class wins amounted to nearly a clean sweep for the Thomas Ireland O'Connors' Alcara's Aida Alif and the litter she whelped late in 1952. She took winners' bitch, her son Majara Mukur Matan was best of winners, another son and three daughters with the Estioc suffix won their classes, and Patricia Leary's black and tan Lala Rookh of Estioc was RWB. Reserve winners' dog went to Dorothy Macdonald's very handsome black and tan Amanullah Ibn Ali H.

The truly national character of the Afghan Hound Club of America Specialty was pointed up this year by the fact that it not only had dogs present and competing from virtually every section of the country, but top honors were divided among many areas. Best of breed was from the West Coast, best opposite came from Ohio, best of winners had campaigned in the North Central area, and the other top placings represented an eastern area from Washington to Boston.

Over the three days, and more, the breed got an extremely "good press" this year—both in photographs and stories. Much as each was appreciated we can't begin to list them all here.

Looking over some of the clippings, though, gives rise to a random thought that has often struck us in the past—namely the difficulty of judging Afghan Hounds from their photographs. We suppose this is true to a large degree in any breed, but in this most photogenic of breeds it certainly is often impossible to recognize the same dog from two different photographs. The one Afghan Hound will look tall and cobby in one picture, low and long-backed in another; dripping coat in one, ragged and short-haired in another; "the Standard epitomized" in one, and "avoid this" in still another.

All this, of course, adds up to yet another reason why it pays any breeder, novice or veteran, to get around to dog shows regularly, even if only as a spectator, rather than to trust solely to "book-learning" for knowledge of the breed. It also partly explains why so many of the grand people in the Afghan Hound fancy gladly travel so far so often just to witness major events like the annual Specialty. *Donald A. Smith, 1029 Hardscrabble Road, Chappaqua, N. Y.*

BEN GHAZI AFGHANS

Puppies whelped July 31st.
First repeat breeding of
FAMOUS BEN GHAZI
Litter of Champions
Champion proven SIRES
AT STUD
R. H. THOM & J. E. BAIRD
208 Mill Hill Terrace, Southport, Conn.

POINTERS

AMERICAN
POINTER CLUB

THROUGH THE WOODS and fields of the countryside around his home, many years ago, tramped a boy of ten with his first "very own" dog—an Irish Setter puppy. Inseparable companions, boy and puppy played at hunting wild animals and together they developed what was innate in both of them—a love for the fields, the woods, and the hunt; the boy, learning from his father, taught his dog well and the end of many a pleasant day saw them returning together successful, and proud of each other. The dog is lost in the limbo of the past but with the years the boy has become one of our all time "greats" in Pointers: Leo Dunn.

As the boy Leo grew into young manhood he found that the sons and daughters of that first pup were not quite what he wanted in the field and he turned to another Setter, the English, which he thought would more closely fit his needs. He owned many fine ones—good hunting dogs all and many also top field trial performers. He worked with them and trained them himself; breeding his good ones and discarding those which didn't quite measure up, but always instinctively picking the best looking pups out of any litter. For several years while basically satisfied with his Setters he felt something was missing. Many of his friends, confirmed "Pointerites," tried to convince him their breed was for him and while half convinced they might be right he was reluctant to switch. Then one fall he made his annual trip south for quail in the company of a friend and his two young Pointers. The men with their four dogs, for of course Mr. Dunn had taken two Setters along, hunted hard for ten days. Towards the end of those days Mr. Dunn began to look with real interest at his friends two Pointers—hide and bones from hard work they were still going strong—eager each morning to be out and away; he admired their spirit and ability; the real "heart" of the two and he knew right then that he was a Pointer man. The following fall when he returned south, Leo Dunn was accompanied by a Pointer—his first—the beginning of a long line of dogs whose names are too familiar to all of you to mention here for it is unlikely that dogs from any other kennel have had a more profound effect on show Pointers throughout this country than have had the handsome dual purpose dogs bred at Elstone Kennels.

The Pointers of those early years were gun dogs and field trial dogs for his interest in the Pointer as a show dog came when the years made it impossible for him to continue to handle his own big time, hard running field trial dogs. A glance at the trophy cabinet at Elstone testifies to the success he had in the field through the years; culminating in a moment of triumph such as few men can remember. In field trial circles they still tell the story of Ch. Elstone Spring—a dog that stopped conversation and made headlines. Spring was everything Mr. Dunn desired, for in turning to the bench he still wanted a dog that would be top quality in the field just as he had insisted that his field dogs be good looking. An English champion with, of course field trial work behind him, Spring arrived in this country and went right to work.

Mr. Dunn had only had the dog a short time when he knew that he must ignore the advice of his doctor and the pleas of his

friends. He had to run that dog, and in the big time, and handle him himself. He started at the top and entered the unknown English dog at Medford—a trial which then, as well as today, was attended by the top field trial men and dogs in the country. As was usual in the thirties a dog show for all entries was held the night before the trial began and, of course, Spring was entered. As he went easily to best in show the field men nodded sagely: "Beautiful, yes indeed, but wait," they said, "wait until tomorrow"; "too big," said one; "has to be clumsy" said another; while still others laughingly agreed their dogs could make the bird field while Spring was still lumbering away from the breakaway. Mr. Dunn smilingly said nothing but man and dog looked at each other with understanding; they knew what they could do.

The next morning as his turn came Spring waited at the breakaway with his bracemate, a well-known field dog of the era. The gallery gathered, for interest in the big dog was keen; amazement was added to the interest when on command the two took off and Spring, his long legs covering the ground with swift and graceful strides, was ahead. The big fellow was fast the watchers agreed reluctantly; "well even a horse can run," said one; the big dog knew what he was doing and went ahead to do a magnificent job on the course and entered the bird-field ahead of his bracemate. The gallery gasped audibly as he found his bird for, the sun flashing on the polish of his dark liver and white coat Spring was the huntsmen's eternal picture of the perfect Pointer doing a perfect job—frozen with intensity—a living statue.

It's not hard for you to guess what happened. Yes, Spring won the stake and the unanimous acclaim of all who saw him. Many a field man was convinced that day that beauty, brains and ability, an ideal combination, could be had, all three, in one dog.

Mr. Dunn did not repeat this feat in later years (indeed, it is the privilege of few to repeat such a win) as Spring was the last dog he ran in trials for he believed then as he does today that his dogs will work best with him. He settled down then to train his bench dogs as personal gun dogs and, as in all he has attempted with dogs, he has had great success.

One by one the bench "greats" at Elstone have gone into the field with the "boss" and have had their training at his hands. A tribute to the inborn hunting instincts of Mr. Dunn's dogs and to their careful training, is the work being done today out in Ohio by Game Warden Neimeyer and two Elstone dogs: Ch. Elstone Heritage, and his young son, still known as just "Don." Mr. Neimeyer uses these two every day in his conservation work and says they have been invaluable in locating the young birds for him. We shall hear more of this at a later date, however, from Mr. Neimeyer himself. Mr. Dunn still believes implicitly in one Pointer, the all-purpose dog. His theme could well be called "bench Standards for field dogs" and it is with this in mind that he has written the following article:

"Nine out of ten field trial fans will instantly dismiss this theme as a contradiction in terms. The tenth is skeptical but willing to be convinced.

"Specifying field trialers is done judiciously. The gunner's attitude embraces more territory—'a plague on both your houses!' He wants no part of either field trial or bench dog and loses no opportunity to express himself accordingly.

"Neither of these addicts represents the man who is hardest of all to please—the man whose aim is a dog he can show, run in trials, and gun over, all with pride even though he may not win every time. And this man, in the end, is the man who is going to do the best for his chosen breed.

"But we are not appealing to that man here, we are representing him.

"The one-sided field man, trial or gun, professes vehemently that he does not know anything about the shows, doesn't bother with them. He is given to throwing out his chest and proclaiming that he does not know what his breed's standards are. He wants a dog that can hunt or make a showing in the fields and to heck with the standards!

"The funny part of it is that deep down in all of us is a hankering after beauty along with utility. We all cotton to a good looking dog; we can't help it. And the man who protests so violently that he doesn't care what his dog looks like, so long as it has nose for winding and four legs to run on, wants good looks just as much as the bench fan. Listen some time to a hunting or field trial fan who has a handsome dog—he'll tell you in case you don't see it for yourself, and like as not he'll end up—'I'll bet if I put that dog in a show—'

"If the field trial or gunning man who is Pointer-minded would study the standards he scorns, he would find that nowhere in them is a divergence from the pointer as a field dog. There is nothing to interfere with the usefulness of our grand breed, and much to enhance it. And if he would go to a show and look at a good 90 per cent of the Pointers on exhibition, he would find that they look like bird dogs. They might not look like many of the field trial dogs, but they do look like bird dogs. They don't look like useless pretties.

"The field trial man might argue with the matter of size, for at present there is a vogue in trials for small dogs that run like jackrabbits. This is a matter to be batted out.

"But we who are thinking of the future well-being of the Pointer, and want him to be a thing of beauty as well as usefulness, now and for many years to come, want neither under- nor over-size. We want a moderate size dog with plenty of substance, but no clumsiness or coarseness. There is nothing there to interfere with field work.

"A dog needs bone for his work and he needs bone to pass on to his progeny. A spindly dog, because he can't hold up, is no more to be desired in the field than in the ring, and spindliness is the result of breeding light bone to light bone—maybe not in the first generation but certainly in two or three.

"The bench Standard calls for a look of drive and power throughout the body. The back short from withers to rump, the hips wide and well developed, the quarters muscular and the stifles moderately bent. Power and drive and plenty of bone are stipulated in the hind legs. They call for straight, strong forelegs, the elbows straight and well let down. Elbows or hocks that turn in or out are no advantage to a dog in the field and are frowned on in the ring.

"No field man is more anxious to preserve the Pointer's wonderful feet than is the ring fancy. They must be oval and deep, close and compact, well padded and the toes well arched.

"The barrel chest now meets with as much disfavor in the field as in the ring. Although formerly it was supposed to signify plenty of lung room it is now recognized as definitely ugly, and as the mark of a slow awkwardly moving dog. What is looked for now in both bench and field is a good spring of ribs and plenty of depth of chest."

If the field men would stop and consider and look the situation over they would soon find that what they want is a field dog that meets our bench Standards.

The stress on Mr. Dunn's interest in field work plus his absence from the show ring for the past year or so may indicate to you that we have lost him from our group. But this is not so for today at Elstone fine youngsters are being groomed—hardened from hard work in the fields and orchards of the farm; trained in showmanship to meet Mr. Dunn's exacting Standards they'll soon be ready to carry the Elstone banner into the ring. So all of you who have missed him will be glad to know that we shall be seeing much of Mr. Dunn again in the near future, and will, I know, be on hand to give him and his fine dogs the welcome they so richly deserve.—*Donna Hart, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.*

SALUKIS

SALUKI CLUB OF AMERICA

"THE STORY OF OUR Saluki, Thufra," writes Mrs. Hugh Leighty, "began when my brother, Eugene, decided to join a party going to Saudi Arabia to do some survey work for the Arabian-American Oil Company. The party left for Dhahran in September, 1952; and some months later it was my good fortune to see a letter from my brother relating that a member of his party (C. A. Nichols) was in possession of, among other things, a Saluki which had been presented to him by Prince Ibn Saud Al Rafa.

"The Prince, who is a brother of the late King Ibn Saud, has become stranded in the desert due to the malfunctioning of his automobile and had no one in his party who knew how to fix it (Arabs are miserable mechanics). As fortune would have it, Nichols happened along just at the proper moment and remedied the situation. Then, instead of using his head and admiring the Prince's expensive car, Nichols admired his