

VALE SHIRLEY GOODWIN

The loss of Miss Shirley Goodwin on 7 October 2008 was a major blow to the Wire fancy in Australia. Not only was she a one eyed supporter of the Wire breed she was its biggest benefactor in this country. She was already the patron of the Fox Terrier Club of Victoria, a position she took over from the late Roc Kirby whose annual contribution to the coffers of the club kept it in a state of financial good health for the last 7 years after nearly coming to a demise in 2001. After accepting the patron's role Shirley withdrew from attending meetings as her hearing impaired her involvement at meeting which annoyed her no end.

The story of Shirley's success as an exhibitor and breeder should be told in the context of her doggy partnership with her beau Mr Ernest (Ernie) Parker. Ernest was a good deal older than Shirley and she felt the sun set by him. Had it not been for Shirley's devotion to her aged mother who lived where Shirley was born in North Melbourne at the start of the great depression and Ernie ran the family orchard at Vermont. She followed his football playing winters and he became a lover of Wire Fox Terriers. This was not some passing phase for Shirley as she had been captivated by her first Wire, as an only child she often told me that the dog doubled as a doll during the depression, and she would dress it up and wheel it around in a pram. Shirley was a true lover of all dogs but Wires could do no wrong in her eyes.

Regretfully both she and Ernie had dreadful battles with cancer. The sprays used in orchards in those years were not safe and not seen as life threatening, yet they were killers just the same. Both Shirley and Ernie befriended Mrs Greta Florence at shows and became clients, purchasing the foundation of their kennel after Mrs Florence, aunt of Rod Kirby, the road show king, and both these fledgling fanciers were mentored by the owner of the Mills prefix as their skills appreciated and the conditioning and handling improved, they were able to show the breeder that her stock would not be waisted and in fact Ernie the trimmer outshone most other fanciers in the state of Victoria,

Shirley took a nasty turn in her battle and her doctors suggested that an operation was a possible cure. Ernest had some of his 20 acres commandeered by the state government for a school which was never built, and never forgiven, whilst Shirley was in hospital undergoing a bowl shortening; something which would twist at the slightest provocation for the rest of her life, so Ernie decided to make her feel better by buying a new dog. I should mention that Shirley had such fortitude she did not tell her aging mother that she had cancer "in case it upset her".

After a stay in hospital which was explained as a break from work, Shirley needed some therapy which Ernie supplied with the purchase and importation of EngCh Blackdale Ambassador (imp), the leading sire of champions in the UK, and a winner wherever he went. Breeders in England are still smarting from that sale as in the last 25 years no other Wire can claim so many direct descendants as champions, to this day that is so, as the dog remained top UK sire for 3 years after his arrival here. He jumped straight out of quarantine and headed the prize list to become the top dog of all Victorian shows. This proved great therapy for both Shirley and Ernie, they registered 'Dalwyre' as a prefix, Ernie being a devout watcher of Dalla Street on TV, some court room drama asl recall.

It was decided that so much success should be followed up with more imports and breeding should be tried. In the light of this decision more housing was built at the property in Wonga Park which I now occupy. Ernie built some magic shaded runs under the 100 year old trees, some up to two acres. Sadly Ernie came down with ferocious cancer shortly after the decision was hatched that they would build a new house on the 10 acres with the dogs in mind. Before the custom built house could be finished, Ernie passed away never having set foot in the prized dwelling. For nine years Shirley went into virtual hibernation, and the remaining imports from the Blackdale Kennel in Eire and Elsie Williams' world famous Penda Kennel in England were almost spent when a mutual friend Denise Pardy suggested Shirley as a certain buyer for a young Wire dog puppy I wanted to sell out of and by Rama Wires. I had too many. Shirley took one look and assessed him as show quality, later confirmed by the renowned Peter Winfield, the then president of the Fox Terrier Club UK). This puppy made up quickly and the flame of wire passion was reignited. Shirley new a good thing when she saw it and agree to write out a cheque for a four figure sum provided i trimmed and showed him. It had been 9 years since Ernie departed, but seeing a lovely son of their import Ch Blackdale Accommodator, bred by the Sorraghan clan, I was allowed to use him for a period and produced multi BIS winners. None of the bitches retained were productive so I had to supply some young virgins for one 10 1/2 year old Accommodator son who was the youngest left in Shirley's string. Luckily he produced two litters and by 2003 we had produced the Puppy in Group winner at the Royal Melbourne.

Shirley was buoyed by this event and suggested we look for a new stud to match the bitches I had which I signed over to allow the Dalwyre prefix to blossom once again. Three years ago I was judging in the USA when after the show where Peter Green had been made BIS with the Sorraghan's exported Airedale bitch which I had made BIG, I asked Peter did he have a Wire adult dog for show and stud, which could be bought and exported to oz. He produced a very hairy well marked dog with a classic head when we got to his kennel and said he would strip him out for me to see.

I looked at the dog then read his pedigree, a favourite saying of the late Brian McCowage rang in my head. 'Here is a marketable commodity'. "Why is he for sale?" I asked. His co-owners who sponsored the dog during his title campaign were parting and so the dog might be playing second fiddle to two of his son who next to be campaigned.

Peter had imported this dog from Eire as a youngster and he was USA Ch Blackdale Crusader(imp) he is perfectly bred and his sister Eng/Irish Ch Blackdale Carousel, the top bitch in theUK with a reported price tag of \$40,000 US dollars a dam of one champion from her first litter. Winner of the World Show BOB and countless other honours. I said I would buy him and did so on the spot as we have tried to buy a dog of this breeding for three years but no go. Harry O'Donohue was not going to let us have another Ambassador situation. He had helped Shirley enough, so breed your own! In partnership with the undersigned we did just that. We got Crusader home after intolerable delays, conditioned him and he went BIS at his first show in this country. Just emulating his rival our World Ch import Agria Xander, which we had purchased unseen but on the recommendation of Ken Campbell who had been impressed by him in his home kennel and seen offspring in snap shots.

Shirley was over the moon and felt right back in the thick of it, and for a time, 5 years in fact, it bucked her up and gave her something to look forward to, when the pain was too hard to bare. At the FTCV Diamond Jubilee championship shows judged by Mrs Antonia Thornton (Watteau), president of theUKparent club pinned Shirley with the life membership investiture awarded by the club for outstanding service to the wire cause. This was the missing formal recognition she was so honoured to receive plus smiles and thrills when John Foster of Kinnego Wire fame from NZ, awarded RUBIS to Ch Dalwyre Dragoon at 20 months with 72 exhibits to make us all smile.

Within a week Shirley wearied from exhaustion and fatigue from the cursed bone marrow disease which was turning her marrow into fibres and robbing her of the ability to ward off infections and made her last 12 months hell. I tried to keep her happy with her dogs doing better than ever, 21 BIS shows with five different Dalwyre/Rama Wires under local, interstate and international judges, she refused to complain except in plain speaking between the two of us, as we both knew where she was heading. She would not accept blood transfusion and would not let me drive her to hospital. Driving herself was out of the question. She made perfect plans for the care of her dogs and I can show all her dogs in the estate name, and will do so once I get back in the saddle,

No one loved Wires more. No one spoilt Wires more and no-one was surprised to see her buy a new jag as she knew she could not take it with her. The car she had craved all her life. I was a little amazed when she asked my to drive her to the local Merc dealers to buy a new Merc people mover wagon with eight seats. When it was delivered we took out all bar two front seat and had rubber mats put over the carpets. 'Why did we buy that when the Tarago was in perfect nick? Why did we not buy the commercial model we would not have had to change the seats?' 'I'm not going to a show being driven in a truck' yet she had two teachings, if you have not got the money don't buy it and if you waste money you will never have it, she used to tell me what I left on in the way of lights etc in the grooming room. During the great depression she was taught you can have bread and butter or bread and jam but not both bread and butter and jam. It has not rubbed off on me as I fail to have such self control, but it might help my waist line if I did.

We will probably not see an other eccentric of her ilk but you certainly could not help admire her strengths of character. Wires may well be the poorer for her passing in the competitive sense but I feel that she has left the breed in excellent shape and given me the greatest possible scope to do better. I shall donate a trophy to be known as the Dalwyre Cup to be offered at the breed show in honour of both Shirley and Ernie. I hope it will help stimulate competition and sportsman ship over the next 25 years,

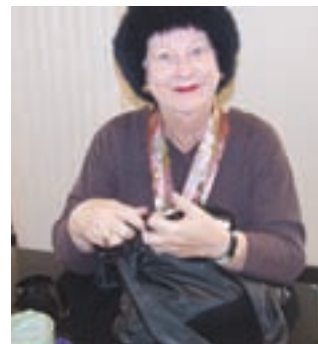
PETER LUYTEN



LORRAINE MAY GRAY

Bonhaven Kennels

Lorraine got her first Dachshund in 1961. She started showing about 3 years later, firstly with Standard Smooth Dachshunds. She then moved on to Dobermanns and became Secretary of The Dobermann Club of NSW. She became a judge in 1974. She moved on from Dobermanns and went back to her first love, Dachshunds, only this time Mini Smooths. She was instrumental in re-introducing Petit Basset Griffon Vendeens to Australia and some of her stock are still being shown.



Regretfully Lorraine contacted Breast Cancer in 2006. Even so she continued on with her judging wanting nothing more than to be "All Breeds".

On 24 July 2008, in her wheelchair and suffering lots of pain, she did her "hands on" for Terriers.

She was admitted to Mater Hospital (Brisbane) on 25 July 2008.

On 5 September 2008 she was advised that she had been successful in passing her exams and was presented with a very special Diploma by Barry Vickers, President of the Canine Council of Qld.

Sadly on the morning of 8 September 2008 Lorraine passed away. She is missed terribly by her family. She was only 68 years old.

LANCE & MARK GRAY

Doreen "Soo" Dobson

An era in dog history ended with the death of Soo Dobson, whose bright face and happy personality had been so involved with dogs, since she arrive, with ex-Spitfire pilot husband, A J (Tony) shortly after the war. Soo deserves to be remembered for bringing in our first Shih-Tzu dogs and retained her interest in this breed until her death. She and husband ran a big boarding kennel, and bred top winning "Wawnehill" Boxers, but Soo's first love was always the engaging little Shih Tzu.

Amongst her accomplishments, she founded Campbelltown Kennel Club, wrote for the Bulldog Club, the pair had brought an English winner Bulldog with them and they bred these for some time. Soo was always busy, helping in the kennels or in the pet shop the couple ran, but always having time for friends and family.

Tony and Soo were a truly devoted couple and as we grieve for her loss we can only be glad she is reunited with the husband who loved her so well. From all who knew her, goodbye Soo. It will be a long time before we see your like again.

She leaves behind three daughters, grandchildren, and many old friends who will always keep her memory green.

Soo also leaves a line of Shih Tzu going back to he first "pioneers" she brought with her. We send loving remembrances to them all.

SHERIDAN PAUSEY

An older, tired-looking dog wandered into my yard; I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he had a home and was well taken care of. He calmly came over to me, I gave him a few pats on his head; he then followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner and fell asleep.

An hour later, he went to the door, and I let him out...

The next day he was back, greeted me in my yard, walked inside and resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for about an hour. This continued off and on for several weeks.

Curious I pinned a note to his collar: 'I would like to find out who the owner of this wonderful sweet dog is and ask if you are aware that almost every afternoon your dog comes to my house for a nap.'

The next day he arrived for his nap, with a different note pinned to his collar: 'He lives in a home with 6 children, 2 under the age of 3 - he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?'

