

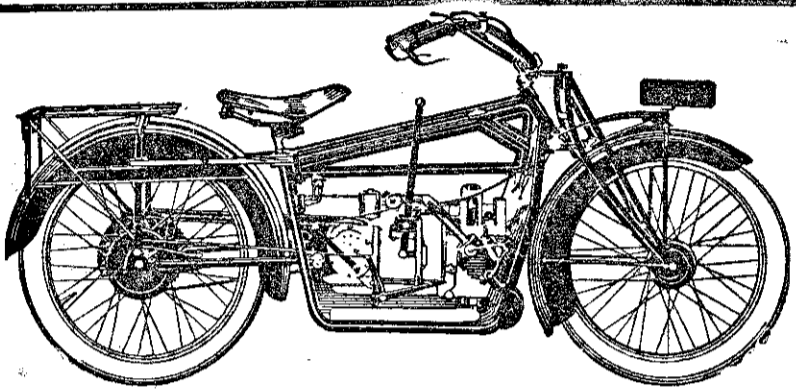
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Kennel Notes.

(By "Rover.")

Last two days of Dunedin Fancier's Club Show.

Local owners have kept very quiet as regards their representations at the above show.

At any rate we are quite sure that those that have gone forward would do well at any show in the Dominion.

"Pongo," the winning bulldog at Invercargill is on the absentee list. It is a great pity that Mr Crisp was not allowed to run the rule over him.

The previous owner and breeder of "Pongo" proclaims him the best dog in N.Z. Perhaps he's an authority one never knows.

Mr Simmon's Sydney Silkie Bitch "Two-up," which won three firsts at the Invercargill show has since gone west. A motor car outpaced her. A local fancier has been asked to try and find another of the same breed to replace her.

Some new recruits to the fancy are about to introduce one of two new breeds to our city.

A deerhound, a pair of Scotch terriers, a fox terrier and an Irish terrier bitch should make matters interesting.

Messrs Porteous and Critchfield are sending "Bellvue Mischief," on a trip to Ashburton show which takes place next week.

Should "Mischief" be a good traveller and show anything like she did on her first appearance it will take a real good one to beat her. H. S. Kyle, the judge, likes them with plenty of swank.

The Invercargill Kennel Club can now announce that for their show just held they made a profit of about ten pounds.

This is very creditable when one takes into account the weather conditions which prevailed.

The door takings were very small but members of committee were able to save money by doing most of the work themselves.

A dinner was given by Mr J. L. McE. Watson in the Floral Tea Rooms on Wednesday night of last week to the judges of the Invercargill Kennel Club committee.

The function proved to be a most enjoyable one. All present dug their way into the many good things provided for their use. During the evening songs were rendered by Messrs Watson and Kidd.

Mr Geo. Moffett, the judge of collies and fox terriers, gave a very interesting account of his connection with these breeds.

Particularly was this so in regard to the former breed. The collie had many ups and downs in past days. Mr Moffett explained in detail how a section of the fancy at one time in the old country, with a desire to improve the length of the head introduced the Borzoi into the breed. The result did not prove satisfactory, so the fanciers who held to the old type and for a time were unsuccessful on the bench, once again came into their own.

Mr Witt's remarks about the bulldog were very interesting and humorous. "Captain Halsay" evidently having given his owner many an anxious time either in a brawl or surf-bathing.

Mr Lennie was very entertaining and gave some of his experiences as an exhibitor.

Mr Kidd also said a few words with regard to his experience when staying in the northern cities.

Mr Watson invited the fancy to hold a puppy parade at his place some time later on.

One and all thanked Mr Watson for the kind and generous way in which he had treated them, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

A BOLSHEVIK LOVE SONG.

Fair Rifka, hearten, while I shriek
A serenade in Bolsheviki.

To aid me in my mad career.
I need a buxom wife, my dear—

A woman who'll co-operate
In smashing up affairs of state;

Who'll juggle bombs and flirt with death
And kill, without a bated breath;

Whose carnine lips will laugh when gore
Flows freely just outside the door.

Ah, maiden, if you'll only try,
I'm sure that you can qualify.

And so, fair Rifka, I bespeak
Your heart and hand, in Bolsheviki!

—Oliver B. Capelle.

MORE BIRDWOOD YARNS.

(From the "Sydney Daily Mail.")

It was a well known fact throughout the A.I.F. that the Fourth Division were very rarely out of the line. Why they got more than their "cut" no one ever knew. The following yarn about Birdie originated in the bath house at the War Chest Club, London, from a few of the "hard heads" of the Fourth Divvy:—

"The war had been over 20 years, and Birdie was on a visit to Paris, and, of course, renewed his acquaintance with Marshal Foch. They were strolling along one of the boulevards discussing the Great War, when Foch turned to Birdie and says: "Say, Birdie, how many divisions of Anssies did you have over here?" Birdie scratched his head and says: "Let me see—five, I think." And then commenced to count, two, three, five. Foch turned round and says: "What about the Fourth?" Birdie became very excited, and said: "Good heavens! I forgot to relieve them! They must be still in the trenches."

Birdie met six Diggers leaving a village, and he noticed that every man's tunic bulged considerably, and from the front of one feathers protruded. "Wuat have you in your tunics, boys?" inquired Birdie. "Feathers, sir," replied one with a face of stone. "Ah! For your mattresses, eh?" queried Birdie, although his eyes glinted suspiciously. "Good idea, boys!" And he passed on. Later he met an old French woman in tears, with her hands full of fowls' heads which had been freshly screwed off. Birdie scented fowl-play, and his thoughts flashed to the six Diggers, but, being a sport, he thrust some francs into her hand. He evidently reasoned that Diggers fed on poultry should be game fighters. He despatched an order to a certain Brigadier; but even to this day the brigade cannot understand why it had to do a stunt out of their turn.

General Birdwood, though not a very good swimmer, yet frequently joined the boys in the waters of Gallipoli beaches and enjoyed their frolics. Sometimes, however, these giant bushmen indulged in horse-play, such as getting on one's shoulders and ducking one right under. One of them, not recognising him, picked on the General, and down he went. When the General came up the Digger put his hand on the General's shoulder and said, "You fat old pot, you look well fed, anyhow; living on the beach, I suppose." On the beach one was supposed to "get the goods." The General fearing another immersion thought to pacify the Digger by disclosing his identity, announcing himself as "your army corps commander;" but the giant Digger, not in the least abashed, remarked, "A—good job; and it takes some looking after, too."

While the Second Division were resting in a French village called Colembert just after the Ypres stunt the General arrived for the purpose of presenting decorations. After the usual formalities General Birdwood addressed himself to the business in hand after this fashion: "Boys, this is one of my happy days. The only regret I feel is that, unfortunately, there are not enough of these decorations to go round. Every man deserves one, and to those who have missed the honour to-day—well, I can only say it will surely be their good fortune to get one next time." Then warming up to his theme, "You have covered yourselves with glory, and Australia is proud of you. She watches you; yes, watches you with pride, as she reads of your daring deeds," etc., etc.,

Digger's voice breaking into the flow of eloquence: "Tripe!" (only the term used was even less polite).

The General thrown out of his stride for a moment, recovered himself smartly.

"No, boys, not tripe! This is tripe," pointing to the treble row of decorations that adorned his own breast, "but what I say is 'fair dinkum.'"

There was a roar of applause. That night Birdie's health was drunk in vin blanc and vin rouge.

One night in a canteen in Armentieres a mixed crowd of Diggers and Tommies were arguing about the army. "Well," said a Tommy, "old Jerry did catch us napping in '14, but never again. We've got Haig, Plumer, and Rawlinson now; they stand for discipline and efficiency, and they're the boys who are teaching the army." Just then about a fathom and a quarter of thoroughly-soused Digger came unstuck off a barrel, and, ambling over to the Tommy, said: "Dishpl'n—hic—an—an' 'fish'ency—hic! An' when Plumer and Rawlish'n finish teachin' army—hic—we'll fendsh yer our Birdie—hic—to finish teachin'—hic—Plumer and—hic—Rawlish'n."

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