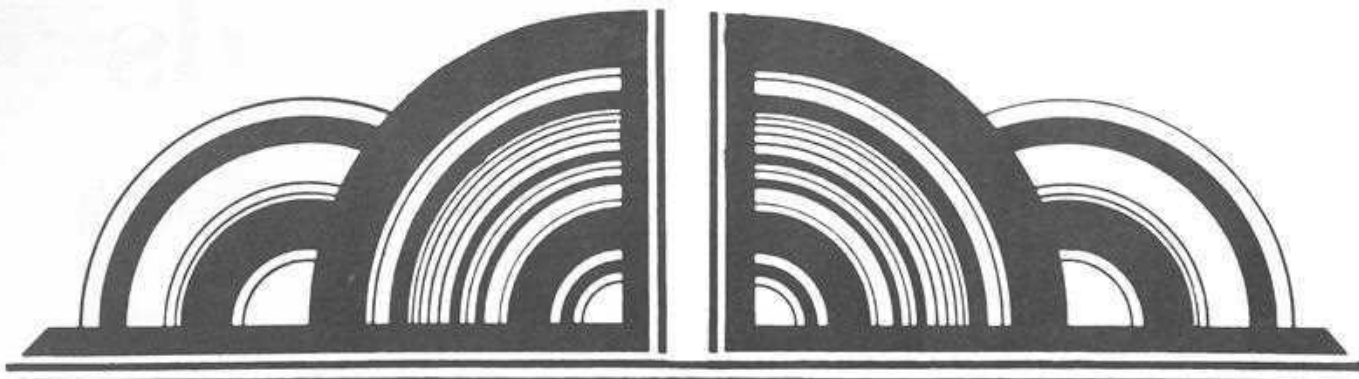


The
SAMOYED
QUARTERLY



Spring 1982

\$7



SAMOYED PEOPLE



The Samoyed Quarterly
Talks with
Faith Harris Child
SNOWLAND KENNELS
Penn Valley, Pennsylvania

*This interview was conducted at
the home of Faith Child,
by Mary Louise King.*

*How did your mother, Mrs. Helen
Harris, get interested in Samoyeds?*

I guess actually I was the fault of
it all, because I had been begging for a
dog for quite awhile. We had started
out with a small Spitz named Nookie,

and she was rather unsatisfactory; she
bit everybody in sight except me. I
was about eight years old at the time.
So we had been to England, and had
taken a walk in Hyde Park in London,
where we first saw a magnificent Samo-
yed. I've since come across a picture
of this dog, and happened to remember
him because I remembered the woman's
name, Mrs. Henry Turner, as being his
owner, and in the British Samoyed Club
book of 1944, there's a beautiful picture
of this dog, Ch. Spartan of the Arctic,
owner Mrs. Henry Turner - sired by
Foam of the Arctic, out of the famous
Ch. Greta of the Arctic. I walked up

to this dog and threw my arms around
him, to the horror of my mother. But
the dog just licked my face and was
completely adorable. And so we of
course inquired where he came from,
and were told of this magnificent Arctic
kennels of Miss Marion Keyte-Perry
approximately 50 miles away from
there, or about 50 or 70 miles south of
London. The only way we had of get-
ting there was by taxi. So we set off
for there the next day by taxi, and I
don't believe we telephoned in advance
as far as I can remember. We just
arrived at the door, and it was in a
slight drizzle, as usual near London.
But we were made welcome immediately
as visitors from America; it was a typi-
cal English country estate with dog ken-
nels behind the large country house.
And there were kennel maids with rid-
ing attire, long boots, two of them, and
we were brought into tea. And of
course we inquired about the availabil-
ity of any dog at the time. There
were only two, as I remember. One
was Pedlar; he was, I think, a year old.
And this must have been in 1931. And
he was brought in, and was a perfect
gentleman. Even at one year old, he
knew how to behave in the drawing
room.

The other choice that we had was
a little puppy, and I've often wondered
why an 8 or 9-year old, however old I
was, didn't choose the puppy over the
larger dog. And I think I can remem-
ber now the reason. The reason was
that the puppy was a biscuit color, and
I of course had my mind set on pure
white dogs. And I wasn't familiar with
the biscuit at all. Now biscuit color in
England at that time was quite well
thought of. In fact, Marion Keyte-Perry
gives a trophy, a perpetual trophy,
called the Foam of the Arctic Perpetual
Cup, presented by Marion Keyte-Perry
for the best Biscuit-shaded exhibit in
the Club Special show. At any rate, I
chose Pedlar; he was a grandson of Ch.



Ch. Nadya of Snowland (foreground)
Ch. Voltorn of Snowland

Polar Light of Farningham, who was Best Samoyed at Crufts five years in succession, from 1925 to 1929. He was pure white in color, and Pedlar was also. We took him home to the hotel with us, and he was very mannerly. I seem to remember that for quite a few weeks dear Pedlar was very homesick. He had a rather sad look about him, and it took him some time before he lost that sad look.

When we got him home, our first enterprise was to look up a dog show! (laughter) And we went to, I believe it was Huntington Valley, and entered Pedlar in it, as complete novices of course. My mother and myself entered Pedlar, and he was the only Samoyed in the show. Of course he took all the beautiful ribbons, and the purple rosette which thrilled me to pieces. I was dancing and singing, and carrying on like some kind of crazy little thing. And we were so green, I guess, that we didn't realize he could go into the Working Group. So, unfortunately we missed the Working Group, and that would have been an experience too. But we didn't know anything about the Working Group at that time, or how important it was. Pedlar didn't have a very long show career due to distemper leaving him blind. We decided to buy another pair of puppies from the Kilburn-Scotts' Kennels in England, however, we didn't go over to pick them out as we did Pedlar. My mother had somehow heard of Kilburn-Scott as being one of the greats of the English-raising Samoyeds at the time. So there was a lot of correspondence back and forth, and Sabarka of Farningham of Snowland was the next addition to our little home. We lived at Overbrook, a section of Philadelphia at the time, where we had a half-acre of

ground. Sasha also arrived from the Farningham Kennel at the time.

Sabarka was a glistening white dog, and he was the grandson of The Norseman, who I understand was a deep cream color. This was Ch. Sabarka of Farningham of Snowland. Sasha arrived with him; she was little mother to him, the same age as he was, but she took great care of Sabarka, and was a very intelligent and loving little puppy. She was much more quiet. Her sire was Siberian Bado of Farningham. She only lived a year, and we replaced her with an American dog that we bought, Starshaya, from Mrs. Horace Mann in Trenton. She was a Ch. Storm Cloud daughter of our White Sprite of The Arctic.

Our third dog, Starshaya, replaced Sasha; not really in my mind she didn't, because Sasha was more of a pet, and Starshaya was more of an outside dog. She was probably more of an "outside dog" being so very close in her lineage to the dogs imported from Russia and the expedition dogs. In the 4th generation she goes back to Antarctic Bru and Antarctic Olga imported direct from Russia, and to Southern Cross, a son of Antarctic Buck.

We bred Sabarka and Starshaya, our first breeding. We started out with a modified version of the Keyte-Perry establishment. Their dogs were in the most beautiful houses, like children's playhouses, with little picture windows and two dogs would be looking out each window. This was the way we saw them in England, so we had that as a picture of the way our dogs would be. So we got the children's playhouses, and then we got the fencing, but we didn't realize that Samoyeds could knock fencing down just by leaning on it. So we had nice picket fencing put up, and

wire enclosures, and they more or less knocked that down quite successfully fairly soon. And we had the lovely doghouses with the dogs looking out of the window. My mother made the most beautiful curtains, blue curtains, and put them up in the windows and the dogs tore the curtains to shreds, and jumped through the windows! And screening replaced the curtains, and the fencing was replaced by wire with four by fours, or something like that. And then Barka (Sabarka) being the jumper that he was landed successfully on the seven-foot-high four by four, stood there, jumped down again. So no matter how high you built a fence, Sabarka could get over it, through it, or under it. Therefore we had to replace that with a Cyclone fence; I think the Cyclone fence fixed him for awhile, but he got terrible cases of the sulks because he couldn't get through this fence. He didn't go anywhere when he got out; he'd go across the street and play around in the woods and chase squirrels, or he'd find some Great Danes to tackle, and take care of them - pin their ears back. But when we got the Cyclone fencing, he sulked for awhile until he watched for three weeks people going in and out of the Cyclone fence, and then he figured out the gate. It had to be lifted up and tweaked over at the same time, so his clever little nose did that. And then I think we had to put some kind of padlock on that.

Your mother seems to be as fond of Sammies as you are. Can you tell me what particularly attracted her to the breed?

Well, aside from their obvious beauty, she liked the fact that they were a good dog for an asthmatic person to own, because of their skin. It doesn't have the dander coming off it, and she always thought how nice they were to touch. She had a very sensitivity to animals, and so she was glad to find that a Samoyed didn't make her



Pedlar of The Arctic (foreground)
Sabarka of Farningham of Snowland



*Snowland lineup - left to right:
Ch. Nansen, Ch. Nim, Ch. Nalda, Ch. Nadya and Ch. Norna.*

sneeze when she touched him! And aside from their beauty, at this point she got extremely interested in tracing their ancestry back to its farthest point. She would pore for hours over pedigrees and information that she got from the Kilburn-Scotts on the early expedition



Ch. Nim of Snowland

dogs, their versatility; and the fact that they could be a sled dog interested her as a possibility. She mentioned this to a friend of hers who was an artist, and quite a well-known artist named William Transue, in the Poconos. He had many acres of land, and he had several teams of Huskies, which he trained and raced, and he was an artist and a fine craftsman. And she spoke to him about the possibility of having a sled team when she increased her number of dogs to that point. And so he built her a lovely lightweight sled of the Arctic style (I think it only weighed about 25 pounds) and so she used that in later years. He also made me an easel for my paintings, since I had started to paint and draw, and he made me a very fine easel. He was an expert craftsman.

When did she decide to go from owning her first few dogs to having a large kennel? How did this come about?

Well, I guess it just came about quite gradually. We had the three dogs now, and she did a little bit of showing, and then she bred Starshaya, and had several successful litters. They all sold from a small ad in the evening paper. And she got nice homes for them; some of them kept on and showed the dogs, and they really seemed to

give them fine homes and liked them. And it didn't seem too much at the start. She had a man who came in a couple times a week to help her, Ernest Kanavel. He later came and worked for her full time, however when we still lived at the house in Overbrook, he just came in a couple times a week and helped, because it got to be more than she had thought it would be, taking care of several dogs. So then the next biggest step, I believe, in the starting of the kennel, was the importation of Ch. Ice Crystal from the Keyte-Perry, Arctic Kennels.

Do you mean Ch. Ice Crystal of The Arctic?

Yes. She was sent for, and arrived in whelp to Ch. Leader of the Arctic, I believe. And she was a daughter of Ch. Loga of the Arctic, and Ch. Arctic Dawn. She was a magnificent animal; she was, I imagine, about 3 1/2 years old when she arrived. She had had a first litter in England prior to her arrival in this country. Also she had two Challenge Certificates when she arrived in this country, but having left England, she never got her third Challenge Certificate. One of her daughters, Ch. Silver Glow of the Arctic, one of the English litter, is well-known in pedigrees. And I, in fact, remember seeing her on a subsequent

trip we took to England, I imagine it was the year we bought Ch. Sprint of the Arctic, who was another purchase we made about two years after Crystal.

Crystal completed her championship in less than three weeks under three different judges, and later was fifteen times Best of Breed. She arrived by way of a handler, who brought her from New York City if I remember correctly, in some kind of taxi. She just came walking in, and we couldn't believe her beauty and her composure after a trip on the boat and a ride on the train, and all kinds of strange people that she'd never seen before. She just walked into our house like a grande dame of some kind, and just looked everybody over and said, "I have arrived," to us. And she certainly had!

It was an experience to have owned Crystal or known her at all. She sported a magnificent coat as well as a fine bone, beautiful head and expression. And she had many different litters in this country. The first one was out of Ch. Leader of the Arctic of England. Unfortunately, we went to Canada that next summer, shortly after they were born. And probably the move to a different climate was too hard on them. The entire litter of four was wiped out. Crystal lost this first litter, and she had had a successful litter in England, and later we bred her to another import named Moscow of Farningham of Snowland, known to us as Marco. And Marco later became our team leader, and was a really great dog. This was quite a well-known litter; several went to the West coast, one of which went to Miss Vera Lawrence, known as Ch. Lensen of Snowland. And another time she was successfully bred to Ch. Sprint of the Arctic. Sprint we acquired later and he was about two months old when we brought him home, I think about 1937.

Ch. Sprint of the Arctic we brought home from England at the age of two months, and he was sired by Ch. Snowchief of the Arctic, that's out of Mustan of Farningham, by Ch. Silver Glow of the Arctic, who was a Ch.



Ch. Nansen of Farningham of Snowland



Ch. Ice Crystal of The Arctic

Loga daughter. Ch. Sprint was a rather slow-developing dog. He had a good coat and good bone. Finally, at the age of two years, he did develop and easily won his championship, placing four times in the Working Group. This was in 1938, I guess. We brought him home on the boat when he was a pup, and he was a slow-developing dog. Eventually he became a fine dog.

When bred to Polar Gleam of the Arctic, who was a daughter of Sabarka, he sired Snow Jewel, Snow Queen; the most well-known would be Ch. Novick, who belonged to the Ruicks, who lived in Indianapolis at the time; they had started a large kennel, and Ch. Novick was one of their first ones. Novick very much resembled Sprint; I think he was actually more handsome than Sprint, as I remember him. And also Nadla, Nadine, Nome - most of these became champions, around 1940.

My mother writes in the "Dog Record Book" that Sprint was a "slow-developing, large, awkward dog with poor carriage." I think she said poor carriage because he carried his head low. However, he did develop well. He sired fine children. He had an unfortunate accident; he was in a fight later with one of the dogs, and lost one eye. So he ended up - we found a marvelous place for him with a Kenneth Gray, who was a game warden in Maine, who used him for a sled team. He turned out to be a magnificent pulling dog, threw himself into his job with great zeal. He sired some litters before going to Maine, and also in Maine he was bred and had some offspring up there.

He saved Kenneth Gray's life - the man fell into a beaver trap, and he got back onto his sled and Sprint pulled

him back into the camp, and literally did save his life.

He bred him to Neva of Snowland in 1940, whom he also acquired from us. So he was a true champion doing more than a champion's work. We decided on moving ... my grandfather had died and my mother and my grandmother decided to move to a house not far away, but it had several nice aspects



Early Snowland House.



Ch. Nalda of Snowland

about it. It had 4 1/2 acres of ground in Merion, Pennsylvania and it was completely fenced in or it could be - gates could be closed, dogs could run, and it had a large area that could be fenced in at the back of the property for a real kennel. And by this time the kennel had gotten such that the move seemed advisable. I have a small quote from a letter that my mother wrote saying, "We are settled at last, in Merion, Pennsylvania, in our new home, and we just love it. The kennel is so nice, and we had the greatest fun arranging it. Faith has been putting ribbons into frames and hanging them on the walls of the little room called the 'trophy room.' The dogs are delighted with their new quarters, and appreciate having more room. Siberian Laika of Farningham has just given us a darling litter of three precious boys, sired by Snow Finn of Farningham. So just now she is the most important little person in the establishment."

Laika was our most recent import, and Snow Finn, I believe came just to board, and then somehow or other he managed to stay. As I remember, he arrived as a boarder, and he stayed. Later he was sold to Mrs. Dresselhuys in New York City. He did sire some nice litters, however. The place in Merion was simply marvelous for the

dogs, and by this time Ernest Kanavel was working full time. There was a large vegetable garden, and a lot to do on the property.

How do you think Samoyeds today compare with the ones of the forties, the Snowlanders?

I'm not really an authority, but there certainly are many more Samoyeds around today, people recognize them, and seem to know the breed and something about it. I remember walking the dogs and people would say, "Hey, what's that? A Spitz? Is that a White German Shepherd? Is that a Husky?" They never seemed to come up with the name "Samoyed."

Of course, quantity doesn't make quality, but of the many dogs that I see around today, there seem to be a lot of really good ones. I notice some too-large ears by my mother's standard. She always deplored the round eyes that you see occasionally. In fact, they were beginning to appear then, but we never had any round eyes in our kennels. She didn't like the too cobby look which wouldn't be good for a working dog. That was beginning to appear. Some of the Samoyeds today are larger than ours, but ours varied in size too. Vida, who was Ch. Storm Cloud's daughter, and one of our later acquisitions and a most renowned brood bitch, pro-

duced the largest amount of fine, fine offspring. She was a very small bitch, but in perfect proportion. She had a broad, wedge-shaped head and most of her offspring became champions, and were standard size.

Other changes I might mention would be that the pigment seems to be a little less pronounced in the lips and not such a black, black; I remember something, talking about the pigment. Sabarka's nose was such a tremendously shiny black; I remember he was in a show and the judge sent for a steward to get a bucket of water and a towel, and he proceeded to wipe Sabarka's nose, saying "No nose can be that black. It just can't be." And he proceeded to scrub and scrub at Sabarka's poor nose. But he didn't succeed in getting that black off, because it was there.

Speaking of shows, did you and your mother always handle your dogs?

We did at the start, in the early years, and in fact later, too. But it became too much for her; she was not a very strong person, so she got the help of Nate Levine, a well-known handler who had great rapport with the dogs, and he could get them to look up at him, and walk correctly, and just showed them off in every way to their best. So she had him for quite a few years. But she would often take Nim, her favorite one, herself.

What did your mother look for mostly in a Samoyed?

Soundness of body, good bone, with no weaknesses. Head and expression were very, very important to her, along with ear placement. She liked the ears of her pups to be up at six weeks or seven weeks. The Nim litter, sired by Nansen out of Vida, a Storm Cloud daughter, had ears all up by six weeks. The girls all had their ears up, and the boys were a week or so later. Good movement was very important. Our dogs had to move. We had what we called a leaf cart, which was made after the move to Merion, by Ernest, who was something of a carpenter. He made it out of I-don't-know-what, but it was a large, heavy cart on two wheels with two ballon tires like a tractor tire, heavier than a person could push. And there was a lot of



Mrs. Harris and
Ch. Nim and Snowland Sparkle - 1944

yard cleanup to be done constantly on the five acres, because it was all lawn and shrubs and hedges, and it just had to be worked on all the time. So he hitched up his team of three dogs; he had a rotating team, generally Moscow was the leader, but sometimes Nansen was and sometimes one of the girls, Nadya or Norna, who were daughters of Nansen and Vida. So they pulled it, and they really worked. And it was good for their development as well as for their dispositions. They were the happiest, laughingest bunch of Sammies you'd ever hope to see.

By Nansen, do you mean Ch. Siberian Nansen of Farningham of Snowland?

Yes. We called him Nansen or Nan - sometimes I called him Nanna-Goat! I don't know where I got that name.

Where did he come from?

He was another Farningham import, but he arrived at the age of about 8 weeks from the Kilburn-Scott Kennels.

Who were his parents?

Ch. Kara Sea and Pinky of Farningham. And he and his sister arrived; my mother for some reason did not keep the sister. I think she was later sorry that she didn't keep her. She sent her to New Mexico, I believe. I think it was mainly some kind of expression in her face that she didn't care for. However, she kept Nansen, and he became head of the kennel, top dog, and our best sire.

Was he after or before Moscow of Farningham?

He arrived at about the same time, within a few weeks of each other. But Marco or Moscow was nine months old, and Nansen was a puppy. My mother liked a dog to be what she called "typey," and she said that of Barka, that he'd look a judge in the eye and even though he was a smaller dog, he was very typey. And I think that's important.

Can you tell me the total number of litters that you had at Snowland Kennels?

Well, that'd be rather difficult to arrive at a figure. I've given a lot of the records of the Snowland Kennels to the Borghild Ulfeng Memorial so that other people can go through records in the interest of the history of the breed. However, I would say 15 or 20 litters; distemper was a great killer in the early days, so some of these, of course, did not survive. Starshaya, the bitch we acquired from Mrs. Horace Mann of Trenton, the Storm Cloud daughter, had two litters sired by Ch. Sabarka. Laika, another Kilburn-Scott dog, had at least two litters sired by Sabarka. Vida was our best bitch, I believe, for producing. She was another Ch. Storm Cloud daughter. She was small, but all of her children were magnificent. Nianya of Snowland, when she was bred to Nansen, went out to the Masons, who were starting a kennel at that time. She was their foundation bitch. And Nikita of Snowland went to the Ashleys. They

all became champions and were magnificent dogs. Vida was a wonderful mother; she would have a litter at the same time as Ice Crystal, and beautiful Crystal would get up and abandon her children, and Vida would take them all over. She would take care of all of them. Vida was like that. When we bred her to Nansen the second time, an identical litter resulted; all beautiful. That was in 1938. And they went all over the country, and most of them became champions.

Who was in this litter?

Tiska of Snowland, Neva of Snowland, Norna of Snowland whom we kept; Natasha went to somebody in Delaware; Kiev of Snowland, who was quite a well-known one. And Rimsky of Snow-

of Farningham; Sasha of Farningham, who died early; Snow Finn of Farningham; Ch. Ice Crystal of the Arctic; Ch. Nansen of Farningham (of Snowland, added later); Martyska of Farningham, whom we did not keep; Laika; Ch. Moscow of Farningham of Snowland; Ch. Sprint of the Arctic. Vanya of Kobe, I believe, also came then as a pup. I think we brought him home from Europe at the same time we brought Sprint. However, I can't remember what became of Vanya. This makes a total of 10.

Over about what span of time was this?

I guess from 1932 to 1938.

Would you tell us about some of the most noteworthy Snowland dogs?



Ch. Moscow of Farningham of Snowland - lead.

land.

Were Snowland breedings line breedings?

I don't believe she inbred at all; she used the two lines that she had imported. She combined the Storm Cloud line with the Kara Sea line, and the Arctic line through Ice Crystal of the Arctic, going back to Ch. Loga and Ch. Polar Light. She made a study of pedigrees, and she seemed to have an eye for a breeding that would be good. The Kara Sea line was through Nansen; Kara Sea was very influential, and he was the biggest winner of the breed in England owing to being often shown. This is quoting from Mrs. Kilburn-Scott: "Lovely specimen, pure white in color, 21" high and 35" long." This is what she said on the back of a pedigree referring to Kara Sea.

How many dogs did your mother import, and can you tell me who they are? Can you list them?

Pedlar of the Arctic; Ch. Sabarka

The most noteworthy Snowland dog, though not a homebred, was Nansen, mostly because he was a fine sire, and a fine dog. Nansen and Snowrangel had a litter in March of 1944. A fine litter: Snegrushka; Princess Martha; Eric the Viking; and Alte Obe. Snowrangel did not belong to us, so Nansen was the stud. I forget who Snowrangel belonged to, but Snegrushka, Nansen's breeding, went to Constantine Oumansky, the Russian ambassador. There was a great excitement, because he wanted a Samoyed for his daughter. Nansen and Vida had numerous litters; the Nim litter was whelped in September of 1937; it's called the famous "N" litter, because they all became champions and all had names starting with "N." Ch. Nim, son of Nansen and Vida, grandson of Kara Sea and Storm Cloud, had fourteen Working Group Placements. Back then they didn't place so many Samoyeds in the Group. And my mother writes that "A white dog should

be a natural to stand out from among his fellows. It requires the size, grandeur, and dignity of a Nim, who impressed the general public with the ethereal propensity of the breed that has communicated itself to the owners themselves."

Did you campaign your Snowland dogs extensively?

I don't recall the term "campaigning your dog" being in as much use then as it is now. However, my mother did send the dogs, several at a time, on the different show circuits over a space of several years with handler Nate Levine. She could only attend the local shows herself.

Was Nim shown a great deal?

He wasn't shown a great deal. At 4 1/2 years of age, he had at least 37 Best of Breeds, as nearly as I can remember. He won his championship in two months, and I think I said he had fourteen Group placements. I can't remember him having first except for one time, in the Group.

Is there anything more you'd like to tell us about Ch. Nansen?

Just one thing ... I've been going

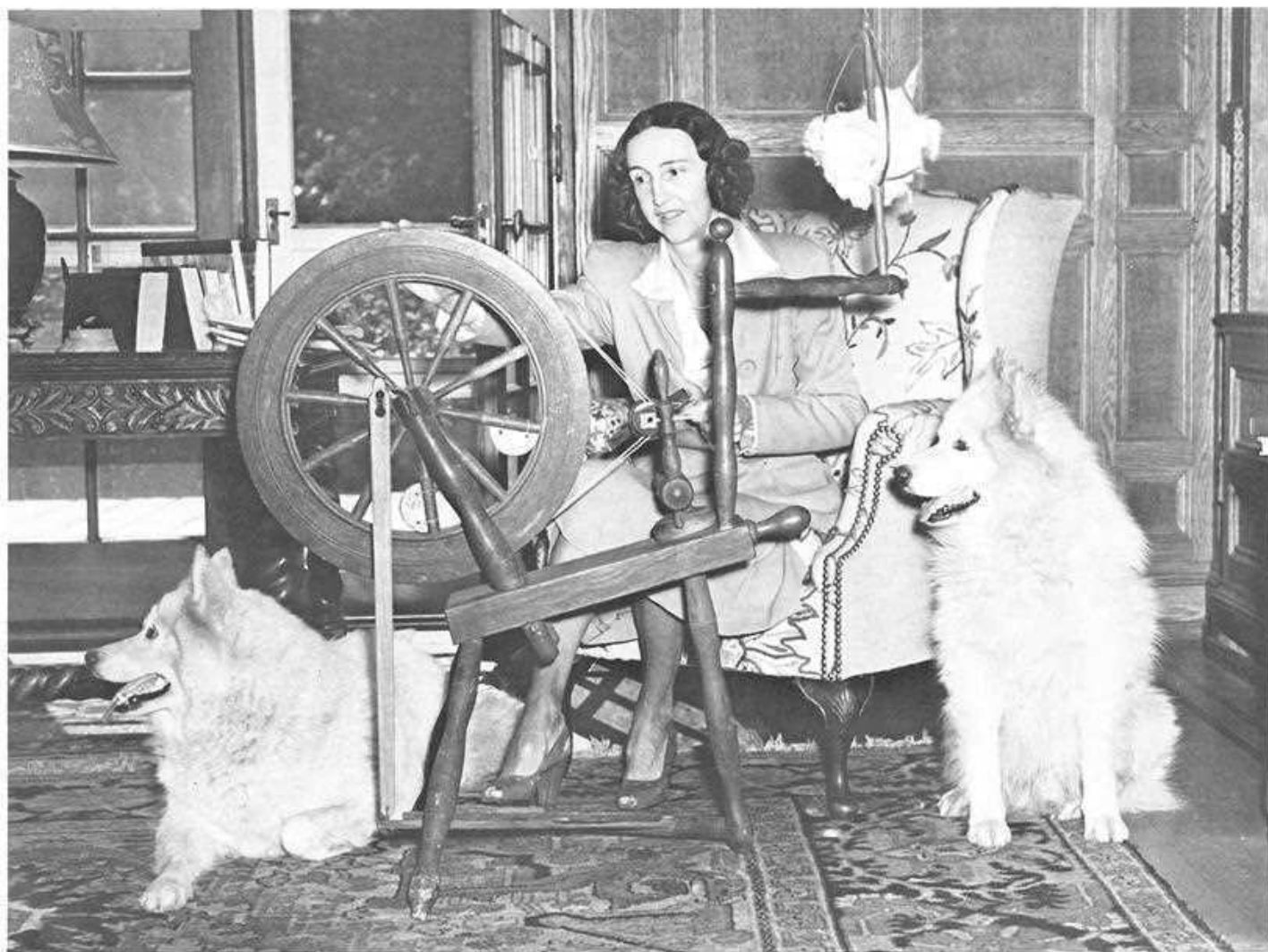
through some old papers of the English dogs, and I came across a copy of Samoyed-Siberian Club show of March 29, 1933. The judge is Mrs. Kilburn-Scott, and there were some comments written in this copy of the show listings. In the Puppy Dog class, Lady May Boothby, who was the President of the British Samoyed Club, took a first prize with a dog named Buck. This turned out to be a litter brother to our Nansen, and I never knew of his existence. The margin notation says "attractive white with lovely ears, small." And checking the date of birth, it turned out to be the litter brother of my mother's import, Nansen! This to me was like finding I had a long-lost twin, to find that our Nansen had another brother, unknown to anyone. There are some interesting notes in this Samoyed Club show: Mrs. Dorothy L. Perry has one, and the notations are "full, good head, and not in full coat." That dog took Reserve, and Buck, Nansen's brother, took first in the Special Puppy Class.

Could you tell us something about the famous Snowland sled dog team,

which has been shown in so many of the books? Was this a racing team, or just for pleasure?

It was really for exercise for the dogs and generally for a hobby. During the 2nd World War they used a wheeled rig to collect tin cans and things for the scrap drive. And they were in the newspapers quite frequently with the Snowland sled team making collections of scrap, large things that the dogs could pull, and donate to the war effort. And other than that, the team was just for personal pleasure and for us to use them in the way they are built and meant to be used.

My mother tried a number of harnesses - all of which were unsatisfactory, until she finally hit upon the idea of making her own harness. She went about this by crocheting her own design of harness out of thin twine. So it was very fine, but at the same time flexible and soft. It proved to be the best harness that she had. It was easily put on, had no buckles. And the dogs were so excited when they were in harness that they didn't like to wait around to be buckled into anything.



1944 - Mrs. Harris spinning.
Ch. Nim of Snowland (sitting) and Ch. Nadya (lying down)



Ch. Natda of Snowland - head study.

Each one had his own name on his harness, and a blue pom-pom, and it was very satisfactory because each harness was made for each dog.

She writes here, "In the summertime the teams are working in the garden, and Ernest has a big leaf cart too large to pull himself. And when he has the piles of fallen leaves raked up, he hooks three of the dogs to it and they take it around with great ease, stopping for each pile to be loaded, then down the driveway and into the gate to the vegetable garden. Moscow remembers from year to year just where the compost heap is in the vegetable garden, and leads the team to it like a pony. He waits for the leaves to be dumped, and knows as soon as the cart is righted and ready to go again." So in the wintertime they were harnessed up to the winter sled, and taken over to a ten-mile stretch just for ponies, and horses in the winter. I think I have seen as

recently as about five years ago some sled dog races taking place there, along the Wissahickon Creek.

Did your mother ever obedience train your dogs?

No, she didn't. I was reading over an article which was done on the Snowland Kennels, that appeared in the American Kennel Gazette in 1936, written by Arthur Frederick Jones. One of the things that I hadn't realized was that my mother didn't believe in teaching a Samoyed to heel, because she said that their instinct is to pull. Looking back on it, I guess when her handler, Nate Levine, got the dogs into the ring, he managed to stop them from pulling. But I can remember being dragged around taking three dogs for a walk. They did like to pull! That was their instinct, and the amount of work they did around the property was pulling.

Can you remember anything about

the early meetings of The Samoyed Club of America?

When I think back on it, originally, all the activity was in the East, the breeding of and owning of Samoyeds. One of the first presidents I can remember was Louis Smirnow. I remember him because he smoked cigars, and as a child I did hate cigars. The meetings would be in New York City, in a hotel room and sometimes in the office of Margaret Schlicting. At any rate, I'd sit at the back of a smoke-filled room not listening to the millions (it seemed to me) of arguments. It seemed to me they were always fighting and arguing. My mother would be right in there too, fighting and arguing right along with everybody, as much or more so than anybody else. She was a great talker. She had her own ideas on everything. Her enemies couldn't stand her, and her friends loved her. They were trying to get the whole country to more or less pull together. Catharine Quereaux always attended, and she did volumes of research on the early pedigrees, which were greatly needed at the time. And she was the person who spent all the time on it. Some of these she sent to my mother. They telephoned back and forth, finding out different items on different dogs. The card file of the early days represented many years of work, and when it was sent to my mother upon the death of Catharine Quereaux, I made it available to everyone by sending it to the Borg-hild Ulfeng Memorial Library.

If anybody needs to check on an ancestor, they can check it through Delaware Valley Sam Club which has the library.

As I have said, the interest at that time was in the East and then the Midwest and the Pacific Coast wanted to be represented, and many arguments seemed to result. I can read excerpts from a letter of Catharine Quereaux to Mr. Roth clarifying the situation at the moment. She's talking about Martha Humphriss, who had apparently become very ill. Martha Humphriss was a lady with a nice small kennel in the '20's, and she was a spinner. She spun dog wool, and she would spin your own dog's hair into wool for you. According to this letter, she had apparently become ill. This was in 1941. The part that refers to the union of the clubs, and I quote is this: "What really has happened is just this: last summer we tried to formulate a resolution dividing the country into districts, just as we wished from the start, as outlined in Mr. Ruick's letter of May." Mr. Ruick lived in Indianapolis, and we had sent him the dog that he used as one of the main studs, Novick, "As outlined in Mr. Ruick's letter in May, it was turned down by the Midwest before we even had a chance to put it up to our members."

That doesn't sound fair, does it? "Then we got together and decided on the simplest opening possible to permit the Midwest and any other group to

come in as a unit, and to give each member a vote, and all working as a national body, to shape our future and work for the good of the breed. Mrs. MacBaine turned it down as per the enclosed letter. We did not adopt Mr. Ruick's constitution for this reason. It is impossible, constituted as we are; it calls among other things for a Board, with three members from the Eastern Division, three from the Midwest, and three from the Coast. To adopt it would be to vote ourselves right out of existence, as we have no Eastern Division, no Midwest Division, and no Coast one. Assuming we call ourselves for the purpose of this the Eastern Division we could elect three members from our own body, but we could not elect three members from other non-existent divisions. True, we have members in our body from the Midwest, but not as a Midwest group, simply as members of our own club. I think once we all get together, some changes will naturally come. They always do. And all will have a voice. You will note the resolution says if members cannot attend, they may be represented here, which I understand to mean just this: that you could appoint anyone here, myself, say, as your representative, and at a meeting direct me to vote yes for you on a resolution to which I for myself might be voting no. You can see we have tried to open the door to meet the greatest good of the greatest number."

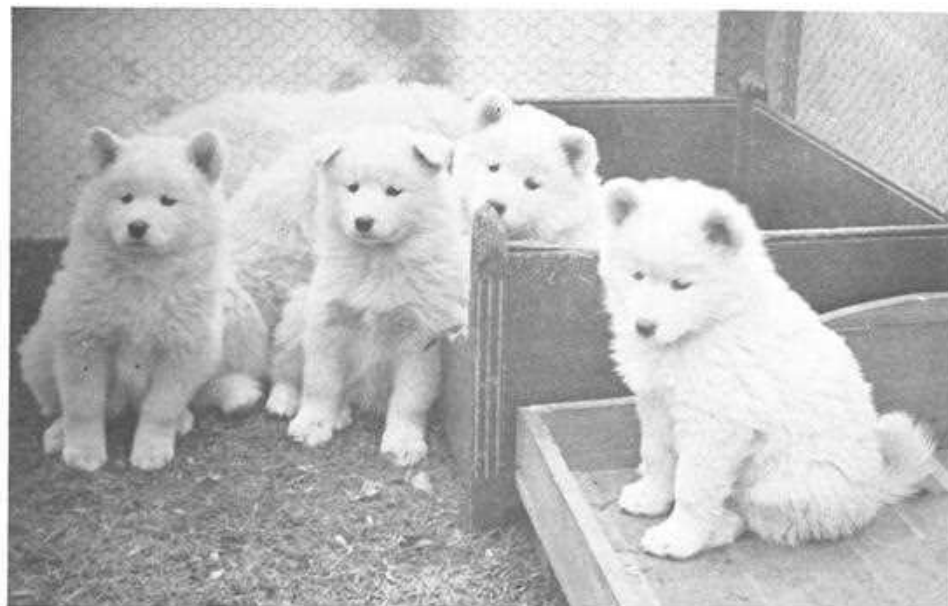
The date of the letter is January 11, 1941, and it's Mrs. Quereaux's home address, St. Albans, Long Island.

Was this when your mother was



Ch. Sabarka of Farningham of Snowland - Snowland's "Trick" dog.

Pedlar of The Arctic (background) on vacation at Muskoka Lakes, Canada.



Snowland puppies - 1937
Ch. Nim x Ch. Nadya - litter at 7 weeks.

president of The Samoyed Club of America?

Yes, she was president at this time of great turmoil and upheaval. And it was rather upsetting to her, and she had very pronounced ideas on the whole situation. Speaking of Catharine Quereaux, whose letter I was just quoting from, she had this monumental card file - I've just been going through some things up in our attic because some of her things got sent here - I found another large box of files of Catharine Quereaux's of the English dogs from the early 1900's until the '30's - practically every dog that ever existed, I'm sure, is in this file. So I'll make sure that that goes to the Ulfeng Memorial Library also. Incidentally, they have the two 16 mm films, 400 foot films, of Snowland Kennels, which can be borrowed and shown to interested groups. They're very colorful, and I had these films copied on 16 mm film so they could be used. I have the original films, but these are exact copies. Eventually I hope to make a tape to go along with these films designating some of the years, and whatever dogs I can pick out. They're rather fast-moving on this film. They tear along at a great rate. As well as I know them, it's sometimes hard to tell one from the other, when they're pulling and carrying on the way they do. It's worth seeing; I'd recommend it to everybody. By the way my daughter, Adrienne Ochis, and her family saw these films 2 years ago in California at a Samoyed Club meeting near Los Angeles. She said people were thrilled to see their dog's ancestors and ran the film through several times.

Is that the wheel that I see over there in the corner of the room?

Yes, that's the antique wheel. I always remember that being in the fam-

ily, and my modern New Zealand wheel is really easier to operate than that one. It's a little loose. It's put together loosely, but she spun on it a mighty fine and even thread. I have some wool of hers that almost looks like thread, it's so fine. It's only single-ply. She hadn't double-plied it or triple-plied it. And I have one hank of our dogs', and I hope that I can make one as thin and as even as that one is. She tried to get a local knitting mill at the time, owned by a friend of hers named Joseph Clump ... He had a large knitting mill, but they wouldn't handle under 100 pounds of it, which of course was impossible even for Snowland Kennels to produce 100 pounds. She didn't think of getting together with other owners to pool their supplies. So that was why she took up spinning on her own. And she did knit the wool that she spun; she was a magnificent knitter. She could knit without staring at it the way I do; she learned to knit in Europe a fast way, and so she knitted socks that she included in war packages that were sent over to soldiers in the 2nd World War. And we had letters written back to us from soldiers, and from my cousin who spent a lot of time in Germany, in a prison camp in the war, and he managed to escape frostbite by wearing these wonderfully warm socks of Samoyed hair, handspun and handmade. So it was a certain contribution to the war effort.

It looks as though your husband would like to tell us about some of the Snowland dogs. Which one was your favorite?

Stanley: When Faith and I were married in 1943, and I got my first look at Sams, I think the two favorites of mine were Nim and Nalda, and I don't believe that Nalda has been mentioned at all. Nalda was a very, very gentle



Ch. Moscow, team leader (lying down) - 1944

dog; would never run away, as is characteristic of some Sams, and was extremely friendly and just a very, very satisfactory dog. He loved to ride in the car, and was just a constant companion of ours. And I remember that he would always greet me when we lived down in New Jersey, in Medford Lakes, and we had many a romp and play together.

Was Nalda ever used at stud?

Yes, he sired two fine litters.

Ch. Noel was his son, who went to Dr. William Ivens, who at that time had Samoyeds. He had imported Snowland Taz from England from Mrs. Wescott. Subsequently, Dr. Ivens sold Noel, who was a beautiful, large, and magnificent dog, to Mrs. Marie Grillo, who lived in New Jersey. And another daughter of Ch. Nalda's, I think it was from a different litter, Snow Maiden, went to Vera Lawrence in California.

I understand that Mrs. Harris gave up her kennel in about 1948, when she'd had such success with breeding and showing of dogs in the 1930's. Why did she do this?

I would say a number of reasons, primarily her health. She never was a very strong person and couldn't really, even though she had help with the kennel, handle the large volume of work involved in the correspondence and the struggling with the various complaining people. I remember she got very upset when they would complain that a puppy

that they had bought either got sick or wouldn't eat, or had fleas. Well, it didn't have fleas when it left home! But there was a great volume of work for her, and she more or less had to face it herself. It was too much for one person to handle. In 1943, I got married, and we were living in New Jersey at Medford Lakes, and we'd taken Nalda along with us, so I wasn't much help at this time. Once in awhile when I'd see her she had started to say she was going to have to give up the dogs, which we didn't want her to do. But she did show through 1945 or even 1946. I remember when we were expecting our first child in 1946; I remember her saying, "Oh, we're going to raise babies now, not dogs." But I think she kept the kennels going until the late 40's.

Do you remember what the largest number of dogs she had in the kennel at any one time was?

I remember one time when there were three litters of puppies. Including the three litters of puppies there were around 27 or 29 dogs in the kennel at that time. Ch. Crystal, Ch. Nora, and Ch. Nadya had simultaneous spring litters.

About how many grown dogs were there at that time?

Maybe 9 or 10 grown dogs, and then the three litters.

How many stud dogs did she usually keep?

She had Nansen, Nalda, and Sprint. *About three at one time?*

Yes. The kennel arrangement was nice; there were large paddocks with a surface of coarse stone over a kind of limestone. And it was all fenced in. There were three main areas. The dogs all got along very well generally, and Ernest, the kennel man, lived in a house adjoining their quarters. And he had a nicely heated little two-room house, and he sort of became one of the dogs. He considered himself one with them! Of course the dogs were always up at the main house, taking turns coming up. We closed the gates of the main property, and they could really run then. And then they would come up and visit in the house or sit on the porch. They always had good manners.

Would any of the dogs stay in the house overnight?

Yes, they would. They generally knew their home was down below, and each dog knew which house he slept in, two or three to a house. Ernest built some nice grooming tables on kind of a scaffolding. And they would get their daily grooming, and each jump up and take a turn. They had generally a fine feeling of camaraderie in the whole group.

Stanley: I would just like to add that Mrs. Harris would probably have had the dogs in the house a lot more, except that she was a very advanced animal asthmatic, and they gave her

quite a bit of a problem, and that's probably why she gave up the kennel when she did.

Faith: Her asthma was so bad that when Ernest would come up to report on the day's activities in the kennel, she'd get asthma just from him, from his "doggy" clothes, really bad asthma attacks.

Then she must have been a real dog lover, to be willing to put up with this and keep the Sammies?

Yes, she was. They were the worst thing for her, but I guess they were the best thing for her too.

You say that the dogs ran together, the males and females? Always?

There was a separate run for the girls in heat. They had a separate run off to the side of the main kennel yard.

Was it covered so that Sabarka or some of your famous jumping dogs couldn't get in?

No. It was about 6 feet high and they couldn't jump it. We never had a jumper that could equal Barka; he was Houdini. And he as a trick dog with a brilliant mind. I've never seen a dog like him. I taught him to play ping-pong, and he could count up to ten.

How did he do that?

I had a system of hand signals. Actually, he could really only count to three, but the hand signals worked up to 10, so it fooled everybody.

So he could do ten barks?

Ten barks in a row.

We've talked about your mother quite a bit. How about talking about yourself. After you were married, did



Ch. Nim of Snowland

you ever do any breeding or showing of dogs?

No. We got a house at the shore, and this should be a warning to anyone that if you take your dog to the shore, make sure that he doesn't take his food and put it out of his dish and onto the sand. Because, unknown to us, Nalda was doing just that, and eating lots and lots of sand, which is what killed him. It wasn't a good combination for a dog.

So while we were down at the shore, we got a little Labrador, after Nalda died. A small black Labrador. The children were small at the time, and they wanted a dog. But after a Sammy, a Labrador isn't too great a replacement!

So you eventually did go back to

having Sammies?

Yes, we have come back to Sammies now, and there was a time in between where we did not have any dogs. It was about ten years ago, and we've had a Sammy ever since. We got one from Winterway Kennels, who had already been named White Devil of Winterway. We didn't like the name Devil, and didn't want to call our puppy Devil! He was about 8 months old when we bought him. I think I saw him at the Philadelphia show, and liked his face. He reminded me of Nalda. He's the breeding of Ch. Snowflake's Early Frost and Ch. Katrina of Yenisei. He's been a very satisfactory dog, and we call him Shuba. Shuba means coat or cloak in Russian, and it suits him very well because he carries a tremendous coat. At one time we showed him, and had a handier take him around. He got a few points, four I think, and then it became too expensive for us. And Gwynyth, my youngest child, was only two. She's my baby, but she's eleven now. She doesn't like to be called the baby anymore. But at that time she was only two, and so I couldn't go to shows too much myself. So he got kind of left out of the show circuit. He has a beautiful head, beautiful ears, and a lovely, adorable disposition.

My newest acquisition is our Kascha, Pook's Snowland Kascha is her name. And she is now 14 months old, and she's a lovely dog. My daughter, Gwynyth, is eleven years old, and is taking her to obedience class. I don't share my mother's views on obedience training, and I'm sorry that I didn't get into it when I was a young child. I think it would have been an interesting thing to do with a dog, and at that time they had obedience work. So Kascha's taking to it very well, and she can also pull in harness. Gwynyth hitches her onto an old wagon, and they go mushing right up the hill here; whether they have brakes or not doesn't seem to matter. She has a harness, and is a nice little puller. She can dig right in, and it doesn't seem to hurt her obedience training at all, or vice versa.

The other night when she had been to obedience class and I took Kascha out for her midnight walk, on our way back there was a great scrambling and thrashing, and Kascha got away from me. I always take her out on a lead at night, but she got away from me and was lunging toward a tree.

I left Kascha guarding the tree and went to get a flashlight to see what in the world was going on. I shone the flashlight up the tree, a tulip poplar tree at least 90 feet tall. Kasha had managed to successfully tree a giant raccoon. This is activity worthy of any Snowland descendant, because we live in quite a suburban area, and for Kasha to locate and tree a raccoon around here is pretty great stuff. I shone the flashlight up at the raccoon, but the raccoon was hanging onto the tree trunk for dear life, and it looked



Ch. Sabarka of Farningham of Snowland

so pretty and was so terribly petrified of the light that I couldn't just stand there shining the light on it. Kascha was remarkable because she didn't bark and carry on like you might imagine. She knew that every time she'd let out a peep that raccoon went up a few more feet, and then she couldn't see it. And she seemed to realize that silence was in her favor, and that she should not be too noisy around her treed catch. She was sure that the "something" on the tree she could bring down. But it wasn't until the next morning that I discovered what our friend Mr. Raccoon had been doing. He had gotten into the enclosed wooden trash house, and completely lifted the lid off, so he had apparently been having a merry time there when Kascha came upon him. And the next morning Kascha came down and instead of going to the tree, where I thought she'd go, she went over to the trash house. I couldn't imagine why she'd go to the trash house, and then I found out. And afterwards she did go and sit at the tree too, but the trash house was the greatest source of interest to her. Apparently he'd been at work there for some time.

Sounds as though she has a good nose.

She has. (laughter)

You have another animal here in the house too?

We have a little cat named Smokey, and my other daughter Daphne, who's one of Smokey's best friends, has, unknown to me, been saving Smokey's hair. Smokey resembles a Russian Blue. He has short, luxurious fur, slightly silver on the end. He's a very, very beautiful cat. He has very, very thick fur, and is a very intelligent cat. Anyway, Daphne's been combing him now for about six months trying to get enough hair for me to spin, and she says she's going to have a Smokey hat. And it may take us about three years to get enough hair to spin, but we're hoping.

As I look around this room, I see many evidences of the artistic talents of you and your family. Would you tell me about some of these things? How have you portrayed dogs? What are the various media that you've used?

I do animal portraits always in pastel. I sell them at either sidewalk sales or up at a dog grooming establishment nearby. I also carve animals from wood or from simulated wood. I do my own little method of carving. I do quite a few pastels, and my main hobby at the moment is spinning. I have quite a lot of people who are interested in having their dog hair spun. One lady brought me her Old English Sheepdog hair, which has a nice texture. I'd hate to wear it; it seems rather harsh, and might be scratchy, where the Samoyed hair of course isn't.

Another thing I know that you have done is in the educational line. I understand that you have gone to Gwynyth's school at various times and have taken along posters depicting the

history of the Samoyed breed and also pictures showing the Samoyed hair being spun into yarn at the Philadelphia College of Textiles; and you have collected the combings from the various club members, and taken them over to the college for spinning. Is that correct?

Yes. When we get 50 pounds collected, the Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science, being a learning institution, will spin up a small amount like that because their students learn from it. Therefore, we can send a small amount. Small to them is 50 pounds, because they deal in the hundreds and up. So it's very nice that they will accommodate us to that extent. Fifty pounds fills up my entire station wagon. It's filled with garbage bags stuffed to capacity with dog hair because of the extreme lightness. By pooling our Samoyed combings, of Delaware Valley Samoyed Club members, we can get that amount in about a year-and-a-half or two years. And then we sell it back to the members or other interest people for approximately \$1.50 an ounce. My hand spinning costs somewhat more.

How many times have you gone to the schools and put on demonstrations? Have you usually taken Shuba along to show how a sled dog pulls?

Yes, we took Shuba when I went to the Penn Valley school; in fact, he gave a fine demonstration of pulling just with the express wagon. Up until this year, when he's kind of slowed down. Kascha has been very good for him, because she's keeping him young and making him pull. They pull together.

And recently you put on a spinning demonstration at the New Jersey Dog Federation for the Delaware Valley Samoyed Club?

Yes. We had a very nice booth at the New Jersey Dog Federation, at the Freehold Raceway. I'm sorry there wasn't a sled team of Samoyeds to represent us. There were two wheeled rigs pulled by Huskies that went around

the entire track twice. One Husky had something happen to it; they had to carry the poor dear off. A lady came carrying an 80 or 90 pound Husky. But he got up all right; I guess he just got run over by his teammates. Sandy, the dog from the Orphan Annie show was also there, autographing with his paw. And I sat there and was very happy spinning the entire day!

That must have been quite an attraction. Do you find that many people just can't believe that that is dog hair combings that you are spinning?

Yes, they were amazed. They would go away and get their Aunt Mathilda, or their Uncle Somebody, and bring them over. I had a crowd of 10 or 15 people, different people the whole day long, wanting to know different things. My daughter, Gwynyth, helped out with the carding. The carding is a very important part of the spinning, and she and I both sat there and carded. And we even mixed up some Schnauzer hair to show people what can be done. A man from the Husky Exhibit on the other side of the aisle proudly brought over a cap that he had had made from his Husky hair combings. It was a very handsome cap, lined, and really thick. It's still itchier-looking than Samoyed hair.

I know that you have other talents too, in the field of writing. You have done at least one story I remember being published in the "Delaware Valley Samoyed Club Newsletter," and I remember also a poem about your first dog, Pedlar. Do you have any samples that you would be willing to share with us?

I don't claim to be much of a writer. I don't spend too much time writing, but I do have a poem. We have been talking of dogs from so long ago, so I thought it might be appropriate to read a sonnet that I wrote:

On the Death of a Noble Dog
My friend, my gallant friend of old
Death has taken you, your legs are
stiff and cold.

Your eyes are closed, your heart beats
no more;

Your soul has flown to lands unknown
before.

You, always faithful, so brave and gay
Knew how to suffer, to die with not a
word to say.

Courageously you lived and not in vain;
Your sublime courage softened for me
the pain

Of death. Before such silence all that
one could try

To say would seem so weak to you who
knew how to die.

Die then, I have finally understood, dear
friend,

Never a coward, your life was well fulfilled
until the end.

I look at you and in my eyes are tears
While entrusting your soul to God without
fear.

Thank you very much. ¶¶



Faith, Stanley and Gwynyth Child.