

WESTERN
KENNEL WORLD

DECEMBER

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1966

The Rottweiler, *Champion Schatzi von Garatshausen*, owned by Dr. Edward, Grace, Lori and John Cook of San Anselmo, California. Judge; Frank Warner Hill; Fay Owyong, handler



... SAMOYEDS ...

By Vera Lawrence

610 Colusa Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707

Greetings Folks! We come again to bring you Christmas wishes from our Sammy owners — due to circumstances beyond our control, it does not meet with our entire expectations, we offer this section none-the-less to our readers as a tribute to all Sams and their owners.

This story, taken from our December 1955 issue of W.K.W. is a delightful and timely story from Mrs. Freda Powell of Alpine, Texas, who owned the imported Ch. Raff of Kobe, Raff's Buck, Misha and Starbit. We offer you:

AN ALPINE CHRISTMAS STORY By Freda Powell

"My Christmas story this year is a tale of maternal love demonstrated by two Samoyed mothers. I can think of no more appropriate time to tell it, since Christmas is sacred to the universal ideal of mother love.

"Last spring our two Samoyed ladies, Mischa and Starbit, gave birth to litters sired by our Ch. Raff of Kobe. Both of these mothers were seven years old and it was a first litter for each of them. Neither had the slightest difficulty. Misha had six lovely babies (four boys and two girls). And although Starbit only had two (one boy and one girl) they were both especially large and gorgeous puppies.

"Misha's babies were whelped first, and Starbit was consumed with curiosity, anxiety, and perhaps envy over the event. Three days later her own puppies arrived, and then she was complacency itself, seeming to say, 'But of course; you always give me some of everything Misha gets.'

"All the pups were healthy and fine. Everything went along beautifully until the time came for dew-claws to come off. Then a near-tragedy almost cost us the life of one of Misha's finest sons. An artery was nicked, and several hours later opened up so that, with every heartbeat a spurt of blood welled up from the wound in the little leg. The puppy almost bled to death before we could get the young and conscientious (but inexperienced) vet — the only vet in town — back to repair the damage he had inadvertently done.

"We tried everything, but nothing would

stop that arterial bleeding. For two hours, while waiting for the vet who had gone on another emergency call, literally kept death at bay by digital pressure on the severed artery. We put the puppy on a warm heating pad on a high work counter in the kitchen, and Bill and I took turns of 10 or 12 minutes each, standing above the puppy and pressing our fingers over the wound. It seemed an eternity before the vet arrived and tied off the artery.

"During all this time, both Sam mothers were almost beside themselves. The smell of the blood, the crying of the puppy, and our own agitation, made them frantic with worry and anxiety. At first we had too much to cope with anyway, so we shut them out of the kitchen. Their whining, barking and scratching became so desperate, however, that we eventually let them come in to see for themselves. They made repeated trips between the kitchen and their kennel rooms in anxious investigation, and finally, though worried and dejected, they seemed to understand that we were doing all we could for the little one.

"The next day, in our concern over the weakened condition of the puppy, we decided it would be beneficial to slip him away from his own mother and her sizable brood, who almost ate her up at every meal, and to take him to Starbit for supplementary feedings. She had only two puppies and oceans of rich milk for them. She could easily have fed a litter the size of Misha's.

"The first time we took the frail baby to Starbit, we held her head away from him while he nursed, fearing that she might resent the intrusion and hurt him. The second time, we realized by her tongue movements that she desperately desired to lick the baby, so we allowed her to do so.

"She cleaned and caressed him from head to foot, carefully inspecting his bandage and tenderly urging him to her udder. After he had eaten his fill, she moved both her body and the sleeping puppy, inch by inch, until he was sheltered between her two front legs. When we tried to pick him up to take him back to his own mother, Starbit lay her chin across him, her eyes pleading with us to let him stay. Her own two strapping big babies lay, replete with food, burping and care, sleeping peacefully in a far corner of the kennel bed, but she wanted this little weak one too!

"So she kept him, and no puppy on earth got more devoted or more intelligent care. She loved her own two babies dearly and cared for them well, but she seemed to know that they had very little special need of her beyond routine feeding and cleaning. For the foster baby there was an added tenderness and extra solicitude. If he as much as peeped, she went immediately to investigate.

At the faintest sign of alarm, he was the first she went to in protection.

"And what of Misha, the real mother? Well, at first we thought we were fooling her, but we weren't. The second day she found the door to Starbit's room ajar, and, without ever having given any sign that she had missed her son, she went in to get him. Starbit put her paw over the baby, and the two mothers carried on quite a conversation. I'm sure they had some choice things to say to each other, but finally they seemed to reach an agreement. The baby was allowed to stay with Starbit, but Misha was allowed to examine the baby. Afterward she seemed quite content and went back to the rest of her brood satisfied.

"Each day however, she found an opportunity to go back to see the baby, each time picking him out unerringly. She made no effort to take him and was not at all unhappy. It was almost as if the two mothers had agreed that Starbit was to care for the puppy, but that the real mother should retain visiting rights. Misha seemed to know that Starbit could bring the baby back to health sooner than she could have done, and she was willing to allow it for the baby's sake.

"I am sure any animal behaviorist would say I am reading too much into this situation. But then which of us Sammy folk ever think of our Sams as animals? To us it was a beautiful demonstration of elemental mother love and care for the weak and helpless on the part of Starbit, and of mother love and sacrifice on the part of Misha.

"We are sorry to report, however, and no one will be surprised to hear it, that during the entire affair, the splendid papa demonstrated nothing at all but complete indifference to the babies, an unaltered interest in regular meals, and the usual constant vigilance over his favorite balls and bones! His only anxiety was to be sure that the little shavers in no way upset his comfortable masculine routine, and that 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' was exactly as it should be, wasn't it?

"Merry Christmas to all from the Alpine Samoyeds and their Bill and Freda Powell."

The following item we have "snatched" from an S.C.A. Bulletin by one of our former Publicity Directors, Mrs. Gertrude Adams of Los Angeles.

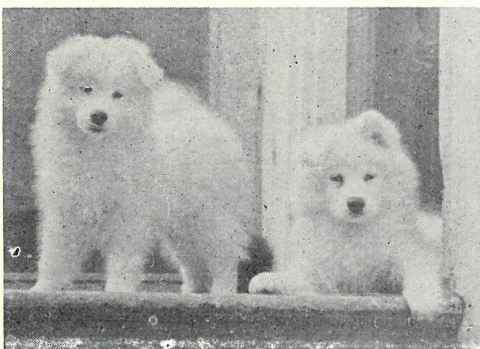
In view of the many shows planned for the months ahead, I feel that it might be of particular interest to Novice exhibitors of Sams.

"IN THE JUDGE'S CORNER"

By Clifford H. Chamberlain

"What does a judge look for?"

"Sometimes I wonder, myself, as I sit at the ringside and watch. I cannot speak for other judges. I know what I look for. All judges do not look for the same attributes,



Greetings for 1966 from the
White Christmas Samoyeds

to

ALL SAMS AND THEIR "FOLKS"

Vera Lawrence

610 Colusa Ave. Berkeley, California 94707

ATTENTION:

All Sammy Owners!

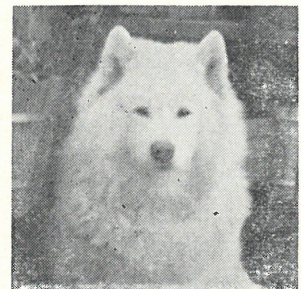
"THE SAMOYED DOG"

An 8-page booklet on the Samoyed. Handy to carry to dog shows and give to folks interested in Sams. Single copies 10c each. \$1.00 per dozen. Postage extra in quantities over 2 dozen. Please write:

Vera Lawrence

610 Colusa Avenue
Berkeley 7, California

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Lensen of White Christmas
Our beloved companion
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September 23, 1952 - March 17, 1964

Ina M. Lawrence
Berkeley. Calif.

nor the same quantity of the qualities which they feel are most important. But roughly, I think we can say that all judges have certain points they look for in common.

"What a lot of us want most in a working dog is **Soundness**. What is Soundness? It is a composite of **conformation, good running gear, substance and type**.

"Good conformation means good balance in a dog—a dog neither too tall nor too long in body, with an arch of neck and the look of a 'thoroughbred.'

"A dog without good legs, front and back, a dog too fat or too thin, too 'soft' in condition is to my mind an Unsound dog. A Samoyed with a mean disposition is NOT a Sound specimen of a breed which should 'display a marked affection for all mankind.' A Samoyed with a mealy, soft or too short coat, with drooping ears or definite double-hook tail which cannot be lowered, is an Unsound dog.

"The above is, I believe, a relatively simple outline with which 90% of your judges would agree. The wide gulf between their final decisions comes from the relative importance they put upon the different components in the dogs they judge. In the mental weighing of one point against another, comes the judge's personal application of what he thinks qualifies the best dog. . . . Some have definite type preferences. The writer has been criticized at times for preferring the larger, Working-type Sam. This is true. It is hard for me to 'see' a good 'little' dog. Small dogs, by their very structure, have 'small' faults. Take an 18-inch Sam. Unless the judge gets down on his knees can he spot the 'small' dog's 'small' fault of tracking close, for instance, under the coat, which is, of course, much more luxurious in proportion—and longer, closer to the ground—than the larger dog's. But the same fault in a 22-inch or 23-inch Sam is a good four to five inches OFF the floor, and easily seen by judge and gallery alike. I decry the lumbering Great Pyrenees, heavy-headed, heavy-lipped type, as well. What I prefer is the **standard** dog, with a graceful gait, majestic head, and sound substance under his magnificent spikey coat, and plenty of great muscular development, heart and lung room, but no Bulldog chests! This is the Ideal. But we have to judge them as they come into the ring. That is where the divergence comes. To one judge I know, underweight in a good-legged dog constituted a more serious fault than the definite cowhocks of the splendid bodied animal he put up. To me, the **cow-hocks** were a **much greater fault**, since they are hereditary. Underweight could be cured and certainly would not be passed on to any progeny! On the other hand, it has been my misfortune to have to turn down a magnificent specimen, very out-of-condition, for a run-of-the-mill champion which was in better all-round shape, and with no glaring fault, 'as of that day.' But the question often is: WHICH fault? How to judge a dog out-at-shoulder against one slightly cow-hocked? How to decide between a high, narrow chest against a barrel-body and no tuck-up? Which is the

better for the breed—a dog which tracks close or one that waddles?

Only a judge can decide! To the 'all-rounder' the particular fine points of a breed can't be too well known and it is excusable that disposition, eye, tufted ears, a tail which can't be lowered, are not always considered. But to a judge who has raised and shown good Samoyeds, he will be highly remiss if his placements do not reflect a definite adherence to correct type. To a Specialty judge, who would as soon breed a good one as to own one, there is a real pleasure in going over a fine specimen of the breed he loves; and to judge a good assortment of them is a mighty satisfying experience. There are few firsts in any dog show. But in all good Sams, one can find a quality of soundness and that instinct to please that holds us to the breed. In closing, I might say that the thought which should be paramount is that the Samoyed IS a Working Dog—the oldest the world knows.

Shall hope for your letters, ads, pictures, etc. for our renewed and we hope better Sam section in W.K.W. —V I.

TRAINING WATCH DOG

(Continued from Page 4)

their littermates. The noise may not annoy you, but it may bother your neighbors. You can break your dog of the habit by careful, patient training. You don't want to inhibit the dog and reduce his value as a watch dog later in life, so be understanding but firm.

Correct the dog only when he barks continually, or for no reason. Hold his muzzle shut with one hand, and with the other, finger point your command "quiet." If this doesn't work startle him into silence by dropping a pan or tin near him, followed by the command. You may have to repeat this a number of times, but don't give up and always praise him when he obeys.

Keep your dog on a leash at all times when in populated areas. Many puppies of the large breeds look full grown and threatening to strangers, and not everyone will understand that your dog is only "playing" if he leaps toward them. Walking on leash provides a chance to train the dog to "heel" and refrain from such antics, too. Don't allow the dog to run loose without supervision. Even if he doesn't become a neighborhood tramp, he will be less "your dog." Keep him at home.

Never let your dog relieve himself on someone else's lawn or garden, the Center warns. Train your dog to use an out of the way place or one which can be hosed down every day. Neighbors can't help but resent a dog that is allowed to soil their property. "Curb your dog" means exactly that. Here, the fault can only be the owner's.

In addition to walking, the dog needs exercise in playing. If possible, a run in a wood or open field once a week will do wonders in conditioning him. A watch dog should not

be a "wild" animal. Proper training will make him a good companion and a welcome neighbor, the Center concludes.

GROOMING CHECK-UP AT END OF SUMMER

The end of Summer does not always bring along an end to summer-caused problems for dogs, states the Gaines Dog Research Center, New York.

This is a good time to really look at your dog, from head to toe, and put him in condition. Give your dog a grooming check-up the Center advised.

Good dog grooming begins with healthy skin. Summer sun can cause a dog year-round misery. Sunburn is a problem for dogs as well as people. It will lead to dry, scaly skin and dandruff. Days spent outdoors and too frequent washing rob your dog of his natural skin oils. Scratching and biting, the dog's only defense against annoying itches, will only further irritate and inflame the area, causing pain.

Prevent this by making sure your dog always has a shaded area in which to rest when outdoors, and although bathing the dog is necessary more often during the hot, humid weather, always use a mild soap and warm—not hot—water. Rinse thoroughly, to remove all traces of soap from the skin and coat.

Diet, which may have suffered in the "informal routine" prompted by warm weather, should be restored to normal. A dog needs balanced nutrition every day. The soft-moist dog food products now available provide all of the vitamins, minerals and protein normal dogs require for good coats and healthy bodies with utmost convenience.

Check your dog's coat for parasites, mats or tangles. Parasites can be removed with sprays, medicated shampoos, or dips. This may take a bit of time, but it will save the dog annoyance, pain and aggravation. Mats and chewing gum can be removed by rubbing with a piece of ice. Mineral oils, worked in with the finger tips, will make removal of burrs and beggar lice easier. Use the brush every day, and go slowly. Don't neglect any part. This will keep the dog neat and clean.

Normal exercise should wear your dog's toenails down to a comfortable length. If it is necessary to trim them use a clipper and file them smooth. When cutting be very careful not to cut into the quick, which is extremely sensitive. Nip off a little at a time. Look at the pads and between toes for for-

(Continued on Page 16)

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