

FC Cinnabar Shoshone War Chief

Cinnabar Shoshone War Chief was brought to us at 6 1/2 weeks. A field trialer going to Nebraska brought him. Shoni had been throwing up all the way from Ohio: car sickness. After that trip it took several months before we could get him to get into a vehicle without drooling from fright. Then, we couldn't get him out. He'd lay on the tailgate of the suburban and survey his world. This was his special spot whenever we went camping or to trials. At home he'd lay on the front lawn and taunt the dog pound pick-up truck.

Shoshone loved to do silly tricks. One trick he learned was how to crawl up and down the hallway on his belly using only his front legs. This won him an award from the local dog club. Other tricks came into play when he began training for the show ring. He ran sideways, but after tying him to my bike, placing him between the bike and the curb, and riding along the curb several times, he showed great respect for the wheels and gaited straight.

Shoshone loved hunting with Edwin. Each trip started with the excitement of smelling all the hunting clothes then, going for a ride. He hunted everything and he could run all day. He was an all purpose dog. He even hunted what he wasn't suppose to, for instance deer. Deer hunting ended up with Edwin chasing him for miles and then loosing his voice. Then, there was the elusive skunk hunting, which ended with Shoni on the front lawn covered with tomato juice. Since this doesn't work, the next place he landed was in the tub lying for an hour on his stomach while we poured every bottle of cologne on him we could find. Shoni never could figure out why we made him wear all that yukky smelly stuff.

Shoni loved getting cleaned up and going to shows. He especially loved getting on the beds at the hotels since, this is a "no no" at home. Shoni loved going into the show ring with Edwin. He had a beautiful gait and could keep it up as long as the judge wanted him to, until he passed by a lovely female in heat. Then, his gait became a "love sick" hop.

Next to hunting, field trials were by far his greatest love. He enjoyed everything: the trips, the horses, the men, the running, the hunting, and most of all the birds. He became a field champion on April 27, 1991. It was exciting to watch him run, stop and point. He had a classic one-leg-up point.

He fathered many wonderful dogs; winners all. It's a joy to see his beautiful markings and unusual spotted coat still appearing on his prodigy.

FC Cinnabar Shoshone War Chief is a dog we will always remember for his gentle nature and zest for hunting.

Joyce Powell