

The  
**SAMOYED**  
QUARTERLY

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# SAMOYED PEOPLE

The Samoyed Quarterly Talks With  
DICK AND MARTHA BEAL  
Polar Prince Samoyeds  
Mercer Island, Washington

*This interview was taped at the Beal home in June '78.*

*How did you first get started in Samoyeds?*

When we moved here, the kids were little and we wanted a pet for the family. I'd had dogs all my life, and I couldn't imagine being a child and not having a dog. When we were living in Florida we'd had a Boxer and it was not a sparkling success; it had to be the world's most stupid animal. We were never able to housebreak it; it was the only pet I ever had that I just really couldn't put up with. It might have come along at the wrong time of our lives, I was pregnant most of the time we had him and he was out chasing cats and the garbage man. It was a disaster; we just weren't set up for it. We found a good home for him.

Dick is with a national company and we've been transferred around a lot. We'd been in Florida for five years and were transferred to Los Angeles for a year. Then we moved up here and built this house and we thought the time was right for a dog. The kids were six, four and two at that time. My oldest son, Rick, is almost 24, I have a daughter almost 22 and one almost 20. Dick thought maybe a German Shepherd, I had had Chows when I was growing up. We had never had a mean one; they made wonderful pets, in my opinion, but Dick wasn't sold on them. So we just weren't sure what we wanted, but the architect who designed this house had a big, fluffy, white dog. We had an appointment to go see two German Shepherd puppies, and I was looking in the paper and saw an ad that said, "Fluffy, white Samoyed puppies;" I had never heard the word before and had no idea what they were. I read it to Dick and the address seemed to be in the same general area where the German Shepherd puppies we were going to see were. We thought perhaps they were the same as the architect had, so we decided to stop by and find out. We called and the lady happened to be Valerie Robbins. The ad had said, "Champion sire and dam" and while we didn't know much, we wanted a nice dog and we were willing to pay for it. We wanted a purebred dog and when it said, "Champion sire and dam," we were impressed. So we stopped and they were four weeks old, and I have to say that we never got to the German Shepherds, because anybody who has ever seen a four-week-old Samoyed puppy... well, they're just awful cute! She had, as I remember, eight males and one bitch. We didn't know anything about the breed. We saw the mother dog and you know how they look when they're nursing puppies, to us she was just beautiful! (Laughter). So we said that we didn't know anything about them and she said the pick of the litter had been spoken for. We said, "Bring out what you think is the second best." She brought out what turned out to be Peppy. A fluffy little adorable thing; she brought out two or three more, but he was a little bigger and a little fluffier and we said, "We'll take him." So she took some fingernail polish and marked his little foot and put our names down in her book. We made our deposit and went home and waited for three weeks. We were to get him when he was seven weeks old, and when I thought about "our puppy" that was the one I thought about. He was marked for us and he was to be "our" dog. So, when we went back, Valerie said, "The people who bought the pick of the litter are buying to show and you just want a pet. Would you consider trading? They rather like the looks of your puppy now better than the one



they have chosen." (Valerie is English, and I wish I could duplicate her accent). Well, I really had a tussle with my conscience; I felt mean, but I didn't want to trade! For three weeks I had been thinking about not just a puppy, but that puppy, the one I had held, and the one whose little foot she had marked... of course, Valerie is as honest as she could be, I would never have known the difference if she had just switched them, but Valerie would certainly have never done that. But we felt bad about it and I said, "Well, maybe we would show, but we don't know anything about it." She said there was a club and that they would show us how to show the dog, and she put us in touch with someone from the club.

From that time on we felt a certain responsibility relating to the dog, but he was our pet. When he was about four months old we called Valerie and said, "We'd like to bring him over so you can see how he's coming along." When we got there, there was another car there; it turned out to be Lila and John Weir who owned Peppy's father. I know now they were there because they knew we were coming and they wanted to see Peppy. They had Happy, Peppy's father, in the car. We had never seen a male Samoyed. They got him out for us to look at him, this was American and Canadian Champion Tod-Acres Fang. He won the national stud dog trophy twice and sired two Best In Show winners; one of which was our Peppy and the other was Joli Knicka. We thought Happy was the most beautiful thing we had ever seen and they said, "One day your dog will look like this." We just couldn't believe that but they told us that he looked quite promising.

So we started going to club meetings, learned a little bit about how to show Peppy, and when he was about six months old we took him to his first show. In the puppy class he was the only one and he got a blue ribbon. (Laughter). Then when he was eight or nine months old we took him to another show and there were two puppies in the class. When I got to the show and saw that he had competition my stomach started jumping around. Dick, of course, handled him and they went into the ring - he went second to a very fluffy, pretty dog and I was just crushed! Peppy was not a fluffy, pretty dog and I can show you a picture to illustrate my point. When we came out of the ring we saw Lila Weir and she said, "Martha, that dog that beat you is going to beat you nine out of ten times today, but in a year he won't beat you one time out of ten." That could have been the end of the dog show game for us but for those words of Lila's. We



Am. Can. Berm. Ch. Lulhaven's Snow Mist Ensign, Tiki. . .Top winning Samoyed of all time with 24 BIS.

didn't show him for three or four months and then came the big Seattle winter show; that and the Renton show are the big ones out here. He was eleven months old and we entered him in the American-Bred class. There were trophies for first and second. We got to the show and there were TEN entered in the American-Bred class! In those days we had the highest point scale in the country for Samoyeds, even higher than California. It was nothing to have an entry of 40 males or 65 or 70 Samoyeds, especially at a big show like Seattle. Well, there were ten in the American-Bred class and I remember saying, "I don't care if he comes in first or second, all I want is for him to come in ninth! I want him to beat one other dog." He beat eight other dogs, he came in second and we won our first trophy. The bug bit! A week or two later we went down to Portland and he went Reserve from the American-Bred class and the judge had some very nice things to say. At his next show he won and he finished in straight shows. He was finished by the time he was 22 months old. He was a slow maturing dog and he won in hefty competition. I think we counted once and found that some eight or nine of the dogs that he beat in straight shows eventually got their championships.

Then there followed a year when he wasn't mature. We had Noatak of Silver Moon here who was the top winning Samoyed in the country. Peppy wasn't ready to beat Noatak at that time, or even give him real competition because he was a slower maturing type. That summer Peppy got sick, and to this day,

we don't know what was the matter with him, but he almost died. So that delayed his re-entry into the ring. When he was finally well it was almost a year after he had finished. We took him to a show where he was one of five or six specials; there was Noatak of Silver Moon, top winning Samoyed in the country, Joli Knika, who had just taken a Best In Show, and there was a beautiful bitch who had just taken a Best In Show in Canada and was tied for top winning bitch in the country, and Peppy beat them all under Derek Rayne. Dick was the only owner-handler; well, I guess Cliff Cabe must have been in there too with Joli Knika. But anyway, Peppy beat them all and that was the beginning of quite a year for him.

We showed him again the following weekend and he again took the breed and a third in the Group. We realized we were competing with some very well-known dogs. At this point we had thought of getting a professional handler for Peppy for a number of reasons, not the least of which was that we knew we would be meeting Noatak of Silver Moon head on and he was a beautiful dog and he was professionally handled. We did not want to hear ourselves saying that we lost because Peppy was owner-handled. We wanted it all even-Steven. So we made a decision to get a professional handler for Peppy. It was a good decision in some ways, in other ways it was one we did regret. Dick had always handled Peppy, and the dog won in spite of Dick; Dick was as green as he could be and it was his good fortune to have an awfully good dog to show, one that was competitive, and it was fun. Had



Peppy - about one year old

we lost consistently we wouldn't have stayed around. We're competitive people and we like to win. We never have bothered with a dog that Dick didn't feel he could win with. We don't spend the time or the money, we don't make the emotional investment that is involved with losers. This is a hard-nosed, cut-throat game and you better learn what you are doing or the pros and the semi-pros will gobble you right up. We caught on to that fast and we decided that we were going to find out what this game was all about, and compete ourselves. Peppy was the only dog that we ever owned that was professionally handled. He did go on to become the top winning Samoyed in the country that year, he did go on to a Best In Show and a couple of Group firsts; it was a great year. That year was a year of ups, but the minute we'd win we'd be worried about the next show. Well, Dick didn't, but I did. My stomach was churning; this was in 1964.

*You didn't feel the same way, Dick?*

Well, I'm competitive, I'm an athlete and would go into the ring with great intensity for the ten minutes that it took to be judged.

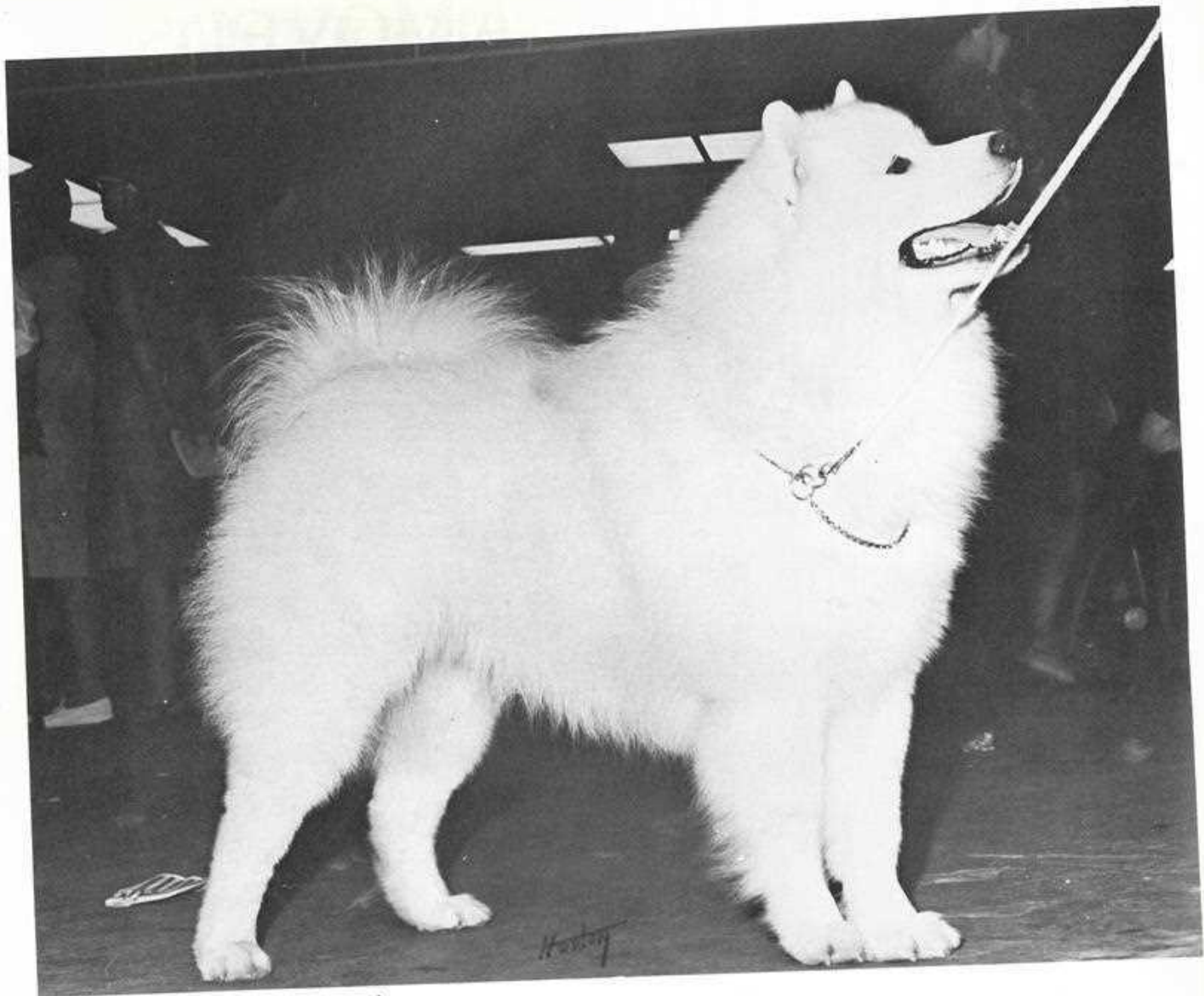
MARTHA - This was our baby - Peppy slept by our bed every night of his life and he was our pet, first and foremost. After he won the award, we retired him in his prime and a lot of people didn't understand that. Dolly Ward asked me one time, "Why did you retire him when he was right at his peak?" And I'll tell you why we retired him; because it hurt too damn much to lose and it meant too much to win. The fun had gone out of it. I made up my mind that I didn't want to hear myself saying the kind of lousy things I heard other people saying when they lost; I wasn't sure I was a good enough sport to take it where Peppy was concerned because I was totally involved emotionally with that dog. You might as well have put a collar around my son's neck and taken him in the ring, and had some stranger judge him and the neighbor's boy and the one down the street and say which is the best little boy!

DICK - There is also another factor in it and you'll have to blend these two together, and that is that we had three kids, and we were moving into a new

house and that cost money, and it cost money to have a handler, although we had a fantastic handler as far as our deals went. I say "deals" as far as what he charged and what he expected; he also was a family man. So I called him and said, "We've made a decision. So we do it again next year, what do we prove? We've done it once. And there was good reason to believe we'd do it again, but it would be strictly an ego trip." And he said, "Hey, I've seen people lose everything they've owned, I've seen marriages go down the drain, I've seen people eat bread in order to enter a dog. Your decision is smart." I couldn't see spending the money again when I knew what he could do. The handler said, "That is the smartest thing you've ever done. The dog has done it all, now you sit back and wait to see what

Am. & Can. Ch. Saroma's Polar Prince, Peppy





Cheiski's Polar Koryak at 19 months.

kind of a stud dog he is." And he was pretty hot in his own breed, too. He had bred some of the best Cockers in the country.

MARTHA - The honest truth of it is that it just meant too much to win and it hurt too bad to lose. We were feeling the effect of a winning dog, which was our pet. I should make this point, and it is an important one: The dogs always were, and never became anything else but, a hobby for us. As Peppy became better known it became very difficult to keep the thing in perspective. I was sitting up until one and two in the morning with correspondence. I can remember Christmas' and Thanksgivings with bitches here for breeding and tears because things weren't going right. It was getting out of balance. I made and kept a promise to myself that I would never ever let another dog mean that much to me again from the standpoint of winning and losing. I knew I couldn't fight it with Peppy, I knew that. So we retired him right at his peak. We brought him back once when he was seven years old and took the breed and second in the Group with him, owner-handled. Then we showed him once when he was ten years old at the National Specialty and, by golly, they cut a class of 27 specials down to five and he was still in there at ten years old! But those were the only two times we ever showed him again. He was only four years old when we retired him. I don't regret it because I think it is important to stay the kind of person you like in this dog game. It is awfully easy to fall



into the same kind of emotional traps that you see a lot of people fall into. To hear yourself making half-baked excuses for yourself or your dog; to find that your friendships are being affected by whether your dog wins or loses... and that's for the birds! If you want to keep this a hobby and you want to keep it fun, the best advice I ever had relating to the emotional involvement with dogs came from Cliff Collins when we first started. He told us, "If you don't have a thick skin and a sense of humor, you aren't going to make it." And that's the truth! If you can't divorce yourself from your dog it is going to hurt, whether you win or lose. Because if you win you know and I know the kind of things...why, my gosh, to hear other people talk Peppy belonged in the glue factory. There was nothing right about him. (Laughter). And that hurt, doggone it! We didn't understand it either, in the beginning. I remember going to a club meeting and having a man sit next to me and he had a very nice dog, one that did finish eventually. And he was sitting there telling me everything that was wrong with Peppy (Peppy had just won four straight shows, taken the points) and I didn't know enough to know how to answer all these things. And I finally turned to him and I said, "Well, So-and-So, I just am not going to apologize for him, all we do is get him nice and clean and take him to the shows and see what happens." (Laughter). He turned to me and said, "Martha, you're dead right. Don't listen to people like me." I always liked him after that. That was Bill Bedingfield, a class guy, really. He was just telling me all the things he thought were wrong with Peppy, but I couldn't counter them because, frankly, I didn't know the front end of a dog from the rear end of a dog at the time. All I knew was that Dick took him to the show, and we'd go and see all these beautiful things, and we'd say, "Oh, look at that one...look at that one. Oh, we're not going to win today." But in the ring we'd go, and out we'd come with whatever there was to come out with! But we had no idea why, absolutely no idea why, for awhile. That's how we got started: we lucked into a good dog. Paid \$75 for him; just lucked into him seventeen years ago. We did have some good help from Lila and John Weir and Cliff and Nell Collins particularly. Those four people were awfully important to us in the beginning.

*Who was your handler?*

Jim Hall. Jim was handling the night he took his Best In Show, but Dick took as many breeds and group placements with him as Jim did. Peppy was like Tiki. People don't realize that Tiki, who was a son of Peppy's and was the top winning Samoyed of all time with 24 Best In Shows, went to his championship with three straight group placements from the Open class. Group I, Group II, and Group III and he was owner-handled all the way. I personally saw him take two Best In Shows where his handler, Pat Tripp, wasn't even at the show. People think Tiki was professionally handled by Pat Tripp, who is one of the best handlers in the country, and it is true that he was; but it is also true that he won many, many times when Pat wasn't there and he was owner-handled. This is something that is a point I would like to make: I don't think you can hold a good dog down if he is given half a break. A dog's overall record will reveal its quality. You may not win quite as easily or quite as often when you handle your own dog, but if you can learn how to present the dog, how to show the dog, you can win if you have a good enough dog. I'm satisfied after the many years that we were involved and handled our own dogs that it can be done.

I do hear people say that the shows are political, and they are to some extent, but I also feel that it is possible to fight that as an amateur IF YOU HAVE GOOD ENOUGH DOGS. It helps to have a good dog to start with so that you won't get discouraged.

*Is that how you got involved with the whole thing? It was almost a condition of the sale.*



Well, yes it was. Valerie would certainly never have made a point of it. It's just that we felt a responsibility to give it a try. We were also flattered that Lila thought he looked good enough to show. It came at the right point of our lives; that we were just looking for something to do that we could both enjoy together. I've never cared much for golf and neither one of us thought we'd like skiing, and square dancing took too much energy. (Laughter). So it was dogs. And for about 12 or 13 years we were very much involved. 1974 was the last year. We had some good luck with dogs other than Peppy. I say again: it can hurt a lot, but it can be an awful lot of fun. You get real peaks and valleys in the dog show game and you have to be able to take it without a lot of bitching. The most self-defeating thing in the world is to find all the reasons why your dog should have won, instead of looking at the dog that did win and try to figure out why it did win. That's the way you learn. I've seen dogs that I didn't care for but they won consistently, and when I would see a dog like that, I'd go take another hard look to try to figure out where I was wrong.

*When did you get your second Samoyed?*

That's when we began to learn a little something. The first bitch we ever bred Peppy to was a very well-known, top winning bitch. We had high hopes for the litter and we got a bitch puppy out of it. Peppy was at that point two and a half or three years old.

*He had finished his Championship?*

Yes.

*Which bitch was this?*

This was Champion Kapegah Okanok of Nichi, Cliff and Nell Collin's bitch, the one that had gone Best In Show in Canada. That was the first Best In Show for a bitch in North America in eight or ten years.

*This is the bitch that he later beat in the ring?*

Oh, he beat Peggy a number of times, but let me tell you something about Peggy. Peggy and Peppy were out of champion litter sisters and Peggy was a couple of years older than Peppy. She was a very fine bitch, a beautiful bitch. She was always professionally handled. Cliff and Nell were not able physically to handle their own dogs. Peggy was fully capable of beating the boys on any given occasion. When she was in full coat she could and did beat Noatak of Silver Moon on several occasions, Joli Nika on several occasions. She didn't ever beat Peppy, but in all fairness Peppy and Peggy never met when Peggy was in really full coat. Well, anyway, we bred the two and we thought we were just going to set the world on fire. This was the first time we had ever used

Peppy, had never had a litter and had no idea what this was all about. We got a bitch from the breeding and we named her Tokha. When Tokha was old enough she was a rather pretty bitch to our untutored eye and I think that most people would still say that she was a pretty bitch. We thought this dog show game was just easy pickin's; all you had to do was get your dog nice and clean and put on a sport coat and slacks and go to the show and you won! Especially if your name was Dick Beal! (Laughter). This was the way it had been with Peppy, why shouldn't it be again? We had no idea that we weren't going to win with Tokha. Well, we didn't win with Tokha...show after show after show. She did get a couple of Reserves, as I remember but... We figured well, the judge liked a bigger dog, or the judge liked more coat, or the judge liked a smaller dog, or she didn't show well today or the judge was political or Dick, you goofed! (I'm really good at that!) And one day we came home after about the seventh or eighth time we had shown her and one or the other of us was going on about how the judge liked this or that, and we looked at one another and we started to laugh. We said, "We sound just like So-and-So! Now let's face it, Dick/Martha, there's got to be something different about her than him! (Laughter). You've got your sport coat on, and she was nice and clean, and really, she did show pretty well, but she didn't get a look. Now we've done everything the same with her that we did with Peppy, but we can't win with her. There's got to be something different about her, and let's try to figure out what it is." And that's the day we began to learn and it was a never-ending learning process. To this day I feel that we could still learn a lot. Not a whole lot but we could learn a lot! (Laughter).

The funny thing about that bitch, I do want to tell you this for poor Tokha, she was bred twice, once to Noatak of Silver Moon and another time to Joli Nika. Out of the Joli Nika breeding came a dog named Polar Prince's Honey Bear. The dog never finished his championship, although I think he had 10 or 11 points, but that dog sired 9 or 10 champions. He was never bred to what I would call a really top bitch, but he was a real producer. I do think blood tells, anybody who has been in dogs very long would probably agree with that; there is no way to deny the evidence that we've seen. Tokah, herself, wasn't much and Honey Bear was not a bad dog; he probably could have finished with persistence. He was a producer; all of Donna Yocum's dogs that are descended from her Ch. Pepesan, descended from him. He sired one litter that Donna had four champions out of. And almost all of the Tsiulikagta dogs now are descended from Pepesan and there are a great number of breeders involved in the country now with those bloodlines. Honey Bear lives on and dear old Tokah lives on through that Joli Nika/Tokah breeding!

*Did you show her after that day?*

Yes, I think we did once or twice. Tokah was not as bad as I make her sound, she showed like a doll.

DICK: Quite frankly, we just didn't listen to the professional handler who did the match judging one day when she was a puppy. Of course, he knew that we had Peppy and he put her nicely for our ego, I guess, fourth in a class of many more. I walked up to him and asked him and he said, "Well, her front doesn't look too good and her rear..." And that's about all he said; he was being nice. The impression was clear. So we went along, and finally that day we both said, "Hey, we better look at this thing." He had told us it was the front that was the problem; it wasn't anything like Peppy's. Stacked up and all she looked O.K.

MARTHA: Tokha had a lot of faults, but she had a lot of virtues too. She was a nice looking bitch, she was not gross in any way. She just wasn't a winner.

DICK: She was one of the champions that given a handler and put on the road eventually, if five

years, would have finished.

MARTHA: She wasn't so bad that we need to think of her as embarrassing the breed or us. It was just that she was exactly the kind of a dog that I talk about when I say that we did not bother with dogs that in our judgement were not winners; dogs whose virtues did not substantially outweigh their faults. We came to feel that it was too expensive, too time-consuming, not to mention too heartbreaking to go to show after show after show and just not ever win. I think that Tokha was the smartest dog we ever had, and she was a good friend and a good buddy but she was not a show dog.

*Did you keep her?*

DICK: She's the one that we gave to the dentist and the fourteen kids!

MARTHA: When she was about five or six years old we gave her to a dentist with a family of kids and an elderly father and mother. The reason we did that was because we were then deeply involved with showing our dogs. I showed you the back yard for a reason: that's all we had - a big back yard. We've never had a kennel, we live in a strictly residential neighborhood and we were dependant upon the kindness of our neighbors to let us have even as many as three dogs. It is very difficult to stay competitive when you can only have three dogs. Tokha didn't get the attention she deserved. We loved Tokha, she was our first Peppy offspring, she was a really smart dog, she did have two litters and we learned about whelping and puppies and everything else from Tokha. But the perfect home came along; she lived out her life surrounded by children and she adored children. She went on the boy's paper route every morning with him and had these doting grandparents; they named their boat after her! She was queen until she died and that is what she deserved.

*So your second Samoyed was Tokha, whose father was Peppy and whose mother was Peggy. Then the next thing you did was breed Tokha. How old was she then?*

Yes, we bred Tokha to Noatak of Silver Moon. This was our first litter. Noatak was a very impressive dog.

*Why didn't you go back to Peppy?*

A father/daughter breeding? I don't believe in that kind of breeding in all honesty, and this is not based on what I knew then. This is based on what I feel I know now. We made only one father/daughter breeding in all the years that we had Peppy and he was a successful stud dog by anybody's standards. I think he ended up with seventeen champions out of 127 puppies, 8 or 10 of which didn't live past a day or two old. I had many requests to breed Peppy to his daughters and the reason we didn't do it was because we honestly wanted to know what he was siring. We wanted to be sure what linebreeding was producing, let alone inbreeding and it takes time to know that. So he was an old dog before we felt that we could say with clear conscience that this dog was not siring a lot of horrible things when we linebred to him, and let's give one try with a father/daughter breeding. And we did, and one of the nicest bitches he ever sired came out of the father/daughter breeding. But also the only puppy he ever produced with something drastically wrong with it came out of that litter. This was a puppy with red eyes and the veterinarian also thought that she was probably deaf. We didn't attempt that kind of breeding. I saw too much of that around here. I saw too much father/daughter breeding, and I saw some of the real disasters that that kind of breeding produced.

Dick and I are small-time. We never kidded ourselves; we never wanted to be anything else. I never in all these years advertised in Dog World or other big national magazines. I didn't like selling puppies at a distance because I wanted to see how they turned out. Our dogs were our hobby; they were our fun. There were quite a few successful dogs here in those years and there was quite a bit of inbreeding



Ch. Stormy Weather of Betty Blue (left)  
Misty Weather of Betty Blue (right)



Ch. Stormy Weather of Betty Blue

done, and I wasn't impressed with what I saw, to be honest. And in some cases, quite the contrary.

*What is the purpose of your breeding?*

As hobby breeders, who were not inclined to get involved at a national level and who were finding it difficult to stay provincial since we had a very well-known dog, we were determined not to let this thing take over our lives. We really were, and anybody who knows us will tell you that. We were dependent on the pet buyer to sell our puppies that we were not keeping for ourselves or were not spoken for show. I did not want to be selling puppies to the pet market that were not decent examples of the breed. I feel that you have a responsibility to the ignorant general public to produce dogs that are sound, at least in temperament and hopefully sound physically. They may not be show dogs; we hope we can grade the puppies well enough not to sell a really good show quality dog to a home where he is going to end up in the back yard forever. We do feel a responsibility to the breed to the extent that we would like to see our best in places where they will serve some useful purpose where the breed is concerned. Had we, when

we got Peppy, put him in the back yard and had him for a pet forever I think the breed would have lost something. I think that is something to consider. If we think of the general pet buying public as a dumping ground for our puppies that are not going to be show quality, we will in the end be doing a very bad thing. Bad for the future of the breed, because once the general public sours on a breed then you have nowhere to sell those puppies that you can't keep. This happened to the Cockers. Cockers used to be a wonderful family pet, but with the indiscriminate breeding that was done we got a bunch of "tinklers": Cockers that couldn't control their bladders. Unstable temperaments. They plunged from one of the most popular breeds. Maybe they have recovered from this, but once a breed gets a reputation for vicious temperaments, bladders that can't be controlled, crippled dogs, dogs that go blind, the general public eventually catches on. Besides which, it is wrong. It is wrong to do breeding that you know may produce some really inferior stock just because you hope to get "Super Dog" out of it. When you know good and well you are going to turn around and sell that inferior stock to the general pet buying public. I love the general pet buying public. Some of the happiest memories I have from our involvement with dogs have to do with the dogs that I sold for pets; people I got Christmas cards from six and seven years later telling me the delight that their dog had brought them through the years. Those are some of my biggest successes, and I mean that. That's how we got started! Do you think we'd have stayed with dogs if we'd bought Peppy and brought him home and had him unable to control his bladder? That's what happened to us with the Boxer and we never bought another Boxer, either.

So feeling that way, we tried to produce good, basically sound dogs. And we hoped that among them we would produce some that would be worth showing. We did not make a lot of risky breedings. We didn't feel we were big enough, or informed enough to take a lot of chances. We are not a laboratory, or a research foundation, that could breed some fifteen generations of dogs in order to eliminate some problem. We couldn't do that and we faced up to that early on. We decided that we were going to breed dogs that were going to bring pleasure wherever they go. This is important to me because we had a very beautiful dog, a group winning dog, a champion dog, but after he had sired five litters we withdrew him from stud because we felt that a disproportionate number of his puppies were fearful and unstable in

temperament. I've been criticized for the decision we made relating to that dog, and perhaps it was a wrong decision. There have been some bloodlines develop that come down from him that seem to be just fine. We had to live with the decisions we made and there were certain things we just didn't want to do. Chicken maybe, I don't know. As I told you, we finally made the father/daughter breeding and it produced a very beautiful champion bitch, but it also produced a very strange puppy.

*What did you do with the strange puppy?*

The puppy was put down. We were not the breeders. I kind of regret it just because we don't know exactly what was wrong with her. She had black pigment but she had red eyes; so she wasn't an albino in the sense that she had no pigment, she had a lot of pigment. And the vet thought probably that she was deaf; she was put down when she was about four weeks old.

*That is an absolutely fascinating way of looking at the responsibility of inbreeding.*

I have to say that I have seen a lot of inbreeding done here, some of it by very responsible people who thought that it would be successful. In my judgement, I have seen no inbreeding that has been truly successful...no inbreeding over any period of time. I would not, myself, say that you should never inbreed, I don't like to make flat statements like that. I would say that I personally have not seen it work really well for anyone; in fact, I've seen quite the contrary.

*What do you think of culling?*

That is a hard question. I have never culled a puppy. For one thing, Dick and I didn't set the world on fire as breeders; in seventeen years we had five litters, one litter of which had one puppy and one litter had three. So you can see that we really didn't do a lot of breeding. We've been involved, however, with a lot of breeding. Dick and I, not being in the position to do the kind of breeding that we really might have done had we had a kennel and so forth, we got some of ours vicariously. We engineered certain breedings and were sort of behind the scenes in an awful lot of what went on in those years when we were involved.

I want to correct one impression that I may have left, and that is that we made only one father/daughter breeding. We did, in fact, make two others, all about the same time, but Peppy was 10 at that time and running out of gas, so we didn't get any puppies. We didn't do it before we'd seen an awful lot of his puppies and were satisfied that he wasn't siring a lot of monstrosities. He wasn't and didn't. We felt we were pretty sure of what we could expect from Peppy and we did consent to three father/daughter breedings, only one of which did produce puppies. They were all made within a period of about two months when he was an old dog. We never tried it when he was young.

But back to culling puppies: had I had the puppy with the red eyes, yes, I would have put it down. Again, I have reasons for this. I don't know about where you live but I think it is probably true that good homes for dogs are at a premium. There are far more dogs than there are good homes. Sometimes hard decisions have to be made. If you are going to be involved in breeding and showing dogs, you have to be ready to face up to hard decisions. I would rather see a good specimen of the breed, one that will be a joy to its owner, go into that pet home I have available than a puppy I have that will be a problem to the owners the rest of its life. You ask about culling a puppy; I wouldn't cull a puppy because it wasn't my idea of what is typical of the breed; those are a matter of opinion that are open to debate.

*I'm thinking in terms of culling for two reasons: One, when people have puppies and they can't place them in good homes where they will be properly taken care of, and, two, when they are doing inbreed-*

*ing and are prepared to pay the price, so to speak, for the faults that are bound to come out.*

They want "Super Dog" and are taking the chances and rather than sell them to the general public then they will put those down.

DICK: We weren't in that position, so I don't think we have to make that decision.

MARTHA: We never did that kind of breeding, but I would say that under those circumstances, rather than sell an inferior dog to a perfectly innocent pet buyer, that it would be better to cull the dog if it was going to be a dog that was going to give a lot of problems throughout its life. I'm very protective of the general pet buying public; we all started there. I think some of the saddest things I've seen over the years in the breed are some of the really inferior dogs that have been foisted on the public, where the public has been used as a dumping ground. I'm against that. I think in the end it is a very dangerous thing if breeders don't face up to their responsibility to the general pet buying public because that is where most of our puppies go. We don't produce that many show quality dogs, not if we are really honest with ourselves or if we know what we are talking about.

DICK: Not every litter has a show dog. You might have six litters before you have that one that you want. People don't understand that.

*What do you find to be a show dog?*

There are all kinds of show dogs, and there are all kinds of people showing them. For us, that trophy that Peppy won when he went second in a class of 10 in the American Bred class...if he had never done another thing, that was a thrill! I'm sure that at this stage you certainly wouldn't settle for one trophy in the American-Bred class, and we wouldn't either. But in those days, that was a thrill! To us he was a show dog because he came home with a red ribbon and a trophy; he would not be a show dog on that basis alone for us today, but there are a lot of people who would still get an awful big thrill out of a trophy and a ribbon. Realistically, I would say, there are dogs who are worth showing if the person who is showing the dog doesn't mind the expense and the work, and the traveling to and from, and going to twenty shows before their dog finishes. That's one kind of a show dog. There is the dog that can finish fairly easily whether it is owner-handled or professionally handled, but who is never going to make what I would call a Special, a dog that is worth taking in and trying to take the breed with. After you finish a dog you have to look at it and decide whether this is the end of the line or whether the dog is good enough to go on and try to take some breeds and maybe even a few group placements.

Then there is the dog that is clearly a superior dog. He gives evidence of it when he is young. He takes a Reserve or two from the puppy class, or he wins his championship very easily. Maybe you have to take some time out for him to mature; but his record demonstrates that he is a far better than average WINNER. There are winners that make decent champions and that is it; then there are dogs who can take breeds and be truly competitive in the groups and once you've had a taste of that, it is very hard to settle for anything else. There are very few of those. So it depends on what the person who is showing the dog wants. It is not your hopes, but your expectations! You have to ask yourself what your expectations are: can I have fun if this dog is only good enough to finish? Or am I going to experience great disappointment? Can you recognize which you have? That takes a few years of working with champions.

DICK: He is going to get his championship one of two ways: either over a long pull or consistent shows. Then you have to evaluate him. You have to know the dogs in all of the groups, and you have to know what is being shown in your group and you go from there. And if you don't think that dog got his championship... how does he stack up against what is being shown in



Tiki less than a year old.

the group and what may come in from California or other parts of the country?

MARTHA: If you want to know our definition, now this is based on years and years of experience with both winners and losers, we came to the point where we tried to define a show dog. The definition I finally settled on, which is simplistic but pretty much tells the story, is this: a dog which can win consistently in light of what you know his competition is likely to be, one whose virtues substantially outweigh his faults. I've seen some very good dogs in the hands of people who became discouraged because they were losing consistently to a great dog. It is important to know what is beating you. Just because you are not winning does not mean that you don't have a good dog. It may simply mean that you don't have the BEST dog. He may be the second best dog BUT he may be a lot better than anything else that is around!

There is also the matter of timing, you may be showing your dog before he is really ready to win. Peppy was a slow maturing dog; certain other dogs that he was facing were earlier maturing dogs. We've had both kinds. Our Koryak, who was a group winning dog, was a very early maturing dog. Believe it or not, Tiki took one Reserve after another to Kory. The reason simply was that Kory was six months older than Tiki, was being handled by a much more experienced handler (Dick); Sonny was learning with Tiki. After Kory finished, then Tiki won in straight shows with his three group placements and the day came when Tiki was the great dog that he was. But timing is important, and when you are in the dog show game long enough you get so you sense it. You get so you know when your dog is ready, if he is ever going to be; you also get to where you sense whether he can beat So-and-So's dog or not. If you are smart, you take all that information and you put it in your little mental computer and you decide: do we go to this show or don't we?

Tiki had a brother, (this is a story I've never told before and it might be interesting to you). When we went over to grade the litter we had to bring a puppy back here for the man who bought the dog who turned out to be Tiki, and there were, as I remember, six males. We ruled out three of them right away and we spent the whole day trying to decide between those last three puppies! And we are not the kind of people who have that kind of trouble very often!

*How old were the puppies?*

They were about eight weeks. I liked one, Dick liked another, (his was Tiki) and Clyde Lulham, who had the litter, liked a third one. Well, we dilly-dallied around. I was going to send my pick to San

Diego. Dick liked Tiki all day long. Tiki was smaller and he didn't have as much coat. It just turned out that we ruled the three heaviest coated ones out right away and these other three were all alike, or so it seemed to us at the time. Clyde really liked the one that he called "Shookie." Well, we brought Tiki back with us, and we brought the one I sent to San Diego, and we left Shookie with Clyde. When Tiki was six months old, and they took him to his first show and he went into the puppy class, lo and behold, there was his brother, Shookie, in there as well. This happened three or four shows in a row, and Tiki beat Shookie. Clyde didn't like knowing that he, the breeder, didn't have the best and he sold Shookie. I saw Shookie one time about a year later and he was a FINE dog, one that could have won easily in any competition; EXCEPT when he knocked heads with the dog that became the top winning dog in the history of the breed! So this is what I'm trying to warn people about. I don't worry so much if I am losing consistently to the same dog. I may have to face the fact that he is a better dog, or that my dog isn't quite ready and this one really is. It is when I'm losing to a lot of different dogs that I am more concerned.

*What happened to the one that went to San Diego?*

The people I sent him to had a personal situation and had to let him go. He went to a policeman who never showed him. I have no idea of what happened or why. When the people let him go they got out of Samoyeds and went into Weimaraners. He apparently was smaller than they wanted, and down in California they felt they had to have a bigger dog. I don't happen to subscribe to that school of thought, and I think Tiki is the living proof that you do not have to have a big horse of a dog to win. He lived out his life as a pet, and when Clyde sold Shookie, he went to a pet home and was never shown again. He was one of those dogs that I feel could have been a really fine dog; he was a dog I wouldn't mind owning. But he wasn't Tiki.

*Is there a question in your mind today as to whether Tiki was, indeed, the pick of that litter?*

Oh, there is no question about that.

DICK: Me? I was ready to come home in fifteen minutes! (Laughter). They took the three puppies over to a professional handler! I thought, you have to be out of your mind...the only thing he didn't have going was that he was obviously going to be a smaller dog. And he didn't have as much coat, though he did ultimately have a beautiful coat as an adult dog. People say, "How can you tell the difference in all those white dogs out there?" And I say, "It's like people, some people have class, and some don't." Tiki owned the place; he was friendly, he was interested in everything that was going on around him. On top of that, everything you wanted to do with a puppy, a Samoyed puppy, you could do and it came out on the plus side. McCormick didn't pick him.

MARTHA: No. Eldon McCormick was, at that time, a professional handler, one of the few we have in the Northwest who travel nationally. His Chows and Irish Setters were very good. One of his Chows took the group at Westminster. Eldon McCormick was not one to deal in anything but winners. This is funny, but Tiki would not exist but for Eldon McCormick! Anyway, we were really hung up on these three puppies. All about the same type, all the same size, each of us had our preference and yet each of us felt all three were good. That doesn't happen to Dick and me very often. We always grade a litter independently, and we see eye to eye 95% of the time. In this instance we just couldn't make a decision, although Dick's decision was firm, he knew who he liked.

DICK: It was the only good one I ever made! (Laughter).

MARTHA: It was not! We took them over to Eldon McCormick who lived in Yakima who really was, and is, a fine judge of dogs. He didn't pick Tiki,



Saroma's Polar Prince at 5 months.

either. He picked my San Diego dog.

*What did you mean when you said Tiki wouldn't exist except for Eldon McCormick?*

Now I don't want to step on toes in this interview, and you can edit the names out, but I will tell you the story exactly the way it happened.

We met Clyde Lulham early on. Peppy had produced the one litter by Peggy and then he wasn't used again for two years. We had some personal reasons, but he just wasn't used again for two years. Well, we were over at a show and Clyde Lulham came up to us and introduced himself and said that he had a bitch that he wanted to breed. He said he had been referred to us and Peppy by Eldon McCormick. Eldon McCormick never handled Peppy; he had his Chows and then he was basically a Sporting and Hound dog handler. We were a little puzzled but flattered by the recommendation, because Peppy was still a relatively unknown and we had Noatak of Silver Moon here and we had Joli Knika. But when Eldon McCormick referred his friend, Clyde Lulham who lived in the same town, to a dog it was to Peppy. So we bred to Trinkka, who was Clyde's bitch, and from that came Ch. Lulhaven's Nunatat, who was a Best In Show winner, one of Peppy's Best In Show winning sons. Another champion also came out of that litter. So that was how we met Clyde. About a year later, Eldon McCormick was traveling down in California to some shows and Tony Guinner, who was a handler and I think is now a judge, had lunch with Eldon McCormick. He was then handling for a client down there and he said to Eldon, "My client has a Samoyed bitch that he wants to breed, what is the best Samoyed that you've seen in your travels around the country? I've heard a lot about..." and he named some names. Eldon said, "The dog you want is handled by Jim Hall up in Seattle. I don't know the owners' name but I think they call the dog Peppy." Tony said, "Now that is a funny thing because I ran into (judge) James Case, (he's dead now, but he had just given Peppy a third or fourth in group a couple of weeks before) and I asked him what Samoyed I should breed my client's bitch to, and he told me that dog up in the north that Jim Hall handles."

So the owner and Tony got in touch with Clyde, and they got in touch with me. The long and the short of it is that Clyde leased Ch. Princess of the North, bred her to Peppy, out of that came Tiki, and they were the people we sent the puppy to in San Diego. So but for two strangers, the judge Case and Eldon McCormick, Tiki wouldn't exist. Sometimes a prophet is without honor in his own country, it is from the Bible. Sometimes it takes an objective eye, one that

is out of the breed, one like Eldon McCormick who didn't know Dick and me from a hole in the ground, but he knew our dog and he knows dogs. He knew what he felt was a good dog, I'd like to say what he felt was the best dog at the time. Sure there would have been a lot of opinions that would have been at a variance with that, but nevertheless we were lucky because Eldon McCormick did like Peppy. And everytime we see Eldon McCormick to this day, he says, "Aren't you glad I liked your dog?" (Laughter). And he takes a lot of pleasure out of the fact that the top winning Samoyed in the country was the result of his advice.

So things like that happen. I'm talking an awful lot more about Peppy than I want to because Peppy was a good dog, maybe a great dog; one we lucked in to. We did the best we could for him while we had him. I always wanted to be able to say, when he was dead and gone, that at the very least he never hurt the breed, and I don't think he did. We didn't do a lot of risky things with him.

*How many times did you breed him?*

Oh, I'd have to get my book out...fifteen or sixteen times maybe, something like that.

*Why did he win?*

I guess there would be a lot of opinions on why he won, but I'd have to say that Peppy was a very well balanced dog. He had, to this day I feel, the finest front I ever saw, and he had a very good rear. You never had to touch him; he self-stacked. You'd bring him up in line, stop him, say stay and let the judge go over him. You never had to touch his feet. Peppy is best known for his movement. He did not have as much coat as we would have liked. He was an extremely well-balanced and stylish dog; he had a way of commanding the eye...and I still use that term as a way of describing a winner. When Dick and I grade a litter, it is not enough to pick the best puppy in the litter because we've gotten so we're pretty good at that. We can get a pretty good idea of the puppies at five weeks and we can confirm it at seven or eight weeks, but I never sold anything for show under twelve weeks.

However, when you grade a litter you have to Number 1 find the best puppy in the litter, then you have to ask yourself how he would stack up with the best puppy in that litter, and that litter, and THAT litter! He may be the best of a very poor lot! He may be a great dog among other good dogs; he may be the only one in the litter that is any good at all. In other words, he may be a very fine dog. But you have to fall back on your experience. You have to not only be able to pick the best puppy in the litter, but you have to be able to mentally grade it against other good or great puppies that you have picked out of other litters.

*How many litters had you graded when Tiki's litter was picked?*

I can't even guess.

DICK: By this time I had learned a lot from watching my own dog handled professionally in the ring. We watched professionals in order to pick one. If you have a professional handler, you want to make sure first of all that he takes care of his dogs before he takes care of anything else. You sit around and listen to all the handlers talk, and these guys have their own breeds and you learn from them. You might have graded only three litters, but you listen to what they say. And this is where we picked up our philosophy...we were going along like everybody else was, and every litter had three or four show dogs in it that were great!

*That is what most breeders would say.*

Right, but it isn't so. You listen to the handlers who earn at least part of their living this way. Jim Hall said that if he gets one show dog out of six litters, he feels he has been successful. And he received the award for contributing the most to the Cocker breed from Kennel Review or something. And a lot of our philosophy comes from those early days

with Jim Hall. He was realistic, and I like to feel that he taught us to be realistic. One of the saddest and most self-defeating things a breeder can do is to talk himself into a dog; to kid himself.

You can look in *The Samoyed Quarterly*, *The Borzoi Quarterly*, the *SCA Bulletin* and you see show homes only, and I bet if you called nine out of ten ads most breeders would say that one or, maybe, two puppies in a litter might be pet quality, and all the rest of them are show quality dogs.

Oh, of course. You read the ads, you can look at the dogs.

DICK: We look at it from afar at this point, and when the *Samoyed Bulletin* comes in I spend one night down here looking through it. It has been so long, but every once in awhile you see a dog and you say, "There, that one looks promising!" although pictures can be very deceptive.

MARTHA: On the subject of breeders I want to say this: after many years, I think I can say that most breeders are honest. I think that most breeders are really and truly doing their best to produce the best puppies they can. And when they tell you that half the litter is show quality, or all the litter is show quality, they have some way convinced themselves that this is true. However, when you are talking to a breeder it is not enough to know that that breeder is honest, you also have to decide whether or not you think that breeder has any idea what he or she is talking about! Whether they know anything or not. I've known a lot of honest breeders who really didn't know the front end from the rear end of a dog; and they could tell you, in all honesty, that this dog is a show quality puppy, but they're just plain wrong. It is true, you know it and I know it. It is not enough to be honest. How do you judge a successful breeder? How do you judge whether a breeder knows what he is talking about? You've got to look at the record. It is not enough to luck into one dog like Peppy. Did that make us breeders? No, you have to look at whether this person has a record of long term success behind them. Whether they have been able to stay competitive through the years and how many puppies they had to breed to do it. When I look at a breeder who can only have one litter a year, yet they always seem to have something in the ring that they can win with, I think that guy knows what he is doing. When I look at somebody that has ten or fifteen litters a year and has a bunch of dogs that finish, but never seem to place in the groups, I figure they're producing decent dogs but I'm not sure that they know a great dog if they see one. Well, there aren't all that many great dogs anyway so you can't see what isn't there. I look at the long term success a breeder has staying competitive.

Luck? We all have our share of that, both good and bad, at some time in our lives. And the fact that a person has a top winning dog that they may or may not have bred, is not enough by itself to demonstrate that they really know anything much about dogs. I will say that the luckiest thing to happen to somebody is to have a good dog at some time in the years when they are showing, because you can learn so much looking at a good dog. If you never have a good dog to look at and watch move it is awfully hard to learn. If you live in an area where there is a real good dog, look at him every chance you get and try to figure out what sets him apart.

Dick and I haven't had all that many dogs, but the ones we've had, we've done well with. We've had a bitch that was the top winning bitch in the state, that was out of Tokha and Ch. Noatak of Silver Moon. Her name was Ch. Polar Prince's Sunshine, and she was a lovely bitch and the only champion I ever bred! (Laughter). Out of five litters and a total of sixteen puppies through the years! So I'm a great one to be telling people about breeding, but I don't claim to have done anything great breeding-wise but we just didn't do that much breeding because we didn't have

the facilities for it.

We've had two top winning males, one was Peppy and one was our Koryak, who was a group winner, and I really believe could have been a Best In Show winner had we continued to show him, but that is easy to say, but he was a winner. Now, Kory had a major fault: he was double-jointed in his hocks. We knew that when he was a little fellow, in fact, we knew it when we brought him home. He came from a litter of three, two males and a bitch. We basically brought him home to resell him for the breeder. He had been sold to one home, kept overnight, and the couple that had bought him had second thoughts the next day and brought him back to the breeder. The breeder was down in Oregon.

We brought him home, although we actually liked his brother better, we knew Kory was a winner. He was not what we then would have considered "our type." He had the most beautiful coat I ever saw, other than Noatak of Silver Moon's. So we knew when we brought him home that he had this major fault, but we also knew what I told you a minute ago: his virtues outweighed his faults so substantially that he was a WINNER. The first time we ever showed him was at a match and he went Best In Match over close to 400 dogs including a dog that went on to be one of the top winning Afghans in the country. But Dick had to hide this fault when he showed him.

Exactly what do you mean when you say "double-jointed?"

Do you know what "knuckling-over" is, in the front? Well, this is the same thing only it is in the hock. The hock joint flattens out when there is pressure on the leg.

What causes that?

It is a hereditary thing. It is quite common in the breed and it varies in degree.

Do you think it is a serious fault?

It depends on the degree. I suppose some people consider it much more serious than we would. It didn't keep Kory from being a group winner, let's put it that way. But Kory's joints did not give when he moved. With some dogs with serious double-joints you can see it when they move. Actually, Kory was quite a good mover. The only time you could see it was when he was standing still, if he would lean forward. Dick learned a trick to hide it from a handler, and it worked. There was no question but that he was double-jointed, but it was not easy to detect if you didn't know what you were looking for. Only one judge, to our knowledge, ever caught it and that was the fellow from Hawaii, Arthur Zane. He had Kory placed first in the class, and suddenly he saw it. He looked at Dick and Dick looked at him and they both laughed and knew the other knew. Mr. Zane took him out of first place and put him fifth. It is the only time we showed Kory in the Open class that I remember that he didn't win. And he took the breed and the group from an Open class, too. But Zane caught it. Now, it may be that other judges caught it and just didn't give it the weight that Zane did, and there certainly are all degrees of it. The reason that I even bring it up is not that I personally consider it all that serious a fault. It is a fault. Enough so that in the puppies Kory sired we were looking for it. As a matter of fact, I don't know of one that he ever did produce and I don't know of any that are descending from him.

Here we were, we had had Peppy who was a rangier, obviously more working type dog and very well-known for his movement. Then we come into the ring with "Mr. Fluff" personified, "dogonified," and he was about as opposite in type as you can get. People used to say to Dick, "Well, you and Martha don't know what type you like!" and Dick would turn around and say, "I know EXACTLY what type I like. I like the "type" I can win with!" (Laughter). And that is the way we felt about it. I've seen a lot of dogs that you couldn't name a major fault on, but you couldn't name a major virtue either.



Dick Beal handling Ch. Cherski's Polar Koryak.

But Kory didn't like the shows. We always called him "Chicken Little;" he was born afraid the sky was falling in. I consider that a basic flaw; a much more serious flaw than his double-joints. He functioned beautifully in this house; he was the most fun-loving dog we had, he would play with a ball, etc. Peppy was dignified and arrogant. Kory was a nut! He would jump all over the beds, try to steal the kids' stuffed toys; and the kids adored Kory. He was a fun dog. Take him out of this environment and "Chicken Little" came out. If we could have taken a refrigerator into the ring with him, he would have been fine. He only showed for Dick and baited for him twice. He was a very beautiful dog; he was a dog with a major fault (which I don't feel that Peppy had), but he had major virtues. That kind of a dog was fun to show in the sense that he literally drew gasps from the crowd. I remember we took him over to Yakama; he and Peppy had gotten into it and Kory had seven stitches in his leg and didn't feel too well that day. Dick was waiting to go into the ring and two handlers from California were behind him. One pointed to Kory and said, "We aren't going to win today," and they didn't. They came over afterwards and tried to buy Kory. Of course, he wasn't for sale. People would come over to breed a bitch and see Kory and Peppy and they either liked one or the other. There was never any halfway between. There would be people who would see that beautiful thing that Kory was, and they just couldn't see Peppy for anything.

*How many times was Kory used?*

Five times.

*And how many champions has he produced?*

One. But a lot have descended from him. Kory was used very sparingly. He was bred to four bitches locally and then he was bred to one of Donna Yocum's bitches and from that breeding a lot of champions have descended. Gail Mathews' Nordic dogs descend from Kory, a lot of Joanne Hibalinks'. For instance, the one who just went Best In Show from the classes a

month or so ago is a descendent of Kory's. And the one that Don Hodges has now, Sunniglo. The type is very dominant. I can spot his head. I went back to the National Specialty in Wisconsin some years back and Gail Mathews was showing that Nordic litter. I didn't even need a catalog, I knew them right away. I can also spot descendents of Noatak, there is a very definite, dominant type that comes through. When you have seen it as much as I have, you know it.

We had a great dog here, a very great dog. I don't think there is anybody in the Sammy world who could deny that one of the greatest in the history of the breed was Stormy Weather of Betty Blue. And almost every top winning dog in the country in the last twenty years is a descendent of Stormy Weather's with the exception of some of Doris McLaughlin's dogs. And those of her's that are descended from Bear (Ch. Polar Star's Nika Frost) are descended from Stormy. And incidentally, Doris' Bear is Kory's sire or grandsire, I'd have to check the pedigree out. Stormy Weather was one of those dogs that comes along once in a lifetime that when the history books are being written a hundred years from now, if there is any justice at all, it cannot be denied that he truly stamped the breed! I would say that if you were to go through the last twenty years of Best In Show and group winners you would find that something like 75 or 80% of them descended from Stormy Weather of Betty Blue. Yet there are different strains that have developed that are quite different in type. It is quite surprising, and I've seen the same thing with Peppy's descendents. I'm sure that Lila would tell you the same thing about Tod Acres Fang. Peppy sired his share of "clinkers," but somehow or other blood does tell. There are some very strong dogs in Samoyed pedigrees, with Stormy Weather being one of them, if not the strongest one. Just like some people would say the same thing about Yurok of White-cliff in California...certain dogs have really marked the breed.

*What is the relation of Stormy Weather to Peppy?*

Grandfather on one side and great-grandfather on the other. Peppy is linebred Stormy Weather. Noatak of Silver Moon is linebred Stormy Weather. Joli Knika was a grandson. Tod Acres Fang is Peppy's father and Joli Knika's father; they were the two Best In Show winning sons of Tod Acres Fang. Stormy Weather of Betty Blue won the National Stud Dog Trophy, Tod Acres Fang won it, and Peppy won it twice. Stormy was an owner-handled group winner. Peppy was a slightly larger, heavier-boned dog than Stormy, but they were the same type.

Cliff Collins knew Stormy very well; his Peggy was a daughter of Stormy's. The only difference between Peppy and Peggy, they were out of champion litter sisters, both Peppy and Peggy were Best In Show winners, but Peppy's father was Happy, Tod Acres Fang, who was a son of Stormy's and Peggy's father was Stormy himself. Cliff and Nell Collins said that Peppy was probably more like Stormy than anything Stormy had sired. Dick always liked to compare Peppy to a Quarter Horse.

DICK: There were a lot of dogs that I used to handle and we used to have around the back yard that I could always play a game with them and fake them off their feet. I could never fake Peppy off his feet; he used his front feet like a Quarter Horse, you'd never catch him with them crossed. He used his body physically in a way that was efficient.

*Was Tiki an awful lot like Peppy?*

Yes, I couldn't put Tiki down either (fake him off his feet).

*Why did Tiki do more winning than Peppy?*

For one thing he was shown a lot more. Remember we retired Peppy. Tiki was truly campaigned in the sense that some dogs are. His owner spared no expense. And Peppy never carried that great coat; Tiki carried that coat. His only "handicap" was that he was a smaller dog, but he was a good dog so it didn't make any difference. If Peppy had been campaigned for a three or a four year period all over the country...I don't know. The thing that is important is what WAS. Peppy beat what he had to beat at the time we were showing him.

*Do you feel that they were both equally good dogs?*

I would have to say that Tiki was a better dog overall because he proved it by his record. He wasn't the stud dog that Peppy was. Tiki is a very hard dog to fault, he really deserves his record; he did not have QUITE the front that Peppy had. I still say, and I think there are people who would agree with this, Peppy had one of, if not the best front I ever saw on a Samoyed.

*This bitch that was produced out of the father/daughter breeding, did she have an exceptionally good front also?*

I can remember of the puppies we saw out of Peppy, five or six that had his front. I can't tell you about the pets, of course. She did have the good front.

*When you saw the litter Tiki was in did you think it was an awfully good litter?*

We didn't know that it was going to contain the top winning Samoyed, but we knew it was a very good litter. Just like we saw some that we knew weren't.

*How does somebody just starting out go about getting a good dog?*

DICK: They luck into it.

*How do you buy a good dog?*

The first thing you do is try to learn as much about the breed as you can before you go shopping. I would also recommend going to some dog shows and seeing as many as you can in the breed. Then I would go to a reputable breeder...

*How do you find one? There is a question in my mind as to whether very many people really know.*

I would say a person who has demonstrated over a period of time that they are producing more than the

average winners.

*But you talk to most breeders and every one of them will tell you that they are a winner.*

Nothing is infallible, all you can do is your best.

DICK: Well, I've seen one and two year periods where the people winning weren't doing anything grand and glorious.

MARTHA: I'll make another suggestion, you could talk to some professional handlers at dog shows. Find out from people who don't have any ax to grind within the breed itself. Or talk to people in kennel clubs who are involved in other breeds and they usually know who the people are in their area who do produce consistently competitive dogs. Then you go and meet that breeder and you have to, at some point, bring your own intelligence to bear. You have to size them up and you have to decide whether you think they know what they are talking about. Whether you think they are giving you a big snow job, or whether or not you like them. An awful lot of people seem totally unwilling to take any responsibility on themselves.

DICK: You have to be willing and able to put in your apprenticeship, I guess is a good way to put it. You can go all ways, you can go to handlers, judges; I mean how many novices would walk up to a judge... so what you have to do when it is all said and done is put in your apprenticeship.

MARTHA: When I would get calls for some breed other than Samoyeds, I knew who to send them to, Dick. If you show very much you know who the people are in your area that you are willing to send people to.

Somebody could come to me or to you for a show dog...I always tried to sell people what they were buying from me. If they wanted a show dog, I tried to give them that. But sometimes I'd have to say there wasn't one in the litter good enough for them. If they were buying good breeding stock that might or might not be good enough to show, I could usually find that. But I couldn't always find a show dog; I've had people wait as long as a year and a half for a show dog from me. I just didn't do that much breeding and the only ways I could find them would be to go out and grade litters and spot a pup that I liked. But you can't find what isn't there.

One of the saddest things that ever happened to me was some people reserved, for over a year, my choice male from my Buffy/Peppy breeding. These people, meanwhile, were transferred to California. When I had the litter we had only three puppies: two males and a bitch. Dick and I knew, when that puppy was about six weeks old, that it was the best puppy we ever bred. We also knew we wanted to keep it. I called the people and I told them the truth. I said, "Look, we just don't breed this often, Peppy is old now, he is missing with bitches and we may never get this good a pup again. But if you will let me keep this male which you have reserved for over a year, I will GIVE you the next best male I can find." Basically they wanted a beautiful pet that they maybe could show. They had come to us long before for the dog and were willing to pay a good price. The long and the short of it is they wouldn't agree to it. I had to send the best pup that I ever bred to these people, not knowing whether it would ever be shown. It nearly broke my heart, but a deal is a deal.

Dick and I went down to California where he was judging a match, and there was a show the next day and we showed the dog for them in the puppy class. Somebody we knew came up to us and said that Jean Blank (the owner of Yurok of Whitecliff) wanted to meet the owner of that puppy that Dick Beal just took the Puppy class with. So the woman who owned him was with me and we were taken over to Jean and introduced. Jean said, "I want to tell you that is the finest puppy I have seen in years." I always considered that a great compliment. Then we went back five months later, and showed the dog at the National Specialty and he took the Puppy class with something like 25

puppies in there. We knew; the dog had all the potential in the world. He was, in my opinion, a group quality dog, the kind that come along once in five or six years, if you are lucky. The thing was, we knew it when we sent him away. So we introduced the owners to John Coloma, who is a breeder and a handler down there. The owners agreed that when the dog was old enough they would have him shown, the dog's name was Suki. So I got a long-distance call from John Coloma when the dog was about fifteen months old, and he had been over to see it. He said, "Martha, he is a fabulous dog. I've got him entered in six shows. He ought to win them all, there is one judge maybe he won't." The next day the dog was dead. He'd been poisoned.

There are a lot of heartbreaks in this game. That was the dog that could have taken Peppy's place. If we'd had Suki, we might still be in it.

DICK: He had a nice home. They raised him with the billy goats; he thought he was a goat! He used to scratch his head; tried to eat bark off the trees and couldn't understand why it didn't taste good to him! (Laughter).

*Who would have poisoned him?*

Down where he lived it was not against the law for people to put poison out for skunks and squirrels, and that is what they figure he got. He ran pretty well free; it was one of these areas in San Francisco with three acres to every house. He had a wonderful home, the people had two children and they adored him; he was their pet in the sense that Peppy was ours. They were heartbroken when this happened; I don't blame them in any way for what happened. It was just one of the heartbreakers in this dog game.

I have a friend in Minnesota who had a young male, he sent me a picture of it when the dog was nine or ten months old, and he was a good one. The dog took five points at his first show and somehow he got away from his handler and was killed. These things happen.

That was too bad with Suki. There are very few dogs that we think are good enough that we want to own them. He was one of the very few males through the years that I would really have liked to have. So one bit of advice I give any breeder is NEVER EVER sell your choice male or bitch ahead of time. I should have known better; I've been in it long enough to know better. I had an old friend here; I adored her. She was Mrs. Seattle Kennel Club, her name was Lillian Miller. She had bred over 100 champions through the years in six different breeds, (she never was involved with Samoyeds) but we got to be really good friends and she gave me some good advice. She said, "Martha,

*Polar Prince's Suki*



*Am. & Can. Ch. Saroma's Polar Prince*

we all try to breed great dogs. You mull over pedigrees and you do everything you can to make that perfect combination. But when all is said and done, the dog is either there or it isn't and a GOOD DOG IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. It may come out of a breeding for which you really didn't have high expectations. You must learn to spot a good puppy if you are going to succeed over a long period of time. You must; so you don't miss that great one."

*What do you look for in a good one?*

Balance and style - number 1. One mistake I think a lot of people make is they "fault-judge." It is the wrong way to go about judging in my opinion. One must look at the total dog and determine whether its virtues outweigh its faults substantially and, if so, how substantially in light of what you think its competition is going to be. I've known a lot of dogs that had no major faults, but had no major virtues. Now we are talking about a show dog, not necessarily a dog you are going to use for breeding. I make a distinction here because you are going to think twice before you use a dog with major faults for breeding, no matter how big a winner he is. Do you get your kicks in the show ring or do you get your kicks as a breeder? We got our kicks mainly in the show ring. Major faults in breeding are an iffy business.

When we would go in to look at a litter of puppies...my mother lived with us for a great many years, she died last year, but she knew nothing about dogs except that she loved them. But it was just uncanny, we'd have a litter of puppies here, our own or some that somebody brought over for us to grade, and my mother would be in here looking out into the yard and she'd say, "I like that one," and it was

infallible! She was always right, it was always the one that we had chosen. To some extent you can be guided by your intuition and instincts. A good dog stands out, he draws the eye. Not because he is the biggest, many times he isn't. But there is something about him. Every great dog I have ever seen had a magnetism about him. I remember the first dog show we ever went to here. We had Peppy in the car and he was five months old. It was the Renton show and Lila Weir was there, and everybody else. We didn't know any of them very well but we'd heard there was a dog show. We took our funny little puppy and put him in the car, (which he ultimately demolished), and went to the Renton show with no idea of even going in. We stood at the fence peering in where they all were; and Lila said, "Why don't you come in. You can't bring him because he's not old enough." So we left him in the car and we went in. It happened that there were a bunch of German Shepherds in one of the rings and we stopped and we looked. At that time, German Shepherds all looked like salt and pepper to me, they all looked alike. They all looked alike but one; he was the same color and the same size, but Dick and I both looked at him and said, "Look at that one." His handler was a girl and she had a ball to bait him with; there might have been 40 dogs in that ring, tremendous German Shepherd entries. But this one! You just couldn't take your eyes off that dog. That was Ulk Wilkingerblut, the top winning German Shepherd of all time. As a little girl I was bitten by a Scottie and am not partial to Scotties, but one night during group judging at Seattle a Scottie came into the ring with his handler. I said, "Dick, look at that Scottie." That was Bardine's Bingo, who eventually went Best In Show at Westminster. Carnation Farms paid \$27,000 to import him from England. I didn't know who he was, but you couldn't take your eyes off of him. A great dog draws your eye.

One of the most unforgettable dogs I've ever seen was Noatak of Silver Moon. You could not forget that dog if you ever saw him in his prime. He was a fabulous, unforgettable dog. I like to feel that Peppy was a fabulous, unforgettable dog, but in a totally different way. It is the sum of the dog that matters, it is not the parts. Sometimes that great dog is a very heavily coated dog; sometimes he is a fantastic mover - ideally - a combination of a lot of good things and few bad things.

So what do we look for? We look for balance and style and we look for a firm back. I do not like a soft back.

*What do you mean by a firm back?*

You can feel it in the set of the shoulders. It is revealed in the way the dog handles himself physically. The first thing we do when we go to look at puppies is say, "Turn them loose." We don't want to see them stacked, we just want to see them moving around. Little by little there is one you keep looking back at; why? I don't know - it is different with different dogs. Something makes you notice this one puppy; usually for Dick and me it is balance, style and a good firm back. I love good head carriage and a nice neck.

*What do you define as a good head carriage?*

I'm not very good at this defining business... I like a dog that moves with its head up. We're always looking for that in puppies and adults. Good head carriage says, "Hey, man, I'm here and there is nobody that is going to beat me anyway, whatever." You've heard of the "look of eagles;" every great dog I have ever seen had the "look of eagles." It is a part of its personality.

Once you have singled out a puppy or two, then you do your fault judging. Then you look at it to see if you can find something really wrong with it. I do not minimize front and rear faults, but they are not first. The first thing is balance and style.

*What do you mean by style?*

It is an "air," an arrogance, an ego. It is

something that makes you look at the dog. Have you ever seen a woman that wasn't beautiful, but you couldn't take your eyes off of her. The homliest girl in our sorority house when I was in college was the most popular girl in the house; she had something. Dogs are like that too, the really good ones are. A judge can't help but see it, either.

I know some small-time breeders, by that I mean breeders who don't have big kennels and a lot of dogs to choose from, but they have an eye for a dog. It has to be developed, it helps to have a good example before you, whether you lucked into it or not, or whether you even own it or not. Every area of the country has some good dog in it. Every great dog could be faulted, so what? They were so far apart from everything else that it was manifest. I've stood at ringside and heard strangers talking behind me from other breeds who don't know the breed. It is remarkable how often they know the right dog. It is not always the same combination, but it is something that makes the dog "different."

DICK: Some people can't spot that dog. They dissect a puppy and pick it by parts.

MARTHA: They can fault it, but they can't see the total dog. I have said, and I believe this to be true, that at some point a buyer must assume some responsibility himself. And when I sold a puppy for show, I investigated the people I was selling to as thoroughly as it was possible to do, and if, in my opinion, they were not trustworthy enough to make the deal with, then they didn't get the dog. The deal was that the dog was to be sent on one month approval. It would be sent no younger than twelve weeks old, and I would make every effort to send them what they were buying from me: show dog potential, for breeding, or what and they were priced accordingly. They had one month to seek out any opinion they wanted; they could go to other breeders in their area, they could go to judges, they could go wherever they wanted. When that month was up, they made their own decision to keep the dog or not. At that point they knew as much or more about that dog than I did; the dog was one month older. I make no claims to be infallible. I've made mistakes and if we were still in it we'd continue to make mistakes. At some point the buyer must assume some responsibility for his own judgement. Too many things are out of your control once the dog leaves you. Long before it was the common thing, my dogs always went with a written "money-back", not replacement, "money-back" guarantee on disqualifying faults and hip-dysplasia. The reason being that if I had bought a dog that was dysplastic I'm not sure I'd want a replacement from the same kennel. Another reason was I might not have a replacement at a given time for a dog. I believe in spelling these things out ahead of time. People who bought from me knew that it was a money-back guarantee; they were risking a certain amount of time.

Through the years we keep saying nothing can happen that hasn't, but all kinds of things happen. My mother used to say to me, "Martha, how do you stand it. It is such a heartbreaking game." And the truth is that there were a number of times when I didn't know if I could stand it.

I want to talk some about what I see are the pitfalls in this dog game. I don't believe in tying a lot of strings on dogs. I've seen it lead to an awful lot of trouble in many cases. I don't believe basically in co-ownerships, although I'm involved in one right now; it is only the second one that I have ever been involved in. At the time when we bought our first dog, if Valerie Robbins had sought to impose a whole lot of conditions on us we would have simply said, "Thanks, but no thanks." I got a real good lesson from my husband early on. It was the first litter we ever had, and no litter of puppies ever had more love and care lavished on it than that litter of puppies. Finally came the day when the first puppy was to leave this house with its new owners. I had

typed out a long involved list of instructions about what to do for the puppy, how to feed it, etc. And this young couple, who were in their early 20's, sat here and listened intently to every word that I, the expert, (involved for all of 2 or 2½ years!) had to tell them. So they had their list and there came that dreaded moment when my first baby had to leave. Their car was parked just outside the house, and every one wished every one else well and they left. With tears in my eyes I watched them from the window, and then I turned and there on the table was the list of instructions! I said, "Dick, they didn't even care enough to take the list..." and I was ready to call them up the minute they got home...and he said, "Martha, look out that window. Do you see that young couple hunched over THEIR dog? Not YOUR dog, THEIR dog. Don't you know they couldn't wait to get out of here with THEIR dog. That's not your dog anymore." And it's true. It's fine to care enough to keep checking, and we all do. But that puppy was their dog; and when I bought Valerie's puppy, he was not Valerie's dog anymore, he was my dog.

I don't see any point in tying a lot of strings on a dog. I don't see anything wrong with reserving a stud service from a nice male; but to reserve all the stud services you ever want from a dog is patently unfair in my judgement. It is taking advantage. Co-ownerships lead to disagreements and I don't believe in them. I just don't think they are smart. I always wanted to run my own show but I always want to give everybody else, including novices, the same privilege. I'm bossy enough as it is, and to constantly be directing the affairs of somebody else is to invite responsibilities that you will later regret. Ott nearly drove me nuts with Tiki; every time Tiki stubbed his toe the phone would ring and they were pushing the panic button. He eventually got over that, and we laugh about it now.

If you are going to stay in the dog game, you must keep some semblance of perspective. You neither want to impose yourself upon other people, nor do you constantly want to be imposed upon yourself. There were periods where we could not eat a full meal for the phone ringing at dinner time about the dogs. Now there are some breeders who are so totally involved with their dogs that they would think that is great, but there are a lot of people out there with families to raise like we had. I do think that you will enjoy your hobby more if you do, somehow, keep it a hobby and do keep your perspective. It is so easy to become totally absorbed by it, and if you allow this, other things are going to suffer. There will come a day when you will regret it. I'm talking to the hobby breeder, the person who wants to do this for fun. I'm not talking to the people who do make a business of it; I see nothing wrong, incidentally, with making a business of breeding dogs as long as you keep it an honorable business.

The number one mistake that a lot of small-time people make is to get too many dogs. They feel that they must keep something out of every litter, because they have been told or feel that everything in the litter is show quality. There comes that day when they have too many dogs, and they cannot give the time and attention to the dogs, individually, that they really would like to. Their facilities are usually not adequate and they are making do. We've all been through it; we did it, I don't know anybody who hasn't done it and it is a mistake.

If you want to be in the dog game and be successful, you have to make up your mind to that very fact: that is your goal and certain things have to go. I always had one or two dogs that were my real pets and they were here forever, no matter what. But the rest of them had to be winners or they went. You have to draw the line somewhere if you want to stay competitive in this game. And if you get yourself a back yard full of mediocre dogs, particularly males, there is no room for that great dog when you

finally spot him or want him. It is very hard to stay competitive when you are a small-time breeder and don't have the kennel facilities.

I've read, and I think it is true, that few people last beyond the five year limit. The ones who get into it usually have lucked into a good dog some way or another and they win with it and they are bitten by the bug. The next thing they do is they get too many dogs. They haven't been in it long enough to be selective. Suddenly the wife is saying, "I've had enough," or the husband is saying, "I've had enough." And it is very hard to do it unless BOTH of you like it; not impossible, but very hard. I've seen a lot of kids neglected, too, when the parents get caught up in the dog game.

I don't mean to sound so negative here, and I think I am. I don't mean it is impossible to control it, but what I'm saying is DO THAT - control it! If you don't, you won't last long enough to be really successful. You can't learn enough in two years, three years or even five years to be really successful. You might be lucky; but it takes a long time to really have some idea of what you are doing. The fact is that by the time you finally know enough to be selective and make some right decisions, you may have gone stale, or you notice your kids are really not getting enough time and attention.

Be careful, be selective, be realistic about what you can handle in the number of dogs that you have. Another big pitfall people fall into is they have one good dog and the inbreeding starts. For every success I've seen I could name you a lot of failures. "Kennel blindness" is an old cliché but it is an easy trap to fall into and it has spelled the end for an awful lot of people. Some of the recessive faults that are very damaging don't show up for a number of years and by then you are committed to the dog. We've run into PRA here in the Northwest and that sometimes doesn't show up until five or six years old. And if you've done a lot of inbreeding, everything you've got can be involved. Our dogs are so closely related nationwide, they all descend from the same eight or ten dogs from England and these damaging recessives can really be a disaster if you've based your breeding program on one dog. I do personally believe, even though I haven't done a lot of breeding myself I've certainly watched a lot of it and been involved with a lot of it, I do believe in good out-crosses every fourth generation and preferably every third generation.

Another pitfall is to get involved in the politics of your local club. This has caused as much or more trouble than anything else I can think of. It's not only in our breed, it's just in dogs. By and large, you are competing with those very people who belong to your club and it is very hard to keep personalities out of your dog dealings, but it is absolutely essential if you are going to succeed. You just cannot dislike a dog because you don't like its owners or vice versa. It is self-defeating; you just have to divorce the two. If you allow yourself to get involved in the squabbles that go on... Now I'm not saying that you should not belong to and work for your local club; I think it is important that you do. You can learn a lot and you can contribute a lot, but somehow or other you must keep your perspective on the importance of your squabbles relating to the dogs. I have seen people that in any other sphere of activity are perfectly lovely people and yet they will get into a club meeting and haggle with one another about who spent five dollars for this or that. Somehow or other you've got to remain a rational human being; if you don't there will come a day when you just really can't stomach it anymore. Be polite, be considerate; every single fight you're in takes a little bit more out of you. The fights and the squabbles may lend some excitement, but in the end they are destructive. We built a strong club here, and we really all got along fine because most of us had been around long

enough to realize that getting along in the end is so much more productive. That doesn't mean that occasionally there isn't some issue that is important enough to take a stand on, and there have been some of those but it better be pretty important!

I'm mentioning some of these things because they are the things that tire people out. They are the reasons that a lot of people fall by the wayside.

*What positive things do you think came out of your involvement with the dogs?*

DICK: I think for the first time, from 1962 to 1974, we shared a hobby together. Martha had a creative outlet; she was the expert on the pedigrees. I was the groomer and the handler. I am competitive, and the point at which the handlers started pulling their dirty tricks on me I thought, "Hey, that's fun." I just learned to dish it right back. That's my end of it. For the first time we lived someplace and could say we'd seen the place where we lived. That's all the way to Idaho, to California. We lived in Florida for four years and all we saw was Tampa, Clearwater and St. Petersburg! And our kids benefited from it to a certain extent. At first it was, "Great, we're going to a dog show," then they later said, "oh, we don't want to go." It is hard on kids, you have to keep that in mind. But there were a lot of positive things...we met a lot of nice people, fantastic.

MARTHA: A lot of nice people that I still correspond with and a lot I don't that I miss. There is a lot of creativity in all of us; some people can express it with music or painting. I always had a mental picture of the dog that I was trying to breed and was always trying to produce it, and to this day it is exciting to me to go and look at a litter of puppies. I always think I'll find that special dog. Always looking, always hoping that I'll see it; I don't care who bred it, I don't care what bloodlines it came from. I love the thought of that perfect dog. Every now and then you see one that looks like, just maybe, just MAYBE that's it, and that's exciting to me. I think the dog show game does offer the potential for excitement and there is not a lot of that you can participate in today unless you are a racecar driver or something.

I love the democratic atmosphere at dog shows. Nobody cares who you are or what you do for a living, whether you are male, female, purple, pink, black! All they are interested in is whether you have a good dog. I've met people at dog shows that I never would have met in any other way and some of them have added a lot to my life. This went on over a long enough period of time that it really was a part of our lives for so long. At certain times more really than it should have been; and that was what I was trying to warn against. The times when we came the closest to quitting were when we got in too deep. Times when we had too many dogs, or too many commitments, simply couldn't be all things to all people, and were expecting more of other people than they could possibly give. The inevitable disappointments come along and sometimes you just wanted to chuck it.

The reason we finally quit was that we realized we would have to expand and change our lifestyle, sell this property, move somewhere else, in order to have enough dogs to stay competitive. By that time we were spoiled; we weren't able to satisfy ourselves with a dog that was good enough to finish and no more than that. Sometimes that happens. You have a very successful dog and nothing else lives up to it and you keep trying and trying and you finally get tired. You also get tired of all the work involved; it is an awful lot of work to get a Samoyed ready for a show.

*How many dogs do you think somebody really needs to maintain to stay competitive?*

To really stay competitive you ought to have at least six dogs. You need something coming along all the time. Maybe one or even two are your pets and are there for good. I don't mean to just dump your dogs,

but there are good homes to be found for three and four year old dogs if they haven't turned out. You are either in it or you're not if you want to succeed. And if you define "succeed" as winning in the show ring you simply have to have facilities for more than two or three dogs to stay competitive over a long period of time. You might stay competitive for eight or ten years with the same basic dogs.

*In light of what you said earlier, you don't believe that for someone in an urban type of environment it would be practical to try forms of co-ownership? Place a bitch for puppies back, etc.?*

I think it would be difficult, but not impossible. I guess the reason that I mentioned the co-ownerships is that I've seen so many friendships come apart over differences of opinion relating to the breeding programs and show careers of co-owned dogs. I guess at some point you have to size up what you really want to be: do you want to be a hobby breeder with two or three dogs and do the best you can, which is what we did, for as long as you can and realizing that at some point you are going to be through? Or do you want to stay competitive over a long period of time and really involve yourself in a breeding program. And a breeding program isn't something you develop over two generations; I would say a minimum of four to get it established. To do justice to it like that and to have any hope of succeeding you have to have the facilities. Try to provide yourself with a situation that is conducive to the goals that you have; you must define your goals at some point and then make moves that are appropriate towards furthering those goals.

I must warn here against making precipitous decisions. I have known some people with great enthusiasm who rush into things. Dogs are not enough for most people to make your whole life; I just don't advise that. I know some people who do make the dogs their whole life and that is fine for them, but I have a feeling that it isn't enough in the end. Before you commit your whole life to breeding dogs, before you change your whole lifestyle, you should have been in it at least five years and know that you really want to do it. Very few people stay in dogs more than five years, and the reason they don't is that most of them make the same mistakes! It is a hard game and we elected, of course, to give it up.

*How important is handling to winning?*

DICK: Very important. The dog has to be presented well. You learn something every time you go in the ring.

I remember a show. The dog I had was a real mover, but the dog in front of me was holding me back. I didn't want to pass it so I just slowed down to make a wider circle. Well, Jim Hall...I had paid him to handle my dog Peppy. We're friends and I look him up at every show...well, he was behind me with another dog. So when I widened my circle Jim just moved up into my place and you couldn't even see my dog! That's the only time the dog I was showing hadn't taken first place, he didn't even place. So we're walking out of the ring and I said to Jim, "Thanks a hell of a lot!" and he said, "Did you learn anything today?" (Laughter). I said, "Yeah, I did. I paid you that much money and you had to teach me something." He said, "That's the way you learn!"

MARTHA: Sometimes you have to play to the crowd. I remember one time Gene Hahnen with Noatak in the Group at Seattle. Chummy must have been 2 or 2½ years old, right in his prime. The judge told Gene to take him down and back; so he moved him down and he moved him back and just as he got to the judge Chummy stopped and gave a great big yawn! Now an amateur would have jerked him up. Gene stood back, put his hands on his hips, shrugged to the crowd, the crowd loved it and the dog took the group.

DICK: You, the handler, are not a part of the

scene. If you can make yourself invisible, so much the better.

MARTHA: I do think a handler can finish a good dog faster than an amateur can, but enough people derive enough satisfaction from handling the dog themselves that it is worth taking a little longer. That's what we decided. I guess the hardest thing Dick ever did was watch somebody else handling Peppy after he'd finished him and taken several group placements with him. However, Dick became a better handler for it because he took those six or eight months to watch and he learned a lot. But no handler ever handled another dog of ours. Dick handled and he held his own. It is possible to hold your own with the professionals providing you are showing good dogs. I do tend to give more weight to an owner-handled group placement than a professionally handled one, however. I just figure the owner-handler had a few more hurdles to get over than the pro did. This is nothing against professional handlers, I think they serve a very important purpose because there are people who simply cannot ever seem to be able to handle their dog.

I encourage most people to try and learn to handle their own dogs because I think that is where a lot of the fun is for most people. I don't know a bigger thrill than a big win with your owner-handled dog. I love it! I can only think of one time where we felt we were beaten politically. It was when we brought Peppy back out at the age of seven to the Specialty at the Renton show. He took the breed and went into the group that night and was beaten by a German Shepherd bitch who went Best In Show. We were pleased with the Group II at Peppy's age and were told later that the handler had flown up from California for that show with Mary Roberts. She was a German Shepherd breeder who was a judge. Jim Hall and Gene Hammond both said that if that had been any other German Shepherd and any other handler, Peppy would have had the group and probably Best In Show. But that's alright, he did all we could ask of him. He had a great time that night. Peppy always showed well for Dick, but he was basically his own dog. He didn't show well for Jim Hall, Jim had to hand stack him and he wouldn't take bait from Jim. Dick always free-showed him.

*What do you think of the Standard and the "ideal" Samoyed?*

I think the Standard is a pretty well-written Standard and I know a lot of people would disagree with that. I think it is fairly explicit. To me, an "ideal Samoyed" is within the Standard on size. I haven't said a lot about this, but I do think many of the dogs are too big. I like to think of the Samoyed as an agile dog and I think of him as a herding dog more than I do as a sled-dog. This isn't to say that I have anything against sledding; I think they adapt very well for sledding. But to me, a Samoyed that is not agile and capable of the agility that makes it possible to herd, is lacking in some way. Almost all Samoyeds are beautiful to me, and they can vary in type. I like a dog that is just off-square, I don't like a dog that is too short bodied. I like a firm back, I don't like to push down on a Samoyed just behind the withers and find it sagging. The dog should look like the breed; he should have enough coat, but coat is down my list a little bit on requirements. I like a good stand-off coat; I don't like a long droopy coat. A Samoyed should be clean; I don't like to go to a show and see dogs that haven't been properly groomed. Samoyeds are so beautiful, that to take them to a show anything less than sparkling is a real crime. They should be confident and happy. I like to see them pleased with themselves and having a good time; I like to see them free-shown wherever possible.

I see more front faults than rear faults. I think the breed has more problems with the fronts and I don't see as many good ones (fronts) as I would like

at the shows. I think you should be able to look at a bitch and know she is not a male; which isn't to say that she should be weak or frail in any way. All Samoyeds should give an impression of power; they should look like they could pull a sled all day if they had to without sacrificing the agility. I've seen dogs that are much too heavily boned...I'd compare them to a beer wagon! I don't think a Samoyed should look like a Clydesdale horse.

*Do you like a "bitchy" dog?*

No, I don't want a "bitchy" dog. Dogs should look like a male. I'm not as committed to one type as some people seem to be. I hear so many people describing their dogs in advertising as "bear-like" and I don't like that. I certainly wouldn't want to describe my dog as "wolf-like" either, but there seems to me to be a tendency toward the "bear-like," "chow-like" dog and I think we put more emphasis in that direction than I would, personally. "Bears" don't move as well as I would like, and Dick and I have always liked dogs that could move well. Movement is all important and at some point along the way you have to learn what a good moving dog is. I don't care how beautiful the dog is to the untutored eye, he isn't going to get very far if he can't move. There are good movers and there are great movers, but great movers you don't find all that often.

I'm not a head-hunter, but I do like a nice head. I'm no different from most breeders, I'm put off by an ugly head. But in all honesty, I probably don't give as much emphasis to head as most people do. I give more emphasis to movement.

*How does somebody go about learning about movement? Do you think there are very many people in Samoyeds who know good movement?*

That would be hard for me to say. I really don't know how many people know much about movement. By and large I think our breed moves pretty well; I don't see many great movers, but I don't see many great movers in any breed. I don't see many "awful" movers either; some that we would be less than satisfied with. I don't think I see as many "cow-hocks" as we used to when we first got started. I think people are more educated now as to what is adequate movement. When we go to the shows, which is seldom, we notice mainly the fronts; I'm just not sure we have a large gene pool for good fronts in our breed.

*What do you mean when you say faulty fronts?*

Most front faults seem to us to be related to the shoulder. Over-angulated shoulders, a lot of straight shoulders, out at the elbows, we see "padding." We see a lot of wide fronts. We see a lot of what I call "duck fronts" or "fiddle fronts;" it is usually a compound fault. The dog is usually out at the elbows and turns his front feet out as well. That is a very common fault in the breed. I think in this area I see more fronts that are too wide. I like to be able to feel both front legs when I put my hand between them on the chest. The legs should be good and straight, too. I see so few good fronts that I begin to wonder what the fronts of the original dogs must have been like.

I've seen enough good rears to feel that the gene pool is adequate to produce good consistent rears; if you know what a good rear is and you want to go out and breed them they are there to be bred to. Other than hip-dysplasia, I'm not as concerned with the rears in the breed as I am the fronts.

*There are some Borzoi breeders who feel you can put a good front on dogs in about three generations, but that you can put a good rear on a dog in one generation.*

I think that is probably true. At least that has been my observation through the years. I think the fronts are more complicated, probably, more angles and bones involved, more potential problems. I also think it is harder to learn what a good front looks like.

I like "reach" in the front and the great dogs I have seen surpassed their contemporaries in side-gait. I have done a little bit of judging myself at matches and the first thing I want to see is the dog circling. There simply are dogs who cover more ground with less effort than other dogs and you see it first in the side-gait. Our term for it is "that's a ground-coverer."

*Couldn't there be argument against this in Samoyeds depending on whether you are an advocate of sled dogs or herding dogs? It seems to me that in a herding dog you would want an extremely extended side-gait whereas in a sled dog you would want less extension because you want more power and endurance.*

Well, I don't feel expert enough to debate that subject with you, but I'm not sure that the power comes from the fronts, you see. I think the power basically comes from driving off the rear proper.

For me, a dog either has got it or he hasn't and I see it almost from the time they are babies. Perhaps someone else could put into words what I see better than I can myself. I'm not one who believes particularly in stages. One thing that puts me off in a puppy, even a little puppy, is a rolling from side to side across the shoulders or the rump. A dog that moves that way is not put together right. I know that when I watch a dog move, and it moves well, you could almost put a plate on its back and expect that it might stay there. I subscribe to the opinion that a dog that is put together right moves right. I don't like straight stifles but I don't like over-angulated rears, either. There is a much greater tendency to cow-hocks with over-angulation.

*On the really great moving dogs that you have observed, particularly in terms of front movement with an extended side-gait, have you observed about a 45° shoulder angulation?*

I'd say so. However, I don't exactly know what makes it work. I'm one of those people that if I have a talent, the only way I can say it is that I have an "eye" for a dog. I know if it moves right, I don't know exactly why it moves right. I've never been able to sit around in conversations and discuss angles of this and that. I hear this kind of talk all the time and my "gut" feeling is that people are getting hung up on the kind of details that amount to fault judging to me. I still have to look at the overall dog.

I do not like a lot of tuck-up in a very young dog because the chest is going to drop when the dog matures. I've seen that with a lot of tuck-up the loin is often weak. I look for a basically level belly-line in a very young pup.

*When you are breeding, what is more important, the genotype or the phenotype? The pedigree or the dog?*

The dog. I don't care how good the pedigree is, the dog has to look pretty good to me. Don't forget the same pedigree produces a spectrum of quality. You make a breeding that you hope is going to produce a good dog, and you may get him, but also in that litter you may have two or three that are just mediocre or worse. They all have the same pedigrees. I do think blood counts, very much, but I don't care how good the pedigree is, I have to like the dog. Probably because I don't have the facilities or the time for enough breedings to make a lot of mistakes. We've all seen examples of dogs who were great show dogs but were not good stud dogs. I've seen brothers who were not nearly the dog the winning dog was, but who proved to be the better stud dog. This is not even uncommon. It is my feeling that when you are limited from the start by your facilities and you have to make every breeding count, it helps to put the odds on your side. And it is my guess that the odds are more with you breeding to a dog that is structurally good and phenotypically superior than the reverse. Dick has always said that breeding dogs is sort of like playing a slot machine, you can watch and wait to

see what combination is about to pay off, or likely to pay off, but you're still putting a quarter in a slot machine. All you can do is try to put the odds on your side. How do you do that? You use the best specimens you can for breeding and you give the best care to them that you can. Hopefully, you've screened them with x-rays, and checks for eye deficiencies, eye diseases and heart murmurs, etc. And then you just hope. I think you can learn a lot by observing other people's success or lack of it. I also think that in the end you have a dog and you know in your heart, at some point, whether he's benefiting the breed or damaging it. I would never damn a dog for one litter that wasn't successful, or two, but at some point if you are really looking for the truth, you know.

*How important do you think "animal husbandry" is? I use it for lack of a better term. I have observed that some people seem to have success with a lesser quality dog, but other people can have a pick of the litter dog, an outstanding dog, and they don't do a thing with it. The dog doesn't thrive under their care. I don't know what else to call it but animal husbandry, but there seems to be a dimension to people with this ability.*

I don't know how I feel about that.

DICK: I personally don't feel it is a factor.

MARTHA: I've heard people say a dog is cow-hocked because as a puppy he lived on slick floors, or because he jumped up at the window. I just don't believe that. And I think it is very hard to damage a dog's temperament if it is basically sound. I'm not talking about a dog that is badly abused. I will say that I feel heredity has much more to do with what a dog is than environment. We can notice differences in puppies almost from the instant of birth. You can tell the more aggressive ones, not to be confused with stronger ones. I know I have three children and they are all different; and I also know they were raised pretty much alike, and if I had had a dozen I'm sure they'd have all been different. I recently read a study on identical twins. They found that identical twins who were separated at birth were more alike than brother and sister raised in the same household. This is a twenty year study.

You asked me about genotype and phenotype...you can't really answer that unless you think about your goals. It doesn't matter what kind of a pedigree the dog has if it isn't worth showing. And a dog may have a pedigree full of nothing and be well worth showing; but that same dog may not be one you would want to depend heavily upon in your breeding program no matter how big a winner he was. On the other hand, I personally don't feel that a dog that is a product of an outcross can't be a good stud dog. I've seen some very good stud dogs who were the product of an outcross. The fact that they are an outcross does not mean that they are a mess genetically, the dog may be a very pre-potent stud. The sire and dam may have been very much alike genetically. Does that make sense?

*Yes, particularly in Samoyeds where you have such few dogs you are starting from.*

The proof is in what the dog is producing. There are two schools of thought in horse people, and the largest and most successful school does not believe in close breeding. I'm not recommending a lot of outcrossing based on my observation; I still think the SAFEST bet for most people is good linebreeding with occasional closer breeding and occasional outcrossing. I talk in terms of every third or fourth generation.

*What do you think puppies should sell for and what should stud services be?*

I couldn't possibly answer that question. I just don't have any idea, we've been out of it so long. I will say this: we always tried to keep Peppy within the reach of anyone who seriously wanted to breed to him. I never wanted money to make the difference.

I think people who have a really good dog have a responsibility to the breed to make the dog available within reason. I do know of one breeder, not a member of SCA or anything, but she had some very fine dogs and she wouldn't make them available at stud. She just didn't want to bother, and I think that is unfortunate. The great dogs come along so rarely and to have them in effect lost to the breed through selfishness or laziness is really too bad. There is no real money in dogs for the small-time hobby breeder like we were. Money can't possibly have anything to do with your decisions at all except that you have enough of it to support your hobby. I do think if you have a good dog who has given you pleasure in winning you owe it to the breed to make that dog available to bitches who meet whatever reasonable requirements you may set.

For instance, we had bitches here for breeding, I've mentioned, on holidays and times that were really inconvenient; it put a real strain on the family. There came a time when we thought that we had used Peppy enough that whatever virtues he might have would not be lost to the breed and we decided to retire him from stud. We got a lot of criticism from that, and I've almost decided with good cause. I remember one person who said, "Now, you had a lot of fun with that dog, and I think you do owe it to the breed to extend yourself a little bit and keep him available."

*Did you refuse to service many bitches?*

A few. We did make a decision early on that caused some hard feelings. We did feel there was a line that we would not be successful when we combined. It doesn't matter which line it was, or whether we were right or wrong; all I can say is: it was our judgement that we could not accept bitches from this line with any optimism that it would serve anybody's purpose. I think that a person who is serious about breeding dogs has the right to make that kind of decision; it is awfully hard to do it though without hurting feelings. Some of the decisions we made through the years were very hard, but we always tried to make them in good faith. I defend the right of any stud dog owner to make decisions like that.

*If you wanted to get back into Samoyeds, what lines or kennels do you think are the best today?*

Oh, my! You are really asking me to stick my neck out, I wouldn't think of doing that! (Laughter). I think that I could tell you that for a lot of reasons, including sentimental reasons, I would look for something that had some of my dogs behind it. There are an awful lot of kennels that have my dogs behind them so I would have a wide selection. I would still be looking basically for a sound, agile, balanced dog with style! (laughter).

*Is there anything else that you would like to touch on?*

I do hope that we will see the pendulum swinging back away from what I call the "over-large" dogs. After five years of being out of it, I still prefer dogs within the Standard. I think there is a great tendency on the part of judges to ignore the Standard on that point. I think it is unfortunate because I don't think that nature intended the Samoyeds metabolism to support the huge frames that it is being asked to support now. I think that the larger the dog gets the odds go down for getting a dog that is really typical of the breed in all ways.

*Have you ever seen a large Samoyed that moved well?*

Yes, I've seen some large Samoyeds that moved well...

DICK: I've seen some Great Danes that moved well and some Saint Bernards that moved well, but I've seen a lot that don't!

MARTHA: You get fewer of them that move well. Now I like top-standard dogs like everybody does, and I have nothing against an over-standard dog that is a good dog. But I think many people are TRYING to

breed big dogs and hoping to get a good one. I think that is putting the cart before the horse; I think you should breed for GOOD dogs and hope you have a top-standard or slightly over among them.

*Have you observed that bitches as a group tend to move better than dogs?*

I don't think they do. As a matter of fact, I may have seen more good moving males than bitches. But I haven't been around the shows now the way we used to. Stormy Weather producing lines have always been known as "male-producing" lines. We have produced some good bitches, but our best-known dogs have been males so it might be expected that I've seen better moving dogs than bitches. I've seen faulty movement in both males and bitches.

*Can you give us some personal background on yourselves?*

Dick and I have known one another since I was in the fourth grade. We both were graduated from the University of Kentucky.

*Are you originally from Kentucky?*

I was born in Detroit and moved to Kentucky when I was ten, but Dick was born and raised in Kentucky. We were married two years after I got out of school; I went to law school. I'm not a lawyer, though, I didn't finish law school. Dick works for Alcoa Aluminum Company and we've lived all over the country except in the Northeast. We lived in Florida for five years, Los Angeles for a year, Atlanta for two years and we've been here for seventeen years. I think we think of ourselves as southerners, I know Dick does. We love it here.

We have three children, all in their twenties now.

*What does Dick do at Alcoa?*

He is a district administrative manager.

*Do you want to tell us about your current hobbies?* (Laughter).

DICK: My what?

MARTHA: Current hobbies. (Laughter). Do you mean other than horse racing?

*Tell us about the horse racing.*

MARTHA: Oh, well...we come by it honestly, or I do. You can't go to school in Kentucky...we went to school in Lexington, Kentucky and Keeneland was there. I never took any classes in the afternoon in the fall or the spring because I had to be free to go out to the track! I started to go to the races with my father when I was about eight years old and I love it. I've been to just about every major track in the country. I don't win but I have fun; I'm just a \$2 bettor. I like excitement. I got it from the dogs for a long time and now I get it from the horses.

*How much time do you spend there?*

There is a meet here that lasts for a hundred days and I go almost every day. Dick doesn't care all that much about it.

*What is the excitement about it?*

Just trying to beat it, beat the system.

DICK: She used to try to figure out pedigrees and now she's trying to figure out past performances.

MARTHA: Yes, same kind of thing. There are two kinds of gambling: there is the kind where you are totally at the mercy of luck and that is like playing roulette, you bet black or red and you either win or you lose. Then there is the kind of gambling where you can apply a certain amount of skill and improve your odds, and I would say poker would be an example of that, and horses.

*And breeding dogs!* (Laughter)

Yes, in some ways. It seems to fill some of the same needs for me that were being satisfied when we were showing dogs. I do miss showing the dogs; I miss the excitement and a lot of the people. We had a lot of good friends here, and by and large we got along well here. We still see them from time to time. For instance, Dick is going to be the Chief Ring Steward at the Samoyed Club Specialty here in August and I'm going to sell catalogs or something

that day. We'll see everybody and we'll have a good cry together. I'm looking forward to seeing all the young puppies and, of course, I'll be all too ready to tell everybody what I like and don't like, (Laughter).

*Are you always honest?*

Yes, I try to be. No, I'll temper that; some honesty is unnecessarily cruel. I know one area that we haven't touched on and I'd like to. That is: who do you encourage to show their dog, and who do you not. In later years, after we had a certain reputation we would get quite a few calls from people who would say, "I bought a puppy and I'm told that he is show quality. We think he is beautiful but we don't know anything about it. People say we should show but we want to know whether he is worth showing." We would say, "Bring him over." Those dogs have run the gamut from really poor to pretty good. We haven't had a really great one drive in the driveway, but I've seen some decent ones. You are faced with a hard question: how much do you tell the people that you think you know, allowing for the fact, of course, that you could be wrong. It is a great responsibility.

*Do you try to let them down as easily as you can?*

Well, what I finally started to tell the people on the phone was, "If you bring your dog over here, you are going to get our opinion. Think about it and make sure you really want to hear what we have to say. I haven't seen your dog and he may be a very nice dog, and he may not. Ask yourself if you really want the truth." Invariably they say yes, but you try to forewarn them that it might not be exactly what they want to hear. So they drive up with their dog. Let's say for the sake of discussion, it's not worth showing. I tell them. Sometimes I can see the disappointment on their faces and I feel sorry, but I've decided in the end it is a kindness to tell them the truth as you see it. I always give them the names of at least two other people whose opinion they can go and seek out. I always try and preface it by saying something nice about the dog, and I have yet to see one that there wasn't something nice to say. You can begin and end with something nice. You can begin by saying, "My, he has a lovely coat..." and end with "What a lovely disposition" or something. Begin and end with something nice but put the truth in the middle. I don't know anything sadder than to see people weekend after weekend drive 150 miles and pay a \$10 entry fee, and spend four hours bathing and grooming a loser. It is a dog they love, it is their pet and usually was bought for a pet. I don't think it is a favor to anybody who asks your opinion to hedge. For those breeders who are experienced enough to have some confidence that what they are saying is pretty much on target, I think you almost have a responsibility to tell it like it is. It is easy to not tell it like it is and let the people show the dog to build your entries, but that is not right. It's easy to build somebody with a bitch up because you have a stud dog and you hope they'll breed to him; that is wrong.

I think it is not right to oversell your puppies, either. Let's say you've kept the pick of the litter or you've sold it to a good show home. But let's say you have another pup in the litter that really looks quite nice, but you don't really have a show home for it. So you have some couple come and buy the dog and you say to them, "We really like this dog," and we used to say, "We hope you'll show it." We don't do that anymore. We say, "We think this is a really nice dog and we'd especially like to see it again in three or four months." If at that time he looks like he might be worth showing, then is when you start to encourage people. I just don't believe in encouraging people to show a mediocre dog or even a borderline dog. To me, a dog that is worth showing is one who has the potential to finish its championship with decent handling and proper care. It is too expensive and it is too demoralizing to people who

have a pet that they love to just get beaten weekend after weekend; I just can't do that. I still think people are more important than dogs.

*Have you ever encouraged people not to show who had a good dog?*

No, I can't think of that. No, if we see a good dog, we like to see it go in the show ring. Whatever bloodlines, I like to see a good dog.

*Have you ever run into people that you refuse to sell dogs to?*

Naturally. They always had to have a fenced yard, I wouldn't sell a dog to anybody who couldn't confine it.

DICK: Well, that Tokha that we gave away...we debated but I think we put a price tag on her. Two people came over to see her and we said no. Then a man called from west Seattle who was a dentist and he wanted to bring his family over to look at this dog. Well, his family turned out to be a whole bunch of kids and Tokha just went ape. She never saw so many kids in one place; she loved children. The kids were all good with her. So we looked at each other and the message went between us, "This is it." So Martha said, "O.K. we'll give her away." The only reason we were even asking a price was to make the people feel they had an investment in the dog. So we gave her away and she had a fantastic home.

MARTHA: Later when she finally died, the dentist called me up sobbing on the phone. He said his elderly mother and father were just devastated; they had been crying for three days and he just didn't know what to do. And I said, "Well, you probably should get another dog." He said, "I just don't think we could have another dog." About two days later he called again and said that they just couldn't stand it, they wanted another dog. I knew of another litter at that time. His wife called me then and said they wanted another Tokha. And I said, "Mrs. Peterson, I can find you another puppy from similar bloodlines that is likely to look a lot like Tokha when it is mature, but it took years to make Tokha into what she was when you got her. This puppy can be anything you want it to be, and it will be more your dog than Tokha ever was."

I think children are good for dogs, and I like very much to put my puppies in homes where there are children. I think dogs and children go together well. Children and puppies have a certain rapport; they will exercise better together than anything adults can do, tumbling, wrestling and playing. But I will not sell a dog unless I am convinced the wife in the family wants the dog. The one or two times when I have decided against selling a dog have been situations where they were "buying the dog for the children," and I wasn't satisfied that the mother of the house was going to take the responsibility for seeing to it that the dog was fed and taken care of. The novelty wears off with children and mama is left with the muddy footprints on the kitchen floor. I have to be satisfied that the adult woman in the house wants the dog and can love it.

*Do you feel that Suki was the best dog that you ever bred?*

Yes, I do. I have no way of proving that.

*Do you think he was a better dog than Tiki?*

No, I don't think he was a better dog than Tiki.

DICK: Tiki was worked with, and trained as a show dog. Suki was untrained, but he had class. He never had a chance to prove himself; if he didn't have that chance then you can't say he is better than some other dog.

MARTHA: All you can say about a dog like that is that he had the potential we look for in a dog that might turn into a top winning dog. He wasn't a perfect dog. I don't feel that he had as good a rear as Tiki's or Peppy's. If I had to fault him, I would say that he had an adequate, but not superior, rear. If you faulted Tiki, you would probably fault his front. Suki also developed a very beautiful coat.

Many dogs from our lines don't have a lot of coat. A lot of people faulted my dogs; they felt that they didn't have enough rear angulation and they didn't have enough coat. From the point of view of what a lot of people seem to like, I can understand that criticism.

I also like "leg" on a young dog; if a dog doesn't look a little "leggy" when he is young, he will likely be too long bodied as an adult. This is not to say they should be all discombobulated. I'm not one to buy this, "Oh, he's loose because he's a puppy," business; that is true only up to a point. The really good looking dogs I've seen moved right even as puppies. Everybody gets used to their own bloodlines and how they develop. I'm sure Doris McLaughlin's dogs develop in a way that could be represented by a recognizable pattern for her and it might very well be different from mine. I'm afraid I fall into the trap of generalizing based on my own bloodlines. I don't even have the benefit of seeing a lot of other bloodlines develop here because they are all so closely related almost to the point of inbreeding.

*Tell us about this new puppy that you are co-owning?*

This friend I have in Minnesota, his name is John Donner, has one of two of Peppy's champion sons that I know are still at stud. Both of them are ten years old now. One is a group winner, he has three group firsts, and that is Moonlighter's Hallmark. The other one is out of Joyce Cain's Sugar 'n Spice and Peppy and his name is KoKo and John Donner owns him. A lot of Lew Hoehn's top winning dogs have KoKo as their grandsire. Anyway, KoKo is ten years old and he has never been bred to the kind of bitch that I want to see him bred to: a fancy, smallish, heavy coated...just a really typey bitch. That is where we had the best luck with Peppy; our best puppies came out of medium to small bitches that were typey. John and I have been talking for years, and I knew exactly the pedigree I wanted. So I called Donna Yocum and she told me about this litter in Wisconsin; it was the

pedigree I wanted so John and I bought a puppy from it. I probably never will see her, though he's sent me pictures of her. We bought her to breed to KoKo, I hope it won't be too late. We expect great things out of her. But you know, you put your two dollars down and you hope for the best!

So I still retain some interest. Dick is the one who is really through, and that is too bad. He really is one of the best amateur handlers I have ever seen. He has a way with dogs; he can size up their faults well and he knows how to show them to the best advantage. Sometimes I miss it, when I go to a show and I see all the dogs.

\*SQ\*

LETTERS... CON'T FROM PAGE 32

*Successful Dog Training.*

*I couldn't agree more with the article on correction of your dog, and the text that follows. I only wish the first part had been written with more compassion and understanding for our unique Arctic breeds.*

*Barbara Horne*

*P.S. I particularly enjoyed your Show and Tell article in the same issue. Hooray for working Sams! Thanks for a fine magazine.*

Thank you very much for your input! We welcome and encourage different and conflicting views. We seek to provide an "open forum" for all viewpoints within the breed - we strongly feel that this is the only editorial policy that is defensible philosophically.

In every issue you will find viewpoints we do not personally agree with - just because we publish something does not imply that we personally agree with it! All viewpoints are welcome in The Samoyed Quarterly.

We would welcome other articles on Obedience - or any other subject dealing with Sams.

- The Publisher

\*SQ\*

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