So, FIRST THE FACTS, THEN THE CONCLUSIONS.

With these things in mind, I wish that I was able to communicate with the hundreds of people whom I know and have known, who had these dogs as house pets. People who had them as companion dogs to their children. And, many of these same dogs saw their day in the pit, too.

A well-known Washington, D.C. police lieutenant could tell how his bitch stood in front of their baby's crib and guarded it when the admiring neighbors called to see the addition to the family. How that bitch grew up along with the little girl; and how that bitch's son won in the pit, and her grandson also won, but more tender loving care to members of the household, one could not ask for.

I could go on and on and enumerate dozens, yes hundreds of people who have had these dogs as companion dogs, household pets, and yet the dogs were from fighting stock, and some of them were fought. As for not being a fighting dog as well as a show dog, I cannot forget the enlarged photo hanging on the wall in little old Joe Corvino's blacksmith shop of the great dog Stansell's Yankee, which made his Championship in the show ring, and then went on to become a Champion in the pit as well. I cannot forget how I showed my Hunky dog in Washington,D.C. and in Atlanta, Ga., after he had won a battle in Havana, Cuba over a four time winner, a dog that was thought to be invincible, a battle that lasted for two hours and seventeen minutes, and is still being talked about among Cubans who witnessed the fight.

And, when one is reminded of the Hunky dog, one must recall how well he stacked up physically as a well made specimen of the breed, and best of all, one had to know the dog to realize what a splendid dog he was as a companion dog. After having this dog in my home as a house pet for something like ten years, I am in a position to recall many, many instances of his even display of temperament, and his courage. Here was a dog that was kept tied in the woods in back of my place in Maryland, and each morning he was released from the kitchen door, and he went ahead of me, off leash, passing a dozen or more dogs, dodging some which lunged at him as he passed by, back to where he was to be tied for the day. And, likewise in the evening, he was released, and made a bee-line for the kitchen door, going past these many dogs, and this happened day in and day out, and has been witnessed by a great many people who visited my kennels. This dog would let my house cat eat out of his feed pan. I could set the cat on his back, and he would not object. Yet, face him in the pit, and he was another dog, a fighting machine. Many can attest to these facts. As a hunter, he was unexcelled, as Bob Henneberger, the man who raised him, roamed the Maine woods with the dog from the time the dog was five months old - a wonderful car dog, in fact, from every aspect, almost what one would call the perfect dog. Living with this dog for approximately ten years, I do not see how any person can say the things they do about this breed, about not being able to relie on one, or not being able to have a pit dog and a show dog at the same time.

Clifford Ormsby of X-Pert Kennel fame, showed one of his dogs in Madison Square Garden, in fact, won over me with the dog. Later that dog was fought, and won, in North Carolina. An AKC registered Stafford-Shire Terrier at that.