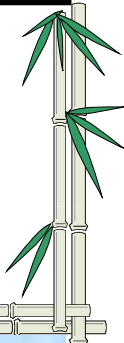




National Newsletter Chow Chow Fanciers of Canada



Dec 2001 - Jan 2002

The Canadian Olympian did it again....third year in a row to win the Breed at our CCFC National. This time from the Veteran's class no less. When Ollie started out to make his round, the crowd was clapping, that old guy just picked his head up a little higher and sailed around the ring. He knew he owned it! He was only entered for the Group Six on the Thursday and the National on the Saturday both days the breed could not be denied him and Ollie went on to win a Group 2 placement in the Group Six show.



Harry and I were very pleased that Chinabar's Funtoy O'Sevenacres won her championship on Sunday by taking the Breed, handled so nicely by Kitty Egan's granddaughter, Candice Jensen. Also attaining a new Canadian Championship was Tu-Sha's Adventure Quest, a very nice red smooth male owned by Audrey and Gary Dunlop. This was their first trip up to our Canadian Shows. They both enjoyed the visit and said "we will be back."



Ch. Chinabar's
Funtoy
O' Sevenacres

Ch. Tu-Sha's
Adventure Quest



**Chow Chow Fanciers of
Canada National Specialty
Oct 27th 2001**

**Sweepstakes
Breeder Judge:**

**Mike Burton
Luv Mi Chows Maryland
USA**

**Best in Yearling
Sweepstakes**

Blue Sky Rio Negro

Ch.Chrisma Eternal Flame x
Canton Mauli of Micmar
Br: Mike\Mary Counihan Ow:
Maralee Marado

**Best Opposite in
Yearling Sweepstakes**

**Ch. Chinabar's Funtoy O
Sevenacres, Am.Ch** Bearkat
Luv Mi Gen A P Hill x
Ch. Sevenacres Angel At
Chinabar, Br: Suzanne\Harry
Staines, Ow: Kitty Egan

Best in Veteran's Sweeps

**Can\Am\Int'INat
Ch. Sevenacre Leatherwd
Olympian (MBISS\MBIS)**
Can.Ch. Sevenacres
Barney's Boy Bil x
Leatherwood Cause It's
Maude, Br: Karen & Mike
Cox, Ow: Kitty Egan



**Judge Regular Classes:
Sally Bremner B.C. Canada**

Best Of Breed

**Can\Am\Int'INat
Ch. Sevenacre Leatherwd
Olympian (MBISS\MBIS)**
Can.Ch. Sevenacres Barney's
Boy Bil x Leatherwood Cause
It's Maude, Br: Karen & Mike
Cox, Ow: Kitty Egan

Winners Male

Ch. Tu-Sha's Adventure
Quest, Am\Can.Ch. Yangtze's
Bodacious x Touchstone
Quest For Magic, Br: Audrey
Dunlop & Karen Cox, Ow:
Gary & Audrey Dunlop

**Best Opposite
Winners Female
Best Of Winners
Best Puppy**

**Am.Ch. Braveheart's Re-
member O'Cherie, Am.Ch.**
Cherie's One Of A Kind x
Rhapsody's Runaround Sue
Br\Ow: Kathy Feroglia

Best Canadian Bred

**Can.Ch. Jodezi Rickshaw
McGraw (MBIS) Ch.**
Dragonslayer's Forever
Knight x Ch. Luv Mi Lil Bit Of
Sugar, Br: Yves Paradis &
Joanna Parker, Ow: Linda &
Terry Inch

Stud Dog

**Can\Am\Int'INat
Ch. Sevenacre Leatherwd
Olympian (MBISS\MBIS)**

Brood Matron

**Ch. Sevenacres Angel At
Chinabar, Can\Am\Int'INat**
Ch. Sevenacre Leatherwd
Olympian (MBISS\MBIS) x
Ch. Lohan Lucky Bet at
Sevenacres. Br: Kitty Egan,
Ow: Harry & Suzanne
Staines

Note: There were two **NEW
Champions** finished at this
set of shows.

**Ch. Chinabar's Funtoy O
Sevenacres**

**Ch. Tu-Sha's Adventure
Quest**

**Show Results Lower
Mainland Dog Fanciers
Thursday Oct 25 2001**

Best Of Breed:

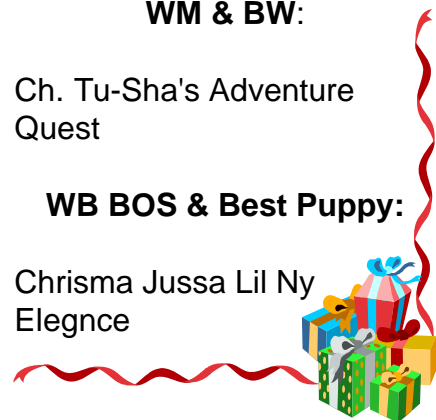
Can\Am\Int'INat
Ch. Sevenacre Leatherwd
Olympian (MBISS\MBIS)

WM & BW:

Ch. Tu-Sha's Adventure
Quest

WB BOS & Best Puppy:

Chrisma Jussa Lil Ny
Elegnce



Friday Oct 26 2001**Best Of Breed:**

Ch. Beshia's Prime Cut (BIS)

WM & BW:Ch. Tu-Sha's Adventure
Quest**WB BOS:**Ch.Chinabar's Funtoy
O'Sevenacres**Best Puppy:**Braveheart's Remember
O'Cherie**Saturday Oct 27 2001****Best Of Breed & WM & BW:**Moonshine's Promise Me
Magic**WB BOS & Best Puppy:**Braveheart's Remember
O'Cherie**Sunday Oct 28 2001****Best Of Breed & WF & BW:**Ch.Chinabar's Funtoy
O'Sevenacres**WM:**Ch. Tu-Sha's Adventure
Quest**BOS:**

Ch. Beshia's Prime Cut (BIS)

Best Puppy:Braveheart's Remember
O'Cherie

This will be my last newsletter, I am taking a break and turning the job over to the very capable hands of Christine Farnell. Chris has been putting together the Maple Leaf Chow Club's Newsletter for a number of years and did a great job. Please send your news, stories, and any ideas for the up coming issues to her at e-mail address chowchow@execulink.com

Some of you will remember Christine drawing from past Newsletters, like the one on this page.

I have enjoyed the years that I spent putting this Newsletter together and I thank all those who helped by sending articles, news etc. Please do keep in touch.

I will continue to keep the CCFC Web Site up and running, if you have any suggestions or ideas on how to make it a better site please feel free to tell us. If you have a web site and it is not on the Links Page, e-mail us the address and information and it will be added.

The web site address is <http://ccfc0.tripod.com/ccfc.htm>

You can find pictures of this year's National winners on the site.



Some of the Little things you do that shows that you are a

Great Doggie PERSON

You can't see out the passenger side of the windshield because there are nose prints all over the inside.

You like people who like your dog. You despise people who don't.

You carry dog biscuits in your purse or pocket at all times.

You sign and send birthday/ anniversary/Christmas cards from your dog.

You go to the pet supply store every Saturday because it's one of the very few places that lets you bring your dog inside, and your dog loves to go with you.

You and the dog come down with something like flu on the same day. Your dog sees the vet while you settle for an over-the-counter remedy from the drugstore.

He Follows His Master

Who said chows-chows do not obey? Without doubt, Po-Pai follows his master. Two small conditions however have to be met.

Firstly, it has to be raining. A drizzle or a heavy downpour, it doesn't matter, a few drops are enough.

Secondly, you have to have an umbrella, a broly big enough to shelter two people.

When these two conditions are met, you'll soon see your chow-chow rubbing against you as he follows you under the umbrella. This means Po-Pai staying quietly close to my legs in order to avoid getting wet as least as possible.

Before, it couldn't work: I used to take a small umbrella!

Indeed, not long ago, I noticed this change in Po-Pai's attitude. As always, it's the small details of daily life which can give you a quality of life or not, whether you notice them or not. It is all the difference between an undisciplined chow-chow and a Po-Pai walking loyally alongside his master.

Before, when it rained, I never' used to take a broly. Before getting to know Po-Pai, I never used an umbrella because I knew that I was not made of sugar and I never

thought that a few drops of water was going to melt me. It was like that: the umbrella for me was never part of the basic essentials. On the contrary, I though that a few drops of rain on my face and body had a hugely refreshing effect. One is wild or one is not. Me, I am.

I have been civilised since Po-Pai has been in my company. This chow-chow looked so disgusted when this refreshing water from the sky fell on his back that I wondered if I would not have a more distinguished look about me if I took shelter. Like a lot of people, I realised that the rain has something gloomy, unpleasant and very uncomfortable. Before, I used not to pay any attention but from the moment I saw Po-Pai's reaction, I decided to protect myself. I therefore decided to take a small easily transportable broly that can slip into one's pocket when closed. Unfortunately, this small broly, when opened, could only shelter me. It wasn't large enough to

shelter Po-Pai as well. Since the day I borrowed Catherine's multi-coloured umbrella which looked like a parasol, everything changed. Po-Pai quickly understood what was best for him. He knew that by staying right alongside me, his magnificent fur would scarcely get wet.

He follows his master like all loyal doggies.

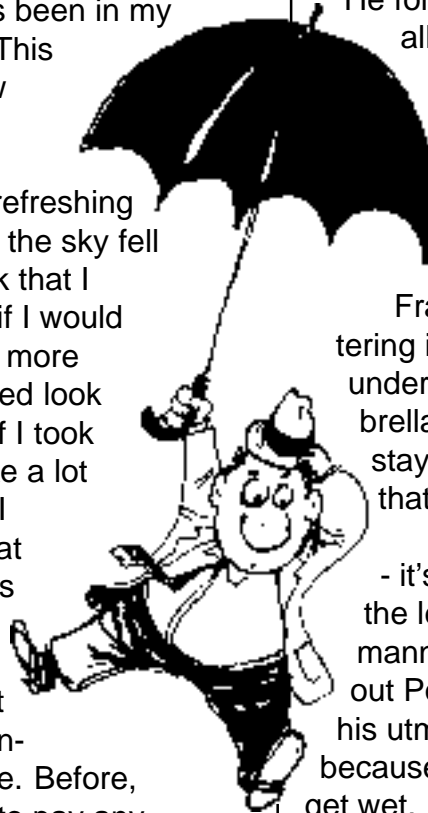
All things considered, I don't like this image of us: a sullen Po-Pai sticking closely to François who is sheltering in a snobbish way under a woman's umbrella. I would prefer stayed true to ourselves, that is:

- it's raining, I wildly pull the leash in a grumbling manner in order to take out Po-Pai who is doing his utmost to stay put because he doesn't want to get wet.

- I am still grumbling because when Po-Pai is wet he doesn't want neither piss or shit.

- I am grumbling because I am all wet and seeing this chow-chow sulk puts me in a bad mood.

- finally, I am grumbling because when we come home we dirty all the apartment.



But do we feel good after having dried ourselves, isn't right Po-Pai my boy?

Take back your broly Catherine, you might cause us to lose our personality.

François RATAJ
58 corniche fleurie
Le Mirandole D
06200 Nice
FRANCE

Thanks again and best regards.
Po-Pai, Catherine and François
Visitez mon site web : <http://francois.rataj.free.fr>

Thank You Francois for the wonderful story of your buddy Po Pai and the Rain in France....Ed



Getting up at 5:00 in the morning is never easy, especially for night-hawks like me, or for my elderly night-hawk dogs, who were thunderstruck at the thought of having their breakfast at 5:30, let alone the thought that they should go outdoors at that hour! But get up we did, because on Friday, 26 October, I had to catch an early morning flight to Toronto to attend back-to-back specialties organized by the Maple Leaf Chow Chow Club and the Chow Chow Fanciers South Central Ontario Section. The Maple Leaf club had honoured me by asking me to

judge their puppy sweeps. The weekend was a great success: good dogs, good hospitality and good conversation with lots of chow friends. The show was held at the Whitchurch/Stouffville Centennial Centre, which proved to be an excellent location with a separate room for grooming and plenty of room for spectators and exhibitors. On both days, the trophy table was beautifully arranged and decorated. Judges for the regular shows were two respected English breeders: Janet King for Maple Leaf and Eugene Westley for South Central.

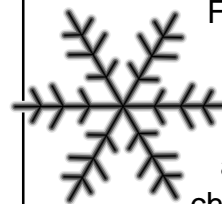
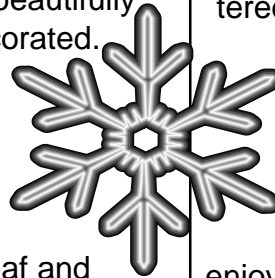
The Maple Leaf club show took place on Saturday, starting with puppy sweeps. There were 10 dogs entered: 3 males and 7 females, with 2 absentees.

Best in Sweepstakes was the winner of the junior puppy bitch class, Mi-Tu's Smooth n' Spicy, owned by Pat Robb. Best Opposite Sex was the winner of the open dog class, Flamingstar Josol Nature Boy, owned by Joan and Sol Falchuk. Judging in the regular classes followed with 5 class dogs, 7 class bitches with 1 absentee, and a great entry of 13 specials with only a few absentees. As well, there were four dogs entered in the Sexually Altered Class. Judge Janet King found her

Best of Breed in the cream male, Ch. Tansek's Dim Sum N Then Sum, owned by Chambra Tansek. Best Opposite Sex, Winner's Bitch and Best Puppy was the smooth puppy bitch, Mi-Tu's Smooth n' Spicy while Winner's Dog, Best of Winners, Best Canadian Bred and Award of Merit was Mi-Pao's Lexus, owned by Kim and Tim Bowden. Best Sexually Altered was the bitch, Josol's Pookis Harlee, owned by Sharon and Norm Addison.

Saturday's activities concluded with an enjoyable banquet, held at the show site. The food was excellent and the evening wrapped up with a fundraising auction where auctioneer Sol Falchuk cajoled us into bidding on a fascinating assortment of chow memorabilia.

The South Central Ontario Section show on Sunday was dedicated in memory of the section's former chairperson, and longtime national club member, William Charlesworth, and we were pleased that Bill's wife, Eileen, as well as her daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter were able to attend the show. The entry on Sunday was similar to Saturday's, with a few absentees.



Judge Eunice Westley's Best of Breed was Mi-Pao's Lexus, who was also Best of Winners. Best Opposite Sex was Pocono Bear Answerin the Call, owned by Dominic Carrelli, Best Puppy was Mi-Tu's Smooth n' Spacey, and the Award of Merit went to Ch. Mi-Pao's Black Signature, owned by Paul Odenkirchen. Best Altered was Josol's Pookis Harlee. The Brace Class was won by Susan Hassett's entry of Ch. Ky Chings Rushing Cowboy and Ch. Wong Chow's Bonwit D'Teller and Brood Bitch was Ch. Wong Chow's Bonwit D'Teller.

Congratulations for the success of the show go to all the members of both clubs who worked hard to make the weekend fun for everybody. Congratulations and thanks go especially to the dedicated show chairpersons: Jackie Warner for the Maple Leaf Chow Chow Club and Donilda Lackner for the South Central Ontario Section. Being show chairperson is a big, often thankless, job but Jackie and Donilda made it look easy. All in all, it was a super weekend.

Judith Tulloch



Maple Leaf Chow Chow Club Specialty Oct 27 2001

Judith Tulloch

Judging Sweepstakes

Best in Sweeps:

Mi-Tu's Smooth N' Spacey

Best of Opposite Sex:

Flamingstar Josol Nature Boy

Janet King , U.K.

Judging Regular Classes

BEST OF BREED:

Ch. Tansek's Dim Sum n Then Sum - DOG (cream)
Owner: Chandra Tansek 9/15/2000 BREEDER John E. & Kimberly C. Tansek, by Sho-Dee's Nip N. Tuck ex Minsh Lilly.

BEST CANADIAN BRED:

(Am. Ch.) Mi-Pao's Lexus, Owners: Kim and Tim Bowden and F.PA. Odenkirchen, 11/7/96, BREEDER: F. P. A. Odenkirchen,. by Mi-Pao's Cream Jubilee ex Ch. Mi-Pao's Lucinda

BEST OF OPPOSITE SEX:

Mi-Tu's Smooth N' Spacey , Owner Pat Robb, 04/20/01, BREEDER: Pat Robb, by Sitze-Gou Glass Monarch ex Mi-Tu's Frosty

BEST OF WINNERS:

(Am. Ch.) Mi-Pao's Lexus

BEST PUPPY IN BREED:

Mi-Tu's Smooth N' Spacey

AWARD OF MERIT:

(Am. Ch.) Mi-Pao's Lexus

BEST ALTERED:

Dragonslayer's Roseanne, BREEDER/Owner Margaret Schlievert, 05/10/96, by Ch. Madriver Lu's Forever Yung ex Gussy Aradh North Sea Memory



Chow Chow Fanciers of Canada South Central Ontario Section Regional Specialty Oct 28th 2001

Mrs. Eunice Westley, England judging all classes

BEST OF BREED: .

(Am. Ch.) Mi-Pao's Lexus, Owners: Kim and Tim Bowden and F.PA. Odenkirchen, 11/7/96, Breeder F. P. A. Odenkirchen,. by Mi-Pao's Cream Jubilee ex Ch. Mi-Pao's Lucinda

BEST OF OPPOSITE SEX:

Pocono Bear Answerin the Call, Breeder/Owner - Dominic Carrelli, 09/18/2000, by Kwala-T's The Doctor Is In ex Pocono Bear Midnite Siren.

BEST OF WINNERS:

(Am. Ch.) Mi-Pao's Lexus

BEST PUPPY IN BREED:

Mi-Tu's Smooth N'Spicey,
Owner Pat Robb, 04/20/01,
BREEDER: Pat Robb, by
Sitze-Gou Glass Monarch ex
Mi-Tu's Frosty

AWARD OF MERIT:

Ch. Mi-Pao's Black Signa-
ture, Breeder/Owner F.P.A.
Odenkirchen, 03/20/2000 by
Ch. Mi-Pao's Cream Signa-
ture ex Ch. Mi-Pao's Black
Satin Doll.

Hobo's First Christmas

My name is Hobo and I am a
Bearded Collie or Beardie. This
is the story of a first Christmas
for a puppy. You can think of that
Puppy as me - Hobo. Hobo liked
winter, the snow was fun to play



in. He
had five
human
broth-
ers, and
one cat
brother
named
Teddy
Bear.
Donny

and Scooter liked to make
snowmen. It was just a few days
before Christmas, and Hobo
was wondering what Christmas
was all about. So he asked the
"Snowman." Hobo didn't know
that snowmen couldn't talk, and I
guess the Snowman didn't
either because he promptly gave
Hobo an answer.

"Hobo, you are a good little
puppy," said the Snowman. "But
you have a lot to learn.

For example," he exclaimed,
"you won't make friends by
chewing on their hands and
arms!" Hobo let the snow now
melting in his mouth drop slowly
to the ground. "OK, I know you
didn't do that to be mean," the
Snowman went on, "so I will try
to answer your question."

"Christmas is a time of wonder-
ful things, cold weather, at least
here in the North, allows us
Snowmen to live short, but good
lives." And, in the North, very far
North, there is a special place
with a special person called
Santa Claus. It is his magic, you
know, that allows Snowmen to
come back each year to con-
tinue their lives. Did I ever tell
you about the famous Frosty?
Well I'll tell you my boy, he is a
great and historic person. And
the tales he'll tell you.. ha,
ha....HEY,...OUCH ooh, stop that
you'll ruin it!....Get out of here!"

"I'm sorry," said Hobo. He had
absently gone back to chewing
snow, not realizing he had taken
the carrot the Snowman used
for a nose, (Beardies like car-
rots). But too late, as the Snow-
man seemed frozen in silence.

Hobo went inside his house and
found Teddy Bear. He told Teddy
about his problems with getting
answers about Christmas from
the Snowman. "Maybe I can help
you Hobo," said Teddy. "I was
just watching this TV show
about Santa Claus. Christmas is
about a big fat old elf named
Santa who brings lots of good
things called presents to good
little boys and girls," he ex-
plained. Hobo asked, "Will I get
presents too? Everybody calls
me a 'Good Boy' when I do tricks
and stuff."

"You have got to be real good,"
replied Teddy. "For example,
stop eating my food and don't
chase me around the house."
Hobo was suspicious of Teddy,
after all Teddy was a cat*. So
Hobo watched the TV movie. He
decided that he must speak to
Santa to get presents.

Hobo decided that he could
write Santa a Letter. He knew
from the Movie that Santa's
address was The North Pole.
"What should I put in the Let-
ter?" Hobo thought. 'Dear
Santa.....' Hobo started. having
no idea what he should ask
Santa to bring him. He settled
down in his favorite spot near
the door where it was cool
(Beardies like cold weather).
Soon he drifted off to sleep,
dreaming of Santa and visions
of the things dogs like to play
with.

Hobo was wakened by a sud-
den noise. It came from the
roof of the house. He began to
investigate.

"It must be very late, and the
kids must surely be sleeping,"
he thought.

He ran to the front room, from
there he could warn everyone
that something was wrong. Just
then a foot with a green boot
popped out of the fireplace, this
was followed by another boot.
Then legs in red trousers and
eventually an entire body wig-
gled and squeezed its way
out..... Hobo was so surprised
that he remained silent
(Beardies sometimes can be
very quiet). He realized that his
dreams were coming true, this
jolly old man must be Santa.

His nose was as red as a cherry, pink cheeks were surrounded by a beard as white as Hobo's own (except that Hobo's still had stains from last night's dinner). And, Hobo remembered, Santa is known to come down chimneys. But this wasn't Christmas Eve. There were still a few days before Santa was expected.



thinking about Christmas. Your wishes were so strong that I heard them all the way up here at the North Pole. My magic doesn't seem to be working within the walls of the workshop. And, Hobo, you are a real good boy."

Santa proceeded to tell Hobo his plan.

Santa looked straight into Hobo's eyes (well as straight as you can with all that fur covering his face) and said "Hobo, you must help me save Christmas. The North Pole has been taken over and all the other Beardies of the World have been captured and made slaves. You must come with me...."

Santa led Hobo to the fireplace. Once they both crowded into the small opening, he held Hobo by the collar and touched the side of his nose. Hobo felt as though he shrunk to fit the opening and had the feeling of dropping through mid air at the same time. Suddenly they were on the side of a snow covered hill looking downward at an odd building. "I would normally use my reindeer and sleigh to travel," Santa explained, "but the circumstances call for extreme measures. And the reindeer are all locked away in any case." Hobo now observed that things seemed strange. The sign marking the home of Santa looked wrong.

"A very evil thing has happened at the North Pole," said Santa. "Claws has taken over. I picked you, Hobo, because you were

"CLAWS was once a pet and companion. He has taken on very unusual proportions through magic. For some reason he has enslaved Bearded Collies like yourself. The only way Christmas can be saved is to enter the workshop and take away the source of his magic. Hopefully he won't notice you, being a Beardie, until it is too late to stop you. The magic comes from something worn around his neck. Go now, before Christmas is lost forever."

With that, Hobo climbed to the top of a large candy cane and leaped through a window into the Workshop. (Maybe he could learn Agility after all).

Dirty from a landing in the attic, Hobo bounded down stairs to the Workshop. He saw that Beardies were working on assembly lines. Everything they were making seemed to be for cats. Most were catnip mice or balls of yarn, some were in the shapes of dogs. Hobo quietly approached one of the workers who said, "Watch out for CLAWS, he will put you to work making cat toys or cooking special meals for him. He has already locked up Santa's elves and reindeer. Only the Beardies are allowed to work on the toys.

For some reason CLAWS captured only one type of dog. Maybe its because Santa has a Beardie.

Oh oh, watch it....."

Then, suddenly, the largest cat he had ever seen appeared. Hobo observed something attached to the neck of CLAWS. (somehow he looked familiar).

Hobo was quickly spotted and caught up in a huge paw....."Meow (How?) did YOU get in here?" CLAWS said as Hobo tried to get away. Hobo was carried off as the other Beardies yelled out and tried to help. "Back to work," CLAWS threatened.



No matter how much he struggled, Hobo could not get away. The others tried to help, but it was no use as Hobo was captured and put

into a dark dungeon like room. He was very frightened, but remained brave as he slowly explored the cold and damp room. He wanted to go home. Hobo couldn't understand what was happening to him. It seemed like hours before he heard the a new but faint noise..... 'What is that?'

Something was in the room with him. Perhaps his short life would come to an end after all. If CLAWS didn't decide to put him to work as his slave, then this unknown monster would surely do him harm. It was getting closer, he could feel warm

breath now on his face (and, 'watch it there buddy you are getting too familiar'). Now he could feel the other's fur sweeping by his body, seemingly examining him. Was it sizing him up for a fight or for its dinner?

Suddenly a light came on. To Hobo's great surprise he was now looking at a very old Beardie. He had a long white beard and a twinkle in his eye. When he spoke it was as soft as the fur that danced over his body as he laughed,

"Ho, Ho, Ho, you must be that little pup that Santa went to fetch to help save Christmas."

"But who are you?" Hobo asked as he gathered his wits. 'He looks like....'

"I" the old one said, "am Santa's old companion MacBeard* . It is fortunate that CLAWS threw you in here. This is one place that I still can enter, as it is the place I normally work. I see you have the magic key."

Hobo, in his struggle to free himself from the grasp of CLAWS, had absently grabbed the pouch that the large cat wore around its neck. And now it lay on the floor broken open. Along side lay a golden key that had slipped from its interior.

* Note: Macbeard has many names around the world. He is sometimes called McBeard and rumored to be Santa Paws.

"It is the Magic Key that gives CLAWS his power and opens every lock in the land of Claus. We must act quickly before CLAWS returns to regain the key."

With that said, the Jolly old Beardie opened the door and they exited the damp room. Hobo could now see that they had been imprisoned in a very strange looking building.

"Normally this is my headquarters for security, it is a great place to sniff out information, Ho Ho Ho. OK, lets go, come on Hobo, lets go....."Using the Key, old McBeard opened doors to passageways that led through pathways and eventually back to the Workshop. McBeard presently explained that Hobo was now the holder of the Key and must confront the large cat.

"He must be released from whatever evil he is suffering . Then Christmas will be saved. Look to your heart, you are a GOOD BOY, you can save CLAWS and Christmas."

Along the way, McBeard asked Hobo to use the key to open the gate to free Santa's reindeer. They then opened the door to the old storage cabin where Santa's helpers had been imprisoned.

"You must take the reindeer and fetch Santa," McBeard explained, "Hobo and I will confront CLAWS."

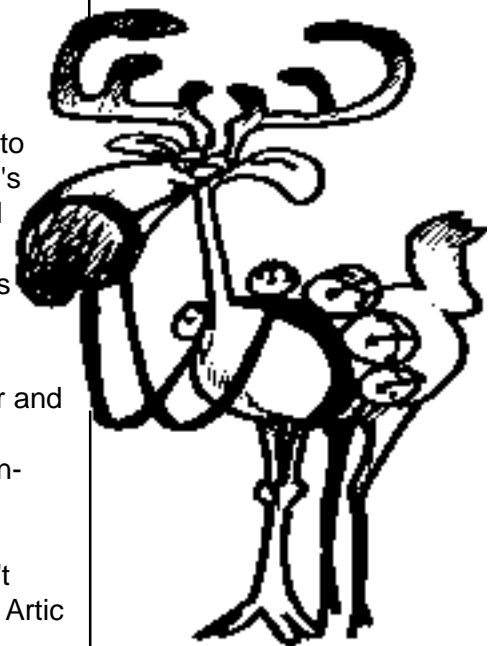
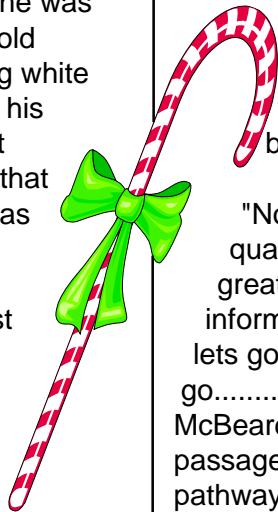
Hobo was shaking, he didn't know if it was from the cold Artic

air or from fear of having to meet CLAWS once more. Christmas wasn't turning out as he had expected. Before he had been worried about getting presents, now he wondered if he would ever see his family again.

At last the time had come for Hobo to face CLAWS. He would have to enter the Workshop alone. McBeard explained that there was no other way. There was no plan, Hobo would have to use the Magic of the Golden Key.

"You will know what to do when it is time," McBeard had said. Hobo was not sure, but knew in his heart that he would never see his family again if he did not do what was asked. Besides, the other Beardies would be forever the slaves of CLAWS, as would he, if the task was not accomplished. He wanted so much to go home.

"I will never worry about presents again." he thought as he slowly opened the door and entered the room.



Hobo BOUNCED on the huge cat. The cat almost ignored him as he slowly turned.

"AHA, I got you," CLAWS exclaimed as he grabbed Hobo in his huge paw.

The struggle was over quickly. Hobo was no match for CLAWS. A giant razor sharp claw pointed directly at Hobo, and he knew it would soon be over.

"Now I will never get home. I'll never see my family again," thought Hobo as he tried to reason with CLAWS. "What makes you so evil? Why have you put an end to Christmas? Why are you....you...."

Hobo could only wait for the sure fate that would come. CLAWS hesitated, as Hobo looked him directly in the eye. Then sudden recognition came to Hobo,

"I know who you are. You are Teddy Bear." CLAWS didn't answer, but he looked puzzled. Hobo could only say, "Teddy, I love you." "But why?" Hobo thought, What has happened to Teddy Bear?"

Then as he watched in amazement, Teddy began to shrink. Finally Teddy Bear was his old size, looking very confused.

Santa entered the room, "Am I too late?" A broad smile overcame his face, "Hobo, I knew you could do it. CLAWS, or I should say Teddy Bear, has opened his heart to your love. Perhaps we will never know how he became CLAWS. But we have no time now, it is Christmas Eve and we have to get all

of you home at once. And I have a lot of work to catch up on."

Teddy Bear was very silent now, he looked tired. Hobo and Teddy followed Santa to go find McBeard who was "getting his team ready," according to Santa.

Santa directed McBeard to take Hobo and Teddy Bear home. Hobo wondered how this would be accomplished. McBeard led them back out into the cold, "I have my sleigh waiting. Of course the reindeer are all busy as Santa's helpers are loading up for tonight's deliveries all around the world."

"But, aren't those sheep?" exclaimed Hobo. Teddy didn't seem to notice and simply jumped into the back of the sleigh and curled up into some blankets.

"Of course they are my boy, what do you think Beardies were bred for? Driving sheep of course!" McBeard laughed. "These are very special sheep."



It soon became apparent what McBeard meant by

special as the sheep, sleigh and all its passengers soon lifted off into the sky. Hobo was going home.

All the way home, McBeard talked about their adventures. "Ho Ho Ho, this will be the gossip around the North Pole and the Land of Claus for some time, Ho Ho Ho," McBeard went on. "Wait to I tell that old snowman, this will top all those old stories he keeps telling. Well, at least I don't have to hear them all year long."

Teddy was content to sleep, probably trying to forget the evil things he had done. "It wasn't Teddy Bear's fault," McBeard advised, "Your love for him saved Teddy as well as Christmas."

Hobo was very tired as McBeard told him stories of elves, Santa, and all the good little boys and girls. Presently he drifted off, exhausted by the past days experiences.

"Ho Ho Ho," Hobo heard faintly now. "Ho Ho Ho," louder now, they must be getting closer to home. "HO HO Hobo, Hobo,

Where are you Hobo, come on boy, its Christmas, Hobo, there you are." Scooter, one of Hobo's human brothers came into the room. He was excited as he saw the toys and all the Christmas Morning Decorations. Soon the rest of the family would come down the stairs.

Hobo was so excited, "I am home," he yelped.

And so it was, that Hobo experienced his first Christmas. Teddy looked at Hobo with a smile as the family gathered around the tree to open presents. But, if Teddy Bear remembered anything of their adventures, he said nothing. Hobo remembered

Santa and McBeard. Was it a dream, so real a dream?

Hobo received gifts from all his family, so many that he couldn't play with them all. He was given hugs and kisses as each gift was placed in front of him. It was so good to be home. He gave licks and kisses back.

Somehow there were even presents from Teddy Bear, and to Teddy Bear from Hobo. Hobo bounced around the room as he watched everyone ripping open the wonderfully covered packages. He barked along with the children's laughter. So this was Christmas, he had finally discovered and experienced the joy of gift giving. And later he was treated to a special Holiday meal.

Most of all, Hobo had found out that Christmas was a time of giving and receiving love, and being home with his family.

"Hey Mom, where did this Key come from?" someone said.
The End

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"In order to keep a true perspective of one's importance, everyone should have a dog that will worship him and a cat that will ignore him."

-- Dereke Bruce



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...
info on page 12



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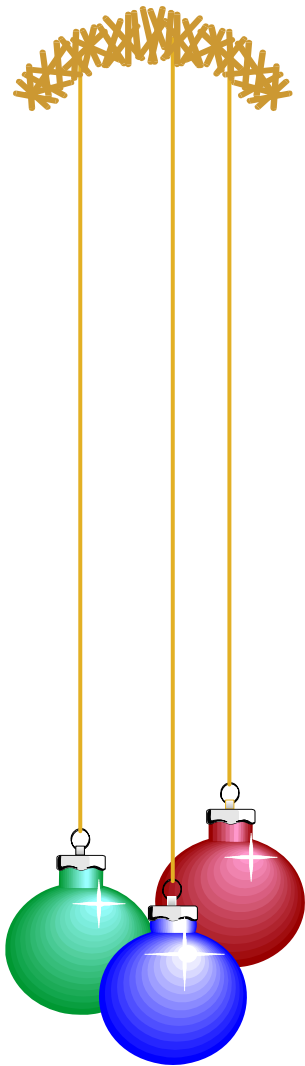
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