

One of the *Psic x Alpha* puppies, as mentioned, now three years old, was Best of Breed under Scandinavian judge, Espen Engh, at the recent Ashkelon International show. Shalom's Scandinavian import was Best of Opposite sex. So, Shalom Shtokelman's blended gene pool, blended type, is now producing Challenge Certificate winning show Salukis in Israel. And, he plans to use the Sinai type male, *Agab*, as sire of his next litter. He feels that in this way he will be returning to the roots of his experience with the breed.

With the interview accomplished, brief though it is, and Ache Ezer's incredibly kind offer to drive me to Jerusalem the next day, then on to Ramat Gan, where I would spend my last night in Israel, I headed to bed. As I walked to my room I reflected on what Shalom had done as a Saluqi breeder, and that he had been faced with similar problems to those that I had faced breeding Bedouin Saluqis straight from the tents and the rigors of "survival of the fittest" in Sinai in a western house-and-yard environment. The Sinai Saluqis were entirely



too primitive, too intense, even in Israel, for most western owners and urban or even semi-urban environments.

Their temperaments simply had to be "diluted", softened, since their work and lifestyle changed so drastically from the pressures they had evolved under. Shalom gave dogs with *typical*, desirable Sinai Bedouin type temperaments to the Negev Bedouin because they could hunt with them and their guarding qualities were useful. I was fortunate to have open field coursing available to me, so I could take my own direct desert descent Saluqis into the field to focus all that intensity in the direction they had evolved to use it. I did understand fully what Shalom had done and to a great extent why. But he had bred with an eye towards the show ring; I had bred with an eye towards the field. Listening to his experiences was fascinating. And in moments, I was sound asleep in the *Aravah* silence.



Alpha,
still beautiful
and youthful
at 12

The next morning I was up, showered, packed and ready to take leave of part of the Shtokelman family. Ronit would be joining us for the ride as far as Beersheva, to Ben Gurion University, where she had an exam in one of her courses. Ache Ezer and his children would be going to the seaside city of Natanya, where they had a friend's house awaiting them, and a week of sun, sea and relaxation before their return to the States. So, we would be parting in phases. I was going, via Jerusalem, to Dr. Sirik's flat, for my last night in Israel. After a final delicious breakfast and not good-byes but, "when will we see you agains", the journey to Beersheva began. Ache quizzed Ronit on the material for her exam, which he seemed generally familiar with, and I played innumerable games of tic tac toe with Ori and Tamar. Well, Tamar played Ori, who though a very clever six, needed some

coaching to keep his spirits up against his expert ten-year-old sister.

We found parking at the University and Ronit left us for her exam. We made our way to the book store where one copy of Clinton Bailey's now out of print book, *Bedouin Poetry from Sinai and the Negev: Mirror of a Culture* was still available and reserved for me. I was thrilled to have it after so many years of trying to get ahold of a copy. I also looked for activity books for Ori to provide him with amusement during the long ride to come. Tamar, fluent and literate in both Hebrew and English, chose a few books in Hebrew. Then we went to the Bank Leumi on campus and I got in line to change a travelers check to *shekels* so that I could pay for the Bailey book, which was extremely expensive for a book with very few pictures! It took ages....every time I had changed money in the bank it took ages and what seemed like a hundred forms. It reminded me of crossing the Egyptian border....it just looked more efficient because computers were on the desks....what for, I have no clue. Anyway, I did get the *shekels* and paid for the book and we were on our way again.

For the final time during these magical weeks, I watched the landscape change from dry rolling hills, dotted with clusters of tents, adobe dwellings and flocks of sheep and goats, tethered donkeys and occasional verdant irrigated fields, to rocky, craggy, lichen dotted gray rocks, pine covered hills, and stone buildings. As we reached Jerusalem, city of towering apartment buildings, perched in flocks on every available hilltop, appearing to totter down the hillsides due to sheer numbers, the traffic began. Having been an officer in the Israeli Airforce, Ache Ezer navigated like a fighter pilot, and in no time at all I was at Michael and Melanie's flat. Ache and his children went on to Hebrew University to visit a cousin while I had my last delicious lunch with the Coffman family and gathered my luggage for South Africa. After lunch I read the Dr. Seuss books that I had bought for my granddaughter to the Coffman children one last time. It was decided, since Erin was too little to understand the stories yet, the books would remain in Jerusalem.

There was a knock at the patio gate and it was time to leave. How could three weeks have passed already? I remember getting off the plane, looking up at the terminal where it says "welcome to Israel" and thinking that I should if not kiss the ground, touch it.....and now, I was leaving. We loaded the car, hugged and kissed good-byes, and I was on my way again. As we descended from Jerusalem, Ache pointed out to his children the military vehicles left along the roadside from the 1948 war to remind each generation of the sacrifices made and lives lost in creating the State. There were many battles and bloody confrontations trying to break the Arab blockade around Jerusalem in 1948. Only when an alternate and secret route was discovered through the hills was the Jewish population saved. I remembered the hollow wrecks....they had been there twenty-three years ago, too, but they seemed smaller than I'd remembered. The military cemetery, however, was bigger.

In no time at all we had passed Latrun, the sunflower fields, the prosperous looking Arab villages, the apartment building studded hills, everywhere, every hill sprouts an apartment building, the dusty olive groves, the industrial sites, and were entering the Tel-Aviv area. Dr. Sirik had given Ache good directions, and with no trouble, he found her building. The whole family helped me carry my bags on the elevator and into the flat, where Twiggy, Puzzle, and Spot barked greetings. These sweet tempered greyhounds enjoyed the attention of Tamar and Ori, while Ache looked at *The Saluqi*, which though sent airmail months before my arrival at his brother's, had not arrived. The comment was made that the Israeli postal system operates like a terrorist organization that sometimes delivers mail. Laughing over this comment, we said our good-byes. The Shtokelmans had been so kind to me, so hospitable, I felt like I was parting from my own family. It was really a difficult good-bye.

For a few moments there was silence....just me and the beautiful greyhounds, in the airy, bright sitting room with dog sculptures and paintings, books and rugs.....Zafra Sirik's space. Dr. Rita Trainen had called and asked that I contact her before I leave; this was the last chance. Dr. Trainen had gone to Sinai with Igal Sella in

the late 1960s and had been instrumental in registering the Saluqis from Sinai originally. We had been in touch over the many many years that had passed but we had never met. I called and Rita suggested she take me for coffee. In no time she was at the flat and we went to a lovely coffeehouse that served all sorts of exotic coffees, teas, and pastries. I had the most delicious strudel and tea.

We talked about this and that, and the fact that Israel was not currently recognized by the American Kennel Club. When I had mentioned this to Dr. Sirik, her response was, "That's your problem, not ours". At first I didn't understand what she meant, but as I thought about it, I did. But, it's a catch 22 because, for example, the Saluki Club of America cannot petition the AKC to accept the Israel Kennel Club....only the Israel Kennel Club can petition on its own behalf. Dr. Trainen told me that several Israeli bred dogs from many breeds were doing very well on the continent and these dogs had offspring in the USA, and there were plans being made for the future of these dogs. Though cryptic, I can only hope that the AKC will accept Israel as it does other once British colonial spheres of influence such as India, Kenya, South Africa and other far flung lands! Afterall, there was a Palestine Kennel Club from 1917 or so until 1948 when it became the Israel Kennel Club.*

Dr. Trainen dropped me back at the flat and I had to call Judy Herbstein, the producer for the Animal Planet shoot to see what time I had to be ready. Then, at midnight, I would be on the plane to South Africa.....unbelievable.....everything had fallen into place, I had gotten around the country from the north to the south, to Sinai, to the Palestinian Authority territory, everywhere. And everywhere friendly people, hot tea, delicious food and Saluqis. Only a single day left.....but no time to reflect....and certainly no time to have a bit of a cry. I heard Zafra's key in the door, and the greyhounds started leaping around in anticipation of their walk. I joined them for a last outing then off to bed.....tomorrow would be a marathon day. Even those thoughts did not prevent me from sleeping like a stone.

Zafra was up and out with the greyhounds, leaving the table set with the usual delicacies of cheeses, smoked fish, fresh rolls, olives, cucumber and tomato salad, before I even got up and into the shower. Since Judy was arriving at 9 a.m. I had to hustle. The idea of being followed around by a TV video team was so intimidating, I simply repressed any case of nerves I was having. Besides, I told myself, by the time we would get anywhere, I'd be so hot and so exhausted from the drive and my nerves, I'd just do my thing.....which would be seeing, once again, some of the Saluqis I'd already visited, and possibly some new ones.....the only difference being a camera following me. With such thoughts filling my head, Zafra offered me, in addition to the feast already laid, scrambled eggs. This lovely breakfast set the tone for the last day.

Judy arrived right on time. I think I was surprised when my knees did not wobble as I got into the elevator, I was so nervous. But, no time for such nonsense.....we had to hurry straight into Israeli rush hour traffic with a new twist! The traffic signals at the first major intersection we came to were not working due to a sudden power failure! Within minutes the usual gridlock turned to bedlam! I have never witnessed anything like it. Every driver tried to continue driving! There was no attempt to set up a voluntary four way stop pattern, they just kept moving until there was a solid mass of vehicles facing each other!

Finally a passenger got out of one of the cars and started to direct the entangled vehicles in one direction, just to get the mess moving. An elderly woman driver was wedged in the middle somehow and she refused to drive in the direction she was being waved to go. There she sat, with short-fused Israeli drivers encircling her in every direction. Inch by inch she edged her vehicle in the direction she was determined to go. Suddenly the signal began to work but the woman was still in the very middle of the intersection! By some miracle nobody hit her car and she finally got out of the intersection and resolutely drove down the street.

It turned out that Judy Herbstein is an Emmy Award winning documentary news producer as well as a documentary film maker. As we drove towards Beersheva she told me about the filming of the career and life of a Bedouin woman activist, her work with her people, and her marriage. It was a fascinating story about a fascinating woman. The camera man we would be meeting is a veteran of Israeli TV, who has also done some foreign footage, Danny Bar Nea. Unfortunately, I didn't write down the sound man's name. The cellular phone served in place of a road map and Judy periodically checked for directions and would then adjust our direction of travel. We pulled into a gas station, convenience store and there met the rest of the crew with their van, got something cold to drink, some chiclets (which I had rediscovered in Sinai), and switched vehicles for the rest of the trip to Rahat, where Juma's tent would be the first stop of the day. Judy had set the schedule....I just followed along.

Judy wanted to show how difficult it was to even get to the places, such as Juma's tent, to see Saluqis, but there was no practical way to do this since Danny was not up for trekking along beside the bouncing van carrying a large camera in the already high temperatures. So, they settled for filming me walking into the tent....which was absolutely full of people....all men, of all ages. During my first visit, Judy had enjoyed watching me do my picture survey with Juma and the measuring and discussion of points that he looked for in his Saluqis, so she wanted me to do this again, for the benefit of the shoot, which I did. I quickly became oblivious to the camera, Danny was absolutely unobtrusive, or, I was so nervous I just didn't register what was going on. I do remember that the long table was full of store bought cake and plastic cups for cold drinks, as well as the traditional coffee pots, tray, tea glasses and cups. As usual, I got out the *Sighthound Review* magazine for the new visitors to look at and one of Juma's sons asked for my photo albums, which I was delighted to produce from my trusty camera bag. Once again, the men poured over the magazine and the albums.

I have no clue how long we were in Juma's encampment. I remember seeing a saddled Arabian horse and remembered from my interview with Gideon that this is essential for a "traditional" Bedouin. I vaguely remember that everyone was having such a pleasant time that more refreshments were brought from somewhere and at one point it was suggested that I hadn't taken enough refreshment, to which I responded by pointing to my red cool aide colored tongue, which may have been a horrible cross-cultural faux pas....but, trying to understand and respond to really interesting discussions in Hebrew was all I could deal with. Only in retrospect did I realize that showing my tongue might have been some gross cultural transgression. At one point a young man who had looked at my albums came up to me and said, "I have a Saluqi at home that I know you would really like....I'd like you to see him." I felt honored and said I'd love to see his Saluqi.

Off the fellow went and in no time, he was back with a camper full of Saluqis, adults and puppies. Out they tumbled, the puppies in lovely condition, healthy looking and very nice hounds. The adults, too, were very nice. The puppies headed straight for the shade of the vehicle and only their master's voice could get them out in the sun. If he called them, they ran to him immediately, immediately! His adults were also absolutely obedient. I asked him if I could measure his hounds and he said certainly, and told his four year old bitch, *Shuhah* (meaning famous, known) "stay", and despite the heat, she stopped in her tracks and stood. I was astonished at such obedience from a Saluqi. She had stopped on an incline, so we had to move up the hillside, but she stood still exactly when told.



The Animal Planet team with Juma Abu Khawesh and one of his sons. His son suggested that I also be in the photo, so we switched places.



L to R: Judy Herbstein – producer, juma Abu Khawesh, his son or me, Danny BarNea, and our sound man.

since the ultimate evaluation of what is or isn't *asil* is that of the knowledgeable Bedouin, I reflected that of course that Saudi hunter was correct. And there I was, in the glaring sunlight of the Negev desert, living the lines I had written years before. In front of me was a hound esteemed by his Bedouin owner.....who on earth am I to imagine it is anything but a fine Saluqi! Why was I there in the first place if not to learn what Bedouin think about **their** breed? I photographed and measured *Safaq*,



Juma's pups greeting a visiting bitch

This man's male, *Safaq*, was a mature, muscular, black masked red smooth with the common folded back ears that I'd seen so frequently on smooth and feathered hounds alike, throughout Israel. And I caught myself wondering whether he was "purebred". As I stood there in the baking sun, looking at this hound, esteemed by his owner, brought especially for me to see and measure because he has the same powerful musculature of my own Azal x Div litter, I remembered a story based on correspondence with Mike Ratcliffe which is included in my book. It was an interchange between Mike and a Saudi Arabian Bedouin. Mike tells the man that he thinks his Saluqi has "foreign" or other than purebred Saluqis (by western standards) as ancestors. The Saudi Bedouin, a hunter of renown, replies to Mike, "I don't care what the ancestors were, MY Saluqi is *asil* (purebred)". And



Shuhah, stopped in her tracks when her owner said "Stay"

and thanked his owner for the pleasure of seeing him and teaching me a lesson.

By this time it seemed Saluqis were appearing over every hill, there were so many beautiful hounds around Juma's tent. I don't even know who they belonged to or when or how they arrived, in particular a stunning gray smooth dog, but there was no more time to measure them. It was astonishing that with so many loose adult dogs and bitches and puppies that there were no fights. Even a loose guard dog, which burst upon the scene, hackles up, to investigate the comparatively

lightly built gray male Saluqi, was controlled with no more than a “sssiiii” from one of the men in the tent. At another point, a single dog was spotted moving across the adjoining hillside and the entire pack of Saluqis took off in pursuit. I was sure they would kill the dog, but no, they were back pronto, with no sign of blood on any of them. I must admit, I simply could not watch, and covered my ears anticipating chaos. One of the Bedouin noticed my gesture and asked if I had a headache. The whole situation was remarkable. And Juma was clearly in his element with so many guests.

One other interchange occurred at Juma’s tent, purely personal, deeply important to me. In a way it crystallized the fact that this was my pilgrimage to the mountain, so to speak. In my case it was a Saluqi-experience mountain, but nonetheless an epiphany, in a totally unanticipated way. There was a young Bedouin man neatly dressed in western clothes, with a big wristwatch, close cut beard, and a “schooled” manner about him among the many new faces in the tent. He had helped me record the measurements and written his address in a neat hand in English in my notebook so that I could mail him copies of the photos to give to the people whose Salukis I’d gotten pictures of.

As he was sitting on the cushions in the tent, looking through my photo albums of the generations of Midbar Salukis, starting with my Israeli imports, Dar and Div Tarabin, he looked up at me and said, “We had Sinai Saluqis once, but you have taken better care of them than we did.” This comment went straight to my heart.....what a kind assessment of my Saluqis.....that I had cared for them well. I had always felt that I’d received something precious from the Middle East when I got Dar and Div Tarabin, but I finally understood just how precious they were through this young Bedouin’s eyes. They represented something he felt he’d personally lost, a part of his personal heritage. I will never again be intimidated by the fact that the Sinai hounds look different from today’s western show stoppers. That desert mountain is made of granite, not tinsel.

Though no one wanted us to leave, we had several more stops to make, places Judy had arranged to film, so we took our leave. The next stop would be Abu Khaf where Sami had arranged with some friends to allow the camera to film the hounds running behind the car, which is how they condition them for coursing. I was very worried about this since it was about 3 p.m. and the temperature must have been in the high 90s. We arrived and I immediately noticed there were several beautiful young Saluqis that I hadn’t seen



A beautiful gray male sizes up Safag as he approaches. There was lots of posturing but no fights. This gray Saluki, I later heard, killed a gazelle on his own. This feat was “the talk of the Negev” according to Kuti Aaharon.



A young bitch, one of 3 that ran after the car for the Animal Planet shoot, Abu Khaf



The other 2 youngsters that ran after the car over the barren fields of Abu Khaf.



Despite sweltering heat, these Salukis were in good spirits, and ran for a good 15 minutes!

before lying in the shade of a vehicle parked in front of Sami's house. Only the grizzle male, yet another *Agab*, would stand to be measured; the bitch and other male were not cooperative and there was no time to mess around. Judy did a brief interview with Sami, who is an articulate young man. To the question where do Saluqis come from, understood to mean "originate", he gave the answer from Arabic poetry, I think is its source, from Yemen. When asked what is it about coursing that draws people, he responded that everyone has some addiction, alcohol, drugs, gambling.....and some people are addicted to watching hounds chase game.....for the *kef*.....for the enjoyment of the chase. Come to think of it, his answer reiterates the Arab saying on the cover of *The Saluqi*, "were it not for the chase there would be no pleasure".

After the brief interview, the hounds were loaded into the car and we got in the van and followed them across the highway onto a dirt track through powdery brown fallow fields. We only drove a short way when the men stopped, got out, let the Saluqis out, wet the hounds down with water, which I was relieved to note, and started letting the air out of the car tires. Apparently this increases the surface of the tire and prevents the car from sinking into the powder. The camera van drove towards the crest of the hill, I stood at the bottom so I could possibly get a few shots of the Saluqis running. It was sweltering hot. I was astonished the dogs would even break into a gallop at the high temperature, but as the car drove off, the youngsters raced after it while the camera rolled. It was amazing. ...and I'm sure the footage will be poetic with the Saluqis racing through a powdery cloud across a boundless field.....through the timelessness of the chase.

That accomplished, we said out thank yous and good byes, got back into the van and headed towards Tel Shevah where Judy had arranged to meet Ahmed Abu Rkaiek who would show us his beautiful pups, as well as take us to Sultan Abu Rkaiek and Mahar Abu Rkaiek's places to film. The light was beginning to fade. We had to hurry. We met Ahmed with no trouble and went straight to the place of Mahar. They had acquired two bitches in just the past week, one pregnant and one, an elderly cream smooth, very lovely and very thin, said to be the dam of *Agab* at the camel farm. She was tied with a piece of wire so she could not free herself by chewing through it. Fresh chicken heads and gizzards were placed on pieces of cardboard near each bitch but were untouched. The pregnant bitch was in the same sort of large cage used in Abu Khaf to hold compost and the run away Saluqi, Scud. This was not a place to film for a western audience on this day. We thanked everyone for their time and drove to Sultan Abu Rkaiek's home.



Despite emaciation and the apparently once broken pastern, this bitch was still beautiful. Tel shevah

Sultan let us in through the main gate and Danny filmed his goats, and chickens, his Saluqis and his children. A few of the pups were brought out and laid on a woven mat.....they were very quiet, not moving at all.....I don't know why. At one point I went towards the dam of the pups who had been moved closer to the shepherd dog, chained to the wall. Sultan hollered to me not to go near the shepherd, which at that moment made a serious lunge to the end of his chain.....all teeth! The veteran, Pontiac, was not present on this visit but a young cream male, with the look of Juma's Saluqis from Rahat, had been added. Apparently Pontiac was visiting some relative because when Espen Engh visited Sultan in October, Pontiac was back.

Judy and I conferred on how to end the shoot, and it was decided that we should go to Ahmed's compound for the final daylight and final video site. Ahmed's wife had begun to prepare the *pita* for the evening meal in the booth in the yard, where a fire was started and the dough was being kneaded. Ahmed's wife did not wear a veil and he was very concerned Danny would film her face. Danny assured him he was only filming the fire and her hands and the children. Ahmed was really uneasy and irritated over this ...his concern distracted him. Once Danny moved into the livestock area, Ahmed relaxed. He brought out his beautiful, healthy, active pups that had been bathed and tick- powdered for the occasion and they ran around and proved delightful subjects. They were beautiful little Bedouin Saluqis.

As the very last rays of the sun hit the wall of Ahmed's house, I was directed to sit on a ledge against the wall and Judy began a brief interview with me. By this time I was, as usual, exhausted and can't recall any of the questions she

asked. I only remember that I was worried my hair was sticking out in all directions and they had not suggested or given me time to fix it before this on-camera interview. So much for perfect grooming, which never has been my forte. Why should things be different even for a TV appearance? Judy also directed some questions to Ahmed as the sun dipped beneath the horizon and Danny turned the camera off. The shoot was over. I sat down for a moment on the rugs that had been laid out on the grass and exchanged a few words with Ahmed's wife and thought to myself what a beautiful young woman she is, and how beautiful their little daughter is. But, I was too tired to even try to photograph them. Next time....

We said goodbye and thank you, and got back into the van and drove to the gas station where Judy had left her car. We parted there and in no time Judy had me back in Ramat Gan, at Zafra's apartment for the final time. There was just time for a shower, a change of clothes, and we were off to the airport for my midnight flight to Johannesburg, South Africa. Zafra got me to the airport in plenty of time. Parting was like saying goodbye to a family member; Dr. Sirik had treated me so hospitably I felt like I'd known her for a very long time. She had been a big part of making my trip so special and so successful as far as seeing Saluqis. She had also entrusted me with the fantastic contact proofs taken in Sinai by Eli Chen and the other precious historical



A youngster in Sultan Abu Rkaiek's compound catching the last rays of sunshine, Tel Shevah.

photos, many of which illustrate this series. There was no time for tears, however, because I had to drag my luggage into line and get through the intense security check, and then find my gate and wait for my plane.

The flight was on time, midnight, and though feeling more zombie than human, I walked down the steps, onto the tarmac, into the bus, out of the bus and up the steps onto the plane. I was leaving Israel. But, I had my son, his wife and my first grandchild awaiting my arrival in South Africa.events were just pushing me along. I must have slept on the plane. When we landed, it was winter, not summer, and a naked man was standing by a luggage trolley smack in the middle of the landing area. We all ogled out

the windows of the shuttle bus because the vehicle couldn't move. There were lots of people standing near the naked man casually chatting as though it was perfectly normal on this winter morning to have a naked person standing among them, looking around, only a passport distinguishing him from Adam! No one gestured towards him or tried to talk to him. When the police arrived, the naked man, clutching his passport, took off running and a stream of people in uniforms with overcoats flapping went running after him. With this bizarre prelude, our shuttle bus drove towards the terminal building.

All passengers from all planes funnel into a hall where the passport control people check visas and whatever. Well, the clerk for my line did her job with a slow deliberation that made every other line look like greased lightning. It would have been absolutely unbelievable had I not crossed from Israel into Egypt and back. The waiting was excruciating. And, I couldn't get out of my line because new planeloads of passengers kept filing in. Finally it was my turn, I got into the airport, and then had to search for my luggage which had been taken off the conveyer belt because other planes had been unloaded while I stood in that line. Finally I pushed my bags out towards the meeting area and there was my son.what a joy to see him. And, my South Africa adventure began.

Notes

*South African born Professor Reuven Yagil immigrated to Israel in 1956. He currently holds the Bennie Slome Chair for Applied Research in Animal Breeding for Human Nutrition in Arid Lands at the Ben Gurion University. Professor Yagil is a member of the Israel Physiological Society, the Israel Primate Association, and the Israeli and Dutch Veterinary Association. He is a member of the Commission for Sustainable Production and Disaster Prevention of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources. He is on the editorial board of the International Journal of Animal Science. Professor Yagil is a consultant on animal breeding to the Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) of the United Nations, the International Land Development Co. of Ismailia, Egypt, and the Terra Nova Organization in Sweden. In 1976 Dr. Yagil received the Ben Gurion Prize for Animal Research and has been invited to take part in the preparation of a document entitled World Conservation Strategy for the 1990s, to be presented to the United Nations.

A fascinating research report authored by Professor Yagil, **The Camel in Today's World**, is available from the German-Israel Fund for Research and International Development, POB 7011, Hakiryia, Tel Aviv 61070, Israel and the Deutsche Welthungerhilfe, Adenauerallee 134, 53113 Bonn, Germany.

* Since the completion of this series, the American Kennel Club has recognized the Israel Kennel Club.