

A Tradition of Quality
By Verena Jaeger



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Thinking back at my involvement with Boxers, I can't believe how my life was shaped by choices I made. My acquaintance with the breed started when as a young girl I visited my aunt in Aachen, who showed me a baby picture of my dad sitting with a Boxer and a Dachshund. My grandparents were proprietors of three meat markets before World War 1, and since the Boxer was "the butcher's dog,"

it is only natural that the family had one. Much to my chagrin, the picture has been



*Peter, Jim and Bento—
My first boxer*



*Hockey star
Haviland's Boomer CD CDX*

lost, but it will be forever in my head.

In 1963, I was finally in the position to acquire a dog. A friend and I were driving along a highway close to Toronto and out of the corner of my eye I saw a sign on a lawn, "Boxer Puppies for Sale." We stopped, and went in. I did not know the importance of a registered puppy (and could not afford \$75) so left fifty dollars poorer, with an unregistered one, the shy one in the corner. Bento, who lived with me for 12 years, secured through his true Boxer personality, my life long love for the breed. The responsibility and love I felt for him influenced greatly the path my life was taking.

My mother, who at the time, I thought was very unreasonable, requested that I "get rid of the dog" or "find myself another place to live." This was after the dog destroyed the mattresses of three beds and totally demolished the floors of two rooms. I found myself an apartment with a special room for Bento, and we left mom's place. A number of months later I met Peter. He was familiar with caring for and the personalities of cats, but the care of dogs and their personalities were alien to him. Bento, although he unsettled Peter at first, must have won him over. This was confirmed when Peter proposed to me. Before I

answered him, I wanted to know what Bento's fate would be. He replied that Bento would be with us until the day he dies. I knew then what my answer had to be

Several years later our son and daughter came along and Bento took over as "big brother," a gentle companion but very protective of the two. One of my favorite tales demonstrating the Boxer's natural protective instinct: Outside at the cottage our son was sleeping in a baby carriage, covered with a mosquito net. Two workers came along to discuss a project with Peter. The first worker walked by the carriage and talked with Peter without a problem. The second one walked up to the carriage and tried lifting the netting to peek at the baby. Bento came running from nowhere and had the man sitting on his butt in a second. No growl, no bark, no teeth, just bodywork and a clear message "don't touch."

This almost perfect Boxer had one very frustrating and challenging fault, even though I had well developed arm muscles, only Peter could take him for a walk. Bento



Pebbles going over broad jump



Pebbles and Verena winning an obedience competition



My first home bred champion Ch. Jaegerhouse's Tolle Bolle shown by Norah McGriskin, judged by Mr. Whitmore



Ch. Jaegerhouse's Greta Garbo, shown by Norah McGriskin, judged by Mrs. Burluson

was much too strong and could give a draft horse competition. Wearing a prong collar (shudder), he could pull the children on their wagons or toboggans, anywhere they wanted to go. He and the children loved those outings.

A few days before his 12th birthday, life's challenges became too much for him. We knew we had to let Bento go, but we could not do so unless we had another Boxer waiting for us. I was now aware of some of the mistakes I had made with my first dog and started to look for a breeder. Fortune was with me. I found my way to Haviland Kennels. Eve Whitmore did not have any puppies, just a 6 months old male who was not a show dog, but was a son of Am/Can. Ch. Haviland's Jacks or Better. Eve asked us repeatedly if I wanted a pet or a show prospect. The answer always was, a pet. Eve suggested her 6 months old male, informed us about the use of a crate and gave us other helpful hints. We decided to purchase this puppy, provided Eve would keep him until we had celebrated Bento's 12th birthday and given ourselves some time to accept his loss.

When we brought this puppy home, we came up with the original name Haviland's Boomer. Acting like Scarlett O'Hara, "As God is my witness, I will walk my dog, my dog will not walk me." The search for obedience classes began. I joined a local obedience club and stayed on in spite of all the negative remarks being made about Boxers in obedience. Our moment of satisfaction came, when Boomer graduated top of the class.

Boomer and I went on to the next level when Genny

Naher, one of the obedience instructors, asked me to go to a conformation show with her, where she was showing her Sheltie. I was so impressed with all the beautiful dogs and the dog show that I started thinking about acquiring a Boxer show puppy. I mentioned it to Eve Whitmore but also told her that Peter was not eager to have two Boxers in the house. Boomer and I continued on with obedience classes, seminars and participated in obedience competitions. Boomer obtained his CDX title before the age of two and was for two years running, Canada's top obedience Boxer. He did work well but hated being at the show and would much rather have stayed home and played with the children or visited schools and old age homes. I retired him from official competition, but he continued to go visiting and doing what he did best, bringing joy to young and old.

Contributing to my decision to retire Boomer from the obedience ring so early was a phone call from Mrs. Whitmore that she had a show prospect puppy for us. Off I went with the children to see her. She gave us the puppy for a litter back. We brought Haviland's Royal Pebble home. How could Peter say no to the children who already loved this adorable puppy? He didn't, Pebbles was here to stay. She was my start into the conformation show world and widely helped me to broaden my experiences in the obedience training field, as well as obedience competition. Pebbles was outstanding in obedience and won many High in Trials, scoring in the high 190's, beating many of the top obedience breeds. She was also the reason that I started and



*Ch. Jaegerhouse's Junior (TJ)
shown by Cindy Crawford,
judge Mr. Flowers*



*Ch. Jaegerhouse's
Abracadabra
shown by Earl
Overstreet, judged
by Mrs. Forsythe*



*Am. Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Cody
Curacao shown by Earl Overstreet,
judged by Mrs. Connolly*



*MBIS Am. Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Jet
Age, shown by William Alexander,
judged by Dr. H. Smith*

continued teaching obedience classes successfully for many years.

Showing Pebbles in conformation was a much more arduous task. Although I had observed how good handler/breeder/ owners such as Shirley DeBoer , Eve and Stan Whitmore, Norah and Jim McGriskin, Scot McNair, Jack Ireland, and many more handled their dogs, my handling abilities left much to be desired. In spite of this, my perseverance paid off and Pebbles became Ch. Haviland's Royal Pebble CDX. Realizing the shortcomings of my handling skills and seeking improvement, I organized handling classes conducted by Shirley DeBoer for several years and later by Eve Whitmore. The knowledge I gained from these two "old timers," affecting every aspect of the dog game, was and is invaluable and extremely helpful. Try as they might, however, they could not and did not make a handler out of me.

Pebbles took a break from the ring when she was bred to Am/Can.Ch. Haviland's Count Royal and whelped 4 puppies that were raised at our house. As a reward, Eve let me have the best puppy in the litter. Little did she know that my enjoyment was having and raising the puppies, no reward was necessary. Norah McGriskin showed this puppy for me, quickly succeeding to make Ch. Jaegerhouse's Tolle Bolle my first home bred champion. Sadly, Pebbles' ability to open any door and her brief, split second moments of dangerous aggression, made living with her unsafe. All our hearts were broken when the deci-

sion had to be made to lay her to rest. In Bolle, we discovered a health problem that must not be passed on to future generations. We had to spay her and she lived out her life with a very nice family.

So here were the Jaegers, with an almost empty house of Boxers and big heartaches, wanting no more Boxers for show or breeding. Out of the blue a call came from Mrs. Whitmore that someone had family trouble and needed to place three puppies immediately, could we help? Right away Peter asked me to go and get the puppies. They were an instant hit. I found out later that they were sired by Am. Ch. Huffand's Irish Rebel. We sold one puppy for the breeder and bought the other two. One stayed at our house and the other one with friends. The two puppies grew up to be Ch. Holly Lane's Irish Gold (Tammy), shown by Shirley DeBoer and Ch. Holly Lane's Irish Mist (Juno), also shown by Shirley. Tammy was bred to the 1984 Grand Prize Futurity Winner Am/Can. Ch. Donessles Cassino SOM , and later to Am/Can. Ch. Donessle's Crusader SOM and became a DOM. Juno followed in her sister's footsteps and became a DOM bred twice, once to Ch. Donessle's Simon Says and once to Am/Can. Ch. Quebos Enrique's Mingo.

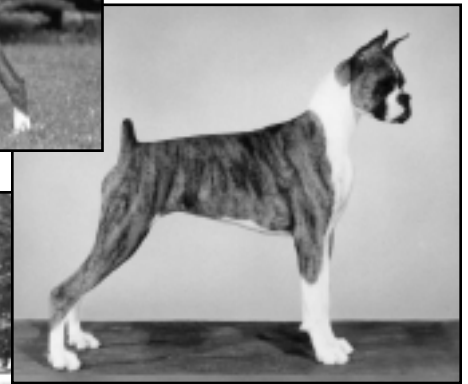
Tammy was nursing her first litter when another call came from Mrs. Whitmore. She had heard of a Boxer living in a hellhole of a puppy farm, could I go with her to check it out? We went that evening. Raiko was a tall bitch, weighing about 30 pounds and in horrible condition. The owner of the puppy farm told us that if I would pay her



*MBIS Am. Can. Ch.
Jaegerhouse's Adonis*



*MBIS Am. Can. Ch.
Jaegerhouse's Der Spieler,*



*MBIS Am. Can. Ch.
Jaegerhouse's Okonee*



*MBIS Am. Can. Ch.
Jaegerhouse's Intrepid Razer*

board, he would sell her to me and give me her registration papers. I paid him and took her home with me. Peter willingly built special accommodations for her since I could not let her in the house because of the puppies. After a lot of care, love and many vet bills, she became Ch. Diamondaire's Step-N-Out CD and a DOM. She was bred twice, once to Am/Can. Ch. Haviland's Count Royal and once to Ch. Donessle's Spring Fever. Raiko was the grand dam of Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Cody Curacao, Best Of Winners at the ABC National Specialty, shown by Earl Overstreet and also Best of Breed winner at the Boxer Club of Canada National Specialty, shown by Norah McGriskin.

I could continue over several more pages who I bred to whom and why, but that would be tiresome. My choice of stud dog/brood bitch was always based on the health, temperament, conformation and pedigree of the Boxer. The dog had to have a special quality that made it outstanding and that quality had to be worthwhile propagating. Here is a list of some, regrettably not all, of the Boxers outside my kennel, who I had the privilege to incorporate into my pedigrees: Am/Can. Ch. Aracrest Talisman, Am/Can. Ch. Keil's Dynasty, Am/Can. Ch. Woods End Crown Sable, Am/Can. Ch. Fiero's Tally-Ho Tailo, Am/Can. Ch. Pinepath Night Watch, Am/Ch. Virgo's Market Boomer, Am. Ch. Omega's Black Night, Am/Can. Ch. Aracrest Creed, Am. Ch. Harlyn's Top Priority, Am. Ch. Ewo's Tie Breaker, Ch. Halcyon Slipperywhenwet at KG and my very extra special to my heart dog, Am/Can. Ch. Cachet's High River Gamble. (Bubba) Thank you to the owners/breeders for letting Jaegerhouse benefit from their hard work.

As you must have gathered, I had become a breeder of Boxers and with nudging from friends, also a conformation dog show exhibitor. Dr. Frank and Mrs. Betty Rouse encouraged us to take a trip to the ABC and to travel with them in a motor home rented for this purpose. I still don't know how Betty explained to the owner of the motor home, how the large hole in the wooden blinds was created. Locked in her crate, while we were in the building watching the Boxers, the Rouse's Boxer girl chewed herself a window to look outside. The proprietor of the motor home did not know that dogs were traveling with us. Betty made sure that the motor home was returned in pristine condition and not one hair could be found anywhere, just a "new window" in the blinds. Explanation given, Betty?

This first trip to the ABC was educational and very exciting for us. There were three Donessle champion Boxers with us and our Ch. Jaegerhouse's Golden Goddess or GiGi (Tammy/Duffy), who placed in the Futurity and in the classes. We were so overwhelmed by the wonderful Boxers we saw, the atmosphere and the many friends we started to make, that we made every effort to make it an annual event. Since 1988 I may have missed two ABC National Specialty Shows, but a Jaegerhouse Boxer was regularly entered and as a rule placed. In 2007, Ch. Jaegerhouse's Waltzing Matilda went with Kristi Wagg to Ft. Mitchell. Cindy Crawford-Garret expertly handled her to Best 9 to 12 Puppy in the Futurity. A few years earlier Cindy and Ch. Jaegerhouse's Junior (TJ) *only* made it to Reserve 9-12 Puppy in the Futurity (J) ©. Richard Baum, whom we miss greatly, at his last ABC as a handler, guid-



*some
Jaegerhouse
puppies*



*Am. Can. Ch. Jaegerhouses Adonis and Ch.
Jaegerhouse's October Sky*

ed Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Unique to Reserve 12-15 Puppy in the Futurity. The first wonderful big win at the ABC Futurity was Ch. Jaegerhouse's Greta Garbo, Best 9-12 puppy, skillfully handled by Norah McGriskin. The country gentleman, Earl Overstreet, outdid himself when he handled Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Cody Curacao to Winners Dog and with Norah's help to Best Of Winners at the ABC. Two years later, Cody's daughter Ch. Jaegerhouse's Abracadabra, also handled by my friend Earl, won Reserve Winners Bitch at the same prestigious show. One of my proudest and most emotional moments at the ABC came when a couple of years ago Rhoda Ace, of Tickitbou Boxers, with her bitch Ch. Jaegerhouse's Jackpot (Nevada), brought the house down and tears to many in the audience. The 13+-year-old Boxer girl just floated around the ring, wonderfully presented by her owner.

Many Jaegerhouse Boxers have obtained their AKC championships over the years with very limited showing in the United States, but with the wonderful help of outstanding handlers e.g. Richard and Christine Baum, Gary Steele, Cindy Crawford, Earl Overstreet, Danny Buchwald and Debbie Struff. Here in Canada, Shirley DeBoer, Norah McGriskin, Jim McGriskin, John Griffiths, Scott McNair and for about the last 10 years, William Alexander have guided roughly 125 Jaegerhouse Boxers or more to their championship. Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Intrepid Razer SOM, Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Der Spieler SOM, Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Adonis, Am/Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Jet Age have all been among the top 3 Boxers in Canada and two of them were Multiple Best in

Show winners.

This sounds like a sizeable kennel operation, but far from it. We did move twice because of the dogs, once from a house that Peter had build that was situated in a suburb of Toronto, eventually occupied by us and four Boxers, plus two litters of puppies. Two bitches had come into heat about the same time. Both had missed previously I was hoping for at least one litter of puppies. Ha, both bitches took! I cannot describe what joy it was, trying to sell a house containing that many occupants. No man or beast was to be in the house when prospective buyers went through it. We managed. I would show you how, had Americas Funniest Home Video been available to me.

Our move was a few miles north to a place with a legal kennel license (a piece of gold in our area). Within six years we began to be surrounded by large luxury homes and knew we had to leave. We bought a place that fit all the requirements to build a kennel and to acquire a legal kennel license. The kennel license was of utmost importance to us. So important, that attending the Municipal Board meeting where the decision would be made, forced me to ignore that my house could be burning down, caused by a spark from the telephone jack. Luckily the dogs were outside and Norah in the house. She complied to my request, "Deal with it." When we returned later with re-zoning and permission to build the kennel, the house was still standing but had some fire damage. We continued living in that house for a few more months. In the interim Peter renovated the purchased house, adding an addition, which included a kennel area. The kennel had twelve 5x6 stalls, under floor



Ch. Jaegerhouse's Waltzing Matilda shown by Cindy Crawford-Gorath judged by Dr. D. Buchwald Futurity chair Dr. B. Wyerman



Am. Can. Ch. Jaegerhouse's Unique shown by Richard Baum, judged by Dr. Buchwald

heating, doors the dogs could use to go in and out, guillotine doors we could use to control their coming and going, 16 ft. long individual outdoor runs and one acre fenced in for playing. It also had a special whelping room and a kitchen with grooming and bathing facilities. We moved in with Tammy, GiGi, Doubloon and my daughter's two pugs.

I like and use many features of the kennel, but one aspect I could not accept: The limited access the Boxers in the kennel had to family life, although they were given a great deal of attention and had many comforts. Consequently the kennel is mostly empty or has two or three inhabitants. The physical and mental health of my Boxers and their contentment has always been the most important part of my involvement with the breed.

Decisions I had to make were always based with that in mind. Essentially with one or two exceptions, no bitch has had more than two litters of puppies. More often than not, one litter was all they had. This guiding principle still rewarded me with many Dams of Merit and several Sires of Merit and Ch. Jaegerhouse's Who Is that Girl (Digit) who earned the Legion of Merit title. When I needed to home adults and/or puppies I did so to thoroughly screened families. Fortunately numerous families return after years for a second and some even a third time for a puppy and/ or adult. A few families add a second or third Boxer to their family. My aim has been to help these families in every way possible, be it health, training, showing, breeding etc. The more I help, the more the family knows, the better "my Boxers" or for that matter any Boxer's life will be. Currently three Boxers are living with us, Ch. Jaegerhouse's U Crack Me Up (Cracker), Ch. Jaegerhouse's Second to None (Uno) and Ch. Jaegerhouse's Waltzing Matilda (Silly Tily), but several others are owned or co-owned by us, who live with friends.

As a consequence of my love for Boxers, my involvement with the Boxer Club of Canada, and the American Boxer Club, I have been privileged to be the recipient of numerous achievement awards. I cherish most however, the life long friendships I have developed with owners, breeders, and handlers of Boxers.

My hope is to acquire many more friends who share my love for Boxers. For old friends, and friends yet to be made, I would like to share the following story: When Tammy had her first litter, Shirley DeBoer was visiting. She advised me on how to help the mother get the puppy started. There was no problem with the delivery, except for one puppy that would not breathe in spite of all my efforts. To my horror, Shirley took this puppy and placed him on the

very hot electric baseboard heater. I shrieked, "The puppy is going to get burned!" Shirley in her polite and calm manner turned to me, "What the f--- does it matter, if he is dead he won't feel it and if he is not, he'll scream." He screamed and grew up to become Am/Ch. Jaegerhouse's Golden Glove. This lesson taught to me by Shirley, has saved many a puppy's life. Right Lou-Ann??

Subsequent to this story about my good friend Shirley, I'd like to leave you all with a song made famous by Frank Sinatra:

**I've lived a life that's full
I traveled each and ev'ry highway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way**

**Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do and saw it through
without exemption
I planned each chartered course,
each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way**

**Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But through it all, when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way**