

A Dog-day Afternoon

Written by

Friday, 29 October 2004 00:00



Today we attended the [Abbotsford Dog Show](#) because Rick was helping someone man a booth there and I had never been to a professional dog show before and wanted to see what it was all about..

I have always been a dog lover and though we have decided to be without a canine pet at this time in our lives, I am still very much an enthusiast. Dog lovers, breeders and handlers attend this show, the largest in Canada, from all across the country and some of the upper western American states. When we arrived at the show, we could see a number of dogs of various breeds being walked outside despite the occasional rain shower, many with protective coverings and/or hats to preserve their well-groomed coats. Once inside I was amazed at the commotion between dogs everywhere, judges, handlers, owners and product booths. There were 14 rings all together all with some kind of activity. As luck would have it, we arrived as one of my favourite breeds, the Scottish Terrier, was being shown in Ring 6 and I stood there to watch the outcome. I have no idea how the judges can decide which dog would win because to me they were all gorgeous.

At the end of the arena, where Rick's friend was set up I was able to watch Ring 10, where the Hungarian Puli was being shown. For those of you unfamiliar with this breed, it is a dog with "dreadlocks". I went up to the winner's owner and found out that these are a natural occurring hair "thing" and they require little maintenance. Her dog was merely a pet and she said he was quiet and gentle, one of the reasons for getting him. I walked around into the grooming area and watched, intrigued by the various processes in preparing the dogs for their debut in the ring. There were powders, blow dryers, straightening irons, clippers, scissors and hair sprays being put to use everywhere and this was NOT a hair salon. Dogs of all breeds were being made to look beautiful, sparing no costs and most of them seemed to be enjoying the fuss. They ranged in size from the tiniest Yorkshire Terrier that fit into a shoulder bag to a huge English Mastiff with a head the size of a small turkey weighing in at 220 lbs. (and they said he is underweight!)

I had a great time talking to various groomers and breeders, all who showed an immense love for these canine beauty queens and kings. My day had gone to the dogs!