



SCOTTISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA

Francis G. Lloyd's Dog -1916

WALESCOTT MASTER WULLIE

Son of Ch. W. Daredevil and Ch. W. Shady Lady

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"Away back in 1916, the sensational Scottish terrier of the year was Master Wullie – *Wullie* and not "Willy" as sometimes the printer used to get it. Wullie belonged to the late Francis Lloyd, the enthusiastic owner of the always wonderful Walecott Kennels at Bernardsville, New Jersey, and the home that started the Scottie fashion in that wealthy neighborhood. On the death of Mr. Lloyd, a merchant prince who died worth a disclosed fortune of over three millions, most of the Scottish terriers were sold or given away to old friends. One of the dogs was Master Wullie, the pride of his master at many shows – the best shows at that. But, somehow or another, Wullie, with the wandering inclinations of the Scot, took it into his head to get lost on December 3, 1922. Wullie enjoyed a vacation of nine months – goodness knows where. During the following September when one morning a man in unholy Hoboken, New Jersey, unlocked and opened his front door, in walked an unkempt and tousle-coated sort of dog, with a head on him as long as a wet week, and the downcast eye of an old repentant sinner. His body was all over warts, indeed he somewhat resembled a half-starved calf in a cattle tick country. "H'm," mused the man, "I've been out all night meself. Come in, old feller an' lad, and I'll give a hair of the dog that bit yer!" So the roust-about got some breakfast, and the good wife threw the dog a few scraps during the day. When the old villian's benefactor arrived home, he gave the tramp dog a tub. Out of the whole mass of muck and soap suds there emerged a Scottish terrier – no other, as you will have already guessed, than the many times champion, Walecott Master Wullie, lost from Kearney, NJ., for nine months. The finder of the dog knew he had struck gold, and what could be better than call in his old friend, John Galloway, of New York. And so he did.

"Now, John Galloway has been a Scottish terrier fancier ever since a stripling. On seeing the lost dog, he said, he thought he knew him, but could not positively identify the dog. For days the matter was left in abeyance. The found dog was advertised, but those who had lost Scottish terriers said their dogs were clean and tidy dogs; in fact, a few of these people wanted their train or car fares for being attracted there by the advertisements in the local and metropolitan papers. They had lost Scottish terriers, and that wasn't one! But Galloway and his Hoboken friend were not abashed. They clipped the dog, dressed his hide, removed his warts, and healed his sores. Running off after a bitch in a yard one day, the old dog leapt on top of a box. For a moment he wagged his tail; then the tail stood still. It was Wullie's give away. Galloway's eye at once recognized the awkward and wry-carried tail as had been already noticed in the old stud card advertisements regarding Master Wullie in his prime. As Galloway put it: "Tha fules didn't know hoo to paint a tail straight." So his crooked tail rather than his crooked ways, was the undoing of Master Wullie the wanderer, the only Scottie, it was said, that ever sired three champions in one litter. These were Walecott Wag, W. Whim, and W. Winkle. To cut a long story short, Mrs. Lloyd was pleased to pay the gold or dog finder one hundred dollars for their trouble, and the old and gay son of Ch. W. Daredevil and Ch. W. Shady Lady, has ever since been kept away from the Hoboken Riviera!"