

"Dippy" cont.

later a CD. Her work on a CDX had to be curtailed, but she has a great time at home with my daughter Ellen and her family. She plays ball, carries sticks on walks in the woods, visits the farm and teaches the younger Shelties to play the hay rope game which allows as many as can fit to grab the hay rope and run around and around the yard in tandem. She always wins and her latest victim was her granddaughter, "Tess" who almost lost her teeth while sailing around the yard. I digress, but I never cease to marvel at the pleasure these dogs have given to our family.

Ruffian, of course, is Serendipidy's dam. When we decided to breed her to Ch. Sunnybrook's Heritage Spirit ROM, it was in hopes of having puppies of both sexes to choose from—naturally, she had five females. I grew out Dippy and another very nice bitch who I sold to a teacher friend who thought she was interested in having one to show. Of course it didn't work out, and I didn't have the heart to say no when she wanted to spay her. I feel this other bitch would have finished sooner than Dippy but I didn't have the funds at the time to have one more shown. I've learned since to grow them out to at least seven or eight months and then sell them only to people with a solid track record. I shared the ownership of Dippy with my good friend, Rose Backus Hossler. Dippy lived with her for awhile in New Hampshire and Virginia.

It was at the Ballston Spa Shows when Dippy was 18 months old, that Rose and I saw Ch. Macdega Glenhart Grand Prix ROM. We both thought he would be perfect for Dippy. They seemed to cross fault very well, but my husband, Dick, didn't agree with us. He felt it was an outcross and feared that we would lose the beautiful red sable color and have a size problem. He had the nerve to go so far as to propose a bet with Tom, Nioma, Rose and I—for every champion

in the litter, he agreed to give Nioma a one hundred dollar bill. Now for some men that would be no big deal, but for Dick it was. The breeding did work. There were five in the litter, two dogs and three bitches. Rose and I co-owned two of the bitches and we sold a bitch to Melinda Turner to be shown.

One of the males was lost to a parvo-like infection when he was about seven weeks old, and the other male was sold to a doctor who wanted to have him shown if he turned out. He was hit by a car when he was six months old. They had a fenced-in backyard but were playing with him in the front yard—a sad, familiar story. That left us with a three-bitch litter. They grew up to be, in order of finishing, Ch. Cindahope Golden Girl "Tess," Ch. Cindahope Heart O' Mine "Michelle," and Ch. Cindahope Picture This "Taylor," owned by Melinda. Tess is elegant with pleasing body lines and a strong, smooth sidegait. She has good detail of profile—clear planes, stop and a deep finished underjaw. She excels in outline, shoulder and hock angulation. Tess is



"Tess" sharing the whelping box with my granddaughter, Laura.

an energetic showman and always seemed to enjoy the rigors of campaigning.

For her first litter, Tess went to Virginia with Rose Hossler and was bred to Sunblest I'm On Fire, owned by the Neimans. When the puppies came up to Massachusetts for me to see, I kept a pretty male but sold what I thought was a little nothing female as a pet. This time, however, my luck was with me because before they had a chance to get her spayed, her owners had trouble with their landlord. They called us when she was almost five months old to help find her another home. We told them to bring her over so we could see her, as we would need to describe her to prospective buyers. What a surprise! We found ourselves face to face with one of the prettiest, most elegant puppies we'd ever seen. Absolutely perfect ears, very tight on top of her head, nice balance, beautiful coat color and expression, and what seemed to be good angulation. Well, you can guess the rest. Dick whipped his wallet out—sparks and moths flying in all directions. He paid the woman and grabbed the papers and closed the door on her—all in one motion, and said to me, "This one's mine." Her previous owners had not registered her and she was named Cindahope The Farmer's Daughter. She is owned without spousal encumbrance by one Richard A. Hildreth. She was shown beautifully by Tom and Nioma and as a special, achieved 19 BOBs and many Group place-



1990—Ch. Cindahope The Farmer's Daughter, BOB, Judge Mr. Donald Booxbaum. Handled by Nioma Coen.

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