

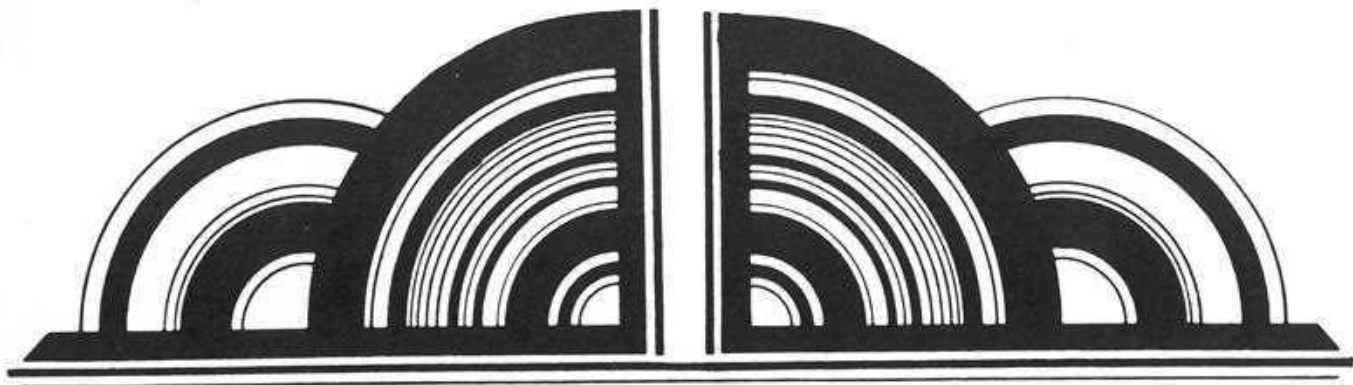
The  
**SAMOYED**  
QUARTERLY



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## SAMOYED PEOPLE



The Samoyed Quarterly  
Talks With  
GEORGIA and MARTIN GLEASON  
STORMY WEATHER SAMOYEDS  
Seattle, Washington

*This interview was conducted  
on August 11, 1980 by  
Donald R. Hoflin.*

*How did you first get started in  
Samoyeds?*

Georgia: We saw a picture of Ch. Frosty in the Seattle paper, promoting a dog show and I fell in love with the picture. We saw pictures in other dog magazines and the more we saw, the more we liked.

We owned our first one in 1948. He was a little less than a year old.

From then on, it was no stopping us. We reviewed pedigrees, wrote letters, asked questions, saw dogs and decided what we wanted - and that's how we came up with Stormy.

*Tell us how Stormy came about.*

Georgia: Friends of ours owned a dog who was out of the English Champion, Nova Sonia of Kobe, who came over during World War I, during very dire circumstances, on a ship that was almost torpedoed, but the dog managed to get to the United States. They had a male and then Nova Sonia of Kobe, and from some back breeding came the other dogs that were back of Stormy. They had Kit, the son of the breeding of the two that they had brought from England. With wise thought of what was here and what we could produce,

the difference was so great that there was no reason to not go only one way - and that was to get dogs the closest we could, out of those two.

*How did you feel they were superior?*

Georgia: In that when you look at a dog, you see balance, everything: conformation, head, bone, movement. I don't know if you've ever seen dogs come in the ring and one will catch your eye, just like that; but invariably, you'll go back to that dog. This is what happened because the dogs we had to assess them against were inferior, as to size and bone structure. They looked more like the Spitz type, the ones that were here. So, with a little sleuthing and looking out for things, we finally found the dam of our dog - and all we had to do was find a sire.

Eventually, we found him when a young couple came up who had a champion, Maulcheek of Rahnor. They wanted him to be shown in the shows in Washington, to see what he could do up here. He did well in California and Betty Iverson took him on that consignment. He finished and when I saw him, I said, "That's the dog. If you breed Vicky to him, this is the puppy we want." To insure this, we took the bitch after she was bred. We were present at the breeding and we kept her the full term until she had her puppies, to see that she was fed correctly and that the puppies were fed correctly.

We kept the puppies until they were old enough to be weaned and we still kept the dam. Then we chose our male, Stormy, and Mrs. Iverson took the other two. One was a bitch and one was a male. One was called Laska and one was called Mike. But due to unfortunate circumstances, Mike never did do anything because he never had the chance. Once he left the nest, he wasn't fed correctly. She had almost 80 dogs and, if you don't have the

money, you cannot take proper care of them. I know because I helped her take care of them for a while. I saw what she fed them.

*What is Stormy's registered name?*

Georgia: Stormy Weather of Betty Blue; but, it should have been just Stormy Weather.

Martin: Technically, Mrs. Iverson had a right to...

Georgia: She had a right to, but you see, by buying the dog, that was our agreement, that I get to name him what I wanted. I foolishly filled out the form and she signed it; I put it in an envelope with a stamp on it and she said that she'd mail it. When I got it back, the Betty Blue had been added. That's the way it came in, that's the way it was and there's nothing I can do about it. It didn't really matter, in a way, except it was a point of pride, a little bit, because I felt that what he did reflected on her, too, and I don't think she deserved it.

*In other words, you were really responsible for the breeding?*

Georgia: Right, yes.

*Up to that point in time, had you ever shown a dog?*

Georgia: Up to that point in time, no. Absolutely not. I'd never been to a dog show, to watch, had never shown, so we put him in as a six-month-old puppy in the Seattle dog show, the six to nine months Puppy Class. He was never defeated in a class. He went from Junior Puppy to Reserve Winners dog. Every class I put him in, he always took first regardless of what it was. The only time he ever was beaten was after he was a champion for Best of Breed or for the Group or whatever, or Best-in-Show.

*That must have been a thrill.*

Georgia: He finished before he was ten months of age. He was a dog (I was told by so-called breeders) that I'd never get anywhere with: he was too big, he was leggy and had all sorts of things wrong with him. But, he would go in a show and win even with a novice handler.

Martin: There were so many Sams, at that time though, like the ones Betty was putting out. They were spindly-legged, snipey and had no heads. I mean, they didn't even look like pure-breds.

Georgia: Although, she had several fine dogs. Timmy of Betty Blue did beautifully winning, but, you see, this is where the rub came in - when Stormy got over ten months and started to beat her champion, we weren't such good friends anymore.

*What year was Stormy born?*

Georgia: He was born in 1950.

*Do you feel that you had a natural eye for him?*

Georgia: I think so because I've been with dogs all my life. I was raised with dogs. My father had German Shepherds.

*Did he raise them?*

Georgia: Not in the sense that we raise dogs, now, but that was just



L: Glee-Sams, Ch. Misty Weather - R: Ch. Stormy Weather.

the dog to have then and we managed to have German Shepherds that were good. In fact, one German Shepherd my father had was a fine retriever. It didn't matter where something was, he'd go after it. My dad was very proud of him. That's why, ultimately, after all these years, we swung back to them; later on, I'll introduce Bo. I think he comes from excellent stock. I figure you get what you pay for and what you watch for - and what you're looking for.

Martin: You forgot one step in our Sammies; before we got one. That's Ricky.

Georgia: Oh, yes. That's another story.

Martin: Oh, what a sweetheart; what a dog, a crossbreed.

Georgia: We bought him from the same woman, Mrs. Iverson. She had an ad in the paper and had cross-bred a Samoyed and a Spaniel. We bought one puppy and Martin's sister

bought the other. They were twenty-five dollars each.

*That would be a lot of money for a crossbreed today!*

Georgia: Yes. We paid twenty-five dollars and it was the best twenty-five dollars we ever spent in our lives. Because, I think from that part of the Sammy that was in him is what instilled curiosity in us and helped to make us want to find out what this other dog was. Everywhere you looked, at that time, everyone had Spaniels. They were the leaders then and the top dog in the A.K.C.

Martin: Didn't someone break into the house one time and Frisky got a hold of the intruder's leg and held on to it, until he got the heck out?

Georgia: Oh, yes. I had a peeping tom. The dog weighed about 30 to 35 pounds, at the very most, but he was all heart.

The children were down with chickenpox; I was putting packs on



Prince Kazan, son of Ch. Stormy Weather, was the mascot at U.W. in 1964, when they won the Rose Bowl.

them. You had to climb up on a ledge to look in our bathroom, and I was going back and forth with these packs. The bathroom window was high, but I just got the feeling somebody was looking at me. I looked and there was somebody framed in the window - and I didn't have a thing to throw! I let out one holler, "Get out of here!" Ricky was in with the children. He came barreling out and I put my foot in front of the door and opened it just enough to let him out - and he got him! But, he lost his eyetooth; half of it. If he had been a bigger dog, he'd have brought him down; he wasn't big enough, but he sure took care of him.

Martin: That was our first...

Georgia: First love of the beginning of the Samoyed. That kind of triggered this thing. I wanted to see what the other part, what the purebred was like. And that's really what started us on it. I really forgot about that, Ricky (I hope you forgive me).

That was a cute story.

Martin: He was the greatest dog we ever had.

Georgia: A heart as big as a lion's. He'd tackle anything no matter what it was. I used to have to go out and help him fight his battles. And watch children... We'd take him down

to the lake with his brother and we'd all be swimming and having fun and guess who's sitting by the picnic basket, watching the food? Ricky. Everybody else was out in the water, having a ball, but not Rick. He's too worried about the food.

We had a boat at that time, a 30-foot boat, and we would take him out (this story you're going to love), on weekends, because my parents lived on the Sound, where I was raised. We had a little dinghy that we drove the dogs to shore in, but sometimes they'd drink the water and then they'd have to lift their leg. I had a little two-by-four, four feet by so wide. I'd go up to the prow and station it at the edge of the boat and I'd say, "Ricky, come on. Lift your leg." He would lift his leg on the board and then I'd just let the board fall in the water. It worked every time.

People would not believe us that he would do this, until we actually took them out on the boat and I would show them. I would wait until he drank water and then I would go up with this board and I'd say, "Come on, lift your leg. Let's do our business now." And he would put his leg up and then I would just lean the board right out on the water.

That's cute.

Georgia: His ears never stood up

because of the Spaniel in him. They were down.

But, you see, we have an inherent love of dogs. It goes back as far as I can remember.

When did you adopt your kennel name, "Glee-Sam"?

Georgia: We adopted that right after we got Stormy. We tried to figure it out, because we knew we'd be breeding him. He was born in 1950 and that's when we thought and thought and decided to combine the words, "Glee", because Sams are happy and they call them the smiling dogs of the Arctic, and "Sam." Just call them Glee-Sams. And everything after that was the "Weather" on it.

Martin: We had Thunder Weather.

Georgia: And Rainy Weather, we had everything.

The dog that I sold to a woman in Calgary, I had finished. His name was GleeSam's Ski Weather and he was both an American and Canadian champion. I have pictures of him that are gorgeous.

I never knew the people. They went through California and came up the Coast and they stopped at all the breeders; they were shopping. They liked a lot of the dogs they saw. But, sometimes, you just see a dog ... it's there... Just like when I saw Bo, when he was barely four months old. My heart went ka-plock! And that was it.

Someone in California gave them our name. They drove in here and Ski was out in the yard. He was a beautiful dog; he was a little bit larger than Stormy was, but with nice tuckup, nice withers and head held high. A beautiful head. Good movement. He just went right straight through, too. I had no problem showing him. The only thing was, we didn't want to sell him. I had male dogs, too; three or four of them in the yard, in the house, and I never did have a fight or problems, where there's a "pecking order," just like with chickens.

Martin: Tell them about the time we had a little place and I built a small garage-type house and we made it into a kennel.

Georgia: I had my sled dogs; six dogs...

Martin: We never got one complaint from the neighbors, until...

Georgia: We wouldn't allow barking, but one time, Misty, the dam (the Stormy and Misty breeding), dug a hole and let her pups out. She knew she better not because she had been chastised for it. But she dug a hole and let her pups out. Our next door neighbor was out working in the yard and had both the front door and the back door open and there went these five Sammy puppies (they were five months old). They went around her house and went in the front door and out the back and it was so much fun, they went through the house again. She told me that she had counted sixteen dogs!

Martin: Another neighbor, across the street, was home that day and he

said, "My God, it's like a parade! I never saw so many dogs in my life!" But it was the same five. They were having a ball.

Georgia: I told our next door neighbor there were only five dogs and she said, "Well, I counted sixteen dogs!"

After I'd brought the puppies back in, I got after Misty. But she was happy as a lark. She looked up at me as if to say, "See, I'm still here. I didn't do anything bad." Oh, that was really funny.

Here in Seattle, the dog shows are held in the Civic Auditorium. They would ask us to present the sled team and put on an exhibition. We had a five-dog team. Stormy was lead dog. It worked real well on the wooden floor because the runners were hardwood so it didn't hurt anything.

One time, down in Seattle, I made a mistake. The dogs were ready to go because when they got in harness, they wanted to go, but we had to hold them back. It was to be televised, too. And thank God nobody was sitting close; there were empty chairs. When they flashed on the lights, I said, "Let's go!" I should have said it quietly because Stormy took off and the sled got away from the gal that was supposed to hold on to it. They wiped out about two rows of chairs. They were obedient, but they just took off. If I said, "Let's go!" off they went and they just couldn't wait. They looked so beautiful in their harnesses and they were all groomed for the show.

Martin: One thing we learned from Leonhard Seppala is that in Alaska nobody ever says, "Mush! Mush!"

Georgia: He said that he never said, "Mush!" in his life. He said "Gee" and "Haw," "Right" and "Left" but, other than that, he never said "Mush." He said, "Don't ever let me hear you say it." So, I didn't.

Martin: He's a little guy, only about five-foot-three.

Georgia: But he always liked my dogs. He said that we have dogs that work, that we have good dogs. And that was something for him to say about a Sammie because Siberians were his big deal. He had several of his dogs kenneled right over here, by the airport.

*Did you handle Stormy yourself?*

Georgia: Always. Nobody ever handled him. I handle all my dogs.

The first time I had Stormy in the ring, he was six months old and he was much more composed than I was. I had worked with him and trained him, but he was more composed. He was a natural show dog. I guess that comes along in certain dogs. But I never had to hold his tail up and when I said, "Stay," he stopped, four-square, head up, tail over his back - just beautiful. And I used to feel inadequate as a handler because I would look at everybody else, putting a foot here and there, but I would look at Stormy and all feet were square, his-tail over his

back and wonder what can I do for him? I figured the best thing to do (he knew more than I did) was to leave him alone.

Martin: There were a couple of times when he had his tail down and people couldn't get over it.

Georgia: Well, that was on a hot day.

Martin: You told him to put his tail back up and he did.

Georgia: Outdoor shows are heck in the summertime and you wait so long for the judges. You let the dogs rest. He very rarely put his tail down. All I had to do was give him a tug on the leash when the judges came and say, "Put your tail up, Stormy." He was not interested in baiting. If you offered him a T-bone steak on a platter, he'd turn his nose up at it. He was interested only in me.

*It must have been a very special relationship.*

Georgia: Yes. I talked to him. And I could talk to him and that's all he needed. Baiting him was useless. You know, everybody carried dried liver in their pockets, but that was useless with Stormy.

There was only one time that he acted badly in the ring for me and that was at the Olympia dog show and there was a bitch in season there. I had always had the showiest and best behaved dog in the ring. Anyway, I had him by my side and looked at him and he was off the floor. When he came down... You know, he just got a whiff and he was ready to go! All I did was just give him one chop under the chin, not too hard, but hard enough to make him come back - and that was it; it was all over.

I had to work harder with my other Sammies than I did with him. I think some dogs are just natural hams and

some aren't. He was a ham. He knew the minute a camera was aimed at him, too. If you told him to look this way or that way, he would do it. My only claim to fame is my dogs. That's the only time I ever got on T.V.

Martin: You did pretty good at bowling.

Georgia: That's a different story. That has nothing to do with dogs.

Martin: After bowling three years, she carried a 183-184 average.

*That's a good average.*

Georgia: Thanks, but to get back to the dogs. I'll tell you, with a five-dog sled team, you take them out on an old back road, with gravel, and you don't wear knee guards or a helmet, and they take the wrong turn or they don't follow the lead dog or the lead dog goes this way and the point goes that way, you get caught against the telephone pole, go down on your knees in the gravel - you gotta be tough! You come home, the dogs are fine, and you're picking gravel out of your knees.

*You've got some stories to tell.*

*What was Stormy's show record, after he'd finished?*

Georgia: I had it all written down and they have it all in the Sammie Club of America. He was only defeated by his own sons, with the exception of... They flew a bitch up from California that was owned by Hazel Dawes, Lucky Dee, especially for that show and he went Best of Opposite Sex to her. But for the time that I showed him, he was beaten mostly by his own sons.

Martin: What Don means is after he became a champion. He wasn't beaten once towards his championship.

Georgia: No, never. He was never beaten then.

He ended up with, I think, something like 21 points. It was a five-point



*Handling classes at the Gleason's, 1957.*



show. He took the Group, so he got the top deal. He finished with five points more than he needed.

*He finished with a Group one?*

Georgia: No. He'd been finished before that, but I did not know it. The A.K.C. was supposed to send me confirmation. I had him entered in a dog show and rather than pull him, we went ahead.

*Wasn't that a thrill, to go first in a Group?*

Georgia: Yes, it was. It was a terribly good feeling.

One time at Vancouver, I was up against one of the top handlers in California. I don't remember who it was. But I knew the judge and I knew he liked Stormy, but the hounds were at their peak. It got to the point where he couldn't make up his mind. I thought, "I don't care what you do, just pick one of us and let one of us go." I would say it was nip-and-tuck, really. It wasn't because Stormy was lacking; he was just right in there all the way. After about fifteen minutes, there were just the two of us in the ring for Best-in-Show. He finally pointed to the hound dog. I was just glad to get out of the ring; I'd had it. It was quite a thing to go that far by yourself.

Martin: It never would have happened, if you hadn't been up against a professional handler. You were bucking him all along.

Georgia: I never had a professional handler's license either. I helped other people show their dogs, but I did it for free.

*How many Groups did Stormy win?*

Georgia: At the time I showed him, to put a Sammie up first in Group was a major catastrophe to the other dogs. Three or four times he was first

in Group.

At the time, it was almost unheard of for a Sammie to take first in a Group. And especially if it wasn't from out of state or wasn't from back East. I think that's when they began to be aware, a little bit, that we had something here in the Northwest.

*Did he have some Best-in-Show progeny?*

Georgia: Oh, yes. One bitch took a Best-in-Show in Canada. The top-winning Sammie, three or four years ago, was a great-grandson of his who had been bred out here in the Northwest. He produced seven champions out of six different bitches. So there had to be something ... he was very dominant.

His son, Am. Can. Ch. Todacres Fang was the top stud in the nation, or for progeny, in 1962.

*And Stormy was also a top producer?*

Georgia: Yes, he was before that. They didn't start keeping records until 1954 or '55, and that was back East. Bob and Dolly Ward won it in 1956. Stormy won it in 1958.

*So, how many times did you breed him? Six times?*

Georgia: We bred him very little. Six or seven times at the most. We bred him to other bitches, too.

Martin: They had to be approved bitches.

Georgia: Well, I had to see their pedigrees before I would breed because I didn't want inbreeding; I wanted line-breeding, but with other parties that would complement what was already there.

*Did you ever refuse to service a bitch?*

Georgia: Yes.

*Was it primarily on the basis of the pedigree?*

Georgia: Seeing the bitch and the pedigree, yes. But I had seen the dogs behind the bitch and was severely chastised for it. The people were very angry with me. They said wouldn't it be better to breed to him and try to get something better, than breed to something and have nothing. How do you answer people like that? I just told them that I was just not putting him up for stud, that's all. I just couldn't see, when you have something going with the proper bitches and the stud, dragging a dog by breeding him to what is inferior. There was nothing that could have come of it, really. And very rarely, the only time you get a flyer is on an inbreeding. And you know what happens to them. Sometimes you'll get a flyer and as time goes on and they grow up, they're bred and if they're not carefully bred, they get into trouble. I've seen flyers - and I've seen some gorgeous flyers. But they never did anything except in the show ring. They never produced.

*Did you ever turn down a stud service because of the people?*

Georgia: No, but I would if the people didn't take care of the dogs.

The only time I ever get into a fight is over a dog. If they're not taking care of it or if they're mistreating it or something like that.

Martin: Like the dogs that come through here now, with this darned disease going around.

Georgia: It's a feline-related disease.

*Do you mean parvo?*

Georgia: It's a mutation of the feline virus. It's been killing dogs here in Seattle right and left. The Humane Society even had to close down. Our dog's had two parvo shots and he's due for another one.

*I understand there's difficulty in getting the vaccine.*

Georgia: You can't get it now. It'll be at least five weeks because there's only one company that makes it. They've been telling us not to call all the vets; call your own and keep your dogs home.

Martin: Getting back to his question. I don't remember ever turning down any breeding on account of the owner's personality.

Georgia: Oh, no. Not because of the personality of the people because, lots of times, even if you don't like the people, they keep good kennels and that is fine.

The only time I ever really turned one down was because I felt I would be doing the breed more harm that good, really. I couldn't see anything great that would come of the breeding.

Martin: We could have used the money in those days, too. We weren't exactly riding high on the hog, back then.

Georgia: No, we were just like everybody else, fighting to get along. But many times, with Stormy, we had a waiting list.

Martin: But, you know why; we needed a car, so we put out the word that we were going to use Stormy at stud.

Georgia: One day, I had three stud fees advanced to me at different times, just like that.

Martin: We had over five or six hundred dollars and we just went down and bought the car, in cash. It was a Plymouth. It was a cab, too. I drove



Ch. Kolb's Siberian Mick  
Ch. Glee-Sams Misty Weather.  
Lead dog:  
Ch. Stormy Weather of Betty Blue.

a cab for a while.

Georgia: For fun! Can you imagine anybody driving a cab for fun?

Martin: I loved that job. I gave up my job at a nightclub, playing piano, to drive a cab around Seattle. But it was the most interesting job I ever had in my life. You just don't believe the human nature of human beings and how dumb people can be. People wanted to know how much they'd have to pay and I hadn't even started up the motor yet.

How many years did you drive a cab?

Martin: Not too many. About two or three years. I remember when I first started, I bought a cab, a driver's cab and I had a nice little jacket on and I put a tie and a shirt on, all so sweet - and I called the best cab company in town. When I went to get my first check, he says, "Here's your check. By next paycheck you'll look neat, right?" I almost told him where to go right then and there. And we had to open the back door and hold it open until the customer got out, or when we got home - we stayed. And when we dropped someone off someplace at night, we stayed right there until they got inside the door.

Georgia: In 1967, I had to start cobalt treatments for cancer in the colaps and it kind of slowed me down with my Sammies. So, I just had to phase out of it because I couldn't handle the work. We used to run six days a week, that's 120 miles round trip, six days a week.

Martin: I managed the store for Sherman Clay. I started working there about 1957. So, I've been with the company longer than the present owners.

Sherman Clay? What did they sell?

Martin: Pianos and organs.

Georgia: It's the biggest chain of music stores in the world, really. They have stores in Los Angeles. They have stores in Utah; they're not in Colorado, yet, but probably will be. They have stores all up through California, Oregon and Washington.

Martin: They've been in the business for 110 years.

And you went to work for them in 1956 and you're still with them?

Martin: Fifty-seven. I manage the warehouse and the area office right now.

Georgia: We both did. They set quotas for you. You worked like mad to get your quota.

So you worked for Sherman Clay, too?

Georgia: Yes, both of us do. Together, we've worked for them since December of 1965. Since then, we've never been separated in our work.

Martin: If they ever shut down that Seattle store, they'd have to close up. She does everything. She's on vacation now and she'll go back a week from tonight.

Georgia: I've had lots of telephone calls.

Martin: I call her all day long and ask her how to do things. They don't even know how to bank any money!

She got a sharp pain one day, at work, and I told her to go to the doctor. She called a cab and went for an examination. She came back, paid the driver and, of course, nowadays they never open up the door and she opened up the back door and had gotten out, one foot was on the ground, most of her weight was still in the cab and he took off! I saw her falling in the gutter and she managed to grab hold of the back door that was still open, and he drug her down the damned street; it took her shoes off her feet, and she was skinned, pulled all the tendons and the dummy says, "I thought I heard the door shut."

Georgia: He didn't look.

Martin: He didn't even look back to see if she's out or if she fainted. He just took off. Zoom!

Georgia: As you might have guessed, it's in the hands of a lawyer now, has been for quite some time.

Martin: She can't run like she used to.

Georgia: No, but it'll come back. I'll be able to swim again; it'll all come back. I hope so.

Martin: Let's get back to the dogs.

Oh, but that's interesting.

Georgia: Have you ever been dragged by a car? Did you ever try

to keep up with one when you're... You see, it was going this way and the door opens this way and as the door was closing, I grabbed it to hang on to because I knew that if I let go that the back wheel would run over my legs.

Martin: In fact, the back wheel nipped her toe and...

Georgia: I'm still losing my toenail.

I heard today that they give you just ten minutes to survive in Puget Sound. I'd like to know how they've come to that conclusion. I lived in it, from May until September, all my life, until I married him. I used to go out between McNeil Island, where the penitentiary was, to swim.

What was that question you asked me?

We were talking about progeny and Stormy's offspring.

It says in this quote here about Stormy Weather that "he was known for wonderful disposition, the kind that loves humans..."

Georgia: Yes, it says: "Following the all-time record entry of the Specialty in the Pacific Northwest, for the first time since World War II, Martin and Georgia Gleason obtained a Sammie destined for distinction. Ch. Stormy Weather of Betty Blue was not only a good dog, but proved to be a great sire, though bred only relatively few times, through his father, Maulcheek of Rahnor, he goes back to the famous "N" litter of a famous kennel and to his



Ch. Stormy Weather - Glee-Sams Misty Weather  
Seattle K.C., January 31, 1954.



*Glee-Sams Ch. Misty Weather, pictured at 3 months.*

mother in two generations only."

*Where's that quote from?*

Georgia: From the Ward's book. This was information that I sent them and they verified it. You know them; they're very thorough.

*When Stormy was ten months old and had finished his championship, at that point in time did you just have one Sam?*

Georgia: No, we bought Misty. We bought her from the Todnems - and she was of a select breeding, too. She was out of a champion of Ocean-side that was Stormy's grandsire. He was Misty's sire. The sire of the dam shall be the same as the grandsire of the sire on the maternal side. Got it right; I remembered it.

*So, you bought her primarily because she would be good breeding with Stormy?*

Georgia: Yes. I've got pictures of the puppies here and I'll send you that of that particular litter. The first litter they had. They were really beautiful. Some were smaller than Stormy, but they were typey.

We bought Misty after Stormy had started on his show career. The reason we bought her was to later breed to him. He was between ten and twelve months. It was after his championship that we bought her. We bought her because it was a linebreeding.

*Okay, so when he was a year old, you had two Sams.*

Georgia: We had a little baby and a one-year-old.

*A champion at ten months. That's incredible!*

Georgia: He knew more than I did, really.

Martin: Especially with an amateur handler, too.

*That really hooked you, didn't it?*

Georgia: Yes. And, of course, when you have something like that, you're always looking for something better. I thought, if I could get something as good, even if I couldn't get better - and on two occasions, I got two that were on par with him.

*Who are they?*

Georgia: One was Candy. She was good and had good type. The other bitch was ... Marty help me remember. There was one other bitch. We didn't own her, but somebody bought her.

Martin: You mean one of Stormy's daughters?

Georgia: The Kolbs got her. One male was Ski, that we sold to someone in Calgary, Canada. Then out of the breeding of Stormy and Todacres Tanka, the one that had been bred to Picnic - he was the first one to win the stud dog trophy. He was another one.

*Todacres Fang?*

Georgia: Yes, Todacres Fang. Beautiful dog. Temperament like Stormy's.

Martin: Couldn't remember those other bitches' names, though.

Georgia: Dorothy named her dogs odd. She had two names, a registered name and then a pet name. I always got them mixed up.

I'm sure that on some of the other ones that were sold, if we had sold them to people interested in showing, they would have done real well with them.

I graded my puppies, but I don't ever recall selling a puppy that I thought wasn't capable of being a show dog, as well. Our dogs were pets, house dogs, work dogs and show dogs. There were no namby-pamby ones in our bunch. They were guardians; they lived in the house and when we had six of them, they all had to take turns. You know, we couldn't have all six together all at once because they were playful and got along good. But we never had less than one or two or three dogs in the house and the others were out in the big yard or the garage. And then they all got there in the house, except Stormy. Everybody recognized he was head man. He was my shadow. He's not like Bo, who is one of the loveliest male dogs I think I've ever seen to show his affection for you. But, Stormy wasn't that kind. He was so aristocratic that when he sat by you and leaned against you, that was the love. He never took his eyes off me, no matter what I did or where I went. He was watching me every minute. If he were in a very unusual situation that a lot of dogs would really panic at, if I stood there solemnly and showed no fear, he'd just stand right there with me. I think you have one top dog in your lifetime, really tops, and I think he was it.

We have this dog now, a Shepherd, and I don't know how this one's

going to come out, but he's shaping up beautifully. He's a very intelligent dog and I think we're going to have to read some books to keep ahead of him.

Martin: You'd be lying in the middle of the floor and all of a sudden he would get up and growl and give a little bark and you'll look out and there would be a dog, way out there in the middle of the driveway. How he knows there's a dog out there is more than I can figure out.

Georgia: He's got ears, you know! He's a sable, pretty black. I'll introduce you to him a little bit later. He's a tail wagger, which is a judge's love. But you know something? I have never been so shocked in my life, with all the dog shows I've ever been to, as when I went to a German Shepherd Specialty. There were 300 German Shepherds there from all over the United States. I have never seen so many ill-tempered people in all my life as the German Shepherd people. They do, what do they call it? Double-handling. I couldn't believe it. I never saw such dodos. I mean, there were women and some of them were good sized and were well-endowed, running with T-shirts and I thought they were going to kill themselves. You know, the special little cutie songs you have and running this way and that. It was a hot day and I said, "What are they doing?" I figure if you can handle your own dog and your dog knows you and is alert all the time, you don't need some 250-pounder running outside, trying to get the dog alert.

It's so different that I wondered what they'd do if they had an indoor show, or if they have to keep it down then. You know, then they run over

you. You're sitting in a chair and they go by you and you gotta duck because they run right over you.

My veterinarian is a German Shepherd breeder and he encouraged me to put him out there. It was a Specialty and he said to put him in there and see what happens in the six to nine months Puppy Class. He did all right, considering there were 40 dogs entered. I think he was about number five or six.

Martin: I thought you brought home a yellow ribbon.

Georgia: No, that was in the fun match. I handled him myself there, but you've got to move with a German Shepherd. I move well with my Sammies, but with a German Shepherd, you can zip. And they have leashes twenty feet long; they let the dog run ahead of them and keep saying, "Go, go, go." Then they just try to keep up with the dogs. It's bedlam. I never saw anything like it.

Martin: How about having one of your magazines on German Shepherds? Or have you already?

No, I haven't.

Georgia: Well, I'll tell you. Even as a novice, I know that German Shepherds are tops as far as entries go. *But they don't have any magazine.*

Georgia: No. And, his father, Am. Can. Ch. Midnight Cowboy, four years ago, was about the fourth or fifth top German Shepherd in the United States and when you figure that with the thousands and thousands that are shown in any state, why isn't it on par with anything else? I figured it out and even if I were at my best in running and I attended every show, knew every judge, maybe I'd get somewhere,



*The last son of Ch. Stormy Weather, Glee-Sams Thunder Weather.*

but the only way you're going to get anywhere with that dog is by putting him in a professional handler's hands. One that is well-known and whom the judges know.

*It's a whole different game, then?*

Georgia: It's a whole different game, completely!

*What did you think of the Sam people?*

Georgia: We loved them. In Washington, we started our club. We belonged to the National Specialty Club, got our charter and when people came in from California and other places to the dog show, we welcomed them. We had food and oh, it was beautiful. All the breed clubs said, "Why can't we ever have anything like the Sammie people do. They have the most beautiful food." And we fed the people that came from out of state, that came with their Sammies. We made them welcome.

Martin: Everybody got along nice.

Georgia: They all got along real well.

Martin: Except, nobody cared for Betty. We always talked to her, but other people thought she had what they call a "puppy factory."

Georgia: They didn't like the way she treated the dogs. There were times when she didn't have money and she would go to a bakery and buy two and three-day-old bread and things like that and this is what she fed her dogs.

*How would you characterize the Sammie people as a group?*

Georgia: I can characterize them back then, ten years ago, but I couldn't assess them right now too well. I know a woman who can assess them. I talked to her recently and she says that they're getting along fairly well, but they are at a standstill right now, with their dogs. They don't know which way to go because they want to see these dogs in the background, so we have promised to bring our film of the dog shows and the ones we took in slow motion and show it to them. So these people have a chance of seeing what I would have given my eye teeth for, when we first started in Sammies. We never had the privilege of seeing any,



*Ch. Stormy Weather.*



with the exception of a very few of the dogs in Stormy's background. They were mostly on paper. But this is how we can help the present people that have them. They can see these dogs that are in the background. Not only our dogs. We took pictures of other people's dogs, champions.

*That's really nice.*

Georgia: Well, they're dying to see it. We were supposed to go once, but he was ill at the time and I'm not good at running the projector, so we had to call it off. But we will do that for them. And then the slides, too, so that they can actually see them move.

Nel Collins that owned one dog, she was with us when we started the Sammie club (Cliff is dead), but she is still the head of the trophy committee and if anybody can get beautiful trophies, she can. But she doesn't have a dog. She is still active in the Sammie club, per se, and she's a real nice person. It's hard for her to get around now. Her daughter takes her, but she's been true blue to Sammies.

*Getting back to when you bought Misty. Where did you go from that point? Did you breed Stormy or did you breed the two of them together? What was his first litter? What was your breeding program?*

Georgia: The first litter was not out of Misty. It was out of Nel and Cliff Collins' dog. The very first Sammie they bought, that was the first litter.

*Did you get anything from that?*

Georgia: Yes. I did. I got the two puppies from that breeding and that was one of the few times we did. We just couldn't keep dogs too long or have that many - and then Marty and I had this project ahead of us where we wanted to keep our own. That's why we didn't take puppies on some of the breedings. I mean they were paid for.

The two puppies we kept were for the stud fee. And we sold them. Panda was one of them.

From then we didn't breed again; there was a champion out of that breeding, too, Kolb Siberian Mick. I finished him and bred him for them. He wasn't

as large as Stormy, but a very typey dog. Everything was just perfect. My only problem was, if I were going to fault him... I would have liked him a little bit larger, but I would have put him over a poor, big dog anytime because he was excellent.

Marty and I always liked larger, but by larger, I don't mean clumsy. I like a good, big dog better than a good small dog. But I would never put a poor big dog over a smaller ... you see, what I mean is balance. The bigger one had to be good, all the way; balance, everything. I preferred that because, to me, that was size. Her dogs, they've got to have some size, but you get too big a one, with too heavy bone and you're going to have a lumbering dog. They have to have a poetry to their movement and it's different, watching the German Shepherd work and watching the Malamute work, which is similar, but they are larger boned. Now, your Sammie is more like your Siberian Husky, a little bit, anyway. Except they're a bit larger dog. But their movement and a lot of that is the same. Of course, in looks, they're different, but, I mean basically, there's the same movement. There and they single-track when they really get going.

Martin: That's kind of odd, when you're hiking in the snow, and there's just one track going down in front of you.

Georgia: And those legs - just beautiful. Coming in just like that and yet there was all that power in pulling, but they still single-track. They would really work. You could always tell the dog that didn't work on a team. And I had one that didn't, if she could help it, and that was Misty, my champion. She was the glamour girl of the outfit. She was one point behind Stormy. Here, every dog is really working a point and when they pull their tails go out, it's not over their back. Every dog would be pulling and Cloudy would be at the wheel and just working his heart out and here's Misty, at point, with her tail arched beautifully over her back and you could tell she wasn't pulling anything, even a paper bag.

*She was just having a good time.*

Georgia: Yes. Her attitude was "Let the rest do the pulling, why should I?" I'd holler and say, "Misty, get in there!" And down that tail would go; then she'd work, but if she could get away with it, why should she? I have movies of her just going along. You know, she wasn't pulling anything. You could tell by her hind legs, especially this tail over her back. She was in the show ring; she wasn't pulling a sled. And she would look so ashamed, when you'd holler at her.

Martin: Tell Don about the second time you bred Stormy.

Georgia: I didn't breed Misty until her second season. I think Misty was the second time.

*How old was she when she finished?*

Georgia: She was a little over a year.

*She finished quickly.*

Georgia: Oh, yes. No problem. But, really, it took a lot of work and a lot of time to get that rapport with your dogs.

Martin: There was one dog show that was absolutely embarrassing as hell.

Georgia: Yes. That was down in Seattle. That was a big show. I entered all of that litter of puppies. Stormy went in for Best of Breed, Ski went in the regular class. I had a dog in American-bred, Bred-by-Exhibitor; I had a novice dog to cover my pups. He was outside and my daughter ... we were all holding dogs and I was running in and out and everyone of the pups went first in their class. Ski took Winners Dog and I can't remember which one took Reserve Winners dog.

Martin: It was really embarrassing.

Georgia: He was embarrassed, but I didn't know the judge. He said people would think there was something funny going on.

Then we sold Sir Storm. He was out of our first breeding of Misty and Stormy. We sold him to the mayor of Yakima.

They had a professional handler and one time he took Best of Breed over his father, Stormy. At the same show, our bitch took Best Opposite. Stormy won the Stud Dog class; I had a picture with all his progeny. There



Ch. Stormy Weather at 9 years.



Ch. Stormy Weather.

were about three or four entries and all their progeny.

Marty was embarrassed. He said they'd think there was something going on. I said, "Well, I didn't take the Breed." Marty said, "Yes, but Sir Storm took it." (They named him from Stormy Weather; they called him Sir Storm.) And he was a lovely dog. I thought he'd go far, but I didn't think he was as good as his sire. But, he beat him in Best of Breed. I said, "Well, that's all the better, then. It's all in the family anyway."

All the time that we had Misty and Stormy, we only bred them twice.

Martin: We only had two litters out of them.

So the second litter of Stormy's was with Misty?

Georgia: Yes. Then he was bred to Todacres Starlet and that produced three champions.

Did you keep anything out of Misty's first litter?

Georgia: No, but we did out of her second litter. We sold the entire first litter of Misty's. They all went to different homes.

Why didn't you keep any?

Georgia: I guess the reason was because all the puppies were asked for and we figured since it was the first breeding and she was only two and a half years old that we still had time to produce another litter and do something with it, which we did.

So, at that time, you still had just the two Sams?

Georgia: Yes. Well, we had little old Ricky, don't forget him; but he was getting pretty old by then. Yes, that's all we had, but I kept them for quite a while before I sold them, gave them shots, everything. Took real good care of them.

Now was that the first litter you raised yourself?

Georgia: Yes.

Did you whelp them all yourself?

Georgia: I whelped them myself, cut the dewclaws; I did everything. I'll tell you how I learned to do everything right was by watching somebody do everything wrong. That may sound stupid, but that's the truth; except I learned from her how to cut dewclaws but, mostly, I learned what not to do as far as nutrition went and the care of the dogs and the love and affection ... I don't know... My mother was a nurse and maybe that imparted something to me, I don't know. I had no problems.

Martin: I'm too chicken. I couldn't stand it when you cut those dewclaws. It didn't hurt them at all, of course; you do it when they are little babies.

Georgia: I cut dewclaws when they are about three or four days old. And some of the Sammies had big back dewclaws, those big double ones. I always left the front one on; I never cut that because they weren't that big. They're small and, anyway, by the time I got through with the back legs, I didn't want to go to the front legs.

Did you let Misty whelp herself, or did you cut the cords or anything?

Georgia: No. I did everything. I watched to see what she would do the first time. I had seen whelping before. And she got down to business. I let her take care of that; I took the after-birth away. I let her have one, but the rest I would take away because it only gives them diarrhea; but I let her clean up after one puppy. When she was ready to whelp another one, I'd take the clean puppy and have warm blankets and take it away so she wouldn't get it all dirty. Sometimes, it was three or

four hours longer, but she never had more than five.

Martin: She never had too many.

Georgia: Four or five pups, both litters, that's all she ever had. I was glad of that because, my God, what would you do with ten pups? You see these Great Danes, you know, laid out and not enough faucets for everybody!

So, you didn't keep anything out of that?

Georgia: No. But we were going to keep one, but we lost her. It broke Marty's heart.

They all went to real good homes, which we were very happy about. At one time, I refused to sell a puppy to a man and a lady that came here with two little children. I had my puppies in a little corral-like, you know, and let them look at them. The man pointed and he wanted to see this pup or that pup, so I would set it on the side of the corral and I watched what the children did. Now, children only learn as much as you teach them. And I watched the little three-year-old boy go over to a puppy, reach down and grab it by one leg and the tail. I waited to see what the parents would do or say about it and they didn't do a thing, they just stood there. So, I went over to the child and said, "No, that is not the way you pick a puppy up." I wasn't mean to the child, I just corrected him. And I turned to the child's father and said, "The puppies are not for sale." And he grew very, very angry and walked out, but before he did, he reached in and pulled out his wallet, didn't even count the fistful of money and he said, "Here." I said, "If you had twenty times that, the puppies are not for sale." But when he calmed down, he asked me why. I told him why; I said that I had put too much love and care and work into those pups and that he'd let his child pick one up by the tail. I told him that I could not sell a puppy into his home because I knew what would happen to it. It was a very angry man that left.

Did you ever turn anybody else down?

Georgia: No, not under similar circumstances like that. I did, some-



times, when people wanted a dog and unless we wrote up a contract, if it was money-wise or something like that, maybe then. But, usually, I like to see where the puppy is going.

Martin: When you think about it, we never really have that many dogs to sell.

Georgia: No, really not. With just two of our own litters. That's all. But the ones we sold counted. And the ones that we bred to other people's bitches. Like I said, he was only bred about six or seven times and that's it. I could have bred him a lot more, but we just didn't do it.

*How about the second litter with Misty?*

Georgia: I think it was superior to the first. I don't know why, actually, but I liked them better and we kept - yes, we did keep one. I'm forgetting one of the most important dogs. We kept Cloudy Weather. He was a lovely dog. He was our son's dog.

Martin: He took it with him all over the place, up in the woods...

Georgia: To me, he was the best in the litter. We did keep him, but I don't remember why. He was very important to us because he was here with us in the house. He was one of the hardest working. He and Stormy were two of the hardest working dogs.

You never saw anybody work like that, the way he would dig in and work at wheel position. He worked with any dog; he never had a grouse with any partner. He was too busy working. Stormy was not only a lead dog, he worked. I've got movies of him, where the shoulders come up and, digging in, he could tell when anybody slacked off in the line because if it was hard going, that's the only time I ever saw any temperament out of him. I guess that's the lead dog's prerogative because he would turn and he would bark and snarl and whoever was the culprit knew it was aimed at him because he would straighten up and work. But, all five dogs worked, really worked.

And, out of the second litter, we kept Ski, so we had four.

*Was Misty the only female you ever kept?*

Georgia: No. I had another one that I kept and she was very typey. Her name was Candy. She was out of the fourth breeding. A real beauty.

Then we had one breeding that we did on purpose. There was trouble with what they call "albinism," the pink eyes. To know whether your dog had it or not, you had to test breed. And it has to be present in both dogs to produce an albino. It's recessive. And the bitch we bred him to had already produced a litter with albinos in it. So we knew she was a recessive. But we bred Stormy to her and there was not one albino.

*So, you knew that he was clear.*

Georgia: That was one way of knowing he was clear - and they were quite nice puppies. She wasn't the best

bitch in the world; she had what I thought was a fairly good background, but that was the only way you could prove that your dog did not have the recessive gene was to breed and find out, so we did. I had seen a previous litter by her. She had five or six puppies and four of them were albinos. Beautiful puppies, but just the pinkest eyes you ever saw. That's something to see in a white dog.

*So, now you have five?*

Georgia: Yes.

*How did you get into sledding, and why sledding?*

Georgia: I got into sledding because of Leohnard Seppala. His kennel was out here, near the airport, and one thing led to another. His partner worked at Boeing and he wanted to make a sled that, when you ran into a tree, wouldn't fall apart.

Martin: They made one. It was beautiful. They made it out of old airplane parts.

Georgia: It was a marvel, made just like the wooden ones, like you used to see in Alaska, with the big bow up front. It was a masterpiece. It was all aluminum; I could pick it up and lift it. On the back it had the most beautiful brake you ever saw.

Martin: I put that on.

Georgia: He sawed teeth into it so when you're riding the runners, you stepped in the middle and you could stop ten dogs with that brake, believe me.

Martin: And then another thing we had to make was the canvas to sit on.

Georgia: And that sled... The Malamute club is using it now; we bought that 25 or 16 years ago and it's still going as great as ever. It's the greatest sled they ever had. They can slam into things and if anything bends, you just straighten it out and away it goes again. It's a racing sled, but we used to tote kids in it. The dogs just loved it. That was around 1956.

Martin: Wasn't that around Stormy's last breeding phase?

Georgia: Yes. I'm trying to remember the last time I bred him. He's been bred six times. The Kolbs, the Todnems; Delsmans, Nel and Cliff and two of ours. The last one was with the Kolbs. I bred their bitch to Stormy and that was how we got Candy.

*Who was your second bitch?*

Martin: The little one that died.

Georgia: The dam of Thunder was Candy. Candy was our second bitch.

*Did you breed Candy?*

Georgia: Yes, I bred her to a grandson of Stormy's and that's how we got Thunder.

*When you did that breeding, had Stormy passed away?*

Georgia: Yes. He was born in 1950 and in June of 1963, he was thirteen years old and we had to have him put to sleep.

*Was that your last breeding?*

Martin: We never had any more breedings or any puppies or anything after that. We got Thunder out of that litter, our last Sammie. He died about five years ago.

*Didn't you tell me that even though Thunder wasn't shown often, he was outstanding?*

Georgia: Oh, yes. Definitely.

*Maybe as good as or better than Stormy?*

Martin: He wasn't as aristocratic or as haughty in temperament as Stormy was, but he was a powerful dog.

Georgia: He showed his emotions more. He would growl at me when I did something wrong. I don't think he had as good a temperament as Stormy. That wasn't his fault because we were never able to give him the time we had given our other dogs. We spent a lot of money on kennel fees. We couldn't leave them here so we would kennel them during the week and then bring them home on the weekends. We were driving back and forth; you can't drag dogs back and forth.

We finally rented a house and



kept him and Candy, his mother, with us. We had a fence built so that they had a place to run.

*What year was it that you went to work in Bremerton?*

Georgia: In 1965.

Martin: Sixty-five to about 1972.

Georgia: It was during this time that Thunder was born; we were still active in it, but we were working hard. I had cancer and things got pretty rough for a while. We never were able to give him what we gave our other dogs. I'm sure if we had... Even without that, he would have held his own, I'm sure that whoever would have shown him would have had no trouble finishing him.

But we loved him and didn't want to sell him; he was our dog. He traveled a great deal with us, he and his mother, Candy, so we kept him until he became very ill. It started with an eye infection; then it went into the ears and then into the brain, so we had to have him put to sleep. But he was

a good dog. He was larger than Stormy but there was no messy movement because of it. He was built accordingly. He wasn't one of those dogs that fell apart, you know. I always liked the slow dogs, the ones that develop slowly.

Stormy was a slow developer, yet had the ability to win when he was young. He didn't win because of coat. He won because of good body structure, good head and movement. He didn't need a lot of coat and didn't get that until later.

The University of Washington was interested in him, too. Not as a dog, but because he had ulcers in his throat. The veterinarian couldn't heal them. They took cultures and at that time, the University had just started their medical school and they were interested. The vet took him there and they did cultures of his throat and found that it wasn't anything malignant, so they put him to sleep and burned them off. They tried some new antibiotic that hadn't been used on dogs before and used it on him. So he got to be well-known among the veterinarians, too.

He had some back teeth pulled when he was older, too. It got so that when I said the word, "Vet," he'd go in the bedroom and practically shut the door on me. He didn't want to go. Not that he was afraid, but he didn't want to be away from us because with the throat operation, he was away for a month.

*After Thunder, why didn't you get another Sam?*

Georgia: You know, I've often asked myself that question. I guess because I didn't know anybody, at that particular time, that I felt had the background or who had the particular dog I wanted.

Martin: She went shopping one time and came home and told me about this cute little bitch puppy she'd seen. So I went to see it just to please her. She was only four weeks old. Can you imagine? Taking her away from her mother at that age? I think it was the first time in my life we ever got a dog out of a pet shop.

Georgia: Right. I had a thing about pet shops, you know, because people used to come to me to buy dogs and when I'd tell them the price, they'd tell me they would go to a pet shop and buy one. And three or four months later, they would bring their dog out and they would ask me why their dog didn't look as good as mine. And what could I tell them? I told them they got what they paid for.

Martin: Like Ricky.

*Is that how you got the Malamute, then?*

Georgia: Yes. Can you imagine buying from a pet shop? But I knew a vet who knew the owner and he assured me that he was good. And they did stand behind this dog because I had a little problem with her at first.

I had the papers and knew she had been bred in Oregon. When we lost her in December, I called (just to

show you how nice these people are) and I had the name and the city, but I didn't have the phone number. At any rate, I found out the man had died and his son had disposed of all of his Malamute dogs. You see, I was going to go back and we were going to try and get another dog from him.

So, that fell through and we were without a dog until March and we fell in love with this little guy. He came trotting in the Seattle store, just as big as you please, with his little head up, four months old. I'm a sucker for puppies, anyway.

Martin: I still don't know how much she paid for him. I'm scared; I don't want to know. I do know the doctor she bought him from paid \$800 for him.

Georgia: Well, I got a better deal than that.

Martin: He's the one you hear barking out there, now.

Georgia: He doesn't bark unless there's something, whether it's a cat, dog or a human.

Martin: I can't get dressed in the mornings. He grabs my socks and runs away with them.

Georgia: He's a tail wagger, which is unusual for a German Shepherd. That's the first thing the judge said about him: "Oh, we've got a tail wagger!" And they love that. I saw them put three dogs out of the ring for temperament, which is right. You get a scary dog, or a dog that slinks...

*Do you miss the Sammies?*

Georgia: Yes, I do.

Martin: Show Don what you have - the remains of Stormy.

*This is beautiful fabric.*

Georgia: I'm going to have it made into a coat and all the dogs in Seattle are going to be following me around!

*It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?*

Georgia: No. It won first prize at a World's Fair. I took it to a woman who was known for her weaving; she had what they call the "Cadillac" of looms, a huge loom. She even worked out a pattern and I got a pattern for a coat. It's going to be three-quarter length and she made it exactly so that a coat could be made out of it. It can be washed without shrinking and they make it loose, like angora, too. She did some really gorgeous weaving on it. Now, this is mostly Stormy and there's a bit of Misty; there's a little bit of all of my dogs in it. And this could be knitted or crocheted into anything. And it doesn't shrink.

You see, when you groom dogs, out comes the wool, that soft fine wool and the guard hair stays in and in the summertime, the guard hair protects them from the heat. You take your short-haired dogs and the heat will get to them, they actually almost pass out. The Sammies, all I did was, I would have huge, great big towels that we made out of terry cloth and we'd wet them down and lay them on the

grass and let the dogs lie on them. They would be perfectly comfortable because that wool and the guard hair would protect them from the heat. They suffered less from the heat. I felt sorry for people with short haired dogs, taking them to a show, because a lot of them never even made it in the ring. They would just fall right over from the heat.

*What advice would you give to somebody who is just getting started in Sammies, today?*

Georgia: Go to someone they think would know something about it and ask. I would just go around and ask. I also wrote letters, went to the older breeders, wrote to the Sammie Club of America and got pictures of dogs, pedigrees and, gradually, things came into shape, what we were looking for. And don't be afraid to listen to somebody.

*How do you teach a novice about movement?*

Georgia: That's kind of a hard thing to do because sometimes you have to give a dog a chance, wait until they are old enough, to see how they move - at a slow gait, compared to a fast, and to see if they single-track. But if they don't bring their dog to you, you can tell them what to look for and how to look for it. I found out that by being honest, you don't win friends and influence people. Marty and I both learned real fast, to tell people what we liked about their dog and never mention any part we didn't like. I felt that anybody that was sincere could draw their own conclusions. If they were sincere, then you could tell them and they would learn, but most people, or a lot of them, don't really want to know what is wrong with their dog. You may hurt their feelings and, until they learn better, you may stop somebody that could be a better breeder or whatever as time goes by. So you have to be real careful with people that are novices and not hurt their feelings. Sometimes, they buy a dog and they love it and you can't say, "That isn't a good dog." You just can't do that. I couldn't. Even if I didn't have a good dog, and I loved him ... you know, if you really love animals, even knowing that we have a nice dog now, but he could have green eyes and a pink tail and it wouldn't make a bit of difference to me because we love him.

But, I think Marty and I were lucky in a lot of ways. You just have to have some luck along with it. A lot of work went into it, but to start off with a dog like we did (Stormy wasn't our first Sammie). We had one in '48, that we lost. He was a nice dog, but he wasn't, looking back, the dog Stormy was but, of course, to us he was everything. But that didn't stop us, we went on from there.

I think being a little kind with novices doesn't hurt a bit.

Martin: Now, we have a nice group of people who got together and formed a club.

Georgia: We take turns judging. We pick a person to be a judge and let them feel what they were looking for, and this helped them a lot, too. And when they'd say, "Well, this isn't right" about the dog ... okay, you want to show the dog, now let's see what we can do to camouflage that. Everybody does this in the show ring. If your dog's got a fault, you're going to find a way to cover it up and work around it. They learn that way.

*Have you been to any dog shows, in recent years, other than the German Shepherd Specialty?*

Georgia: No.

Martin: That's the first one you've been to in a long time.

Georgia: I went after we lost Stormy because I showed Candy; took her down and, just like that, she took Winners Bitch, right off of the Best of Opposite Sex.

Martin: That was quite a while ago.

Georgia: Yes, but after that we were busy and everything. So, I didn't really go to a dog show. I went to one Specialty they held up here and that was in Bellevue.

*How long ago was that?*

Georgia: That had to be in the late sixties.

*Did you recognize the offspring of Stormy?*

Georgia: Some of them, yes. And some of them I didn't. Some were from other parts of the country that had him in his background, but there would be some kind of flash that you could see in a particular dog. Then I would have to get the catalog, the number, and then look it up.

Martin: At that Specialty, too, when we were introduced to people and they found out we owned Stormy Weather, quite a few of them said, "Oh, my goodness, look here; there he is in my pedigree."

Georgia: They were all bringing me their pedigrees.

Martin: He's a great-great-grandfather. He was in the background of a lot of their dogs.

Georgia: You know, we made some of the most marvelous friends during the years we were in Sammies (I think, 29 years or something like that). We became acquainted with artists, the head of the Armour Star packing company, someone who was affiliated with the Kelvinator company...

Martin: I was the national secretary of the Sammie Club for two years. And a Wall Street executive was the president at the time and here, little old me the secretary, is hobnobbing with all these big shots.

Georgia: It was a common ground. Your dogs were good and you were interested. It didn't make any difference and that's what I liked about it. Now, it's different in England. It's a lot different. I corresponded with people in England. They'd probably die if they knew we were of the middle-class. Because in England, people in our cir-

cumstances do not own or breed dogs - you have a pet. And it's only the people of the aristocracy, who have estates and things like that, that breed dogs.

*I think you have a nice setup here. You do have quite a lot of land.*

Georgia: We moved here in 1958. But our house and land went to pot. We were never home to do anything. It was Saturday night and Sunday - and Monday, we were off again. I found a jungle out here in back, one time! I've found out that for six or seven years of letting something go, it takes you ten years to catch up, I think. We can have horses in the back, there's even a little horse barn back there. We let our neighbors keep their two horses there.

Martin: Just the other day, some kids came and asked, "How much will you rent it for?" I said, "I don't rent it..."

Georgia: We let them go up there and let the horses eat what grass they need.

Martin: I told them to make sure the horses don't eat grits or strawberries and raspberries. We let our neighbor plant two beautiful rows of raspberries for us and they last a long time.

Martin: Whenever I get mad at him, I tell him I'm going to take away his raspberries!

Georgia: This is the only year we haven't had a garden. We've always had a big garden out in back. This year, though, with working on the place and the house, it's too much work; you have to put an awful lot into a garden. You know what we'd do, when we had a garden? What we couldn't freeze, we'd give away.

Martin: We've been working on that fence out there, just on account of this dog.

Georgia: People think we're nuts. He's spending all this money because of a dog. They said that he's got a perfectly good run.

*I saw the new slots in the fence.*

Georgia: But that isn't big enough. He's got to have more room to run. You see, we have almost an acre here.

At any rate, I don't think I'll seriously go into anything with the German Shepherd because that last dog show scared me.

*Did you feel they were your kind of people?*

Georgia: Oh, no. It intimidated me; not intimidated because I don't get intimidated easily. I was sitting with Dr. Krueger, who has raised German Shepherds; some of his dogs are in his background.

Anyway, I took Bo to Dr. Krueger's office for his second parvo shot and these other booster shots. A lot of German Shepherd people go there because he is an excellent vet; he's kind with dogs and he likes them. He's more into Corgis, now. I almost got one of those. Anyway, Bo was sitting by my side and behaving very well and these three women came in and just kept

staring at him. The young fellow behind the counter said, "Geez, that's a good looking pup. I like him." Then one of the women said, "You know, I would say that dog has Midnight Cowboy in him somewhere." I told her that was his sire and she says, "Oh, you're kidding." I said, "No, that's his sire." She said, "Well, is he here in Washington?" I said, "Yes, he's here in Washington." Because the gal that owns him ... she's not too happy with the German Shepherd people and won't have anything to do with them; she didn't even want them to know he was here in the state. His son, Rhinestone Cowboy, has been doing very well all over the country, too. She said, "Well, you're going to do better." I said, "Well, I don't think I'll ever... After seeing what I did, I don't even care about it." I told her his name is Diamond Cowboy. She said, "So, that's better than a rhinestone, so he should do better."

*This has been fun. Is there anything else that we can talk about?*

Georgia: I don't know. There's so many anecdotes that we have, with our dogs.

Martin: We always had a lot of fun with the people.

Georgia: They have a lot of sled activity, now, both in the Malamutes and in the Sammies. But, when we did it, there wasn't anybody. You know, they used to think that we were nuts, to load the sled on top of the car (we didn't have a station wagon) and, if you look back, you'd see feet and you'd see dogs lying over everybody. Everybody happy as a lark, sleeping and everybody pooped out on the way home. Stormy usually sat between Mart and I on the front seat and then he'd just plop over on me when he got tired, and rested. All I had to do was show him the harness and you couldn't get the car door opened fast enough for them to get in. And there was never any fighting. Other people brought their male dogs that we were working with and we'd let them all run loose; probably, eight, nine or ten dogs - males - and never any fights.

*Do you feel they were a good influence on the kids?*

Georgia: I think so, yes. I think it taught them to be better. I think an animal always teaches children something and especially, in our case, where they were never allowed to tease. The dog had his place in the household and the child, too, and there was just love.

I never will forget when my daughter saw the birth of the second litter out of Misty; she was thirteen at the time. She just thought it was the most beautiful thing she ever saw in the world. She just thought it was great. She got in there, busy, right along with me, instead of saying "Yucch" or something, like a lot of kids would. She was very interested in taking care of those babies as they were being born. I told her that was the way a human baby is born, in a sac, and you have to

break the sac, you know, the water breaks; the cord and everything. But, I told her they don't cut your dewclaws! But she thought it was great.

And our son loved his dog. He used to take him down to the woods and they'd spend all afternoon. I guess they just played games, creeping through the woods and, you know how kids' imaginations are.

Martin: And he had to take care of him, too.

Georgia: Oh, yeah. Right. And when it came grooming time, let me tell you, when Sammies start to shed their coat, you have not only hair, you got balls of, like, angora. And that all has to come out and the only way you do this is to get right down in there and work, a piece at a time. When you're done, you'll have a pile of wool. And they feel so good, in the summertime; all the wool is gone and they still have their beautiful guard hair - they remind me of lambs. They would be so glad to be rid of all that wool, they just cavorted. And you had to rid them of it, otherwise they'd just keep scratching until they scratched it out and you'd see them going around with big hunks hanging on them and it all gets matted. We had to just get busy because when you have four or five dogs, it's a lot of combing.

Dogs like German Shepherds, you don't have to bathe it out. There are other ways of cleaning them. But a Sammie needed a good bath and I used to use dryers on them; I'd reverse my vacuum and none of my dogs have ever been afraid of the vacuum cleaner or hair dryer or anything like that. They all knew that after bath time, they would be put in different places, on nice white sheets. We'd towel dry them as much as we could until they were dry enough and they stayed right where they were supposed to. If it was nice outside, we'd take them and start fluffing them up. But, it took two days for them to dry completely, with all that wool.

*Sounds to me, you have no regrets.*

Georgia: Oh, no. I'd do it all over again. In fact, if it hadn't been for the job and having to commute and when I was ill - I think you know what cobalt treatments can do to you...

Martin: She had the cancer for five years.

Georgia: It sucks everything out of you, you're so...

Martin: We almost lost her. It killed the cancer and then five years later, the whole intestine just disintegrated.

Georgia: That was the result of the treatment.

Martin: Completely, just melted away.

Georgia: It was like I was in half. Two pieces.

Martin: So, they had to take her up to the hospital. She was in the hospital over a month and a half, almost. They had to resection her, cut out all

the parts that were burned with the cobalt and piece it together.

*You certainly look good and healthy now.*

Georgia: I've got problems, but there's nothing you can't mend if you've got the right attitude. The result of the treatment, I'll always have to live with. But, so far, everything else is fine. But, there are things I cannot eat and I don't digest food very well. It gave me ulcers, too. Last time I had two, but that was a result of the acid; the traumatic experience. They did the endoscopy on me, with the camera down in and they let me look and see. It's just like looking at a little television set; you can see what's going on down here. It's interesting. You're kind of woozy, but you still know what's going on. But that makes six ulcers I've had and it's mostly from the tension of fighting cramps - you know, you don't know you're tense. It isn't from everyday living; it's from fighting... I take medication. I take very little medication, but I do have to have it because it's what they call radium dysentery and the resectioning didn't make it any better, but they had no choice but to do it. And that's a lot better than being six feet under. I had no choice - they said it had to be done.

Martin: The way my back hurts all the time, it won't be long until I'm six feet under!

Georgia: Oh, Marty. Don't be silly!

*You look pretty healthy, yourself.*

Martin: I was telling somebody the other day: when you're young, you're always scared you might die, and then when you get old, you're scared you're not going to die.

Georgia: Ain't that awful for him... You see, he's negative and I'm positive.

Martin: That's why we get along so good. How many years have we been married? I raised her from a baby.

Georgia: I didn't know any better! Wow! That's wonderful!

Georgia: I told you - he robbed the cradle.

*Thank you very much.*

Georgia: If there's anything else you want to know - ask. Because I can't think ... it's such a big span of time that I know I'm forgetting real goodies.

I have an album, a thick album, that says, "This Is Your Life" on it and it's beginning from day-one of Stormy, right on through. And do you think I could find that album? I wanted to show it to you. I found every album in the whole house but that one.

*I've enjoyed it very much.*

Georgia: I hope you did. I kind of glossed over things a bit because when you've been out of it as long as we have, you know, you go back and try to remember, but you're out of practice and anyway, I'd also like to add that I've always felt that if people

were half as nice as their dogs, it would be a better world.

*I enjoyed it, really. Thank you.*

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*Think... continued from page 36*

has any idea what they're going to do and everybody feels he's got as good a chance as the next guy. We love to enter under this kind of judge and just hope he puts the same interpretations on the Standard, type and soundness as we do.

Yes, as surely as each of us is a judge, every time we grade a litter of our pups, we all judge judges every time we go to a show. We want to know if they're knowledgeable, honest, confident, and experienced. We want to know if they're looking for a balanced dog, if they're head hunters, coat connoisseurs or if they care for nothing so much as a good movin' dog.

We want to know if they are heavy-handed, rough on the dogs (we won't show a puppy to this one), if they will take some extra time with a frightened novice. Really, it doesn't cost a judge anything at all to smile and be a little pleasant ... and most are. Some of them will go way out of their way for a frightened beginner, whether it is the handler or the dog.

And when observing judging, we must remember that judges can't see what is going on behind their backs. So, while a dog looked great when the judge was watching another dog gait, it doesn't make any difference. Similarly, if a dog showed all of his faults when the judge had his back turned, but his handler had him pulled together at the right times, you cannot blame the judge for what he cannot see. And also, remember you cannot see from ringside, that undershot bite or feel the slab sides under that abundant coat.

Call us naive, if you will, but we firmly believe 80% of all the judging is on the up-and-up. Oh yes, you hear rumors of T.V.'s being given and bottles of aged Scotch exchanged, etc., but in my book that's just so much male bovine waste ... sour grapes invented by the loser of the day.

Yes, some judges are more knowledgeable than others and an on-going education is important. Some place more emphasis on one thing, some another; but the vast majority of them are doing a good, honest job and if you'll think about it, you'll realize that it is a tough job wherein you are able to please very few people. Try putting yourself in that judge's place, at your very next show.

*Think About It!*

Merry Christmas to all the good, honest competitors out there. You are the very essence of the dog game. ¶¶