 1 - Mr. Terry Thorn

BUBA - Dec 5 - Mrs. Margaret Bowgen

LKA - Dec 11

Other Shows

Chasewater - June 23 - Mr. Rod Ward

Chasewater - July - Mrs. Angela Reed

Bridgnorth - Oct. - Mr. Tim Hurstwaite