

National Newsletter Chow Chow Fanciers of Canada



October 1997

I would like to wish all the exhibitors in this month's National Chow Speciality the best of luck I'm sure we will all have a good time, it is nice to visit with old friends and meet new ones. Lower Mainland Dog Fanciers Shows have become the largest all breed shows in Canada due to the hard work by a small but dedicated group of people, headed by a lady with more energy than I could ever hope to have, Donna Cole.

We hope to see a lot of you at our Auction and Dinner, there will be something for everyone. We have some very talented Chow people out there that have given us some of their best this year.



I would like to thank Douglas Johnston very much for his help over the years with Adobe Pagemaker, which is the program I use to published these Newsletters. Without his skill, help and tutoring I would not have ever tried to do this job. I am finding it both fun and challenging. Many thanks go to the people who have written articles for the Newsletter. Anyone wishing to send

something in for a Newsletter, be assured that it will be very much appreciated. If you would like a full page black and white ad,



the cost is \$15.00, just send me your picture and what you would like your ad to say and I will do the rest. Send a cheque or money order to Jacquie Swim made payable to CCFC. You will find both our addresses on the back page....Suzanne

Dog Trivia

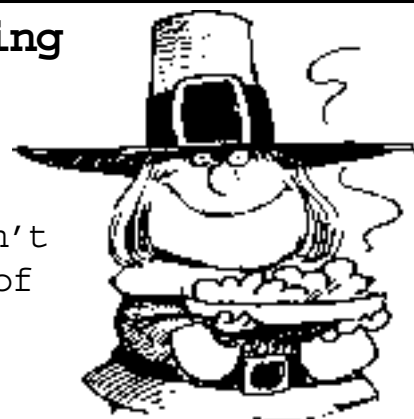
Man's best friend goes back much farther than previously thought.

DNA research (see New Scientist, June 21, 1997) indicates that dogs diverged from wolves about 135,000 years ago - 120,000 years earlier than previously thought. Carles Vila at UCLA examined the DNA sequences of 140 dogs of 67 breeds, 162 wolves, 5 coyotes, and 12 jackals.

Wolves were the closest relatives and there are at least 4 distinct evolutionary links tracing back to them. Estimates were based on measures of the rate of genetic change in the DNA sequences. Dogs and man got together much earlier than previously thought, before man settled down and started to grow crops.

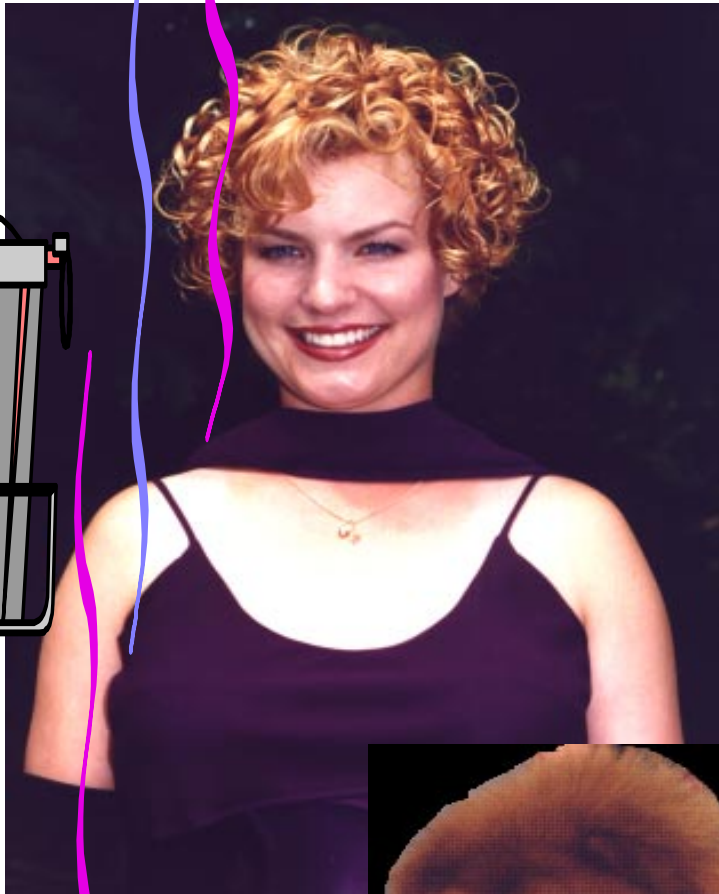
Happy Thanksgiving to everyone

Canadians in October and the Americans in November. Sorry I don't know about the rest of you in other countries.



Sevenacre's Congratulates

The New Graduate.....Candice Jensen



A
N
D



The New
Best In Show Chow
Ch.Sevenacre Leatherwd Olympian (BIS)



Sender: Molly Pederson
<fink@gloria.cord.edu>
Subject: Too much time on my hands...

Ode to Hoflin

From this list, I've learned oh so much-
'bout training, feeding, grooming and such.

And my Nala's illness was such a shock!
This list has fast become my solid rock.

But a few things I've learned and humor I see-
I'll write them down here an hope you laugh with me.

For I'm beginning to suspect that my Nala dear,
may not be a show dog, yes, that is my fear.

Her head down to the sidewalk does firmly adhear,
when walking she "must" inspect, far or near.

Some on this list note a Chow's head should be
high!
I just look at Nala and let out a deep sigh.

She pulls when we walk, a habit I can't alter.
No treats, no lead 'snaps', she will not falter.

In her quest for the perfect smell she's tight to the
ground.
I'm beginning to wonder if she's part blood hound?

Her hind is not "sound" her frame long and lean...
Do other Chows ridicule her, could they be so
mean?

And as if that's not enough, my heart just stalled-
I learn from this list that she daren't be Pie Bald!

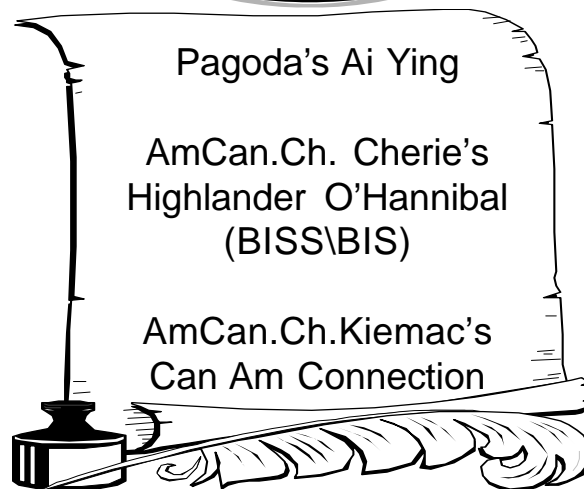
Well, I guess that's a fear I will just put to rest-
'cause as far as Chow's go, my Nala loves me best.

And after all, that's what counts, don't you agree?
-be they pedigreed show-dogs or Chows of pet
quality.

I have heard of a fair number of Chows getting
"SKUNKED" this year and unfortunately not
just at the shows. Here is one remedy for this
problem from the list server.

Must be mixed up and used immediately,
do not bottle mixture. Bath dog in
mixture and rinse.

1 quart 3% hydrogen peroxide
1/4 cup baking soda
1 tsp liquid soap



Gone but not forgotten is **Pagoda's Ai Ying**,
Sept\29\87, Pagoda's Solomon x Pagoda's
Lotus Blossom, Br\Ow: Diane Tombs. Two of
Canada's #1 Chows have left us, **Am.Can.Ch.
Cherie's Highlander O'Hannibal (BISS\BIS)**
Sept\26\92, Am.Mex.Ch. Cherie's Hannibal of St
Noel\Rom, x Am.Ch. Cherie's Marquis, owned
and bred by Sherrie Harper & Jan Montanye.
Sherrie handled Highlander to the number one
spot in 1994, winning Breed at our 1994 Na-
tional followed by a spectacular Best in Show
win at the Lower Mainland Dog Fanciers show.
Can.Am.Ch. Kiemac's Can Am Connection,
April\27\1990, Am.Can.Ch. Koby's Ambiance of
Tori\ROM x Ch. Ling-Su Elsa of Kiemac, was the
number one Chow in 1995, bred by Penny
Mackie owned by Penny and Elaine Furukawa.
Cam was taken to the top spot by Pro Handler
Beth Hilborn. We are truly sorry for the loss of
these great Chows, to the owners and breeders
our thoughts are with you.

MY HALF-CENTURY LOVE AFFAIR WITH CHOWS

By Virginia (Jane Porter) Holland

As I sit in the vet's office, tears form in my eyes. I am holding my beautiful dark red, six year old Chow female, awaiting the shot that will end her short life. While watching the vet prepare the needle, my mind travels back through the years and memories of wonderful, loving companions of the past fill my head.

Donna was diagnosed with a brain tumor six months ago and with medication, has done well until this past week. Even though she has lost her sight, she had a great appetite and wagged her tail vigorously in response to any attention. As with all our Chows through the years, she is a house pet and constant companion.

I brought her in today because of an ear infection. Her eyes are also pussy and inflamed. She has stopped eating and is not wagging her tail. Her evening pills are sitting on the kitchen counter and I am hoping all she needs is some antibiotics to help her fight the infections so I can take her home again.

After the vet examines Donna, she tells me the tumor has grown. It is no longer possible for her to have any quality of life. The next phase will be seizures followed by death. "It's time," she tells me softly and adds, "it's better to be one day too early than one day too late."

My friend Ta Lisha is here with me and she too is in tears. As Donna goes to sleep forever, Ta Lisha says, "Now she can see again." When it is over, I look at Donna's peaceful face and realize just how much her expression has changed these past months as the disease ravaged her body.

As I leave the vet's office crying and holding Donna's empty leash, I ask myself — again — why I want to have another Chow when it is so difficult to cope with the loss when they die. For me, this goes back to before I was born.

My Mother, a registered nurse, agreed

to take a temporary job caring for a World War I veteran, recovering from surgery in the hospital. When the six week assignment ended, he told her he didn't have the money to pay her, but he had two male Chow puppies and she could have one at half price — \$75.00! She went over to his house to look at puppies and they were so adorable she couldn't resist wanting one. I was due to be born in two months and she had taken the job to earn extra money for her new baby — not to spend an extra \$75.00 on a puppy — no matter how cute.

That night, she had the unpleasant task of telling my Dad that, not only was she not getting the extra money she had earned, but she asked for \$75.00 to buy the puppy. He reluctantly agreed and that night, she brought six-week old "Duke" home.

At night, she would put her feet up and hold the fluffy little puppy on her lap. As the puppy and her belly grew, Duke had to be content to lie next to her and put his head on her belly. So you see, I experienced the love, warmth and comfort of a Chow Chow before I was born.

I learned to walk holding onto Duke's fur. He was my constant companion, my protector. I think I even loved him a lot more than my little sister. I was eight years old when he died and I was devastated.

The only puppy we could find was a six month old female for sale at Poppyland Kennels. On the way to see her, Mom kept reminding Joan, my younger sister, and me that we were just going to look and not to buy the puppy. However, when we saw the wiggly tailed puppy, we were goners — Mom included. She was tiny — only about 25 pounds, but very cobby and heavily coated.

This was the first time I met Pete Kendall and she was very imposing and business-like, but her love for the Chows was very apparent as she showed off her beautiful dogs.

She explained that the puppy had been sold and returned because the buyers were unhappy with her size. She also explained that she had been injured and was missing a pad on her right front paw. But we fell in love with her anyway and took her home.

"Ginger" was timid around strangers — especially men, but she loved children and eagerly greeted all our friends. We would dress her up in baby clothes and wheel her around in our baby carriage. People stared in wonder when they came over to admire a baby and found a woolly red chow face wearing a baby bonnet looking back at them.

One day as I was walking Ginger, a lady came rushing out of her house and wanted to know where we got our beautiful little Chow. I told her we got her from Poppyland Kennels. She introduced herself and told me to tell my parents the dog should be shown at dog shows. She introduced herself as Monty Bultken. She said her husband Rolly and she were long time breeders, exhibitors and judges. I relayed the message to Mom when I got home. The next thing I knew, Mom, Joan and I were one our way to our first dog show wearing identical circular skirts with Chows stenciled on them that Mom had made.

Whenever I was unhappy or upset, my parents told me to go "pet the love battery." I would go find Ginger and hug her. It was impossible to stay mad or upset after she wagged her tail lovingly and gave me kisses.

When I was sixteen, I injured my back. After a year of constant pain I finally had a spinal fusion that required another year of rehabilitation and therapy. Ginger was my constant companion, following me as I limped around the house learning to walk again.

Ginger died during my first year of college. I wasn't there and I didn't get a chance to say good-bye. Mom tried to make me feel better by telling me she died because she missed me so much, but it only made me feel worse.

After college, I married my first husband, Bob Porter. On a trip north, we passed a sign advertising Chow Chow puppies. I implored Bob to stop and look at the puppies. The litter was ten weeks old and consisted of three black males and one pretty red female. I had my eye on the female as Bob informed me that he really didn't want a Chow but if we got one, he wanted the biggest black male. I sighed with disappointment but decided that I would just be happy to have another Chow — even a black male.

We named him George. He never met a stranger he didn't jump on and lick until the stranger pleaded for mercy. He was far from a watch dog. An appliance repairman came to the house and George didn't even wake up until a half hour after he had arrived. Then he woke up, yawned, wandered into the kitchen and then jumped on the repairman and licked him until I pulled him away.

Shortly after we got him, Monty Bultken called to tell us about a puppy match to be held at Poppyland Kennels. She said Palmer Boustad was scheduled to judge the match and that she was very patient with puppies and novice owners who handled them.

I bathed and brushed George and took him to the puppy match. As I walked through the gate dragging George who had not quite learned to walk on a leash, I stopped dead in my tracks. There on a grooming table stood a Chow with the most gorgeous head I had ever seen! Holding court to a group of admirers was Joel Marston telling about his puppy, Starcrest Richard the Lion. It was there for the first time that I heard about Clif & Vivian Shryock's imported male, Ch. Ghat de la Moulaine. As I looked down at George tugging on his leash and trying to jump up and lick

every passerby, I suddenly realized that George was not a show dog, even if he was leash broken.

Listening to Joel talk about "Dicky," I learned that the breeding of Poppyland Choo Choo and Ghat had been repeated and there were five puppies — two males and THREE females. Somehow, I had to convince Bob to get one of the females.

George finished third in a class of four and Palmer was a delight to show under. She was kind and gentle with the puppies, especially if they were shy. George took her by surprise when he licked her glasses off.

After judging, I introduced myself to Joel and asked about the puppies. He said the pick female was taken and that Pete Kendall wanted the pick male (who grew up to be Ch. Starcrest Spy of Poppyland).

Joel introduced me to Pete and she remembered my Mom from when we bought Ginger and went to dog shows when I was a child. She took me in to see the puppies and I immediately liked the smallest female who was not the pick, but I liked her. Pete said we could have either of the two females that hadn't been spoken for. When I got home from the match, I told Bob we were getting another puppy. He took it OK.

We brought Gina home when she was five weeks old. She was smart and well behaved. George loved her. When she was eight months old, we boarded her while I went to the hospital to have my first baby. Complications developed and I had to have a cesarean section. My baby girl died shortly after birth and I was in the hospital for a week.

When I came home, Gina was waiting for me and was such a comfort in my loss. She seemed to be grieving with me. However, it soon became apparent that she too was ill. We raced her to the vet. She was running a fever of 107 degrees and

was diagnosed with Leptospirosis that was a new virus for which no vaccine had yet been developed.

Over 100 dogs died in Southern California from that epidemic, but Gina was saved thanks to an innovative vet who was willing to try live virus shots. She needed medication every hour day and night which was a diversion for me and I was determined not to lose Gina too. The effects of the virus lasted for several weeks and she developed alarming neurological symptoms including "running fits" and photo phobia, but she eventually made a full recovery.

Although, she never did much in the ring herself, she had gorgeous puppies. We bred Gina to Ken-Wan's Copper Top who was litter brother to Ken-Wan's Tahg-Along, who, when bred to Ch. Starcrest Spy of Poppyland (Gina's litter brother) produced so many beautiful puppies. First litter consisted of two females and a male. The first born female was beautiful and the obvious pick of the litter at birth. At the Chow meeting, Pete overheard me saying the male puppy weighed nine pounds at four weeks and expressed disbelief. I invited her over to see for herself. She spotted the beautiful female and said she wanted to buy her for Cecil Lee and if she didn't want her, she would keep her for herself. She grew up to be Ch. Cheng Lee's Bamboo of Porter. Later, Cecil told me Pete had her "working like a dog" around the kennel for a week to be able to get Bamboo, not knowing, Pete had bought her for Cecil in the first place.

The next time, we bred her back to her sire, Ch. Ghat de la Moulaine. This litter consisted of three females and a male. Ch Porter's Primadonna and Ch Porter's Playboy came from that litter.

When it came time to breed her again, Ghat had died so we bred her to a half brother, Ch. Zeus de la Moulaine. This time she had five males, one of which was outstanding right from the start. We decided to keep him and named him Porter's Teddy Moulaine.

Clif Shryock took some photos of him and the rest of the litter and the next thing I knew I got a phone call. A cordial man's voice introduced himself as Rick Donnelly, a new Chow Club member. He asked if he and his wife, Reba could come over and see the puppies. We agreed on a time.

When they arrived, we all hit it off immediately — even Bob. They admired Primadonna and Teddy and I noticed Gina kept going up to them which was unusual for her. She was usually indifferent to strangers.

They asked when we planned to repeat the breeding and I told them I only breed every other heat cycle so it would be a year or so. I also said Gina was going on six years old and I wasn't sure we would breed her again as by then I had a two year old son and was planning on having another baby in a year or so. It was then that they asked about the possibility of leasing her and breeding her once more. I have often wondered what it was about them that I would even consider the idea. I think it was the way Gina kept going up to them and the way they responded to her in return.

We made arrangements to take Gina to their house the following weekend and see how she fit in. They lived in Orange County, about 30 miles from us. We ended up spending all weekend with them and just having a ball. Even Bob joined in and seemed to enjoy himself. Gina seemed at home so we left her with the agreement we had weekend visitation privileges.

We spent every weekend at their house until Gina whelped her litter. Reba called me frantically and said Gina's temperature had dropped over 24 hours earlier and she hadn't started into labor. I drove down immediately. As soon as Gina finished greeting me, she went into the whelping box and began to labor until she had produced four female puppies. Rick and Reba kept one of them and named her Donlee's Amy of Porter.

Ironically, one of the saddest experiences with the Chows was not with one of my own dogs, but when Rick and Reba lost their beloved Ch. Donlee's Petunia of Elster due to a botched cesarean section. She had previously produced two beautiful litters. These puppies were rapidly getting their championships and they had a waiting list. Sadly, they not only lost Petunia, but both of her puppies.

One of the funniest things that ever happened was when Reba and I took one of Petunia's puppies, Ch. Candy's C. Candy Porter to her first all-breed sanction match. She was only three months old and it was a long day for her.

Marcia Jackman was doing the large group and I had Candy stacked for a long time. All at once, she went limp so I scooped her up and left the ring. Reba came running up and rather than asking why I left the ring, said, "Get back in the ring." I obediently turned around and re-entered the ring. When I stacked her this time, she stood — just in time for the judge to point to her and say "first place." She went on to go best in match. After I came out from the group ring, I told Reba what had happened and she said she didn't know why I left the ring. All she knew is that she could tell Marsha liked her

In 1970, having remarried, our family moved to Alaska and for the next 20 years, I didn't do any breeding or showing. In 1993, I bought a puppy from Sherrie Harper, (Ch. Cherie's Echo of Latte',) with the express promise of showing her. She was such a delight in the ring, I got hooked again.

Besides the love from my Chows, I have made some wonderful friends through the years. Of course, Rick and Reba are still very close friends after all these years — even though they have since gone out of Chows and are raising and showing Bouvier des Flanders.

From the early days, I was especially fond of Cecil and Harold Lee. They were patient and helpful to me as a novice, and as friends. They were as gracious when they lost as when they won. I have lost track of Tom and Joan Lewis and would love to hear from them again. From Washington State, Mary (Molly) Murphy, Sherrie Harper and Jan Montanye, have all been wonderful and supportive friends. More recently, in Alaska, there is Ta Lisha and Joe Desjarlais; Richard and Lorri Mangum; and the other Alaskan Chow people who make it fun to go to dog shows.

These wonderful Chows: George, Gina, Bambi, Primadonna, Cal, Teddy, Candy, Lucy, Johnny, Amber, Nugget, Kismet, Katie, Donna, and Latte', have been by my side through the death of a newborn daughter, divorce, the deaths from cancer of first my Father and then my Mother. They have been there with their love and loyalty through it all.

Are some more special than others? Yes, but all have been precious in their own way. One may remind me of another such as Latte' reminds me a lot of Katie and Candy. Donna had some of the same mannerisms as Kismet did. Nugget was a lot like Gina. However, one never replaces another.

It has been over three weeks since Donna died and my other Chow, Latte', is not eating well. When she isn't coming up to me for extra love, she is lying by the door looking out the window waiting for her friend to come back. I'm finally able to think of Donna without bursting into tears if I don't think too long. As I'm writing this, a seven week old beautiful little red female is untying my shoe laces. She arrived yesterday and Latte' finished her dinner last night for the first time since we lost Donna.

This puppy came from Richard and Lorri Mangum. This is their first litter and the puppies are beautiful. Her name is going to be "Lorrick's Special Edition" and we are calling her Lacey. She really is special.

Pete Kendall used to always say, "There's going to be a hell of a dog show in Heaven." In the meantime, we can enjoy our beautiful Chow Chows here on earth.



The following two articles are from Deborah Ramsey:

Arthritis Aid

My female Chow Amelia*, (nonregistered), had elbow dysplasia on both front legs and underwent a costly operation 18 months ago to rectify the situation. The surgeon said that she had severe arthritis and probably wouldn't be able to do too much activity. My Vet gave her four injections of Cartophen to build up the joint fluid. Additionally, I have been giving her GLS, glucosamine sulphate for the past year after speaking to a doctor friend. Glucosamine sulphate is intended to build up the cartilage which cushions the joints. There has been no sign of stiffness, limping or other arthritic side affects. She walks for about 2 hours a day and can go for a half hour cross country, off-leash romp. My Vet was quite amazed that there was no swelling around the operated joints. So, if any of you have arthritic Chows, you may want to ask your Vet about Cartophen and GLS.

I have also used naturopathic medicine for arthritic dogs: Rhus Tox 6c, Hekla Lava 6c, and Trameel (an excellent natural anti-inflammatory medicine) from time to time after a really strenuous work-out. Two good references are: The Natural Dog and Homeopathic Medicine for Dogs.

* Suzanne Staines told me I should get a registered Chow and I learned the hard way!!

Natural Chow For Chows

My two and three year old Chows have been on an all natural dog food for the past two years. Both the dog's red fur has deepened to rich mahogany from cinnamon and my Vet attributes part fo the colour change to the natural food diet. Here is the recipe which is approved by my Vet.

60% cooked carbohydrates, preferably white rice easy to digest and brown rice if the dog need more fibre. Avoid wheat products if the Chow has sensitive skin and avoid potatoes and corn as they are less digestible.

20% cooked protein, preferably salmon, tuna, chicken, lamb. Avoid other red meats and tofu if the Chow has sensitive skin.

20% fresh or cooked vegetables and fresh fruit, (not citrus type). Perferably a mix of green and yellow or orange, such as carrots, broccoli, squash, green beans, spinach

and yellow beans (avoid onions!).

Blueberries contain bioflavonoid which help to transport vitamin C.

Kelp is excellent for Chows with skin problems!

Parsley is a good source of vitamin C and is also good for freshening breath.

Garlic every other month (5-10 cloves) is good for skin.

Refrigerate dog food

Per Meal:

1 tsp olive or flaxseed oil
1 good multivitamin with natural vitamin E

Optional Enhancements:

1 tsp ground flaxseed
1 alfalfa tablet
1/2 tsp powdered Ascorbic Acid buffered
wheat berry grass
1 cooked, large knucklebone per month to clean tartar off the teeth

I make batches of Chow Chow for two weeks and freeze half. It sounds like a lot of work but it becomes quite routine. The cost per week is about \$15 to \$20 for the two dogs. Each dog has about 2 1/2 - 3 cups of dog food per day. They weigh about 52 to 56 lbs.

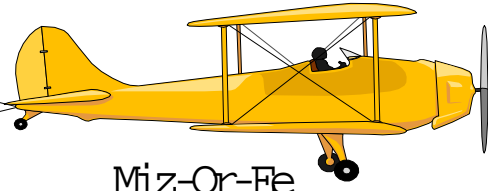


Sevenacre Miz-Or-Ee O'Chinabar says Goodbye to her brother Sevenacre Trishca Gentleman Bil



As he jets off to his new home with
his new owner
Gerhard Thyse in South Africa

Gentleman Bil & Miz-Or-Ee



Miz-Or-Ee

We wish him luck and Good Times
while Showing and Chasing Lions



Gentleman Bil



Miz-Or-Ee looks forward to meeting New Friends at the
1997 Chow Chow Fanciers National Specialty
and Chinabar wishes everyone the Best of Luck!

Chinabar Chows
Harry & Suzanne Staines



**Canadian
Champions**

**Am\Can. CH. BAI-LEE'S
MIDNIGHT QUEST**, 1057043,
Oct\23\93, Am. Ch. Bai-Lee's
Black Gold x Bai-Lee's Gold
Essence, Br: Pam & Doug
Bailey, Ow: Susan Morgan, (D)

**CH. CHINAROSE A LADIES
MAN**, ERN97000374,
Aug\15\95, Am. Ch. Westwinds
Peach Fuzz x Am. Ch. A
Chinarose Garden Party, Br:
Steve & Sandy Miller, Ow:
Steven & Sandy Miller & Judy
Webb (D)

**CH. DRAGONSLAYER'S
DREAM WEAVER**, FJ385193,
May\11\95, Ch. Mad River Lu's
Forever Yung x Gussy Aruadh
North Sea Memory, Br:Margaret
& Cindy Schlievert Ow: Kathryn
Langdon-Sparks (D)

CH. LEATHERWOOD KYA'YO,
July\28\95, Am.Ch. Cervan's
Nut' N' Honey x Sevenacres
Leathwd Holicervan, Br: Karen
Cox & Bill & Barbara Cervan,
Ow: Frank & Maralee Morado
(D)

**CH. LISHA'S CHINA DOLL BY
OBAN**, FC353042, Ch. Lioning
Rising Sun At Oban x Ch.
Oban's Madonna By Lioning
Ow: Margaret Turner

CH. TOUCHSTONE TOTEM,
ERN97000152, Sept\19\95,
Am. Ch. Tamarin Velvet
Tailsman x Leatherwood Fiona,
Br\Ow: Lisa & Margaret
Cameron (D)

**Canadian
Owned or
bred of a ovc
chows**

MI-TU'S HEARTS AFIRE,
CW229833, OFA:2822 F,
Nov\28\94, Ch. Mi-Tu's Gamblin
Man x Mi-Pao's Fircracker, Br:
Russ & Pat Robb, Ow: Mona
Cotie (F)

**CH. TOUCHSTONE SHOT
O'CAPPUCCINO**, OFA:2845 F,
Oct\20\92, Taichung Promises
Promises x Am\Can.Ch.
Leatherwood Mei Chum Chia,
Br: Karen & Mike Cox, Ow: Kitty
Egan\Peggy Cameron (M)



So Let's Get A Puppy

So let's keep a puppy,
you can always find room.
And a little more time for
the dust cloth and broom.

There's hardly a limit to
the dogs you can add
The thought of a cutback, sure
makes you feel sad.

Each one is special , so
useful, so funny,
The food bill grows larger,
you owe the vet money

Your folks never visit, few
friends come to stay,
Except other dog folks, who
live the same way.

Your lawn has now died and
your shrubs are dead,too.
Your weekends are busy,
your off with your crew.

There's dog food and
vitamins, training and shots
And entries and travel and
motels which cost lots.

Is it worth it you wonder?
Are you caught in a trap?
Then that favorite comes
up and climbs in your lap.

His look says you're special
and you know that you will
Keep all the critters in
spite of the bill.

Some just for showing, and
some just to breed
And some just for loving,
they all fill a need.

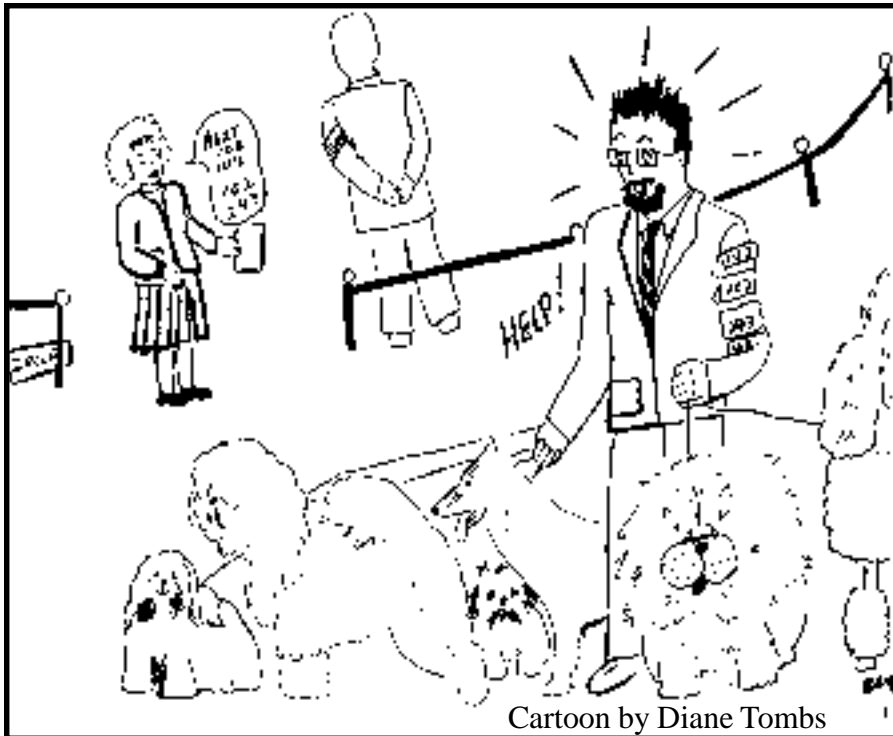
Winter is a hassle, but the
dogs love it true,
And they must have their walks
tho' you are numb and blue

Late evening is awful, you
scream and you shout
At the dogs on the sofa,
who refuse to go out.

The dogs and the dog shows,
the travel, the thrills
The work and the worry, the
pleasure, the bills

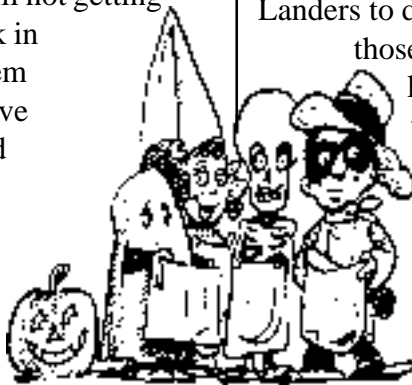
The Whole thing seems worth it, the
dogs are your life.
they're charming and funny and
offset the strife.

Your lifestyle has changed, things
just won't be the same.
Yes those dogs are addictive and
so's the dog game!



Cartoon by Diane Tombs

Be sure to have your Chows and other Pets secured and safe this Halloween. Each year there are many Pets scared by fire-works and not to mention the Ghosts and Goblins that roam the streets on this night. Each year it seems these little creatures start their rounds earlier, if you will not getting home from work in time to greet them remember to leave your Pets locked up and out of harm's way. I hope all of you enjoy the All Hallows Eve!



Elvis is still *KING*. That is **Ch. Shimas's Teddy Bear Elvis**, owned by Terry and Linda Inch. Elvis was the breed winner at the Booster in Saskatoon this Sept. We are looking forward to seeing this Veteran Chow out at the National...and of course Linda and Terry, it is hard for those Flat Landers to drive up and over those Rockies but we know you can do it, we have faith in you both, and please at least one of you keep your eyes open while driving, we know it is a long way down ;0)

Congratulations to Pauline Bignell, she just delivered her first litter of Chow puppies. Her Vet was such a help too, he went to Australia no less and did not leave a back up. The next nearest Vet was 250 miles away. That would make even old pros nervous to say the least. Well done Pauline, best of luck with your new Katpaw babies.



Please feel free to contact any of the Chow Chow Fanciers Exc. with ideas or questions.

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