

# *Kennel Visit*

# **Beverley A. Carter**

## DAMASCUSROAD POMERANIANS

When Sharon invited me to do this kennel visit, I was delighted and thought it would be a breeze. Not! It's been difficult to write, or should I say "not write". You can't tell it all so you have to decide what to tell and what to leave out. You can't show it all so you have to decide which pictures to include and which ones to leave out. Not easy! You should try it some time! I have other dogs I'm proud of and would love to share in pictures, especially some from earlier years - but Sharon said 15 pictures and, despite painful and copious weeding out, I'm still a little over that quota. What I've tried to do with the pictures I have included is show those who are interested the background to the Damascusroad puppies I'm producing now rather than a listing of everything I've had over the years. But first, a little about us!

Damascusroad Pomeranians is a small, home-based kennel located in the beautiful province of Newfoundland, an island and the easternmost province of Canada. Damascusroad is owned by me (Bev :-)) and run with a lot of help from my middle daughter Carol Quinlan, the only one of my three daughters who still lives at home. Our home, which is also our kennel since all the dogs live in the house with us, is located in the tiny community of Holyrood, about 25 miles southwest of St. John's, the capital of the province and the oldest city in North America. I try to keep the numbers down, and don't breed many puppies (12 in a single year would be a big year). I am active in a number of clubs including the Canadian Kennel Club, American Pomeranian Club, Pomeranian Club of Canada (currently Vice President, Webmaster and Editor of



**Me in my other life as a government executive**

*This photo was taken about 5 or 6 years and a few pounds ago*

the Club magazine) and the Toy Dog Club of Newfoundland (currently Director).

Damascusroad didn't officially come into being until the early 1990s, but my love of animals, dogs in particular, has been a lifelong love. I grew up during the 50s and 60s in a rather large family, the oldest of eight children so with Mom and Dad, that made 10 of us living in a very small house. I always wanted a dog but was never allowed to have one (now I understand why!). When I got married in 1968 at the age of 19, one of the first things I did was get a dog - a chocolate brown Miniature Poodle that I called Pepi. I absolutely adored Pepi and, as my husband (now deceased) shared my love for animals, it wasn't long before I had four of these little dogs in four different colors (chocolate, white, apricot and black). I don't think non-breeding agreements and limited registrations were common back then, at least I'd never heard of them and I'd never heard of dog shows or breed standards either. But I loved dogs, especially puppies, so I bred poodles for about 7 or 8 years, maybe a bit longer. By the time that was done, just about everyone in my large family and many of my friends had at least one Poodle and some had more than one.

In 1977, I decided on a whim that I wanted to go to University even though I was pushing 29. Happily, I discovered I loved and was good at it. By the time I went away to do graduate work in 1981, Pepi was quite old. She was my last remaining Poodle and went to live with my brother while I was away. Sadly, she died before I came home again. Between the Poodles and the Poms were 10 or 11 years and several other



**Our house in Holyrood**

*The house is set back about 150 feet from the road*



### **Sammie, the beginning of it all**

*a lot of my best dogs (including Andy) go back to this little girl and the MBIS Chriscendo male that I bred her to ~ she was a great producer*

breeds including my Doberman, my daughter's Pekingese and her Shetland Sheepdog which we got just before I got into Poms. He's gone now and all we have besides the Poms are the two Ragdoll cats, my flock of exotic finches and my daughter's Canary.

Unlike many Pom people, I stumbled into breeding and showing Poms through somewhat of a comedy of errors. I'd never heard of dog shows when I got my first Pomeranian about 14 years ago, in January 1992. I just wanted a little dog to love. I saw an ad for Pomeranian puppies in the paper. They sounded cute, so I bought 5½ week-old Maggie - yes! the breeder actually sold her that young, amazing isn't it! A short while later, I saw an eight-month-old



### **Emily, now 12½ years old**

*the first homebred puppy that I kept and the foundation for much of what we have now, Emily is pointed but never finished*

Pomeranian advertised. Thinking Maggie might like some company, I got Sammie. As it turned out, they weren't half bad, certainly in terms of their pedigrees, considering I had bought them as pets out of the newspaper. Sammie had a lot of Chriscendo and Millamor behind her (so did Maggie) and had been given by a local breeder, Tom Woodfine, to his niece as the basis for a breeding program. The niece had a change of heart, decided she wanted to breed bigger dogs, and sold Sammie for \$600 on full registration. Lucky me!

I stumbled into a dog show for the first time shortly after that. Well, it just looked like so much fun and it looked so easy! I thought to myself, "What fun. I can do that!" So I entered Sammie in the next set of shows. No training, no proper grooming, nothing!

Sammie had this thing about me brushing her-but she didn't mind my daughter so Carol had been doing it for months leading up to the show. Just before the shows, I decided to groom and bath Sammie myself, and discovered why. She looked fine on the surface, but her undercoat was completely matted. Carol had only been brushing the surface. By the time I got the mats out, there was little coat left. Still, off we went to the show with a clean, if somewhat hairless dog.

Well, what a disaster! I'm sure the other exhibitors had a great laugh at my expense. I knew nothing about grooming or handling, and Sammie had never been on lead - just a harness during our walks. I managed to drag her around the ring - she only got off lead twice, but I managed to catch her! What a sight we must have been. Turned out, showing a dog wasn't nearly as easy as it looked, and there was a lot more to grooming than I thought or Sammie would endure. Sammie was a very nice line-bred brood bitch as it turned

out, but not a show dog she was not! It was really a disaster, but it was enough to get me interested and wanting to learn to do it well, or at least better. But I knew I needed something better to show. So I decided to breed Maggie and Sammie.

I'd seen a stunning Pomeranian at the show - as it turned out, although it didn't ring any bells for me at the time, Freddy was a multiple All Breed and Specialty Best in Show winner out of two lovely Chriscendo dogs (Can/Am. CH Chriscendo City Lights ROMX x Chriscendo Cotton Jenny). While I didn't realize it at the time, the breeding of Sammie and Maggie to Freddy was actually a very nice line-breeding - and both girls turned out to be free-whelpers even though they weren't very big.

I bred them both a few times over the next several years. Maggie produced really pretty puppies but gave me white feet/chests and poor pigment, all major faults under the Canadian breed standard. So she was only bred twice and all five puppies were placed in pet homes. Sammie's puppies weren't quite so pretty, matured more slowly but they were very nice as adults. Her first litter (late in 1992 I think) was a little boy who died when he was only a few days old. I was heartbroken and began learning early on why they call this the heartbreak-breed. The following year I bred Sammie again to the same dog Freddy and got two puppies, a boy and a girl. I kept the girl, now known as Emily, and placed the little boy in a pet home much to my regret later as he turned out to be gorgeous. But Emily turned out very nice too despite the worst case of "the uglies" I've seen to this day. And she became the foundation for much of what I have now - all thanks to my "pet" Pom Sammie and a fluke-choice of a good stud (I didn't know Chriscendo from a hole in the ground then) that produced a nice line-bred bitch for me. How lucky can a beginner get!

I bred Sammie a couple of more times, got mostly boys and a couple of very tiny girls. The puppies were all placed in pet homes as, at that time, I only wanted girls. Come to think of it, I



### **Evan**

*Multiple Group and BIS winning Canadian CH, and the love of my life who, with Emily, is behind some of Damascusroad's finest*



### **Emily/Evan daughter, Ellie**

*Both Ellie and her littermate Gus are Canadian Champions and Gus is also an American Champion*

still don't keep the boys except maybe long enough to finish their Canadian championship and breed one or two of my bitches. Eventually, Maggie and Sammie were both spayed and placed in pet homes, and I went forward with my beautiful Emily who is now 12½ years old and one of my best bed buddies. I still didn't know much about grooming or showing, but dragged Emily to a few shows. Emily is pointed, but didn't care for the grooming much and

hated showing so never finished her championship.

I bred Emily a couple of times to a stud owned by a local breeder and found out later, much to my chagrin, that the dog was buck-naked - BSD that I hadn't yet heard of and wasn't told about. Remember, this was in the days before the internet and the proliferation of information that came with it. We take the internet for granted these days! I didn't keep anything from Emily's first two litters. But I did place several in pet homes where I was able to watch them grow up - a couple of them turned out really nice. Besides, what I really wanted was another girl and she'd had mostly boys in those first two litters as I recall (seems so long ago now). And there was a little lack of foresight on my part as well.

In 1996, I decided to look outside the province for a stud to use with Emily. I called around, did some research on pedigrees and Canadian breeders and settled on the stud I wanted to use. I called the owners and they convinced me that what I really needed, in addition to the stud service, was another good bitch. So I ended up buying a 5 or 6-month old bitch from them, one that was supposed to be "specials" quality and cost me \$3,000 (not to mention wasted stud, handling and entry fees - I'll come back to that) which was a lot in 1996. Over the next couple of years I had dealings with them on four other dogs - two males and two females - who I sent back/refused for one reason or another (cow-hocked, fiddle-front, no testicles, butt ugly, all of the above - long story, so I won't go there except to say that before it was over a couple of more years had been wasted and it ended up in the hands of the lawyers. I lived up to my part of the bargain and I forced them to live up to theirs).

But to get back to the first bitch I imported, although she was far from specials quality (wide in the front, narrow in the rear, short on leg and bit long in the back), she was pretty, she showed well and finished quickly. So that was it - four or five years since I'd bought my first pet Poms and I was hooked! I had

been taking handling classes so had a better idea what I was doing in the ring, and my grooming techniques had improved a lot too. I'd read everything I

could get my hands on. And I wanted better dogs and more champions! Amazing how addictive showing can become.

Early in 1997, I got my foundation stud dog, nine-month-old Evan. You can see from his pictures what a beautiful boy he was. Evan came from Matt Heindl's beautiful Bavanew line, a line which by this time I greatly admired so you can't imagine my disappointment when my boy arrived. I can still remember the night I went out to the airport to pick him up, and the extreme disappointment I felt when I opened the crate. He was the rattiest little thing you ever saw - pencil thin, practically no coat, longish thin muzzle, shy - just about everything I hadn't wanted in a dog, especially the one that was to be my foundation stud dog. But I felt I was stuck with him, so made the best of a very bad lot, or so it seemed at the time. Took him to handling classes and to every drop-in class I could manage!

May came, time for the Toy Dog Club of Newfoundland Group 5 Specialty. I still could barely get Evan to walk on a lead, but entered him anyway and managed to get him to go around the ring. He was a year old and looking a lot better by this time. To my utter amazement, he won Best of Winners and his first points. Maybe he wasn't so bad after all! Soon afterwards he really came out of his shell and his whole body seemed



### **Ellie sons, littermates Niko and Andy**

*(Evan/Emily grandsons out of CH Ellie and BIS CH. Chriscendo Call to Arms ROMX "Colt")  
Andy is Fr CH and MBIS, MBISS winner needing only one more CACIB to be Int'l/Fr CH  
Niko has also done some great winning in France, and needs just one CAC and one CACIB to be Int'l/ Fr CH Damascusroad Deepsea Anchor*



### **Ellie daughters, littermates Brooke and Madison**

*(Evan/Emily granddaughters out of CH Ellie and Bavanew's Duramax Power "Kalvin")  
These kids are now 9 months. Brooke is already a Canadian champion, finished from the JP class under breeder Judge, Joan Beech*



### **Andy and Evan**

*Evan and his grandson Andy are both about 18 months old in these photos which really show how Evan still puts his stamp on this line. CH Ellie is the only thing I have from an Evan/Emily breeding She's had four litters with four different sires - and I've been pleased every time.*



**Gabby, one of our Bavanew girls**

*Gabby gave us six lovely puppies in three litters five girls and one boy.*

to reformat itself, so to speak. It was the most amazing transformation, almost as amazing as Emily's. He turned out to be a real doll with a wonderful outgoing personality and a dynamite mover. Some of his pictures still take my breath away.

I entered Evan in three, back-to-back sanctioned matches leading up to the July shows that year. All three had good entries, and he won every single one of them. Then came the July shows, three in all! That was Evan's second weekend out, a 12-point, triple-major weekend. He won a Group 1st, Group 2nd and Group 3rd that weekend, defeating a number of Specials and easily finishing his championship.

The next set of four shows was in

September (there are only 18 or 19 shows a year in Newfoundland). He was only entered in two of those shows as I recall, the second and third. All my hard work had paid off and he was showing beautifully by that time. He took the Group easily his first show that weekend, and when I was on my way out of the Group ring with him the teacher from one of my handling classes leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You're looking good for Best in Show today. You gotta stop letting people crowd you in the lineup!" Well, it turned out he was right - Evan did win Best in Show that day - and best of all, I handled him myself. I just about fainted in

the ring, and it took me weeks to come down off Cloud Nine! He won the Group again the next day as well, as I recall. And he kept on winning for the rest of that year. Evan won the Toy Dog Club of Newfoundland award for Top Toy Dog that year, and the following year he also won the award for Top Toy Sire. It was nearly six years from the time I bought my first pet Poms to Evan's Best in Show.

Evan was hard to

beat in the Toy ring for the rest of that year and well into the next year, winning the Breed and Group (or at least a Group placement) at every show I entered him in - in fact, I think the first time he lost the breed was the following October, when he lost it to his son. Evan was not my breeding, but he was my pride and joy and love of my life! I lost him four months after his seventh birthday and I still miss that darling little boy with his sweet, sweet personality. There'll never be another one for me like Evan. If you want to know what my ideal Pom looks like, all you need do is look at Evan.

I'll make a long story really short here, and skip a lot to get up to where I am now in the breed. I bred Emily to Evan a couple of times over the next few years and kept some lovely bitches, all of whom turned out to be free-whelpers like their mother Emily and grandmoth-



**Angie, another of our lovely Bavanew girls**

*Angie, pictured at two years of age, gave us seven lovely puppies. We kept three (Hannah, Becky and Toby)*



**Gabby kids Holly, Tucker and Harriett**

*Holly and Tucker are Gabby/Colt (BIS CH. Chricendo Call to Arms ROMX) kids from two different litters; 5 month old Harriett's sire is Peter (Am. CH. Star Haven's Preachin'Glory) whom we imported from the US late in 2004. Tucker is a MBPIS/BPISS Canadian Champion while Holly is taking time out for motherhood. Harriett will start her show career early next year*



### Angie kids, littermates Annie and Buster

*These kids were sired by BIS CH Chriscendo Call to Arms ROMX "Colt". Buster is an American Champion owned by Barbara Moore and Annie is a French Champion owned by Annie Gouraud*



### Angie kids, littermates Hannah and Secret

*These kids were sired by BIS CH Chriscendo Call to Arms ROMX "Colt"*

*Secret needs just two singles to finish her American Championship. Hannah is one of our best free whelping broods that we will show later*

er Sammie (one 5 lb. Emily/Evan daughter Rachel free-whelped four puppies her very first litter). And the best part was Evan really put his stamp on his puppies - short, short back; no ears; beautiful head; great legs with lots of coat; wonderful movement - just beautiful little puppies - and continues to put his stamp on his grandpuppies. Of course, my beautiful Emily contributed too! I also bred my imported bitch several times over these years and kept a few of those as well. Some of these kids were exceptional and surpassed all my expectations

in the show ring, winning Group placements and BPISs as junior puppies. But the imported bitch's puppies, although they were beautiful to behold, did well in the show ring, and finished easily, were a complete disaster - and a lot of wasted years and money.

That bitch, which I had hoped along with Emily and Evan would give me a strong foundation on which to build was bred a total of four times to three different studs - and she gave me nothing but problems. It just took me and my vet a while to figure out that there was more

to it than just flukes. Her first singleton litter was born with one eye (and developed BSD at the age of four, I found out later) - my vet thought it was a fluke. The little girl in her second litter (of two) was apparently normal and the boy was gorgeous but developed BSD before his first birthday - my vet thought it was fluke (I found out later he died of heart failure at the age of four). The girl in her third litter was born with severe PDA (patent ductus arteriosus, a congenital heart defect) and had to be put down at five months of age, while the boy still

had no testicles by the time he was seven months old - yet another very beautiful pet. And in her fourth and last litter, the boy had no testicles at five or six months of age and the girl was born with one eye and PDA - all three problems in one litter. Needless to say, the one apparently "normal" girl I still had out of her was spayed and went to a pet home - so I was back to the beginning again. That bitch cost me a fortune and a lot of wasted years by the time it was all done, and I still had nothing but what I started with - Emily out of my pet Sammie, and Emily's beautiful daughters. But I also had my beautiful boy Evan from the Bavanew line that I so admired.

In the middle of all this, disaster struck and I became quite ill. I couldn't look after the dogs. Everything went to pet homes except Rachel who was sold to a breeder in British Columbia who I later became good friends with (Arlene Fraser of Dannylad, now deceased). Rachel produced some wonderful puppies for Arlene and some of Rachel's offspring are doing well and still producing champions in both Canada and the US. By the time it was all over, and I was on the mend, all I had left were Emily and Evan. But that has turned out to be enough!

Emily was getting up there in age by this time (seven or eight), but I bred her to Evan anyway and got a boy and a girl.

Both finished their Canadian championships as junior puppies with group placements, including a couple of Group Firsts and couple of BPISs for the boy. I later sold the male (who afterwards finished his American championship) as I had his father Evan and I still wasn't keeping boys. But I kept the girl, Ellie who is now nearly five years old, a free-wheeler like her mother Emily and her grandmother Sammie. In the meantime, I had decided to buy a bitch or two as well - and by this time I knew what I wanted and where to get it.

I got a lovely seven month old little girl from Chris and John Hertz (I had been on their waiting list for a few years by that time). Charlotte was gorgeous, worth her weight in gold in the show ring. She won a major, with Chris on the lead, her first weekend out in the US, winning the Toy Group at the Classic Toy Dog Club of Western Massachusetts. Her first weekend out in Newfoundland-she won BOB all three shows, got Group 1st and BPIS the first two shows, and Group 2nd and Puppy Group the third show-all over Specials. She finished her championship easily that first weekend, and then went off to the US with Chris again. Charlotte was very tiny, but I knew that when I bought her. Although I hoped to get something out of Charlotte (by C-Section if need be), I bought her mainly for show. I did

try breeding her once, but it didn't work out. So that was it! I never bred Charlotte again; just let her be one of our favourite couch potatoes. In the meantime, I decided to buy another bitch or two - brood bitches this time. Naturally, I went back to Evan's roots and a man who has since become one of my best friends, in Poms and out, Mr. Bavanew himself, Matt Heindl!

Matt sold me three lovely bitches as you can see from the pictures I've included - I finished one of them, Morgan, and could have finished another one if she just would walk on a lead LOL. I also got a spectacular little boy from Matt, Walker, who finished in two weekends at six months of age. I later sold Walker as he was half-brother to all three of my Bavanew girls so that left only Ellie I could breed him to at the time - in hindsight, that was a very bad decision as Walker was gorgeous and passed his good looks and soundness on to his offspring. I did get one lovely litter from him, with Ellie, before he left for the US.

When my Bavanew girls (Morgan, Angie and Gabby) were old enough to be bred, I decided not to breed them to Evan. Rather, I would use Colt for their first couple of litters thinking that I could use Evan with the offspring and with them later on. What a bad decision that turned out to be as before I was able to use Evan again, I lost him. All I had left out of him was his daughter Ellie who, happily, was also an Emily daughter. One bitch wasn't much to show for all those years, but it has meant I could carry on that line which goes back to my beginning in Poms 14 years ago.

And the rest is, as they say, is history. In the beginning was my pet Pom Sammie who gave me Emily who, with my beautiful Evan, gave me Ellie. Today I have some lovely Emily/Evan grandchildren out of Ellie, and a few other lucky people have some too - Annie Gouraud in France who owns Andy, and Lea Vache in France who owns Niko. Actually, come to think of it, they are the only two Emily/Evan grandkids out of Ellie that I have placed since her first litter and maybe the only two I will ever



**Angie kids, littermates Toby and Becky**

sired by MBPIS/BPISS CH Damascusroad Dreams of Tucson "Tucker" (a Colt/Gabby son)  
These kids are now five months old (8½ weeks in the photos) and although in the monkeys are very promising.



**Morgan, the third of our lovely Bavanew girls**

*She is pictured here with Oliver at three years of age  
Morgan gave us four puppies, but sadly both girls were very tiny.*

place. I love Ellie's puppies with their short/short backs, no ears and great legs - I love that Emily/Evan line. To each, his own! Right! I hope to soon have some great grandchildren of theirs. And I have two new up and coming grandkids of theirs. Ellie's latest litter is out of MBIS/MBISS Can/Am/Int'l CH Diogenoir the Next Generation, better known as Picard, a dog I have admired for years. Picard's breeder/owner Lisa Stasiuk tells me I am one very lucky lady as in the 20 odd puppies Picard has sired (many of them now champions), there have been only two girls - and I have one of them! Lisa says I have "her" girl LOL! Mandy and Mitch are both looking very, very promising at 7 weeks and, for now at least, both will be staying here (no pictures, too young now). I don't think I could ever have too many Emily/Evan grandchildren! And I can't wait for the great grandkids that I hope to have next year.

I also have some lovely kids out of my Bavanew girls (and a few other lucky people have some too - Barbara Moore in Texas, Diane Finch in Iowa, Annie Gouraud in France, Renee Suppe in New York to mention a few) including two lovely Colt daughters, Holly and Hannah. I have some beautiful Gabby grandchildren from Angie who I bred to my Gabby/Colt son Tucker and from her daughter Holly as well. And I have Angie grandchildren too - three lovely

girls out of Hannah. And it won't be very long before I'll have some great grandchildren too! Each of my Bavanew girls gave me three litters and then were spayed but they have certainly left a legacy here. I'll always be grateful to Matt for these three girls. It's their kids and grandkids who along with my Emily/Evan daughter Ellie and her kids and grandkids who are the Damascusroad of the present and future.

It seems like it's been a long road to where I am now in the breed and I've learned a lot of things the hard way, partly because people don't really help or encourage newcomers in my neck of the woods and partly because of a tendency to muddle along independently on my own. A few people have helped me along the way, but none more than my best friend Matt Heindl of Bavanew Pomeranians. It is thanks to his 40 odd years of careful selection and breeding, and his willingness to share his dogs and his knowledge with others, that I have many of the dogs I do today. But more than anything, I am grateful to Matt for his friendship, loyalty and support over the years. I've learned a lot of lessons, but one of the main ones is that everybody needs a mentor and lots of support in the beginning. And if you don't get that, you'll go the long way round to get anywhere in this breed. Because of my



**Morgan son, Marco**

Marco's sire is BIS CH Chriscendo Call to Arms "Colt"  
He finished his American Championship at 8 months of age.

own experiences, I have a real soft spot for newcomers and have sold them some of my best - I've yet to be disappointed. We should all go out of our way to help newcomers because they are the future of our breed - and we were all newcomers once.

So folks, that's all she wrote! It all started some fourteen years ago with a pet Pom, and where it ends nobody knows. I plan on retiring in three years time and I hope to be able to spend on lot more time then on my breeding program which builds upon the famous Millamor, Chriscendo and Bavanew lines as the pedigrees of our current breeding stock shows. I also hope to be able to do some traveling and meet in person some of the nice people I've met via the internet and the telephone over the past few years.

I want to end by saying a special thank you to Sharon and Benson for honoring me with this kennel visit in The Pom Reader. It's a wonderful breed magazine and I'm always happy when I open the mailbox and find it there. It has been a struggle to write this Kennel visit but it's also been a very pleasant stroll down memory lane. It's amazing how much you forget but equally as amazing how much comes back to you.