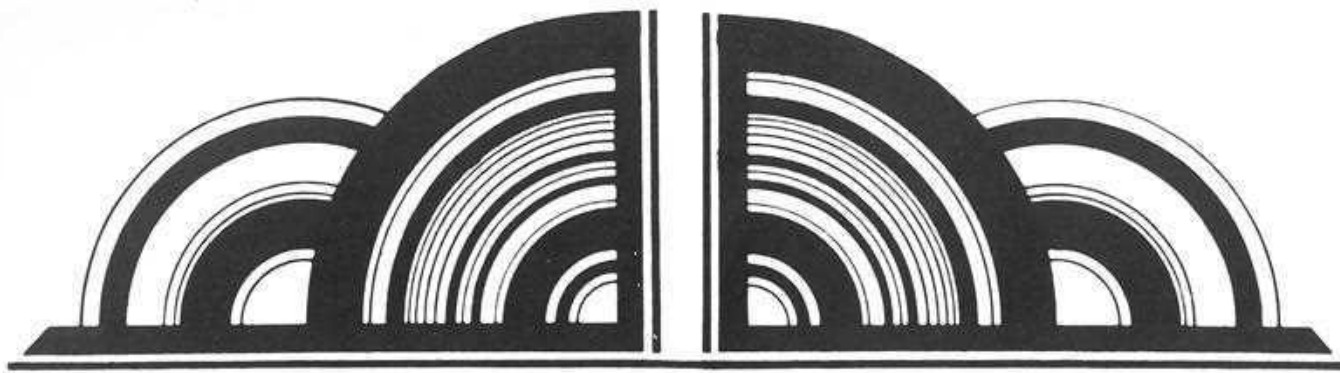


The
SAMOYED
QUARTERLY



Fall 1979

\$4.50



SAMOYED PEOPLE

The Samoyed Quarterly Talks With
CARMELITA AVERY
Tulsa, Oklahoma

*This interview was taped in
Tulsa by Suzy Rea.*

*Did you breed Ch. Siayes
Schnegora Boickh?*

Yes. He was mine.

How do you pronounce Siayes?

My initials spelled out make up the name Siayes. Schnegora Boickh means "snow mountain boy."

He is a lovely dog. Who is he out of?

He is out of Dawn and Snow Boy. It was Dawn's first litter. I thought about this the other day, and I decided that if I was ever going to tell about my dogs that I'd better do it while I can still remember things. My memory isn't what it used to be, you know. When my daughter was less than two years old, this beautiful, big white dog came to our house one afternoon. My back gate was open and he came in. He was so friendly. It seems like my memory is playing tricks here, but it seems like he stood up and reached all the way to the top of the back door he was so tall. He was the biggest dog I guess I'd ever seen. He was just beautiful! Of course, I always feed anything that comes around so I fed him. He stayed around in the backyard for awhile and then he left. Later on I realized that he had gotten on my front porch. The next morning when we got up he was still there.

I figured that a dog like that had to belong to somebody so I looked in the paper, and, sure enough, there was an ad for him. I called the number and the people's butler answered. I told him that I had the dog here.

I was curious about him because I had never seen a dog like that before. I asked him the dog's name, which was Nicky, and I asked where a person could get a dog like that because I didn't know where he had come from. I found out that he had come from a kennel on Long Island. The man told me he thought that the dog had cost fifteen hundred dollars at the time. This would be about 1940. At that time you could buy a house for fifteen hundred dollars! Well, you could! Lord, the little house that we were living in at the time was a picture in brick, with canvas walls, hardwood floors and a tile entrance hall, and we paid thirty-two hundred dollars for it. So, you know, things were really cheap in those days.

Anyway, we just didn't think any more about it. But Sharon - I guess she was rather a precocious child - never did forget that dog. She was just about two years old then, and when she was about four, her uncle gave her a little mixed-breed dog whom she named Nicky. She still remembered that pretty dog. When she was about eleven, while at her grandmother's, she came back from a little grocery store all excited. She was excited because the woman who owned the grocery store owned a dog like that Nicky who had visited us and the woman had said that we could get one down in Texas. That was what Sharon wanted more than anything in the world, a dog like that. So, the woman gave us the address and we got in touch with the Texas people. That was in 1949. We bought Kansas Land's Frost King and we paid fifty dollars for him. That didn't seem like so much money in those days because the War was over and things were getting a little bit better; things were picking up.

This dog went everywhere with Sharon. I had always had the feeling that I wanted to keep my dogs penned, I didn't want them to run loose, but she wouldn't have that. Frosty went everywhere with her. He was the neighborhood mascot. She told me that once they were out playing and a great big dog, a Great Dane, growled at her and Frosty took him on. You know they're not fighters as a rule, but he didn't like that dog growling at Sharon. Of course, we just adored him. Everybody was just crazy about him. I'd come home in the afternoon and there would be a bunch of kids in the front yard petting him as they came home from school. And he just made the rounds of the neighborhood. A woman called me one time and said that she hadn't seen him in a long time and wondered where he was because he used to come by and see her every day. Well, he lived to be fifteen and a half years old.

In the meantime, Eileen Whitlock moved to Tulsa from California, and she had a female Sam. She called all the veterinarians in town to see if she could find somebody who had a male. I think at that time there were only about four or five in Tulsa, and we were the only ones that she could find. Anyway, she called us and told us that she wanted to breed her female. Frosty was about seven at that time, and, for some reason, he just couldn't mate with her dog at all. We were all disappointed, but Eileen talked to Sharon who decided that she wanted to buy a male puppy. Well, I was against it; I thought that we had enough dogs. But, she insisted and won out.

Sharon found a breeder in Wyoming and bought this little ten week-old puppy. Everything was fine until



*Ch. Stayes Schnegora Boickh
Owned by John & Joan Scovin of
Weathervane Kennels. Owned by
Carmelita until 9/68.*

he was about four months old when we noticed he was limping. We took him down to the vet's, x-rayed him and found out that he had hip dysplasia of the third degree. (Fourth degree is when they'll never walk.) Well, the vet thought we'd have to put him to sleep - he thought that he would be crippled - but we didn't do it. We did everything in the world for that dog. At that time Sharon was working for a pediatrician. She would take him into the office before they opened up for business and the other nurse would give him ultra-violet ray treatments up on the table. Then, I put a heat lamp on him. He was so lame at that time that he wouldn't get up to go out. We would have to carry him outside.

What did the breeder do about that?

She said she would replace him

when we called her. She was a teacher at the University of Wyoming. She was just shocked to death when she heard it as she had never had hip dysplasia before.

We also mentioned Stormy's blue eyes to her. Well, she had never had a blue-eyed dog in her kennel. (The veterinarian said she had one now because this dog's eyes were blue.) Well, eventually his eyes did turn color. They turned a beautiful gold, and they never did get dark. He could give you the most "wicked" look. When he looked at you with those yellow eyes it really made him look like a wolf.

Anyway, we did everything we could for him. We gave him cortisone shots and I gave him cortisone tablets for as long as I could. I used to keep a heat lamp on him for as long as I could.

The breeder did send a replacement. He was eleven months old. . .and he also had blue eyes. He was as shy as he could be because he was a kennel dog. He was born in the summer and the breeder said he had had almost no attention when he was little. He was born just one day after my birthday and although she had several that I could have chosen from, just because his birthday was so close to my birthday, I decided I wanted him. I thought we would be compatible since we were under the same sign.

His breeder said that she had been really busy with summer classes and she just hadn't had time to pet him at all during the summer he was born so he was very shy. It took him a little while, but he got over that for the most part. Yet, he was always just a little bit timid. He never did

get quite as much attention as he should have gotten from us either because, at that time, we had three Sams, three males, and that didn't work too well. Of course, Stormy was still small. But when we got Snow Boy, the replacement puppy, it seemed to encourage Stormy to get up and move around. Well, to make a long story short, he got over his lameness and he lived to be over twelve years old. If he ever had any pain in walking or anything, then he never showed it. In fact, he was the one dog that we had that could climb a fence! And he could run faster than any dog that we had. This was the dog with the third-degree dysplasia! Of course we had him x-rayed again after he had gotten older. His hipbones had grown completely out of the hip sockets and the vet said that the muscles had compensated. There was always a kind of weakness there, however.

What was Snow Boy's registered name?

Tara's Snow Boy, Grandson of Taz. He had the most gorgeous coat I believe I've ever seen on a dog. (I guess he got it from being up there in Wyoming.) And, he passed that coat along to his children. Many of my dogs have had just excellent coats, you know. Now, Dawn's coat was soft. It was adequate, but it wasn't like Snow Boy's. Snow Boy was the one who had the big ruff. When I bred Dawn and Snow Boy for the first time all of the puppies turned out to be champions. Later, a friend of mine asked me why I hadn't bred them again, since the first breeding had been so successful. I then decided that I would. More of the puppies in the first litter took after Dawn and more of the puppies in the second litter took after Snow Boy. His face was a little longer

than her's and you can see it in the puppies.

After Dawn proved that she was such a nice dog and all, I began to wonder about the people who had bred her. I wondered if they would be interested in knowing how she was getting on. They weren't members of the Sam Club, however, and nobody knew them. Ann Hamlin found out that I was wanting to locate them and, since they lived in California and so did she, she called all the operators on the West Coast (or at least in California) and tracked them down for me. She finally located them, and they didn't know a thing about Dawn because they had sold her. I think that she had been taken as pick of the litter and they didn't know what the people had named her or where she had eventually wound up, or anything. They didn't know a thing about her. I think that some members of their family took one of the puppies and the rest they sold, but they never heard anything about them. They had Freesia, Freesia of The White Snow, in their pedigree, by the way.

Do you know anything about the bitch that bore Dawn?

Freesia? She happened to look exactly like Dawn. After I got in touch with Freesia's owners we corresponded for several years and they sent me pictures of Freesia. (And I sent them pictures of Dawn.) Well, I took the pictures of Freesia that they had sent me and I showed them to the girl that worked for me at the time. I asked her who the dog in the pictures was and she told me it was Dawn. It was the same way with the children. They thought that a picture of Freesia was a picture of Dawn.

Freesia would watch television just exactly like Dawn, in the same

identical way. She was absolutely crazy about it. Her owners weren't into showing or anything - a lot of people are that way - so they didn't know a lot. I believe that was the only litter that Freesia ever had. She outlived Dawn, incidentally. She lived until she was about fourteen years old. Anyway, that's what Freesia looked like.

I think I've seen pictures of Shoshone. I can't really remember. And I think that I've seen pictures of the one before that, Yurok. I think that's where that big size came from. (Some of Dawn's grandchildren came out bigger than the Standard allows.)

What did you consider to be the Standard?

Well, at that time they measured more than the Standard did. Didn't they have to change the Standard because of Yurok? Or, did they change it? You know, Yurok was never shown too terribly much. He was shown and had a room full of trophies, but he won all of those in a very short period of time. I think they retired him because someone tried to poison him.

Did you ever see Ch. Yurok of Whitecliff?

No. I was sent a picture of him though. (I mean he had a ROOM full of trophies!) Anyway, I think he was about four years old or something like that when someone tried to poison him at a dog show. I understand he was the most hated dog on the West Coast because he kept winning. You know, he was winning everything and he was supposed to be too big. The judges kept giving him ribbons and people were very angry about it. I just can't see anyone taking it all so seriously that he would try to poison a dog. Here's a picture of Snow Boy's grandfather.

Ch. Martingate Snowland Taz, isn't it?

Yes. I also have a good one of Chris. He's getting better looking every day. He's really good looking, in my opinion. Chris is Dawn's grandson.

Is he not being shown?

He just stays out in the kennel all the time, doesn't get any attention or anything, but he certainly is developing into a good looking dog.

How many litters did you breed?

I should have made notes on that. Well, let's see, Dawn had two for me, actually three. There were just two, a boy and a girl, in that last litter she had and the little boy died of a heart attack when he was about six weeks old. The little girl died after going into convulsions when she was about three months old. Dawn had five in the first litter, eight the second litter. Sugar is Dawn's granddaughter because Kandi was Dawn's daughter out of her second litter. Kandi was never shown.

Did you handle your own dogs?

No, I didn't.

Who handled them?



Ch. Whitecliff's Polar Dawn.



This is Ch. Sam O'Khan's Sibir Khan the day he finished (4/10/65). His call name is "Stb." Carl Avery is holding the leash.

There was a man in Tulsa, Boyd Dodge, who showed my dogs. Who is this? (Looking through pictures.)

Prinny, Ch. Taradawn's Snow Princess. She has a brother who is a champion. Joan Scovin owns him. I'm sure he got his championship, and he was Kandi's brother. His name would have been... Isn't that awful... my memory is going.

Not really.

Well, it's true. I know Joan told me he did finish.

Taradawn's Scova?

Yes, Taradawn's Bereskova. Joan would just die. I don't drink! I named all of that litter, the ones that I registered Scova.

Taradawn was your kennel name?

Well, I never did have a kennel name. What I usually tried to do was to take the sire and the dam's names and combine them somehow. I let that system designate that particular litter. With the first litter, I took my initials, C.A. Here's a picture of Dawn and Snow Boy. Kandi's brother and Taradawn's Snow Princess (Prinny) were in Dawn and Snow Boy's second litter. Prinny was a littermate to Kandi and Scova.

Were there more champions out of Snow Boy?

There would have been just two so far as I know out of that second litter. The others went to people who didn't show.

Were you very picky about the homes?

I tried to be but, honestly, it seems like there is always something coming up. I sold one of that litter to a woman in New York and these people were just absolutely crazy about him. They swore that he talked; she even sent me a tape recording of him saying "I love you" and some other things, but apparently the speed that her tape had been recorded on was not the same speed mine played. It came out very slow and I couldn't distinguish words. He was the most talkative puppy I can remember. I can remember to this day giving that puppy a bath before I shipped him. I got in the bathtub with him and he "talked" a blue streak. He was making sounds all the time as if he was trying very hard to talk. Anyway, his people swore he talked. He later developed a brain tumor and they had to have him put to sleep, and this wasn't too long ago. Unfortunate things happen. I think

his owner probably would have been interested in showing if that hadn't happened but, you know...

I gave one puppy from this litter to my nephew, and he turned out to be a gorgeous puppy.

He didn't show either?

No. He was one of the ones who died suddenly. He died from diabetes, just last year.

So, you've had three litters from Dawn and a litter out of Kandi?

Oh, let's don't get to Kandi.

There were so many litters before that. Ch. Siayes Carl of Czahrina, who was out of Dawn's first litter from me, had a litter, and Siayes Diki Dama, who was also out of that first litter, had a litter. She had four, but nobody else showed out of Diki's litter. I still have her daughter, Ch. Sibdik's Snow Angel, who is my only remaining champion at this point. That was a Diki and Ch. Sam O'Khan's Sibir Khan breeding. Ch. Sibdik's Shena Snow Maidel was her litter sister. See, I'm getting confused again. Joan bought Shena and finished her and...

Oh, Dawn had another litter. (I'm just as confused as I can be.) That's where Pretty Boy came in. Dawn actually had four litters, but I don't really count the last one because, as I said, it consisted of only two puppies. Actually she was getting too old and shouldn't have been bred, but it was an accident. In fact, I didn't even know she was pregnant until she had them.

You just found them, or something?

No. She had them while we were moving from Tulsa up here and I was taking her with me all the time. Everytime I came up here, I brought her with me.

She just rode in the car with her sunglasses, right?

Yes. Oh, that was a long time ago. We put sunglasses on her when we took her out in the convertible.

How many did she have out of that litter? I think there were six in that third litter, the one that Pretty Boy came from. Those all turned out to be very good but they weren't shown. Some people in Little Rock bought one, and they sent her back to me



Ch. Whitecliff's Polar Dawn. Dawn, watching TV, January, 1970.

one time to be bred. She was just a beautiful dog! A man in Mission, Kansas bought one; he flew down in his own airplane and bought one. And he didn't even show him, he just wanted him as a pet. Actually, many of my dogs have not gone to show homes. I was more interested in good homes and I wasn't always convinced that a show home was the best home.

If I found out it was just a couple who had been married a long time who wanted a dog, and if they didn't think there was much danger of a divorce or something in the family, then I thought this was a better home for the dog than one where there were a bunch of dogs and where the people were more interested in showing than anything else.

So we have five registered litters.

Oh, you're keeping track. Zari had that first litter, and in that first litter she had ten.

Ten?

Yes, and I think they were premature because when they were first born they were so little that you couldn't tell if they were boys or girls. They were so little. There was something wrong with that whole litter. Six of them died right away of something. I don't know what it was. I had them at the vet's and he didn't know what it was either. They were running tremendously high temperatures and their little noses would run and run. They would just die, gasping. We never could figure it out.

I had four left, and I sold one to a man who came out to the house. I had an ad in the paper and he came out. He absolutely insisted that he have that puppy. I wasn't real sure he was someone I would like to have a dog, but I sold him the one that I thought was the least good out of the litter. He hadn't kept him a week and he called me and wanted to know if I would keep the dog for him for a week because he and his wife were going out of town. I told him I would be glad to take the puppy back and keep him for a week. I brought him back, kept him at the house with the other puppies, and found out later that the dog that lived next door to them had died of distemper.

Well, these puppies were getting shots every fourteen days, because in 1964 they hadn't come up with this business of giving them permanent shots. We had started in with these puppies because I'd had so much trouble with the rest of them in the litter. We gave them these preventative shots every 14 days, and later I found out that the shots were only effective for 10 days. So, there was a three-day period of time when my dogs were vulnerable. When I went to take the puppy home to them (I had to go to my mother's anyway, which was just a short distance from where they lived) I stopped by the vet's. He was due for his shot on Monday and this was on Friday. I thought since they were



*Ch. Sibdik's Shena Snow Maidel
Owned by John & Joan Scovin of
Weathervane Kennels.
Breeder: Carmelita Avery*

both working that they just might not have time to get him in when they were supposed to. Anyway, I stopped at the vet's on the way in and had him give the dog the preventative shot, and, do you know, he was the only one in that litter who lived. He lived, but he brought the distemper home to my other three. They died the most horrible deaths. It went to the brain first in one of them and she was trying to tear up the other two. You'd try to pet her and she'd just look off into the distance as if she didn't know anything. She didn't realize you were petting her or anything. There was one out of that litter that I absolutely adored. I was just mad about it. I finally had to have him put to sleep because my daughter said we shouldn't let him suffer or have convulsions. Of course he was on medication, and I thought he was getting better as he went a couple of days without convulsions, but... Oh, I was just crazy. The four who had lived were just real sweet.

This litter was out of Dawn and Snow Boy?

Out of Czahrina and Sibir. The man that bought the one called him Kniklas Kris Kringle, all spelled with K's. We always called him Knik. Well, this man turned out to be an alcoholic. I just didn't trust him when he first came, but he had mentioned

where he worked and he happened to mention someone my daughter knew. While he was talking to me, she ran into her bedroom, got on the phone, and checked with the fellow he had mentioned. He said he knew him. She didn't tell me, though, that he had a drinking problem. She knew that if she told me then that I never would have sold the dog to him. Anyway, he was crazy about the dog, there was no doubt about it. He took the dog with him everywhere. I don't think there was a bar in Tulsa that dog hadn't been in.

Oh no!

It's true, and with all that socializing the dog turned out to have a wonderful disposition. Of course, very shortly after he bought the dog from me, he and his wife separated, and everytime he would get on a big drunk or something, he would call me up and want to know if I would take the dog back and keep it a few days for him. He got down on his luck, lost his job and everything. He was a car salesman. I guess when he'd get on these drunken binges he wouldn't be selling cars, so he would get laid off. I had the dog back and forth so much that the dog never forgot me, and he always acted like he'd rather stay with me than go with the man. Finally, I think it was in about 1967 because he was three years old, the man called



Ch. Taradawn's Snow Princess (at far left in photo) is shown at the 1971 National Specialty, the winner of Brood Bitch Class.

Owned by John & Joan Scovin - Weathervane Kennels.
(Progeny [left to right]: Ch. Weathervane's Genii of Kazakh and Ch. Weathervane's Snow King.)

me and wanted me to take him back and give him a good home. I told him I would. . . and I was never so glad to get a dog back in my life.

About that time, a girlfriend of mine that I had gone to school with moved back here from Chicago. Boy, that was it! She just adored Knik, so I gave him to her. And he just died a couple of years ago. You talk about coat. That dog had the most magnificent coat you've ever seen in your life. But, he was never shown either.

Out of that first litter of Zari's, only one of them lived. In her second litter, the puppies were different sizes. One thing about all of my dogs, most of them: The puppies were all the same size. They didn't vary in size - until this litter came along. She had one out of this litter that was just huge, and one of them was just tiny. The tiny one didn't live more than three or four weeks, but the big one really grew. For some reason, when he was born his coat was stained green. I guess it was birth fluid or something. Anyway, we called him the Jolly Green Giant and that was his name for a long time. He really grew; he was a very large dog.

I sold that litter to different people. Actually, the quality wasn't too good there. Czahrina herself was a champion, but I believe Ch. Petrovna of Arandale was her only champion. That was the only one of her puppies that was ever shown. Honestly.

Then, Diki had a litter of four, and I believe those were Diki's only

puppies. No, Diki had a litter of puppies after I sold her. Joan showed her, and that dog got her championship in about three or four shows. Joan showed me a picture of her, and apparently they had taken it from the wrong angle because she looked like she was real short-legged. She wasn't, though. She got her championship in not more than four shows. I can't remember exactly but I remember that is was in a very short time. The people who bought her sent her directly to Joan and they didn't get her back until Joan finished her. They are also the ones that own Angelique. Angelique is out of a litter consisting of three boys and Angel. She's a real good looking girl. Ch. Angelique of Arandale is owned by Gene O'Riley now.

Where are we now?

We have eight litters now.

I believe I've accounted for every litter until Kandi's litter. No. Czahrina had another litter for me. She had three litters. She and Angel had litters a day apart in one of the worst winter snows that I remember (until last year). That was in 1970, and snow was up to my knees. This was the first winter after we moved up to the farm.

I didn't know... The reason I say I don't get any credit for anything is because most of these breedings took place... Well, I just didn't get the female away from the male in time or I didn't know she was in season.

You always put a girl and boy together?

Yes. I always put a girl and

boy together because you couldn't put them otherwise. They fought, you know. Angel and Pretty Boy were together and Czahrina and Sibir were together. I knew that Czahrina was going to have puppies but I didn't know, or wasn't certain, that Angel was.

Czahrina started in labor. She had two puppies and then quit. After an hour had gone by, I called the vet and he said to give her another hour, if she didn't do anything he would be out. He had to drive about eleven miles through the snow, and my husband couldn't even get to work that day because the snow was so deep. (He had to go to Tulsa). Well, the vet drove out and by that time it was about 9:00 in the evening. He gave her a shot to induce labor and we sat and waited to see if anything was going to happen. Nothing happened. He took her back to the clinic and did a Cesarean and stayed with her all night long. I said I would never again complain about the vets here. I can't imagine any vet in Tulsa doing that. I can't remember now, but I think one of the puppies died. Anyway, my husband picked her up the next day.

And the next day, as I was going from the main house to the little house where she was, I called to Angel (as I'd go out, I'd always yell at the other dogs) and she didn't come out. As I went back to the house, I called her again. When she didn't come out of her house I plowed through the snow over to where she was. When I got to her gate I could hear little puppies crying. I ran in the house and got a box and towel. I almost couldn't get the gate open because of so much snow. Well, when I got in there, two of the puppies were dead already. I gathered the others up - I think there were four or five - and brought them in the house. I brought her in the house too. I ran warm water in the lavatory and warmed them up. Because it was so cold we didn't expect any of them to live, but they all did. (She had another one after that but it was born dead.) That was the third litter, the one that Angelique came from. Angelique was the only one out of that litter that was shown and Petrovna was the only one out of Zari's litter, the one born the day before, that was shown. I think that takes care of the litters until the one from Kandi and Monstro.

Monstro was out of that litter that was born in January of 1970. He was a big dog so we called him Monstro. He and Kandi had that litter that was born on Christmas Day in 1974. He was out of Czahrina and Sibir. Kandi was out of Dawn and Snow Boy. I've still got three of those dogs, and Linda has Sugar. I believe that's all the litters we've had.

That's nine, I think.

You're sure keeping track. Dawn had a litter before I ever got her and that's where Sibir came from. Of course you know the way we got

Sibir. I had become friendly with Francis Fitzpatrick from whom I bought the dog. They had sold this puppy of Dawn's to a man, an elderly bachelor man, who died of a heart attack. I think the dog was about nine months old when Francis wrote me and said she thought if I liked the dog that I could get him because he was going as part of the man's estate. He had two elderly sisters who lived in an apartment and couldn't keep him so she thought if I made an offer to the lawyer that I could get him. I thought it over for about five minutes and decided that we wanted him. The lawyer, of course, had to bother with everything. He built a crate and sent the dog from Michigan on a plane.

The dog broke loose out of the crate while on the plane. I think he was running around in the luggage compartment. When they landed, I think in Chicago, they LOVED him. Of course, naturally, he didn't come in when he was supposed to and we were just frantic because we didn't know where he was. Finally, my daughter got on the phone and she was able to trace him down. We did meet the plane when it, and he, FINALLY got here. (They had dumped him, and he was taken on a truck and put on a plane someplace else before we finally got him.)

Was he loose?

No. I think they did finally nail the crate together, or something, because they got the crate off with him when they dumped him in Chicago. They put it back together again and he did come in all right. He was a beautiful dog, but he was about four years old before I ever got him finished. Everytime he and Ch. Siayes Schnegora Boickh were shown together, Schneg would take it over him. Finally, after Schneg was finished, Sibir got his championship.

Did it take long to finish Dawn?

I think Dawn finished in about six shows. Not too fast, but...

That's pretty fast.

Well, it was on a circuit, her first circuit. That was all, she just went one time. I don't remember where this handler took her but I think it consisted of only about six shows. Of course Dawn had been shown before I got her but I don't think she had gotten any points. Francis said that Dawn loved to show, she was a natural showman, but she didn't act to me as though she liked it. When she came home she was so unhappy. She'd just talk and try to tell me all about it, you know.

Of course, she was quite a talker too. One time she got an infection in her eye and we had to put hot packs and things on it. She'd just sit there and talk to you about that and tell you about how it bothered her. She would go on and on and on about it. Of course, as far as I was concerned, the most important thing about these dogs were their personalities, rather

than anything else. Dawn was, well, she was just in a class by herself.

Did she throw her personality to any of her puppies?

There was one of Czahrina's puppies, the male that I sold to Bob and Marilyn Cole, that watched television. To me, that was the most outstanding characteristic about Dawn. She was crazy about television. Of course, she did lots of other things that I felt indicated a superior intelligence, but it was that thing about watching television that was so outstanding about her. The kids would say "look" to Dawn and she would run to the television. "Look" meant something on the screen that she would be interested in. As far as I know, this young male, her grandson, was the only one I ever heard of that was interested, like Dawn, in television. She fought battles with Lassie, she barked at birds on the screen and, when Lassie had some big crisis as she did in every program, Dawn would get so excited she would bark and bark and lunge at the screen. She would just sit there the whole time it was on, and it seemed she knew when Lassie came on.

Lassie always came on at 6:00 on Sunday afternoon. Dawn would be out in the backyard playing with the other dogs until about 5 minutes before six when she'd come to the back door and start yipping. We'd let her in and she'd run right to the front of the television, plant herself right in front of it. The first Sunday they changed the schedule to go on Daylight Savings Time Dawn had a surprise. Dawn was outside playing and, at ten minutes until six by her clock, she came in. Ed Sullivan was on because we were an hour later, and she just looked at that screen. She kept watching it, and kept turning around to look at us as if to say "You do something about this because the program I'm expecting to see isn't on."

I used to like to paint a great deal. I'd be busy painting and she'd come in, stand up, talk to me, chatter, hit me on the arm and all, until I finally found out she wanted me to turn on the TV set for her. This girl that used to work for me couldn't get over Dawn. She said she had never seen anything like it, the way I talked to her. I talked to her just like you'd talk to anyone and this girl thought Dawn seemed to understand everything I said to her.

Then, of course, she'd get ideas in her own head, and she could communicate very well with you. I remember one time, I think in February, when I had some Christmas candy sitting in a little dish up on top of a bookcase. She had had some of the candy around Christmas, but a couple of months had gone by. All of a sudden she happened to look up there and see that candy. She decided she wanted some so she started

talking to me and looking up at the dish. I finally realized what she wanted. Well, she did that every day for about a week. Later on, I used to keep those chocolate-covered malt balls for her. I kept those in a little dish sitting up on the shelf. She'd come in and talk. I'd say, "What do you want? Show me." There she'd go, into the living room, right to the candy dish, and start barking. She was telling me she wanted candy. Of course, you know, after a while you get to where you understand them pretty well.

In the whole ten years I had her I don't think I ever made a move that I didn't first think "What about Dawn?" If I went to town, I'd ask myself if I was going to take her. I would ask myself if it was too hot for her to go today. If I went into the yard, I always wondered if I should take her or let her stay in the house where it was cool. Really, I think there wasn't a move I made when I didn't think about her first. She was always in whatever plans I was making. When I worked for my husband, she went to work with me every day. She slept under my desk and lunged at everyone who came into my office because she felt she was my guardian. There were some of the boys who worked for my husband that she didn't like and they were all scared to death of her. You know, she wasn't vicious or anything like that, but she had that protective instinct. She had a game she always played with the boys who put groceries in the car. Usually I would have four or five sacks of groceries and I'd have the boys put them in the back seat. Well, Dawn was always with me when I went to the grocery store. The boys would say, "Oh what a beautiful dog." They'd ask me questions about her, and they'd put one sack in the car. She'd be smiling, with her tail wagging. The boys would pet her and go on about how beautiful she was, but, as they put the last sack in, she'd lunge at them. Every time. Lunge and bark. I used to say she had a game going on with herself to see how far each boy would jump back. She'd just scare the life out of them because she'd been so friendly and so sweet up until that point - and she never did it until she saw the last sack coming in. I think it was a game because she would be friendly all the time they were putting the sacks in, until they got to the last one and started to give her a last pat or something. These dogs are so beautiful that people do ask you questions about them. I don't think I ever had a boy who put groceries in the car who didn't start talking about her and how beautiful she was. And most everyone thought she was a male because she was big. Dawn was a big girl.

Do you think she was over the Standard?

No, she wasn't, or I don't think

she was. She was, however, certainly bigger than some of my females. (Of course, she could have gotten that from Yurok.) I don't believe she was over the Standard. It's so hard to measure those dogs with that heavy coat that you almost can't tell how tall they are at the shoulder.

That's for sure. What, do you think, was your best litter?

I would say the best one was the first one. I don't know if it was because they were all shown, though. So many of the others weren't. I really don't know.

Did you ever help your bitches whelp?

We helped Dawn with her first one. I can't remember having to give any of the others any personal help. I don't think Dawn needed our help, I think she would have gotten along fine, but Dawn was a dog who wanted to be with us all the time. She didn't want to be left alone, and she was a dog who complained a lot - over everything. When she started having that first litter we had the whelping box all ready. She acted like she was a little frightened or something. She couldn't have been nearly as frightened as we were because this was our first litter. We got her in the box and the first puppy was born with her standing. I guess it must have fallen with force, or something, and we thought it was dead. There was a friend of my daughter's there that Sunday afternoon and he said the puppy was dead. Well, we were ignorant, you see. Dawn started licking the puppy and, if we had allowed her to, she probably would have gotten it to breathe. I thought it was dead and this man who supposedly bred Australian Shepherds said the puppy was dead so... There had been something I had heard briefly about another dog (it wasn't a Sam) eating her puppies. When Dawn started roughing this puppy up and licking it, I got scared and took it away from her. Well, later on, it was just lying off to the side and my daughter and I thought we saw the puppy's leg move. It was too far gone by that time, though. We just hadn't allowed Dawn to handle it. After that, we just had to leave Dawn alone unless she was having trouble.

If any of our bitches had trouble we usually took them to the vet's. I didn't try to do anything to help. Kandi's puppies were by Cesarean, but she was seven years old and had never had a litter. Czahrina's third litter was Cesarean also. If I realized the bitch had gone too long or something I always got them to the vet or had the vet come out.

You always had them checked out and everything?

Oh yes, we were always there. *Did you ever have to supplement any of your puppies?*

You mean, give them extra

food? Well, we started feeding them when they were about two and half weeks old.

What did you feed them?

Pablum and canned milk. Just like babies.

Did you just let them lap it out of a bowl?

Yes. The next thing we'd give them was cottage cheese, cottage cheese and pablum. In fact, I used to feed all my dogs cottage cheese.

You never had to tube-feed?

No. I talked to Mrs. Dashane about this because she had done it many times, but I think I would have been afraid to. There is always the danger that you could drown them or something. No, I'm sure I never did that.

What was the greatest winner you ever bred?

Well, I really don't know because I didn't do the showing. It would have to be a dog that someone else had, someone I had sold a dog to. It just depended upon how many times they showed them.

Did you sometimes go to the shows?

No. The only time I ever went to a show out of town was in Muskogee. The handler would just take the dogs and go wherever he was going.

And bring back champions?

That's right, that's the way it happened. That's the reason I don't feel... I'm just lucky I bought Dawn.

The other breedings turned out nicely too.

Well, the genes were there. There's not any credit due me. I just had good dogs by sheer luck.

Did you ever have a system to your breeding?

No. We knew we would never breed Stormy, of course, because he had dysplasia, but Dawn picked Snow Boy. When she came in season that one time she went in front of his pen and you could tell this was the dog she wanted to be let out with. You know, I didn't have any plans... and he was my only male.

They say the dogs sometimes know best.

I think they do.

You've had other brothers and sisters in together that didn't breed.

That's right.

I think that's pretty nice.

Well, it is nice. Actually I tried not to put brother and sister together in case there would be a breeding. As it happened, of course, they were all closely related. If they weren't brother and sister, they were certainly cousins. I felt maybe there was too much inbreeding there. Maybe that was why these things showed up. The heart problem, for instance. There have been several of them who died from heart attacks.

Now, Sibir was perfectly fine the evening before he died. When I fed him his supper, in fact, he was



Carl Avery and one week-old pups, January, 1970.

so anxious and so hungry that he just couldn't wait until I got the pan down for him. I found him dead in the yard the next day. He was only a little over nine years old. Obviously... Well, he seemed to be in perfect health. *He led a happy life.*

Oh yes, he'd been happy, but that's not the point.

How many dogs have you had at one time?

You mean Sams? I think about 13 at one time.

That's a lot of white hair.

Wall to wall, I used to say. There is something about their shedding that didn't bother me as much as another dog's would. I have a Border Collie, who is tremendous, and, you know, they aren't supposed to be that big. (I always thought his father was Sibir.) Anyway, he is just tremendous, and he is shedding now. He leaves hunks of black hair all over the place and, for some reason or another, this bothers me a great deal more than the white hair. I never minded the white hair.

You never helped them mate?

No. There was one time someone brought a female up that we were going to breed, but we took them to the vet.

Did you ever refuse service to a bitch?

Oh yes, lots of times.

What were your reasons?

Mainly, I didn't like the looks of the dog, or someone brought a dog who I wasn't sure had papers. I tried to avoid that at all cost - and I did.

How much did you generally sell your puppies for?

I haven't had any for sale for a long time and prices have changed a great deal. I think \$225 was the most.

When was that?

Back in 1970. I think that's what I got for Petrovna.

Did you sell them as show and pet quality?

Yes. I tried to, but I also tried to explain to the people that there was no guarantee. When they

are young like that you can't tell if they'll turn into show dogs, at least I couldn't. All I had to go by was the father and mother. Of course, you could tell if a puppy didn't carry its tail right or something like that that it was a pet quality dog, but if it seemed to conform as far as you could tell, then it was possible it would be show quality. I think I have always underrated my dogs more than anything else. Joan Scovin says I do.

At what age do you think puppies should be placed in a home?

Ideally, according to the dog psychology books, seven weeks, at least as far as emotional adjustment is concerned. I don't think I've ever sold a puppy over two or three months. Oh, yes I have, but they were pet quality puppies. I can't remember actually how old each puppy was when I sold it.

Schneg was already finished when I sold him to Joan and Diki was finished when I sold her. Of course, I kept Czahrina until she died. Joan said Schneg was the best male to ever hit the East Coast. I had no idea he was that good.

What do you think of inbreeding and linebreeding?

I think sometimes the outcross is the best, or just as successful as the linebreeding. Linebreeding can very often become inbreeding, and I think that's what I did. I had my own dams and sires.

Did you ever go outside of your kennel?

No. We never used an outside male. I had planned to at one time with Dawn, but... Mr. Buck Tears was the president of the Sam Club at that time, the National Sam Club, and he had a real good-looking male.

Happy?

Happy. Buck wanted a breeding between Dawn and Happy very badly, and Happy was a most beautiful dog, but Dawn evidently was a three-day



*Carmelita Avery and
Ch. Whitecliff's Polar Dawn,
January, 1970.*

girl. She would come in season and if she wasn't bred by the third day, it was too late. The first time she came in season, we missed. The next time she came in, we wanted to be very, very sure we caught her at the right time so we took her to the vet. He took a smear and said she'd be ready on Thursday (I think I took her on a Tuesday) so I called Buck. He was all prepared to bring Happy over. Well, I brought her home from the vet's and put her in the backyard on the patio. About an hour later I saw her in a tie with her own grandson, Knik. He was staying with me at that particular time. I was just absolutely heartbroken because I wanted a puppy from Happy. I was hoping for that beautiful face he had. I knew if I took her to have a shot of some kind it would stop the breeding and the season cycle. I didn't know what to do so I talked to Mrs. Dashane who was quite knowledgeable about dogs. She said, "I don't think I'd do anything if I were you. Grandmother to grandson is considered a good breeding. That's the breeding that Pretty Boy came from." So, I never did go outside of my own line.

Would you ever consider breeding a dog to another dog who had a serious fault?

What do you mean by serious fault?

Hip dysplasia?

Oh, no. I don't think I would breed a dog with dysplasia if I knew he had it. Stormy, as far as that's concerned, had a beautiful coat, was a good-looking dog and had a gorgeous pedigree, but we never even considered him. I'm not too sold on all of this OFA stuff because I've heard of too many cases where both the mother and father were clear and maybe half the litter came out dysplastic. Of course, maybe in time, they can breed it out. .but it's still showing up. You know, I really haven't heard anything about it lately.

I was intending to buy a dog from the lady I got Snow Boy from when I wanted a female. I decided I was tired of buying males and I wanted a female so I could have a litter. She had a good-looking young female, and I think she was honest when she said she didn't know Stormy had dysplasia. She and I corresponded very frequently, with long letters, and she was just heartbroken about that. She said she had tried to buy the very best dogs. She had the Snowland dogs, you know. That's an old, old kennel, and that was where this lady had gotten her breeding stock.

Snow Boy was perfectly clear, Dawn was clear and, in fact, I don't know that I've had any trouble with dysplasia. If any of my dogs have ever had it, I didn't ever know about it. Diki was x-rayed again. I think she was about seven or eight years old and she was still perfectly clear, with good hips. The ones I had x-rayed always had excellent hips. There was never a doubt about it.

The vet up here in Claremore doesn't do that kind of x-raying, or at least he said he didn't. After a while, I began to realize that they had to put the dog under to get the right kind of x-ray. They use the same material they give a dog to put it away and I just decided it was too big a risk. If a dog is dysplastic, I think it will show it. You could tell. There would be something in the way the dog moved or something. Well, at least that's been my experience.

You did have the one who had hip dysplasia.

After he was grown, we could tell there was a difference. He would stand in one place and swivel. His gait wasn't right. He could run the fastest of any dog we had and could climb fences, but you could tell.

Do you think that hip dysplasia is relevant to singletacking?

I really don't know.

Did you ever co-own any of your



*Ch. Taradawn's Snow Princess
at age 11 weeks.*



*Ch. Taradawn's Snow Princess.
Prinny - at her usual place - on
John's footstool (age 11 weeks).*



*Prinny's brother,
Ch. Taradawn's Bereskova
shown finishing 8/26/72 at the
Newtown K.C.*

puppies?

Co-own? When the day came that I had to do that, then I was going to quit. That I couldn't do, although I have changed my mind since then. I couldn't do it with Sams, though.

This little black dog I have now had seven puppies just recently. Five were females, two were males. It took me almost a week to gather those little females up and have them put to sleep. I thought that was the kindest thing I could do because they were give-away dogs, and who knows what kind of life they would have? I know this little mother can't nurse seven puppies.

How many dogs do you have now?

I've got about 20 dogs right now.

How many cats?

Innumerable cats. I don't even count them. They're just running all over. There are also six horses.

Six horses? You're taking care of them all?

Yes. And there is Micky who is blind and diabetic and has to have her insulin shot every day, and my sweet little honey pup who has cancer. I think we'll take her in to Dr. Hoffman in Tulsa and let him look at her.

I can't give up and have her put down until I see that we've done everything we could. The only way we could get her up today was to put the towel under her stomach and lift her up. She can't raise her hindquarters at all. I've only got five Sams left. The rest are mixed breeds. I lost Ivan, Pretty Boy, Kandi and Monstro. Kandi and Monstro died last summer.

Heartbreaking isn't it?

Oh yes. Ivan got sick real quickly and died quickly so I really think he had diabetes, too, but it wasn't diagnosed in time.

Let's talk about conformation. What do you think about layback of shoulder?

This is something I have never understood. I do not know, or understand, the technical terms about these dogs. All I can do is look at a dog. If it looks good to me, that's all I know. It's just a general overall look at the dog. If he moves pretty and if he looks good, if he's nice and kind of squarish, if he's got a good head and coat...

You just look at the overall dog?

Yes. I never have understood people talking about front-ends and rear-ends, and I've not really understood what they were talking about. I know what the dog looks like, I know what cowhocks are and I know what narrow or something like that is, but as far as these technical terms are concerned, I don't know too much about them.

You just know what you're looking for. If a dog had a real narrow chest and didn't drop chest, would you breed it?

I can't say that I've ever had that.

So, you never had in mind that you wanted to develop a good type of head. All you were looking at was just the overall Sam?

Yes. Well, as I said, I just don't feel I can take any credit whatsoever for the success these dogs have had. I just had good dogs to begin with and that was it. Just sheer luck. I could have had Dawn or Tsari. I wrote to Francis because she had the

old "Western Kennel" magazine and she had a litter of puppies. By the time I wrote to her, she only had Tsari left. I told her what I wanted, that I wanted a female so I could have a litter of puppies. She wrote back that I could either buy Dawn or Tsari, but, if I wanted a dog mainly to have puppies, she would recommend that I take Dawn because Dawn was a proven bitch and Tsari would have to wait until she was about two years old. So, it was just sheer luck that I got one or the other. I decided I would take Dawn. . .and the rest is history.

When you look at the topline. . .

You mean the back? I like a dog that looks straight.

You haven't been to any shows recently. Have you in the past noticed dogs that didn't have straight topline?

I can't remember.

What do you think of a Sam with a "cat foot"?

Well, I would think that would be considered a fault, but I wouldn't think too great a fault. I like the more oval paws.

One minute I say I don't think a dog is decent and in the next minute, in another way, I think it is. I don't like a dog with great big, pointed ears. I like a dog with little round, small ears. I like what you call the bear face with good stop and dark, slanted eyes. I usually take a look at the tail carriage pretty well. I like the tail to make a nice curve and not lay too flat against the back. I sure don't want a lazy tail. I like a dog who looks straight in the back.

Hocks parallel?

Yes, not hocking in.

How important do you think eye color is?

I have had dogs with varying shades of darkness. As I told you, Stormy had a golden eye and it was beautiful, and I understand it isn't considered a fault. Diki had black eyes, absolutely black. Dawn had eyes like clear coffee. Her eyes were so shiny that you'd look at her eyes and it seemed like you could just keep looking, deeper and deeper. They were very expressive eyes. She had a habit of looking at you out of the corner of her eye, especially if she wanted something. She had all sorts of little "flirty" habits. She'd be barking at you, but looking at you out of the corner of her eye. As long as the eye is a shade of brown of some sort, I wouldn't make too much of it.

Why do some dogs with relatively excellent conformation move in a restricted manner and some others with great conformation move exceptionally well?

How would just an ordinary person know the answer to that? Who would know? Maybe it's a lack of exercise that makes the muscles stiff or something?

Do you believe in a lot of ex-

ercise for a Sam?

Yes, I would think so. Big dogs need to do a lot of moving. When we lived in Tulsa we had a lot of room, even more than we have now. Dawn had the most beautiful gait I've ever seen in my life. She was very fast and, of course, in the show ring, you could never really get started to show her gait off. Kandi had a pretty gait too. In fact, she had a better gait than Prinny, the one Joan had out of that litter.

Was Kandi pretty?

She looked exactly like Sugar. Sugar was Kandi all over again. No, I didn't think Kandi was especially pretty. Her face was too narrow for me. Of course, Sugar was sweet. I loved her because of her personality. Those were kennel dogs, however, and I didn't ever get to know Sugar too well. They were in the house when they were little, though.

Linda Marden is showing Sugar and is doing real well.

Is she? Good. I hope she makes it because the more champions that come out of here, the more glory to Dawn. I really wish someone would take Cris. I think he deserves to be shown. Right now he has a snow nose, but it will darken up. He's good; I really think he's good. He'll have to be trained, though, because he doesn't know anything. I don't think he's ever been on a lead.

He's never had a bath either, has he?

No, he hasn't. And he's never been brushed in his life, bless his heart.

He still looks clean.

Well, unless it's raining. Dawn had a coat that never got dirty either. Well, I won't say that, because I have a picture of her when she'd been digging in a mud puddle one day. She came in and was just covered with mud. She'd been playing in the sprinkler.

You just turn the sprinkler on and let them play?

Yes. We just put it on the patio. This time, however, it was in the yard and she had been digging around it. She was mud from head to toe. It would just fall out of her coat. Some of them had the more coarse coats; those are a little harder to clean up.

Anyway, I would have no idea why some dogs would move well and others wouldn't.

What do you think is the ideal Sammy?

One that loves everyone and never sees a stranger. Isn't that what it's supposed to be?

That's a beautiful thought, one that never sees a stranger.

I've had some, I've bred some. Frosty never saw a stranger in his life. He loved everyone. I used to say if a burglar got into the house he'd help him find the silver.

Were most of your dogs easy

to live with?

Yes, unless two males got together. Sibir and Pretty Boy were brought up together until Pretty Boy got to the age where they had to decide who would be boss. We arranged things so that maybe Pretty Boy would stay in the house all night and Sibir would be out. When Pretty Boy wanted to go out the back door I'd open the door and get Sibir by the back of the neck and haul him in as I pushed Pretty Boy out. One morning, about 6:00 a.m., I was there alone when Pretty Boy wanted out. (My husband had gone to work.) I did my switching but my back screen didn't close fast enough. Pretty Boy turned back and got into the house and he and Sibir were at each other's throats. They knocked me into the storm door. The glass shattered and big shards of glass were falling out of this door while these two dogs were fighting like nothing you've ever seen. I tried to separate them. I got one by the scruff of the neck and the other by the scruff of the neck but I wasn't strong enough to pull them apart because they were both big dogs. (I think Sib bit me,

accidentally.) I was trying to hold them apart and I couldn't. I was getting pretty desperate then when, all of a sudden, Sibir started to move away. Of course, in all the excitement, I didn't notice what was happening. A dog that I had who was called Polaris, who was the best friend of Pretty Boy - they were inseparable, they loved each other - had gotten Sibir by the tail and she was dragging him over the linoleum, trying to separate the boys from fighting. She dragged him far enough away so I could get Pretty Boy into the utility room and slam the door. Otherwise, I don't know what would have happened.

I could just see Pretty Boy's pal dragging his opponent off.

She sure got him by the tail. He, of course, was scraping the floor. I know he had hold of Pretty Boy when she started but she pulled him away far enough so that, with me pulling Pretty Boy back, we were able to get them separated. Oh, all these pieces of glass! I still wasn't wide awake when I put them out and here was all this glass falling and... I've had lots of experiences with dog fights when they accidentally get together.



Ch. Sibdik's Snow Angel,
bred & owned by Carmelita Avery,
shown finishing 7/69.

Now, Snow Boy could open up any door. I used to put him in a room and the next thing I'd know he'd be out wherever we were. Frosty was in the club room one day and Snow Boy had been back in my bedroom. He had to open the bedroom door and the door into the hallway to get into the club room, which he did. Of course they were in a big fight. I used to put him in my bedroom, go to get him out and find the door locked. We had a knob on the bedroom door that had a little thing you turned to lock it. He'd stand on his hind feet and paw at the door knob until he'd get it open. He could also open screen doors. He would manage, some way, to find the latch. He'd open any number of screen doors - and they all opened differently. No two opened the same way. Some had locks above and some had locks below, but he was an escape artist. Snow Boy was in a run right beside the house. I used to feel guilty because the dogs had to stay in the runs so much. I had the other dogs and they just couldn't be out all together. Anyway, I thought I'd take Snow Boy out one day and take him with me. The minute that thought would cross my mind, that dog would start yipping. Ordinarily he was as quiet as could be, no sounds at all, but let me just think I was going to take him out and he would start to bark. . .and would keep it up until I took him. I always thought these dogs could read minds.

They are pretty sensitive.

I've had lots of people say they had dogs they were just sure could read minds. There's too much evidence of it.

If you could rate a whole Sammy on a 100-point scale, how many points would you give to the head?

Well, would you have to take the whole body apart and say the tail got so many points and so forth? Feet, chest, back and all?

Yes.

Well, I would be inclined to say not more than 20%, that is if you took the tail for 10% and the front for 10%, back 10%, coat 10%. I think it has to be the total dog. You might have a dog that has beautiful conformation, a lovely coat, a good build and maybe not an ideal head, but the thing is, we don't know how good that dog is unless we've got a pedigree and have seen many of the dogs that are in our dogs' backgrounds. How do we know what genes they carry? Maybe this particular dog doesn't have the ideal head, but maybe his offspring would have one because of what's in his background. Of course, the head means a lot to me. The head and face mean a great deal, but you still have to judge the dog, the whole dog. I certainly wouldn't want a Collie face, though.

How important is pigment?

What do you mean? A seasonal snow nose or...

Let's take the lips.

Oh, that's not too important. You mean completely black?

Yes, if the dog has a pink break...

Well, I can tell you something. They can stay that way until they are, maybe, two or three years old. Then, one day you'll realize that the dog's lips are all black. I've seen it happen.

What do you think about a snow nose?

I don't think they add anything, but I don't think they are too bad. I'd rather see a real black nose. Now, Stormy, when he was little, had a patent leather nose. It was very black and shiny. But, with the years, his nose turned to a snow nose one winter. And he never did get black again. I know that Eileen Whitlock's Tinka, whom she bought from Billy Tucker who is a reputable breeder, had a snow nose. I don't think Billy Tucker would misrepresent anything. Well, this puppy had a black nose when it left and a snow nose when it got to Eileen, and it never changed back. It was always a snow nose.

It didn't stop her from winning.

I don't think Tinka ever did very much.

She never finished?

No.

She had 11 points and two majors.

I don't know how many she did have, but I guess she never did completely make it. Cris has a snow nose right now but he still has a beautiful head.

You don't think it takes away from expression?

No, I don't. Expression is in the eyes and mouth more than anything else.

Do you think coat is important to winning?

Yes. As a matter of fact, I think an awful lot of dogs win on coat more than anything else.

Do you think your dogs did?

No, I don't think so. That coat hides an awful lot of faults. There could be things wrong with the dogs you couldn't see with all those heavy coats, but I don't think my dogs won because of coat. Their heads were good, their bodies were good, their movement was good. I don't think the coat made the difference.

If they have overall good conformation they shouldn't need to win on coat.

No, they shouldn't, actually, but I think that's what an awful lot of the judges look at. I remember one year when we went to a show and the dog from California won. We were all completely amazed. He had big biscuit splotches all over him. I've seen biscuit on the ears, and maybe freckles and things like this, but this dog had big solid biscuit all over him, and hardly any coat at all.

The climate had a lot to do with coat, don't you think? California dogs really don't have heavy coats

like they do where it gets colder. The coat shouldn't be of primary consideration. Many of us forget that this breed is supposed to be a working breed and, of course, they need these coats in their native land.

An awful lot of the judges go for real heavy bone too. They say the best working dog is not one that's real heavy in bone; they wouldn't hold up in pulling a sled if they were too heavy and, yet, I like it. I don't like the little light-boned Sams. That isn't conducive to speed sometimes, what you'd want in a sled dog.

When you are considering a Sammy as a working dog, do you think of it as a sled dog or as a herding dog?

Well, I think they were originally herding dogs. Of course, they were later put to use as sled dogs. I think they could fit in anywhere. I've heard that people have taken them out on farms and they have become wonderful herding dogs. Why wouldn't they? They are very intelligent. I don't think it is as instinctive with them as it is perhaps with other breeds, though, because they haven't been used for maybe half a century. There is a little Border Collie I've got who tries to herd wasps and things. It's very natural for her.

I suppose sledging would be the main thing they'd be used for now. I think a Sam loves to do ANYTHING when someone is doing it with them.

A Sammy likes to please.

Yes. Companionship is important.

What do you think about biscuit or cream-colored Sams?

I think they'd be all right.

They say a little biscuit will insure you that your dog's points will be black and that if you get a dog that doesn't have any biscuit on him at all, you are possibly going to lose pigment.

Do some of your dogs carry some biscuit?

Yes, they have in the past. Czahrina had biscuit on her ears. I don't think Dawn had any at all. I don't remember any on her at all, but Czahrina had biscuit. I'm trying to think if any of the others did. I can't remember any that had a great lot of it, but I wouldn't find it too objectionable.

Do you think the weight factor of the coat, or the type of coat, is important?

Yes. I like the harsh coat myself.

Why is this?

It seems to me that this, the stand-off coat, is more characteristic of the Sam. The soft coat, I think, is due to maybe living in a certain climate. It seems to me that if the dog comes from California and has been bred in California that it tends to have a softer coat. Dogs coming from a colder climate seem to have the harsh coat. And it doesn't necessarily mean that the males are the ones with the coats either. Diki had a coat like a male and she was



Ch. Petrovna of Arandale,
bred by Carmelita and sold to
A. Andreassen, shown winning a 5-point
major at Trenton K.C., 5/71.

past three years old when I sold her and had never shed.

What about the density of the coat?

Well I like a nice, thick coat.

Do you think the harsh coats are usually more dense than the soft coats?

I believe so, yes. They've always got that undercoat.

Do you think our Standard is a good one?

I think so, unless it's been changed. I haven't read it in a good many years.

When you were raising your Sams, did you try to conform to the Standard?

Do you mean did I try to conform in my breeding? As I told you, I had no breeding program, it was sort of luck. I was never taking out a sire and a dam to go together to get this, that or the other thing.

But you had an understanding of the Standard, didn't you?

Oh yes. I understood the Standard and I agreed with the Standard. If the dog seemed to me that he did conform...

Was there anything about the Standard that you would have liked to change?

I can't think of anything. I disliked some of the habits people were starting that had nothing to do with the Standard, however. I couldn't understand why they were trimming the dogs' whiskers and paws, for instance. It did make them look neater and a little nicer but I said "Lord, if you can't see those faces with their whiskers, there's something wrong with your eyesight." No, as far as I'm concerned, the Standard was drawn up by people who knew what they were doing. I have no quarrel with it.

Trimming whiskers just seems to be something that people do.

It's just something they've started. As I say, it isn't part of the Standard at all. Your dog is going to have whiskers regardless, but I like the Sam just like he is. To me, whiskers were a part of his charm. He was a dog that no one had fooled with. A Samoyed isn't a man-made breed like the Boxer. The Sam was just as nature had made him and I would like to see them leave him just as he was, no trimming or anything. (Just so he's pretty and clean, well-brushed.)

Do you think that advertising in-

fluences judges?

I have no idea.

Do you think that judging is fair?

Well, I've always heard the losers scream that it wasn't. I think so, yes. I think the judges are telling it as they see it. Each person, I am sure, has the ideal dog in his mind and it might not be what you see or what I see, but I'm maybe being NAIVE and maybe there are things that go on at the dog shows that I don't know anything about. I can't ever remember a dog show where I questioned the judge's decision, unless it was that show the California dog won, the dog with the big biscuit spots. And, the main thing that I noticed that day at that particular show was that the handler, when the judge came to go over the dog, had his hand on the dog's muzzle, clamping the mouth shut. I wondered if the dog would have bitten the judge if he hadn't done that. Of course, I could have been a little prejudiced that day because we were showing a dog - and our dog was the only one who looked up at the judge and grinned and wagged his tail when the judge went over him. All the other dogs were maybe a little better trained, but they stood and showed no emotion whatsoever. There was no friendliness, nothing. And this one dog, as I said, had his muzzle clamped while the judge went over him. So, I think I did, perhaps, question that judge's decision, but that's the only one I can remember.

Didn't you have a dog who jumped up and stood on the handler's shoulders?

That was Schneg. The handler did get him down going away, but Schneg won that day too.

Even after pulling a stunt like that?

Yep, even with a stunt like that. Boyd eventually got him walking as he should have but this was when they first started in the ring, you know, and there was that dog, hopping on his hind feet, standing on the handler's shoulders.

Boyd?

This was Boyd Dodge. Jack Onofrio showed Pretty Boy and Pretty Boy was as green as grass when he took him. He had never been trained. I had taken him to Boyd Dodge to let Boyd see him and Boyd didn't think much of him. The dog fought the leash quite badly for one thing; he wasn't used to it. Boyd just didn't think he could do anything with him, but Jack took him and finished him on that first circuit. I was really surprised when he brought him back that day and he was finished.

Wow! Did you special any of your dogs?

It seems like we did one time, but I can't remember now. It seems like Sibir was speialed, but I just don't remember. It's been so long ago.

Making the top ten or twenty wasn't that important to you?

No, showing was never that important to me. It's nice to have a champion, or eight or ten or as many as you might have, but, to me, the personality of these dogs is the most important thing, the beauty of them.

Then, you wanted them to compete with the other dogs to see the quality you had. Is that right?

Yes, more or less to confirm my own judgement. I was always pleased when my judgement was confirmed by a judge. Of course, then I realized that if you want to sell any puppies that CHAMPION on the pedigree helps sell them. This would not be the first thing on my mind about these dogs though, whether or not they were champions, or even quality. I've loved the ones that weren't just as well as the ones that were. And, God knows, this last little honey pup that I was telling you about is a mixture of everything in the world; yet I love her just as well as I have loved any of my dogs.

Do you think our breed becoming so popular has hurt or helped it?

I don't think it ever helps a breed to become very popular. I've always hoped that Sams didn't get too popular because I think it ruins the breed when they become well-liked.

What can we do about it?

Are they becoming a great deal more popular? I haven't seen the ratings in a long time. They used to be way down the line as far as popularity was concerned.

They aren't anymore.

Well, I think that's sad. Once they become popular, there will be a lot of breeding.

Did you have any trouble selling or placing a puppy?

Yes, indeed I did. That's the reason I think I ended up with as many as I did. In the first place, with that first litter of mine, there wasn't a human being in the world that was good enough to have one of my puppies. I had just a few dogs and suddenly I had about nine. I kept them, as I said. I didn't sell Schneg or Diki, neither one, until they were three or four years old and they had their championships. The man that had Ch. Siayes Sakhar Sabaka had a struggle to get him, but he finished him. I really don't know anything about Sabaka's offspring. The people first wanted to buy a female from me and I had a feeling that was where I didn't want to send a female. I finally did sell them this male and they bred him an awful lot. Then, they bought a female from some breeder down South. I found out later they were breeding that poor little female every six months. They wrote me they were having trouble with the puppies. They were coming out deformed. That was when I found out they were...

He was a good looking dog. I don't think he was as pretty as Schneg but he wasn't too far off. The kennel

name of Sabaka meant Sugar Dog in Russian.

Did you train your puppies?

We used to start training them to walk on lead. Czahrina was walking on lead real well when she was five weeks old.

Five weeks?

Yes. My daughter trained her because I was working all the time then and I really didn't have an awful lot of time. I remember when we first put Sabaka on lead. We took him out in the front yard and you would have thought we were killing him.

How old was he?

He must have been three or four months old. We'd get him on the lead and lead him around and I remember him just leaping and falling with all four feet out like he had just given up and it was the most horrible thing that had ever happened to him. Sometimes when you'd let too much time go by, they'd fight the lead a great deal, but, sooner or later, they'd remember. I think you should start them right away on walking on lead. It makes it much easier than later on when they buck like a bronco.

When do you start baiting them?

This was not any show thing, it was just general living. I used to do this with Pet Tabs and Milkbones. I used to teach them to sit up for Miklbones. Sibir was a little bit slow in learning this. I used to sit down with Milkbones and the dogs would get in a sort of semi-circle. I would lift the front feet up and hold them up while I gave them a Milkbone. Well, they were all sitting around me one day and, as I said, Sibir was slow. (The others caught on real quickly.) I got tickled at Sabaka because he was sitting to one side. His turn hadn't come yet. (He hadn't ever been taught to do it.) All of a sudden, he got tired of Sibir because Sibir wanted to lean on him. (He didn't want to sit up - maybe his back wasn't quite ready for it.) All of a sudden, here's Sabaka just sitting up like he was supposed to do. He wanted his Milkbone and he was tired of waiting. He had never been taught before, but he picked it up just from watching.

I never did train any of my dogs for the show ring. This walking on lead was just to take them out to and from the house or car or whatever just for safety's sake. I never wanted my dogs to run loose. Any training that was ever done was done by whoever handled them, not me.

Do you believe in obedience training?

Yes. I believe in it - for someone else's dogs.

On a Sam?

Well, I took Snow Boy to obedience, and I took Stormy one time. I used to work with Snow Boy at home and he never did pass. He never finished, so to speak, because after about the second or third time we

were there, he anticipated what he was supposed to do. He couldn't understand why, when he knew what I wanted him to do, he had to wait for me to tell him to do something. This dog was smart, but don't let me get started on how smart Snow Boy was. He was just super intelligent. Then, just before he was supposed to finish, I did something to my leg or ankle and couldn't take him so my daughter took him. They never were compatible, though. He wouldn't do anything for her. I've forgotten what the calls are. You know, when you get way off from them and call them, that call. Well, anyway, he wouldn't come.

Where would he go?

He'd just sit right where he was! We took Stormy to one session. He was so interested in what the dogs were doing that during the rest period we had to get him up and take him around and let him think he was doing the same thing as the rest of the dogs. I used to work with him in the club room - we had a pretty good-sized club room - and Stormy would be walking next to me and then jump on the divan. He'd jump on another divan from heeling. He wanted to play. Stormy thought of games for himself and Sharon. There was one they played in our big yard. The yard was almost half an acre with a stockade fence. This was a game wherein he would get to the furthest point of the yard and sit and wait. Sharon would be close to the house. He'd wait for her and she'd start running and, when she'd start running, he'd run and tackle her. He always had to jump on her. He would be coming at her so fast that it would really frighten her sometimes. Just as soon as he'd jumped on her he'd run to the far corner of the yard again and wait for her to do it all over again. They played that game all the time and he loved it.

Did I tell you about Snow Boy? I'd only had him just a short time when this happened. We had a house with a big patio and sliding glass doors from the breakfast room and club room. Snow Boy slept outside under the house; we had a great big opening under the house and apparently he slept real close to wherever my bedroom was because he could hear through the cold air vents. Well, as soon as I would get into the breakfast room he'd come to the patio and the glass doors. He was a yodeler. Do you know what I'm talking about? Yodelers put their heads back and yodel. Anyway, he would make a sound that sounded exactly like he was saying "hello," and I would say "hello" to him. One evening, my husband and I were sitting on the couch and Snow Boy was sitting beside me. He didn't like my husband very well; he was still pretty shy. He had his back turned and was looking another direction and I was telling Carl that I thought

Snow Boy could talk, could say hello. Carl said he didn't believe it. He wasn't very taken with Snow Boy either, you see. Carl was not really interested in the dogs; he just indulged me. He let me have them, and, although he liked them all right, he wasn't crazy about them. I said "Well, he can talk. He says hello every morning." Carl said he didn't believe it. I said, "Snow Boy, tell him. Show him you could say hello." You know, the dog put his head back and said "hello." Snow Boy was listening to us and when I said to show Carl he could say hello, he did it.

What did your husband say?

There were several things Snow Boy did in his life that kind of impressed Carl a little bit. Carl got sick and was in the hospital for quite some time. During the time he was in the hospital I rented out the house where we had been living and bought another house outside the city limits because I wanted to raise dogs. Snow Boy had never been to this house and, in fact, until I could get some fences up, I boarded him at the vet's, both he and Stormy. We picked them up one Sunday morning after Carl got out of the hospital. It was about 14 miles from downtown Tulsa and the dogs were riding in the back of the car, just as quiet as could be, they weren't doing a thing. When we got about a block from this new house, they both got up and started barking, kind of excited like. Well, I was on 11th Street and I hadn't slowed down or anything, there was nothing to indicate to the dogs that I was going anywhere in particular. Well, Carl said, "Oh. They recognize where they are." He thought they had been there before. I told him they hadn't. There was something... I used to travel with the dogs and they would all do this when we'd get within a block of the house. They would get excited because they knew they were going home. These dogs acted exactly as if they knew they were close to home; yet, neither of them had ever been there. They had no idea they were close to home at all. I hadn't even slowed down yet!

Do you believe that shy dogs can be trained?

Yes, with tender loving care and a lot of patience. Snow Boy was shy and he came out of it.

What to you think about taking a Sam places when he's not on a lead?

I think you're taking an awful chance. Dawn was as well trained as any dog I think I ever saw. I sometimes took her on a little, thin, white lead, but it seemed like it hurt her to be put on lead. I never put Dawn on lead because she was so well trained. I'd go out of the house with her and she'd jump right in the car. I almost never had her on a lead. I'd never trust the other dogs without one. One day I drove over to my mother's house, pulled into the driveway and

got out of the car as I had done dozens of times before with Dawn. She got out of the car and immediately started across the street just as fast as she could go. She had seen another dog across the street. She didn't miss getting hit by a car by more than a fraction of an inch. So, the best-trained dogs, you can't trust. She could have gotten killed that day. It scared the life out of me and she didn't go without a lead after that.

How important is diet?

Very important.

What do you feed your Sams?

For years they were on Kasco dry dog food. I don't think you can even find it around here anymore. Mrs. Fitzpatrick apparently used to have it in Washington and she recommended it to me. I found a dealer in Tulsa that carried it and I fed them Kasco mixed with Viso 100, which was horsemeat. I used to mix the canned meat and the dry food with warm water and mix it up good until it was fairly soft. That's what they were fed, plus cottage cheese. I used a pretty good-sized pie plate for dishes, or something like pie plates, and each dog got his own dish. I fed them once a day after they were grown. Each dog got... Well, I used 15 pounds of cottage cheese a week for them.

How many dogs did you have?

About nine at that time. Each dog got cottage cheese with the dry mixture, a slice of American cheese, a Milkbone and a cookie, plus Pet Tabs. That was what they got until we moved. We moved up here and, because they weren't house dogs any longer, and they weren't that close to the house, I decided I was going to try them on what I called "cafeteria style." I just kept dry food down for them all the time. I let them eat whatever they wanted. And, far as I can tell, they have done as well on that as they did on the other. But if there was ever a time they were started on that moist food, that was what they really loved. Of course, they loved the cottage cheese.

Do you think that was good for their coats?

I don't know. As I say, they got Pet Tabs every day. Then there was a time when I added Linatone. Oh, heavens, I used to do everything. What else did I used to get for the dogs? I used to get liver tablets, bone meal, et cetera. But I quit all of that, and they seemed to do just as well without it.

The medical doctors today don't put the emphasis on nutrition they should. My daughter is a stray animal "picker-upper" and she used to come home with scrawny, awful-looking cats. She couldn't pass by a stray cat. In no time at all these cats would turn into beautiful animals with the most gorgeous fur. At that time we were feeding nothing but raw meat and milk. My husband was in the meat business and we could

afford to do it.

Did you worry about parasites?

Oh, I always wormed my dogs. I didn't worry about it, I just took them down to have them tested. We seldom had worms. Frosty never had worms in his whole, entire life. You mean from raw meat? I think they are better off on raw meat than on anything else. Frosty never ate anything but raw meat in his whole life and never had worms or hot spots. But, I don't know that the diets today have anything to do with it.

Did the meat contain some fat?

It was like stew meat. It had some fat, but was mostly lean. I cut it up in little pieces.

You used milk as a supplement?

I never did give the dogs too much milk. Snow Boy was allergic to it, for one thing. Once in awhile I would give them milk but I felt they got their milk from cottage and American cheese. Of course when they were little they had canned milk with pabulum. We gave that to the puppies. I never gave them a lot of milk as a rule. Pretty Boy used to love milk, and I gave it to him quite often, but he was about the only one. I think a natural diet for dogs and cats is raw meat, if you can afford it today. I've got a 16 year-old cat who apparently can't digest anything but raw meat now. Anything else makes her sick. She got to the place where she was so knowing that all she'll eat is ground round, nothing else. She won't eat what we call hamburger. She'll go hungry, go without it. Thank goodness I have only one cat that requires that kind of food.

What advice would you give to other breeders who are just starting out?

The best thing to do is buy the best bitch you can buy.

How do you go about doing that?

You just have to look.

Pedigrees?

Look at pedigrees and the dog.

Dogs in the background?

I would think so. That's your foundation. I really wouldn't know. After that, just be sure you love them. Make sure that they always have plenty of fresh water and food, shade...

How could a beginning breeder find the right kennel?

They'd certainly have to have some contacts with someone.

Do they go for the one with the most champions?

That might be one way. I think that would be the logical way. If a person has a lot of champions, he certainly must have some good dogs.

Do they talk to the breeder first, or go on the dog?

Well, it's awfully hard to say. If I were starting out now, I often wonder what would I do. If I didn't have any Sams at all, where would

I go to get another one? I guess I'd look in the "Bulletin," but, unless you receive it, as a member of the Club, you wouldn't have the "Bulletins" to look at. "Dog World" does carry ads occasionally. Really, I don't know how to answer that question.

I think I would want to see where the dog came from. I would want to see how the other dogs were treated and cared for and I would certainly want to see some of the related dogs if the kennel had dogs that were related to the one I was thinking about buying. Of course, you can't always go by the way the bitch looks if you're going to buy a puppy because after she's had the puppies is when she's looking the worst. I wouldn't know what to tell someone if they came to me. I would recommend somebody that could possibly tell them something. I've had lots of people call me and ask if I have puppies. Of course I don't get calls anymore, but I used to. I wouldn't know anyone who had puppies and I'd say "Back East. That's about the only place I know of." Well, people usually want to buy puppies right now, right when the mood hits them.

How do you handle that kind of buyer?

Well, I really haven't had one myself.

When people come to you, do you tell them about the shedding?

Oh, yes. I try to tell them all their faults because I don't want to build something up and then have it not come true. I don't want them to be disappointed. I've always felt they had to know about the dogs so I always had big dogs to show them. They should know this darling little white fluffy thing won't stay this way all his life. He will grow up and be big; he will dig holes in your yard, chew your roses down, strip the bark from your trees and kill them. He will also bark. I used to think Sams didn't bark much, but I know now that, compared to other breeds, they are barkers. That's because they are so alert; they know everything that is going on and they are quick. Some of the dogs I have, and I have a lot of strays I've collected, aren't barkers like the Sams. I fought with a neighbor for nine years who threw rocks at my dogs, which is the main reason I moved out of Tulsa onto the farm. He made my life miserable. He had said, "You keep your dogs nice and clean, but they bark too much." Well, he was right. They bark a great deal.

How would you groom a Sam for a show?

First, naturally, would be the bath. It used to be that baby shampoo was as good as anything. I used to use baby shampoo and La France bluing.

Just a little bit?

Just a little bit, not much. Actually, I never did bathe my dogs. The handler did all that.



Ch. Angelique of Arandale
Owner: Anna Andreassen
Handler: Joan Scovin
Judge: Walter Yates
Queensboro K.C., 5/71

I think the coat should be as natural as it can be. I think they should be clean naturally, that goes without saying, but I have heard of some using sprays on the coat. I don't think I'd recommend it.

Just a lot of brushing and combing?

Yes.

What about putting Vaseline on the nose?

I have never heard of that. Does it make it shiny?

Yes.

As I said before, I think these dogs should be left natural. I've heard of people powdering them, too, to make the coats whiter. They use chalk or whatever. A handler never did on any of mine though.

You don't have anything against using a handler?

No, I don't have anything against it at all. I've wondered, sometimes, if the judges do tend to maybe favor a dog that is shown by a handler,

a professional. It could be that a professional handler makes a dog look a lot better. In my own case, by the time I got started and wanted to show with Dawn, I was too old and too fat. I couldn't get out there and show her the way she was supposed to be shown. I have chronic bronchitis from smoking too much and it was beyond me. Now, if you're young, I think you should show your own dogs. I think you should learn how it's done and do it. I couldn't, I just wasn't able to. Also, I was working with my husband all the time and didn't have the time. I just wasn't smart enough (I will admit that) to train them for show. I didn't have the patience, I didn't have the know-how.

How long have you lived in Claremore?

We moved there in 1969. Was it because of the dogs? Absolutely.

How many acres do you have there?

...continued on page 96

. . .continued from page 92

Twenty-two and a half. I had the ideal picture in my mind when we moved out there that the house was going to have all the room in the world. The dogs would be able to run and to roam and it would be wonderful. They could bark and I wouldn't have a nervous breakdown. Well, it just didn't work out that way at all. The dogs don't have as much freedom as they did in town. They don't get to come in the house and their pens are off aways. . .and I won't make the effort to go out and bring them in. Mainly, it's because of all these cats.

Sams aren't crazy about cats.

No, they've killed a lot of cats. And yet, after Kniki developed her diabetes... I had to bring her in the house, and she had pneumonia this winter too, you know. The vet said she just couldn't be outside anymore; although she had a house to go into, it just wasn't heated. I brought her and her mother in because her arthritis is bothering her. I was scared to death of what was going to happen because of the cats. I have four cats that think they're house cats and want to come in everytime the door is opened, and of course, out on the porch, the cats are all over the place. The cats are all around the dogs. At first they barked a little, but now they don't pay attention to them. They haven't hurt one at all. I know the younger dogs would if they were loose, but Kniki's blind and Angel is getting on in years. I can't even remember how old she is now that I think about it. She must have been born in '68. . .so that would make her about 11 years old. Isn't that awful? I can't even remember her birthday. Of course, I've got the records and all, but as far as carrying it in my mind, I just can't remember.

How have the dogs affected your lifestyle?

They changed it completely. I've often wondered what would have happened if I had never gotten into Sams or if I hadn't gotten that second one. The first one was Frosty, of course. We were crazy about that dog. I had a little Chihuahua too that Sharon brought home. Anyway, I've often wondered how our lives would have changed. If it hadn't been for the dogs I would never have rented the house we lived in and bought the house outside the city limits. We rented the one house for several years. We owned a house 16 years but only lived there from 1954 to 1960 and then we moved out to this other place, then we moved back to the other place and lived there a couple of years, then moved back to the other place again and...

I don't know. Living on the farm wasn't the most ideal move in the world. Of course, if my husband had lived, that would have been a different story. As it is, I feel I am terribly isolated and I'm just living

for animals, I'm not living for myself at all. In fact, my life is completely dictated by the care of these animals. And the older I get, the less I enjoy it.

How old are you now?

I am 70 this year. It amazes me to say it, I'll tell you. I've always wanted to do well in whatever I do, there has always been that in me. I don't know that I want to excel, but I certainly haven't wanted to feel that I was neglecting things or not doing things as well as I should. And I have that feeling all the time now, the feeling that I am not coping.

I'm not taking care of the dogs as well as I'd like and I have a guilty feeling there. I resent the demands on my time that these cats make and, of course, I have the horses. The horses belong to my daughter but, since she doesn't live with me, the main care of them is mine. That is nothing but feeding, however, as I don't try to groom or anything like that because I'm afraid of the horses. One of them reached over the fence one day, grabbed hold of my back, lifted me up in the air and shook me like a dog would shake a bone; then he dropped me to the ground. I have been scared to death of them ever since. I resent the time it takes, you know. That plowing up the back barn and the feeding (I don't care where the snow is or how cold it is), I resent this. The dogs I don't resent. I love to take care of them, but I don't feel like I'm doing it as well as I should. I know I'm not giving them the attention I should because I think Sams need a lot of attention.

I have to come into town two or three times a week to feed my mother's cats and, of course, I have to visit her at the home. No matter how tired I am when I get home there is that hoard of cats to be fed. I keep dry food down for them, but that doesn't satisfy them - they want moist food.

What have the benefits of being in dogs been?

None whatsoever except the pleasure you get out of the dogs. The friends I have made... Well, I would say my best friends, except for this one girlfriend, were friends in high school and neighbors. I got to know the McCoys through dogs so that's the benefit: the friends you make through people who are interested in dogs as you are. Dawn was the dog of my life. Of course I've never been without a dog except for just a very short period of time in my life. I've always been in dogs, or had at least one.

Are there many drawbacks?

Well, yes, there are. First, your time is not your own because you are obligated to them, you are not as free as you would be without them. You can't up and take a vacation if you've got dogs to take care of unless you bring someone in. But,

even then, I think a person would be worrying about them, wondering if things were being well taken care of. I can't even go to town to buy groceries that I don't have to check to see that every dog is watered and fed, and then I worry.

Do you think getting into Sams has been worth it?

Well, it would only be in an emotional way. Certainly there is no financial benefit from it. Unless a person is the type who would have a puppy mill, I don't think anyone is ever going to get anything financial as a reward. It's going to cost you an awful lot of money. When we moved up here to the farm, up until last year, the animals, the dogs, cats and horses, have cost me over \$15,000.

That's a lot of money.

And that's not counting what it cost us to get the championships. It's feeding, and, of course, when you talk about prices today... We used to pay \$1.85 for a sack of oats for the horses and now it's \$4.40 per sack. The year my husband died, we were paying \$5 for a 50-pound bag of dog food. Now it's \$11, and almost \$12. A 19-cent can of dog food is now 35 cents.

You have how many Sams now?

Five. And I have at least 14 other dogs. What is that, 19 dogs? Did I count the two puppies?

You have pictures of the dogs having birthday parties. Was that something you did for every dog?

No. We had birthday parties for Frosty because Frosty, by being our first Sam, was always awfully special. We had parties for Dawn, too. I'd bake her a cake on almost every birthday. It was a plain cake, it wasn't frosted or anything, and I usually put a candle on it. It would also say whether it was her seventh birthday or eighth birthday, or whatever it was. Some of the cutest pictures we have were of Frosty. We cooked him a steak and a little cake and we put it on the coffee table and let him decide which to eat first. As I remember, he had a hard time deciding, but he finally took the steak first. Then he ate the cake.

Each of those dogs had personalities that were much different. Frosty used to hunt Easter eggs with Sharon every Easter. She'd go out and hide them in the yard and he'd go find the eggs. Of course, the closer you live with your dogs, the more you find out these things about them, the more their personalities develop. The ones that live in a kennel you just never get to know that well. There are different ins and outs of their personalities. Each of them is different, as people are, and the cats are the same way. I think that's true of all animals.

Thank you.

