

2008

## Watchim Sneak

(Sire: Mi-Cris Sailor ex Dam: Allo Dere Louise)

After watching licensed trials and making an attempt to train and run sanctioned trials with a cute little bitch that wouldn't bring the bird back, I decided it was time to find a good retriever. Mi-Cris Sailor, inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1993, caught my eye. He reminded me of a well-bred racehorse, pawing at the ground with desire. I inquired if he had been bred recently. Joe Riser, his trainer, replied he had been bred to Allo Dere Louise. Ten pups had already been spoken for, so I waited patiently for the birth of the litter hoping there would be one for me. The pups were born November 10, 1969. The phone call then came telling me they were sorry, but there were only ten pups. The disappointment was overwhelming. I knew Sailor's owners, the Murnanes, did not like to breed their competitive field dogs. He, therefore, probably wouldn't sire any more litters. The holidays were approaching so I postponed my search.

Christmas came and we went to Bach and Mary Doar's house for a visit. There, tearing around the room, was a fireball of a black pup all decked out with a huge red bow. What a surprise to find out he was for me! The woman who had the tenth pick of the litter decided he was ugly and didn't take him. I thought he was beautiful and I had a feeling he was going to be a great retriever.

Early training was easy for "Sneak." He caught on so quickly that I almost felt like he had done it before. He quickly displayed exceptional marking ability on land and water, and always did it with style.

I remember the first Derby I entered with "Sneak" at nine months old. A lot of pros came to watch him run the second and third series because they had heard he was such a good marker and a high roller. He received a green ribbon that weekend and won the Derby the following weekend. I had many interested buyers.

At a trial, the judge asked me if I had considered competing for the Country Life Trophy. I had no idea what it was, and didn't want to let on to that fact. When I returned home I researched it (imagine without a computer,) and found it was a trophy awarded to the Derby dog with the most points. There was no doubt in my mind that "Sneak" and I couldn't win it. I told my training buddies about my plan and they tested me relentlessly. They started calling me the National Derby Queen. So, in a year or so, I was the National Derby Queen and "Sneak" was the National Derby Champion. He completed thirty-three trials out of forty-three in which he has been entered, for a total of seventy-one points.

Back in the late 60's, you never taught a dog to handle until he was two years old, so that's what I did. He caught on right away. He was a natural, and it wasn't long before he was running trials. During his career he accumulated 141.5 points, was a Double Header winner, and qualified for ten Nationals.

It was an honor to be part of the team with "Sneak." He had such a big heart. Even after he had bone cancer surgery, all he wanted to do was retriever a bird. And that's just what I let him do.

~ Deb Morgan, owner

*From the 2009 Inductions to the Field Trial Halls of Fame program*