

"Happiest Memories of a Dog Show"

contest winners are:

Beth Redo Rahm

WOW THERE ARE SO MANY HAPPY MEMORIES OF DOG SHOWS.

The shows are so much more than just going into the ring and trotting around. They are about friends and getting together. Oh, and of course for me, finding the nearest sushi restaurant. In all that I would say my strongest memory involves Westminster. From the first time I saw that show on TV, back in my twenties, I had dreamed of being on that green carpet. When I had been showing Brittanys it didn't require the dog to be a champion. Showing my age there. I tried to get in but to no avail. I then stopped showing dogs for a while but still dreamed of showing on that green carpet. When I started showing again, this time with my basenjis, the rules had changed and required championship. For several years I showed paying my dues along the way. I then co-bred a litter of lovely little wrinkle heads. In that litter there was only one red and white. He was my boy from the minute his Mommy delivered him on my sofa. Elvis taught me so much and he got me that wonderful little medallion from finishing in bred by. Now I had my champion I wanted to take to Westminster. Back then trying to get in was like sending an entry to the lottery. To my amazement we got in. Now the butterflies started.

Here was what I had dreamed about for over 20 years. The Garden is crowded and hot but the excitement level is an adrenaline rush all its own. Elvis and I walked from the benching area out into the arena and the feelings overwhelm you. As we are standing in the holding area at ringside I realize I am actually here standing on that green carpet. Wow was all I could think. We didn't place that year but Elvis showed well and we were at the Garden together. I don't know weather that is the happiest memory but it is the one that when I think about I can still feel the excitement and pride just as strong as I did that day. In the end Westminster is still just another dog show but oh the memories it makes.

Susan Kamen Marsicano

I have a story of my Flash dog, back in the old days at the Garden (Gah-dun), in the days when all you needed was a point to enter, and Flash's opinion of the carpet.

Judge was a fellow who always seemed to be having indigestion issues anyway, and Flash was first dog in the ring, 8:30 am, Bred-by. Crowd ringside, watching.

"Take him around," the judge says. Flash hits his elbows with a CHA (play bow), and goes all the way around, just like that... bouncing on his elbows. Then he jumps up onto the table on his own, and poses politely. "Take him around," says Mr. Judge, and, CHA, Flash goes up and back, on his elbows, curly tail in the air, and lands in front of the judge with a nice hooting yodel.

Judge now seemed to be having problems with not only his breakfast, but also last night's supper. ☺ ☺ ☺

Chris MaxKa

We got back a bit ago from the Tucson show this morning, and I'm still smiling. Our Roxy needs 3 points to finish, and there were 3 points...but the major broke, so everyone who needed a major pulled, leaving just enough bitches for 2 points (you all know this type of story, yes?).

I had also entered our neophyte, Ginger (her third show weekend, no points) in the 12-18 class. I showed her, no competition. Then I showed Roxy against another bitch in Open, and won.

Now what? The Bred By winner came in, and my husband, bearded, wearing shorts and sandals and a Hawaiian shirt (yes, this is Arizona) was fumbling excitedly with the arm-band outside the ring. He's been in the ring exactly twice before...and once got a quick in-ring "handling lesson" from Ann Rogers Clark, of which he is very proud.

Can you see where this is going? Well, the judge loved Ginger. Liked Roxy, but loved Ginger, and my dear husband and Ginger beat Roxy and me for the 2 points!

I decided I loved it. Roxy will finish, but having Jim "handle" Ginger goes a long way in garnering good will from the husband contingent, when I want to go to, or talk about, dog shows. ☺ Plus, Ginger's owner was watching, happy as can be.

Jim will avoid shows if he can. But he agrees to be my "traveling companion of last resort" when I don't have anyone else to go with me. Husbands, especially, get very perturbed by the politics. But strangely, Jim gets a thrill out of going into the ring. Sunday, he even dressed in slacks and a non-Hawaiian shirt, just in case he was drafted again. Have you seen the movie Best in Show? Remember the husband who has to go in at the last minute, and has two left feet? That's Jim! :-)

Let's hear it for the husbands who get drafted into the ring! PS – Ginger won BOB the next day, beating 3 Specials, and winning a major. You should have seen her flirt with the judge! Standing right in front of him, looking up, gazing into his eyes, ears straight up, wrinkles galore. Pick me! Pick me! I've never seen anything so cute.

Lisa Voss

This past weekend, I flew out to Michigan. While I was away my husband braved the wind and rain to take our four basenjis racing this weekend. They ran LGRA on Saturday, Rio took first place and her sister Sophie second place for the points. Nicky and Rally had a good time. Then he got up early on Sunday and did it all again for NOTRA. Rio again took first and Sophie second. This gives Rio her 6th SOR leg making her a Senior Oval Racer! I am so proud of all of them.