

A Matter of Time

Do you remember...?

When the arrival of the Bluebird did not mean an early Spring...

When Boston and Beverly Hills were benched...

When John Connolly was a very busy professional handler...

That Cherokee Oaks 'wrote the book' on stag red...

ABC at the Statler (with makeshift ex-pens upstairs)...

Rudolph Tauskey, Evelyn Schaefer, Martin Booth, and Bill Gilbert...

When a dog show weekend actually meant two days...

When 24 ½" males were commonplace in the ring...

Anticipating puppy photos or pedigrees or stud cards by regular (USPS) mail ...waiting for the mailman...

When DM and ARVC were unrecognized and nearly nameless...

The night 'Suzie' won BIS at Westminster... and when Westminster was open to class dogs in competition...

When mentors at ringside were most likely educating new breeders and exhibitors, rather than judge-applicants...

Alice Rosenthal's "Dog News"...

When the dog show vehicle of choice was a station wagon, and the mini van had not yet come off the production line...

Driving 2 or more hours to Boxer club meetings that you could not imagine missing...

When Lyme was just a town, not a tick-borne disease...

That bitches needed to be shipped for breeding, and waiting at the airline cargo office in the wee hours was routine...

When Alva Rosenberg and Percy Roberts were the deans of American dog show judges...

When exhibitors disliked too much flash, rather than too little...

Morris & Essex, when Geraldine Dodge presided...

Mrs. Jouett Shouse, Wolf Trap Farm, and the chauffeured limousine that delivered Barrage to be shown by Jane...

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When all your dog show photos were in black & white...

When owner-handlers outnumbered professional handlers in the Boxer ring...

Calling home after a dog show from a pay phone...

Devouring every old 'Boxer Review' that you could beg or borrow from your mentors...

When handlers traveled with two sets of crates and brought every dog into a motel at night...

When 'lists' and 'posts' referred to groceries and fencing...

Phil Marsh, Larry Downey, and the great dogs they handled...

When the phrase "fresh chilled" probably meant a cool drink...

Now I would not admit to being old enough to remember ALL of the above. But it does put our sport into perspective when we realize how times have changed in a little more than a lifetime...not always for the best.

Stephanie Abraham
P. O. Box 346
Scotland, CT 06264