

The
SAMOYED
QUARTERLY



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SAMOYED PEOPLE

The Samoyed Quarterly Talks With
JEAN BLANK
WHITECLIFF SAMOYEDS
San Francisco, California

Jean Blank was born on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1904. She was actively engaged in showing and breeding Samoyeds from 1950 to 1964. Jean "made" five champions before she and Percy Matheron became partners in "Whitecliff" Samoyeds. Percy's wife, Lena conditioned the dogs.

Her first champion was Ch. Cheechaka of Whitecliff. Others of note include Ch. Yurok of Whitecliff ("Rocky"), Ch. Shoshone of Whitecliff ("Shonie"), Ch. Nakomis of Whitecliff ("Missy"), Ch. Sisipuk of Whitecliff, and Ch. Chumikan of Whitecliff.

Jean and Percy co-owned Ch. Yurok of Whitecliff, the top winning Samoyed of all time (Yurok was bred by Mary E. Breathehl). Yurok, or "Rocky," won 201 BOB, 32 Group 1s, and 5 Best in Show. He was ranked Number 8 in 1958 and Number 3 in 1959 in the Working Group and was Number 8 dog, all breeds, in 1959. He was the only Samoyed to ever hold a placing in Top Ten Dogs (All Breeds). He was the only Samoyed recorded in "Top 400 Great Show Dogs in America." He was the winner of the Perpetual Stud Dog Trophy. Rocky was born in 1955 and died in 1970.

Pictures of Jean by Rene Chicoine.

This interview was taped at Jean's home on October 29, 1976.

(Introductory conversation).

How did you ever acquire him (Ch. Shoshone of Whitecliff, "Shonie") back again?

Well, the man who had bought him had come to the shows up in the Northwest and had seen me with the dogs and so on... and he had loved them. He waited two years, he wanted a puppy. And when... we didn't have very many puppies, that wasn't my idea of this thing at all. And I was very careful where I placed them. I insisted on fenced yards and I insisted on a number of other things. But in this case, this man was a school teacher with a lumber company in the Northwest, way out. They had one general fence to keep deer out of the whole area where their employees lived, you know, as well as what they did. So they wouldn't let him have a fence of his own. But he explained to me that the dog could never get outside this area. Well, the problem was that he was so thrilled about getting this puppy. They came down to San Francisco and they bought the puppy. And I knew the puppy was going to be good. I could tell by the conformation, you know, if it had the right care. And they took him up there and the people in the camp immediately organized against him because this was a pure bred dog. And one of their... one of their entertainments was dog fights, which they held every Saturday night. And they claimed... they made it miserable for this school teacher his, his Sammy, ah, because they claimed being a pure bred dog it wouldn't be brave, and it wouldn't be this and it wouldn't be that. Well, as the dog grew up they would see to it that he got into fights. In fact, he was so maladjusted when we first got him back, I couldn't show him at all, because he thought that a dog show was a big dog fight and he was ready to get in, you know. Just like that. So when they brought him down to me, it had been the final blow for them because



these boys, who were sons of some of these people, got some ammonia and they, they shot it with pistols. You know, water pistols, into the dog's eyes. In addition to that, the poor dog had had a bobcat jump down and land on his back and got his eyelids, like this. So he had had to have some repairs made on his eyelids. So the man was just beside himself and he phoned me and I told him I would be going up to the Northwest and he met me there and I brought Shonie back and... I always insisted that if I had to take a dog back like this, I gave them their money back. In fact, I was pretty unpopular for awhile in the Samoyed Club because when I first got in it I insisted on certain things that I thought were matters of principle, such as not guaranteeing a show dog for a show price and it not being so. And so I originated the idea that if they bought a show dog for a show dog and it didn't become a show dog, they got the difference back between what they paid and the pet price. This didn't set very well, you know. And then I also felt that certain things about puppy problems, and so on. But I found out very early that I did not want to be real active in the club, you know, and I wanted to show... I loved it, I loved the game. And I had the time and could travel. And that made it easy for me.

When I first got the dogs, would you like to know how I got my first Sam?

I think I can show you in this book here... my first champion was Chaka, he's having his bubble bath. I always bathed him in Fab and he loved getting into the tub of water. Now, some dogs like it and some do not. We have some Sams who swim and some who don't even want to get their feet wet. But this fellow, I got him from Percy Matheron of, I think, four or five months after I had been initiated by Mary Breathehl and the reason we got a Sam was that we were living in Los Altos and it was after... well, when I was first alone. And my son was 12 years old. And he was very disturbed that at Thanksgiving that we had lost his dog who had been his particular pet. This dog... we had always had dogs, two or three in the household. I had been raised with them from the time I was born. My father had Bull Terriers. My Dad was an Army man, incidentally, and he liked nothing better than taking one of these huge English Bull Terriers down on Market Street in those days and putting it on a hydrant, up on the top. And then he would walk way up to the end of Market Street and he'd whistle. He had a certain whistle the dog would answer. The dog,



"Rocky" - Ch. Yurok of Whitecliff

just like a streak. And of course it would part people like waves (laughter), and that was my father's little joke. We were raised, I was raised with dogs. But after... in fact, my husband bought me a puppy after we were only married a couple of months. From a ranch up in Marin and I don't know what it was. It was some of this and that, you know. But it was a pretty little dog and a clever little dog and we had that dog for as long as he lived. Then I finally had a daughter and she would touch anything and everything and so we thought the best thing to do was to get her a dog. So we got her a Cocker because then Cockers were going great. And, following that we had, ah, a Dr. Creely in San Francisco was a very well known vet and he took care of our dog problems and so on. And during the war, during the First World War, there was a young man who, ah, was going overseas and he brought this puppy to Dr. Creely to find a home for him. It was a golden colored... it looked like a little Sam pup, but it was golden colored. And he said it was part Chow and part Husky. So Dr. Creely appealed to us because you know, he said

the dog wouldn't get diseases and so on, would we please take the dog home. Well, that was the last of course the dog would ever go back. So this dog was with us when Charlie was 12 years old. And she had an affair with a Malamute who was returned from the service after the war, up the street. And she had the darlinest puppies — they all looked like Siberian Huskies, they were all beautiful dogs. We got one that was a brandy color and we named them Vodka and Brandy and so on and said they had been born over a lost weekend. So we had Thanksgiving day and I guess they gave the dog too much turkey or too much turkey skin or something. Anyway, he became terribly ill and this was my son's particular pet. And rushed him to the vet... and we were in Los Altos then... and he died. And Charlie was just terribly upset. So I wanted to get another dog that looked something like a Husky or a... I had heard of Sams but I knew nothing about them. Ah, never thought of owning one. I just had heard about them and considered them vaguely. But, my veterinarian down in Palo Alto sent me over to Los Gatos to call on Mary Breathehl, who was as he told me, rais-



Ch. Chumikan of Whitecliff

ing Samoyeds. And, ah, he would be very happy if I would buy one from her, for various reasons. So I went over there and I took Charlie and Mary had her first champion present and this great big dog climbed up beside of Charlie and, and sat down along side of him and Charlie just grabbed him around the neck and this big 12 year old youngster burst into tears and that was that — we had to have a Sam. And that was what influenced my buying the first Sam.

The first Sam I bought was a puppy from Mary Breathe! but the puppy but the puppy didn't... it was ill immediately and died almost immediately. And meantime I had become interested in the breed and it started going and Mary took me to my first dog show at San Francisco. And I saw her take this bitch, Harna, a full grown bitch, up for a four point show and my, it looked easy you know (laughter). This was very exciting. So that is how it happened. And before you knew it I was acquiring Sam puppies from here and there and everywhere but I had not yet found the dog that Charlie wanted to replace the dog he had loved. It turned out that this was Chaka, who... that I had read in the paper, in the ads, that these people over in, in Lafayette had some puppies. And so I went over to see them and Lena was home, Lena Matheron, and I immediately knew that I wanted this big oversize dog because... I fought for this dog all the way because at this time some of our more prominent breeders were showing little, cut-down Sams, you know, and they quarreled about the dog being over standard. To this day, the height is not a disqualification. They may recommend a height, but

it is not a disqualification. And this became such a hassle because this dog had one thing that most of the dogs in the ring didn't have — he had four good legs. And I thought that was a very good idea for a working dog to have four good legs. A lot of the dogs in the ring were suffering from hip dysplasia and... that's all right for a toy dog because they can be carried but a working dog has to have four legs. He had them. And it was the first thing that judges noticed and would say, "Oh my Goodness, where did you get such a sound dog?" They began talking straight across the country, "Have you seen that sound Sam in California?" That was Chaka. He was also a showman like Yurok was, he had that... he loved to be admired. And he was a lead dog and I have learned that in this breed not all of them are lead dogs. Some of them are. A natural lead dog is great, and this one was one. And so we, ah... I bought this puppy and we started showing him. It was so cute because when we got over there Lena said, "Well, I think you'd better see my husband if you are going to show this dog. I don't think he would want you to show this dog." And I told her, "Well, why not? What's wrong with him?" You see, I was just a novice at this time and she said, "Well, I'll let Percy tell you." She went and found where Percy was employed and he came rushing home. They had Chaka's litter brother, called King. King never became a champion. There was a reason for that. However, I was interested in this dog because this was a big dog and that is what Charlie wanted. I was getting it for Charlie.

So Percy said, Oh no, this other dog is so much better, this dog is such and so and he's too big," and I said "No, I'm going to buy this dog." So this was the dog I bought. But, I was impressed by their honesty because I had been around just enough up to this time to sense that sometimes people were not so honest about things. So I liked that. So I took Chaka and he sat stiffly in the back of the car on the way back to Los Altos and, ah, I had stopped at a stop signal and I turned around and looked at him, and so I just threw my arms around him and hugged him. And it was just like I had let that dog... untied him. Because then he was secure. Right away we were friends. And so Lena sent me all kinds of messages about what to feed him and how to groom him and everything, all written out you know and I followed all of these and I also knew something about dogs myself, a little bit. So I worked him 15 minutes every day, religiously, and we came up to the period when they were going to both be six months old. King and Chaka. And Lena sent me a note and said, "I don't want you to feel badly Mrs. Blank because you know you can't win. King is so much better a dog and you just haven't got a chance but we want you to know that we appreciate your love and affection for the dog, and so on." So I said that's fine. So we got to the show and, of course (laughter), Chaka won. And this was the first thing we did wrong you know (laughter). So, anyway, I went on from that point and made him a champion. And then I found out that there were a lot of judges who were conditioned to the idea that this dog could be too big. So there I thought, all right... and I kept a little black book and every judge was listed in this little black book and what he did. And so I started looking for a little dog who would appeal to the judges who didn't like the big dog. And that is how I got Ch. Chumikan (of Whitecliff).

It so happened that I bought him also from Percy because Percy had come by a female, Carla II, and it was an English dog and it had, I think, through a hairdresser or something over there, a woman had gotten this dog and she knew that, that Percy had always been interested in dogs. And Percy and Lena had a little, what do you call those little ... Boston Bulldogs, at the time when they got their first Sam. And Omak (the sire of Yurok) was their first Sam and he, however, did not get his championship for three years and he is the sire of Rocky (Yurok). But they just didn't do it that way then. You just went to one little show in your area and then you waited for the next one to come around. So, ah, anyway, Percy had Omak over there and Carla and he just thought that would be great. Now Omak he bought from Elaine Spathou and Omak had been the runt of a litter. Now he was beautifully made in sort of a compact little way like this, which you will see from his pictures later on. But he was small. He was also so high strung that on a trip he never sat down or layed down. He just paced up and down the station wagon continually. And so he bred Omak and Carla and the first two puppies he lost with disease. I have forgotten which one it was. Anyway, the second breeding he... Chumikan was of the second breeding and he was small and fat, short of leg. And I took these two dogs to learn about dog shows and handling on the Texas circuit at a time when the Texas circuit meant that you went around the perimeter of Texas. You drove one day and the next day you showed. And we had 13 shows in a month's time. That gives you an idea.

And I had very... oh, I had so many interesting experiences because in that part of the country there were people who had never seen these dogs. And the Indians, like going through New Mexico, they just simply hung around the car, you know. I was afraid to leave. They loved dogs. I was afraid to



Jean with Rocky

leave the dogs in the station wagon. Well, we made this trip and it was Harry Sancter who was a very great and very fine handler. And I was very, very fond of him. I respected him highly, really great. And he taught me many things. For instance, I had noticed in the dog shows I have seen... there was a female champion. And she was handled by a specific handler, who's name I'd rather not mention because he's a friend too. However, ah... however, I had noticed that when the dog came down mat toward the judge, it was just perfect. But when the dog left and went back, away from the judge, every single time that handler stumbled, off of the mat, and so the dog stumbled too off of the mat, you know. And they got back on and by that time they were at the point to turn around and come back. So I wondered about that for a long time. And then I found out that if you have a dog whose gait isn't any good and shows it.

I would look at it... you know when he would take this dog to the ring, she limped. I could see her limp. And so I wondered about this and so I decided to inquire. And I found out that if you would trip like that, naturally the judge would allow the dog so much for having been thrown off his gait by the trip. So those were one of the things and... I think I should tell you too that along with the early, along with the early you might say exposure to dogs, my uncle, my mother's oldest brother, was a chum of the senior Jack Bradshaw when he was a handler, before he became a superintendant, and so on, before the present one. In fact, my uncle held the present one, who is now a senior one, on his lap one time. But anyway, whenever the original Jack Bradshaw had any dogs coming in from any place, my uncle would take them before they took them to the kennels, to be sure they were all right. They would sort of go into isolation at my grandmother's place. So we had Borzoi there, by the way. Two Borzoi that he had gotten. Also we had a Black Chow come in from China. And this Chow was so black, his tongue and everything else, you couldn't see it in the dark. You know, you just couldn't see the dog at all. The dog got away as they unpacked it to go into my Grandmother's and it went up here, to the top of this hill over here, where the forest is you know and they spent, the original Jack Bradshaw and my uncle, all night and all day and most of the next night before they finally found the dog. And of course he was so frightened and of course it didn't speak anything but Chinese! It made it a little difficult. But that is why I was initiated into all of this, and I never thought about it again. And then, long afterwards, when I was getting into this my own uncle was bedridden and they were living, they had retired, up to Grass Valley and he was not well and I got him some dog magazines and he looked at it because it followed his early boyhood life. And when he found out I was going to do it... I'll get thrown in jail for this one...he said, "Ah, I don't want to see you do that Jean. You'll never be able to manage these handler's tricks." (laughter). So he said, "There are a lot of things you don't know about it."

Well, the first handler's trick was the first time that I arrived in the group ring with Chaka. And I was very proud. And I had Chaka trained, he was like Rocky and he would stand, you know. And I had him, and he was standing there just beautifully and looking very noble. He had a very long neck and a beautiful shawl and collar and what not and bib and, ah, so this person who had a dog. He also became a judge later. And he had a dog, but he was a professional handler at that time and he had a big dog in the working group and he took this dog and he walked it around right up to Chaka's rear. And I didn't know that would make the dog... I didn't expect it. It was right when the judge was coming towards Chaka this happened, accidentally you know. And so, I wasn't really... I didn't feel any resentment until the judge dismissed the man from the ring! He saw it. He saw him do it. So that was my initiation into the dog show ring and this is how he got started and I finished him without any difficulty at all, although I had many experiences and much action against him.

All right, then I finished a little short fat one, Chumikan, and he was a beautiful little dog. Beautiful Kobe head. And he had, he had certain points that were better by far than this dog. This dog was... I'll show you other pictures of him. There were people who complained about a lot of things because I have found that people, as such, are the most kennel blind persons in the world. And I am, believe me, Lena was one of the worst. If she had any children, she would have been unbearable with other people in school because she could never... no matter how different they were,

as long as they were our dogs, they were the best. And she never had any luck in showing dogs herself because she would go into the ring, nervous and upset and unsure of herself and sometimes the dogs would be wet and they wouldn't be properly groomed and the judge would put her down and she would fight with the judge (laughter). And so that didn't go over very well. So, then, another thing that I noticed was that they had, whenever the Matherons came to the show — it was only in this area — and the dogs would never be properly done. Groomed and so on. And all this nervousness and excitement and they would be bickering with each other and of course, you see, he just stood outside and complained. You know what I mean, he just criticised. But the thing is, the other people, there was no kindness, then, among breeders, believe me. And anybody who got in there and was a novice was... hum, at their own risk. So they would ridicule them. You know, behind their backs. And I didn't like that. I didn't like it a bit. And I knew that if I took one of those dogs, I could show it. So Percy was very anxious, he had been watching me handle the dogs and he was very anxious for me to handle the dogs. So I started in handling their dogs and Mrs. Larson, up in Santa Rosa, who had had the original dogs behind this dog. You know, Chaka came, he was very close to the old dogs, he was very close. And I had a reporter bring me a copy of the National Geographic, showing me, 20 years before that, showing me a picture of a Sam that had been discovered up there in the North. And it looked just like Chaka. You would have thought it was a picture of Chaka. And he was very close to those original dogs. So, ah, anyway, Mrs. Larson had this beautiful bitch, her name was Vodka. She called her Vodka because it comes from some Russian stock or something. And she really was a beautiful bitch and she was being murdered in the ring, I mean because the person who was handling her just couldn't do it and you... there are a lot of things to handling that people don't really understand. They think you just go in there with a dog on the end of a string and that is not it at all. And, ah, because I was having so much success with my dogs as they came along, people were approaching me, ah, would I please take them in. Well, I was conscious of the fact that this could be a no-no when you have professional handlers in there earning their daily bread and butter why you walk softly in this. However, I couldn't stand to see what was happening to Vodka so I told Mrs. Larson I would like to handle her. Of course, I handled her against a lot of competition and she went up and then the storm broke.

And they actually tried to have AKC bar me from handling anybody's dog but my own. Now anybody with any intelligence would know that that couldn't be done. But they tried. And it of course didn't work. But I decided then that if I was going to handle Percy and Lena's dogs, who were now completely dependent on me handling the dogs they had, then the best thing for us to do was to form some kind of a partnership. So we had an informal partnership, Percy and I. We co-owned all of the dogs, all of our dogs were co-owned, just like you know about. And this worked fine for our purposes because Percy couldn't get around and Lena... I used to say, well, legally, Lena was not a partner. She was the wife of a partner and, this gets into sort of a sticky situation. But I said she was the one who kept the dogs at home and conditioned them and spoiled them and so on. And this was the way it worked out because, eventually, I was traveling so much, I was going 60,000 miles a year. That's 5,000 miles a month from show to show in the western states and I was showing the dogs. And I would bring them home, and with the exception of one or two, like Shonie, who was my granddaughter's particular pet, and these, Chaka and Chumy and all



of these, ah, they went from my home. I had five champions when I made the move to have a partnership with them, with Percy and Lena. They didn't have any but I had five already of these dogs champions. So after we had sent all the slips in for co-ownership on our dogs, we arranged it so that for shows, I would pay, I paid all my own expenses — hotel and food and so on — and all of Shellie's, my kennel girl. She... see how tiny she was and how young when we first started. And then we shared, Percy and I shared the costs of the entries and the cost of anything that went into the dogs, like the ads and, and all the rest of it. But we just split them 50-50. And then we split my gasoline on trips, I kept my slips and we split the cost of that. But I wore out a car, every three years. Without a doubt, two or three years about. I never kept a car, really, over two years while I was driving so much. You know, you couldn't, because you just wore them out. When I have driven 20,000 miles, well a car has had it. But I kept them up, and then I didn't have the cost of the overhaul and so on. I had them, I had some funny experiences with cars too, like the boys who left rags in and they caught on fire going through a tunnel. Oh, we have had some hair raising experiences, believe me.

Oh, it was fun. It was fun, believe me. It was all fun. And I enjoyed it and we would do it all over again if we could. There would be some things I would change because I know a little more about it now, but I enjoyed it. Now, I know I have gotten off on two or three tacks...

Well, I could tell them a lot of things. I have driven so fast between California and Oregon, Bend, Oregon, because I was told that the Indians along there... and I was traveling at night you know... were on the warpath for anybody that was in that area. I traveled alone with my dogs and my brother always wanted me to carry a gun and I wouldn't do it and we were trained by my father, my brother and I, to use guns because Army people and Navy people they think, they think that you have a right to

bear arms, according to the Constitution. And I wouldn't do it and they worried about me traveling alone. So instead of that I carried a cattle prong, shock stick, and I never had to use it, because in all the thousands of miles, because I knew it would give somebody a jolt if they tried to open the door of the car or anything like that when I was in it, but with all the thousands of miles and all the experience, only twice in all this time did anybody try to molest me.

And this was between here and... you see the reason I traveled at night very often was that I stayed for the groups and the judges' dinner and it would be late and I would be, you know, too wound up to retire and I was on my way home and I would start out. So between Bakersfield and Mohave I had somebody try to be a problem but I outran them. This was another precaution I took when I got my station wagons and started traveling so much I got the biggest Lincoln engine I could get in a station wagon. I had a regular station wagon. And it could go if I had to go. And in those days, down in the desert, you had no place to get off of the road. There was just no where you could get off. They wanted to drive you off if they could, into the sand, and then you were stuck. So I outran that particular person and with the aid of some boys who were one of the Sea Side gasoline stations, cut rate places. When I came to that, I turned off and went right up and these young boys were there and they were holding down the station. It belonged to the father of one of the boys. And I said, "I don't want any gas, but just pretend I live here." And I said, "You see that car that is stopped out in the highway." And he stopped out on the highway. And how I happened to see him, when you come out of Barstow, you cross the railroad tracks and you make a little curve when you get on this side of the tracks and there is a ranch road. And I saw a car sitting there, dark. But the minute that I passed, on went the lights. And of course in the station wagon it was just me alone. And you couldn't see

even Shellie, she was sound asleep with the dogs in the back. So the boys, they played the game and some nice youngsters, in their late teens. "Do you want us to go out there and take care of him?" And I said, "No, no. Just let him think I live here." And so pretty soon somebody else came along and he had to move because there was no place to get off the road — he had to go. So that was how I got rid of that.

The other time it was between here and Salt Lake City, which is another bad road when you cross the salt flats. The same kind of thing. But in both instances I outran them and it was alright. But this one from Salt Lake — they pursued me after I got into a town and I kept right on going until I came to an all night open Standard station and I ran right in and said, "If those fellows (and they had one of these... it was an old Mercury and it was souped up and it could go as fast as I was, maybe faster, I don't know, I just didn't turn off, you know)." I said, "You had better be prepared to call your sheriff or something because I have had trouble with those fellows straight across the salt flats." Well, that ended that. That's the only time that I ever had it.

I had some other interesting experiences, like I was coming home from a show in the Northwest, and coming down through the interior of Washington and, ah... I'm losing the name of the town. I don't remember it. But anyway, you go up and down a hill. I have had several experiences with that on the highway and I think it is (Highway) 99, through Oregon and Washington. And I had just come from a show and I... after this experience on the desert I was always conscious of roads and if there was anything in the road, or anything... so in this particular case I was coming down the road and all of a sudden this light came on and all of a sudden there was a siren. And this was at the time they had a bandit called The Red Light Bandit of Contra Costa County and I had an experience with him also, in Contra Costa County. What he would do was to hide on a road and when someone passed he would come on the road and turn on his red light and people would stop and then he would rob them, you see. So, here I was, out in the middle of the wilderness you know, nothing but trees and this red light and I thought, "What have I done? Should I stop or not?" Well, for a few miles it kept on going and he kept his siren going, so I finally decided to stop and I rolled the windows way up tight, with just a little crack, like this. So he came forward and he was in uniform and I said, "What did I do?" He said, "Let me see your license." So I took my license and I slid it through this crack and then he handed it back. And then I said, "Just a minute, officer, I want to know why you stopped me." And he said, "Well, we had a woman escape from the woman's prison up here today and we have been stopping all cars with women who are driving alone." (laughter). So I rolled the window down and we got acquainted and then I went on. And that was that one.

And then, with Chaka, I started having experiences with the police department very early, because living down the peninsula I went over for the shows that went down the valley, you know — Bakersfield and Fresno and so on. I was late this particular day. So — what's the name of the town in the middle there, between the coast? Well, it escapes me. Well, anyway... see, I am getting old, it's tough... anyway, we came to this town, it's the town where all the earthquakes center. Hollister. And I was rushing through Hollister right at noon because I wanted to make a deadline and I got the signal from a policeman just past the middle of town and I was irked, but, anyway, I rolled down the window and was preparing to get out my license and so on, and knew I was guilty of having done, of having gone a little fast. Well, he came up and he said to me, "Let me have your license." And he puts

his head down and starts to write and Chaka steps up to the window and he goes slurp, right up the man's face and knocked his hat off! (laughter). And you have never seen a more surprised policeman in your whole life and he said, "What kind of a dog is that?" I told him and you know he did not give me a ticket. He was so intrigued with Chaka's personality that he just didn't give me a ticket. So that was the first one.

Then another time when I was going down to those shows in the valley, I was late and I came on this long procession of cars. And they were not driving a speed limit that was suitable for the road that they were on. They were all slow and it was just like a funeral procession. Well, you know, I began, "What is this? What is this?" I could see more cars were backing up in back of me, more and more cars. So I finally pulled out and passed them, right down to the first one, and there was a highway patrol car. And I thought, "Well, I'm sunk, here I go." So I went straight ahead and passed him legally, and all of a sudden "Zoooooo..." and he sounds me down. And so he walks up to the window and he said, "Don't worry lady, I just wanted to see who had enough guts to pass me." (laughter). He said, "This is my playtime." (laughter) And you know they all passed me, looking so satisfied, "Well, you know she got it. She got it." And they were all so smart, you know. Anyway, we had a visit. And a lot of times I wasn't very bright about it, I would take foolish chances. Like I was coming home from the Southwest and I was traveling from Tuscon and it had been terribly hot. You know that particular circuit comes in right towards the summer and it had been so hot and they didn't have air conditioning in Tuscon then and so I... we couldn't sleep so I had gotten up and I packed up the dogs and Rocky was the one and Shellie, my little granddaughter and myself, and we got in the car and we started home. Well, it is a long way. It's 1,100 miles from Tuscon to the peninsula and I made it just going, you know, and I got tired. So when I came into San Jose I pulled off onto a side street and everything was dark and so I stopped and rolled the windows and made sure everything was secured and went to sleep. I was awakened by a rapping on the glass and a flashlight and it was a local policeman. And so I rolled down the window and he said, "Lady, what are you doing here?" And so I explained. The dogs were tired — they didn't even bother to get up. Everybody was sleepy and tired. He said, "Well lady, you couldn't have stopped in a worst place. This is the red light district." (laughter). And he said, "If you want to move on, go up there by the such and such and park and I'll keep my eye on you." Usually, I went to a gas station. There was one in Bend, Oregon, a Standard station and the boys knew me. And if I came in, I could just sleep for half an hour. And I could go to sleep and wake up and be refreshed and go on and I could just park in back of the station and it was all right. So I have had my little meetings with the law in various places. They were fun, they were all nice.

Very interesting... how many years did this all go on?

Twelve years. I felt that was a long time because AKC has a rating. They say if you last 10 years you're an old timer. So I guess I'm really an old timer. But I enjoyed the showing. And, you know, it was a challenge, no matter where I went. I had to go because, ah, I had the time and the wheels and furthermore, I wanted to see these other dogs. I became interested in the fact that there were different types. And this breed... I didn't do anything for it, other than to bring it to the attention of judges. I think I did do that. I brought it to the attention of judges because before that they didn't count, I mean the ones back East, at Snowshoe Hill, the Sams of the Winning Ways, I



Ch. Nakomis of Whitecliff

Granddaughter Shellie Delmain

Ch. Yurok of Whitecliff

think they had a modest amount of winning. But the winning and losing I have seen has been very interesting and there are many things that I like to talk about rather than the standard. Such as showing your dog and not going in there as though, ah, you know, you suspect the judge of anything, except looking at your dog. It's partly, it's partly the showmanship of both the handler and the dog and the packaging of the dog and this is why I started to wear squaw dresses when I started going down into the desert and into Yuma and so on. These squaw dresses were very popular. It was the year they had these patio dresses and so on. I had a picture taken with Derek Rayne, incidentally, but I don't think I have it any more. Somebody took it out of my album. When his picture was taken with me, he is a tall man and I am very short. So I would usually kneel down on one foot behind the dog and I had a suit skirt on. And when the picture came out my whole thigh was exposed. And so what did my friendly competitors say? "Oh, that's how you win!" So it just seemed that I ought to have a big skirt or something like that and these dresses were great. And then I found that by showing these white dogs in front of these colored squaw dresses, they made a beautiful background. A tremendous background. And I also learned to run in mocassins and I handled it just like the Indians. When they make a pair of mocassins, they put them on and they stick their feet in water. And then when the mocassin dries it fits their foot beautifully. So I used all mocassins for running with the dogs. That made it possible for me

to really run in the group ring. And I kept up with the Shepherds and all these men running their dogs. And another little dirty trick that this handler was, that I knew instantly, that the way to make a dog stand out in the show ring was not to put him next to the other white dogs in the ring, but put him between two big black dogs if possible. So we always went between a German Shepherd and any of the other big black dogs in the ring. And of course that made him stand out. I always shooed them away if they even came near me, with their Pyrenees or anything else because I wanted to show this dog.

I was told, when I first got the dog, by the group that first got me started out in San Francisco, "You'll have to get a handler, you'll have to get a professional handler. You can't win unless you do. Because the handlers go in there and they know all the judges." Well, that isn't true at all. However, I thought that maybe there was some truth to it and we had a handler living in Los Altos at the time. And he was a great person, he's passed away. He really was. And so I arranged one Sunday for a number of the local Sam people come with their dogs and he was going to talk to us about showing them and so on, because he said the Sams were different, that if you could handle a dog you could do more with your own Sam than any handler could because the dog would do more for you. So, I liked that idea and I practiced it. And it was true. The only thing is that, sure, they knew the judges... just like I knew the judges and the judges knew me or knew anybody that turns up all over with dogs.

For instance, they all try to out think each other, that's true. We all went to a show. All professional handlers. Kay Finch with her Afghans and I with the Sams. We all snuck over to Phoenix one day because they were having a little show there. They were having a big show somewhere else. We wanted to get over there because we wanted to go Best in Show. We all had Best in Show dogs and we all went in there. And nobody knew anybody else was coming, so this gives you an idea. This is part of the thinking it out, besides selling it, as it were. There are people who try to convince judges that their dog is it, and you waste your time. And when I first got into this "racket," I noticed this mad rush to the entrance of the ring when the breed was called. They were all rushing to be the first one in the ring because the idea was that if you were the first one in the ring, the judge would see you. He wouldn't see anything else, they thought. Well, I thought, I'm not going to enter this hassle. So I waited until everybody was in. I had seen too many professional handlers have to be called from one breed to another ring to know that this couldn't be so, because if there was a little stop inbetween, the last one in and when you went in. Well, they were all standing there, as they would say, with egg on their faces, while you walk in with the dog. And that is exactly what I did. I never went in first. After I first observed that, I always went in last. This is confusing to a lot of people. They have these preconceived ideas.

And another thing is, you pay the judges. Well, I want to say here... this sounds like a testimonial for dog shows, perhaps it is. But in all the shows I showed at, and it was quite a lot... Rocky I had in 500 shows, and I made 16 champions besides Rocky and campaigning Rocky during all those years. In all the shows I was in, I never saw any shenanigans or exchange of money except once and that was... and I don't think anybody would begrudge the judge because he was down at the heels and he really needed it (laughter)... but it was in Reno and it was under the bleachers and I had cut across there to go to the lounge and I ran into them. It was the only time I had seen... I just saw the money passing from hand to hand and that's the only time, of all the shows. And I don't think that speaks badly for judges. And I never had a judge, pardon me, buy me anything, except a drink once up in, in Washington.

When I got to the same hotel there, along with several other people. But I ordered a Rye Old Fashioned, and he happened to be from New York and, so, people who drink Rye think that you have to come from the East to be able to drink Rye. But I was born in California and I just happened to like it. So, anyway, he saw them bringing this cocktail to me before my dinner and so he paid for that drink. That one, and then one of them bought me a cup of coffee once at San Francisco, and that's all, in all those years, although we were accused of many things. You have no idea, unbelievable (laughter).

That never changes...

No, that's people. Human beings.

These stories are marvelous. There is one thing we ought to bring in here... how did you happen to come along with your kennel name "Whitecliff?"

Alright. That was very simple. Ah, naturally the first thing I noticed was that everybody had kennel names and I wasn't particularly interested in the beginning, or in the end, in just breeding because... for sale... because it was too much work for me to follow up on all of those pups. And so I thought, well, and I lived in Los Altos and Whitecliff was my exchange, you know, my telephone exchange. All right, with Percy, they had decided, they lived under Mt. Piablo, in Walnut Creek, in Alamo actually, and they had decided that they

thought that Piablo would be a great kennel name and I said, "Oh, no, that's not for a Sam. Whitecliff sounds more..." I had been given the idea that somehow the bringing back of these dogs into where human beings lived again was England, you know, because they brought the first ones back. The explorers brought some of the first ones back to the Queen of England and so I just thought like it sounded like it would be a good name. So Percy agreed and that is how we shifted it to Whitecliff. It was just as simple as that.

Following that, the Whitecliff Lumber people came into being in Los Altos. They chose the name of Whitecliff. But they didn't bother me so I didn't bother them. And I tried to have it registered. This was long after... well, I had made five champions before I formed a partnership with Percy and these dogs were all named Whitecliff and somebody said "Well, you should register the name." And so I tried, but the American Kennel Club would not register it because they had so many whites and they did have, I had no idea, and not just in our breed, they won't limit it to just one breed. And I think, I am sure, that they protected me for years, because I had so many champions come along, and really, they are interested in producing and having good dogs shown and so on. And there were lots of little things that happened that are not worth talking about in connection with people.

I went to my first club meeting, Mary Breatheal took me to that too and ---- was there too and he was kind of in the middle of it. I never got it straight, but this was before they started to fight about the standard. And it was awful, it was worse than a dog fight, and I didn't want any part of it and resisted it for a long time. And then I felt that, well, no, I'll support the club and I'll take a membership but I don't want any office and I turned it down. I didn't want any part where I would get into any difficulty with them, you know.

Well, you know, I would advise any young couple. They are so bewildered, people are when they first get into this. And, for instance, when we had our first litter of pups, this was before I had a partner and it was our Sisipuk, and she was a sister of Chaka. And Sisipuk was an interesting Sam. I have found that these Sams who came down from the older dogs, where there was just natural selection, they are very interesting. They are as different as individual people are. She was quite a girl. She had a litter of puppies but she didn't have one maternal hair on her back. We also had a bitch, Missy, Nakomas... I took all these names, I searched them out, for Indian names... and she had a litter at the same time. And so Sissy promptly carried every one of her puppies over to Nakomas because she wasn't going to nurse them and she was going to go out with the boys. (laughter). And she followed that all the way through. That was Sisipuk. We would have to scold her and everything to make her nurse her own pups. She just wasn't going to have any part of it. But I made her a champion, you see as each one came along I made them a champion. But now... it slipped my mind what I was going to tell you about before we got into Sissy...

Well, we were so interested in listening about Sissy... with her puppies... let's see, how many litters did you have?

I didn't count them, keep track of them. All of our records were destroyed. Lena always wanted litters, but I didn't. Another thing, I tried to limit the breeding. I always wanted to limit it to certain dogs, they had to be sound, the breeding had to be right, I was trying to help. I made a friend of a girl who was in German Shepherds. She later became more involved with guide dogs that she was actually in showing her



Shepherds. And so I was very, very interested in the fact that this hip dysplasia thing that the guide dogs had worked very hard on. And they cannot, for instance, put a plate in a dog's hip and have it work, because it doesn't work that way. (end of tape interruption).

Because people, in being blind to the faults of their own dogs. If they like a certain thing about a dog, the dog doesn't even have to have legs or it doesn't have to have a head, or whatever it is that they particularly admire, that's it. And Percy particularly liked a smiling dog. I had to teach him, actually, about hip dysplasia and to show it to him at ringside on dogs in various breeds to make him realize that this was important. Other people are only interested in coat and if it's a heavy coat, they don't care what kind it is. These dogs, you will notice, had beautiful guard hair, because this dog is not in full coat and the guard hair is the kind that shimmers in the silver and is the undercoat and it's thick and they shed. And a male Sam really doesn't shed until he is better than a year old for the first time, and he really doesn't shed completely. A bitch sheds every single time she has a litter. And... what did you just ask me? I wanted to answer the rest of that too...

We were talking about how many litters you had, but we can't go into that. Maybe you can tell us what was your best litter?

Not as a litter, really, because of the litters that we had. And I am not talking about the litters that were bred to Yurok, or to any of the other dogs, when I wasn't home, when I was on a trip. And I don't know anything about those litters. And I could not protect the name of Whitecliff so what I did was to tell the breed, the breeders, was that anybody who had a dog related or descendent from our dogs, they could use the name of Whitecliff. And I decided, you know, that if they could learn these other things so easily, they wouldn't, but

apparently they had, because this is what they did. And there are a countless number of dogs that are Whitecliff now. But, you see, experienced breeders, when we got a dog, like Rocky, who became so great in the ring. Experienced breeders, like Elaine Spathou would want a breeding to their dog, and so we had several of those. And that is where Elliott Colburn's dog... and that dog has sired apparently a lot of good dogs, I have seen them. And this bears out, I suppose if you really wanted to be a great breeder you would study biology and genetics because it's in the second generation that the qualities apparently come through, like with people. They don't necessarily look like their parents. There may be a family resemblance, but they don't. They are apt to look like their uncle or their grandfather or their grandmother or so on, it is usually in the second generation that these traits come through and I have seen some beautiful dogs bred from Elliott Colburn's stock. And so I simply can't tell you, I know. We had Rocky's first litter, that was to a bitch who was owned by a Chinese gentleman who lived down the peninsula but I never saw anything but a picture of the little puppies looking over the... so I don't know what happened to those. We do know that Shonie, as far as the standard is concerned, in spite of all the problems this dog had, he was the closest to the standard, and after Rocky had been poisoned, or somehow got poisoned, and we knew we wouldn't be able to show him for quite awhile, that is when I started showing him. Because I had had him back some twelve weeks with the veterinarian to begin with and then brought him into the home and he was loved and made human again, you know. And so we started him. And, believe it or not, I finished him very quickly, in three months time I finished the dog because he had such quality and the judges were delighted because... I don't think I have a head study of him here... but his head was far superior to Yurok's or anybody else's we had had before. It was a magnificent head and he was just

a better dog and he was, actually, he was a stud puppy. And Mary Breathehl had brought one of her bitches, who went back to the old Chaka line again. This is what, this is what Percy should have done in the beginning, before I even knew him. He should have taken this dog of his, Omak and breed him to his bitch, who was from Mrs. Larson's breedings and they would have gotten better dogs right away. But he thought as they would sort of be fourth cousins that this would be wrong. It wouldn't have been, it would have been a fine line breeding, you know, under cattle standards and things like that. But, no, there was no one litter that was greater than any other, regardless of what you may hear.

You mention that Rocky was poisoned...

Well, I was down in the southland at a show and the dog was winning a great deal and, naturally, you incur a lot of problems. And I wrote a letter, in Western Kennel World and I'll get it for you now. It was in Western Kennel World and it explains the whole thing because after that there was so much, oh, it just tore up the whole place. But he was poisoned. He became violently ill on the bench and he was taken immediately off the bench, excused by the superintendent and taken to a veterinarian. And the veterinarian said he had been poisoned and he pumped his stomach and the dog layed on his side and I put him in the station wagon and he layed on his side all the way, I drove straight back, all the way back to Walnut Creek and we took him to our veterinarian over there. He had been poisoned. And whether he got that poison, where he got it, we don't know. And we never made any, any claims about anything and the article in Western Kennel World or any other magazine explains the whole thing, because there was such a fuss about the whole thing that I wrote a letter, and it deals with the whole story.

I had to write one about Shonie too you know. Because at one of his first shows... he was a dog that I finally brought out of all of his problems. When I first bought Shonie, he behaved, but if a dog challenged him, like in the group ring, and he made the groups in his first show, ah, he would respond. And in this case he responded and you couldn't hear yourself think and so there was a lot of talk about that afterwards and about how Jean Blank was ruining the reputation of the Samoyeds and so I wrote a letter about Shonie, which was also published. You can have the copies of the letters. I practically had to have a mail clerk for awhile. Were there other questions on there you would like to ask?

Still talking about puppies. Did you ever help any of your bitches whelp?

Oh yes, we had some very interesting experiences with our whelping, oh sure. No, I didn't do any tube feeding, but I did fix an oven for a girl who was having a litter of puppies and she needed an incubator and she needed it in a hurry. And we saved her two puppies, she only had two puppies. We saved them but we used the oven all night as an incubator. You can improvise and do a lot of things if you have to.

And then I sat with a bitch at the veterinary hospital who would not have her puppies. She would force them back. She would go into terrible labor pains and she would force them back. And she just wasn't going to have them. So we sat all night in that little incident.

But, yes, we always did. We always had the oatmeal and the milk and everything and they were very scientifically fed if they were bred, either at my house with my daughter or over at Lena's. I had been familiar with this sort of thing with dogs before I had Sams, you know, we had a very medical family, so it was no problem and Lena was

just great on feeding the dogs, she could really fix up menus and what have you that were just great. We had a real nice working agreement, because I had the time to do this. If people would only understand that, in other words, ah, I feel badly if they think they could have done so much better if they could have made these trips. But that's the way the world is, I mean, you know. They couldn't beat me in their own locale. And I finally got to a point and I said to one individual, "When you breed a better dog than Rocky I will be the first to congratulate you." And I meant it, you know. I mean that's the point.

How many champions were in the litters that you bred?

Well, I made 16, but there were many more, I mean all of these champions descendent from Yurok and Shonie. Shonie has had an incredible number, I haven't got the exact number but I have been amazed. But Virginia Newton, who is a well known Papillon breeder, here, she always keeps me posted you know in all the books and the shows and so on and it just fascinates me so many champions have come directly from Shonie. Again, he is a grandson on Omak and again is bearing out what I have said about the breeding.

Jean, who would you consider the best dog you ever bred, or ever owned?

Well, do you mean to the standard?

In your mind.

That is an unfair question to an individual dog because to the standard, Shonie was the best dog to the standard that we ever had in a litter of puppies that we saw and I told you I don't know anything about any of these things because if anybody came to Lena when I was away on a trip, we were apt to have another breeding somewhere. And if it were not to Yurok it would be to Junior, his litter brother, Omak II, who was not a good show dog. He was a beautiful dog but he was not a good show dog.

But Yurok was one of the greatest show dogs that has ever lived. He is the only dog to have ever made Great American Dogs, the only Samoyed. That is really an honor. And he is the only Samoyed to have made the Top 10 for several years in a row and he got down as close as being third in the Top 10, or eighth in the Top 10 and third in the groups. Yeah, it is a very difficult place to be and get. Half the time that he was going strong, some of the greatest dogs in our history, in our time, were going, like the Pekingese and the dog that Harry handled, the Boxer and Bang Away, a famous dog. I mean, the time that we took that Long Beach show, we had the pleasure of beating every single top dog in the United States. And that was a great thrill. It had a lot of other little angles to it too that were great. When I went down to Long Beach, I did not think I would be able to do anything. (Discussion of judges left out at request of Jean).

So we went on to Best in Show. And that was all part of the fun of it. To them... Percy had said to me that one of the reasons that I joined forces with him, in addition to the fact that they were the subject of ridicule from other members of the club that I didn't think was fair, was that he said, "I have always dreamed of having a good dog. That's all I want to have in my life is to have one good top dog." And I just decided to, that's what I'll name my mission. So that's how we started out and we went from one to another. Interesting experiences like you never heard of.

Percy has a terrible temper, and this is another reason that he could never show the dogs because he would also be inclined to quarrel. And one of the things that the judge must do is to examine the dog to make sure that the dog is complete. And no monorchids, not anything, he's got to be complete. All right. Percy and Lena.



Lena was more kennel blind in the end than Percy. But with Percy he had his problems too. She we had a litter of dogs and there was a puppy sold to a lady down the peninsula who later made a lot of things, knitted them you know, she did everything with the wool. We have a picture of her somewhere here too. Anyway, this little dog that they had was a cute little dog and it looked very much like Omak in its appearance and that endeared it to Percy too because that was his dog and he never got over the idea that he preferred, even over and above even Rocky, he liked a little dog with a Chow-like appearance. Because that is the way that Omak had been. I'll show you a picture of Lena with him when he finished and he was more of a Chow-like in look, you know and a little dog too, small in the litter. So they had a young boy, McKinley was their name. They had a son who was about 16 and he was going to show the dog and I would help these kids learn how to show. In other words, loose lead. That's another thing they need to learn. They either hold the dog up and choke him to death and have no control and the dog doesn't understand what they are doing at all. So I always preached loose lead because... no one is perfect, and when you are running or gaiting with a dog at a certain pace, if you have him on a tight lead and you have any peculiar thing go wrong with your gait, you'll make the dog do it. So loose lead and keep him on the mat so he doesn't slip. So I had taught this boy to handle this dog in the ring and I had never thought about examining the dog myself, it never occurred to me. He got in the ring. San Francisco. The Puppy Class. And he is disqualified. Why? He's a monorchid.

Well, Percy hit the ceiling. He wanted to go in and mangle the judge right there. See, that is going to help a lot, you know. So what they do in a case like that, the dog is banned 6 months. This was a 6 month group, he was just a puppy. To give him a chance. He would see a veterinarian in the mean time and so on. So we dried everybody's

tears and took the dog home and 6 months later he came up for showing. He had been passed, I have forgotten the veterinarian's name, maybe I can remember, he was an AKC vet down in Palo Alto. And he had been passed as being OK and so he was up. But the boy, he was nervous about it now. This was San Francisco again. That's a spectacular show anyway so they talked me into... I was glad to do it, I handled a number of puppies at one time or another, I was glad to... I took the dog in. And I set him up. And the boy had been working with him and the dog understood what he was supposed to do and so forth, like a little statue. Everything was just fine and then the judge was just two dogs away, just moving up to the dog next to me and I thought, "My Gosh, I had better check this myself." And not depend on the vet. And he only had one.

So, in my... consternation and everything... I picked him up, like this, and I shook him, see? And set him down. And the judge came along and examined him and the dog was all right. (laughter). He had a short cord on one testical and whenever he got nervous he tightened up. So I showed the dog to his championship. So then all my competitor friends were saying, "Why does Jean Blank do that? See her. She picks it up and shakes it just before the judge comes." Every time before the judge came, I picked it up and shook it. But I didn't tell anybody until he had his championship and that was the end of that. So that gives you an idea...

Well, I have become accustomed to this problem in toy dogs or in any closely bred dogs. Well, actually, you see, I have shown several Papillons to their championship and Pugs, and this is really funny, because traveling everywhere as I did, I always had a passenger. Usually I had Gene Bennett. Gene Bennett and I went all over, you have no idea. Do you know him? He's the photographer. Traveling with him and like this girl who used to raise Pugs outside of Alamo, she had her kennels. So there are pugs running around,

their condition was... there was a very terrible area for tuberculosis. And both of these people contacted tuberculosis and they were from the East. And they had his mother come out and take care of the children but the authorities would not let the children remain with them, you see. He had to go in the hospital and all the rest of it. So he had a friend who was with the Indian... you know, agent's group, to take care of the Indians. He wasn't much of a friend, but I guess he knew him. Anyway, he wanted to let him have the dog until... because he wanted the dog. So I still wanted to check up on this because this was one of my dogs that had changed hands and I wanted to know where it was so I went the first time to Texas for the Texas little circuits, the local ones that they have. The West Texas circuit.

I decided I was going to go and see Tiki. And I had taken with me on that trip, I think I had the girl with the Pugs. We had her crates in the back of the station wagon and then the dogs and Shellie fitted around the crates. So when we got over there. Going over, I couldn't stop. Until we came back. We went to the caverns in New Mexico and so on and came back and I decided to find that dog. So I couldn't find the man who had bought the dog and then I did find him. And I insisted on staying there and this girl stayed right with me. We found him and he said, "Well, I'm sorry that I didn't let you know but I lost him." I said, "You lost him? How could you lose him?" He said, "Well, I took him up hunting, up in the mountains." And you know those mountains in New Mexico are barren, they just have no trees or rocks or anything, they are just barren rocks. And then he said, "And then when we were ready to go he wasn't there." And I said, "Well, didn't you look for him?" "We couldn't stay." So, this had been... he had been lost for about 12 months. Well, there wasn't a great deal of hope but I had to look. So I went out to find out everything that I could. And there was a lady living in New Mexico who had been from the Northwest and her name was... ah, oh, names escape me... ah, she was a lovely person, she entertained for the Federal Government when they came down on the atomic things and the things they were doing in New Mexico at that time and she had a beautiful, beautiful home, adobe home on a huge piece of land, I don't know how many acres and around this was an adobe wall and it was landscaped inside and it was just like the Garden of Eden. It was the most beautiful thing you have ever seen and her home was beautiful and she had many young Indian servants, who loved her and loved the dogs. And she had told me she had made her home a refuge for every Sam passing through who was lost or anything like that she would always go out because she had a Sam in the Northwest and so she had a couple Sams also. And I met her and she told me that one of her Indian boys told her that he had seen a Sam in a little community in New Mexico on the highway going north and that it had been rescued by someone who was from the customs department or something and they didn't know exactly. So I was sent to this community and I went into this Indian store and when you entered, this Indian girl came for us and, you know, wanted to help you and I explained I only wanted to find out about this dog and she took us to the back of this store and I found this very large Irish woman who didn't have anything to do with the Indians and she was the operation of this Indian store and she told me that "Oh, yes, the dog had been rescued by this Indian man and his wife," and where they lived.

So I went from there to this other community and it was just dead quiet when I drove in. I was told that they were all Indians living there and it was just dead, there wasn't a breath of air or a sound because here was a foreign car coming. And I drove down the main street and I didn't see anything alive and I turned around and I came back and I saw

a bulging on a screen porch and so I stopped and I went and pounded on the door and this Indian girl came out and she was from a mission. She was a mission school girl and so then she called somebody else and pretty soon all the heads were sticking out of all of these buildings on each side of the road. And it was a road, not a paved street. And so they said yes, this fellow in such-and-such a place had found the dog and I should go up to the house that had a bell and ring the doorbell. So I went up and rang the doorbell and this other Indian came out and they sent me out to see this other Indian and his wife. Well, he was suspicious when I drove into what would have been his driveway and I told him what I was looking for and made it so that he could understand. I pointed to my dogs and so on and we got by alright.

Getting out there was very interesting because I had to, I had to go over open country that had no roadway at all and the only identifications I had on this land that has no trees was I would pass a mission school, and I found it. The only tracks were wagon tracks from some of the Indian wagons. We followed it very slowly. We got out there and we found this little community of Indians and they lived in perfectly normal houses but there was nothing else around. This man said yes, his son-in-law had been driving along on the highway and they had seen this beautiful white dog and they were afraid it would be killed. It was a highway not heavily traveled at that time in New Mexico. But they had picked up the dog and had brought it out to him to take care of and the dog had run away. In order to get to this house, I went through one area where there were some Indians living and I was trying to follow was everybody had been trying to tell me, and most of it had been broken English. I came to this one Indian abode and this Indian woman was outside and she had she was going this way, you know I think she thought I was a tourist. Hanging from her ceiling were all kinds of gourds and blankets and things. So, I explained no. Well, they told me that, as I finally got further and further into this wild country, that the dog, that the man had found the dog after he had ran away, brought him back, and then they had taken him further into the hinterland to take care of some woman who lived out there near the river. So when I got out there near it I saw it out there out across this land, across this long distance, I saw this little white thing on the ground. And I stopped the station wagon and I called, "Here Tiki, here Tiki, here Tiki." And the dog tried to get up and he fell down. So I was crying, the girl with the Pugs was crying, everybody was crying. We rushed forward and I called the dog again. He was so weak he couldn't stand but he put up his head and he howled, you know, it was his way of recognition to me. So I picked him up and I made a bed on the top of one of the Pug's crates and we made a bed for him and I took him in to this lady who had this big home and I said I could not take him all the way back to California in this condition with all these dogs I have. So I told her I would go back and then I would come back immediately and pick up the dog. So I did that. I went home and I left Shellie at home and all the dogs and I returned and in the meantime, she had fed the dog skimmed milk and kept him alive and when I had picked him up and he had been lying out there, this young Indian girl came from down by the river shack and she had said had said that yes, it was her aunt or grandmother or something who had taken care of the dog and that he fished in the river. And he wouldn't eat meat, he would not touch meat, this little dog at all. But he would go in the river and catch fish. Now we had known this puppy, from the time he was born, he used to put his nose right down in his water pan, up to the eyes to drink so that had stood him in good stead because he fished and had caught fish and that's the

way he survived all those months that he was trying to find his way back, following the river until he got to the highway you see, where the Indians had found him. So I didn't have... I never traveled with a lot of money but I had a \$20 bill and I gave it to this old lady and by the way she grabbed it, you just knew that any dog that went through New Mexico after that got the best care because she was so happy about that \$20, and that was all that I had to give her. Well, I brought him back to the veterinarian at Livermore, he's a great veterinarian, and he had that dog for about five weeks and nursed him back to health and then I had to find a home for him. So I knew of a family and they had the same number of children as the original man in Gallup, the school teacher. They had a boy and girl and so on, and this family also had a boy and daughter and when they saw Tiki they fell in love with Tiki. And so for the first time in all... in a couple of years you might say, Tiki became a happy dog. But they lived in the East, in Fremont and I finally went to see them after they had the dog for awhile and the dog was delighted to see me, just delighted. But when I left he went in back under the piano and he wouldn't come out for anybody so I knew that is where he wanted to stay and that's what happened to KonTiki.

After that, I of course let the school teacher know. They did finally recover and went back East but it was a long hard road for them too because they couldn't have their children with them, they couldn't have the dogs with them and he was in the hospital for a long, long time.

What a marvelous story.

Here are a couple of questions. At what age do you evaluate your puppies and what do you look for? Do you cull (put the puppies down) and why?

If the dog is going to be a healthy dog, I personally do not approve of that practice. I know they do it with white Shepherds, for instance. I know a white Shepherd who belongs to a police officer here in San Francisco somewhere — it's a beautiful dog and a happy dog and I feel that if you can sell those dogs for pets with no pedigrees and if you can spay the bitches then I believe you are protecting dogdom. I do not just believe in ruthlessly culling a litter for no reason. Now if a dog is deformed, that is something else again. If there is an adequate medical reason for it, but just because ah, I don't know the different reasons they might have for doing it, I do not approve of it as a general practice.

The first time that I look at them (the puppies) is three weeks, then six weeks and at six weeks you can't actually pick out what it is going to be but you can try, you know. You know what the dog is and what he is supposed to be. You cannot tell anything about hip dysplasia until they get beyond five months, six months because the dogs aren't developed yet. It is true of every breed. When I was doing a puppy match down in San Diego and they could enter their puppies from, I think it was three months or four months to six months, you know, as a first class and so on. And, again, this is probably why I was endorsed by the Pomeranian people, there was a girl... they were having their inter-fights, like they do in all clubs, you know. There was a girl who had some winning dogs and she brought these two little puppies. You didn't have to be a doctor or a veterinarian or anything else to know that those dogs were practically newly born. As it turned out, they weren't even three weeks old. And she was attempting to pass them off on me, the judge, as a dog that was a qualified entry. And I turned them both down. And somehow that OKed me for this thing. But you just knew and I thought it was horrible to expose those puppies to all kinds of diseases and what have you.

You know, Percy didn't believe in shots and I

had a terrible time with Percy about shots because I just refused to take any dog out unless their shots were up.

Do you have any thoughts on these next questions which are a little more specific concerning ideal Samoyed conformation. Such as the relationship in length between the first and second thigh, ideal front — should it be a 45 degree layback, the ideal height of a dog or bitch, how should they move (wide in the rear or single tracking)...

They track. They track. And, furthermore, I think this attempt is like the old big hassle they had in my time about the standard. Now, each of these individuals has an idea in his mind. Usually, it correlates with their own dog. In other words, if their own dog doesn't have a mane, and I don't know if you noticed that about Yurok — he never had a big cape. Chaka had a huge cape and so did his half-brother, Omak II. Omak I did not. He was almost too little a dog. I like the cape, I think it is beautiful. But if they made that a requirement... each of these things would have to have a point value. When you get this going for dogs like this, you're going to have a lot of problems. You'll never get... you'll have a judge so upset that they would rather put up something that was a little less of a problem, you know. I mean it is just the quarreling of one group against another and I proved, with Chaka and Chumy I proved that you could have a dog that would look tops to a judge and he could be any size. Now Chumy was a little short legged dog and when I wanted to finish Chumy I had another little story.

I had wanted to finish Chumy in the worst way but I also, from observation at all the shows I had been to, I knew that the judge who was going to do this was the personal friend of a breeder who had the little variety of Sams. And I had also observed this dog... this dog!... this judge judging dogs and in the breed rings of other breeds and I would see him always look one way before he made his choice, he looked one way. Then I observed that the target of his expression was a lady and I would see her go ---, you know a big smile. Or she would nob and go like --- this you know. I would get the whole thing together. So I felt I had to do something about getting this dog Chumy, who was not as good a dog. He was bilaterally subluxed. Because it was bilateral, he didn't have any lip and he was short legged, fat, so he could just waddle and most judges do not know. I won't say most, that is too much. But many judges do not seem to know the difference between different breed's gait. It is not something they made a great big to-do about. They know it is supposed to be a roll with the Pom and this sort of thing but there are very few judges who will pick out a specific thing about a gait. I think Sams should have... they track and they should have, they should be free, they should not be subluxed because they are a working dog. They shouldn't have any subluxation. They should be free. They should track true. There are many things. They shouldn't be down on their pasterns and they shouldn't be cow-hocked and that's another thing... we don't teach. If the club wants to do something for Sams, I would like to see them get out a book about training a dog. Because dogs are careless and unless they are stacked properly and learn to stack, and they will if you keep after them all the time, they are going to, just like some kids, lean on a fence or table, you know. And they do it. And I think it is so wrong because... another thing. Various handlers, doing various breeds, take the rear legs and spread them like this. I'm sorry. I have seen people in the ring with Sams spreading their hind legs — they are not supposed to be that way. It should be four square standing, they are not like Chows. They have got to look like a dog that can do a job and they have

got to have a good chest. Now, Chumy, because he was... again, you have your medical history and medical knowledge in this... because he was subluxed in the rear he never put any weight on his rear that he could help. He was built like, oh, tremendous in the front. He had a chest that was magnificent but it wasn't my idea of a Sam or a working dog, and he wasn't. He was constantly tired and sitting. So, anyway, I think that... there are a lot of things and you know they don't even tell people with pets sometimes there are dewclaws there and that is very serious, and particularly dogs that are going to the country in California where we have so much underbrush where they can tear those dewclaws and bleed to death. And they are just not ever told.

You see this picture of me with this funny smile? Well, this is interesting because I had to finish this dog but I knew that I had a problem under this judge because there was somebody else showing that day who had a connection. So, and I know --- well, because we were in the label business and we manufactured labels for his wine. So I knew him well. But, in this case it was just dogs. So I wanted to get this dog out of my hair, I wanted to finish him, right now. And so I got this handler who was a pal. Handlers were all... they were wonderfully friendly to me and we never trampled on their toes. And as a result, because of the way that we dealt with handlers, Kay Finch and I received an honor that was fantastic (from the PHA).

I came to know Kay Finch and with or without the tape I can tell you that once you are in the winning group, where your dogs win or a dog, like campaigning Yurok, over and over, you have no friends in the breed. And having no friends in the breed you find that there are remarkably nice people in other breeds who are in the same predicament as you are and so you become very friendly. And you meet a lot of very nice people that way in other breeds. So, anyway, what else have you got.

What do you think is an ideal Samoyed temperament?

Well, here again I am not sure that some of the questions that you are asking me would only be a personal answer because I do not think I am qualified to know what the first one's temperament should have been. They are known as gentle dogs. Their history in the wilds, in other words they are originally from Tibet and they migrated north with the people of that day. It was a red skinned tribe that took them north called Samoyede and they were a gentle tribe, very gentle and they were driven north by more war-like tribes. This is all in your library. Anybody can go and look it up if they would take the trouble to do it. And so they took these Sams north with them. When the first explorers went up there they traded because these dogs were so beautiful and they were strong because in something like that it was only survival of the fittest. And they also found, and this is historically reported, these dogs served as everything. They were guard dogs, they were also herd dogs, they were sledge dogs, they did everything, they were just the all-around help. They babysat and so on. So the very fact that they were maintained and kept by these gentle people would lead one to think that you would expect this kind of temperament. And they are this way, like a Golden. A Golden Retriever has the most gentle disposition that anybody could ever want in a dog. Now you take a dog that has been bred for guard work, like your Doberman and your German Shephard, you can run into problems through breeding. But Sams should be gentle. But that doesn't mean if they had terrible experiences like Shonie had. He didn't ever quarrel with a human being but he sure did with other dogs.

How do you compare the intelligence of a Samoyed with other breeds?

I have had the mistaken idea that Sams are the most intelligent dogs in the world. In fact, I was kennel blind to the point that I thought there weren't any dogs as intelligent and I can use that again, taking my first champion, Chaka, who was originally registered to my son and when he graduated from high school and he started at Stanford, and when he came home he had a bunch of books under his arm and Chaka was glad to see him and was climbing all over him and what not and he said, "Mother, will you keep that dog out of my room, now these are my books for college and I don't want him bothering my books." And I said, "Oh don't you worry about your books, he's not going to bother them." He said to Chaka, "Get down, get out of here, go on." And he banished the dog. So Charlie went away in time, back to the campus or something and when he returned that evening I heard this horrible shriek from his bedroom and so I ran in and here were all the books and the corners, all four corners, of each book that he had put on his desk had been chewed off. And he did other things. I had a chest on chest in my bedroom and he learned how to pull a knob and open the top drawer if I went somewhere and he didn't think I should and these dogs are tremendously jealous of one another. Rocky and Shonie were just enemies, complete enemies because one went with me and the other one didn't. And with Chaka, he got even with you this way. He would go in that top drawer and take a pair of my gloves and chew all the fingers off to get even, and only to get even. And then there came a time when I bought a pair of sandals at Macy's and the clerk was very inquisitive and he was also impertinent and he wanted information about me and my home and the dogs and so on and he was asking all these very personal questions while he was fitting these shoes. And I took the shoes home that evening, just a pair of sandals and I put them up in the... well, first of all I didn't put them up in the hall closet because I put them up in the bed and Chaka got the box and he wanted to destroy them. So I took them away from him and admonished him and I put them in the hall closet, the linen closet, on the top shelf. And he sat there, outside that door, and he wouldn't let anybody go in or anything else, there was something wrong. Now that man, whatever his thoughts were, I am convinced that through his perspiration he transferred them to the shoes in some way. So I felt like I would never be able to wear these. So I called Macy's the next day because I wanted to return these shoes and I asked to speak to this clerk. And I was told that he had left suddenly and they had no forwarding address. Now, that is very interesting on behalf on the dog's behavior. But he showed many things. And for instance when we took him up to one of the fun meetings that they had down at Arrowhead. They had a cabin and the cabin had a little central heater and it was right between the bathroom door and the main room of the lodge and I had Chaka and two or three other dogs with me at the time and Shellie was very small. And we had a fire in the fireplace in the front but we had to turn on this little heater. Alright, I had the dogs go in the bathroom to get their water, I put their pan of water in there. And he decided that was dangerous and he would not let any of the dogs cross that little place, and it was right between the bathroom and the living room. In other words, that was his lead dog qualifications. He wasn't going to allow them to get into any danger. So I had to move the water out so the other ones could get to it. So intelligence is relative. Because we now think and up at Davis the doctor up there said that it is true that dogs who are disturbed as this one was (speaking of her present pet), that they are unusually brilliant. This dog has a vocabulary

you wouldn't believe, but he has, as a result of this, he flips. And when he flips he is insane and he bites and he doesn't who or what or anything. He is the only dog who has the distinction, and there have been hundreds of dogs in my life, who ever bit me. But he has, on occasion, and usually when he flips. Intelligence is relative in different dogs, like in people.

What do you think of inbreeding and line breeding and out-crossing and when should each be used?

I don't believe in inbreeding. It is true that you can get a magnification of the good points, but you can also get a magnification of the bad points. And I don't think that the regular dog owner or even the more successful kennel breeder is qualified to measure exactly. And I don't believe in it for that reason. Line breeding, I think that we tested that because of the cattle breeding, which we also studied. I studied it and I got Percy to do it too. Where they take like a half-brother and a half-sister, with outbreedings on the other two sides and found that worked very well.

What do you consider inbreeding?

Father to daughter and mother to son, sister to brother, and so on. That is definite, true inbreeding according to the medical profession and I happen to know of one person, an early Sammy breeder who did this. She had a champion and it was the father and she bred it to the daughter and she did it mother to son and so on and she finally had a litter of puppies that couldn't stand — they had to destroy them because they couldn't even stand up. She had one litter with the ears all down. I don't know, I never questioned what she did with the various problems. She is no longer in Sams but that's the trouble with this kind of indiscriminate... they do do this line breeding as such which they need really, you have an outcross on two sides and, particularly in Sams, our Sams all came from such a few dogs originally that were brought here. It is like Llasos and I had this explained to me and I don't know whether it is a fact or not but I was told by Llaso big shots in this area that all the Llasos in this country are descendent from one pair of Llasos who were permitted to leave as a gift from Tibet and the Chinese government will not release any of them. So all these others have been bred from this and on down, so in many of your toys you have problems but in your Llasos you have plenty and I was reading about them not long ago, in the monasteries there. Because they have developed this middle sized Llaso Terrier now, that is just now coming into popularity. And I don't know now whether it has been accepted by the American Kennel Club but it was on its way, awfully close to it. And they are awfully cute dogs. They are something like a Kerry Blue in size but I don't know if this was just a matter of just two or more. The monks guard them so carefully.

Would you breed to a dog with a very serious fault if he had outstanding points?

Well, if that dog could read and write and give me a written guarantee that he would only pass the outstanding points, I might consider him.

Should Samoyeds be specialied and does making the Top 10 mean anything?

Well, it certainly did to Percy — I have never seen such happy people in my life. And I think it does. And let me tell you something else that I think that... I have such respect for the group of private handlers and the handlers' association which keeps them in line. They have a standard and a book of rules and they do wonderful things and I think that if they really wanted to resent owner handlers, taking a dog like I took Yurok. Because at every show that I took

Best in Show or best in the group or something else, one of their dogs didn't and I know that they get handsome bonuses for each step up I was astounded, even back in those days when things didn't cost like they do today at what they do get when you have dogs that are owned by, well, take the mascot of the Navy, that Bulldog for instance, that they paid \$10,000 for over in England when they first got him and brought him over. All right, when you have interests that are even beyond personal wealth, that can pay any amount, then you would certainly think this could tear down. And I really have a great deal of respect for the judging profession and the professional handlers and I think that in the case of Sams, because they are unique, they are not a man-made breed, and in that respect they are unique, they have no wolf in their background. A true Sam has no wolf in its background. It is descended from the first canine but it has no wolf and it has no body odor when it is bathed for instance and so on. They do not have any body odor in their home. They don't have these things that other dogs have which apparently is from the wolf background of most every other breed. I don't know of any other breed that isn't. It is only because they were in the wilds, right up until 1925, that's when they brought the first one down.

What did you feed your Samoyeds?

Every one of them ate differently and while they were on the show circuit they got what they wanted. The rest of the time they got what was good for them. But, actually, they all had different attitudes, every single one of them are different. Now Yurok, you wouldn't believe it. Now he loved good food, he liked food and he worked hard. I never went to a show that the minute that I got in, whether it was a day before the show or two days before the show, or ten minutes before that we didn't work. And Shellie even worked him for me. You know, up and down the driveway of the motor hotel and stack and stand and up and down and we worked all the time. And so he ate and he liked his kibble just plain but he wanted it around all the time so that he could get it when he wanted it. He loved chicken, so when we were on a show circuit he blackmailed me into getting him chicken. I bought more chicken from.. from you know, these stands because this is what he would eat and otherwise he would turn up his nose. And I didn't want him to lose any weight. And they would say, "Be sure Rocky eats, be sure he eats. Don't let him go down on his food." You know. And he was intelligent too, not only was he a ham. But he hurt his leg, fighting with Omak II through the fence, they got into an argument. Jealous of one another. And Lena got, oh, she became hysterical. It was going to ruin him, you know. So the first show I took him to, which was the next day or something and I lived in Lafayette and they lived over in Walnut Creek so that meant that I had to cross the bay each time when I picked them up. Oh, after they went up to Grass Valley, they had a guest house and I used to go up there and it made a lot of things easier. So, anyway, Rocky knew that he had Lena's goat so he limped and he limped. And she would lift that big heavy dog, and he was big, onto the gate of the station wagon. So we got to where we were going and Rocky jumped down and the next time we left Rocky jumped in and it wasn't until he got back that he... but he did it for months and months, he would limp and she would pick him up and put him in. You couldn't convince her that he wasn't that way.

Now other dogs. We had one dog who would not touch butter. Have you ever heard of a dog who would not touch butter? He would not touch butter under any circumstances. He had his own story. But he knew if butter was in anything and he wouldn't touch it.

Now Missy, she stole the cream pitcher off of

not too high again — this is relative so that it goes over and falls, it usually falls to the left but then it can fall left or right and it should not be a gay tail. I saw one they made a champion of who never got his tail down any further than that, it just stood up like a flag. And so you can see why different areas, different people.

And I had an experience and it was written up in one of these magazines long after Rocky was a recognized champion. And we had a judge come over from England. I don't know if he had any interests in the magazines over there or not, but he was talking for England when he was talking and so he put Rocky up at Del Monte. He admired him and so on. Someone said to me, "You'll never get another at Pasadena." And I said, "What do you mean." And they said, "Well, he's judging Pasadena you know." And yes I said that I knew as I had entered him sometime before. That was where I was going from Del Monte. And they said, "Well, you'll never do it." So I didn't. The dog that was put up was a local dog, to which home the judge had gone to dinner the night before the show. And so I didn't say anything to the judge. In other words, if Lena had been there, it would have been a massacre. And that's why I wouldn't let her in the ring. But, I didn't say one word. But it came out then. It was sent to me by many people, both in England and here. He reviewed the shows here and when he did Pasadena, he didn't say the dog's name that he had put down but he said that a certain champion from the north had followed him. He implied that he had put him up at Del Monte only because he hadn't found anything any better. But this dog had followed him to Pasadena and he was entirely too long on the leg is the way he expressed it. So, draw your own conclusion. I didn't feel that Rocky had lost anything. I have long since got used to any shenanigans.

Could you give any specific advice to owners who would like to show their own Samoyeds?

I would suggest that if they want to handle their own dogs they should, first of all, go to dog shows and watch handlers and watch the breed being judged and what goes up and what doesn't, if they can determine what the problems are when they don't — if there is some dog they particularly admire. And that if they can show their own dog. A Samoyed, a well moving Samoyed is a graceful dog and if the person is not physically able to show the dog to the dog's advantage, they shouldn't try. Now, a very obese woman can take a toy dog on the end of a taut strap and walk down and the dog will show. We had one handler, he showed a little Pomeranian for years. And you never saw anything more like a cartoon and he was well loved, everybody loved the handler but when he went away from you on the mat, here was this big round handler and here was this little big round dog. And they both moved about the same. But if they can't do it, they should not try because they can ruin... they can have a good dog and they can ruin it. And that is the only time that I would say they should either have a handler who can — and not all handlers can handle all breeds. And I had a judge scream at me and I finally had to stop showing because I had a very bad reaction to a tetanus shot and I couldn't show the dogs. That was about 1961 and I had a professional handler handle this dog and it happened down in Lancaster here, down in the desert. And the judge was, oh what was her name? She had been a female wrestler. I had lots of stories about that. Anyway, she was an outspoken woman. And she had recognized the dog as one of my dogs. And the dog was misbehaving because he knew I was somewhere in that area. And that's one of the problems. If you are going to have your dog shown by somebody else, you have to condition them with the idea that you can be somewhere adjacent to the ring and not have them want

to get to you. In this case, it was poor old Shonie and his problems and he wanted to get to me and he didn't like this --- who was trying to handle him. What happened was that the judge suddenly stops, like this, irritated and she screams, "Jean Blank, where are you? What are you trying to do, ruin your dog? Get in here!" (laughter). She didn't know that I had been grounded. I felt so sorry for the handler because I felt that was humiliating and it really was. But, that gives you an idea. Not all handlers can handle all dogs. They can't do it. So it's up to the person.

What would you suggest for grooming for someone who was starting out?

I think that some good club member, who knows what they are doing should definitely teach every person who buys a dog from them. If they want to show the dog, tell them to come back and you will show them how to groom it. I always cut their whiskers, which is something else that is supposed to be a no-no. But they look so much better that before the show I cut their whiskers off and it made them look better.

Did you do anything else?

Oh, yes, sure. I washed them and bathed them and combed them every day. And when I was traveling and went to a motor hotel, after they had done their bit out in the driveway, with Shellie or with me, I would take them in and spread sheets, extra sheets, across the bed and put the dogs up there and groom them right down to the last hair. Always. And there were times, for instances, when we were out in areas where they got dirty and you couldn't help it and the only thing to do with that is to use corn starch. And then be sure to get the corn starch out. They use corn starch to clean furs. What it does is absorb any grease. And most of the dirt that they get on the highways and so on is axle grease or something. And it cleans them well, but you have to be sure that you get rid of it because a judge can throw you out if they find any and they used to kid me because when I went to shows that were not benched, I always put the gait of the wagon down and would put one dog out and do that one and then flop them over and do the other side. I learned how to do that from an Indian woman who was a handler who never told anybody her age, but she was very, very old. She had a great Pekinese. And she had that dog so trained for grooming, she carried a card table on her truck. And she would groom that dog every day. You will find that handlers that do well with their dogs groom — they ought to do it or their kennel men, many of them are apprentice handlers. They groom the dogs every day. They have to.

How about our standard? Should there be any disqualifications or should anything be changed?

I think that the fewer disqualifications they have... it goes along with how long do you think the back should be and so on. I think the fewer they have is going to make for discordant behavior on the part of the exhibitors, the better. And I do not think or believe in fooling your prospective purchaser. You shouldn't say that he has a gorgeous back and then this poor big eyed wandering thing comes into the ring and he doesn't know why, he doesn't even look at his dog. And a lot of this is done when they just want a big entry. This is not true here in California any more but there was a time when the idea was to get as many dogs as you can to set a type. There is nothing wrong with that if you want to do it and it is all right with the judge. I know at one time we did this with our Whitecliff dogs. We had a lot of young dogs and everybody organized to show their dogs — it was good training for them and it set a type. It definitely did.

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