

**THE SAMOYED QUARTERLY**

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*A Tribute to Tedi*

*Monteith*

Poison Ivy was bred once and we kept another bitch named Ch. Bubbling Oaks The One and Only (Baby Face).

Woly Buly, Bubbles' littermate was used as our foundation stud for breeding. His AKC name was Ch. Suffolk Woly Buly of Oakwood. He was bred five times to a bitch named Vanilla Shake and produced consistently nice puppies with great stamina, spirit and beautiful faces. Woly Buly was only shown at PVSC in '73, in the six-month Puppy class, and did not go back in the show ring until he was around eight years old. He finished his championship in less than six months and never left home again.

Amelia: Their first breeding was an, "I would never breed that bitch to that male accident." Woly Buly jumped the fence, jumped back into the yard on the kennel side and proceeded to climb over the kennel fence into the kennel to breed Vanilla. She was eleven months old and in her first heat. We would never have done that breeding. It ended up that we got these gorgeous puppies. We did that breeding five times. She was like his wife! Wife for life!

Jack: We produced a lot of puppies out of them. We bred Woly Buly to a couple of outside bitches. In one of his first breedings, he produced Ch. Foxy Loxy of Bubbling Oaks.



Bubbling Oaks Rue the Day CDX. Owner H. Manko, Breeders Jack and Amelia Price.



Am/Dan Ch. Bubbling Oaks Fast Break, "Fatsy," on a training exercise in Denmark.

Typically, I showed her to her championship, and then found a very tall handler for her. She was sent down to handler Houston Clark for about a month. Foxy won a few BOBs, a Group 3, blew coat and came home, never to be shown again. She was ranked #6 or #8 Samoyed in the country that year because,

back then, so few Samoyeds won Groups.

Amelia: You still had to get a well-known handler, as well as have a solid animal to get a Breed on a bitch. Bubbles spent six years of her life on the road and Me Too spent about three years. That's nine years of campaigning bitches, whose sole

purpose was to break the Breed barrier.

Jack: It continued even after Bubbles had started to earn some breed recognition.

Amelia: We were newly married, and we had this really nice bitch. I knew nothing about dogs. They were pretty. I liked them. That was it. We

some kind of conveyor belt uploading it into the plane. She broke her shoulder, and we didn't know it.

Jack: She came back limping on and off. Anyway, she won BOW at the PBSC Specialty that year.

Amelia: The '76 PVSC Specialty was fun. I was always nervous when they went in the ring, and I couldn't stand by the ring. She won in 1975, and the club picked the same judge for the following year because everyone liked him. His name was Anthony Hodges. Obviously, no one expected that we would win again. She was in season, as usual. He examined her and then placed her in a corner, at the far back of the ring. Everyone thought she was done. That is where she stayed the entire time while he judged all the males and all the bitches.

Jack: He, literally, put her in a corner and never looked at her or touched her again.

Amelia: Comes down to the final cut, and he pulls out his dogs. Then, he motions to bring the bitch out of the corner.

Jack: No. He didn't even do that. He pulled out everybody from the last group and has them going back and forth, back and forth. He picks what we thought was his BOB. Then, he pulls Bubbles out of the corner. He puts her with the male. He turns around, points at Bubbles, and says, "Best of Breed." Everybody's teeth dropped. No one had any idea what he was up to. He basically went through every dog, and picked her. It was the most amazing thing. Everyone was floored.

Amelia: Those two wins, in a row, probably really started making waves because bitches just didn't win specialties or Breeds.

Jack: The most impressive win I ever saw was in Connecticut at Long Shore. She was in the ring with four big, hairy males and the judge gave it to Bubbles. That same day in the Group when she won her very first Group I, the whole place and I went wild. Then she was in the BIS ring. We thought we would get Best, but it was already picked. It was a Standard Poodle. This was the 100th BIS the Poodles was going for, and it was picked the week before. It was also set to retire.

After a couple of years play-



*Ch. Foxy Lox of Bubbling Oaks. She won BOB on the way to a Group III placing on this day, handled by Houston Clark.*

ing with Bubbles, we shipped Foxy down to Houston Clark, for a month. Foxy blew coat, so we brought her back home and bred her. We bred another male, Ch. Sugar Daddy of Bubbling Oaks, who won BOW at the Garden, to Kapusta. Kapusta was a bitch out of Pat Morehouse's bloodlines, Kubla Khan. We kept one female out of this litter, Ch. Me Too of Bubbling Oaks. I finished Me Too, and then, Nancy Sheehan Martin

started to show her. While I was out of town, Amelia and Nancy cooked up a show at the International, in Chicago, and shipped Me Too to the International. I didn't like Me Too.

Amelia: She was a good moving dog, but she did not have the kind of head we would have liked. I could groom her up so she looked decent, but she did not have a pretty face. I think a Samoyed bitch should be pretty up close. Jack was furious

at me for shipping out Me Too because he really did not want to special a bitch that did not have a pretty face. But that changed when we got the call from Nancy Sheehan that Me Too had just gone BOB at the International.

Jack: Anyway, Me Too won our third PVSC Specialty Breed and that's how we won the Windsong Challenge Trophy. Me Too went onto be #1 Samoyed in '83 and '84, which sort of made judges feel comfortable, if they wanted to put up a bitch for Breed. Though Bubs was Top Bitch she never ranked higher nationally than #2 all systems; so Me Too went further in the National rankings, but Bubbles defeated more dogs in her show career. Remember, the Working Group was larger for the six years that Bubbles was shown and Me Too was campaigned for around three years. Bubbles won BOS at the Garden for four straight years, back-to-back, before she was able to win the Breed, the fifth year, and then the Group II.

Amelia: We were told we had to replace the Challenge Trophy, if we won it.

Jack: Me Too won the Rock Creek Specialty, went on to win a Group I and a 2,000-dog BIS at Rock Creek. The Group that day had the BOB winners of eleven different specialties in it. Every dog in the BIS ring was a multiple, multiple, multiple BIS dog. Me Too out-gaits everything in the ring and ends up behind an Irish Setter that can fly. Me Too had her nose up the Irish Setters butt the whole way around the ring. Unbelievable! Me Too was a good-moving bitch with a lot of room and a lot of angles. She could really move. Ugly in the face, but she could move like a shot. I never saw any dog out-gait her.

Amelia: Actually, my plan when I sent her to the International was to bring Me Too out on the heels of Bubbles in order to keep the door open for other bitches to win. While Me Too was being campaigned other breeders started to seriously special some nice bitches. But if there was one thing that cracked the glass ceiling, it was when the judge only gave Bubbles a Group II at the Garden. I remember Jack picked me up and twirled me around in the

air. Judges came up to us. The first thing they said was, "You were robbed," not congratulations, but we didn't care. Evidently many judges were incensed with the judging. Joy Brewster called us two days later to tell us that the judge was being constantly hassled by other judges, as to why he chose a dog that had so little substance over her. Well, the upshot of the whole incident was that Joy called us a few weeks later to tell me that she had checked the records and that Bubbles was the highest placing Samoyed in the entire history of Westminster. She said that by losing the Group we had actually done better than winning it. Joy said that since the Garden, bitches were winning across breeds. That judges had not stopped talking about how the Sammy bitch got dumped to that awful male and even hard-line judges were giving other Breed bitches a second look and even Breeds. No one wanted to be considered a pig!

Jack: Also, Samoyeds were considered a junk breed and it really made a difference when a so-called junk breed bitch won big.

*What is a junk breed?*

Jack: Samoyeds, Malamutes or Siberian Huskies and some other breeds were often referred to as junk breeds. They were breeds that were not looked on favorably by the judges, did not usually win, or had really no breed specimens of any merit. It's not one of the more favored breeds that usually win.

Amelia: Some really good bitches started coming out. Kandi, Bubbles and Me Too got the door open and other specials bitches kept it open.

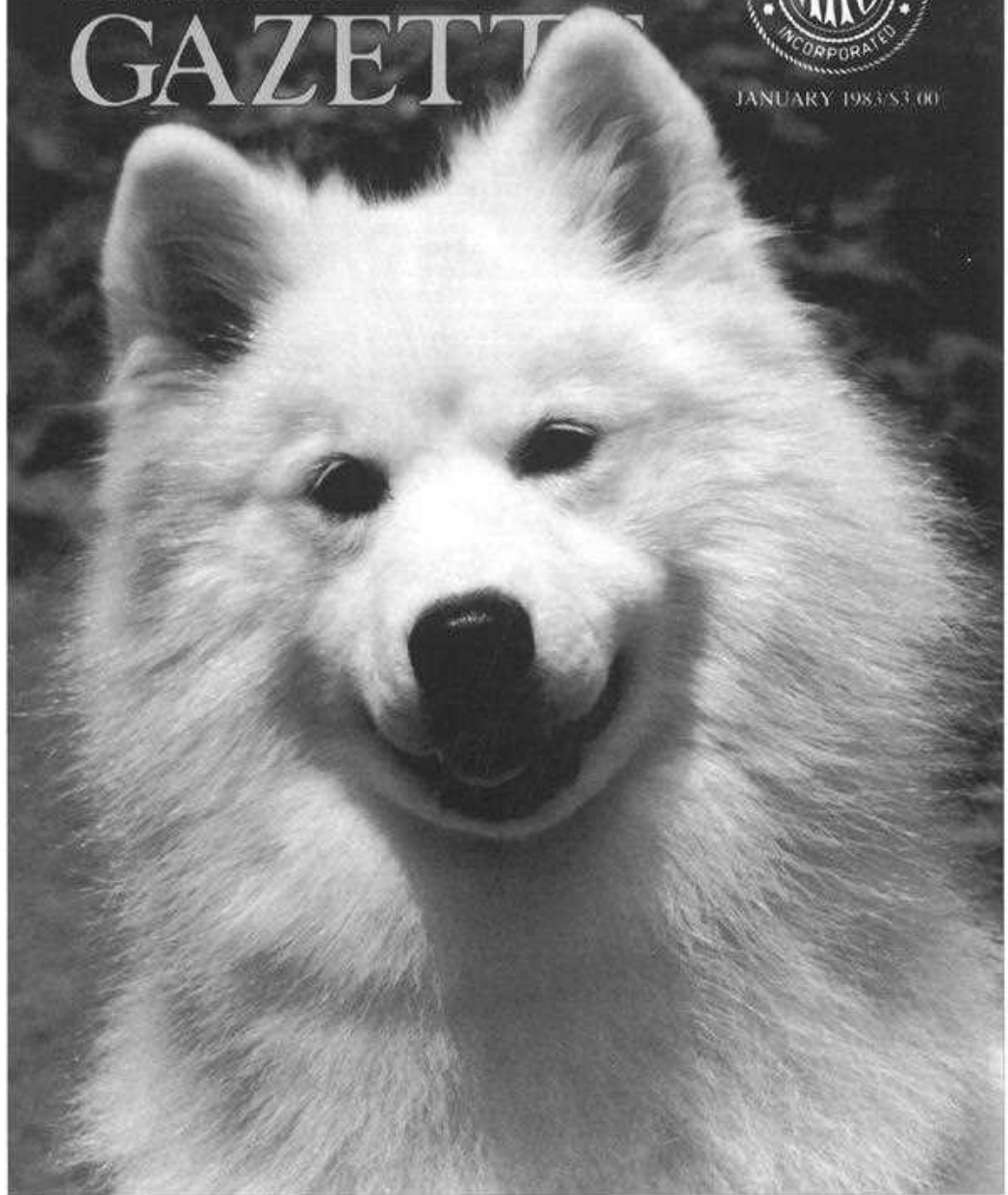
Jack: As Bubbles was retiring; Linda Zaraza started to special a male named English Autumn (Alfie). She hired Joy Brewster to handle Alfie. Jack Feinberg's male took two BOSs to Alfie because the judge thought Joy had Bubbles in the ring. The judge never checked for testicles. Alfie was a small dog even though he had a lot of hair. The judges saw Joy Brewster walk in with a Samoyed after showing Bubbles for six years. I saw twice where a judge had to go back and redo his ribbons because he gave Jack Feinberg's male BOS to Alfie.

*How embarrassing!*

# PURE-BRED DOGS AMERICAN KENNEL GAZETTE



JANUARY 1983/\$3.00



*Am/Can Ch. Bubbles La Rue of Oakwood on cover of AKC Gazette. Only Sam bitch to ever be on the cover of Gazette. They actually asked us for a picture!*

Jack: For the judge. Well, yeah!

Amelia: That just shows how they pay attention to who is handling the dog, not the dog.

Jack: If the judge can't tell a boy dog from a girl dog, either the judge is blind or there is something wrong with the dog.

Amelia: They should be able to tell right away just from the face.

Jack: I had Foxy up on the table out in Southampton and someone thought she was a male because she was so big. She was the tallest bitch we ever had. She was 23 or 24 inches. That's when I met a fellow who had Malamutes, and he said I should think about sledding.

Amelia: Let's tell the story about how we got started sledding. His father had bought a

sled, years ago, and had some harnesses, and he give them to us. We had two, back-to-back, major blizzards here in New York. The first storm paralyzed the city with 27 or 28 inches of snow. Jack came home early because the storm was so terrible. The next day, it was still snowing and there was so much snow we could not open my basement door. I was down to



*Am/Can Ch. Bubbles La Rue of Oakwood. Love this picture - it shows the silver tip so well.*

other guy in.

Jack: Anyway, I finally caught up to my friend Gary who was already crapping out. It was so cold that Krypto's blood froze and the wound was frozen closed. Gary said, "I'm going to knock off at the next check point." I said, "No you're not. You can just stay on my tail to the finish line." He agreed to follow me. At the last turn for home, he again wanted

to quit. I stopped and switched my dogs. I put Krypto up front, and put the other dog back at point. I said, "Gary, we only have about seven miles to the finish line. The nearest check-point is twelve miles back." Gary knew the finish line was closer, so I turned my light out because I knew Fang knew the way. Everyone asked, "Where is Gary?" I said, "He'll be in." Sure enough, minutes later Gary

came in with his team of Siberians.

The best fun was up in the White Mountains. They would have these climbs of twenty-degree inclines for about five miles up the mountain. When we would go downhill all the Siberian teams would just blow right past me. We would get to the next rise, and halfway up the mountain I started passing them. These other guys are running

behind their sleds and I never get off my sled. Never.

Amelia: Jack's claim was it was a dog sled team - not a people sled team. Every single one of the team drivers would run, and I mean run the mid-distance races. They would jump on the sled for awhile, but these sled-ders basically ran the whole race. Jack's thing was that his team was going to pull his sorry tail up that mountain. He



*Boomer, Skylark and Roger at the trailhead in the Black Hills.*

ambiance we could want. The dogs had their choice of the tie-

their grandmother, these two have not yet learned to open



*Roger and Boomer on the trail in the Black Hills.*

out, the crates, or the inside of the tent. Fortunately, unlike tent zippers. Our first hike, indeed, fol-

lowed this creek back up the mountain as it joined the tongue river, and proceeded up the mountain valley. The sides of the valley are covered in ponderosa pine, but the floor is open and grassy. We followed the river valley for almost three miles, going up most of the time. A lone fly fisherman was the only other human being we encountered; he was picturesque enough so that we didn't mind.

Several other creeks joined the Tongue River, creating a number of rocky fords we all had to cross. The dogs did a great job leaping from rock to rock. I, on the other hand, was much less graceful, and wound up on my back in the middle of the creek at least once. With some of the larger fords, we found that it was easier and safer for one of us to go across without a dog, then call the dogs across. If a dog and I tried the rock leaping together, but didn't stay in sync, one or both of us was going to get wet. We carry long lines with snaps for situations like this, especially if the current is very swift.



*Boomer drinks from the water bottle he's been carrying.*

This trail is called the Tie Flume Trail. The name was a mystery to me until we learned that when the railroad was pressing westward, the builders came up into the mountains to cut trees for ties. They built a flume to use the river water to wash the ties down to the valleys where the railroad bed was being constructed. We came across the ruins of the wooden tie flume along a couple of stretches of our hike.

Next morning started with a surprise. Roger usually got up first (also usually very early) and disappeared out the tent door. I would wait until he returned to go out myself, making sure the dogs didn't get separation anxiety and start to bark. This morning after he had been gone for a short while, I heard a desperate whisper outside, "Pam, sit on those dogs - there's a moose out here!" Not only was there a cow moose in the



*Boomer always likes a pillow, even if it's a rock.*



*Skylark contemplates the remains of the old Tie Flume.*



*Boomer fords a creek in the Big Horn Mountains.*

creek right outside the tent, but she had her calf with her. I knew the dogs would wake up the whole camp and scare her and her baby off as well if they saw her. Roger came in the tent and stayed with the dogs while I poked my head out and took pictures. She didn't seem to care that she was almost in the middle of the camp, and hung around most of the day. We finally were able to sneak the dogs into the crates in the car where at least their barking

would be muffled. We left to go on a hike long before she and the calf had decided they had had enough creek greens. The next morning was a repeat, except that this time it was a huge bull moose. I got the photographer's equivalent of buck fever; my hands were shaking so hard (because he was so close) I couldn't get the lens seated on my camera, and lost some great pictures!

We stayed in the Big Horns a few more days, hiking and

sightseeing. I would go back in a heartbeat. I haven't even mentioned the mammoth archaeological site in the Black Hills, the longhorn cattle, the hang gliders, the waterfalls, the evening drive to see the elk herd and the excursion down to Lovell for a rendezvous between Boomer and a lovely lady friend; but that is really another story!

I hope this will inspire more of you to put packs on your dogs and explore these wilderness treasures. If you are accu-

mulating points for your dog's Samoyed Club of America Working Degrees, you have more incentive now. As of last October's Board of Governors' meeting in Denver, your dog can earn 50 points for packing five miles, a doubling of the old total of 25.

If you are interested in these two locations, here are a couple of introductory websites for you to try: [www.bighorns.com](http://www.bighorns.com); [www.theblackhills.com](http://www.theblackhills.com). Happy trails! •