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DEADLINE FOR THE MAY/JUN 1989 ISSUE.................JUN. 10, 1989

ARTWORK BY JULIE APOSTOLOU/SALLY HINES/MARIA KASZIAN

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

PUBLISHER:  BARBARA EDWARDS
21856 BEAR CREEK ROAD
LOS GATOS, CA. 95030
PHONE: (408) 354-0726

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OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN PULI PARADE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF
THE EDITOR OR THE CLUB: PULIK OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
This issue was supposed to be mailed out at the end of April. The calendar blares at me, showing a word June (?) My God, where the time went! Unfortunately, it wasn't that I was overwhelmed by good times, to the contrary. I just did not have the physical and emotional energy to put the Parade together.

I apologize to all of you for the inconvenience, and will try to get the May/June issue out too within the next couple of weeks. Thank you kindly, for your understanding.

Julius is getting better every day, thank God, his spirits are real high; he has already gone back to his office, and works full time; and to top that, he has already judged 3 Obedience Trials, which he loves to do so much. Well, he is a very strong man, and has a great deal of energy to live, God bless him.

Every now and then the question comes up in the mind, what is the future of our Puli? I was browsing through books to see what has transpired in the past fifty to hundred years in the history of the Puli, to see, whether there was another time, when the chips were down, and when a reshuffling of concepts were needed to find the way out of a "dead end" situation.

It was amazing, to realize similarities in facts, that around the last "turn of the century" there were deep concerns about the Puli's work, the utilization of his natural abilities, etc. etc... And then in the 30's things have changed and started to move into the right direction; when almost everything indicated that the Puli was on the best way to be appreciated, then in less than a decade later WWII tore through the world and threw all human and humane plans on the back burner, some of them were destroyed and others were scattered about the world not to be able to put them together at all.

A very interesting, and controversial, but dedicated admirer of the Hungarian sheepdogs was the late Dr. Sándor Pálffalvy. His long and tedious research work to find the roots of the Hungarian nation and of its faithful companion the Puli, raised eyebrows in many circles. Dr. Pálffalvy found proofs of the Hungarian origin, which contradicted the established, and well accepted theory that was instituted in the doctrines of Hungary.
I don't want to go into his life and his life achievements, which might take volumes and volumes. His writings about the Puli radiated love, and respect for this unique breed, but mainly, his concern was burning intensely, and wanted to warn the breeders and owners of the beautiful Puli, that this is another time, when we should not spoil this lovely breed, but we should try to get them back on the trail to recovery, so they could regain their ancient glory, and be able to fulfill their predestination.

A few years back I printed all the available literature on his Sumerian origin theory. Now I found a short essay on the "Future of the Puli" which I'd like to share with you. Unfortunately, a great number of his works are not found anywhere, despite of the fact, that I have tried to contact his Widow, without success. A great deal of articles, which he started in his Puli magazine, were not finished, when the Angel of Death took him away.

What a loss, not only as a human being, but as a great spirit, with a world of enthusiasm, ready to defend his convictions.

Whether you believe him or not, it is not the question, I still feel, that his soaring spirit may impress you and - if nothing else - but will make you think and might bring some ideas to surface, which you were not aware of. That is a great quality in mankind; there are deeply kept secret passages in the souls, in the minds and in the hearts. It just takes one little spark and it comes to light. Don't deny that from yourself!

In the past decades, our Clubs went through tremendous changes, our Pulik have been established in size, temperament, coat, etc., too numerous to be able to list all the refinements. Our good and thorough breeders have sacrificed time, to create their own mark on the breed within the frame of the standard. Look at a Puli and you can tell which breeder worked a couple of decades for "that" disposition. The great ones are known by their names now-a-days. You don't even have to give the full name of the Puli, you have a visual picture in your mind, when you talk about them. (I have started to list these Pulik, and after typing 25 names, I realized, that I don't know all the breeder in this country or in Canada; I don't want to leave out anybody because of ignorance or hurt anybody's feelings. In every breeders life there are good, and not so good Pulik, and then a few super ones. Thank God for their persistence!)

Education has also been a major topic in our Clubs' life. Learning to broaden our knowledge, and teaching others, mainly our Judges, and future Judges to make them realize the refinements which put the final touch on judging.

The past 10-15 years our Clubs were flirting with the idea to find out if our Pulik have retained their herding instinct. Well, we have come a long way, and there is a longer way yet to hike. We have tried our Pulik to herd sheep, ducks, and cattle, with extremely good results; their instincts have not bred out of them.
AKC is working hard to establish a Herding Trial for our Pulik, which will be designed only for the Pulik, accommodating the size, character, temperament, and other factors to fit our breed. That is a major development, which will even grow with time.

Agility has been spreading as wild fire around this country. In Europe matches with agility competition are standard occurrences. It is an exciting, and unusual set up, the participating dog must take all obstacles to win. There are drums laying on the ground, through which the dog has to climb through; there are tall, steep boards to climb up and descend from, ladders to climb, etc. etc. I don't want to spoil your fun. If you have pictures or details of agility or even experience what you might want to share, please don't hesitate and send it to me, I'll put it in the next Parade.

The book on Dog Astrology is great fun to read, to translate, and to relax with. I probably have more fun to attempt to get the meaning of the fascinating articles, then just reading it. Sometimes I remember, when I had to just type an article for the Parade, or - as in the beginning - I simply Xeroxed a copy of an article which I wanted to put in Parade, - I missed an awful lot while doing them that way. Now, when I input it in the computer, I listen to the story; or if I have to translate it, or even must transcribe it, the fun is tremendous, as keeps my brain cells alive.

Who likes chocolate? - I haven't met that person yet. Eating it makes you feel sooooo gooodd, right? Well, it is not too good for some people (like me, for instance) and it is toxic for pets. I didn't know that, did you?

Just found out, that chocolate contains theobromine. Even a small amount can cause vomiting and restlessness in pets, and larger amounts can cause their death. My God! I have given at times to my Pulik, may be a little piece of chocolate, but not much, that I know.

What is a lethal dose of theobromine depends on the size of the dog and the type of the chocolate. Ounce for ounce, baking chocolate has six (6) to nine (9) times more theobromine than milk chocolate.

The Journal of the American Animal Hospital Association reported the death of a Springer Spaniel after eating a 2-pound bag of chocolate chips.

People don't realize how toxic chocolate is just like rat poison. As little as 4 ounces of milk chocolate can be lethal for a small Chihuahua or Toy Poodle, according to the journal.

I hope you'll enjoy the thoughts I have brought up. Keep your articles and letters coming. Thank you.

Your Editor, 

Terry
Writing the President's Message, which is part of every issue of a Club's publication isn't always as easy as sometimes the final print makes it appear to be.

The purpose is not just to create a pretty article, — full of banalities, but each print should provide the Readers, the Club Members useful information, setting goals, giving certain directions the Club should head to, how to achieve the selected aims, etc... etc... — that is not so easy to do.

These were my very thoughts when I was asked whether I would accept the Nominating Committee's decision to become President of our Club.

Besides the above reasons there was another, unexpected difficulty to overcome. The same day I was asked to accept that position, I was facing a major surgery, and usually, nobody is overly optimistic in such situation like that to make a decision. I made mine though, and accepted the offer in the hope that I will pull through the operation and will be able to contribute substantially to the Club's future goals.

So, here I am now, trying to collect my thoughts and to write my first President's Message.

Starting with saying: "Thanks" to all the Club Member for the nice "Get Well" cards, for the "Get Well" wishes, the visits in the hospital and the lovely, cuddly, stuffed doggie. Thank you!

My deepest thanks and recognition goes to Robin Haines, who substituted for me as Acting President during the time I was incapacitated. Robin and her husband, Carson Haines exerted extra efforts to hold the fort, and greatly contributed to the fact that we had a Specialty this year.

I cannot miss the opportunity here to say thanks to the former President, Rob Sky's contribution to our Club's success and activities.

Since I was unable to call a Board meeting yet, I am not going to touch on past and present Club matters at this time, but will soon arrange for getting the Board together, and sort things out, before we are going to go ahead with a new Agenda.

I have decided, however, that I will focus on certain new AKC decisions, which may effect our Club's future operation:

1. - Some modification have been made in regards to the AKC sanctioned matches — in fact — there will be more flexibility in approving match sites.
2. - The AKC Staff has been directed to be more flexible with the approval of experimental, competitive formats, to approve group matches. Matches, that will give aspiring judges the opportunity to evaluate exhibits and present oral explanation of their choices of placements, etc. etc...

What decision deserves to be watched closely is, that in order to be approved for a 1990 Show date, all breed clubs will be required to hold a Sanctioned Match or approved experimental, competitive event in 1989.

These are some of the proposed changes on the list of AKC's activities - besides others - that I will bring up from time to time and will discuss with you.

Anyway, the coming year, and the future in general, looks very promising and exciting, - lots of new activities are in the making, - which will give more chance for different individuals to participate.

Happy Showing,

Your President
Julius Hidassy
# TREASURER'S NOTES

PULIK OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

TREASURER'S REPORT

JANUARY 1, 1988 THROUGH MARCH 11, 1989

## EXPENSES

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**Total:** $3,627.66

## INCOME

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**Total:** $4,920.23

## BEGINNING BALANCE:

$1,172.54

## INCOME:

$4,920.23

**Total:** $6,092.77

## EXPENSES:

$3,627.66

## CLOSING BALANCE:

$2,465.11

Respectfully submitted,

Constance Peterson

Treasurer
His name may not be widely known, but his memory has been honored since 1456—although unknowingly—in Catholic countries all over the world by the ringing of church bells every day at noon.

János (John) Hunyadi (who-nyo-dee) was a truly universal hero of his time. Legends woven around his name not only in Magyar folklore, but also in the sagas of other peoples whose fate was connected with 15th century Hungary. Other nations went so far as to claim him as one of their own. In a Serb epic, he is a Sibinyanin Jankó; the Slavs generally called him Ugrin Jankó (Magyar János) to the Rumanians he is Jakula; and to the Bulgars and Macedonians he is Jansekula. Greek folk singers, who called him Hungarian Jankó, arbitrarily changed his name to Jankó of Byzantium. Dukász, the Greek historian, compared Hunyadi to the two most valiant figures of Greek mythology, Achilles and Hector.

Among all the idolizing adjectives and titles bestowed upon him, the Latin phrase Athleta Christi (Champion of Christ) is the most fitting.

HUNYADI'S ORIGIN CONTENTED.

Historians are still in the dark about the year and place of his birth and even his parentage seems shrouded in mystery.

The earliest document dealing with the Hunyadi name is a royal patent signed by the Hungarian King Sigismund on October 18, 1409 in which the king donated Hunyadvár in Transylvania to Serba Vojk's valiant service at Court. Vojk, whose family had come from Wallachia, thereupon changed his name to Hunyadi. Vojk's wife, Erzsébet (Elizabeth) Morsina, was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman. Hunyadvár, better known as Vajdahunyadvár, was, and still is, one of the loveliest castles in the Carpathian Basin. A close duplicate of it has been erected in the heart of Budapest behind the Héroes' Square, built for the Millennium in 1896. The charming little lake next to it is a favorite trysting place for young lovers.
There is some doubt over the identity of Hunyadi's real father. According to contemporary gossip spawned by János Hunyadi's phenomenal rise in fame and fortune, his birth was the fruit of an illicit love affair between King Sigismund, a notorious womanizer of his time, and Vojk's wife, Erzsébet Morsina, either before or after her marriage to Vojk.

Hunyadi had two brothers: Vojk, who died early, and another, who, strangely enough, was also christened János. The younger János also attained fame as a soldier, being dubbed miles militum - the valiant of valiants - until his early death in 1442 in a battle.

This version of his origin which, if true, would indicate royal blood, is vehemently disputed by Rumanians, who are proud of Hunyadi's Wlach origin. They point to numerous documents in which Hunyadi's by-name appears as János Oláh. (Oláh is the Hungarian word for Wlach.) This argument is tenuous, since Oláh is the surname of numerous noble families of purely Hungarian stock.

Disregarding gossip, Hunyadi's paternal ancestors were Wallachians and Catholics. The fact that he was Hungarian is irrefutable. His whole life was dedicated to the Hungarian and Christian cause; he married a Hungarian noblewoman (Erzsébet Szilágyi); and he reared his children as Magyars. He regarded himself as a Hungarian nobleman and went down in history as one of his country's most celebrated heroes.

A BORN SOLDIER

Young Hunyadi began his career as a member of King Sigismund's bodyguards. He attended the King's campaign against Venice and against the Czech Hussites, and accompanied him to Rome, where Sigismund was crowned Roman Emperor. After traveling in Western Europe, he spent a few years in the court of the Serbian despot, Stepan Lazarovits.

Since boyhood, he had not only fought, but had also stored up observations made during his travels and campaigns. He was not a learned man, but he studied his profession thoroughly by analyzing the history and methods of European warfare. Drawing from these experiences he conceived a new strategy which combined mobility with security for his forces. These were usually not very numerous, but their quality was unequalled.

Since he lived for years in Serbia, Croatia, and Italy, he learned to understand their people and their languages. Strangely enough, he never perfected in Latin, the diplomatic language of the time used by the higher echelon of Hungarian society.

Hunyadi grew up a deeply religious man who strongly believed in the power of prayer. His comrades at Court frequently saw him slip out of bed late at night to spend hours on his knees in devout prayer in the royal chapel.
He was a born soldier filled with a missionary devotion to one great cause: to fight the Ottoman Turkish Empire, the greatest enemy of his country and his Church, until its forces were driven out, not only from Hungary but from Europe itself.

**THE TURKS ARE COMING!**

Until 1441, Hunyadi’s campaigns were only preliminaries to the extended warfare against the Turks, in which he won his fame as "TOROKVERO" (the exterminator of the Turks). Appreciating his splendid talent, King Sigismund in 1437 appointed Hunyadi Chief of Defense of Southern Hungary, which stretched from eastern Transylvania to the Adriatic. The next king, Wladislas I, made him Captain of Nándorfehérvár (today is known as Belgrade capital of Yugoslavia).

As if by Providence, the king’s appointment put the right man in the right place at the right time.

The years preceding his appointment saw a gradual Turkish advance on the Balkan Peninsula toward Hungary. "The Turks are coming!" was the cry that could be heard with increasing frequency in the southern regions of the country. Villages were being destroyed, thousands killed, and thousands of others, including women and children, taken captive to be sold in the slave’s markets of the Ottoman Empire where a beautiful girl could be bought, in exchange for a pair of boots.

The Turkish raids had developed into a military campaign against Transylvania, where the Sultan’s troops were assisted by the Wlachian Vlad Drakul (better known as Dracula). According to the Turkish historian Nesri, Drakul responded to the Sultan’s call to "gather your troops and report with them in my camp" with these slavish words: "I am ready to serve my Sultan, even to lead his horse or walk his dogs!" (Drakul’s role, however, is described by Rumanian history books otherwise. Called Prince Vlad the Impaler, he put 20,000 persons to death within the six years between 1456-1462. He refused tribute to the Sultan, defeated the Turks, and impaled the Turkish prisoners.)

The campaign against Transylvania had lasted for fortyfive days after which the Turks returned home with prisoners numbering 70,000 more than their own forces.

_to be continued_

(Several descriptive paragraphs in the preceding article have been drawn from "The Spirit of Hungary", by Stephen Sisa. 1983)

Mr. Sisa’s account of the Hungarian History is the utmost best, we all salute his outstanding contribution to World Literature.

Impressions by: Tessa Adam

Coming:"WARFARE, Hunyadi-style."
Dear Terry,

by: Rita Sikes, Douglas, Wyoming

We so enjoyed your Christmas card. Unfortunately, somehow I missed that portion of Christmas. So we hope your holiday was blessed and continues to be blessed with health and happiness.

Somehow I've missed January and February. Where does time go?

I'm not sure where the time goes. I think it has something to do with children. It seems like I'm headed to the lumber yard for Sam or taking Kelly to swimming. She's on the USS swim team. But I am convinced that there is life after children and in a few years, eight or ten, they will probably be gone. So, we'll enjoy them while we can.

One of the most enjoyable parts of life is watching the interaction of Pulik and kids. Fred and Sam are inseparable. If he leaves she refuses to eat and really mopes. And to think, I've always dreamed of having a singularly devoted dog. Luba loves everyone, but Kelly is top on her list. And Smokey is our real character. He thinks he's a boxer with his front feet.

Well, have a pleasant spring, I'll really try to do better on my events in the Wild West.

Take care,

Rita.

And now, here is a report from the Pulik in Wyoming:

SHOOT TO KILL.

Dear Fellow Pulik,

Please spread the word to your people and tell your Pulik friends to pass his information on concerning responsible dog ownership. All dogs must become concerned citizens, especially if their owners won't be.

I mean if you want to see mad, angry and on the fight, you should have seen "Boss Lady". This incident we're about to relate happened last October and she's just now unloaded her gun and cooled off enough to let us tell the tale.

Last October on a Wednesday, Boss Lady happened to be home. It was about 9 A.M. and we were hanging around. Lu had the sofa, Fred had the afghan on the floor and I was in the kitchen under
Boss Lady's feet. Life changed abruptly for all of us at the ring of the phone.

If you remember awhile back we told you of our woolly buggers. Well the herd had a real change that day. The phone call was Grandpa Garrison where we kept the sheep. All he had to say was DOGS - and Boss Lady was shot into action. She phoned friend Mary, got Boss Man's pickup and stock trailer fairly threw us into crates with comments not worth repeating and between breaths came "one dead, one hurt, the rest missing. Oh_______!" "But then the buck's OK."

It sure was a long day for the rest of us. We waited, none to patiently, for Boss Lady to return. Our speculation was child's play compared to the rest of the story.

About 8 P.M. - 11 hours later, a weary crew stumbled in to turn us loose. We galloped outside to stretch our legs and do our jobs but eagerly we returned to sniff sheep like levis and listen to the horror story.

It was nearly 9:45 when Mary and Boss Lady arrived. Grandma greeted them with the good news.- The missing sheep had broken through the woven wire corral gate and were still somewhere in the pasture. The buck, Christopher Columbia, hadn't left the hurt ewe in the corral. He was a little bloody, but O.K.

Then, Boss Lady rounded the shed and turned white then red with rage. The sheep had been corralled with woven wire and barbed wire on top of the fence. The creek running through the corral had wooden poles at water line. According to signs from the apparent scuffle, two dogs had to have ducked under water to get under the poles to get in the corral. THEY MEANT TO KILL - NO ACCIDENT - THEY WANTED TO KILL!!!

Next to the creek lay one ewe wet, listless and shaking. She wouldn't be budged, and was too heavy to pull. Beside the ewe lay another ewe covered in blood. It was quit obvious from the torn front leg, half eaten chest and churned up ground, a struggle against odds too great for this mom with nursing lamb and unborn lamb, took place. DEATH WAS SLOW IN COMING!!!!

Nothing could be done for these. More pressing matters waited. Find the missing. Eight hours later Mary, Grandma, and Boss Lady were still walking the pasture. The ewes would be eased back toward the corral only to shake, break and run as they neared the gate. Memory overruled any progress.

Help had been sent for in the form of friend Mr. Wright and Boss Man along with the boy kid called Sam. Unfortunately, we Pulik could not be of any help. Dogs were the last thing these sheep wanted to see. Some wire panels were borrowed from a neighbor, thanks to Mr. Wright. A new, makeshift alleyway was made to a
different corral, with an approach from a different direction. The sheep had to be diverted - we walked entirely around the edge of the fence (fortunately only 32 acres) - were finally captured. Wild eyed and spooky, but captured. Sam shakes a feed bucket better than the rest of us.

One lamb was gone, disappeared. - One ewe had been ran over the edge of a 20 feet cliff. She couldn't walk, but appeared unhurt. Water and feed were packed on foot to her for 2 days before rescue could be attempted. Thank you Grandma, it was a 1/2 mile walk. You see this pasture is too rough for a 4 wheel drive or 3 wheeler.

The hurt ewe in the corral was lifted to an old VW bug car hood and the tractor pulled her up the hill.

The sheep were removed from the situation and taken to town. Snow fence was put up inside woven wire to protect them from town dogs. The shotgun was loaded.

Final outcome was 3 dead - no, actually 6 - one at the scene of the wreck, one from pneumonia and one ewe sloughed her tendon in her hind leg and inspite of the best care, when it became evident that she couldn't walk, she had to be shot. The other 3 unborn lambs did with their mothers.

The sheriff was called. Grandma could identify the dogs, they just had to be found. Another neighbor is losing sheep! Someday with luck the dogs will be caught in the act and shot. If the gunner is good the act will be quick and sure. If not - a dog will suffer and pay the price for his owner that, perhaps, if it were legal, is the one that should be shot.

Hopefully, someday, someone will have to pay. The market value at time of death was $110.00 per head. Although we are practical ranch oriented people and so often death is part of life here in the country, that is harsher than some needless slaughter, that irritates and hurts. And believe me the hurt goes deeper than the pocketbook. As callous as this letter sounds, we do have a heart.

The final outcome. After several months of patient work the sheep again let us Fulik herd them. But, hay prices shot our of sight and it was not safe to return them to pasture in anticipation of summer grass so we piled on tyhe couch back and barked farewell to our woolly charges.

But, we are optimists - maybe someday, there will be more.

But, again dogs, get your owners under control - they must be the responsible one.

Happy Herding,

CH Prydain Lu Bove HIC
Prydain Surmo CD HIC
Whidbey's Alorn CD
MATTERS OF INTEREST & IMPORTANCE

DOG ASTROLOGY

MASTERS, DOGS, STARS

Abridged version of Edit Garamvolgyi's book

Translated by Terry Hidassy

ARIES

March 22 - April 20

Abu
1937. március 25.

Kos
Gyors, tevékeny, leírásosságú, becseyegű, brutál, kazdeneményző
villámkosz aztismad

Fast - Active - Enthusiastic - Ambitious - Proud - Initiatory
- Ready to undertake any danger without hesitation -

Compatible mates: Sagittarius, Leo, Aquarius, Libra, Gemini.
Under the sign of ARIES (Ram), all living beings, human or animal by distinction, are initiatory, ambitious, aggressive, enthusiastic; quite often, they knock their heads against the wall to make a point; and if we are talking about animals, they can be identified or rather be labelled as the "Davids" of the dogs.

Jubilantly, they take every opportunity to start a fight. We have just named two of their most unpleasant characteristics, namely: being provocative and stubborn. Amazingly enough, these two derive from three of their most excellent attributes, which are: straightforwardness, simplicity, and radiating total naivete.

Because of their obstinacy, as well as their courage, they will - almost inevitably - be involved in desperate fights. In case they are discouraged to follow their mood-swings, or if they are humiliated perhaps, they become obstinate, and defy the expected change and would even turn against their own masters. Dogs, under different astrological signs might take an anticipated behavior, just to avoid further conflicts: like they would approach the master cunningly, - no matter that one can look through the play they put on - asking for forgiveness by bending down swaying their entire body, dropping their tails and wagging them awkwardly, with downcasted eyes they might come to their masters reflecting tearless sorrow in them, expecting understanding for the problem they have caused... they show the "Embodiment of Remorse"...

Not the Aries dogs! They cannot and will not do it! It is impossible, as they are incapable of sly manipulation. Injustice will upset them, so they are not going to ask for forgiveness, but will fight for the truth till the end. It is quite true, that to live with creatures under this sign is very hard, but their company is full of excitement. One cannot predict the future, but surely one will not be bored by living with them.

To a certain extent Aries are controversial individuals. Basically, they are egocentric, yet they find tremendous joy in making others happy. They are ready to undertake any danger, and are quite inventive; however, if they have spent a long time to entertain an idea, their boredom hits unexpectedly. This ambivalence creates many times great, painful situations, which is a distinct mark of an Aries individual!

A family is playing peacefully with a ball at the beach of Balaton, (a beautiful lake in Hungary); or may be at a clearing, at a picnic area of a mountain resort. Everybody is happy, smiling and content, even the head of the family, the old grouch. The perfectly idyllic mood explodes in a second by the appearance of a dog from another family group. The intruder picks up the ball and runs away with it, scattering sand into the picnic basket in his hurry, then knocking over a little girl, who starts bawling bitterly. The mother of the small girl screams, she is afraid that the entire picnic will be spoiled; the father takes after the dog, but he stumbles and falls to the ground injuring
one of his knees and scraping the skin off his elbows.

The dog is delirious of joy, for bringing fun to a boring play, returns the ball and places it in front of a small boy's feet. He is the only one in the affected family who is not crying. The doggie tries to persuade him to play with him, in a friendly manner, to let him be involved in the unexpected fun too, jumps on the kid jokingly, wagging his tail and barking happily.

By now, the little boy is so confused and terrified, that he starts shouting louder than his little sister. Within thirty seconds the carefree, cheerful, contended atmosphere dissipates, and the not long ago smiling family turns into a tearful, angry crowd.

And all this can be "credited" to the well-meaning dog under the sign of the "Ram", which wanted to add some entertainment and elevated happiness to their lovely outing. He did not have any desire to disturb or upset their lives. If his good intensions could have been understood by that family, and if they would have continued playing, including the dog in question, he could have been satisfied and may even be bored in a very short while, and would have left the group, in the search of another one, that needed some "cheering-up"!

This admirable concern to care for the well-being of others could cause even more disastrous situations. Let's take a look.

Picture it: it's 2 a.m., when the dog reacts to an unusual noise. An Aries type will automatically realize that the time is here when he needs to defend and protect the family. He starts a loud, continuous barking session. If that doesn't result in anything, he will dart into the bedroom, will jump on the master's bed, and lick his face real good, (no bathing will be necessary after that) for which act the master will show deep gratitude towards him, also, recognizing his unselfish attitude; well, of course, depending on who or what has caused the strange noise.

If it was a night intruder, who was about to pry open the kitchen window... or if it was the lamp which was knocked over by the master, when he was moving around in the dark house, - after the 2nd sleeping pill... the master's reactions will be different...

In the first case, the master will be grateful to the dog that the intruder was scared away from the house. But, in the second case, he will be angry, even furious with the dog, and would tell him to stop the big commotion in the night...

Dogs under the sign of Aries are very bad patients, if ill. They resent being indisposed, so instead of letting be cured, they would rather camouflage the problem, fake good disposition, until it's too late.

Don't keep your hopes up that you can fool an Aries dog, and try
to hide his pill in the food. He will look at you with an incredible expression in his eyes, will extract the medicine from the food bowl and place it next to the plate triumphantly. Still staring at you, with great disbelief in his mind, he'll try to convey the message: "For heavens' sake, don't try this stupid trick again!" It's best though to hide the pill in a piece of soft salami, or better even, in liverwurst; very carefully, so that the dog would not see your maneuver, then casually throw it at him, which he will quickly catch and swallow still in the air, without question. Nice play, doggie? Good doggie, that's my boy!

The Aries dog cannot stand veterinarians, and they hate if you fool them and drag them against their will. Even, sometimes they will act healthy until you take them home.

But don't feel lost! Try to measure and evaluate their good and bad properties, sift through the bad ones and keep the good ones only, to remember the wonderful things an Aries dog will do for you.

Aries dogs are outstanding guard-dogs; many thanks to them for their "ham" disposition, they will show well at exhibitions, they really will become quite popular. Their faithfulness is unparalleled, they are trustworthy guide-dogs, and unselfish. A master, with well balanced outlook can understand the ramification of an Aries dog's qualities, and will have him as best friend with all of his shortcomings. The "Ram" has a forceful desire to lead others out of darkness and that is very significant.

If you, as his master, are disappointed with yourself or with the world around you, your dog will stand beside you to give courage. He understands you instinctly, since his makeup is based on similar feelings.

What should a master do?

- Be patient, teach your dog from early puppyhood, let him realize, that this is life, the dog's life.

- Have him always on leash, even when you are taking him on a hike on vacation.

- Try to persuade him, that going to the vet., is one kind of occasional visit, like going to see relatives.

What should the master avoid doing?

- Don't lose your patience for anything, minor or major problem.

- Don't interfere with your dog's fights.

- Don't pout if your dog pouts.

- Try not to deceive your dog, except when going to the vet, or giving medicine.
The type of illnesses which could be prevalent in Aries dogs. It is quite conceivable, that none of these maladies will hit your dog, yet it is better to be aware of them, than be facing a fait accompli.

Most problems are caused by fights, and injuries related to them. Some Aries dogs may contract illnesses of the gastrointestinal tract, the kidneys, their teeth and their eyes.

In the next issue, we will analyze dogs behaviors under the sign of TAURUS. (The Bull)

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A DOG'S PLEA

Treat me kindly, my beloved friend, for no heart in all the world is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me.

Do not break my spirit with a stick, for though I should lick your hands between blows, your patience and understanding would more quickly teach me the things you would have me learn.

Speak to me often, for your voice is the sweetest music, as you must know by the fierce wagging of my tail when your footstep falls upon my waiting ear.

Please take me inside when it is cold and wet for I am a domesticated animal, no longer accustomed to bitter elements. I ask no greater glory than the privilege of sitting at your feet beside the hearth.

Keep my pan filled with fresh water, for I cannot tell you when I suffer thirst.

Feed me clean food that I may stay well to romp and play and do your bidding, to walk by your side, and stand ready, willing and able to protect you with my life, should your life be in danger.

And, my friend, when I am very old, and no longer enjoy good health, hearing and sight, do not make heroic efforts to keep me going; I am not having any fun. Please see that my trusting life is taken gently. I shall leave this earth knowing with the last breath I draw that my fate was always safest in your hands.
THE FUTURE OF THE PULI

by: the late Dr. Sándor Pálfalvy in his publication "The Puli" from the September, 1966 issue

Part I

The end of the last century was a great turning point in the lives of our ancient Hungarian sheepdogs because the competition of intensive farming has forced the extensive and semi-nomadic methods to narrower fields. Thus, the employment of Puli as sheepdogs has diminished accordingly. Consequently, the Puli found themselves in changeable times, where the alternatives were survival or slow - but certain - extinction.

At this critical period, at the last minute, some of our enthusiastic and untiring people re-discovered on the plains of Hungary, "the nation's values that lay fallow."

These people, who had the insight to realize that Puli would not survive on the plains where there was no more need for them, were responsible for their appearance on farms, in villages, and in large cities.

Although they retained their traditional positions, these sheepdogs became house and farm watchdogs, personal bodyguards, service and police dogs, luxury dogs, house pets, etc. They diversified to meet the new demands placed on them by their masters and the different modes of life required.

These new environments and employments required fitness in a variety of abilities to guarantee survival (size, scent, watchfulness, intelligence, sight, hearing, ability to learn, attractiveness and so forth). Indeed, our sheepdogs lacked none of these abilities and proved miraculously successful in their new habitats. In fact, they were so successful, that by the end of the 1930's, we could count on an immediate renaissance of the ancient Hungarian Puli.
The efficiency of the Komondor as a farm watchdog and the success of the Kuvasz in guarding country mansions were unchallenged. The Pulik guarded the village entrance routes, their master’s coaches and alarmed the owners of city mansions in the event of intrusion.

The Pulik also excelled in detective work and easily beat the already world famous German Shepherds and Dobermans in following scents. For duties such as these and for others like leading the blind, watching borders and pastures, the Puli proved to be ideal because of its superior watchfulness, scent and undemanding character.

The Puli’s versatility, intelligence and attractiveness enabled him to clown in circuses, act on stages, guard factories or serve as house pets, lap dogs, luxury and toy dogs.

In addition to these unique inner values, each different employment also had its size requirements. The “Abonyi-Anghy-Muller” classification distinguished them as four sizes:

1) Large, or police Puli
2) Medium-large Puli
3) Small Puli
4) Miniature Puli

In accordance with these, one could at any time find an ideal size for the chosen environment or employment. Personal bodyguard dogs were chosen from the large classification; house pets were attractive and small, etc... In many cases, one could always expect that superior inner personality that is characteristically so inherent in this breed.

The second World War wrecked the lives of our sheepdogs and they suffered blows in all those fields in which they gained foothold. The disappearance of livestock from the pastures resulted in the disappearance of the sheepdog. This only confirmed Dr. Emil Raitsits’ prediction that if we left Pulik on the pastures as sheepdogs and did not bring them into the cities, into our homes, they would become extinct.

The Komondor, the Kuvasz, the Puli and the Pumi would not exist today if the war had caught them in the fields. During the war, in the country, their numbers decreased a great deal and they actually emerged into the new life with a much better survival record in the city homes. This time, the Pulik did not originate from the farms to fill the city homes; on the contrary, they found their way from the cities to the country and reinforced the greatly diminished stock.
As we see, the Puli became a house dog and greatly gained our sentiments. This was where we found him after the war and this was where it all started again; the increase in population of Pulik, the improved breeding and the formation of associations.

The new start after the war left its mark on the Puli. Forgetting all of its pre-war achievements at home and abroad, and led by the feeling that the Puli is only a "signaling dog", we abandoned the previous classifications according to size and use. The Puli ended up under a new heading; as a medium size "signaling dog". By doing this, we closed off countless modes of life for the Puli, in which he had previously proven himself many times.

Today's classification forces the Puli's future into a very small niche; into that of a domestic "signaling dog", suitable only for households with gardens. Although the Puli could perform its ancient job of shepherding ideally, it was no longer needed for such duty because artificial textiles became so cheap that lamb's wool could no longer compete economically with it. Today, raising sheep for this purpose is impractical. The days of the sheep herds are numbered; consequently, the days of the Puli as a shepherd are also at an end.

Thus the Pulik find themselves faced with changeable times again, just as they did at the turn of the century. The question is again one of survival or slow but certain extinction. This time, however, it is not a question of survival on the farms and pastures, but a question of survival in the homes as "signaling dogs". This new classification could present a possibility of extinction unless we immediately expand on this present category to enable the Pulik to be used in environments that demand their abilities.

We restrict the Puli by making it conform with this classification. At their present size they are too small to serve as personal bodyguards, border watchdogs, or police dogs, and too large to be enjoyed as house pets. This classification requires the Puli to lead his life only in households with gardens and lowers his standard and prestige.

It is precisely in this environment that he finds the greatest competition because in this employment, 92% of all existing dogs are rivals. We restrict the Puli by the present classification when, on the other hand, other nations are raising the standards of their stock to enable them to meet life's requirements and to survive.

The Germans helped their sheep dogs to adjust to the new way of life long before we did and although these dogs are still known as shepherds, it is unlikely that we would find many of them tending sheep in the pastures. They were not stuck with watching duties when the competition was so great, but were specialized to survive as personal bodyguards, service and police dogs. As a
matter of fact, they were so successful in these new field that
today they are scarcely known for anything else. Germany's
"puddlehund" or poodle, once a domestic watchdog of one common
size, is now classified in three sizes and is gaining popularity
all over the world as a type of luxury dog. They are so
successful in this that they are not longer used for guarding
property. At present, the large ones serve as watchdogs and the
small ones as luxury dogs. Beagles and Schnauzers are also in two
classes, according to the requirement they meet... I could go on
and on...

Let us look around in our old country and note what happened to
those purebreds that became housedogs because our way of life
forced them out of their traditional environments and employments.
Where are the "Hungarian Szelindekek" and the "Kupok"? They are
extinct.

In the 1930's we could find, on every farm and in the plains, our
ancient sheep herding dogs very successfully employed as watch­
dogs. This was the Komondor. Needless to say, they would have
overpopulated the countryside as watchdogs, although they could
have made excellent sheep herders. We know very well that today
it is not easy to find Komondorok. There are a few occasional
good ones in some rural environments. The cause of this is not
that other types of dogs are better suited for the job — indeed,
they are not — but they may eat less, etc...

Faced with these facts, we must not smile and say "I am not
interested in what happens to the Komondor or what has
happened to the Kupok; I am for Puli, " because the Puli will
become extinct also if we sentence him to house watching duties
only.

Therefore, our Puli's role as a watchdog must not be their sole
role or future: because this future, in the midst of the great
competition, presents a very insecure way of life and "offers no
bread." This fact is continually born out in practice.

Translated by Mr. Leslie J. Kormendy — Toronto, Ontario, Canada

— to be continued —

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Dog think, but Puliik think logically.

The Puli is a tangible, living example of ancient history.
The Puli actually attempts to talk.

Some observations thrown on paper by Dr. Falfalvy in 1966.
TITLES EARNED

CONFORMATION

CHAMPION OF RECORDS

PUSZTA'S DOMBOLDALI KOCKA (D)
Breeder: B J Pace
Owner: B J Pace & B Pohlman

SHADOWFAX PIPA SHE-RA (B)
Breeder: R Burch & C Clark
Owner: R Burch

SZEDER'S SPECIAL EDITION (D)
Breeder: M Wakeman
Owner: R Sky & M Wakeman

TORDOR MT HOOD'S KIS ANGYALOM (B)
Breeder: B Stelz & L & B Hiett
Owner: B Stelz & L Hiett

AKC GAZETTE APR 1989

by: CH Domboldali Chewbacca
x CH Puszta Fekete Cigany

by: CH Veresi Szeder's Ma­
zsola x CH Joli-Yadi Fekete
Szikra CD

by: CH Csanyteleki Cigany x
CH Szeder's Fuszeres Fruzsi

by: CH Szeder's Lokoto Lacko
x CH Mt Hood's Lenke of
Tordor
Everyone dreams of being able to achieve ideal weight without diet or exercise. Ilene Kurzman, Ed. D., of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, is testing a new drug which may be able to help this dream come true. But her reducing program, funded by Morris Animal Foundation, is for dogs.

The drug, dehydroepiandrosterone or DHEA, a hormone from the steroid family, appears to reduce body fat levels and cholesterol in obese dogs. In a pilot study, owners were told to make no changes in their dogs' diets. Even the dog which lived only on Mexican food lost weight.

At first, Dr. Kurzman said, she discounted the statements of dog owners when they told her their pets hardly ate a thing — yet were visibly more than 25 percent overweight.

"The client feels guilty. They don't think you'll believe that they aren't overfeeding the dog," she said.

However, after monitoring the food intake of fat dogs, Dr. Kurzman and her coinvestigators learned that the obese dogs eat about one-third less than their normal-weight counterparts. Reduced calorie diets don't seem to help these dogs to lose weight — and they make both dogs and owners unhappy.

Those of us approaching middle age have noticed that the weight just doesn't come off like it used to. Without increasing our intake, we still find those pounds tend to accumulate — especially around the waistline.

The same happens to our pets.

This may be due to reduced levels of natural DHEA. DHEA is produced by the ovaries and the adrenal glands. Production declines as we grow older. In dogs, obesity also tends to increase with age, and is more common in neutered or spayed animals. It is possible that DHEA also has antiaging properties.

During the first study, owners of each dog commented on how much more energy their dogs had, claiming "puppylike behavior," Dr. Kurzman said. Increased energy is a common finding with steroids.
Dogs in that study lost about nine percent of their excess weight per month. The only side effect noted was a lowering in thyroid hormone and cortisone levels, but Dr. Kurzman isn't sure what this reduction means.

DHEA has been given to a limited number of normal weight men. These men lost body fat, but their weight did not change, probably due to an increase in the amount of muscle.

These men also had lowered cholesterol.

Dr. Kurzman is especially concerned about long-term effects, since DHEA is a steroid, so her current study will monitor dogs for a year. However, there are artificial drugs now being produced which do not have the steroid effect, but are believed to have all other active properties of DHEA.

Neither the natural nor the artificial drug have been tested nearly enough to be available yet. (There is a DHEA preparation marketed in health stores now, but it is many times less potent than the drug under testing.) But Dr. Kurzman says her two-footed colleagues are lining up to volunteer for testing DHEA, just in case. So, if it's you that's fat, not Fido, don't call her, she'll call you.

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FOUNDA TION STUDY HELPS EBENEZER

When CH. Cap'n Ebenezer of Woodbridge became ill, the Yorkshire Terrier's owner, free-lance writer Darlene Arden of Framingham, Mass., knew it was serious. She suspected a tumor.

Her veterinarian at Framingham Animal Hospital ran an entire series of tests, including complete blood work, on the little dog, and used ultrasound to rule out tumors or abdominal abscesses.

The blood work suggested pancreatitis, but the condition is difficult to diagnose. Then Darlene, who has written articles about Morris Animal Foundation's work and receives the newsletter, remembered an article on a new diagnostic test for pancreatitis funded by the Foundation. Darlene had her veterinarian call the study's investigator, Dr. David Williams of the University of Florida. After hearing results of the blood tests, Dr. Williams confirmed the diagnosis of pancreatitis.

Ebenezer was put on a restricted diet, and except for occasional flareups, Darlene reports that the 9 year-old dog is doing well.

Ebenezer has retired from show life, she said, and spends his days editing her articles and watching the soaps.
This is Koko Thon with some questions for all the Pulik out there!

1 - Do you like to chase birds?

2 - Do you get to sit in the *front* seat in the car?

3 - Do perfect strangers ask a million questions about you?

4 - Do strangers smile at you?

5 - Do little children hug and kiss you?

6 - Did you ever have root canal work done on you?

Okay, Koko, you posed the questions and I guess I'll have to answer them. First of all I'm glad Koko can stop on a dime when she chases the birds that come in our yard. She would end up in the honeysuckle otherwise and stir up the bees that think the honeysuckle belongs to them. After the birds scatter, she trots back to me, very pleased with herself.

2 - I put Koko in the back seat of the car when we go out, but as I have a split front seat, and if no one else is coming along, she hops between the seats - avoiding the gear shift - and makes herself comfortable in the seat beside me. Then she looks at me as if to say, "It's alright, isn't it?" It sure is!!!

3, 4 and 5 - I drive Koko over to Northgate at least once a day because it's a pleasant area to walk and we meet so many nice people. The children want to pet and kiss Koko and the adults ask so many questions about her. None had ever seen a Puli before --- with one exception. That was when two women came from the mall while I was walking Koko. One woman said to her companion, "That's a strange dog!" Her companion, in a very smug, know-it-all voice said, "I saw him at the Dog Show last week!" It was almost impossible to keep from laughing out loud.

To all the Pulik entered in the show, you must have made quite an impression on that lady for her to remember seeing you because she certainly didn't see Koko there!
6 - is a very painful question to both Koko and me. I took Koko to the Vet because she seemed to have trouble eating. Three days later I was able to bring her home along with medication and a soft diet. They had to pull the infected tooth and do root canal work on her. They also had to give her strong pain medication while she was there. Needless to say, I phoned the Vet many times, to see how she was doing and I was a basket case until I got her home again.

Thank God, I have a really good Vet! He's the one who kept Zorro going for so many years, so you know Dr. Andy Irving is one of the GREATEST Vets in the world.

Love,

Koko and Ruth Thon
Dear Terry,  

Are you getting feedback on the multitude of topics in the Puli Parade? (You’re a dreamer, like me; but unfortunately, people don’t think the way we do Goldie! Plainly, the answer is no! Ed.) For a while, I wanted to write but had nothing to say until the Spring area show circuits are past, after which you may be interested in this obedience exhibitor’s misadventures.

This year Fancy was scheduled for her debut, with high hopes to earn in four shows a CD to go with the CH. Well - Life is what happens to you while you’re making other plans. She looked good to me and I wanted her so bad to do well and shine... Amongst humans I know of people who spent their lives not learning the essence of the other person, or that when something is wrong in the family relationship, they are the last to find out the truth, so Fancy had fooled me good. In the ring she demonstrated new behavior, making grave mistakes. I have stubbornly refused to see the little signs of inattention, lack of enthusiasm, the looking around, and - in spite of hardships, connected to my attendance, (the distance of shows and usually early time schedules, which made me scramble to comply with) I attended all four shows like a glutton for punishment. What did she do? She lagged, refused to sit, let me walk alone, did not come, got up on stay to the extent of being excused as not to disturb the other dogs! She generally displayed a lack of enthusiasm, stubborn independence, a sort of rebellion, her work went from bad to worse at each try. You probably know that my ego is not a kite, but this experience was devastating. At the end I would not have been surprised if it was announced on National News Broadcast that "CH Cameo Fancy SCREWED UP all exercises." This cute little dog, I could not believe it, she is a regular knucklehead, the toughest dog that ever walked at the end of my leash, the little witch, may have planned it all, so I’ll have something to write about. Her popularity at that time went with the way of the apple, but we made peace since and she is again catching a ride on my shoulder.

On Pat’s opinion about this affair, I shall remain silent.

In between shows I saw a need for a reinforcing practice at a shopping center parking lot where I got in one timely correction on an about turn, a woman appeared from somewhere and got all over me like a wet blanket for yanking on the leash. "I have dogs - and I know those chains, - and they hurt! That poor little dog does not deserve such cruelty!" I replied: That is the whole idea, to get her attention; (which was the wrong thing to say) -
Fancy stood there wagging at the woman, expressing — "I'm so grateful that you noticed and came to my defence." — Well, I remained polite, convinced that all the lady did is flaunt her ignorance; I had to respect her for speaking out when she thought there was a wrong committed. I assured her that I do love this little rebel, and would not hurt her any more than what she can handle, and she can take much more than I can dish out. The lady walked away grumbling and our training session was concluded.

On the way home from the last "performance" I stopped at another shopping center to repeat all exercises, and all went very good compared to the shows. When we were done, another woman came up smiling, — "You have my dog." I thought at last a compliment! She asked me "How long did you have this dog?" — still unsuspecting I told her; when she said "This dog looks exactly like MY DOG that was STOLEN out of my yard!" I took Fancy out of the crate — she said even the white hair mixed with the black are exactly like her dog. Nearly frantic, I was giving her all sorts of information and facts, — she still said — "I don't care, I am thinking — MY GOD — next I'll have to go to the police!" After a lengthy, silent examination she admitted that this dog seems a little bigger than her baby she misses so much. I felt so sorry, poor woman! She walked away without an apology, sort of disappointed. I hustled off, as if I have gotten away with something, thinking what in the world have I done to deserve all this?!

This was the biggest disappointment I have endured in connection with shows, a devastating disaster (a d-d!) it loomed big until I came home, then all it was dwarfed by the news of a sudden death of a dear friend, who was a kidney transplant recipient. The following day I worked off frustration by much needed mopping, dusting, and baking a batch of sourdough bread.

Did you watch the Westminster show? It was great to see Kermit do his thing, it gave me a feeling of Liszt's Rhapsody in motion.

Our gang of puppies are growing fast, they started going to town, two at a time. I get to be hogtied by two leads and later allowed to wash the crate of puke'n things (don't know what I would do without newspaper) all for the sake of little civilization. I should find a way to market confetti and chopsticks they produce! In their wild play they have knocked me off my pins several times and out of self-defense I found a wonderful way of control short of individual leash, it is a whip! Yes, I've become a cracker, it is amazing how they respect it, even though never touched.

The past winter has been very mild, as a result my flea hunting has been good, what survivors. The regular hunting season is finally over. I often wonder where are the true sportsmen, all we see is cruel bunglers. They gang up on the wildlife with everything at their disposal, and dogs too. I shall never understand how that meat stays palatable after the adrenaline
rush and running often wounded. It is downright dangerous to be
out in the woods. Their own dogs are often shot by mistake.
Several years ago a friend’s husband was killed by his son or his
brother! Last year a game warden was murdered less than a mile
from us, this year a wife killed her husband accidentally a mile up
the road. Whenever I ride Red (in our pasture) I wear an orange
vest, but better yet is to stay in, while THEY excercise their
FREEDOM.

Are you interested in the rest of our daily existence? John Henry,
his mission fulfilled, is gone but not forgotten, he is remembered
at every meal that he is committed to, just recently I had an
experience with one of his grandsons. We have 10’ stock tank
which is cleaned periodically of algae; I let them drink out most
of the water, then we scrub it and with Pat’s help, dump it.
While it was waiting for this job, a 200 lbs. baby got into the
tank and could not get out of the slippery, ankle deep water, he
stood there bawling, I had to go help him out. — By the time it
was done, I was wet as if I’d been skin-diving, and my tailbone
sore from all the spills. Then there is another type of tumbling;
as when I went to feed some yearlings after a good rain through a
deep mud wearing moon boots, carrying a 50 lbs. sack. As I turned
to avoid a collision with a hungry bovine, in mid step my boot
got stuck in the mud, my bum knee could not take it and down I
went in a soft heap. It was much later that I could see a humor
in it all.

This year I succeeded keeping better track of Deacon, the goat.
The cows are giving us hard time now, the new grass is becoming,
they do not want the hay, they go through fences looking for the
new feed, whenever we come near they follow us as if we had the
green promise in our hip pocket. All the poultry is in overdrive
with their egg production, much to the delight of the dogs, it
means nearly every day an egg, they like it with the yolk
unbroken, please!

Yesterday, the first daffodil appeared, Spring is here, time to
plan the garden, the flowers... I want to put out a lot of red
blooming annuals to attract more hummingbirds! Several bird
houses were put out for other species, the martins are not here
yet.

This morning while out with the dogs in thick fog, I got alerted
by loud honking, straining to see through the fog; there they
were, two big shadows, like a couple of bombers gliding in, the
Canadian geese. It must be the same bird that stayed with us
last year; he knows his way around the barnyard, and our own
geese greeted him in a loud ritual, and he has got a mate this
time, she is staying on the lake.

Y’all have a wonderful Spring!

Love,

Goldie
**From The Old Country's Kitchen**

**Mushroom-Stuffed Beef Tenderloin!**

**Ingredients:**
- 2 lb. beef tenderloin
- 1-1/2 cup chopped mushrooms
- 4 slices of bacon, cooked, then crumbled
- 1/2 chopped white onions
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 2 TBSP butter or margarine, softened
- 1-1/2 TBSP grated Parmesan cheese
- 3 TBSP finely chopped parsley
- 1-1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 cup of soft egg bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 tsp. capers
- 1/8 tsp. anchovy paste (optional)
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. Angostura Bitters

Make a cut the entire length of the tenderloin from one side to 1/2 inch less than the end of the other side. Place aside.

Cook bacon until real crisp, remove from skillet, leaving approx. 2 TBSP bacon drippings there. (Discard rest of bacon dripping) Crumble bacon. Place chopped mushrooms, pepper, onion and garlic, stir until green pepper, and onion are tender. Stir in parsley, bacon and 1/2 cup of bread crumbs. Set aside.

Spread anchovy paste, then sprinkle grated lemon rind on tenderloin, then spread the mushroom mixture evenly down the centerline of the open tenderloin.

Bring the two sides of the roast up around the filling to meet. Tie string around the roast at 1 inch intervals.

Now, combine butter (or margarine), mustard, cheese, Angostura Bitter and capers and spread evenly on the outside of the roast. Place roast on a wire rack in shallow pan. Press the remaining bread crumbs into the butter mixture on top and sides of the roast.

Cover, then chill, if desired.

Preheat oven 425 degrees F. and bake roast approx. 40 minutes for medium rare. Cover loosely, with foil tent after 10 minutes. If you have chilled it prior to baking, add 5 extra minutes to cooking time. Remove from oven. Let it stand 10 minutes.

Garnish it with vegetable bundles at your choice, small fried potato puffs, and some fresh fruit or compote to finish decorating the platter.

Serve several 1/4 inch thick slices for each serving.
PULIK OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, INC.

PRESIDENT: JULIUS HIDASSY
VICE-PRESIDENT: ROBIN HAINES
SECRETARY: BARBARA STELZ, 5109 KATHY WAY, LIVERMORE, CA, 94550 PHONE: (415) 449-4190
TREASURER: CONSTANCE PETERSON
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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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