

2

# THE SAMOYED QUARTERLY

Summer 2006 • \$13



Art by Kirkhouse  
10/12/97

## Samoyed people

The Samoyed Quarterly  
Talks with  
**Pat Hill Goodrich**  
**STARSHINE**  
Baytown, Texas

*This interview was conducted in Houston, Texas in January 2006 by Lynne Robertson.*

*How did you get started with Samoyeds?*

My brother and I grew up with a wonderful Staffordshire Bulldog, a constant companion. When Bill and I married he was in medical school, so we didn't have a place for a dog. When he graduated and we moved to a bigger place, my parents brought my dappled gray mare, Lady, to us. She came from the King Ranch and lived to be 37 years old. Someone dumped a beautiful dog, Irish Setter and Chow mix that didn't trust people. She befriended Lady and moved in her barn. Eventually she trusted me and became a family member. She lived a long time. Then we acquired a Sam puppy in 1969.

*Why did you want a Sam so badly?*

As a child I read about this breed and was fascinated. Vickie was a delight. When we lost her around thirteen to fourteen years, we bought a show puppy; I wanted to learn how to show her. This was our Fanya (Ch. Ka Leis Fanya Felice - Ka Leis is Russian for "Just Lace."). I am grateful to our Sams who have helped me make some wonderful friends, simply great folks.

*What was the beginning of the Starshine line?*

Fanya came from a couple who lived in Houston and was in a litter of eleven. I would run with her early each morning, sometimes before sun-up with stars still out - hence I thought of Starshine for a kennel name, which the AKC requires. As we'd start, I would say, "Let's go!" Soon I would hear, "Eh-oh" in my same tone. In a couple of months she could say the hard G, so it came out as "Ehh-GO!" Her descendants learned it from her. Right now Remington will wake me up with a loud



*Left to right: Billie Lee Danz and Pat Goodrich with Pixie.*

and insistent, "Eh-GO!" Of course that gets me moving!

Sam owners should listen closely as their dogs may be saying something in English. I have read that Sams and Poodles are adept in imitating like this. Once I heard a Siberian saying, "Mama!" Fanya's brother Blue said the equivalent of "I love you" that could be understood easily. When Jane and Jim Locke traveled and left him home, on their return he first

greeted them at the door snarling and growling because he was not allowed to go. Then he would look at them earnestly and say, "I love you" (I uv oo), which added to their guilty feelings!

*How did your kennel progress from Fanya?*

I had fun learning to show her as a pup, but was advised by others to put her with a pro. She did well, going to the top, although we missed her terribly

while she was gone. Flo and Saul Waldman of Kazakh kennel saw her and asked if we wanted to breed her to their famous Lucky Duck, who was top Sam several years and won BOBs and Group at Westminster. What wonderful luck we had! The two produced a grand litter of two girls, Luvaduck and Adoraduck, and two boys, D'signer Duck and Runamuckduck. The first girl went to the Waldmans, a fabulous home,



*Ch. Kazakh's Lucky Duck, wearing a shirt with long sleeves to protect a sore elbow, and Ch. Ka Leis Fanya Felice, on the chair.*



Pixie and her seven pups.

and we kept the second, her call name being Pixie. The boys went to fine homes also.

Pixie had a litter with Jake (Ch. Sitka's Trivial Pursuit), which was seven boys. What fun we had with those little guys running around in the house. I never was able to go to the bathroom by myself. All seven always crowded in with me!

Our veterinarian said this was the most uniform litter she ever saw. At birth six weighed sixteen ounces each and one weighed eighteen ounces. That is why he got the name Magnum. We gave them all gun names: Winchester, Remington, Smith, Wesson, Thompson (the machine gun - he was the jutterbug of the bunch), Colt .45, and Magnum. All looked alike, so I color-coded them with nail polish, a different color on each, a small spot at the base of each little tail. Along with this they all got nicknames which they knew, too: the Purple People Eater, the Red Menace, the Yellow Peril, the Mean Green Machine, etc. We called them the Seven Samurai.

By the way, Fanya had three pups in her first litter that included my precious Sky Rocket (Rocky) who met an untimely death because of a handler's inexcusable negligence. I still cannot talk about it.

It seems sometimes that Samoyeds are not noticed in the Group ring. Perhaps all that fur is off-putting. They stand there, all gussied up and looking like they are ready to go onstage for a part in a ballet, in their gorgeous costumes. I feel folks may not realize that there they stand with the macho-looking short-haired breeds, BUT are the only ones in the ring that HUNT POLAR BEARS! I have read firsthand accounts of them doing this, including the volumes by Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, supposedly the first outside person to even see the Samoyeds. I mention this in my first book, *The Savvy Samoyed*, in an effort to spread the news.

This breed is sweet and laid-back, but protective. They lived closely with the Samoyede (correct spelling) people of a small tribe in Siberia. The natives

slept with them to keep warm. The dogs babysat, hunted, herded, and did the hauling for these nomadic folks. We are deeply indebted to them for fine-tuning the Sams to do the work they were supposed to do. The people's lives depended on the dogs. They kept the dogs the correct size and weight, with the right weight of bone. It probably wasn't hard to keep them from being obese, as food was sometimes pretty scarce.

*They have a great intellect.*

They surely do! One man related in a book published long ago that the way they built up this great intellect was sometimes the people stayed warm by the fire and sent out a Sam alone to round up a herd of wild reindeer to bring back to camp. He had to make his own decisions. Sometimes he would be out overnight and had to protect the herd from the wolves, then drive the reindeer gently - the word he used was "gently" - to camp.

They can outthink you. They even gang up on you so you have to be alert! I suspect they are smarter than their own-

ers. In fact, they own us but let us think we own them. They lived so closely with their people, they probably spoke the same language. It's a fascinating breed; that's why I wanted them.

Back to Pixie and her mob: she was not all that big. We wondered how she could carry that many. She looked like a watermelon at the last. You know, they are like your children. I would look at her and think, "What have I done to her? What if she doesn't get through this?" But she did.

The first one was born in Bill's new blue chair, with unwashable upholstery. "Don't worry," the dear man assured me. "It'll dry up!" I was sleeping close by as I knew the time was near. Around 2am I heard a little screech, jumped up to warn the veterinarian. I put the puppy in a box with Pixie in the car and raced to her office where the rest were born by noon.

Remington was the Purple People Eater. I found that, for some reason I could not fathom, he would leap straight up in the

air whenever I said it. It came in handy in the show ring when he won something. I would say it to him in a low voice and up he went. One photographer outside the ring actually got a shot of him as he jumped up in my arms. I cannot find the photo at the moment. He still makes the effort but is not so sprightly now. He will be thirteen on August 4th, but still chases squirrels. We have had many great adventures as a team.

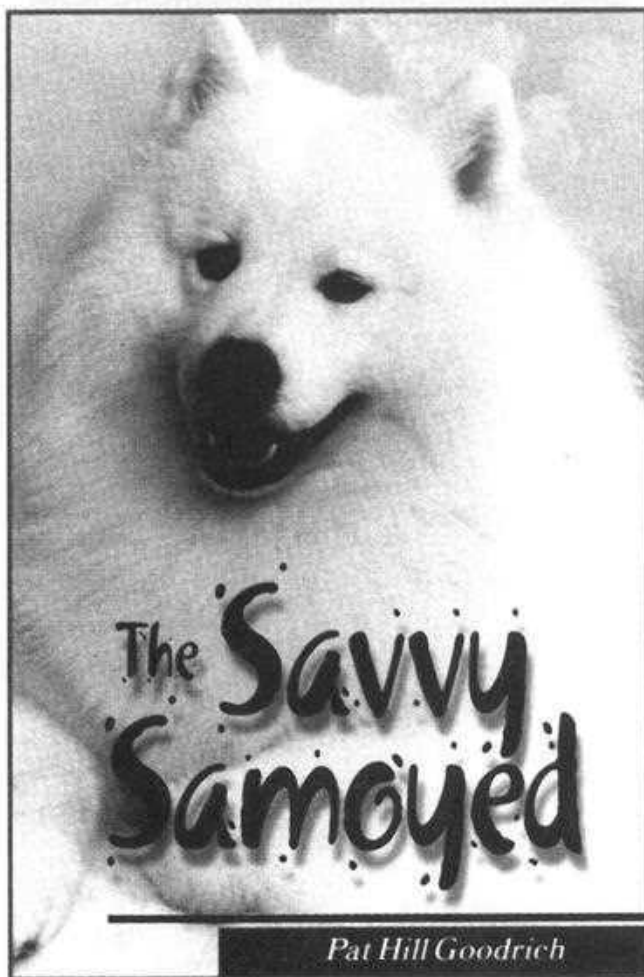
Some of the best toys for little pups are socks with a knot tied in the middle of each. These are preferred over boughten toys, it seems. When I would wave socks and holler, "Anybody for a sock pull?" all pups rushed over to grab one, ending up snatching each other's. Great fun to watch! Another favorite toy: a big grape juice bottle to roll around. Throw away the lid and bottle also when pups start chewing pieces out of it. Supervising playtime closely is wise.

Avoid parvo - prevalent and deadly - by not inviting visitors for quite some time. Mix one part Clorox and ten parts water in a spray bottle to spray shoes, good advice from the vet. Even then people can observe a lot through a window or at the door of your puppy room. Friends will understand your caution.

Before mine get their shots I always put clean clothes and shoes I wear only in the house out in the garage to change into when returning from necessary trips to the grocery store and such. You won't want to leave those babies any more than you have to, anyhow. You won't want to miss the first time one of them sits up, or howls, or picks up a toy with the expression on their little face that says, "Now what do I do?" They are adorable. Keep a camera trained on them for some great shots. You cannot get a bad picture of a Sam.

They are out of their whelping box when around three weeks old. They should be handled and held all sorts of ways, such as on their backs, but not in a frightening manner. Get them used to being brushed gently, having nails trimmed slightly (carefully). They crave attention. These early days are the time to get them acquainted

## The Thinking Man's Dog Book



with the household noises, good habits, proper reaction to household events. You do keep them indoors in their own room, safe and quiet. Let them have a soft music background sometimes. Classical music soothes the soul of both man and beastie. Don't allow loud, disconcerting noises, including the racket some call music these days. You think I'm not serious?! I read about the governor of Georgia setting aside funds for classical music tapes for each newborn to take home from the hospital. Research has shown exposure to good music tends to increase the intellect of children and instills good habits of orderly thinking. This builds good habits in humans. It certainly can't hurt the canine world and may help puppies develop stable, calm and happy natures. Yes, I am serious! Think what a steady diet of loud, unorganized noise would do to the nervous system of men and animals alike.

Potty training is important and should be started early. If one hasn't had any lessons and dirties up his new home, this does not make brownie points for him. He has been treated unfairly. New owners may get rid of the pup for what is not his fault. One couple told me they had two litters at once, were gone all day at work, and left them loose in the cellar. "We spread newspapers in the corner," they said. I was appalled. No one was there to encourage the pups to use the papers. One in particular still has problems. Being there with nothing else to do, this one also got in the habit of eating the waste, a disgusting thing and hard to break.

I discovered something that works and am happy to share it. My custom-made whelping box is 4 1/2' x 5', plenty large enough for the entire family. At three weeks of age, puppies are coming out of it and are also eating in big plates. I noticed a small puddle one day on top of the metal-covered heating pad I left in one corner of the box. Aha! One pup wanted to potty away from the play area. I replaced the pad with a folded towel. After the little fellows ate out of the plates, they of course had the urge to potty somewhere, so I set each one down on the towel and said, "Now potty!" They naturally were going to anyway after eating, so

I parked each one on a clean towel each time. Soon they were all using the towel without my help. I kept a stack of clean towels nearby and each meal-time I dumped towel contents in the commode and threw them in the washing machine. So help me God it worked.

You train them that grass is good but any time you cannot take them outdoors, you can resort to using a towel. This is handy if you are in a hotel and cannot get out. It goes without saying, take your own towels along. Do not use the hotel's. Towel training works but one has to be consistent and also teach them early. When my pups have to go to other homes, they at least have learned the rudiments of this useful skill. If the new owners aren't vigilant, I am no longer responsible.

When pups learn to eat from big plates of some sort, they trot through the food, roll around in it, smear up a jolly good mess. Never go in the puppy room without a bucket of suds and washrags. Just see the funny side and you'll laugh a lot.

I told Bill it was such a comical sight with all seven little boys

potting on the towel at once. It would have made quite a photograph, but he said, "Now you know if they could talk, they would tell you please don't take our picture!"

*It is like a cat with a litterbox!*

It works! I have told others about it and they cannot believe it.

*Is that going to be in your next book?*

It is, because it works like a charm. People have to take the time at first and not leave them with newspaper in the basement. You have to take the time to train them. I say, teach them everything you can while they are small. I must add this: I always sleep beside the whelping box the first three to five nights to be certain all is well. This kind of attention pays off. We also have crush bars alongside each "wall" so mom doesn't smash one against it. Before long the pups like their own space under there for some unfathomable reason. They continue to stretch out under the bars as they grow. Before long they have trouble squeezing under, and really complain loudly when each day they get bigger and can no longer crawl

under. It's mean to laugh at them but I do sometimes, they are so serious!

Puppies are like human children. I say the concrete in their heads is soft at first but gets harder as they get older, so I start teaching them to go on a leash by the time they are six weeks old. I put one at a time down a long hall with doors closed so there is no distraction. The ones left out are beating on the hall door to come join the fun, too, but only one at a time gets a lesson.

Also I believe in judicious bribery at times. This is that time. It works. Only a crumb will suffice, not a big biscuit. It is the attention that counts. I put little pieces in one pocket and a tennis ball in the other for short playtime after a short lesson on leash. Keep it short (the way their attention span is), don't tire them out, and make it fun. Just a few minutes for each one will do, but not just once in awhile. Do this two or three times a day.

Hold a crumb in front of pup with one hand, pull leash gently with the other, saying, "Puppy, come!" When he comes to your hand, give him

the crumb and praise him highly. "What a GOOD PUPPY, BOY, GIRL (or whatever) - the greatest in the whole world!" Make a fool of yourself and he'll love it! Continue several times, and slow down on the treats. The talking to him will help a lot. All Sams of all ages love to be talked to, all the time. Next step is to whip out the tennis ball with an excited, "Let's play!" Bounce it down the hall for him to chase. You can urge him to bring it back. Some will bring it back without your command. But don't tire him out. Others at the door are eager for their turns, too.

Another good thing to teach early is, "Puppy, stay back!" to keep him from running out a door, especially where he can get outside and run in the street, or just off somewhere. His ancestor's genes are used to lots of space of nothing but snow and ice and may stir him to take off for places unknown. Don't risk it. Open door but push him back with your order, "Puppy, stay back!" Then praise highly. Outdoors put a six-foot lead on him, let him wander a bit, then give it a snap, saying, "Puppy, come!" Reward immediately



Ch. Starshine's Ka Leis Fanya Felice and Ch. Starshine's Sky Rocket O'Fanya.

with crumb and lots of praise. Refresh his memory often on these commands for awhile. As I said, judicious bribery works wonders!

Try to have your pup at least partly civilized before he leaves for a new home so he can "put his best foot forward" at that time.

Important note about tennis balls: after pups are over six weeks old, I take away all tennis balls. Their jaws get big quickly. By then they can carry one easily. Possibly you won't have problems but one could get stuck. I heard of a Doberman that caught a tennis ball thrown up high and coming down which lodged in his throat. His folks were present but couldn't get it out and the poor fellow suffocated right there. Don't take chances with your important family member.

Obedience teachers are wonderful but some don't like Sams because these dogs get bored easily. They will do one thing for a bit, then want to do something else, the "been there, done that" syndrome! Jim Locke took Blue to his first obedience class, but said the dog was tired waiting for the other dogs to do the same thing over and over. He learned quickly and wanted to do something else. They never went back.

I took Pixie and Thompson to test for the herding instinct. They had never seen a goat before. (By the way, puppies are given ducks to herd for testing.) Five or six apprehensive goats were in a large pen. People took turns taking their Sams in the pen. When it was our turn, I shut Pixie in it, stood inside to call, "Bring them to me, Pixie," which she did, to my astonishment. I moved and called to her again. She brought them over to me. We did this several more times and people were saying, "Look at Pixie! She is the star of the show!" She did this with no training. Imagine being put in a pen and being allowed to chase something! Sams will herd cats (sometimes a hard job) and human members of your family. They will herd you around and try to push you to other places.

*All you said was, "Bring them to me," and she did it?*

Yes. I was astounded.

I put Mr. Thompson in and he did pretty well himself. In



Left to right: D'signer Duck, Runamuckduck, Adoraduck and Luvsaduck. It took three days to get this - somebody kept falling off the "crush bar" they were standing on!

several weeks we returned and were last getting there. I heard some say, "Here comes Pixie. Watch her. She was the star last time!" Pixie went in, did not look at a single goat but walked to the fence facing the crowd watching her, and stuck her head through the wire to look at all of them. "Been there, done that!" I put Mr. T. in the pen and he was a star that day.

Well, we all know that Sams love to ride. I enjoy taking a furry person with me when I can. The dog's safety is most important. I avoid taking mine out in the severe Texas heat. When a trip to the veterinarian is necessary, however, I carry water, a pan, and ice. If car trouble occurs, sitting in the heat and waiting to be rescued can be disastrous. Probably a heavily furred dog could have a heatstroke in only a matter of minutes. Do not take the risk.

Here is something else risky: keeping two males of this breed. They will fight to the death. Lives depend on only one leader, I have read, and there should be just one. I have friends who have successfully kept more than one male and I haven't figured out yet how they do it. Sams are sly and clever, will plot and catch one off guard, then slam together. I've been told they go into a red rage and can tear up anything near, even YOU, their owner.

I was keeping Mr. Thompson for a friend until she recovered from an illness. So boys were on friendly terms until one day both wanted to go through the same door at the same time. Remington tried to neuter his brother, who was giving about as good as he got. I was in the middle - where else? - and managed to kick them loose and shove one out the door. I was fortunate. Thompson had to have a sizeable hole stitched up near his important apparatus.

I was late getting two litters from Remington because it was hard to find a female I really wanted. We had bought Dazzle to breed to him but she had hip dysplasia. Always have any you breed or breed to checked for this and early cataracts, also. Do not pass heartaches to others.

We are grateful to John Donner who let me have a favorite of his, beautiful Sunnie, a treasured addition to our family. He agreed I could call her Yee-Ha of Starshine. She came from Michigan but we had to make a Texan out of her! She and Remington produced five boys and one girl, then four girls and one boy. The latter I named Ricochet O'Remington, the image of papa. Now here I am with two boys again. To relieve my stress, I sent him recently with a fine handler, not really mature enough to special,

but getting experience. He is having a blast. (I hope she is too.)

*Is Fanya your foundation?*

Yes. (By the way, Fanya is pronounced as if spelled FONYA, as in "Fonzie.") Fanya and the great Lucky Duck. We were honored to be allowed to get in that line. Flo had done wonderful linebreeding.

We kept Pixie of the Lucky Duck-Fanya litter, then of Pixie's litter, the "gun" boys, we kept Remington. It is hard not to keep them all, but not fair to them. The only way to handle this is to be absolutely positive they go to the finest homes, with the agreement that for any reason things do not work out, the pup comes back to you.

Five boys and one girl were in the first group by Remington and Sunnie. The girl went to Flo and Saul Waldman who named her Sasha. She is living a high life with them, after traveling to Maryland on the lap of a dear friend, June Smith, a flight attendant. June flew to Houston to pick her up. What a way to travel! We are all indebted to her for her kindness. I could not send Sasha in the airline's Black Hole of Calcutta. Folks getting the other pups all drove many miles to my house for them.

The boys went to wonderful folks who keep me posted on their progress. All could have

been shown, but good homes are more important. We do not demand that they go the dog show route.

The repeat breeding brought us - surprise! - four girls and one boy. Sunnie is a great mother, but this time she gave birth to three and required a c-section to get the other two out. A recent sonogram revealed five babies. I had to hurry her across Houston in the five o'clock traffic to Dr. Dikeman waiting for us. I prayed all the way, dodging wild drivers, worrying about Sunnie in the back, and keeping the three newborns warm in their box. Both puppies, girls, were taken out. I was told one was nearly dead but they were doing their best to save her.

More prayers. And they did. She was the one I wanted to keep. I was told it would be easy to lose them. I slept on the floor by the whelping box the first five nights and nobody was lost. All were healthy pups. Now Crystal Pistol, alias Chrissie, lacks only two points for her championship! Another girl living with Carol and Ed Brown, who already have Remington's brother, Wesson, is Leica, about to get her championship. Kay Tilley of Michigan wanted two. She and Carol both wanted to name a pup after Annie Oakley, so they decided on her nickname, Li'l Sure Shot, spelled two different ways.

I wish we could find details about Annie Oakley's dog. When she appeared in famous Wild West Shows with Buffalo Bill, she had trained the dog to sit on a tall stool, holding a small stick or piece of chalk. He did not flinch when she shot it out of his mouth. A photograph showed him to be a large white dog with perhaps a few brown spots. Annie's family, apparently quite poor, lived in the Midwest. She became a phenomenal shot at an early age. When thirteen she hunted in the woods, furnishing meat for her family and selling the excess to others.

My husband, Bill, who had been so ill for so long, did enjoy having a puppy visit with him. He laughed at the antics witnessed from his wheelchair during the daily Great Sock Pulls. Remington would leap in bed to stretch out beside him, hollering to have a tummy rub. After he retired from his medical practice,

he remarked that having more time at home gave him more time to get to know our Sams better. He was amazed by the intellect innate in the breed.

The following account is one that really shook me up. You'll get a laugh out of my stupidity! As usual I had color-coded this last litter with a different color on each pup. Carol and Ed Brown had driven down the day before to get their baby. They took Miss Green on several rides in the car to start the bonding. She was so docile and sweet on Carol's lap.

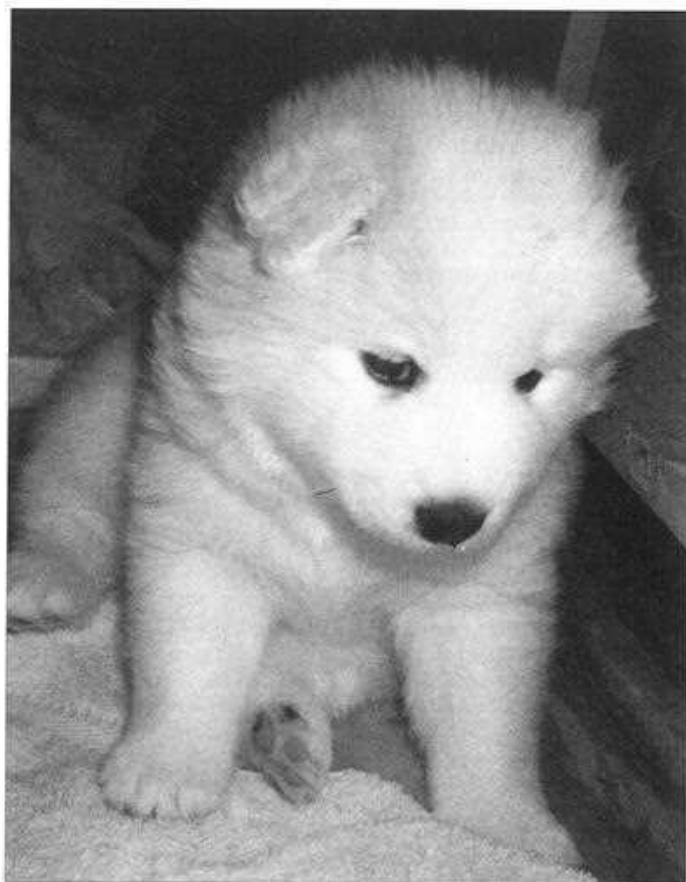
The next day when they were to leave, I picked up the puppy I thought was theirs - the light was dim; that's my excuse - and handed it to them in their car. Of course it was Miss Pink. They drove off to their home near the Indiana and Kentucky boundaries. They had said they would go to Dallas for the night. In an hour or so I discovered my horrible mistake. I did not know what to do. I called Kay Tilley because they were taking another pup to her.

I called a friend of ours, Michael Cole, to tell him I would pay ANYTHING if he could race to Dallas and switch puppies for me. That blessed man agreed to do it! Kay had told me what hotel they were staying in. It so happened that Michael had to go to a bank in Dallas that was right next to the hotel. He knew exactly where it was. Somebody Upstairs was looking out for me! I could breathe again. I don't know yet how Michael did it. He switched pups and had Miss Pink back at 8am the next morning.

Those two looked exactly alike and in a hurry, in dim light, I had switched the colors on them. Pink was the one that nearly died, that I wanted to keep. Ed and Carol had already bonded with Miss Green. Carol said later that she could not understand why the puppy she drove off with did nothing but squirm and wiggle in her lap all the way to Dallas.

*It doesn't sound like you have done a lot of breeding.*

I haven't. The little rascals are so cute, like little white teddy bears running around. It is extremely hard to let them go, but it is not fair to them to keep a bunch of them. Each needs lots of attention. They are bet-



ter off if each can go to a separate home where it becomes an important member of the family.

Joanne Rean, who with son, Bill, has Remington Steel, another 60-pound lapdog, who coined a description I would like to use: Another brother-sister act from the Drop-Dead Gorgeous Sams that really MOVE!

*You got your first Sam in 1969. When did you start doing your breeding with Lucky Duck?*

That was later, in the late '80s. The first Sam, Vickie, lived about fourteen years. Then we bought Fanya, only four months old at that time. She, too, lived about the same length of time, as did her daughter, Pixie. Now Remington and brothers will be thirteen this coming August. It'll hurt to lose him but I have to count my blessings. We have been fortunate to have them live that long. With luck, some Sams live a bit longer.

*So you didn't start breeding right away?*

No. I had a lot of fun showing Fanya in the '80s. She was a lively character and interested in everything. She was one that liked to go see the lights at night

at Christmas, almost falling out of the car window looking so intently!

*What are some of your more memorable stories from being in the ring?*

It was always fun to whisper, "Purple People Eater," to Remington. He never failed to leap up when I said it. Once when I wore a favorite outfit of blue silk with walking shorts, they threatened to fall off when a button popped loose. It wasn't easy running around the ring hanging onto my pants to keep them from falling off before God and everybody.

Another time I foolishly ate a hot dog because I had no breakfast earlier and they smelled SO good. I'm allergic to artificial colors and preservatives, which make my heart skip beats or sometimes pound rapidly. With no time to get antihistamine out of the car, I had to run on in the ring, hoping I wouldn't drop dead. I didn't, but it was scary. We did win a ribbon, however. What color? Blue, I think.

*To be continued ...*