

Yo Batchelor

Romalo Standard Smooths

It seems that everyone begins in a breed with the most humble of intentions, well Yo Batchelor along with husband Doug and three kids were no exception.

Dachshunds were chosen as "the" breed after deliberation on size, coat type etc and to try to overcome the fear of dogs possessed by youngest son Chris. After the purchase of Fred at five weeks, little did they know that Fred, bought to stop fear of dogs did quite the opposite, by biting all three kids, AND Yo and Doug, a habit he continued until the day he died.

Thus started the Batchelor's interest in showing dogs (Fred won two first at his first show) and a bitch followed shortly after – every novice's downfall. However the first Romalo litter didn't arrive until 1960, three years after the arrival of Fred (and thankfully not sired by him) from a Longlo bitch sired by Ch Mourilyan Jinks. Another two or three litters followed, which did not enjoy much success in the showing. A chance purchase saw the arrival of Dubrovnik Gino, (a Ch Dachswan Phantom son). It was Val Palangas (Valdachs) who turned the tide at Romalo, as she was seeking a stud dog sired by Phantom to breed to her Phantom daughter. A bitch from this breeding then became the foundation for the long string of successful Romalos. This was Ch Valdachs Inna La Douce.

After a trip to Melbourne Royal and having seen Ch Womack Wright Royal Show win BIS there, Yo and Doug decided that this was the bloodline for them. Inna was subsequently bred to "Simon" and produced Multi BIS Ch Romalo Wroyale and his sister Ch Romalo Wroyaliste (dam of Ch Wringleader), Ch Romalo Wregalia (dam of Ch Tiger Paws), Ch Romalo Wregina and Ch Romalo Wroyal Favour. The progeny of this breeding also went on to be producers in their own right with Ch Romalo Wringleader siring Ch Millewa Monarch for Joy Clarkson, Ch Romalo Tiger Lily was the dam of Ch Romalo The Stripper and Ch Romalo Tiger Paws was a successful sire in South Africa for Judy Harkos (Ben Rhydding).

To compliment the Simon/Inna daughters, Yo and Doug imported Ch Womack Wroyal Reynard. Although not as successful in the showing as his uncle Ch Womack Wright Royal Show, he nevertheless left some lovely progeny. Among them was the chocolate bitch Ch Romalo Coffee Wroyal (from Ch Tandem Wrightregal) and of course Ch Romalo Wringleader (ex Ch Romalo Wroyaliste). Breeders recognised his ability to contribute and he was incorporated by several breeders in Australia and New Zealand with marked success.

Another brand of the Romalo family came through Ch Tandem Wright Regal and Ch Gayhund Remember Me (a Phantom grandson). A breeding of this pair produced the well known BIS Ch Romalo Dragonwick, sire of BIS winning Ch Romalo The Stripper (ex Tiger Lily). Along the way, the long coat gene was introduced and it was not uncommon to see a long or two in several Romalo litters. These long coats have also been successfully used by some long coat breeders, the most notable being Avril Varley (Murrumbidgee)

In later years and after a return to city dwelling, breeding activities were curtailed but Yo took a very active part in administration of the SA Canine association where, until shortly before her death in 1991, she was Vice President and had been for several years. Yo and Doug were foundation members of the Dachshund Club of SA. Yo was founding Secretary and later became a Life Member, an involvement with the breed which spanned thirty four years.

Ros Bacich (nee Batchelor)



Ch Romalo Dragonwyck

The Pauseys

Windswept

Well, what is there to say? Just about everyone has either met us, liked us, disliked us etc etc. After all these years in the dog world, there is really so little to add... maybe a few personal details. Steve and I met at the old Canine Corporations shows, held at Lidcombe Memorial grounds, and were quite friendly for some time – dog gossip, he might drop in for a cup of tea and to look at a new acquisition etc. We were quite different, Steve straight Australian suburban, me, a new arrival, two unhappy marriages already behind me, having lived in all sorts of exotic surroundings and a most peculiar childhood. Steve has always had marvellous judgement (I'm your perennial sucker!) and together, we, once somehow, once we decided to get married... have never regretted it. We were both best friends with the fabulous Tommy McGorien, who is regarded as the best judge Australia ever produced. Tommy gave me away when I married Steve - crying his eyes out (emotion or whisky, we never quite knew!) and Matron Butler, herself a figure of legend, who was my matron of honour.

We set out to breed dogs in earnest, and have acquired not just some great dogs, but some great friends, Tommy, Roy Burnell, Dicky Ouaroff, who remains one of my dearest friends, Bob Philp, (who stayed our friend, despite my house Dobs always picking his pocket for chockies!), and of course, Tony and Soo Dobson. I still miss Olga Steer, Tom and Ron were sweeties, but Olga and I enjoyed many a women only chat, over tea and puppies. We had Julie Dickinson-Franks (then Dickinson) staying with us during the first months of our marriage, and happy to say we never had a cross word, indeed, Julie won our hearts by taking one of the dogs to bed every night, just like us.



Sherri with Ch Annesley Baccarat (imp NZ) aged 18 years and a Peke who was boarding

That great Dachshund sire, Ch Annesley Baccarat, (imp NZ) was my house dog when I married Steve, he was a very difficult dog indeed, and I am afraid, he was spoilt rotten. He had never approved of any gentlemen friends I may have had, but somehow, it was a different thing with Steve, who completed his title... and for the rest of his life (he lived to nineteen) he adored the new male in his life. He and another very famous fellow, Ch Windswept Hector, loathed each other – and great care had to be taken for them even to see each other – Hector was a sweet dog, obedient and good – but of course, the other one was the one who got all the attention.

Mr Tom Steer awarding Steve RUBIS with Ch Windswept Moss Rose in 1963. The steward is Bob Lopresto.

We had been married a couple of years when I came home with a Mini Smooth, she had one grave fault, but apart from this, she was the best Mini Dachshund I had ever seen (and we had seen them from the first to come into Australia). She was mated and never threw the fault, and gave us Ch Windswept Mighty Mouse and the fabulous Ch Windswept Love and Kisses – never beaten for a challenge and ending her career with Best Bitch All Breeds Sydney Royal. Olga Steer had a Toy Poodle (Poppetina) and this little import (Poppetina) fought out many a BIS with our girl (who we had called Poppet). From these came the army of Mini Smooths we bred, imported, (Wendlitt, Flaundens etc) – we are always proud to say that amongst the folk who brought



Ch Windswept Nine Tigers

foundation stock from us was Bill Hardie, still President of the Dachshund Club today.

About this time, we bred the two champions, different bloodlines, one from one of the oldest stock in the country, Ch Windswept Wild Poppy. She gave us fifteen Best in Shows in a row, which was something for those days. The other one, a black and tan Standard Smooth male, Ch Windswept Climax got his title early, and, handled beautifully by Dicky Ouaroff, took off CC, Group and R/Up in Show Melbourne Royal. He was a disappointing stud however, and we were lucky to acquire one of my favourites, Ch Longreach Simon (grandson of Silvae Keepsake) together with his lovely sister, Katie. Katie was beautiful, men like Bill Duckworth and Will Croston said she was the best Dachsie ever seen – she was, but she did not care for the show ring, although she got her title easily enough.

Baccarat's sister had an ectopic pregnancy, which was a terrible blow, but we were lucky enough to scoop up a pair of sisters, plus a couple of NZ bitches, which gave us a very solid start in Standard Smooths. Later, such dogs as Loris of Dunlewy (unshown, due to a broken leg, but a most successful sire), along with the pretty chocolate bitch, Quinlita of Dunlewy, who did so well for us, (six Best in Shows, handled by me!)

We moved to Prospect, where, frankly, the dogs proved to be so successful, we kept on breeding, showing and judging, but getting overwhelmed to the point we

Ch Windswept Dragonette (M/W) Best in Group winner

finally had to open up as a boarding kennel. Somewhere along the way, we became dog agents and I got a licence as a Customs Agent – this is certainly the best way to acquire knowledge of puppies – if you are wrong about anything, you don't get paid! We also bred champion Poodles, Beagles, Min Pins, and occasionally, would get landed (instead of payment) with a breed which would produce a litter, to balance the books. I remember a Chow, West Highland White, Japanese Chins and a Yorkshire Terrier or two!

However, it was the first major change – after a squabble, as a make up present, I dropped a Peke puppy in Steve's lap. It was something he had always yearned for – even through his successful teenage Cocker years (Steve had won CC at Sydney Royals with Cockers, even before we met). This Peke saw him really take his place in the breed, winning Best in Shows and a place in Peke history. Her great-great-grand daughter, now sixteen, and our much loved dowager, still rules the Puppy House with a rod of iron to this day!

My own life change came with my demented husband and friends trying to put me off breeding cats. For a small person I am very obstinate, and usually it takes a charge of dynamite to change my mind. However, they got their heads together and decided that the only thing I had ever truly yearned for was a Dobermann - (I used to snivel when Dobe boarders went home). My beloved Pansy arrived that week – she became a BIS winner and about thirty champions followed. Yes, of course, being me, there were imports, our elegant Yankees, we were lucky enough to purchase Ch Barrage of Tavey, who Steve took through to BIS (he was not even lead trained at three, so it was quite a feat) and finally, a naturally-short tailed bitch, (from UK) who became one of our house girls.

Along the way, had a short bash at Rottweilers, produced a champion, but decided that the breed were not for us, straight back to Dobermanns. We were lucky to see the time of the great ones, and to meet wonderful people, the backbones of the breed, which was just getting into its stride – I remember an afternoon at Malcolm Young's home and of course, there was George Byron (who was a visitor to our house) – Alan Candlish, who I am glad to say remains a friend, will no doubt remember all these.



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