



# SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE

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## Here comes Summer !!!

Hello Springer's everywhere and of course your well behaved owners!!!

Welcome to our summer newsletter 2007. Summer just around the corner, long sunny days and long light nights - perfect for lots of fun!! We hope you all have a wonderful time.

Firstly, as always, our many, many thanks for all your wonderful letters and emails, along with super pictures of your little treasures and the amazing donations that we have received.

THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH!

For "Newcomers" to rescue, who haven't yet sent in a letter - come on!! Get those doggies - pen to paper, paw to keyboard and send us your stories of what you've been up to and knowing Springer's, there is plenty to write about!. And don't think you long time members can sit back and relax with paws in the air!! - We want updates!!! Email & postal address at the foot of the page, so no excuses!

We have had a busy time since our last newsletter, and fortunately, haven't had to put many doggies into kennels which is thanks to our fantastic foster home.

Barbara Lynch Cowdrey, her husband Paul and their own 9 Springer's take in many doggies that are awaiting new homes, giving



them lots of love, training, guidance and all home comforts at their wonderful set-up at "Timber Towers". They know how much we appreciate them, but we would like to publicly say "A HUGE THANK YOU!!"

Please find enclosed tickets for our summer raffle (5 for £1). Please put your name and contact number and return to ourselves. Many prizes to be won and last years response beat the previous year, so come on everyone, lets beat it again!!

Finally, we hope you enjoy your newsletter and wish you all a super summer and once again, THANK YOU SO MUCH for your continued loyalty and support to Springer Spaniel Rescue - we couldn't do it without you.

From all the team x x x x



All enquiries, please contact:

Glyn and Wendy Griffiths  
18 Mill Lane  
Parbold  
Lancashire  
WN8 7NW

Telephone: 01257 464130

Email: [springerrescue@btinternet.com](mailto:springerrescue@btinternet.com)

Letters and photo's to above postal or email address

Visit our website and Sign our guestbook at  
[www.springerrescue.org.uk](http://www.springerrescue.org.uk)

## SHOW DATES

Newburgh Fair - Newburgh

Saturday 9th June 2007 Time: 12 Noon 'till 5 pm.

Peover Game and Angling Fair - Peover Hall, Knutsford

Sunday 19th August 2007 Time: 9am 'till 6pm

Peover Hall is located on A53, 3 miles south of Knutsford and 5 miles north of Holmes Chapel.

Nearest Junction on M6 (J19 South) (J20 North)

Gun dog competitions, continuous Main Ring programme, clay pigeon competitions, Angling demonstrations, craft fair and 100's of trade stands.

More information can be found at: [www.cheshiregameandanglingfair.co.uk](http://www.cheshiregameandanglingfair.co.uk)

Come along and say "hello" - We would love to see you!!

## WORDSEARCH - ON SAFARI

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- |              |               |                 |
|--------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. BABOON    | 10. IMPALA    | 19. WARTHOG     |
| 2. BUFFALO   | 11. LEOPARD   | 20. WILDERBEAST |
| 3. CHEETAH   | 12. LION      | 21. ZEBRA       |
| 4. DIK DIK   | 13. MEERKAT   |                 |
| 5. CROCODILE | 14. OSTERICH  |                 |
| 6. ELEPHANT  | 15. PORCUPINE |                 |
| 7. GIRAFFE   | 16. RHINO     |                 |
| 8. HIPPO     | 17. SNAKE     |                 |
| 9. HYGENA    | 18. VULTURE   |                 |

## PET RULES !!!

To be posted VERY LOW on the refrigerator door - nose height.

Dear Dogs and Cats,

The dishes with the paw print are yours and contain your food. The other dishes are mine and contain my food. Please note, placing a paw print in the middle of my plate and food does not stake a claim for it becoming your food and dish, nor do I find that aesthetically pleasing in the slightest.

The stairway was not designed by NASCAR and is not a racetrack. Beating me to the bottom is not the object. Tripping me doesn't help because I fall faster than you can run.

I cannot buy anything bigger than a king sized bed. I am very sorry about this. Do not think I will continue sleeping on the couch to ensure your comfort. Dogs and cats can actually curl up in a ball when they sleep. It is not necessary to sleep perpendicular to each other stretched out to the fullest extent possible. I also know that sticking tails straight out and having tongues hanging out the other end to maximize space is nothing but sarcasm.

For the last time, there is not a secret exit from the bathroom. If by some miracle I beat you there and manage to get the door shut, it is not necessary to claw, whine, meow, try to turn the knob or get your paw under the edge and try to pull the door open. I must exit through the same door I entered. Also, I have been using the bathroom for years -- canine or feline attendance is not required.

The proper order is kiss me, then go smell the other dog or cat's butt. I cannot stress this enough!

To pacify you, my dear pets, I have posted the following message on our front door:

To All Non-Pet Owners Who Visit & Like to Complain About Our Pets:

1. They live here. You don't.
2. If you don't want their hair on your clothes, stay off the furniture. (That's why they call it "fur"niture.)
3. I like my pets a lot better than I like most people.
4. To you, it's an animal. To me, he/she is an adopted son/daughter who is short, hairy, walks on all fours and doesn't speak clearly.

Remember: In many ways, dogs and cats are better than kids because they:

1. Eat less
2. Don't ask for money all the time
3. Are easier to train
4. Normally come when called
5. Never ask to drive the car
6. Don't hang out with drug-using friends
7. Don't smoke or drink
8. Don't have to buy the latest fashions
9. Don't want to wear your clothes
10. Don't need a "gazillion" dollars for college.

And finally,

11. If they get pregnant, you can sell their children.

## I'LL REMEMBER

I'LL REMEMBER YOU WITH LAUGHTER  
I'LL REMEMBER YOU WITH TEARS  
I'LL REMEMBER YOU WITH GRATITUDE  
FOR ALL THOSE HAPPY YEARS

## DEDICATED TO

Oliver Bray  
Rufus Heer Windridge  
Pippa Holdcroft  
Mac Lewis  
Benny Lusted  
Lucy Lynch-Cowdrey  
Smudge Sawyer  
Cassie Saxon

## GOD BLESS YOU ALL

IF TEARS COULD BUILD A STAIRWAY  
AND MEMORIES BUILD A LANE  
WE'D WALK RIGHT UP TO HEAVEN  
AND BRING YOU HOME AGAIN

## TRIBUTE TO OLIVER

The following tribute is for Oliver who many of you will have seen and will still see on our home page on the website.

Oliver's mum and dad have allowed us to keep his details on so as to enable many other doggies to find their new homes. The number of people who contact us asking about Oliver, and then go on to get other doggies details and then adopt, is amazing.

So " Thank you " Ollie, you are still continuing to help many doggies everywhere in your very own special way. GOD BLESS YOU, and our many thanks to Anne & Richard.

## OLLIE

Where do you start to say what living with a dog like Ollie meant to you. We were privileged to spend just over two years sharing our home with him and he was just the most wonderful friend and companion. He generously shared his bed with Toby, our little cocker spaniel and coped with Kim - collie X cavalier who was, and is, sure that it is her job to keep all the other dogs clean. And if they are older than her, she to make sure they don't get into trouble. So sometimes he did have to roll his eyes at her because this was the second time he was getting a wash today.

We met Glyn and Wendy at the kennels in August 2004 and there sat in the front seat of his car was the most beautiful enormous, black and white, smiley faced Springer spaniel. He quietly got out of the car, we had a walk around before getting into our car and coming home - no fuss particularly, just a very big smile. And this really was Ollie - steady, friendly and loved companionship. You could sit down beside him and he would gently take hold of your sleeve to make you stroke him a bit more.

He did get excited, oh boy did he dance around when his food was coming, or if he thought we were off for a walk, or most of all if you had a dog chew in your hand! Over the next two years he inevitably got slower and slower and one very scary night in February last year, he started to cough and we called the vet out only to discover that his heart was failing. Our vet was great and treated him then and the next day, when he became more stable, we started him on his medication. Again, he took his medication without any problems and his life became somewhat slower, sleeping on a huge cushion in the kitchen (so he was still in touch with the comings and goings) and sometimes lying by the fire when the wood burner was lit. He still liked to go on short walks and would determinedly get up in the morning and wander around the garden sniffing the flowers, before making his way back to his cushion.

Continued on next page.....

Sadly, we had to say goodbye to Ollie during the winter, just after his 15th birthday. It is always the most appalling situation to be in when you know that you don't be able to spend time with that most special dog again and somehow saying goodbye to Ollie seemed far worse. He was one of those dogs that made a deep impression on the people who met him, whether he was fundraising for Cats Protection or just out for a walk, everyone loved him. We will never ever forget him.

Despite the terrible nature of parting, we would like to say to anyone out there who is considering giving a home to an older dog - go for it. They have such a great deal to offer and dogs as young as 8 are sometimes dismissed as too old when they have many years to give. And we would both, without hesitation, say that we would far rather have spent just over two years with Ollie than never having known him at all. Like anyone who gives a dog a home, we hope we gave him something too, but we both know Ollie left us with us deeply in debt to him.

Anne and Richard Bray



# Wagtails

Hello,

At last, here is your awaited letter. Life here will never be the same, with two Springer's of very different personalities together, nothing is dull here!

Sally who was Samantha Jane, has become very settled since Oliver arrived. She has even begun to put on weight since she is not using up calories in nervous energy. Slowly she is also becoming more relaxed when other dogs come near. However Oliver would soon protect her if necessary.

Oliver explored all ways of getting freedom from the garden when he first arrived. He loves to explore!! Fortunately we have a long border with bushes and small trees. Oliver likes to spend time in the undergrowth, and has also devastated a low raised border of weeding plants. We've had to rebuild it after several stones had fallen.

Both dogs have got used to our large flock of doves (there are over 30!) and ignore them when they feed in the garden. We always know when the red squirrels been around. Their scent lingers and the dogs race to the large cherry tree from where hang bird feeders and the squirrel box. There they stand on their hind legs looking up into the tree with their front paws on the trunk.

We have never experienced such closeness of two dogs previously. Sally and Oliver "kiss" each other, like to sleep close together, sometimes even trying to use the same dog basket!. On walks they look for one another as they enjoy their freedom.

Oliver likes to explore the undergrowth when out – hedges, brambles or any low growing plants that he finds. He loves to lose himself in the tall grasses.

Sally just likes the open spaces and must cover miles! On each walk she hunts for broken branches that she persuades us to throw so that she can retrieve them, and she always has to bring the branch home as a trophy. Thankfully our neighbour has a wood burning stove, as she doesn't have any more interest in the branches once they have been brought home!

Both dogs love the sea, and the space on the beach. At first Oliver couldn't swim very well, but with a little practice he took to it – well – like a 'dog' to water. He is a extremely strong swimmer now! At low tide Oliver loves to run after the seagulls and splashes through the low water level from Isle to Isle of sand. Barking at the birds we stand and watch him until he thinks he's had enough. When he's tired he returns to us. Sometimes he's been so far away, we thought we'd lost him. But no! Sally stays with us on her own activity. She loves to have her water toy thrown into the sea for her to retrieve. If she loses it, Oliver has kindly brought it back to her! How's that for a doggy relationship!

On the downs both dogs like to explore all the rabbit holes. Usually there are several rabbits above ground. Oliver loves to chase them back to their holes! Oliver once caught one and come running over with it in his mouth. On the command "Sit!" He dropped the rabbit and sat down beside it. We thought it was dead although at hadn't a mark on it. However after a few seconds it had recovered enough to leap up suddenly and run to safety.

Sally enjoys the space to retrieve her precious toys or sticks, Oliver isn't interested in these. We lose sight of him for a time in the undergrowth. All we hear is the sound of broken twigs as he makes his way through it all. Every so often Oliver pops his head out and looks around to see where we are.

Both dogs loves their walks, of which they have two each day- one lasting 1 ½ hours with lots of opportunity to run free. Oliver is a lean dog with good muscle tone now, a big change from previous days when he was very overweight. With exercise Oliver has lost around 6 kg from his original weight. Sally content with her proctor has managed to put on a little weight and looks much healthier.

The dogs love their home area and the freedom to go in and out of the dog flap in the utility room door, at will. They have constant access to the garden. During the summer we bought them a paddling pool but they prefer the pond!! I don't know what the fish think! Sally and Oliver let us know when any visitors are around, if strangers are brought into our home by us, then they realize that they are friends.

Oliver however would not allow anyone to come on our territory if we were not at home. More than once we have been told that he saw someone off the property and would have bit them if they'd been closer, but he was on his own area and being protective. No-one blamed him for his actions yet wont be in a hurry to try again! Sally is quieter preferring to be the back up, but has been known to come to his rescue against another dog in an incident.

Each day never goes by that we don't see another aspect of their natures or their relationship together.

Having them with us has enriched our lives so much, it seems to have put it to another level. Thank you very much for allowing us to have these two Springer's in our home. We hope you enjoy the selection of photos we enclose. There is a caption on the back of each one.

Love

Dave & Norma Letham & Craig x x x



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Shame on me for not writing to you sooner, I'm not much of a writer you see. Mainly because that involves reflection and I am far, far too busy with investigating the here and now to waste time reflecting!

Life has certainly been exciting since I last wrote. There have been two major developments. The first is that mum and I have adopted a new man. Although it was great when it was just me and mum, now that I have a dad to look after and exercise too I kept twice as busy.

Dad is an odd bloke, an officer in the RAF and he has had to move out to Belgium with work, so mum and I decided to go with him as you can see from my fancy new letterhead. The second development, I've got a new, very sexy vet who whispers sweet nothings to me in softly spoken French. I think she likes me a lot and when she talks to calm me I often see out of the corner of my eye dad melting too!

There is another Spaniel just up the road in the next farmhouse who is called Igor (pronounced eeeegor). He's generally a friendly old chap but has a lot of cats and kittens who live with him, (I sometimes see them sleeping on his back) so I think he's a bit of an odd character. One of the benefits of living here in the country and that dad is a raving omnivore he's not scared to go and ask for the biggest bones in the local abattoir: honest he came home the other day with a bag full.

I stayed in the garden for hours scoffing one of them until they made me come in because it was dark and getting cold. I was having a grand old time snuggled up in the hedge with my bone but you have to humor them occasionally so I came in and left the bone until breakfast.

There is a massive lake near where we live which apparently is the biggest in Belgium, mom and dad take me there some weekends for a long walk and a swim but it's getting a bit chilly this late in the year, especially when you're getting on a bit. Whilst it's a nice place to go you have to be a bit wary, I foolishly stuck my nose into a hole in the ground there to discover it was a wasp nest, that stung a bit I can tell you. Luckily mum knew just what to do and we ran into the lake to get rid of them.

The house we live in is massive (especially compared to the little cottage in Yorkshire) with a good size garden so I get to run around a fair bit there too. Our cleaning lady is great fun and clearly besotted with me, she lets me get away with murder! She's called Edith but also speaks a bit funny. She's got loads of dogs, cats, donkeys etc and, can you believe it, even a wild boar as a pet! It seems her son was out hunting (we're on the edge of the Ardennes - a wild bit of Europe, you should see the size of some of the forests), anyway, he shot a boar some years ago and found the baby nearby. It's a bit sad really but he took it home and they adopted it! I don't think that there is a wild boar rescue centre here but it could be an idea - maybe you want to start one!! The thing is now about 200 lbs in weight and lives in the garden, it likes chocolate, the odd beer and having his tummy tickled: these Belgians are a strange lot.

We went to Ypres a few weeks ago and stayed in a really cool hotel with trenches in the garden that I could sniff around. These Belgians love their dogs, I was allowed in the bar, the dining room and the bedroom, and everybody fussed me and kept giving me their bar snacks when mum wasn't watching.

So that we can travel a bit more easily we're getting a camper van next year so we can see lots of places and I will have somewhere to sleep. France sounds good to me: dad says they eat anything there so I'll be right at home!

Anyway, they're in the kitchen now cooking dinner so I'm off to see what I can scrounge or in case they drop something on the floor. Oh I must tell you about one bit of naughtiness, they had a party last week with some Belgian and German friends here at home. While they were not watching I managed to snaffle a leg of lamb from the kitchen work surface - not bad for an old fella eh! I quite like this foreign food so no need to worry about me.

Keep up the great work!

Bracken (aged 11 ¼ and international jet setter!)

Dear Aunty Wendy and Aunty Joan,

It's me, Rosie! It was great to see you both at my birthday party. And thanks for the terrific pressies. The crocodile looks as if he's been re-enacting the French Revolution (head and body gone in two directions)! But me and Jessie are still playing with him - both at the same time without squabbling. The huge bunny lost his ears quite soon and has had a few major operations to fix him up a bit - but I still love him.

The gravy bones have been popular with us all and I have given Sharon instructions to buy them for us in the future - yum!

I have enclosed some pictures that we took on my birthday, I hope you like them.

As usual I have been making myself indispensable around the village, you know, tiding up my neighbours cats and dogs dinner bowls. Its surprisingly easy to rush in through an open door and, with my supercharged nose I can find my way straight to any left-over dinner (well, I mean, imagine leaving your food around). Waste not want not is my motto! Te he!

Sharon was panicking in case I requisitioned someone's barbeque during this summer, and quite frankly I wouldn't have given it a seconds hesitation - just as well the opportunity didn't present itself. Oh I do love my grub, and anyone else's come to think of it!

I will hopefully be having another birthday party soon, but Sharon says I've to wait a full twelve months. Completely unfair 'cause I should have 7 birthday to every one of hers. Do you know sometimes she can be really unreasonable! Anyway I will keep in touch and next birthday party I hope to see Uncle Glyn and the boys (as well as you two of course)

Love you loads,  
Rosie



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

I thought I should write and let you know how I have settled into my new home a year on from moving to my new mum and dad. As you know I was very distressed to be moved from living with my previous mum in Redcar but I think I have really landed on my paws with my new mum and dad.

It has taken me a long time to settle but my new mum and dad say I am a really lovely dog whose antics make them laugh. I am starting to show my true nature and love to play with my squeaky toys especially when the telephone rings!

I have a really exciting place that my mum takes me for long walks - its through some woods by a lot of water and I can annoy the ducks by pretending that I am about to chase and capture them. I only occasionally go in the water as I've found out that it is very wet and a bit cold at this time of year. I now have lots of toys including a really exciting squeaky ball that mum bought for me. I just love holding it in my mouth and making it squeak - mum says she made a big mistake buying it but I don't know what she means.

I really like welcoming dad home if he's been away at work and roll over so he can tickle my stomach! Such fun and I'm really very fond of them both. When we are out for our walks we meet lots of other dogs and their humans and I love making a fuss of the owners although I do say hello to the dogs as well.

I live with a cat who is half Siamese and I love to wash his face. He sometimes just hits me as I go past but I think its because he likes me. He even makes sure he gets alongside me if there is any food going and seems to get his share without actually pushing me out of the way.

I thought you might like to see some photos of me taken during the last few months. I was bouncing up like all spaniels in the country park that mum takes me to, running round in big circles getting all of the exciting scents that are in the grass there. I am also enclosing a photo with one of my new toys. Mum says the house looks like a small child lives there, but I think she's jealous because I've got all of the toys to play with. I manage to spread them throughout the house whenever I get the chance.

I love to sit in dads office when he is working on the computer and I am so happy now. I've even managed to lose a lot of my Nervous behavior especially when I meet someone or something new.

Hope all is well at the centre and you are still able to find other Springer Spaniels good homes.

With lots of wags

Bessie and her well trained owners John & Gloria Thurgood



Hello Wendy, Glyn, The Boys, and all you Springer's and Springer people out there,

I'm Jake, 19 months old, and I've lived with Andy & Sheila near Oxford since October last year. I first met them in a wonderfully muddy field near the kennels. Of course, I was so excited to see them, I leapt all over them! Sheila's not exactly tall, so I even managed to get muddy paw prints on her collar, but I came home with them that afternoon, so she obviously didn't mind. And as for the colour of Andy's denims...washing machines are wonderful inventions, apparently.

I've made loads of doggie friends, from Finn, a Jack Russell, to Issy, a Great Dane, and just about every doggie shape and size in between. I play wonderful chasing games, especially Jumble, a Labrador Retriever. For some reason, when we're in full pelt, all doggie people guard their shins, and I have to admit we have bounced off the occasional welly - no harm intended, but it is so, so exciting.

I have to confess to giving Andy & Sheila a few anxious moments. I suppose the worst was when I went to have a rummage in a thicket, and came out covered in bright red blood! All I'd done was had a good old roll in the remains of a fox's breakfast, but they obviously thought I'd done myself a very severe mischief. Once back home, well, you can imagine the clean-up. I did smell a bit girly for a few days - no offence to you girly Springer's out there - so luckily, I found a really stinky bit of fox poo, and had a wonderful roll in that. Predictably, out came the shampoo bottle again. Oh, dear.

Life is full of discoveries. For example, I've discovered I don't like cucumber. And how did you discover that, I hear you cry? Well, Andy & Sheila had to go into Oxford, and bought sandwiches in somewhere called M&S for lunch. They couldn't quite finish them all, so Andy put the plates in the kitchen. Well, I happened to be passing, and you can imagine the rest. I would have got away with it, but leaving two slices of cucumber, complete with doggie tooth marks, was a bit of a giveaway. They're a bit more careful about where they leave food now. Shame.....

I have to say I was a bit of a tearaway at first. Well, I just wanted to get out and explore my new world, but Sheila is very pleased that she no longer has to cling desperately on to the doorpost to prevent her being dragged through the rose bushes in the front garden. All down to my enthusiasm!

Next week, we're back down to Cornwall - yippee! I'm not packing bucket and spade, as I'm not really a sea-dog. Trying to drink the stuff was a very big mistake, but I'll have loads of fields, streams and woods to explore. Much more my scene.

Greetings and loads of happy tail-wagging to everybody.

Jake.

Hi Springer Rescue,

\*Yorkie still watching out for Springer's\*

Little Gemma an 8 month old Yorkshire Terrier was found in Feb 2002 wandering the streets of Bamford in Rochdale. She was very thin, wet, neglected and hungry, she looked much older than she was.

She was taken to Barbara Lynch-Cowdrey at Springer Rescue where she stayed the night with the Springer's. Barbara fed and walked her and allowed Gemma to sleep on her bed with the Springer's! The same evening Barbara rang Yorkie Rescue to arrange for Gemma to be picked up as she would not pass for a Springer!

I picked Gemma up the following day to re-home her through Yorkie Rescue, but decided to keep her as she has so adorable and she has not had a good start in life.

So she came to live with Cassie, Pepe and Skye (all Yorkie's), and we soon saw her lovely character evolve. She loved to play and was very intelligent, and started to look younger as time went on. But unfortunately in 2005 she started to show signs of brain damage and very sadly we lost her at 4 years of age.

But due to my connections with Barbara through Gemma, we have saved a young Springer called Molly, she was only four years old who was taken to RSPCA condemned as an aggressive dog...and placed on "death row". When in fact she was just a playful young Springer who needed someone to understand her.

So I contacted Barbara who said "Yes we will take her". She was taken to Barbara (Springer Rescue), Barbara assessed her and found her to be one perfect puppy, she has since been re-homed through Barbara.

The moral of this tale is:

It's all down to Gemma as I would not have got to know Barbara if not for Gemma and young Molly would have been put to sleep.

So Gemma is still working to help Springer's who in a way rescued her, and young Molly has got a really good home for the rest of her life. And maybe in the future Gemma could save more Springer's.

God bless Gemma

Love from her Mummy & Daddy, Mary & Alan Tyldesley

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

I am so sorry have taken so long to put paw to pen, but coming south was a bit of a shock! I adapted quickly and now have Tony and Donna like putty in my paws.

As you can see from the photographs, I have had my operation. I recovered very quickly - lots and lots of fuss and kisses - but I think that perhaps one should not talk about ones op too much.

Tony takes me for lovely walks everyday: such easy access to the countryside here. Donna comes to watch me run - she says I am full of joy and so I am! We play football at home: Tony is pretty good but Donna will not make Man Utd, I'm afraid!

I know self-praise is no recommendation but please allow me a little grace! Although I am always hungry and just love my food, my figure is perfect - I have lost all those ribs which you could count and I'm told over and over again by Tony and Donna and their friends how beautiful I am.

It's rather funny but of late Donna seems to be wearing black and white a lot.....is she trying to turn into a dog? She always tells me that it's the fashion. I do hope that I don't have to follow fashion.

All in all, life is very good. I am very happy and try hard to please although occasionally they say I'm a pain in the waist (have they got their anatomy wrong?). When I go to bed, they say "God Bless Mollie" and I go straight on my basket. Who is God? I thought St Francis looked over me but there are obviously two of them.

My grateful thanks arranging my new home. Tony and Donna say that I am a blessing and call me the "Angel from the North".

Lots of love and tail wagging.

Molly.



Hi Everybody,

My name is Bobby well Big Bobby to my mates.

I was rescued 7 years ago at the tender age of 8 (so I am nearly 15 now), I had been very neglected and was very sad when I came here. But with lots of TLC and good food I am now a very handsome doggie and to prove it are you sitting comfy and I will begin.

I live in Bury, Lancashire and our weekly paper once a year does "Pet Idol", which is almost as good as "Pop Idol", but they are not as cute!! Well my mummy entered me and my brothers and sister, the editor chooses the finalists then they are put in the paper for the public to vote for them. The rest of my pack did not qualify!! but I did, well I was up against tough competition as a lot of pets were cute puppy's, mummy tells me I am handsome, but its up to the public.

Well believe it or not, I won!! YES, I won a cup, vouchers, pet portrait and also a holiday for me and my mummy & daddy.

So the moral to this tale is all you handsome and pretty rescued Springer's, get your mummy to enter you into "Pet Idol" and give the other breeds a run for there money.

As Barked by Sir Booby, and typed by my 'very proud' mummy (because my paws are to big for the computer).



Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Sorry its been so long since our last letter. But Jack is doing great and has just had his forth birthday (he was spoilt rotten by everyone). In the two years he has been with us he has come to know who mum and dad are, and he adore the grandchildren Toby & Louis and their mums & dads: and they all love him just as much, and he has learnt to get along with Polly the three legged cat.

Although he gets a bit worried when she smoothes around him, but its nice when they both sit with mum and dad on the couch contented, Jack still loves to swim in the sea and swims every day as you can see from the pictures enclosed, we have found a place on the beech where he can run to his hearts content with lots of other dogs. One day we had fitheen Springer's tearing around like lunatics, and not a cross word between them. Half of them are rescue dogs you would have loved it, I know I did.

Jack seems to like Greyhounds & Whippets and is determined to catch one...one day. He did try to boss one called Sandy, one day he hopped around him and nipped him playfully so fast Jack thought he was surrounded. Anyway he learned from it as now they are firm friends and play for hours nicely. Now Jack has turned into a lovely big soft (don't tell anyone) Springer that everyone loves and adores, especially mum and dad, and you two can be especially proud as without you, it would not have happened.

Thanks a million and lots of love from Jack, and of course Tony & Phyllis AKA mum & dad.



Hi Glyn and Wendy,

Its me Molly reporting in. I have my new family firmly wrapped around my paws. I think I was a bit of a shock to them at first, 6 mths old and full of joys of spring like all spaniels are, they had been used to a spaniel who could easily take 30 minutes to cover about 30 yards and now they have one that covers the same distance in 10 seconds, they are all much fitter now.

I have made lots of friends, a couple of beagles, Maggie the Jack Russell who lives next door and loads of spaniels like me who just love to find the muddiest puddles to jump into, its good to see our families faces when we get back to them after a good run round the field. It was great when we had the snow and my mum and dads grandkids came up and made a huge snowman and they put a carrot on the face for a nose, well what a waste of a carrot as it soon disappeared into my tummy which caused much laughter as it took a few attempts to reach it.

I have three meals a day, load of fresh water but they cannot work out why I prefer the water in the empty flower pots. I have two beds, one is by the front door (I like that one at night as I have all my toys around me) and my daytime one which is an old two seater settee, its just the right length for me to stretch out on for my midday snooze.

We went to a rugby match the other week and I couldn't understand why I couldn't get the ball when it came right over the line, mind you it was a funny shape, not like the tennis and footballs that I am used to, they were all covered in mud and a bit wet.

Well I think that I just heard the door of the fridge open and I had better go and check it out, then it will be time for my ramble round the back field to work up my appetite for dinner.

Lots of love to you both

Molly & and family xxxxxxxx

Hi Glyn & Wendy,

I don't know if you will remember me, Dingo here! You found me a new forever home last April, I was so lucky because my other 'mummy and daddy' gave me to you and my new mummy and daddy came to get me an hour later. I didn't even have to put my nose in a kennel.

I have had lots of misadventures in the past nine months but I am so happy. My new mummy loves me to bits even when I am mischievous. Daddy gets a bit crossed sometimes - especially if I try to pinch his place on the sofa, (which I am not supposed to be on!). I have lots of new friends, my best friend is called Zak and he is a baby Labrador. We chase each other all over the fields. I once caught a duck for my mum but she was a bit cross so I won't do it again. I have stopped chasing sheep now, mummy says I will get into BIG trouble for that. I still don't like cats although none of them come into our garden anymore so the fish are safe in the pond. We have two ponds, one is for the fish and one is for me!!!! We have lots of brilliant walks through woods, fields and even three lakes for me to swim in. My favorite walk is the Magic Kingdom, all the way through the woods, across fields, into the lake, along the river and river through the most smelly, sticky mud. Fabulous!! Mummy and I usually need to take a shower when we get home.

Mummy and daddy are thinking of getting me a friend to stay at home with - as long as mummy doesn't love me any less I don't mind! I belong to mummy and she calls me Velcro cos I am always stuck to her like glue, so if a new friend came he could belong to daddy!

I will send some photos soon.

Take care and thank you for finding my forever home.

Love Dingo xxxxxxxxxxxx

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Thank you for the newsletter. Each time I receive one I feel guilty that it has been such a long time since I've been in touch and always resolve to send an update. This time I remembered.

You may remember we lost our beloved cocker spaniel, Sam, in 1997 and decided never to have another dog. Then our eldest daughter saw a black and white "cocker" in a kennels in Standish and persuaded us to phone. We spoke to Wendy who explained that the cocker was actually a Springer but no matter we decided to proceed and met Glyn when he came to do a home check.

Unfortunately our first experience of adoption did not work out and I felt a complete failure and felt that I had let down the little female, black and white Springer with whom I bonded with straight away. Glyn and Wendy were very kind and supportive and promised to find us that special dog.

That they did! In February 1998 we met Flash, a very handsome, liver and white male dog with a personality to match his good looks. We were his third home and not surprisingly he was a little nervous and wary, lying in corners and pulling away if a hand came toward him too quickly. He was renamed Charlie as apart from other things, I was a little nervous of shouting 'Flash' when I was out in the woods!!

A kinder, gentler dog you couldn't wish to meet who went up to greet every other dog he met and would look so shocked and hurt if they were aggressive towards him.

Unfortunately he has had to spend a bit of time at the vets and has been on daily medication for a number of years, but even then he opens his mouth and you drop the tablets on his tongue and he swallows them - no fuss.

Firstly he had quite a nasty skin condition which made his skin red and itchy and caused his coat to fall out in great clumps. We visited a dermatologist for a couple of years who tried to desensitize him for his allergies, but after sticking needles into him every month we agreed with our local vet to try a mild dose of steroids which has worked well.

He also has daily medication for a thyroid problem. Then he developed a hernia which again our local vet, Trevor Dixon, successfully repaired.

More recently he has had prostate trouble and had his "bits" removed which solved the problem. Charlie is now 13: his whiskers have turned grey, his eyesight is poor, he is almost totally deaf, and his arthritis means he has to be lifted in and out of the car and his waterworks have a slight leak, but his personality has not changed one bit.

When Glyn contacted me in 1999 to ask if we wanted to adopt another dog, I was initially nervous as we did not want to upset Charlie. Glyn recognized this and very soon Molly had joined the family. At the time she was about 18 months old and she and Charlie got on together with no problems at all.

Molly was not particularly well behaved but was absolutely adorable and has a knack of looking at you with a tilted head when she wants something. However, when we went for a walk she would just run in a straight line and it was about 12 months before we could confidently let her off the lead. We managed this when we discovered she loved playing fetch, so as long as we took a tennis ball on our walks she was fine. She has been a picture of good health although she has a slight heart murmur but this doesn't seem to cause her a problem.

Now that Charlie is a bit deaf and partially sighted, it is wonderful to see how she acts as his eyes and ears and how she looks after him. Until Molly joined us, we had always had male dogs and it has surprised us all how Molly's maternal instinct came out when my daughter was pregnant and how she "minds" the babies when they were young and particularly if they cried.

Molly and Charlie are very important members of this family and we are hugely grateful to Glyn, Wendy, and all at Springer Rescue for bringing them into our lives.

Very best wishes,

The Hammond Family



Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Just a little note to give you an update on Ellie's progress. We are still really enjoying having her and still feel very in debt to you for finding such a lovely dog for us (she is sitting contentedly at my feet as I write this).

We have got into a real routine with Ellie and her walks - I do the morning one and the boys do the afternoon, and Darren will do the evening ones. We all share the weekend walks. So she gets a little bit of all of us at different times. Unfortunately though if we try to change this routine and say for instance, the boys take her for the evening walk, she stubbornly refuses to go because she only wants Darren to take her as this is what she is used to.

She loves going to the local park and charges about sniffing for squirrels and rabbits, and more often than not, she will come home absolutely filthy as you warned us she would. We all invested in some new wellies and waterproofs, I'm surprised how much more "outdoorsy" we are all becoming - it's great!!

We are really looking forward to our first Christmas with Ellie and hope that you too will have a really lovely Christmas, and a much deserved rest over the festive period.

Take care and many thanks again for Ellie.

Love Rachel, Darren, Danny, Nathan and Sam xxxxx

Dear Glyn and Wendy, and doggy friends,

Hi, Barney here.

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know what we've been up to this year. My mum has got a new job this year, which is part time which means we get to spend more time together and have a nice lie in the mornings, its great - but don't tell dad! As soon as dad gets up, I get on to the bed and snuggle into the furry throw and have a lovely tummy rub - its bliss.

Also we've got this thing called a tent and we go on lots of nice holidays in the countryside, me and Max are supposed to have our own room whilst our mum and dad have this lovely soft inflatable bed! I don't think so! What do they think I am.....a dog!

I've had quite an eventful year - I finally managed to catch a rabbit! I took it to show my dad, but he didn't seem pleased and made me let it go! My mum is growing vegetables in the garden next year and has put little fences round to keep us dogs off the veggies, I could easily jump over if I wanted to, but you have to humor the humans, there's plenty of other places to dig and bury stuff.

Best go now - time to get all wet and muddy again - its that time of year - dog baths! Eeeyoooo!

Take care

Love Barney, Maxwell and mum and dad. xxxxxxxxx

Hi Glyn and Wendy,

I haven't been in touch for a little while as I've "supposed" to be taking life "easy" as I had an operation to spay me - also to remove a little lump from my back which turned out to be "harmless". They were VERY kind to me at the vets surgery and they all said what a good patient I was - but actually I didn't feel very "PATIENT" as I've been dying to tear around again. I was a little sleepy for the day after the op and was getting a little desperate to run around again.

Anyway, the good news is that today my stitches came out and I can go for long long long rambles again - which I did this afternoon. It felt WONDERFUL and I have just got home almost totally covered in mud - but it feels great!

I just want to let you know that we are ALL very happy in my new home in New Maiden - it is surprising how much open space there is around here. Later in the week I'm going up to Epsom Downs to meet my mum's horse, (she calls him her pony), Dungle, and have a great scamper and exploration on the Downs - apparently it's a wonderful place.

So thank you for re-homing me - and I'd really like my previous owner to know how happy I am.

Lots of love, mud and wags

Molly Connolly xxxxx



TRIBUTE TO MY LUCY

Hello Springer Lovers,

My name is Jake. I came into foster care with Springer Spaniel Rescue with my twin sister Lucy on the 25/05/06.

We were only 20 months old but we were very happy doggies , it was just that our mom could not keep us for personal reasons. We could not be separated as we loved each other to bits, where you saw one you saw the other.

Uncle Glyn looked for homes for us which can be quite daunting where there are two of you, well the longer it took the more our foster carer fell in love with us. So on 15/09/06, the man of the house said we could stay, yippee me and my Lucy together forever.

Only that was not meant to be. My Lucy started to be poorly on the 05/02/07, it all started with a little rash on her bottom, she went to the vets in Bury, St Helens and London - all to no avail, she lost her fight for life on the 20/03/07, aged just 2 years and 6 months.

Lucy doggie heaven you have gone, I look for you and ask my mum, with tears in her eyes, she tries to say...Lucy is fine and you will be okay. She will run and jump as she once did, she will run so quick she will probably skid. I hope its true, I will always love and remember you!! Lucy my sister and my best friend!!

Your Brother Jake and your Mummy and Daddy xxxxxx



# GALLERY



RUBY



TODD & MAX



MOLLY



LOUIE-BENSON



BESSIE



OSCAR



BONNIE



BRIDGET



OLIVER



JODIE



JAKE



MEG & BARNEY



SALLY



TILLY



BRYN