

First for background, we live on the Big Island of Hawaii near the village of Volcano. We literally live at the edge of the volcano Kilauea just outside the Volcanoes National Park. It also is just inside a rain forest with up to 250 inches of rain a year. The reason that Barb and I go to Dog Shows on the main island of Oahu is that is where most of the dog shows in Hawaii are held. There is presently only one surviving kennel club on the Big Island for a grand total of four shows a year. With three kennel clubs on Oahu there are usually 12 dog shows a year.

Now it is about 200 nautical miles to fly from Hilo, Hawaii on the Big Island to Honolulu on Oahu. It only takes about 50 minutes from the time the plane starts taxiing in Hilo until it is at the gate at Honolulu. With all the new security measures we have to be at the airport more than an hour before departure.

To ensure we can get to the ring on time we must leave on the first flight of the morning. Working backward we find that about 3:30 am is that latest we can get up and make it work.

Upon arrival at the airport we must reassemble the Vari-Kennels, load dogs, check in, and wait. The Afghans handle all this surprisingly well. We never give them any drugs or sedatives. Of course when our Leo went to shows it wasn't unusual to listen to him bark and carry on in the cargo hold the entire flight. It was always amusing to see the looks on the other passengers as this big boy wailed and carried on.

At the other end it means reversing the process with a rental van. Disassembling the crates and loading the Afghan escape artists. Louie once took me on a chase through the old terminal in Honolulu. I had Yennie and Leo on two leashes chasing wildly and screaming insanely at this young dog that thought this was the most fun he had yet on that trip. Fortunately some young man put out a hand and Louie came to an obliging stop.

Coming back home is more of the same but in a reverse order but usually under much hotter conditions. Coming home is always much harder on the dogs with the heat following an already exhausting weekend. We have taken as many as seven dogs. That required the dogs to go on two different flights making it even more difficult as you might imagine.

The dogs are now all seasoned travelers. There are occasionally crate accidents with poo all through their carefully groomed coats. That usually happens only once and they figure out what it takes to avoid that. The first thing we always do upon arrival is a sniff test to see how it went. Luckily we haven't had any accidents in the last year. These guys learn very quickly.

DOG SHOWING - HAWAIIAN STYLE

Richard Brown

with cartoons
from the irrepressible
Rick Richardson



The subject is the short version of a long story. This was a very long, hot, hard weekend. I got all five dogs we were taking ready by Friday evening. Barbara had worked a long week and came home a little late (our on-time airline is not always that). So we were up at 3:30 am on Saturday for the trip to the airport. It might be appropriate to mention that I could not make the trip at that time because I have a very serious infection in my arm and was due an IV of antibiotics later that morning. The plan was for Debbie (who helps us with the dogs quite often) to meet us at the airport and go with Barb to help with the dogs, drive the additional rental van that is required for the trip, and then do the show. I was to then go over in the afternoon and Debbie

would return to our Island to take care of her own dogs that night. Another girl was to come in that night and take care of our dogs. I saw them off on time and proceeded through my day.

As I was settling my part of the hospital bill, the phone rang at the admitting desk. It was Debbie! She had tracked me down at the hospital. At the other end, she and Barb had gotten separated and Debbie had noticed that she had Barb's back pack and a set of keys. She assumed that Barb went up to the other van and realized she had no keys and was now searching for Debbie on foot. I had no idea what to tell her. I sent her searching through the parking garage for Barb's van. I tried to call Barb on her cell phone but should have realized it would

crates were broken down and the dogs and crates loaded separately. Instead the only answer was to park the small van while the larger one circled. When Barb got down to the loading area the only choice was to load the dogs (still in their crates) into the cargo van. Fortunately it had a great air conditioner. So Debbie was wandering the Airport with five dogs in their crates in a large cargo van.

Barb and Debbie missed their meeting point. Barb gave up and drove to the show thinking that had to be the answer. Unfortunately, Debbie had no idea where the show was to be held. It was now almost 10 minutes



after our time slot begins. Things couldn't look much worse.

My phone rang! It was Barb! I told her to phone Debbie on her own cell phone. Barb did and then got the Afghans moved to the end of the time slot, directed Debbie to the show and all was well. Well, almost.

In the ring Zena came up slightly lame and the ribbon was withheld, eliminating the Major. Elliott took the Breed for two points and the Tahkira puppy (unopposed in the classes) then went on to take Best of Opposite for two points. Things were starting to look up or were they?

My phone rang! It was Debbie! They had a problem! After the Breed competition they had only a short time to wait for the Groups. They chose to load the dogs into the small air-conditioned van and sit with the motor on and AC running until time for Elliott to go back in. As they were loading Debbie managed to slam a door on Barb's hand. She was white as a sheet and seeing everything in black and white. Now what! I had no answers. I was on a different island about four or five hours away. Barb called back about 10 minutes later. She could see everything in color again and would not leave until after the group. After Elliott was ignored at the group Barb went to emergency room for 6 stitches and X-Rays.

The rest of the weekend went a little better. Barb was able to function and even go into the ring. She did keep hitting the hand and screaming but carried on. Zena did not limp on Sunday and Elliott took the Breed and Zena Best Opposite. That gave each a major. Zena now only needs her second major and Elliott only needs any 6 points to finish.

have been in her back pack. The fourth time I called I got Debbie. She had found the cell phone and turned it on. Now I could talk to Debbie but had no idea where Barb was. By now I was trying to eat lunch before I went back up to the house. I felt really powerless. I didn't even know any of the numbers at the show ground. I had turned on my own cell phone and had my pager on the entire time. It was now time for the first dogs in our time slot to go into the ring. Things did not look good.

Our rather simple minded Airport security played a big part in this drama. They would not let both vans stand while the

