ARTWORK BY: JULIE APOTOLU

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EDITOR: 
TERRY HIDASSY
634 BARNESLEY WAY
SUNNYVALE, CA. 94087
PHONE: (408) 736-0786

PUBLISHER:
BARBARA EDWARDS
21556 BEAR CREEK ROAD
LOS GATOS, CA. 95030
PHONE: (408) 354-0726

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SHOW RESULTS SHOULD HAVE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION EACH TIME YOU
SUBMIT THEM: REMEMBER: 8 (EIGHT) DIFFERENT DATA !!!

NAME OF DOG - BREEDER OF DOG - SIRE OF DOG - DAM OF DOG - OWNER
OF DOG - NAME OF DOG SHOW/TRIAL - NAME OF JUDGE - ACHIEVEMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Almost a couple of decades ago I read a fascinating book "What's In a Word" by Mario Pei, Professor of Romance Philology, of the Columbia University. As I recall, the book was published by Hawthorn Books. I have a weakness for etymology or rather to say, a special delight comes over my soul, when I search for the origin of words, or follow the development of words throughout different centuries and through different languages.

Professor Pei dedicated an entire chapter to analyzing the word: Christmas and its "irreverent" form Xmas. Or is it irreverent at all? He stated vehemently: "Not true at all!" The X in Christmas is a convenient abbreviation, but has no mark of disrespect. It is the Greek letter X or chi, the first letter of the Greek Christos, meaning "anointed" (a translation of the Hebrew Messiah) used since the early days of Christianity even by illiterates, who in making their mark with an X in the place of their signatures called upon Christ to witness their good faith.

Christmas itself is "Christ's Mass", which came from the Latin "Missa". Only the Dutch joins the English in calling this celebration of the birth of Christ "Christ's Mass": "Kerstmis" in Dutch. The Italian and French prefer expressions as "Natale" and "Noel" respectively deriving from the Latin "natalis" pertaining to birth.

Some historians claim that the Christmas period also coincides with ancient pagan festivals of the winter solstice and the final stowing away of gathered harvest. The Germanic tribes had similar traditions in their Yuletide celebrations, characterized by burning the Yule log. The word Jul remains to this day the word for Christmas in the Scandinavian languages, spreading from them to the nearby Finns, who call the feast "Joulu."

The Slavs, who were only converted to Christianity in the ninth century had a celebration of winter solstice called "korochun" or "Korachon". This word was passed onto the two non-Slavic people to the Hungarians, who call Christmas "Karácsony", and to the Romanians, whose Christmas is "Craciun".

Well, do you see now, how long it takes for an avid Word Buff to express simple Greetings for the Holidays?

Anyway, I wish all Friends of Fulik and Puli Parade a Merry Holiday Season and a Prosperous New Year.

That was only the first part of my Editorial. Let me continue now with some of the issues which should be brought up and discussed.
Do you need a renewal subscription to the AKC Gazette? If you do, there is a "62% off cover price saving" for 5 members orders with only one check for payment. Check your expiration date, and if you want to join in for a special price break, contact Rob Sky or Laurel Colton soon as this offer expires on the 31st of Dec. 1986.

November went by and our long-awaited Puli Fun Day was cancelled because of our organizers were unable to secure the compulsory insurance in time. They've reached out for support, but it never came! It is unfortunate, but now that we learned where we stand, we should draw the conclusion from this incident, that we have to change our attitudes and rely only on our membership! Right now, we need to concentrate on the upcoming PNC Specialty commencing on May 23rd and 24th, 1987 at the Hilton Inn in Sunnyvale, CA. Detailed information and Committee announcements will follow.

Let's get the creative juices flowing, there are areas in the organizational network where talented people are in demand. Whether you have an idea, or you can help in other members projects, come forward please, and offer your assistance. Watch for the names in the Committees, and contact the people you may be helping during the next few months. If you have special talent in crafts or anything at all, come forward. Time flies, and the Specialty will be here in no time.

I feel very fortunate and humble, that my insistent messages are finally reaching most Readers of Puli Parade, slowly though but surely. Not counting my so called regular article contributors I am happy to say that we will enjoy few new articles from first-time writers and true friends of Pulik in this issue, and have a couple of promises for more from others.

Cannot even count the number of phone calls from people I have never talked to before, until now, and how my life is filled with different emotions and thoughts, weaving a new, exciting pattern into the tapestry of existence. I thank you all for the experience, which puts colorful strands of ideas into my relentless mind.

The Holiday Season brings an overflow of food, drinks and unusual ornaments into our homes to make us feel special and ready to celebrate. A word of caution I'd like to raise! Don't forget our Pulik and our other living creatures. Most of the goodies are not even healthy for us, but it could be toxic or even deadly for our children and for our pets. Be sure to take all precautions, and do not make them readily reachable by our beloved ones.

This is the last issue of Puli Parade for the year of 1986. We had good and bad times, many things for which we should be thankful and should count our blessings for; than others, which saddened us, and stopped our breath for a while; but since hope lives in all of us, we go on living with plans for the future and for the coming year. If you really enjoy reading Puli Parade, don't forget to send in your subscription renewal for next year to Barbara Edwards, which is still only $10.00 for a year. I thank you.
The Holiday Season of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's always releases banks of emotions in me. Thanksgiving, reminiscences, thoughts of joy and sadness all intermingle and keep my mind very busy.

I remember Jocko, my first puli, running under the lower branches of the Christmas tree catching ornaments and tinsel on his tail and then proceeding about the house well decorated for the occasion, tail wagging and ornaments ringing. Needless to say my trees didn't remain elegant for long. My pulik also enjoy playing in the wrapping paper and run off with it to play tug of war --- that's before I wrap the presents with it. (my presents match my tree).

You do have to keep an eye on your pets to keep them out of serious trouble and away from poisonous plants such as pointsettias but you can also enjoy Christmas with your pulik and fill up his christmas stocking with many goodies, although mine prefer to chew the stocking.

On the more serious side I extend my gratitude to everyone who has contributed articles to Puli Parade, they have made the newsletter fun to read all year, and also to those that have contributed their time to PNC club matters.

I also express the club's sincerest sympathy to those members who have lost cherished family members or beloved pulik this year. We miss you and we understand.

Next year we are planning a specialty and welcome member's contributions and ideas towards making 1987 a beneficial and successful year for PNC.

Happy Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Rob Sky
SECRETARY'S REPORT

by: Laurel Colton

On Sunday, Nov. 9, 1986 a PNC Board meeting was held at the Menseona K.C. Show in Santa Rosa at the motorhomes of Frydain and Nourot. The following officers and board members were present: Constance Peterson, Deborah Kotchian, Rob Sky, Diane Smith and Laurel Colton. Members were: Julius & Terry Hydassy, Frank & Sally Washburn, Art Sorhan, Barbara Stelz, Barbara Edwards and Betty Nourot. Guests included: Ida Maclyreene, Neil Bowe, Delores BLEys and Linn Hiett.

Pres. Rob Sky called the meeting to order at 11:00 a.m. and asked the Secretary to read the previous board and general membership meeting minutes. Sec'y Laurel Colton read the minutes of May 18, 1986. Deborah Kotchian made a motion that they be accepted as read with a second from Connie Peterson. Passed.

Sec'y Report. On July 14, 1986 a ballot was sent to PNC members for voting on the judges for our May 1987 Specialty Show in Sunnyvale, Ca. Twelve ballots were returned by due date of July 31, 1986. The results are: Puppy Sweepstakes - Dr. Jacklyn Hungerland, Obedience - Julius Hydassy and Dr. Hungerland. Breed: Eileen Pinlott. Mail received. AKC Provisional Judges list which will appear in the August Gazette and thereafter, each February and August. AKC will have effective as of Oct. 1, 1986, a special phone line to the Show Plans Dept. on Thursday evenings until 7:15 p.m. EST. AKC Permission for the following events on May 23rd and 24th, 1987 in Sunnyvale, Ca.: Sweepstakes, Obedience and Breed with closing date of May 6, 1987 with Betty Nourot as Show Secretary. From the AKC Gazette: an offer of a special price if we submit 5 PNC members for new or renewal subscriptions for a savings of 62% off the cover price. One check only for payment must be sent, by Dec. 31, 1986. This will be put into FULL PARAaE.

From Wellpet: a showcase at the opening of two bay area pet food supply stores to educate the public about different breeds and to sell puppies with a vet. certificate for vet services for a puppy, seller cost of $25.00. Sec'y. to send a letter asking when and where and any other info. they have. Also, question if the vet. cert. has to be used at any particular clinic.

Constance Peterson gave her Treasurer's Report. An itemization will appear in Full Parade. New Balance as of 11-9-86 $1,000.00. Laurel made a motion to accept the report as given with a second by Deborah. Passed.

OLD BUSINESS. - Puli Fun Day on Nov. 16, 1986 has been cancelled due to a lack of insurance. On Oct. 21, 1986 Rob wrote a letter to the pres. of PCA asking about a rider on their insurance policy as per their phone conversation. No answer. Barbara Edwards has asked various PCA Boaad Members if they had been asked about this matter and received negative replies. Barb will send a flyer to the membership and PP subscribers in NOR. CAL. cancelling the Fun Day due to no insurance.

Barbara Edwards gave a report from the Herding Committee that different members had attended an Instinct Testing at the Oxford
Ranch in Lodi. Each person felt it was very well done and the Herding Committee had asked about holding a Puli Instinct Day there on May 25, 1987. Sec’y. to send a letter confirming our wish to do so and ask about a deposit. Connie suggested we have Goldie Brigante assist the tester.

Connie Peterson made the following motion: I move we use the Oxford Ranch for our H.I.C. the day after the specialty. Second by Diane Smith. Passed.

PULI PARADE. Re: advertising policy. No report at this time. Editor, Terry Hidassy asked that we get things in asap and the Christmas issue will have a deadline of Dec. 5, 1986.

JUDGES EDUCATION COMMITTEE - Julius Hidassy will write a letter for a Board Meeting to comment on the Puli’s coat while doing a SIT in Obedience exercise. Letters to be sent to the following Organizations: AKC, PCA and the PCA delegate to AKC.

SPECIALTY 1987 - Show Sec’y. Betty Nourot, Rob accepted as Show Chairman. Trophies will be co-chaired by Barb and Connie. Sweeps will be Laurel and Deborah. After sending for the AKC Show Manual book in April we still have not received it. Will check on once again; Connie. Betty needs updates for her book. Betty reported that the following people have accepted assignments for our Specialty: Sweeps and Utility, Obedience: Dr. Hungerland; Novice and Open, Obedience: Julius Hidassy; Breed: Jack Dexter. Barb suggested we have Select Awards which will be presented at our Specialty. We also discussed having a Parade of Champions at the Spec. with a rosette given with the Champion’s name on it.

The Herding Comm. will handle the H.I.C. on 5-25-87 and will check into insurance and the necessary deposit for Oxford Ranch.

Barb reported that the Holiday Inn requires a $50.00 deposit. We can have from one to 5 people in a room. We need to guarantee 20 rooms in order to get various extras free. Or else it will cost us an additional $100.00. The cost of a Sat. night buffet is $15.00 with any kind of theme by the Inn. They will also give out free discount tickets for various local attractions. They also offer free limo. service from the San Jose Airport. Need to find out the cost of RV parking in their parking area. Deborah made the following motion. I move that the contract for the Specialty housing be turned over to Barbara Edwards to finalize details. Second by Connie. Passed.


Puli plaques. Connie has contacted the company in Pasadena that we have used in the past and never received an answer. - Rob suggested patches that are sewn by computer. - Jackets, Connie reported they will cost from $17.00 to $20.00, and we need a logo. - Puli Brochure! Sally had not received copies of other brochures
and will be further supplied.

NEW BUSINESS: Motion by Connie: I move that we apply for the Gaines Good Sportsmanship Award for (it is a secret) to be given at our Specialty in 1987. Diane second. Passed.

Rob read a letter that Terry had received from The Morris Animal Foundation asking a $25.00 donation. Terry stated that they send pertinent information on animals during the year. Also, that she and Julius have already sent their donation of $25.00. Motion by Connie: I move PNC send a check for $25.00 to the Morris Animal Foundation. Second by Deborah. Passed. Info. given to Connie for payment.

Santa Clara KC Motion by Connie: I move that we take an ad for $15.00 in the Santa Clara K.C. Spring catalog. Second by Diane. Passed.

PULI RESCUE: some discussion with Rob summing up that more work needs to be done.

Golden Gate K.C. Show: Motion by Laurel: I move that we have a Puli brochure for the Golden Gate K.C. Show. Brochure Committee will have a try getting a new one done or else reprint one previously used. Rob mentioned that entries always close early and entry is limited.

Nominating Committee: Terry to chair with Barb and Art Sorkin as members. Connie suggested that club members let the Committee know if they are willing to serve on the board.

Next meeting: will be Dec.14, 1986 at the Nut Tree for Holiday Brunch, as an Open Board Meeting. Barb will send a flyer with Puli Fun Day cancellation.

Barb: PULI LOGO by Sally Hines. We looked at various sketches with different types of lettering. We felt it was better to use two Puliks with the Golden Gate Bridge in the background. Barb will speak with Sally about our various suggestions, add INC. and use Helvetica type letters.

A motion was made that the club colors be RED, WHITE, GREEN. Somebody did not write down and I failed to note anything else. Please fill in. Motion passed.

Golden Gate Bench. Rob asked if we wanted to decorate. No interest at this time. We will bring it up at the Dec. meeting. Frank Washburn told us about 3 pulis at the S.F. SPCA, ages 6, 7, and 8. that need homes because the owner is in the hospital and dying. Rob will get a group of people together to come up with a solution. Barbara Stelz will help and Rob will ask Jerry Motter and Julie Apostolu for help.

Meeting was adjourned at 1:30 p.m. by the President.
The normal front shoulder blade is at a 45 degree angle to the horizontal, the upper arm forming a 90-110 degree angle with the shoulder (90 degree is preferred). The lower arm is completely vertical. The imaginary vertical line through the rotating point of the shoulder blade falls in the center line of the leg, passing through the ground in the centerline of the nice round and firm paws as illustrated in Figure N. This type of front is an important requirement for proper movement and an asset which is relatively easy to visualize. If we extend the imaginary center line of the shoulder blade to the ground, this will give us the dog's maximum forward reach with the leg in fully extended position. Assuming that the dog's body is square and has the proper rear assembly to go with it, this front will provide the ideal reach. There is nothing new in this requirement and all squarely-built dogs (Doberman, Great Dane, Boxer to mention a few) show similar fronts. This front is not to be confused with the "Terrier front". Terriers have a considerably shorter upper arm and a longer lower arm, which is an important feature for the underground digging for which they were originally bred.

Another 45 degree shoulder blade is illustrated in Figure O. The upper arm is forming the same 90-110 degree angle with the shoulder. The only difference is the slightly longer upper arm and slightly shorter lower arm. But these slight differences place the front leg behind the imaginary vertical line passing through the rotating point of the shoulder blade. Since this line also represents the line where the weight carried by the front assembly is transmitted to the ground, it has to go through the paws. To fulfill this requirement, nature had to create a sloping pastern to put the paw under the weight line. In many cases this type of front also causes one of the most frequent faults in general appearance, the low front. Pulik with this fault are easy to spot from a far distance. They are lower at the withers than at the croup and have a forward sloping top line, creating the appearance of going down hill all the time. When a front with a sloping pastern is combined with an elongated body and an over-angulated rear assembly, we can have a very impressive but a too-far-reaching German Shepherd type mover. While this movement can be very eye-appealing, it is not compatible with the type of function for which the Puli was created. Have you ever watched a German Shepherd taking a turn at a fast gaited speed? It requires about a 50-foot turning radius. Pulik are supposed to turn on a
Figure N. Normal Articulation of the Foreleg

Figure O. Articulation of the Foreleg, Faulty

Figure P. Combination of Foreleg Faults

Figure Q. Overly Steep Articulation of Foreleg

Figure R. Deformities of Front Assembly

Figure S. Most Common Fault of Front Assembly
dime! And never forget that this quick-turning ability, to change direction at full forward speed, kept the Puli in the herding business for thousands of years.

Illustrated in Figure F is an exaggerated form of one of the most common combinations of possible faults. The shoulder blade is steeper than the ideal 45 degrees; the ratio of upper arm to lower arm about the same as shown in Figure O, but because the steeper shoulder blade brings the imaginary line of weight transmission even further forward, the pastern has to slope more. In such a case we are talking about "down in pastern" or in more extreme cases "broken down pastern". Although the upper arm, lower arm, pastern and the elongated paw create a visible curve forward due to the steeper shoulder blade, this dog will not have a good reach.

Figure Q shows that a steep shoulder and steep upper arm are totally limiting the reach of a dog with this type of front. The straight front legs are easy to achieve with a shoulder like this, but the fault becomes quite apparent as soon as the dog starts moving. Such a dog is very limited in forward reach, and, if it has any kind of balance at all, it will lack in rear assembly angulation as in correcting for a bad front. The illustration is exaggerated for easier understanding. Slighter faults of this sort are harder to recognize. Dogs should be stacked properly and examined carefully under their heavy coat if one is determined to get the true picture of the skeleton underneath.

Figure R illustrates some of the many possible deformations of the front assembly. Here we assume that the 90 degree angle is constant between the shoulder blade and upper arm. Only the angle of the shoulder blades varies. The dotted lines denote the imaginary centerlines of the respective bones.

Figure S depicts the most common fault found in front assemblies of today's show dogs. The straight lower arm is the only constant in this case, and the angle between shoulder blade and upper arm varies as much as the angle of the shoulder blade to the top line. It is interesting to note that (assuming that the drawing with 45 degree shoulder blade is showing a 17 inch high Puli) keeping the same relative bone lengths for all three components of the front assembly, the dog with 60 degree shoulder blades can be almost 2 inches higher (or 19 inches) at the withers. This indicates that without changing the dog's relative bone size, its height can vary 2 inches just by changing the angles from excellent to seriously faulty.

The function of the rear assembly is entirely different. When the dog is not in motion, it is merely carrying the body weight, and the acting forces are vertical to the spinal column. If this were its entire function, a 45 degree pelvic bone direction would be ideal, but that is not the purpose of the rear.

(to be continued)
As I pointed out in the last issue, more and more exhibitors are storming AKC with the complaint that: "THE WRONG DOGS ARE WINNING, BECAUSE:

A) JUDGES FAIL TO PENALIZE FOR FAULTS
B) JUDGES FAIL TO JUDGE BY ALL THE REGULATIONS
but mainly: C) JUDGES FAIL TO excUSe THE HANDLEr WHO TRAINS IN THE RING."

Since the Sport of Obedience is not a popularity contest for the Judges, a good Obedience Judge - besides a thorough knowledge of the Rules - requires to have courage and authority.

According to Jack Ward, AKC Director, "THE JUDGE MUST HAVE THE COURAGE TO JUDGE BY ALL THE REGULATIONS, INCLUDING EXCUSING THE HANDLER WHO TRAINS IN THE RING."

Despite of the fact that AKC doesn’t want to add more regulations to the Regulations - unless all Judges adhere more strictly to the requirements already in effect, - the AKC will have no choice but to add new regulations to meet complaints from the fancy.

Furthermore, AKC instructed the Field Representatives to watch the Judges scrupulously, not only to catch the offenders, but to penalize and excuse them for training in the ring.

Obedience Regulations (Sept.1, 1982) Chapter 2, Section 27 states:

THE JUDGE SHALL NOT PERMIT ANY HANDLER TO TRAIN HIS DOG BY:

1. EXCESSIVE VERBAL COMMANDS or
2. MOVING TOWARD THE DOG TO CORRECT IT IN ANY WAY or
3. PRACTICE ANY EXERCISE IN THE RING EITHER BEFORE OR AFTER HE IS JUDGED and
4. SHALL excUSe FROM FURTHER COMPETITION IN THE CLASS ANY DOG WHOSE HANDLER DOES EITHER

What constitutes "Training in the Ring" by using excessive commands? What is excessive command? It is an unnecessary loud
command, and intimidating voice, a screaming, frightening voice which sometimes leaves our mouths after our patience runs out during training. The voice which lets a dog know: DO IT OR ELSE!

I don't think there is any doubt about excusing a dog, whose handler gives a jerk and an excessive loud HEEL command in NOVICE HEEL ON LEASH EXERCISE, every time he gives a HEEL command.

Same applies to the HEEL OFF LEASH EXERCISE. I don't think a dog should receive a qualifying score for heeling if the handler can only keep the dog in, or nearly in HEEL position, if he is using excessive (loud) voice commands.

In the DROP ON RECALL EXERCISE not only an excessive "BOWW!!" command is considered training in the ring, but even a slight move towards the dog to make him to drop.

Same would be applicable to the RETRIEVING EXERCISES in OPEN or in the UTILITY rings, where the excessive verbal command may be more significant. I.E. in the Utility GO OUT exercise, an excessive SIT command may prevent a dog from wandering back considerably; if this isn't caught and penalized, it could result in the wrong dog winning the exercise.

Moving toward the dog - was designed to prevent handlers from running up to pat the jump which their dog refused to take, or striding out to insist the dog to retrieve whatever article he did not retrieve.

Excessive verbal commands sometimes can be heard in connection with GROUP EXERCISES. While the very loud SIT and DOWN commands are embarrassing sometimes and is very difficult for a Judge to penalize every and each guilty person, I am more concerned about catching the manipulators who are using the choke chain to position their dogs in the NOVICE CLASS for the SITs and DOWN EXERCISES.

This is the exercise where some exhibitors could put a Judge into an unfavorable position, unnecessarily; there are too many dogs and too many decisions are to be made fast. - IF YOU ONLY WOULD LEAVE YOUR DOG'S COLLAR ALONE!

Very questionable - it can be interpreted as a double command when a handler turns to glare - often repeatedly - at his or her dog as leaving for OUT OF SIGHT in the OPEN SITs AND DOWNs EXERCISES.

These are some examples, that are considered training in the ring, which could result in very easily, not only with a non-qualifying score, but with an excuse from further competition in the class, whether it was done on purpose, or it happened by accident.
WHAT IS CONSIDERED PRACTICING IN THE RING?

a) BEFORE JUDGMENT
b) AFTER JUDGMENT

BEFORE:

In Novice ring, repeatedly giving HEEL command - to get the dog in HEEL position (without a crooked sit), prior to the HEEL EXERCISE. This is training for straight SITS.

In Open ring playfully putting the dumbell into the dog’s mouth before the RETRIEVE ON FLAT or OVER THE HIGH JUMP EXERCISES.

In Utility ring the scent articles shouldn’t be smelled by the dog prior to his retrieving exercise.

AFTER:

If a dog failed the DROP ON RECALL EXERCISE, a DROP in between exercises is considered practicing in the ring and will be excused from the ring.

What is not considered training in the ring but definitely should be penalized - when a handler gives an extra HEEL command during the heeling exercises.

I do not believe that we need more changes in Rules, what we need is CLEAN SHOWMANSHIP with ETHICS AND MORALS.

Well, this is to give some idea about training or practicing in the ring - what AKC prohibits with right and wants to legislate out of the ring - if it is necessary.

Until most of the time “Training in the Ring” is not prompted by the intention to cheat, one can’t tell the same about double handling. - Some exhibitors do not dare to disregard the Regulation Chapter 2, Section 7, - which states that a dog shall be penalized substantially, and possibly given a score of zero for the exercise during which the aid was received. - Have a member of the family stand at the opposite end of the ring in the exact middle, just as the dog prepares for a “GO OUT”! How about the person who stands outside the ring for SITS & DOWNS directly across from his or her spouse’s dog?

This type of behavior is simply not fair to the exhibitors who don’t cheat.

(to be continued)
1. **WALK ON** (to lead). When teaching a stock pup to lead, it is not necessary for an automatic sit with each halt. Use the word "Walk On" instead of "Heel" to move the pup forward, a sit may be taught separately. If a pup or dog is obedience trained to heel, use the word "walk on" while encouraging him to walk ahead of you. This will teach him it is alright to leave your side and move ahead. When a pup is curious of something or while following stock, encourage with the command to "walk on".

2. **TO COME** (the recall). The recall command, "come" is always with the pup's name, i.e. "Meg, COME". Teach "come" on a lead first while moving in the heel or "walk on" exercise, start moving backwards while commanding, in a very "up" tone, "Meg, COME", pulling the pup to you with lots of praise! Work up to a long line and test recall with distractions and eventually around stock, but not in the same pen with stock until a secure recall has been established. Calling the pup to you is a way of controlling him or to stop the pup from getting out of control. CAUTION, never call a pup to you to correct, for obvious reasons, and never call a pup to you to praise while working stock, this will result in a pup continually coming into you for reassurance and praise when confused, praise and reassure while on the down, or while performing a correct reaction to a command. As with all praise and correction, TIMING is the key!

3. **DOWN** and 4. **GET UP**. Teach the down while moving, since the "down" in stock work is a stop, the pup must learn to "DOWN" instantly from a fast run or from a long distance. Teach the pup down while working on the "walk on" exercise, while moving, command "DOWN" and reach down and pull the pup to the down position by grasping the lead close to the collar and jerking. Say, "DOWN" only once and follow through quickly with the jerk, follow quickly with praise and "GET UP" and move the pup while praising. Repeat this exercise several times, i.e. "DOWN" Good boy! "GET UP" "That a boy!" "DOWN!", "Good boy!" until he is downing quickly and happily with only one command. The DOWN is your most valuable command in the stock ring! DO LOTS OF DISTRACTION TESTING!

5. **WAIT** (stay). The "wait" command in stock work is a short stay. Do not use the command "stay", especially for obedience trained dogs. "WAIT" means to hold a position for a short period of time, and if necessary to move to get out of the way of stock. Teach the wait command in the same manner as a stay in the down position, telling the pup to "Down, Wait". Eventually the pup will remain in the down until told otherwise, without the "wait" command. Test with distractions and around stock. NOTE! The Command "THERE" may be substituted.
6. **WAY TO ME** (to the dog's right, counter clockwise around) and
7. **GO BY** (to the dog's left, clockwise around). Directions can be taught without the use of stock in a simple game, provided the pup can be motivated to chase. You will need a pole approximately 8 to 10 feet long, a nylon or other strong lightweight string attached to one end, and a favorite object such as a tennis ball or toy. I like to use a swatch of fleece, secured to the end of the string. Place your pup on a down & wait facing you, swing the pole with attached object out and to the pup's left, clockwise, and command "GO BY". The pup should start chasing the object, continue commanding, "GO BY, GO BY." Down the pup and swing the pole in the opposite direction to the pup's right, counter clockwise, and command "WAY TO ME" and the pup should chase now in the other direction. Continue this exercise using both directions and commands, also practice the instant DOWN, wait and walk up. It's lots of FUN for pup and teaches good control!

8. **STEADY** (sssteady, slow). To slow down, the word, steady, actually has a slowing effect on a pup. Teach "steady" while practicing the walk on exercise, slowing the pup with the lead while saying in a low and drawn out manner, "SSSSteady". This should also be practiced on lead while following stock.

9. **QUIT!** Use this command for "NO!". Using "QUIT" really gets a pup's attention quicker and especially for obedience trained dogs it's not a real negative command, which may make him want to stop trying. "QUIT" basically breaks their chain of thoughts and they will stop whatever they were doing. When a pup goes into grip on stock yell: "QUIT", then immediately follow with a positive command.

10. **THAT'LL DO.** This is simply a release command for when you are finished with working the stock. Use this command in place "OK."

**NOTE!** Not all commands work best for all dogs and situations. Use your best judgement and be consistent.

**TEACH** - Repetition, Patience, Praise
**TRAIN** - Consistency, Timing, Teamwork
**TEST** - Distraction, Corrections, Experience
**TRIAL** - Hard Work, but lots of Reward.

**GOOD LUCK!!!**

Jot down your thoughts, your questions, your observations and send them to Puli Parade to spread the knowledge and experience around.
In order to set the mood for this piece of literature, I'd like to offer you a precursor, that will give you an idea of the times this article was written in, to illustrate the poverty the country was stricken by, yet the morale of the people was not crushed entirely by the morbid aftermath of World War I.

To begin with, the whole title of this booklet is: "Definition Of The Komondor, And Description Of The Sheepdog." Considering the fact that our Club was formed to support and further the breed of Pulik, even though the definition of the Komondor may interest a few members, I have decided at this time to present you with an abridged version of this article, dealing directly with the Puli.

Until I was given this article, I have not heard of Dr. W. Mut, but from the Preface, written by Mr. Kenez, I gathered that Dr. Mut was the Editor of a Bavarian publication, his views and knowledge of canine matters were highly regarded not only in Germany but in other countries of Europe.

A remarkable ingenuity on the cover page showed the price as one kilo wheat (1 kilo = 2.2 lbs) or 60 "korona" (the monetary unit of that time), with a firm commitment to turn the entire proceeds over to a fund for clothing the poor children.

This booklet was published by Antal Daróczy's Printing office in 1922, in Túrkeve.

(Composer)

THE PULI

Like Cindarella, the Puli was neglected by the general public for a long time, unfortunately; further more, he was looked down upon with pity even by dog fanciers, despite of the fact that this lively "Wild Flower of the Puszta" (plains) was always the favorite of shepherds and the small farmers in Hungary for centuries.

We, the breeders, state it with firm belief, that the Puli deserves first place amongst all dogs in faithfulness, in ability to learn, in speed of movement, and in genuine resourcefulness. From old times the shepherds took advantage of these attributes, they often declared it that instead of the apprentices, - half of their duties were taken care of - by "BOGÁR", or, whatever their names were, - by their herding Pulik.
Guarding the home and the farm, one could not find a better dog than the Komondor. Yet, to keep him on his toes, the wide-eyed, bushy-tailed yelping Puli was needed around the Komondor, to keep him alert, because the large-bodied Komondor cousin would have liked to doze off in the lazy summer afternoons, instead of staying "on-guard", keeping the unwanted visitors away from the estate.

When the farmer dropped his belongings alongside the plow in the countryside, where he was working, the 6 months old Puli was fully aware of his duties to guard the master's coat, or food, or whatever he was entrusted with. From a tender puppy age the Puli learned to protect his boss, to understand his words, commands or his silent instructions from a glance or wink of his eyes to the motion of his hands. The shepherd or the farmer selected his Puli quite early and kept only the best, the most intelligent, who was able to follow the unwritten rules. He only wanted the best, the healthiest both in body and mind. Today we still have some traits of the so called genuine, or original Puli temperament, intelligence, in a neglected form though, but there is hope to improve, or rather uncover and polish it for the total enjoyment of the Puli.

I would categorize Pulik by size, color, coat type and specifically by the earset; also by front assembly, mainly by the shoulder setting. Fuli and Pumi should be kept apart.

Not too long ago the Fuli became fashionable as a "city dog". If the Fuli is bathed, his coat brushed, and kept indoors, he may be considered quite handsome, and can be treated like luxurious lap-dogs.

In regards to the origin of the Pulik there have been great differences of opinion, the long-drawn debates have not subsided yet. Hypotheses cannot give us proper grounds for any concept. Even our shepherds are divided by accepting one origin of the Fuli, and are referring to Hungarian, German and Transylvanian Pulik as of Pulik of different backgrounds and origins. And then there are those individuals, who consider Pulik and Komondorok as relative breeds and cannot make distinct differentiations between a large bodied Fuli or a smaller sized Komondor. Some of the indignant, modern breeders would put an end to such nuisance by declaring that if you cannot tell whether the dog is a Fuli or a Komondor, just observe the dog, and if you have found that the dog has fast, brisk movement, has high earsetting and its voice is not deep, but yelping, than you are talking about a Fuli. To the contrary if the dog has slow and bear-like, clumsy locomotion, has a serious-type(?) head set, than you see a dwarf Komondor.(?) Now-a-days, luckily, we have two separate breeds, which have totally separate sets of standards, and only their dense coat shows some similarity, which observation is on external appearance only, not counting or analyzing temperament etc...

If we take into consideration the trend in fashions, and how the Pulik are liked as indoor luxurious lap-dogs, besides how popular the already interesting and spectacular herding competitions are,
I feel that there is at least a good 15 to 20 years when the Puli and Pumi will bring great adventure to breeders and owners alike.

As the excitement of the popularity of these breeds, as the Puli, and the Pumi grows, the breeders will have the opportunity to select the type they prefer in the Pulik and Pumik, the colors and size, and finally in temperament; the environment will create an atmosphere for refinement and a long-awaited establishment of preferred, solid blood-lines. A healthy competition between breeders could firm up the breed, could produce strong kennels under the sign of excellence, could offer progenies of brand-names, well established kennels, whose dedication of furthering the breed would be heralded across the country and Europe... Once we have a good product, the market is there to conquer...

At this time, the best liked colors are the grey and yellowish coat in Pulik, the black is not too favored, since in the summer the black color becomes rusty red; and the least desirable color is the white, despite of the interesting, important discovery what herdsman in Ecseg have made, the only dog which would herd the cattle through the water was the white Puli.

One does not need to advertise Pulik, since they are doing their own solicitations themselves. No matter what the purpose one needs a Puli for, the Puli will find the way to please his future owner. Once a person was connected with a Puli, would not want another breed, as the saying goes, but try it sometimes, and see, whether you can resist a Puli.

Looking at the different sizes of Pulik the question popped up about what the large Pulik have done for themselves? Well, the answer was easy: large Pulik found their ways into the Police Academy, and are doing pretty well for a couple of generations. Their duties are stiff, and have earned the highest appreciation.

I'd like to close my thoughts with the Ten Commandments of the Shepherd, which may be applied to anyone's life, who respects and loves his Puli.

1. Keep and breed only purebred dogs
2. Breed only first class animals at 6 months intervals
3. Train your dog thoroughly in his puppyhood
4. Sell the pups you don't want to keep at the age of 2 months keeping the best of the litter for your future breeding
5. A 10 months old herding puppy dog is the most popular for breeding, for training, for guarding, or for herding
6. Join the Club to register him and to bring fame for himself
7. Keep your kennel or farm clean of epidemics. In case of quarantine, take good care of your animals
8. A good dog can only have a good master. But don't be concited, take your dog to shows, competitions, so others could judge him
9. Give your dog appropriate name, it means a lot and will prevail
10. Learn from others, respect the opinion of the masters, but don't be taken by the fools

Translated & transcribed by: Terry Hidassy
Dear Terry,

Crestview. Oct. 23, 1986

We just arrived home with a load of hay when I noticed your letter, I must admit, my conscience was a little uncomfortable since I do remember the reminder at the end of the last letter printed in the Puli Parade, and Barb mentioned it also very tactfully, but I just put it off, I guess your nudging was all I needed to find my "round-to-it". - Thanks, I needed that. You are so kind about your assessment of my writing ability, whatever that may be I shall write letters about our life, work and play.

The way I see it, there is not enough material about the dogs only to make interesting news all the time, once the initial observations have been made, life is much repetition. However, Barb and Leslie got a diary of the dogs progress, who were and are our guests for a while. Maybe something useful could be compiled from those remarks?

In September I traveled to Mobile show to see Barb. The long trip the big city with all its bustle reminded me of why I do not miss shows. The show site, nice, about like all of them with its rings full of exhibitors, was like keeping track of a three ring circus, it is difficult to take in all; something is going to be missed, but that is the way of dog shows, infectious: when you place exhilarating, when judgment is questionable infuriating, all the emotions circulate; keep everybody stirred up to go back for more.

During this Mobile show, as usual, we talked about our dogs, some of the eye problems experienced recently, which led me to suggest an advice learned from a writing about Edgar Casey, the "sleeping prophet", to administer with eyedropper a drop of Castor Oil into the eyes, I use it all the time to lubricate ALL eyes, even ours, according to Mr. Casey, it supposed to dissolve cataracts. (Check with your Veterinarian, like with anything else before introducing this into your routine. Ed.)

This is harvest time for us, time to put up hay, also the muscadine grapes were bountiful. Happy the Vizsla picked lot of his own grapes from the vines, but the gang of Pulik had to be hand fed. Yes, they all like grapes, sometimes I could not pick them fast enough to satisfy all the gaping mouths, they also showed preference for the sweeter tasting variety. Next came the chestnuts, there also we had competition from the dogs, whey will chew the nuts raw or ask for them anyway we eat them, the pecans are coming now, did you guess? the dogs love them also. (I have written Goldie for clarification, as we have had problems with walnuts in 1973, so her reply might be in the next issue. I don't know if nuts, especially raw nuts are or are not toxic for dogs. It is just my duty as Editor to caution you, since I don't censor the material sent to me, as I do enjoy them as they come, and I know that you do too. It does not take merit away from the author.
As a matter of fact this type of correspondence might bring out a lot of questions which we have not asked before, but always wanted to. Ed.

At the present time Wrangler is here with Fancy, it is much fun to watch these youngsters grow and learn. Wrangler is a swimmer, like an otter. Fancy is a little crafty thing, one day I was making a sandwich, a piece of bread was sticking over the edge of the counter, I turned to see Fancy on her tip-toes, stretching, but could not reach the bread, so she gave it a couple of twolegged hopps to solve the problem.

Past February we had quite an excitement. One morning I found three of the hens dead inside the chicken coop and one badly injured, this fourth hen died in two days. This was declaration of war between me and the varmint that committed this crime. The haybarn is close by the chickens, so we put up a cot there, I dressed for the occasion, arranged my firepower, a rifle and a pistol and settled down to sleep. We have also set up a wire trap inside the coop for insurance. Since Pat has to go to town to work and he needs total rest, it was up to me to camp out. I slept in the barn two nights, the third night about 9 p.m. I heard a slight clucking in the coop, got the flashlight to check and there I see an opossum dragging a hen by her tailfeathers, and here I am with nothing but a flashlight. I did not want the bird injured, so I grabbed her and threw her out of the coop, the opossum ran, so did I, to get a weapon. When I returned with the pistol, the opossum was gone. I spent almost three nights out in the cold to accomplish this?!? I'll never live it down, Pat will tease me forever, the laugh is on me! I was contemplating all this when I noticed a piece of fur, it was outside the coop "playing opossum" waiting for me to leave, so he can continue his hunt later, I aimed carefully, and gosh it felt sooo good to pull that trigger. The noise was great enough for Pat to hear above the TV (probably some ball game), Pat came running, in his nightclothes, "what happened?!"... I went to sleep in the house, a well deserved rest.

Next morning when Pat left for work, I went out to clean up, as I walked by the coop to talk to the still frightened chickens, yes, there I see in the trap another big opossum, well, I'll have to take care of him also, but I could not shoot it in the trap to render it useless, yes, I'll throw the trap into the lake to drown it! I put the trap on the haytruck, which is a flatbed, no sides, and headed to the lake. Driving around a natural slope, the trap slid off, the door opened and the opossum was gently loping toward a stand of trees with me in pursuit. I formulated a quick plan to grab him by the tail and swing him against a tree, but I was a couple of inches short at every one of the half a dozen attempts, I could not catch him to save my soul. Finally, the opossum scurried up a small tree, layed down on the nearest limb, bobbing gently looking down at me, and I looking up at him, out of reach, the rifle in its rack in the garage, he will leave as soon as I do, and be back in my coop, and I'll end up sleeping in the barn for another three days! What a prospect! Then an idea
dawned on me, I took off my shirt and tied it around the tree, ran to the truck, which kept spinning on the dew, finally got it rolling and bouncing through the pasture, --- hoping for no unexpected visitors, to witness a half naked woman run as if chased by goblins, grab a rifle and retrace the race back to my shirt, lo and behold, opossum was in the same position, so far so good, I felt pretty good about my bumpy adventure, took another careful aim and dispatched mr. opossum quickly.

All our night hunting excursions were not successful, some years back the flock of muscovie ducks were cleaned out by fox, we spent nights in the barn, or even out in treetops to be made look silly and foolish in our feeble attempts to outfox the fox.

You may find this story somewhat cruel, but life close to nature often is so, there is not much truth in the saying, "lived happily ever after". We do respect and protect wildlife in their own environment, but sometimes we just can not coexist, they have to be eliminated, and this is done with careful aim, not to inflict unnecessary suffering.

Since the "opossum tale" we found out that Fulik will help us a great deal if we do not confine them at night. This past summer they slept in the garage with the door open, and I have found one opossum and one armadillo which were killed during the night. I do not know who done it, when an alarm is sounded they all rally, but I strongly suspect that Frushka is the "hit-dog" because one cloudy afternoon while repairing fences, with all the dogs with us after a skirmish in the woods, Frushka came back all smiles, her mouth bloody from ear to ear, I went to check the cause and found a dead armadillo. Frushka is the one Connie should remember best, she may yet carry a tooth scar on her leg. Frushka is a living proof of the saying that "a peppercorn is little, but strong".

In our experience the dogs are reliable in patrolling the immediate yard area, they do not range very far hunting through the pasture, which makes me worry less about them being loose.

Last summer we had a funeral for two of the donkeys, Nugget and her little daughter Dixie. During a thunderstorm they were killed by lightning as they sought refuge under some trees. How little influence we have on the outcome of most things. The donkeys were "rescued" and shipped across country to a safe home, to their untimely death, we are left with the only consolation that they had a safe haven for a while, with lots of love, and that they did not suffer at the end. With us, living the good life is yet Nugget's son Rebel, he has accepted the company of the horses and cattle, and continues to talk to us in a loud bray.

About a week after the donkeys were lost, I found Cuca, the Holstein in labor, trying to produce her first calf, so I gathered all the gear and the calf puller and proceeded to assist her. Cuca, very cooperative layed out on her side in pain, I got the puller in place, oblivious to all the manure I knelt or sat in,
went to work with her contraction, straining my muscles to pain, but ignoring that. Finally after about 15 min. which felt like an hour, the head popped out, the calf blinked, stuck its tongue out, as if saying: "hello world, here I am", the rest came easy. Cuca started to lick the new arrival and me, with a tongue as rough as sandpaper, I just endured it, and sat amongst all the debris, weary, sweaty, soiled up to my ears, taking in the wonders of instinct, who taught her to do it?...and the calf within 10 min. on wobbly legs, nose pointed, bumping things, searching for the source of nourishment, ... So flows life beyond the sidewalks on a working ranch, if you learn to become sensitive too, and look for source of education and spiritual growth, you will realize that pain as well as pleasure and satisfaction comes mostly wrapped in a shiny hide.

In conclusion, I'd like to send an appeal to all who see any value in my accounts, to line up your stories of your lives, write us a letter, so we can all share in each other's experience and get to know each other better. We all know of and enjoy Zorro's adventures, how many more unspoken names and stories are waiting to be told ... Remember, happiness shared is happiness doubled!

Best wishes,
Dear Terry, Hayward, Oct. 10, 1986

Rhun and I had already been in the Obedience Ring for our turn, and also for our sits and downs. I knew we had qualified, the judge told us that much. It was now time to go back in for scores and awards. As we were waiting, one of the ring stewards called for dog number 62 (a standard schnauzer), to come back into the ring. "Oh well, a run-off" - I thought. I turned to the person next to me and said: "A run-off, guess, I'll never have to worry about being in one of those." I felt sorry for whoever was tied with the schnauzer, I'd seen him before at a couple of shows and he is really good! He made a few mistakes (but not any bad ones) and then his turn was over.

The ring steward stepped back to the gate and called "Dog number 48". "Dog number 48 please!" That was us! It just didn't register for a moment but when it did I was so surprised. My arm-band had been folded about 4 times and was in my hand (instead of on my arm), and I almost tripped over Rhun on the way back into the ring. Once inside the ring, the ring steward had to help me put my arm-band back on, and then we were ready to go.

I was a nervous wreck, but Rhun showed like a champ! We did win the run-off and took fourth place in Novice B that day. Now, I know that there will be other run-offs and other placements in our future, but I'll remember this one because of the lesson it taught me. Always be prepared for the unexpected (especially with a Puli) and have faith in your dog, - he knows what to do, even if you don't!

Robin Haines, owner of:

PRYDAIN RHUN

Breeder: Julius Hidassy and Barbara Edwards
Owner: Robin Haines and Barbara Edwards

Rhun's obedience scores, Robin has just sent them in late, which is better than never, right? (Ed)

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<th>Date</th>
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<td>G. Roth</td>
<td>Novice B</td>
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<td>10-5-86</td>
<td>FREMONT DTC</td>
<td>J. Urbina</td>
<td>Novice B</td>
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Placement: 4th Place
Lots of Pulik - more than you would ever see at a regular all breed show - bright, animated, gorgeous Pulik - adequate, "so-so" Pulik - owner/handlers from all over the country - southern hospitality at its best - weather that was totally unpredictable - all these things and more were woven into the fabric of the specialty weekend - Atlanta style.

The famous southern hospitality was certainly evident at every turn. Dodie Atkins together with the rest of the Show Committee did an outstanding job in making arrangements for the exhibitors. The motel, Raddison Inn Dunwoody, was very nice and the staff certainly made us feel welcome. We had a block of rooms at one end of the facility with lawn areas outside for pens and the like. The Hospitality Room was open at an early hour in the morning for coffee and donuts - a life-saver for those of us who have to have our caffeine to get started. The annual meeting/award dinner was also held there - quite good.

While the hospitality was great, I really can't say the same thing about the weather. October is a difficult time of the year to plan for anywhere - could be Indian summer or "frost on the pumpkin" time - It's anybody's guess. The week prior to the specialty the thermometer had hovered around the mid 90's in Atlanta. We expected, (even hoped), for a cooling trend but what we got was cold, wet, winter-type weather. Those of us from Oregon are used to this kind of weather at the "dreaded all day match" in the winter but hardly expected it for the specialty and the two shows the following days. We obedience people really had it bad on Saturday and Sunday - outdoor rings in a riding arena with a very wet, cold, sandy-type surface. It was really miserable and some of those Pulik didn't really like planting their tails in a puddle of water. I don't blame them - my feet were like blocks of ice and, at times, I was shaking so hard I could hardly walk. Thanks to Nancy Eaton who had an extra down vest I made it through the day.

So much for complaining - a little now about the specialty itself. It was held at the Wills Park Equestrian Center in a riding arena polebarn type. The backdrop of trees displaying all their fall colors was truly lovely and looked almost unreal it was so perfect. The specialty seemed to go quite smoothly and everyone had a good time - winners and losers alike.

The number of people from the West Coast was small; from Oregon, Bill and Linn Hiett, Richard and Denise Johnson and myself; from California, Barbara Edwards, Connie Peterson, Dave Powers, Jerry Ann and Tom Motter and Judy and Barry Becker.

The final organized event was the Pig Roast by the River and the auction. It was held at a clubhouse in a lovely suburban area.
There was a nice big fire in the open fireplace, lots of delicious food and drink and some lovely items for the auction including a beautiful handknit sweater with a puli and sheep on the front.

Next year the specialty will be held in Portland, Oregon and while we can’t guarantee the weather, we can guarantee that the show will be held indoors and the weather, whatever it is, should not be a problem. Bill and Linn Hiett have lots of great plans in the works.

Atlanta was fun though and we are all looking forward to next year and the year after. A specialty really helps to reinforce your love for the breed, it is a learning experience – an enthusiasm builder – a new friend maker – a very special dog show high.

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Another beautiful specialty report received from Oklahoma, which I think I’d like to share, as it warms up the heart, especially around Holiday Times. (Ed.)

Dear Terry, Nov.24, 1986

Enclosed is a story for Puli Parade. It is certainly wonderful memory for us. Hope all are well out there. Barbara said I should send Ledi’s scores to you also.

Here they are: Nov.2, 1986 192
Nov.3, 1986 191
Nov.9, 1986 190 CDX

(These results are absolutely terrific, we congratulate you. (Ed))

Ledi completed her CDX in 7 shows, which result is well above the national average as I understand it. We won’t make TOP PULI this year though, but watch out for next year!

Ledi is doing well, I hope someday, maybe by the time we get out there to meet everyone, her coat will be back to normal. That anesthesia really wrecked her coat. I call her my sham-Puli. The back half is great! Her health is good which is all that really counts.

I must run so I can get this in the mail. I am sending Barbara some pictures of O.O.F.S. for all to share.

Love to all,

Jim & Roxanne

*** *** *** *** *** *** *** *** ***
Living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was tough for a Puli owner. When we were about to be given our first Puli, the veterinarians we spoke to said that while they knew Pulik were great little critters, they’d never seen one! We went to shows for four years before we met another Puli. We felt isolated in our love for this special breed.

Upon the loss of our wonderful Jessica, we chanced to meet Rob Smith who was showing CH. Prydain Henwen CD. After pestering Rob for hours at the show, we finally convinced him that we were indeed "Puli - People" and truly needed another little Hungarian to fill the void. He said he would help by putting us in touch with the breeder of Henny.

We were pleased to discover that in addition to acquiring CH Frydain Ledi we also acquired Barbara Edwards and Connie Peterson as friends. The phone calls, the letters, and Puli Parade Newsletters helped us to feel more in touch with the "Puli Underground."

The Tulsa Cluster shows in November were anxiously awaited so we could see Rob and Henny again, and we enjoyed meeting Nancy Etchell and Ledi’s half sister, CH. OTCH Frydain Hetyke TD. Barbara put us in touch with Dee Neibling of Oklahoma City and her beautiful eyed CH Frydain Jutka CD. As Ledi began working on her CD we became closer to these terrific people and began trading grooming tips, training experiences and other Puli gossip.

The outgrowth of these wonderful associations was O.O.P.S. During this year’s Oklahoma City cluster, Dee graciously invited the gang to dinner. The dinner was informal. The only requirement was that you had to bring a Puli.

What an evening! Rob and Loree (forgive the spelling Loree) brought Henny and their new pup, Oscar. Nancy brought Hetyke, Bogar (an 11 years old), and her new pup Twister. We brought Ledi, while Jutka was the matronly hostess. We’d never been in a room with seven Pulik before! The romping and wiggling was delightful. The pups were tireless, and Jutka was patient while being groomed by four or five people at a time. Dinner was wonderful and we compared structure and coats and information on medications and showing. The wee hours came much too soon. To top off this unforgettable weekend Ledi finished her CDX the next day.

We couldn’t make it to Atlanta this year. But we feel less isolated out here on the plains and are looking forward to next year’s Original Oklahoma Puli Specialty.

Jim Kudlacek
Dear Terry,  
19 November, 1986

To thank you for all your contribution (especially translating materials the rest of us could not manage on our own), I am sending you a copy of the letter my youngest Puli sent to the family last week, in the hope you will enjoy it.

Sincerely,

Ann Kleimola  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Thanks a million Ann for the delightful letter, with your kind permission I am going to share it with all my Readers. (Editor.)

* * * * *

Greetings, Relatives and Puli-Friends!  
10 November, 1986

Hi! I just wanted you to know that Shana—Puli and I are now HICs. Yes, I know some of you have thought we were hicks for a long time, just because we are in Nebraska, but you must remember that we are merely children of missionary parents trying to spread the word about how wonderful we are. Anyway, I mean HICs, not hicks. HIC stands for: "Herding Instinct Certified," and we definitely have got it, even though no one really knew until a couple of weeks ago.

On the last weekend in October the Great Plains Bearded Collie Club in Omaha sponsored a Herding Test, and we got to go. It was raining on Saturday morning, but Grandma (that’s our breeder, Pat——we call her Grandma because she helped chase after us when we were little) came by early and picked us all up. We got there even before they were ready to start, and all of us Puli-People kept dry in the car while our humans went off to see what was happening. They were gone for hours, and we couldn’t tell much about what was going on. Every once in a while we heard some faint clapping and cheering, but other than that just drops of water falling on the car.

Finally, after the humans had lunch, we got our chance. They took us over to an enclosed field, but what with the high board fence and all we couldn’t tell what was in there. I overheard some people saying that they had decided to “test the Puliks on ducks, instead of sheep, because they are small dogs.” “Well, I didn’t know what a duck was or how I was going to be ‘tested on it.’” And then I found out that I had to stay with Grandma because Shana got to go first — unfair, as usual. I gathered afterwards that she got off to a slow start —— probably because she spends too much time listening to humans. Apparently she waited until she was sure she had permission before she started working. After the test Susan, our tester, explained that dogs with a lot of obedience training (and Shana has a UD) often are not sure it is all right to chase, since they have only heard “NO” for years (“No, you
can't chase the cat"; "No, stop chasing the kids"; "No, leave the joggers alone!"). She also said Shana would never hurt anything (obviously Susan has never seen Shana go after me!), and that she was barking instead to get the ducks move.

Well, Shana finally got out of there and it was my turn. And the minute I saw those ducks, I knew exactly what I was supposed to do. I didn't waste time waiting for permission either; I took off to gather them up and bring them back to the humans — after all, humans are too clumsy and stupid, not to mention too slow, to handle that kind of responsible work. And you should have seen those ducks move! They had some called "Indian Runners," and they certainly were. Keeping up with them was no problem for me, of course -- but those stupid ducks wouldn't follow the rules! When I circled around in front of them, they were supposed to turn around and head back toward the humans — but the stupid things just kept going straight toward their pen over in the corner. I tried over and over to turn them, with no luck. They just weren't any fun -- kept trying to huddle in the corner, so I had to stir them up just to make sure they were all in there. I hope they get some smarter ducks next time that know what they are supposed to do.

Just as I was really starting to enjoy myself, Susan said my time was up. I didn't want to quit before I taught those dumb ducks what to do, but since Susan was telling everybody about me I did have to go and listen. She was evidently very impressed with my self-confidence -- and she should have been -- and she thinks I have great potential, since she said I could be ready for herding trials by spring if I started training now. I just stood there smiling quietly while she said all that but at the end, I must admit that I had a little trouble maintaining my modest image as we went out to see the people. Shana claims that I swaggered, but she always exaggerates.

I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to get back to teach those ducks a lesson, but somebody always blocked the opening at the last minute. Now I know, however, that there is exciting stuff waiting for me. Of course, I have to finish my titles in the breed and obedience rings first, but after that we are off to tracking and herding, the kind of work real Puli were meant to do. Maybe nobody in our family had seen stock in fifteen generation or so, but quality always comes through.

The Omaha people have promised to have another herding test in the spring, and then I am going to deal with real sheep -- just you wait! And in the spring our cousin Sonia-Puli is going too. Yes, we know she's a Sheltie, but we adopted her a long time ago and changed her name -- and since she now plays like a Puli, she must ve one. Who says old Shelties can't improve?

Until next time, Happy Herding!

Fuli-Paws to all,

Scamp
One of the hardest decisions I had to make was to put our beloved Heidi to sleep in July. She was a beautiful black and tan German Shepherd. Heidi was 13-1/2 years old. She was rescued from the freeway by my nephew, my sister and I. She was about 3-1/2 months old at that time. I had three old Chihuahua's at home; after not being able to find her home, I decided against my husband's better judgment to keep her. Little did I know that this beautiful little lady's problem was noises otherwise she was a perfect dog.

One backfire from a car, someone slamming a car door would set her off, running or crashing through windows etc... We found out after four different Vet's, that all one could do was tranquilize her and put up with this problem, or put her down. She was a dog, that you wanted to limit your time away from her without coming home and finding things that she had destroyed. It was about four hours she would be by herself. A beautiful dog, that had to be with you at all times.

When she was five years old, I decided, may be another dog would be good for her problem. This is when we bought our Bingo, a fine five months old white Puli. They hit it off real good. She, being the boss, Heidi being so black and he, so white, they made good pals. When Heidi would have one of her spells, because of noise, he would bark right back and try to soothe her. It helped a little she being the quiet one, he being the noisy little guy, that he was, wondering why she was so scared? They made a good pair.

When we had to put her to sleep, our Bingo refused to eat and all he did was cry by her bed, wondering where she was. After three days of this, we decided to take him up the country for 4 weeks, where we had to force-feed him, luckily he was overweight. After several Vet visits he started to get better. It took about three months. The Vet said he had lots of stress, but would snap out of it. One could tell by his eyes what is going on. When he is happy they get full of expression, when he is sad they are so sorrowful.

Our Vet gave him a good bill of health, except the pulling of his coat, which he said was due to stress. He suggested to clip all his coat, but I didn't do it that much. I have been trying to walk Bingo every day. If I don't take him out he sure lets one know. Several weeks ago we were out walking about 1 o clock in the afternoon. We had a bad or may be a good experience: a man in his thirties approached me, Bingo giving a low growl, but after telling him to sit, which he did, still growling. He asked me the direction of a street. I told him, he thanked me and Bingo, and I started to walk in the opposite direction, when he grabbed my arm, and said he was going home with me. I told him to leave, let go of my arm, and get lost, or I would call the police or send my dog on him. Bingo was growling, but I kept him under
control, when I made a quick about turn, and told Bingo "GO", he grabbed the man’s leg and hung on, going back & forth, sinking his teeth in the man’s leg. By this time his pants were ripped. He was so startled, that he said "Lady O.K. you sure have some dog there, just like in the movies." I told Bingo "NO" and he stopped with a little persuasion. The man then went his way holding his leg and said, he was sorry.

Bingo always was on guard, when I am walking with him, if any one approaches from the rear or front he sounds a small growl, telling me but that is as far as it goes. If he is introduced to people, he never forgets them, and is very friendly. He very seldom does this when I am around people with dogs.

I think the merit of this story is never ignore your Puli’s warning. I do believe that statement, when they say: Puliik Are People In Sorrow And Love.

Bingo still is looking for his pal, when he sees a black & tan Shepherd he cries or one that looks like his "Heidi". We all loved our Heidi, but I don’t think I would go through this again. I think I would go by the Vets say-so. But who knows! I do know Heidi is at peace now.

Love,

Dorothy Cimino

Peace.
YOU ARE THE ANSWER

by: Barbara J. Smith

Good Morning, may we help you, is how we start our day. "You won't kill them? are the first words you say. They're female, mostly female, nine in this litter, I gritted my teeth not to sound bitter.

You bring LIFE to us and briskly come in The novelty now faded along with your whim. You smile as you offer what to you seems a present, We smile right back and try to be pleasant.

Your Gift is the third since our office just opened, We're your last resort - but you were just hoping For a miracle - nine people to rush in And choose each pup for a friend.

Our heart has grown heavy - our soul quite sad, You thought we would thank you and surely be glad. Glad to relive your careless mistake, To appear in six months for another retake?

We're a shelter, a place for unwanted animals, Where everyone loses when so many gamble. Humane workers are desperate, weary, forlorn - Concerned for those that should not have been born.

This is not what we wanted to be, Please understand - don't you see? Won't you see? You have made us a slaughterhouse of goodwill, You must pause - consider what we feel.

The hurt that's inside because we do care, About those nine pups you have over there. Bouncy and cuddly, cute - so much more, But you only shrug as you walk out the door.

You left them for us to make the decision, Which ones will die or go right on living.

Only one out of ten will be given home, And for how long a time will she belong To a family who chooses, for whatever reason, To return her to us when she is in season.

History repeats for she will have been bred She trembles it seems with fear and with dread, The face that we love her more than you. There are so many, what else can we do?

You point your finger and say, "Oh, the shame! You put them to sleep, you are to blame."
Little do you realize how we try not to hate you,
And strive with much effort to educate you.

You didn’t stay ‘till the end to see us weep
When we had to take them and put them "to sleep".

You would have stayed if we could have elected,
To watch each life snuffed out as we selected.

Euthanasia - a kind death, by definition,
Less birth would be kind, is our declaration.

But you go on in your merry ole way,
Forgetting too soon and without much delay.
That you cause the problem - YOU are the SOURCE,
You just won’t admit it, of course.

We give our best for the animals and for you,
Although the thank-yous are sparse and quite few.
Love and concern carry us through every day,
We need your help! THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY.

* * * * *

The Holiday Season is here. It does not matter what do you believe in, or who do you follow. We are supposed to be human beings with functional brain, and free to take choices in life, for a better future. We should help each other and the ones who depend on us. The latter includes our animals as well.

I think, we have firm obligations towards our dogs, cats and other animals in our household. There is a great number of people, who do not grow up to become responsible citizens and do not think ahead. Our club has always supported the Puli Rescue, so we are aligned to help the unfortunate puppies, who may have been born without reason, or who have been neglected by inconsiderate individuals. But we do have more responsibilities, beyond the boundaries of our Club activities. We need to talk to our neighbors, to our friends, and acquaintances in the workplace and wherever we go and meet people who are not aware of the gravity of responsibilities a human being has. This is a crusade, it is not too pleasant, but we need to stand up, and curtail the slaughter of puppies which are caused by the ignorance of those people.

The above poem is absolutely beautiful; despite of the fact that it is cutting deep into our hearts, it has a message. We need to pick it up and disseminate it. It is our duty to help the Humane Societies around the States and let them know, that we stand behind them, that they are not alone, and hopefully, the day will come when their shelters will not be overwhelmed by unwanted puppies, but by dogs, who need general help.

Thank you Barbara J. Smith for the eye-opener.
"THE CASE OF THE SNEAKY SNACKER"

by: Ruth Thon, San Rafael, Ca.

Turning away from the phone, I glanced at my lunch that was left on the end table when the phone rang. The sight of one slice of bread and one slice of cheese caused a strange reaction. --- I broke out in tears. I always used to slices of bread --- what was happening to my mind? Is this the beginning of senility? The tears turned in to sobs ------------ I'm only 56!

I was so distraught I couldn't even confide in my best friend and I was still walking the floor at midnight. Throughout all this agony Zorro had mixed feelings. After licking my hand several times, he stayed by himself and watched me with a puzzled look on his face as if to say, "Why is she making such fuss over a slice of bread? There's plenty bread in the kitchen!"

The next day I carefully made a liverwurst sandwich (with two slices of bread) and after cutting it in half, I placed the plate on the end table and turned the TV on. The phone rang again before I could get back to my lunch and it was a long distance call from a friend. While talking to her I turned around to look at the clock on the table. A slight movement brought my eyes to the sandwich --- a half of it was slowly moving on the plate and for a split second, I thought I was hallucinating. I dropped the phone when I saw what was attached to the hidden first part of the sandwich, --- Zorro! I yelled, "put it down!" which prompted him to grab the whole half of the sandwich and run. He knew if he put it down he wouldn't get even a bite and the sandwich was too big for him to chew unless he put it down so he dodged under tables and around chairs while I chased him screaming for him to drop it.

All the while, the phone was swinging back and forth, and my friend, thinking I was being attacked, kept saying, "Are you alright?" Running back to the phone, I apologized and explained what had happened. By that time my friend was thoroughly shook up but she was relieved to hear it was the dog and not a burglar.

Later on that day, I found tell-tale bits of the missing slice of bread from the day before in back of my rocker. It was like lifting a heavy burden from my shoulders so I sat on the floor beside the crumbs and called for Zorro to come to me. Realizing I had discovered his food bank, he came crawling, expecting the ultimate in punishment. He certainly wasn't prepared for all the
ensuing hugs and laughter but I was so relieved to find I wasn’t senile --- yet.

Well, I’m 71 now and senility hasn’t caught up with me so far, but when it does, I won’t have to cry about it. I already shed those tears when I was 56 but I don’t think I could ever forget the weird sensation of that half sandwich slowly moving on the plate while Zorro was still out of sight. It was spooky!

Coming next..."The World According To Zorro"

WHEN WILL MY KID BE HOME?

by: Rita Sikes, Douglas, Wy.

I’ve heard it said that time flies when you’re having fun. Well, if you’d ask Prydain Surmo (Fred) about the first week of October, she would say that week was an eternity.

Her kid, Sam had the marvelous opportunity to visit Nashville, Tenn. with his 6th grade class. While Sam was having fun, Fred was miserable.

I’ve never seen a dog, truly mourn. She ate, but her excited bark and squirrely bounce were gone. Her ears would perk up and pace quicken when she heard the car, only to go hop on his bed with head between her paws when Sam didn’t appear. Each night after supper, Fred headed for bed. She no longer joined the rest of us in the living room. If we called her she would promptly answer coming to the bedroom door long enough to make a U turn and head back to bed.

How did she know? October 8th she perked up, she kept looking out the window. Finally, about 1:30 a.m. a very tired young man arrived home to be thoroughly mauled by one happy Puli.

Life is good again. As I gazed upon one sleepy boy snuggled up with one happy Puli I realized the true worth of this fine breed of dog.

Thanks Gil Pearson and Barb Edwards for introducing us to the world of Puli.
Sometimes, as the saying goes, there's the last straw. And then sometimes there's...the last cat! The time of the last cat had come to our household. Our latest house cat, Pajamas, had disappeared, and when it became clear that he'd never return, I said to my two youngest children, "That's it, kids. No replacement. No more cats!"

Now, my declaration may have seemed coldhearted, but I felt I had good grounds. Cats had brought me nothing but trials. Judy...Bounce...Little Angel...Quigley...Duffy. I was tired of the whole thing. As a single parent with young children, I had enough to worry about. I didn't need to be dashing to the grocery store for pet food; combing the area at midnight for another wayward tubby. I'd had it! No more cats!

Well, I repeated my declaration until I was nearly blue in the face, and still my Sherman, then 10, and Ginger, 7, wouldn't give up their hopes. A month went by and they never failed to make me aware of whose cats in the area had had kittens. And it appeared that practically every family had kittens to spare.

Finally, I came up with one of my bright ideas. "Kids," I said, "let's pray about it and lay a fleece before the Lord." They avidly agreed.

By saying "fleece", I was of course invoking the example of Gideon's fleece, from Judges 6:36-40. In that passage, Gideon asks God, as a sign of assurance, to soak a fleece with dew while the ground all around remains dry. And the Lord did just that. It shames me a little to say so, but I think I was about to make a deliberately outlandish request.

"Lord", I prayed, "the children feel that we should have a cat. I disagree, so we are coming to You for direction. Father, if we are to have a cat, I am asking You to have a kitty walk up our pathway straight to our door. Amen."

"And, Lord," added Ginger, "please make him black." Her addition didn't worry me. By now I was sure my prayer was sufficiently unanswerable.

More than a month went by. No cat. I figured I was in the clear...until the day I walked across the street to visit with a friend. As I rang her doorbell - with my back turned to my own house - I heard hysterically gleeful cries behind me.

"Mom, Mom, Mom! Look, look, look!"

I turned to look back. There, wobbling up my pathway, was a tiny kitty. A black kitty no less. The Word of God says: "faint not."
I tried not to. The kids started jumping up and down. "Thank You Jesus," they cried.

My friend opened her door just as the black kitty walked through my door. "I can't believe this," she laughed, having learned earlier of my ruse. "That's the Lord's Cat."

And so he was... and still is at age 11. Named: "Meow-buddy", he has never run away, never gotten stuck in trees, never clawed my upholstery, and is, most amazingly, agreeable to any and all kinds of cat food. I guess you could call our black cat golden.

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KINDNESS

Thoughts on Kindness ... adapted by Clelles Peterson, inspired by Dr. Frank Miller's "WONDERFUL WORLD OF ANIMALS" (first printed in Puli Parade at Christmas time in 1970.)

Kindness is caring enough to take responsibility for your pet and his actions. The more complex the pet, the more kindness and care are necessary. You are not being kind to your Puli by keeping him in an apartment constantly, or on a leash, or in a pen. He needs exercise, and large quantities of it. Yet he must not be allowed to run free where he can be killed or maimed by automobiles. Dogs need much more exercise than they usually get. Exercise supercharges the sluggish and pacifies the impatient. Movement is a must where life is concerned.

Kindness? It is a pat on the head... or on the bottom. It's a hug, but it is also discipline. For a pet large enough to respond, and few cannot, it is also consistency. Decide in advance what role your Puli will play in your scheme of things and help him to live up to it. At least, establish realistic bounds for behavior and teach him what these boundaries are.

Kindness? A word of praise for a job well done. Anyone who trains his Puli must know the importance of this. It is the pat on the head, so to speak, that links the feeling between you and your dog. Dogs are doing many things for their masters today, even giving up their lives. Their only reward is kindness... a word, a pat, a hug. Many give the best of care, food and shelter without an iota of affection. Anyone who cannot show affection for his Puli and realize the reciprocation from it has missed one of the most important joys and pleasures in life.

... AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!
Get Ready!!!
for the event of the year...

the PNC presents a fun raising effort to establish a Pulik fund, it's...
PULIKRAZY = a semi-monopoly unique

USE A L
Sun. N
use as
Action to
lack of insurance

Canceled due to

ACTION
lots of vision on AKC obedience rules!

Romans we'll do things for no good reason!

Sex! we'll have a pot luck luncheon!
Watch for flyer coming to a mailbox near you...

WARNING:  NOW IS THE BEGINNING OF IT ALL

WELL, NEXT TIME WE'LL DO IT DIFFERENTLY, CHEER-UP!
CONFORMATION

CH MT. HOOD'S GOMBOC OF TORDOR

Breeder: L & B Hiett
by: CH Hunnia's Szeliid Szeder CD & CH Silverun Csilla Csillag
Owner: B Stelz & L & B Hiett

10-12-86 SACRAMENTO K.C. Dr. H Spira BOB

CH FRYDAIN NOAH

Breeder: R. Boatright & B. Edwards
by: CH Shine-On Immerzu Zamba & CH Prydain Eridu CD
Owner: D. & R. Boatright

10-19-86 DEL VALLE K.C. W. Pinsker GIRIII
11-08-86 WINE COUNTRY K.C. B. Krause BCB
11-09-86 MONSENA K.C. J. Bennett GIRIV
11-23-86 SAN JOAQUIN K.C. D.J. Doltz BOB
11-30-86 SAN MATEO K.C. E.H. Travinek BOB

CH FRYDAIN VIDAM

Breeder: R Boatright & B Edwards
by: CH Shine-On Immerzu Argus, CDX & CH Prydain Eridu CD
Owner: B Edwards & C. Peterson

11-08-86 WINE COUNTRY K.C. B. Krause WD

SZEDER'S JUBILANS

Breeder: Dr. M. Wakeman
by: CH Hunnia's Szeliid Szeder, CD & CH Mustic Szeder's Tusok
Owner: B & L Hiett & Mary Wakeman

11-08-86 WINE COUNTRY K.C. B. Krause WB/BOW/BOS
11-09-86 MONSENA K.C. J.A. Dexter WB/BOS

WASHBURN'S HOLABDA C.D.

Breeder: Karoly Gyimesi
by: Banszallasi Morcos & Birchfields White Bumfuzzle
Owner: F. & S. Washburn

11-09-86 MONSENA K.C. J.A. Dexter WD/BOW
F Prydain URSI

Breeder: C. Peterson & B. Edwards
by: CH Prydain Nickelodeon & CH Prydain Langos
Owner: Julius Hidasy & Barbara Edwards

11-23-86 SAN JOAQUIN K.C. D.J. Dolitz WD

SZEDER’S STAR OF PYXA

Breeder: Dr. Mary Wakeman
by: CH Csanyteleki Cigany & CH Szeder’s Fuszeres Fruzsí
Owner: Nick & Joan Apostolu (Rob Sky Agent)

11-23-86 SAN JOAQUIN K.C. D.J. Dolitz WB/BOW/BOS

ERDOSI ANDREAS

Breeder/Owner: Dr. Arthur R Sorkin
by: CH Martonvolgyi Dugo Bogancs & CH Koroskerti Amazon

11-30-86 SAN MATEO K.C. E.H. Travinek WD/BOW

MARTONVOLGYI KICSÍ

Breeder: Dr. Pöger Laszlo
by: Kiskunlachazi Komai Gobe & Martonvolgyi Julcsa
Owner: Dr. A.R. Sorkin

11-30-86 SAN MATEO K.C. E.H. Travinek WB/BOS

RESULTS OF THE P.C.A. 1986 SPECIALTY SHOW / SWEEPSTAKES / Obedience Trial / AND OTHER SUPPORTED SHOWS - ON CIRCUIT -

OCTOBER 10, 1986 SPECIALTY SHOW; JUDGE L. SKARDA

BOB: CH WALLBANGER KERMIT J BOUNCE J & M McNeill & A Bowley

BOW/WB: WALLBANGER BOKAR SOLITAIRE C NUSBICKEL & C MATTINGLEY

BOS: CH WALLBANGER KEDVES SZUKA C NUSBICKEL

BEST PUPPY: CSILLAGHEGYI BOGLAR ILONA HELWIG

SWEEPSTAKES: JUDGE R PESSINA

BEST JUNIOR: CSILLAGHEGYI BOGLAR I HELWIG

BOS JUNIOR: CH CAMEO FEATHER I S & W FERTL

BESTS SENIOR: PRYDAIN VIRAG B EDWARDS & C PETERSON

BOS SENIOR: SZEDER’S WILD’N WOOLLY B & L HIETT & M WAKEMAN
OBEDIENCE TRIAL: JUDGE C MCCLURE

NOVICE B: 1ST 197 BOWMAKER DATS A TEDDY BEAR TOO PAUL JEFFUS

OPEN B: 1ST 189 CH PEBBLETREE'S ERDEMES CDX E KELLER

UTILITY: 1ST 196-1/2 CH & OTCH FRYDAIN HETYKE TD N ETCHELL

HIGHEST SCORING DOG IN OBEDIENCE TRIAL:
BOWMAKER DATS A TEDDY BEAR TOO PAUL JEFFUS

OCTOBER 11, 1986 ATLANTA K.C. DOG SHOW JUDGE: EILEEN PIMLOTT

BOB: CH WALLBANGER KERMIT J BOUNCE J & M MCNEILL & A BOWLEY

WD/BOW: SZEDER'S SHOOTING STAR P K & P L BARBRO

WB: SZEDER'S JUBILANS B & L HIETT & M WAHMAN

BOS: CH KISALFOLDI FORGOSZEL J A & T MOTTER & J BECKER

OCTOBER 12, 1986 MACON K.C. DOG SHOW JUDGE: D WELSH

BOB: CH WALLBANGER KERMIT J BOUNCE J & M MCNEILL & A BOWLEY

WD: SZEDER'S SHOOTING STAR P K & P L BARBRO

WB: FRYDAIN VIRAG B EDWARDS & C PETERSON

BOS: CH KISALFOLDI FORGOSZEL J A MOTTER & J BECKER

BEST WISHES TO ALL THE WINNERS AND TO ALL POTENTIAL WINNERS. AS THE SAYING GOES, THERE WILL BE ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER JUDGE, AND ?

Excerpt from Barbara Stelz's note to me: "... while they are not exactly show results, I thought that you might like to publish the fact that two FUL1k from our Club recently, passed their herding instinct tests and earned the right to carry H.I.C. (Herding Instinct Certified) after their names.

They are Barb Edwards’ Frydain Warrior and my CH Mt. Hood’s Gomboc of Tordor ("Gombi"), co-owned with Linn & Bill Hiett. These dogs were tested on sheep by Shannon Oxford, the same fellow who will be doing the instinct testing at our Specialty in May, 1987. Gombi and Warrior were tested on 10/26 and 10/25, respectively..." (Editor)
TITLES EARNED

CONFORMATION

CHAMPION OF RECORDS

PIPACS HABZOBOR (B)
Breeder: L Colton
Owner: D S Kotchian & L Colton

CHAMPION OF RECORDS

CSANYTELEKI DORI (B)
Breeder: Istvan Bako
Owner: L Colton & M Wakeman

FRYDAIN UCCU (B)
Breeder/Owner: C Peterson & B Edwards

SZEDER'S MEFISZTO (D)
Breeder: M C Wakeman DVM

WALLBANGER WISH BEAR (B)
Breeder: Ann J Bowley
Owner: J & K Juhás

AKC GAZETTE OCT. 1986
by: CH Sasvolgyi Hunnia Jani x CH Pipacs Cinka Fanna

AKC GAZETTE NOV. 1986
by: Martonvasari Kocsics x Csanyteleki Bogi

by: CH Fyrdain Nickelodeon CD x CH Fyrdain Langos

by: CH Hunnia's Szeli Szeder CD x Ferecesi Kocos

by: CH Wallbanger Rowi x CH Wallbanger Off The Wall

OBEIDENCE

COMPANION DOGS

BRASSTAX BRAEMAN'S DOMOVOI (D)
Breeder: F & H Gutic
Owner: Ann Kleimola

PEBBLETREE'S PUHA FITYPANG (B)
Breeder: Dee Rummel
Owner: N S & Dr. C H Delaney

AKC GAZETTE NOV. 1986
by: CH Brasstax Charlie O'Hunyadi UD x CH Wallbanger Kalua UD

by: CH Jatei s Bika of Pebbletree x CH Devenyi Fancsa

COMPANION DOGS EXCELLENT

PUGY OF DARTMOOR CD (D)
Owner: E M & J Jaslow

AKC GAZETTE OCT. 1986
ILF 15579

* * * * *
CORNISH GAME HEN
HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE STYLE

Ingredients:

4 Cornish game hens approx. 1 lb. ea.
1/2 cup butter
2 TBSP oil
1-1/2 cup Marsala wine (or Tokai Aszu 3 puttonyos)
1/2 cup domestic brandy
1 can (10-1/2 oz) condensed cream of chicken soup
1/4 cup of flour
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/4 cup honey
1/4 cup finely chopped onions
1 tsp lemon juice
salt & pepper to taste
2 cups of Red Currant jelly (domestic or import)
4 cups of Brussel Sprouts
3/4 cup butter
1-1/2 cup Corn Flake Crumbs (or any other bread crumbs)
8 TBSP sour cream
1/2 cup fried and crumbled bacon
4 cups of fried rice mixed with wild rice (2 commercial boxes)
4 TBSP grated orange peel
10 drops of Angostura Bitters

Split game hens in half, sprinkle them with salt & pepper. Heat 1/2 cup butter and oil in a large pan. Brown hens on all sides. Lower heat, add onions, sugar and honey, and Marsala wine, cover and simmer for 25 minutes or until hens are tender. Add brandy and set aflame. When flame has gone, blend in soup, lemon juice and flour, also add 10 drops of Angostura Bitters, then whisk until sauce thickens. Set aside and keep it warm.

Cook Brussel Sprouts in salty water for 10 minutes, drain. Set aside. Heat 1/2 cup butter, add bread crumbs, (I prefer Corn Flake Crumb myself) stir, until golden in color. Set aside. In a medium casserole dish spread half of fried bread crumbs, place closely half of the cooked, drained Brussel Sprouts, top it with 4 TBSP sour cream, half of crumbled bacon, then repeat it in the same order. Broil dish for 2 minutes so flavor is equalized. Set aside.

Cook rice and wild rice mixture according to instructions on box.

Finally, on a large, silver platter arrange the cooked hen pieces on a bed of fried rice, between the hen pieces arrange small mounds of Brussel Sprouts, and decorate them with red currant jelly and grated orange peel. Enjoy a different flavor!
In Hungary, prior to WWII, around the Holiday Season it was quite fashionable to enjoy hunting games. It was mainly the sport of the upper class and the high middle class. Nevertheless, the food served at those events surpassed the wildest imagination. From the elegant wild duck, pheasant and venison dishes, to the heavy, spicy wild boar, marinated in a heavy porto wine for a week, to take over the bouquet of aroma and tenderize the meat, - hungry sportsman and women consumed an overpowering array of carefully prepared and impeccably presented 15 to 20 course feasts, which lasted for 5 to 8 hours. Each course was complemented with an appropriate wine to balance the meal, and to separate the feast.

After the war was over, most of the people had hardly enough time, energy and money to rebuild their lives and homes, it never even entered their minds to entertain themselves or their friends with superfluous hunting games. But as life picked up, another section of the population came up with an idea, that had to do with the sport of hunting, and the sports and feast came alive again. Of course, now-a-days the 15-plus courses of meals have dropped to a more manageable 5-8 courses, still spiced with wine and other drinks, which make the lavish events quite popular.

One of the compulsory wildfowl of the menu was the Hungarian Partridge at all times. I will reprint a relatively simple recipe for preparing a partridge dish for the Holiday Season. Or, since it is awfully difficult to obtain Hungarian Partridge in the States, I have tried to substitute it with Cornish Game hens. The taste came quite close, however, the game hens are not that gamey as partridges, and sometimes one may use Angostura Bitters, to enhance the flavor by adding multiple herb mixture.

When people are travelling in Hungary, should not miss a fabulous feast in HUNTER STYLE, that will give them a treat to remember all their lives.

The Vizsla Clubs and the Vizsla Section of MEDE are always the most active, and are putting on Field Trials, and other events, not only for their own members, but for guests as well. This is a good point to note in your travel plans, also, to contact the local Vizsla people, and become more familiar with their agenda, which includes hunting and field trials from time to time.

Well, this column is dedicated for food, and look where it got us. But isn’t this fun? No matter what we talk about, we end up discussing dog matters. Since food is important too, I believe we could even exchange some good recipe’s with members of other Clubs, who have Hungarian breeds. I would really welcome your suggestions, or if you have a good recipe, which you would like to share, send it in, and we can alternate Hungarian or other food, that will give us a greater variety in the future. A long time ago Joan Apostolu sent me an Indian bread recipe, which I have not published yet. Why don’t we start next year a new profile for this column and exchange our treasured recipes with other members of our Club! ?! O.K.? If you would agree, please let me know. Thank You!

Terry Hidassy
NEWS IN BRIEF

NEWS FLASH

ROBERT J. SQUIRES of Webster N.Y. was appointed to a new position created by AKC: Field Director of Obedience, as James Deeringer, AKC Secretary reported. Squires, a former teacher and administrator will be involved heavily in the research and development for new AKC Obedience Programs in addition to his extensive travels throughout the U.S. to attend Obedience events. Squires joins AKC effective December 1, 1986.

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Puli Parade - in the name of Pulik of Northern California - wishes to extend our deep sympathy to Helen Balazs, for her great loss, the death of her husband Edmund Odon Balazs. We all hope, that the Almighty God will give Helen strength and health to overcome her grief and generate new energies to continue life on an unfamiliar path. We all love you and if you need us, we are there and always ready to help you. God be with you.

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In the San Francisco Bay Area there is a HOTLINE to call the SFCA ANIMAL BEHAVIOR group at: (415) 554-3000. The facility is located at 2500 16th Street in San Francisco. This group has a unique program which will teach the interested pet owner about dog behavior, how to understand your dog and how to communicate with your dog. If interested, the San Francisco SFCA is offering a FREE BEHAVIORAL CONSULTATION to people who are willing to adopt a dog from their shelter.

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There should have been a Puppy Corner in this issue, but - the proud and happy breeders had other things to do than advise me of the blessed event. Barbara Edwards and Connie Peterson flew to the exciting Mexico City for a little Christmas shopping and also to attend a grand ol' Dog Show in Mexican style. Looking forward to their report on this short visit to our Southern Neighbor's Land and to receiving details of Eridu's puppies.

***
At the FIDO-TOWN DOG SHOW there was a terrible mix-up. The Show Committee was ready to be fit to be tied. Every winning dog received the wrong ribbon. To help the Committee, please read the clues below. Then match each dog with its correct ribbon by putting an X on the grid at the bottom of the page.

HINT: to help you to solve the puzzle, make another type of mark to indicate the ribbons the dogs should NOT have received.

CLUES:

1. By mistake, these dogs received these ribbons:
   - Collie: best behaved,
   - Dalmation: best groomed,
   - Setter: best tricks,
   - Saint Bernard: best swimmer,
   - Puli: best runner.

2. The setter was not well-behaved.

3. The collie did the best tricks.

4. Neither the Saint Bernard nor the Puli won the ribbon that the Dalmation and the Collie were given by mistake.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Collie</th>
<th>Dalmation</th>
<th>Setter</th>
<th>St. Bernard</th>
<th>Puli</th>
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<tr>
<td>Best Behaved</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best Runner</td>
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"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to leave the world a bit better; whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you lived. This is to have succeeded."

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PULI PARADE EDITOR: TERRY HIDASSY - PUBLISHER: BARBARA EDWARDS