

THE LUCAS POST

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE LUCAS TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA

Spring, 2010



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C O N T E N T S

From the Secretary's Desk.....	3
News & Notes.....	4
Mac's Move.....	5
Rhett Butler	6
Fritz & Barney.....	7
Bella Welcomes Six.....	8
Gosh Darn Fleas.....	9
Winter Photos.....	10
Remembering Jumbo.....	11



The Club's Mission:

To preserve, protect and promote the Lucas Terrier in the United States of America.

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From The Secretary's Desk

Dear Friends

This has been a difficult issue for me to complete. I actually started it last fall. Then I got an e-mail saying that Jumbo Frost had passed away and I lost the desire to work on the newsletter for a while.

I started back working on it in earnest on New Years Day. But just three short days later I got a phone call saying that my best friend, Rhonda Ellis, had passed away tragically and unexpectedly.



Rhonda Ellis
1958-2010

That knocked the wind out of my sails. Losing your best friend is traumatic under the best of circumstances. And Rhonda's passing wasn't the best of circumstances. The dogs are the only members of the Crouch household who haven't been affected. They are peachy keen in fact.

About four weeks ago, I was hibernating in my darkened room with the covers piled about a mile high over my head, when I heard my husband saying: "Honey, I'm sorry to bother you, but Lily and Gibbs appear to be 'stuck' together down in the kitchen and I'm not sure what to do about it. Do you think you can crawl out of your cave and get them 'unstuck' before the twins come down into the kitchen and see them? PLEASE?????"

There is nothing like 'stuck together' Lucas Terriers on your kitchen floor to jar you back to the land of the living. I would have preferred a cup of strong coffee - or a scotch - but Brad's method certainly was effective. I can't help but

wonder if Rhonda didn't orchestrate the whole thing. She sure would have found the story amusing. She had a wickedly-wonderful sense of humor - and she loved Lucas Terrier puppies! And according to last Monday's ultra-sound, the world is about to get four more of them! The 'meeting' on my kitchen floor was quite fruitful according to my veterinarian, Dr. Kara Kolster.

Speaking of fruitful, our friends over in over in the United Kingdom have been just that. Pamela Harrow reports they have just registered their 500th puppy since they began registering in 1991. Pamela joked that she hoped it doesn't take another 18 years to reach the 1,000 mark. But based on the laws of crital mass I kind of doubt it will. Go UK! Well done.

In the US we can now document 70 Lucas Terriers on our soil. Of the seventy, 27 are puppies that have been born here since the club started in 2006, and five were imported into the US. Not too shabby if I do say so myself.

And that is all I have to report. I'm sorry it has been so long between issues but the circumstances have been extenuating.

In closing, this issue is dedicated to two great woman Jumbo Frost who you will read more about in this issue, and my best friend Rhonda Ellis who I miss more than I can express. May God bless and keep them both.

Until Next Time,

Laurie

News & Notes

Arrivals

Born on November 8, 2009

to Susan and Max Hall:

Hall's Lexi x Sir Archie Hamilton - 2 males

Born on November 15, 2009

to *Michelle Rondone and Diana Figueroa*

Hall's Bella x Sir Archie Hamilton - 2 females and 4 males

Health Notes

Bionic Spike Norrington - The Six Million Dollar Lucas

Norman Norrington reported that Spike had to have his other knee operated on in September as his second cruciate partially ruptured. Spike now has two bionic knees. The surgery went well and Spike recovered much more quickly without hallucinations. Norman believes that one of the factors that may have contributed to Spikes remarkable recovery is that they had his collar fitted with a Bioflow magnet. The Norrington's pity those poor squirrels now that Spike is the doggy equivalent of Steve Austin, the Six Million Dollar Man! Go Spike!

Nikki Hendrick Tears Her Retina

Kathy Hendrick of Florida reports that Nikki has not been well recently. Kathy writes" Nikki is still with me. She is however, blind in one eye. She does not have glaucoma; but did suffer from a torn retina. They are watching for any changes." Please keep Nikki in your prayers.

Mysterious Air Leak Healed

Maddy Cohen-Temple owned by Laura Temple and Paul Cohen is 100% fine now. However, she put her parents (and her breeder, Laurie Crouch) through the wringer earlier this year when air from her lungs began to leak under her skin, mysteriously, possibly the result of a puncture wound, or some other trauma, from playing with her older sibling. But fortunately, in spite of bewildering her doctors (and ringing up quite a tab) she is now ship-shape and leak free.

Kidney & Bladder Crystals and Stones Explored

The April issue of the Whole Dog Journal has a fascinating article on preventing and treating kidney and bladder struvite crystals and stones. I learned that everything I *thought* I knew about this subject is now 100% out of date! That was very humbling to say the least and just one more reason to subscribe to The Whole Dog Journal. It is worth every penny that it costs. To subscribe go to: whole-dog-journal.com.

Important Dates

October 10, 2010 - The Lucas Terrier Show over in Great Britain - held at Baginton Village Hall this year



MAC'S MOVE

When we first made our enormous decision to move our family of five (Jay, Ros, Mollie (12), Annie (10) and Louis (5)) to America our main worry was how we were going to bring our gorgeous two year old Lucas Terrier, Mac with us. There was never any question of leaving him behind – he has always been such an intricate member of our family – as headstrong and wilful as any of the children!

And so began the research. Hours and hours were spent working out the least stressful way to get him over to Santa Monica in California where we came to live last summer. Being from Yorkshire (in the north of England) posed it's own difficulties as it is hard enough to get an international flight out of our northern airports for a human let alone a dog!! Eventually we decided the best course of action was for the rest of the family to fly out first and then Mac to come on a week later so that we would have time to get things ready for his arrival.

We said our teary goodbyes to him as we left him in the very capable hands of our friends and fellow Lucas owners, the Corners. Whilst we spent a long week worrying about how much he would be missing us he of course had an absolute blast with his best doggie pal, Alfie. But all good things come to an end and after his week of fun he was transported down to Heathrow by car to begin his very long journey across the Atlantic.

We were so anxious when the day finally arrived that he would be joining us. We had warned the children that when we picked him up from the airport he may not be himself and could be rather smelly from being in his travelling container for so long (almost 17 hours after all the waiting at both Heathrow and LAX!). Finally, he arrived and in true carefree Lucas style jumped out of his container without a care in the world, wondering what all the fuss was about!!

He wasted no time settling into the laid back Californian lifestyle. Being in Santa Monica is like being in doggie heaven for him – EVERYONE is totally dog mad and of course as a Lucas he is so adorable that he gets plenty of attention when he is out and about with us.

The squirrel obsession is a new thing for us – and obsession it is!! He spends most of his day watching at the window waiting to get the chance to rush out into the yard and bark constantly at the tree where they seem to have taken up residency!



Although he is more than happy to chase the slightest sniff of the squirrels in the yard or on his daily walk, I am sure that he must miss his long runs chasing rabbits in the open countryside of Yorkshire that he enjoyed each day, as apart from the odd trip to the dog park, all his walks are on leash here. But then maybe not, he seems more than happy to bask in the Californian sunshine and the constant adoration of it's population



Rhett Butler a.k.a. ... the 'Rock Dog'

Hi Friends! My registered name is Langford's Tisa. That is Swahili for the number nine. My breeder, Lynette Langford of England, grew up as a 'colonial child' in Tanzania and has fond many memories of this place. I was born in Welwyn/Hertfordshire, England, one of four puppies born June 24, 2009. I am tan with black highlights. The human women are besotted by my highlights.

Lynette Langford helped me to be strong and secure for the 12-hour flight to the US. I was shipped in a big crate. I was only 12 weeks old, so it seemed big at the time. I was sure glad to see my new owners Jack & Phyllis Terry at the airport. They had a booster seat with a safety belt and lots of toys for me to play with and some tasty chicken for our trip back to Fallbrook. Fallbrook is in North San Diego county. It has lots of hills and trees. Best of all it has lots of rabbits and squirrels for me to chase!

Growing up in Fallbrook is great! I get to go on long walks and greet all of my fellow dog friends. They are a lot bigger than I am, but that doesn't scare me, I'm a Lucas Terrier. My human parents have grey fur and four little ankle-biters they call grandchildren. They are the best playmates. There almost as fun as chasing squirrels. I have two black and white skinny things called cats I chase around the house. Quick little suckers, but no match for me. We are actually becoming buddies, and play chase out in the yard.

We live close to the beach so I get to play in the Pacific Ocean. I try to catch seagulls, but they don't play fair! They jump up into the air for a long time! When I grow wings, things will sure be different.

After Christmas our family went to the Colorado River. My Human Dad likes to do "Rock Crawling" in a Jeep. My Human Mom thinks my Human Dad is crazy. He calls me his 'Rock Dog'. I'm not to sure about all the bouncing around, but it sure is fun to bark at all the dogs in the canyons. Woof----- Woof, Woof, Woof. Plus, I get to run off leash and smell things only a dog loves to smell!

I got to go hiking in Arizona desert. It's a place called 'Palm Canyon'. It is and old volcano, and in the crevices are California Palm trees growing. It sure is a strange place for palm trees. We hiked to the end of the trail, and then started climbing large boulders. I didn't like climbing boulders, so my Human Dad and I hung out together until the rest of his friends got back. What does he think I am, a goat. Lucas Terriers have lots of energy, but we have short legs.

Well Lucas friends we're back in Fallbrook and back to walking on a leash. I really miss walking in the desert, but my Human Dad thinks I need more discipline while walking on a leash. Hey! I'm a self assured Lucas Terrier! What can I say.

Take Care,

Rhett Butler and Jack & Phyllis Terry

Meet Susan Hall's Two Handsome Boys ...

Fritz and Barney



Fritz and Barney were born on November 8th in Atherton, California to Hall's Lexi owned by Susan Hall



Proud papa 'Archie', held by his owner Noble Hamilton (left), looks over with pride at his young son 'Barney' held by his new owner Al (and Sue) Krizelman of Atherton California.



'Barney' on the left and his brother 'Fritz' on the right, sleep peacefully in breeder Susan Hall's cozy California kitchen. 'Fritz' is owned by Wendy and Phil Schrank of Illinois.



Bella Welcomes Six Healthy Pups

We welcomed six Lucas Terrier puppies born to Isabella (Bella) and Sire Archie Hamilton in Sacramento, California on November 15, 2009, by C-section, performed by Dr. Metzler at the Orangevale Veterinary Hospital - four boys and two girls - all healthy. Thank goodness! Bella was so large that by the end of her pregnancy she could hardly breathe. Dr. Metzler and all of her hospital staff were incredible. They even let us watch during the surgical procedure and let us help stimulate the puppies. Special thanks need to be given to Dr. Metzler and all of her staff for all of their hard work and expertise.

In fact, Bella probably wouldn't have gotten pregnant had it not been for Dr. Metzler and her remarkable staff; Corrine, Sheena, Marcia, Audrey, & Joyce and of course Sire Archie Hamilton (owner Noble Hamilton).

I can't tell you how many times we called with questions after Bella had her puppies. Dr. Metzler or her staff were always available with advice. For the first three days we were at their door step at eight o'clock sharp (that's a whole other story). They deserve our undying gratitude for everything.

Two other people who need to be acknowledged are Laurie Crouch and Noble Hamilton. Laurie did an amazing job of providing us with perspective Lucas owners. We couldn't have been able to place them without her. We hope you know how appreciative we are of all your hard work. Also, Noble is a wonderful man who was very accommodating and we wouldn't have any puppies without his participation in the process. Thank you Laurie and Noble!

Archie and Bella's puppies were a lot of fun and work, but definitely worth it! Never have we ever experienced something so demanding, yet rewarding.

Lucas Terriers are smart and quick learners. With some loving and training we taught each puppy to give kisses, enjoy belly rubs and use potty pads. Finding the right perspective owner is not an easy task, however every owner who was carefully selected for each puppy made it easier. They made it a pleasure to work with them. Each owner made sure we were comfortable with our selection and most importantly at ease with them taking their new Lucas home. They are remarkable and will make excellent Lucas owners along with being Lucas Terrier Club members. We let the new owners know they would never want another dog other than a Lucas ever again. I'm sure anyone who owns one would agree.

Now there are six new little Lucas Terriers in the U.S.A. including: Winston (Texas), Cooper (Pennsylvania), Whale Slim Sullivan (Illinois) Maggie Mae (Virginia), Clooney (California) and Monticella, another California girl, who we to keep. We are so proud of our little ones and know they will provide companionship and love to their new families for a lifetime.

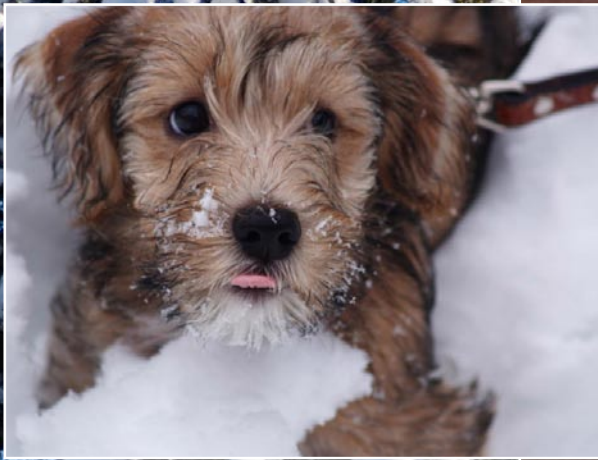
Michelle Rondone and Diana Figueroa

Gosh Darn Fleas

By Lynette Langford



WINTER PHOTOS. 2010



Farewell to that special lady known as Jumbo

By Dina Batchelor of The Eydon Village News

Anne Frost was known to everyone as Jumbo, a name she obviously loved, as she never asked to be called Anne. Jumbo settled in Eydon when she bought the cottage in School Lane and 14 years ago purchased Hall Farmhouse and lived there happily with her Lucas Terriers.

Jumbo's great loves were terriers and hunting. She rescued the Lucas breed from oblivion and set about improving the standard, She had regular dog shows in Eydon so that everyone could admire the progeny.

It was just one big party!



In Jumbo's customary generous way Bloody Marys were served together with a scrumptious luncheon. People came from far and wide to attend the shows – dog owners and breeders of the Lucas terrier.

Her kindness in both time and financial support were without parallel and she would help anyone in distress with both. Jumbo was a parish councillor for years. She loved village life and all of its entertainments. She fought for causes that she felt were right for the village and was not afraid to voice her opinion.

Broken Bones

She hunted with the Bicester and Whadden Chase and was assistant hunt secretary for the past 18 years. Her passion for hunting is legendary, but her riding days sadly ended after too many broken bones. She was often in a great deal of pain from these injuries which she suffered stoically. She carried on supporting the hunt, on her feet, with the same zeal and dedication. Her canine expertise gave her insight into hound life and she became an ardent admirer if the Bicester hounds.

Jumbo bought several horses after her hunting days ended, and Major Euro, known as Willy, proved the greatest success. Jumbo died, as she would have wished, on her way to Warwick Races to see her horses run.

A few years ago she was created a Lieutenant of the Royal Victorian Order – an honor solely in the gift of the Queen.

This year Jumbo was 70 and she celebrated her birthday in great style with two parties in Eydon. These were held at the same venues as the dog shows, people replacing dogs!

Jumbo had a big heart with the knack of making friends with everyone, and she had a great sense of humor. She will be sorely missed. Her memory will be celebrated, with great affection, for many years to come, in Eydon, in the dog world and in the hunting field

People will say: "Of course, you remember dear Jumbo." She would have replied "RATS!"

Tributes from near and far

Many people will remember Jumbo turning over her house and garden for the village fetes and parish breakfast. Bar baa Russocki wrote about her reaction to the wooden and plastic garden tables collected from around the village.

"When Jumbo saw them she was horrified and said 'Bloody plastic tables' and went out and bought the gingham cloth to make table cloths to hide them.

"The first fete morning there she was cutting up a bolt with pinking shears (later having the hemmed for future use.) She always insisted on having them washed and ironed for me."

Laurie Crouch, president of the US Lucas Terrier club said: "Every one of us in the US who is lucky enough to own a Lucas Terrier – has that Lucas because of Jumbo Frost. She has been our guiding light. Heaven is lucky to have her...but we will sorely miss her."

Jumbo's Story In Her Own Words - written in 1998



As a family we lived near to the Hon Mrs Plummer, who was a good friend of my parents and we had her dogs (of which she had sole control at that time for Sir Jocelyn Lucas - he and Lady Lucas I think at that time lived at Blickling Hall in Norfolk. So, they were miles away and, therefore, Enid Plummer, no relation to Brian Plummer, directed the whole business).

I am speaking of a time around 1947, which is when we had our first Ilmer Sealyham - other Ilmer Sealyhams followed and it was not until 1971 when I acquired a Lucas terrier, black and tan, as a wedding present for my youngest brother. His mother in law wished them to have apricot coloured poodles, so to avoid a row I kept the black and tan dog, which I used to take daily to the office with the only remaining Ilmer Sealyham - an old bitch. This I had to have, because my father remarried at the age of 73, and sold our house in the country to live in London. So, there was no country base for the old girl - and I was the one who took her to live with me in London. That was in 1968.

Sir Jocelyn used to drown all the black and tan puppies in a bucket at birth. This was the only way he could achieve a standard colour as black is the Old English blood and in whatever breed, especially terriers, it will creep back.

Enid Plummer abhorred this treatment but was very against using anything black and tan from which to breed. Therefore, by 1972 she was equally

pleased to have the odd black and tan puppy as a pet, but of course, not as breeding stock.

This black and tan puppy dog, as my first Lucas, was in many circumstances, of course, the BEST. To quote Michael Dyne, an equine and canine artist, in his delightful book 'From Litter To Later On' in his introduction says, "a man in his lifetime finds only one ideal woman, horse and dog" and so-after your first of anything is always THE BEST.

So it was with Badger, my first Lucas.

To quote an anecdote about Badger. I used to take him riding across the fields and if ever came upon a road which we had to use I would dismount, pick him up and with some difficulty remount with him flopped across the saddle of my little thoroughbred Hunter, where he would relax, even in a trot - and when we reached the open fields he would then jump off and gallop on. Whatever my gait he would try to be ahead of the horse and outpace him.

He was quite remarkable - the day my father had a stroke in London I went to exercise him in Kensington Gardens, where normally he would chase squirrels and birds too, but for four days after my father's stroke he adamantly refused to leave my side.

He always came to the office with me and always out of sight under the desk. One day I omitted to take him for a lunchtime walk and on returning home that evening I played Tag with him around the sofa in my stockings feet - slipped off the rug on the parquet floor and broke my ankle. So he went to my brother while I was in hospital, and, subsequently, when I went on holiday my brother and sister in law took him to Devon on holiday with them. He was taken short in their hotel and found down the corridor sitting in the bathroom having spent a large penny puddle right by the loo!

Tragically he was killed by a car in London because he was not on the lead. A long story I can never forget, nor regret, and I have never not had a dog on the lead on London pavements since. The do all run free in Kensington Gardens and are very biddable.

There are many stories I could tell about Badger in his tragically short 2.5 year life. Such as jumping off a London bus on the stairs to the upper deck and me tying up the old bitch to the bus stop and running after him in my clogs - fashionable in 1973 - but his lives eventually ran out and I shall never stop reproaching myself for his untimely death.

His replacement was another black and tan dog called Beaver. I daresay Beaver was most memorable for many things, but not the least when I received a telephone call from Enid Plummer at my London office desk to say she would take him to Cornwall to mate one of her bitches if I could ensure we met her at Paddington Station in a matter of minutes. I dropped everything, telephone and all, and he duly undertook the four-hour journey with her and successfully mated the bitch that late afternoon. The miracle of the story is that he was 11.5 years old, had never had any opportunity of being married (mated) before and the result of the afternoon was 5 puppies, one of whom I bought. I was flabberghasted and said to my brother that I could not understand how he did it, to which my brother replied, "Well, Jumbo, he hasn't lived with you for eleven and a half years and not learned a thing or two!"

Beaver had encephalitis, as a result of a fall as a puppy before I had him, from a giant caravan onto concrete, I reckon, and always walked like a German Stormtrooper, which caused such hilarity wherever he went. The vets said he would not live after two years old but he died at 15 years old.

His son, Bodger, I adored. He too was run over and killed outright before my eyes in the driveway of a dear friend's house - a mile from the road. She brought her husband home from the hospital with suitcases while I was staying there awaiting her return one February evening. I was helping with the suitcases and no doubt Bodger thought we were going, but instead of leaving the car in the drive she chose to leap in and roar off towards the far building garages and broke his neck as he ran across the drive to join us. I was broken-hearted and I have never spoken to her since.

Bodger's son, Mtoto, named after the racehorse, went to the Isle of Man in Mr Robert Sangster's private aircraft, with Mr and Mrs Sangster sitting in the back, after Royal Ascot Races. I just flung them the lead - they'd never met him and had been bribed by me to take him up to a mutual friend in the Isle of Man to mate her bitch. After a great deal of performance and, eventually, successfully mating her bitch, down he came again, having been in the cockpit with the crew. He'd not known anybody up there - nor en route - and now has a substantial family in the Isle of Man - children and grandchildren. We did, in fact, have a mini dog show of all these which I went up to judge.

In January 1998 I had two litters - in separate rooms here in Eydon. Both bitches whelped the same morning all seemed well until at 10 days old with one litter of four and one of three, Ginger Rodgers, the mother of the four, decided she was gong to raid the litter of her grandmother, who was in the garden. Against all odds she leapt all the all the obstacles separating the litters and jumped three feet over and into the whelping box - jumping out with one of the puppies in her mouth and back over into her box. The puppy screamed its head off and I was alerted. I found to my horror her cuddling it and with it in a state of shock. It did survive and I have kept it as the seventh addition of my canine family here.

One of Ginger's puppies went to London and his owner has said she had never ever met so many people in London since he arrived. One man in a car screeched to a halt to enquire what sort of terrier he was. She says it is like being out with a film star.

I could go on for pages - I keep madly in touch with all my owners. They are all Lucas terrier addicts. This is because the dogs are so biddlable, so affectionate and are extremely intelligent. They are anyone's to take home - my Mtoto was known here locally as Mtoto The Tart. They are back to find you. This is what people want now and for all these qualities I am struggling to breed them to give other people the joy I have from them since 1947 and 1971.

My seven live here like a pack, in the house - and all sleep on the bed, unless there are other diversions!

Jumbo

Tributes from Around the World

From Horse & Hound...

Hunting lost one of its greatest stalwarts when Jumbo Frost died suddenly on 11th November: She was on her way to see her two racehorses run at Warwick. 24 hours before she attended what was to be her last meet with the Bicester hounds at Cedars Farm, Lower Boddington.

Jumbo can truly have been said to have “lived for her hunting”. Introduced to the sport by her father, Tommy, she was hooked on hunting from the age of 10, when she and her brothers, Thomas and Henry hunted from Ayres End, Harpenden with Geoffrey Hartop’s Aldenham Harriers. In 1955 the family started hunting with the Grafton, initially boxing up from home, before putting their hunters at livery with Michael Herbert at Farthingstone. A school friendship with Sue Whitaker saw the horses move to Greens Park in 1963 where, from Michael and Sue Watt’s yard, Jumbo dedicated her life to hunting with the Grafton, Fernie and other neighbouring packs. Described as a “brave rider” Jumbo cut a fine figure across country on her adored Captain Blood, a gift from the famous trainer George Todd, who carried her for 18 seasons and died aged 26.

In 1985 Jumbo moved to Hall Farm, Eydon and from then on hunted mostly with the Bicester Hunt with Whaddon Chase: she was tireless in wanting to put something back into the sport she loved and accepted the post of assistant Secretary to Robert Vallance from the season 1991 /1992 .With the Bicester Master Edward Lane Fox she set about a personal mission of opening up the country with well placed hunt jumps which to this day are a memorial to her. Her commitment as a rider was mirrored hunted so well by Patrick Martin which she followed in every aspect-Faraday, Fagin& Falstaff were all her favourites and if offered the opportunity she would have had them in the house with her devoted terriers; in the end she settled for a portrait by Heather Tylor!

No tribute to Jumbo would be complete without a mention of the Gilmour family who trained her racehorses, including the multiple winners, Moral Justice and Major Euro, and Rodney Ward who drove Jumbo, and her basket of essential liquids, countless miles in the last five years as she fulfilled her hunt duties.



The Dog World Pays Tribute

Jumbo was a veritable treasure of a person, though she would probably not like me to say so she was never one to hoist her own petard. She was a colorful character in the Sealyham Terrier world where she had some success, but was best known for her Lucas Terriers, being President of the Lucas Terrier Club and enthusiastically carrying on the dedicated breeding work begun by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, founder of the breed. The Lucas has never been registered with the Kennel Club for that is the way Sir Jocelyn wanted it, and Jumbo too. We must hope that other dedicated enthusiasts of this relatively 'modern' breed, created by using Sealyham and Norfolk Terriers, will continue in the same careful way, steadily, creating and maintaining uniformity of type.

Every year Jumbo hosted a show for the breed, paid for out of her own pocket, and she always commissioned photos of every first and second place prize winner, which she carefully mounted in her magnificent record books for posterity's sake. The last show was just a few weeks ago, on Oct 4th, when the photo above was taken: it fully expresses the colour of Jumbo's personality.

No-one who ever went to the show could forget her wonderful hospitality, the Bloody Marys that are offered at noon, the excellent luncheons, which were actually prepared by the Queen Mother's chef when the shows were held in a Village Hall as they were originally, until they outgrew the hall. Jumbo even thought to furnish the lavatories with Roger and Gallet soaps and boxes of tissues, and around the ring were baskets of sweets for the children to enjoy. It was those little touches that made Jumbo the thoughtful person we shall all remember. Her kindness knew no bounds.

Away from the dog-showing world she was Lady in Waiting to a prominent member of the royal family; she also owned horses and was devastated when she could no longer ride having damaged her foot badly jumping a five-bar gate. Secretary of her local hunt, she again expressed her generosity when, during those worrying years when hunt kennels were threaten with closure, she had every single one of the hounds photographed, again for prosperity's sake. How I shall miss you Jumbo. It doesn't seem right that you have been taken from us all so soon. More people will miss you than you perhaps would have realized.

Our Dogs
Juliette Cunliffe

Jumbo Frost died very suddenly on November 11, writes Lilian Hopwood former secretary of the Midland Sealyham Terrier Club. She was known throughout the dog community as president of the Lucas Terrier Club, but she was also a Sealyham Terrier exhibitor.

She came into Sealyhams through the late Pat Crick when she bought her first Sealyham, Dainty Ice Lady. She bred Jumbeeden Dance a Dream, 'Eloise', from Bimbi and from Eloise bred three champions who are now in the ring. She was also top breeder in 2007 and 2008.

Jumbo breed numerous Lucas puppies and made lots of friends in the Sealyham and Norfolk fraternities. She was a great supporter of the Sealyham Clubs Another great interest in her life were her horses. Jumbo will be very sadly missed by all who knew her.

Dog World
Lilian Hopwood
Former Secretary of the Midland Sealyham Terrier Club

It was a great shock to hear that Jumbo Frost died suddenly on Nov 11. Many of you know Jumbo – she refused to use any other name – through her Lucas Terriers, Sealyhams and her interests in Norfolks. She was a member of the NYCGB, often came to the ringside at championship shows and club shows and has been a keen supporter of the annual memorial lectures.

Wonderful, full of life, funny, generous and kind, Jumbo, was unique and once you met her you'd forget her. Always busy, she was devoted to her dogs, the Sealyhams Terriers she bred and showed with success making up a homebred champion, but especially to her beloved Lucas Terriers, the breed originally created by Sir Jocelyn Lucas by crossing small Sealyhams with Norfolk Terriers to create a game terrier who was small and agile enough to go to ground.

Jumbo was a strong force in the Lucas Terrier Club and generously organized and paid for the annual club show with free drinks, lunch and tea for all. She made everybody feel a welcome and important guest and was the perfect hostess. She encouraged the occasional cross with high-class Norfolk stud dogs and many well-known champions could be found as sires in the catalogue at the show.

So many people will miss Jumbo and can only wish that the Lucas Terriers will survive without the fairy 'god-mother.'

***Dog World
Elisabeth Matell
Norfolk Terriers***

The Sealyham breed suffered another blow with the loss of Jumbo Frost whose sudden death must have come as a great shock to all her friends. Even more devastating will be the effect on the Lucas Terrier world. Quite some time ago I introduced Jumbo to Jitka Paulinova at National Terrier. Jitka has always had a yen to own a Lucas Terrier, as her father and Captain Lucas corresponded at length about their respective breeds and their thoughts on breeding in general. Jitka still has some of his letters and she and Jumbo had a long discussion about the Lucas Terrier

Jumbo was a lovely, generous lady who cared so very deeply about her breed. She hosted the annual Lucas Terrier Show and it was an event not to be missed, as the lavish catering was legendary. Her loss will be felt very keenly by many people.

***Dog World
Shelia Atter
Cesky Terriers***



From Pamela Harrow

My friendship with Jumbo was unremarkable. And I do not say that to denigrate it in any way but it was, simply, what a friendship should be in every way, no more, no less. We laughed together, cried together, fell out, fell in, agreed, disagreed and agreed to disagree. We spoke endlessly on the telephone and supported one another in so many ways. It may have been a liaison born from a necessity to meet an end (the development, continuation and promotion of the Lucas Terrier) but it developed into so much more. We had our in-jokes, as all good friendships do, and the one that continued to tickle her was this:

Jumbo always arranged for John to pick me up from the railway station the day before the Lucas Terrier Club show. John and I had come to know one another over the years and on our journey together he would tell me what had been happening during the previous 12 months in Eydon, and we often talked about Australia because he had lived there and I have Australian Cattle Dogs. Prior to my arrival one year John and Jumbo had a conversation and it went like this:-

Jumbo: "John, you must go down onto the platform and help Pamela because she is bringing the catalogues."

John: "Why is she doing that? She's never brought them before."

Jumbo: "What are you talking about? She brings them every year."

John: "No she doesn't, I would know I pick her up at the station."

Jumbo: "Yes, she does, they are in her suitcase."

John (bewildered): "In her suitcase?"

Jumbo: "Yes, she types them up, has them printed and brings them down in her suitcase."

John (more bewildered): "What?"

Jumbo (getting irritated): "The CATALOGUES, John, the CATALOGUES!!"

John: "Oh, CATALOGUES, I thought you said CATTLE DOGS!"

Jumbo thought this was just hilarious and every year thereafter would say to me in the lead up to the Show, "And, don't forget the CATTLE DOGS," before bursting into gales of laughter.

When Kevin phoned to tell me Jumbo had passed away I simply could not believe it. She was too young, had too much planned, still had a lifetime to live but then it occurred to me that she had lived the life she had so wonderfully. The proof was in the way people reacted to her untimely death. It was as if a pall had settled over everyone. She was well-loved, well-respected and I think about the many things she did, achieved and experienced through her life.

This is not the time to grieve her death but it's a time to celebrate her life. I think back and remember how Jumbo touched my life, and the people around her. How she made me laugh and how good she was as a person. Jumbo was a wonderful friend, with a marvelously impish smile and twinkle in her eye which I already miss so much. I'm grateful to have known her; friends like her are rare. She gave so much – it made you want give as much back. I don't know if I ever succeeded – I rather think I didn't – but I'm glad to have had the chance to try and I do know that I will continue to miss her terribly for a long time to come. I will forever be grateful for spending a number of years of my life with a friend like her. All the memories I have shared with her will forever be cherished. She will live in my heart.....in all our hearts, I believe. If she is sitting somewhere on a cloud, playing her harp and polishing her halo, I know there's not an angel in heaven more likely to lend you her wings than Jumbo if you've broken yours – but just don't get her started on the cattle dog joke!

From Philip Astley-Jones' eulogy...

As Jumbo would say - "guess what everybody, guess what"

Except that this "guess what" is very sad, shocking and heart-breaking. We have all had a week of turmoil coming to terms with Jumbo's untimely death.

But we must remember that she has had an extraordinary 70th year. She did all the things she wanted to do:

- she gave two amazing lunch parties which were impeccably organized by her – one for locals and hunting friends and the other for family and old mates from near and far. She saw in the last year all the friends that she wanted to, both old and new.

– she was given a delightful open-air big birthday party in Battersea Park, organised by Sarah Mason, for all the Lucas Terrier friends – dogs included.

– she went on holiday in Spain in the summer, which she loved and saw Gibraltar from the hills. She adored seeing that huge mound of rock and romanced about its history.

– she hosted, yet again, the immensely successful Lucas Terrier annual show at Crockwell, winning a number of cups and providing everyone with Bloody Marys, lasagnes, shepherd's pies and lashings of wine.

– she danced to the Piccadilly Dance Orchestra at the Cafe de Paris in London 6 weeks ago.

– she went racing whenever her horses were running, very often with Rodney, Lizzie and Zandra, no matter where the race was. She made her local newsagent check whether her horses were running and, if one of them was, he could deliver The Racing Post to her that morning!

– She crossed the British Isles, organising jiggy-jigs for the dogs and, together with others, successfully championed the revival of the Lucas Terrier breed. This year Guinness, her beloved Sealyham Terrier was Champion Dog. She was rightfully thrilled and very proud. She even went to Sweden last Spring to a Sealyham show, always leaving Eydon in the trusted hands of Bridget and the dogs in Kevin's capable care.

Jumbo was an avid letter writer and was a stickler for good manners and correct form. She demanded very high standards from other people and from herself. She loved her family and was deeply proud of Henry and Thomas's children.

Jumbo was born in 1939 and, while still a baby, was sent, at the outbreak of war, to her American grandmother in Pennsylvania for safety – staying there until she was 5. As soon as it was possible, her father visited her to see his little daughter – only to find her in her nursery surrounded by dolls and feeding them with fresh cream from a cream jug. This was too much for him as he, like everyone else, has been through strict rationing of wartime England. It was time to take his daughter home.

Jumbo went to school in England, then attended Mrs. Hosters Secretarial College on the Cromwell Road in London. She then worked for Michael Parker, for the Distressed Gentlefolk and for Piero de Monzi, sharing a flat with Jude and others.

Her old school friend, Sue, had married Michael Watt and Jumbo came down to hunt with the Grafton, keeping her horses with the Watt's. She eventually bought her house here at Eydon to be near Annie and William who had moved to West Farndon. She hunted with the Bicester and was for many years the Bicester Hunt Secretary. She loved her hunting and she adored the hounds.

Jumbo suffered numerous hunting accidents, not least a terrible crushed ankle. She had this re-operated on a year ago but the operation was not a success. Even though she was in constant pain from this, she hid it from most people in typical Jumbo fashion.

Jumbo worked for Liz Anson at Party Planners for 9 years, where she was, as Liz told me, in a VERY senior position. The marriage of Prince and Princess Michael of Kent saw Jumbo organising the wedding party at St. James's Palace as Liz had a long standing engagement in Australia. On returning to her London office, Liz found no Jumbo. "She had been pinched – yes, pinched", Liz told me, chuckling with laughter.

So began Jumbo's life at Kensington Palace where she was a devoted Lady in Waiting to Princess Michael. Last year we went with Sally to see Jumbo being awarded the L.V.O by The Queen for services to The Royal Household. On the steps of the dais, Jumbo managed to get in a few words about her father's connection with racing and a shared interest he had had with The Queen in a horse many years ago. The Queen beamed and talked to Jumbo for longer than any other recipient that day. Jumbo was SO proud though she pretended that it was all perfectly normal!

A few years ago, Jumbo had a flaming row with a man she wanted to be a judge at a puppy show. She telephoned him the next day and was told by the receptionist that his telephone was out of order. "Well, get it repaired", she said, "and I'll pay for it". Only to be told by the operator – after a long pause - "He doesn't want it repaired!"

There are so many wonderful memories we all have of Jumbo. She loved nick-names for family and friends – Hero, Toadie, Glum Fred, Bedroom, Cabbage and H.R. are but a few.

She had a wild sense of humour and loved a heated conversation – often interrupting a point by saying "if you don't mind my saying so". She had an extraordinary sense of right and wrong and was adamant in her beliefs.

She was a confirmed Christian and often mentioned that, as a child, God was her best friend.

She loved all things old fashioned – the church, traditional country living, old English pubs and spoke charmingly of "motor cars" and "the wireless". She championed the young and the under-dog.

A young hunting friend wrote of her this week - "Jumbo's departure, to me, has been clear evidence of just what a diverse span of folk she touched with her love of life. She had no pretensions. If in a pub with a group of poachers, she would talk poaching; if at the races, she would talk racing or if at a puppy show, puppies. This country has lost one of the jewels in the crown which upholds what is rapidly diminishing from our world – REAL VALUES".

Maybe we should think about her when we think of the weather. Wind, rain, storm and thunder and then blasting rays of sunlight, so bright it fills you with happiness.

MAY JUMBO NOW REST IN PEACE

