

## *The Vision*



Rosy

### **Karen Sandvold: The Beginning**

If I were to be asked about my reasons for breeding Weimaraners, it would be very difficult to sum up 38 years in a reasonable amount of space, so I will say that, to start out, I just wanted a Weimaraner. The only litter available in the Omaha World Herald was in Council Bluffs, Iowa, so we went to see them. It was love at first sight. I wanted a male, but the only male in the litter was being kept by the breeders. So we picked out the biggest, fattest, healthiest looking puppy and brought her home, naming her Rosamunde. Since she was going to be a large dog, I signed up for obedience classes offered by the Council Bluffs Kennel Club. Conformation classes immediately followed the obedience classes, and we often stayed to watch them. I think many people are drawn into conformation by way of obedience and I was no exception.

When Rosy had completed her CDX in obedience, and we were thoroughly entranced by Weimaraners, we decided to breed her to a Champion in hopes of producing a Best in Show puppy in our first litter. We were so naïve. We attended a dog show to find our Mr. Perfect Stud Dog, and found Ch. Creasy's Mr. Big. I know, now, that he was not a perfect dog, but at the time we were overwhelmed with his beauty. The best part of Mr. Big was his owner, Rudy Creasy, who set our doggy education in motion. We owe him a lot.

Fast forward. Our first litter was born very close to Christmas, so we gave them all names like Sandvold's Creasy Kringle, Sandvold Adusty Fideles, Sandvold's TannenBomb, Sandvold's Silent Knight, Sandvold's Jingle Belle, etc. Next we placed a lengthy braggadoccio ad in the Omaha World Herald and hovered over our telephone waiting for the mobs to call.

Fast forward again. Next Christmas, we still had all 8 puppies and the closest thing we had to a fruitful query was a call asking if Weimaraners were "them big purple dawgs". We started giving them away to friends and relatives until we were down to just one, my own personal favorite, Sandvold's Creasy Kringle, call name "Bert". Bert became our first AKC Champion and we thought Bert hung the moon.

The next year we moved to Texas—a place that had actually heard of Weimaraners, and in the next 30-35 years there were more litters, (some good and some not so good) and a whole lot more learning.

One thing I learned was that even though everybody talked about good rears and toplines, front assemblies were very important. Maybe more important than rears, because good rears had been quite easy to breed and quite easy to maintain. My beloved, gorgeous, perfect, wonderfully awesome Bert was quite crippled in the front by the time he was about 10 years old. He had huge arthritic knots on his elbows (which had always protruded). I'm sure he was in great pain in spite of his indomitable spirit that never allowed him to complain about his discomfort.



Bert



Amber

I started searching for good fronts. I got a few by breeding to Ch. Wymar's Gust of Winter, and another few from Ch. Bing's Konsul von Krisdaunt, but they didn't carry over into the next generations. It was all very frustrating.

In breeding dogs, there is so much to think about, such as how to maintain the good points you have while acquiring those things that are lacking. One day, my good friend, Lisa McClintock, invited me over to help her evaluate an 8-week-old litter she had out of Ch. Reiteralm's Rio Fonte Saudade and Ch. ArimarLisa's Cadenza. Most of them were spoken for, but she hadn't decided which puppies should go to which customers. The fronts on these puppies were quite good and one in particular was outstanding. He was intended for a pet home in Arizona because he had an enormous white spot on his chest that went from shoulder to shoulder and chin to tummy. But he had the front assembly I'd been looking for, so I persuaded Lisa to send the folks in Arizona a different puppy and sell me the one with all the white. I named him "Flash" and he sired one litter for me (which was actually an accidental breeding) before he was stolen.

That litter was the litter that changed my whole breeding program, as it produced my beloved Ch. Kasamar Amberly, JH, NSD, NRD, V, BROM. She died in January, 2005, when she was nearly 16 years old, but she will always have my undying devotion and gratitude, and people that know me, know the rest of the story.

You may have noticed that in this treatise I have not addressed the purpose for which Weimaraners were originally bred, but my husband, in his lifetime, was an avid hunter and that was his department. He would have thought it unconscionable to breed a Weimaraner without proving it had all the right instincts, and since his death, I have continued to respect his ideas. And even though I have never fired a gun, I have made good use of AKC Hunt Tests and WCA Ratings to prove (however minimally) that the right instincts were still there, along with wonderful, loving temperaments.

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