



WINTER NEWSLETTER 2007

Season's Greetings to everyone!!!!

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Hello and seasons greetings to you all !!.

Good to be touch once again to all our regular readers, and a warm welcome to our new additions !!.

As always, firstly, we thank you all for the kind and generous donations we have received throughout the year, along with the many, many letters, emails and photo's of your super Springer's.

As you can appreciate, I am limited to space when putting the newsletter together, so please understand if your letter or picture isn't included in this edition, it will appear in a future one.

Every email, letter, photo is special and we would hate for you to think because it hasn't featured, it had been ignored - never.

We have, as usual, been very busy since we were last in touch, doggies coming in, some with their little problems, some no trouble at all !! All in a day's work here at rescue !! But I would like to take this opportunity to thank all our rescue team, who are in at the deep end, so to speak....you all do an amazing job in your each individual way - THANK YOU and of course to you, our readers, for your continued support.

You are all very special !!



DOGGIE OF THE YEAR 2007

Well, we have our Doggie of the Year award, as always, and this year it goes to Jamie, please read his story on page 3.

We hope you enjoy your newsletter and any input, suggestions, of help you can provide, in any way at all, or if you wish to get more involved, please just give us a call, email or write.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a happy and peaceful New Year !!

From all the team at Springer Spaniel Rescue.

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Worldwide Rescue Book



I received an email, in June, from a lady who is writing a book about Dog Rescue Stories and the correct way to go about adopting a doggie.

She had obviously been looking through our newsletters online and asked permission to use some of the stories. Of course I was delighted to oblige, but first I wanted to get permission, myself, from the doggies / owners in question. This I did and they too were over the moon with the idea.

The doggies, Louisa was interested in writing about are Jakey (Doggie Of The Year 2001), Baggins (D.O.T.Y. 2003) and Willow (D.O.T.Y 2006).

Then in September, I received a PDF document file with the many doggie stories featured and work up to date, from the publishers and would you believe it, all 3 have been included...BRILLIANT!!!

The book, initially was due for release late November, but a new date of March 2008 is now more likely. The book will be distributed worldwide.

So congratulations to Jakey, Baggins and Willow and your fantastic owners. Your pictures and stories, will, I'm sure, inspire many people.

I am very proud and I am sure you all will be too!

Will keep you informed when the book hits the high street stores !!



Summer Raffle Results Prize & Winners



Thank you everyone for the terrific response to our raffle. Much needed funds were raised and your continued support is so much appreciated.

Below are the winners picked out of the draw.

1st Prize

A portrait of your doggie, painted in oils, kindly donated by Fay Ewins, a superb artist, her website www.trigonsys.eclipse.co.uk, which can also be found on our Links page. Thank you Fay for your kindness!!

Winner - Mr. & Mrs. Holdcroft of Wrexham

** Millie's portrait can be seen on Fay's website, see details above**

Framed Springer Picture - Mr. Morrison of Up Holland.

Framed Springer Picture - Mr. & Mrs. Hughes of Newburgh.

Framed Springer Picture - Mrs. Northwood of Surrey.

Springer Mug in Kennel - Mr. & Mrs. Delworth of Stafford.

Springer Mug in Kennel - Mr. & Mrs. Green of Blackburn.

Doggie Photo Frame - Mrs. Lane of Darwen.

Doggie Clock - Mr. & Mrs. Finnesty of Giggleswick.

Springer Bag - Ms. Holmes of Liverpool.

Framed Springer Picture - Mr. & Mrs. Moule of Scotland.

Framed Springer Picture - Mr. & Mrs. Payton of Nelson.

Framed Springer Picture - Mr. & Mrs. Clifton of Oxford.

Springer Mug in Kennel - Mr. & Mrs. Lusted of Berkshire.

Springer Money Jar - Mr. & Mrs. Barton of Stafford.

Springer Photo Frame - Mr. & Mrs. Randles of Malpas.

Doggie Clock - Mrs. Cotterill of Warwick.

Springer Bag - Mr. & Mrs. Chapman of York.

Selection of handmade Springer cards - Mr. & Mrs. Fisher of Winsford



Doggie of the year 2007



IS ??? - Jamie, our Jamie !!

Now I wouldn't normally put one of our own doggies up for this award, but it appears that the many doggies we have re-homed this year, have all been perfect and so well behaved !!! (If you know any different, then please let me know!).

So let me tell you about our Jamie.

Jamie came into rescue (Lucky, as he was called then, and as our friends have said - "He was very lucky coming to you!") last September 2006 due to his owners finding him far too much to handle! He shared his home with a Yorkie, and now, knowing Jamie, my thoughts go out to their little dog.

Lucky (Jamie), back then was 11 months old and a very big Springer.

We took him into kennels, which he absolutely hated and very stressed. He was in kennels for around two weeks until we had what we thought, a suitable home. A couple who had a female Springer, the same age, and wanted a pal for her. On the morning of adoption, Glyn went to the kennels to get Lucky, ready to meet his new owners.

Unfortunately, as he brought him out, Lucky started to fit. For those of you who have never experienced this, it is extremely distressing. The doggies collapses, shaking violently, frothing at the mouth and immediately they wee and poo, unable to control themselves. This lasted (in Lucky's case) about 1-2 minutes. It is advised not to touch them, but to reassure them, talking to them and obviously make sure that they are not in danger, i.e. likely to fall, perhaps downstairs (they can bite while fitting, not knowing what they are doing).

Once Lucky came to, Glyn immediately took him to the vets, and we were told it was an Epileptic attack. They gave us all the information and advise, and said it may or may not happen again, and unless he has an attack between 4-6 weeks, no medication is required.

Lucky went back to kennels, where his new owners were awaiting. We told them exactly what had happened and they assured us that they didn't see this as a problem.

Lucky went off with them, along with their female Springer, but less than 24 hours later they rang us to say, they just couldn't cope!!

He was totally uncontrollable, wouldn't listen to any commands, running around the house at 100 miles per hour!! And was terrorizing their other Springer!!

"We have to bring him back" was their cry. Whilst on their return, we decided, best not to take him back to kennels (we are never too sure whether the stress, brought this Epileptic attack on, some doggies just do not cope well in kennels).

So we brought him back to our home, to assess him and see exactly what he was like in a home environment.

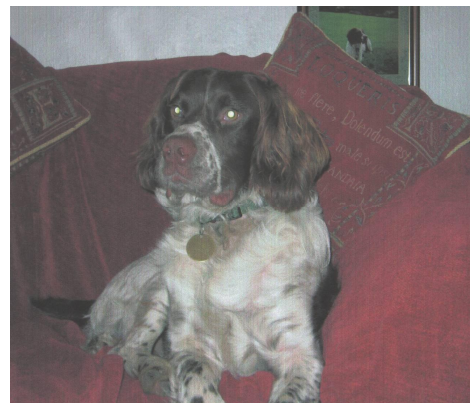
At first he seemed quite subdued and somewhat wary of our Springer's, we have all boys. After the first few days, we could see he was a handful!!

At first he tried to "boss" our boys - big mistake!! They were having none of it and we certainly were not allowing that behavior under no circumstances.

So he was put in his place on that score straight away! He use to run around the house at around 100 miles per hour, thinking all furniture was a trampoline!! He howled when left alone, even though our other boys were there, but he soon overcome that, as the vast majority of time, they are never left.

He would rip wallpaper off the walls, shredded throw-overs in seconds, chewed anything he could lay his paws, a total nightmare in the car. Generally behaving like a puppy (A very BIG puppy!!), even though he was 11 months old and we honestly think he probably never experienced a puppyhood as everything and everyone seemed "new" to him.

When out for our walks, he would run up to people and jump up at them, nearly bowling them over and every dog he met, he would try and bully , not nastily, just try and frighten them.



His only good point at this stage was his recall, he returned on command immediately. Both Glyn and I said "how can we re-home this little monkey (or words to that effect), and put all this onto someone else". Of course by this time, even with all his naughtiness, we had fallen in love with him. We decided we would adopt him.

We changed his name to Jamie, which he picked up within a couple of hours.

After he had been with us for 8 weeks, Jamie had another fit. Very distressing. Off to the vets, who checked him, again telling us due to the time in between each attack, no medication was required.

It has been 11 months since the last attack and "thank god" he has not had another.

Jamie has improved in his behavior tremendously, but is still a "handful" and our friends and ourselves have awarded him an A.S.B.O. We have had the great pleasure of sharing our lives with Springer's for the past 23 years, and, through rescue meeting and re-homing hundreds upon hundreds, but have never met one like our Jamie - bless him!!

Jamie is now a much loved member of our family and we love him to bits!!, his brothers think he's O.K. too!!

Our Cuthbert (Cuffy to his friends) is his best buddie! George and Robbie just try to ignore him!....and Raglan, well he still has his reservations!! He often rings Springer Rescue but they are always engaged!!!!



Previous "Doggie of the Year" Award Winners



We started "Doggie of the Year" back in 1999, here are our previous winners.



STANLEY & MITCHELL
CHRISTMAS
1999



FRANKIE
SUMMER
2000



BEN
CHRISTMAS 2000



JAKHEY
SUMMER



ZAK
CHRISTMAS
2001



ANGUS
SUMMER 2002



TRAVIS
CHRISTMAS
2002



BAGGINS
SUMMER 2003



ROSIE
CHRISTMAS
2003



RAFFLES
CHRISTMAS
2004



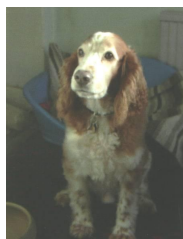
JACK
CHRISTMAS
2005



BEN
CHRISTMAS
2005



STANLEY
CHRISTMAS 2006



WILLOW
CHRISTMAS
2006





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 : -

HUGO CROFT
 DELLA LASHAM
 SALLY LETHAM
 GEORGE MILLER
 MILO HOUGHTON
 SIR BOOBY LYNCH-COWDREY
 LITTLE JESS
 BRYN VOUTE

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.



Peover Game Fair 2007



Many, many thanks to everyone who braved the appalling weather conditions and came to Peover Game Fair.
 It didn't just rain!! It was a total downpour - ALL DAY!!

We have attended this show for the past 10 years and have never experienced weather quite like it!!

A total mud bath!! As regards to fund raising, it was quite disastrous, but to see so many of our rescued Springer's with their incredible owners just made our day perfect.

Thank you and lets hope for good weather next year. We'll be there, god willing, and I'm sure you will be there too.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT!!!!

(Hey! What's a bit of rain!!!!!!)





Tails of a Springer



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

It has been a while now since we came up to Wigan to collect Charlie, oh how the time has flown! In fact it's been 9 months.

Charlie has blossomed into a very beautiful dog, he is loyal and very loving and is always eager to please, we haven't for one moment regretted the decision to have another dog, not even so close to losing our other beautiful Spaniels last year. He will never replace them, but within a few hours of coming to live in Drybrook, he had warmed himself completely into both of our hearts, and we love him as deeply as we have all our other dogs. He is so full of energy and just loves his walks each day in the forest covering miles each time, he covers at least 3-4 miles for every 1 of ours, it was quite a shock to realize just how old and slow the others had got over the last few years.

He loves to be groomed and to have a bath which was just as well as he desperately needed both when we picked him up, and he will let you clean his teeth as well - we always ended rugby tackling our other dogs to pin them down for a brush and if they got an inkling that a bath was on the cards you would have to dig them out from under a bush in the garden! And then at the earliest opportunity they would find something revolting to roll in. Training him not to pull when on the lead is an ongoing problem but he is nowhere near as bad as he was, he will however walk for miles to heel if you ask him to. He has responded well to a whistle and so is now trained up and comes back immediately, this I have to say is somewhat of a novelty for us because in the 23 years that we have had spaniels he is the first to come back when we want him to rather than when they deem the time is right, even when he sniffed out a herd of about 20 deer and initially

chased them after a minute or two he reappeared much to Rob's and my amazement. This however may be due to the fact that only 3 weeks after we had collected him he went missing in the wood for 4 hours, this I must say was a major incident in my life, second only to the final two visits that we had undertaken to the vets with Rags and Muffin earlier on in the year. I had to summon Rob home 30 miles from work and the world and their neighbours were recruited into the search party including the local dog warden, vets and local police!

No stone was left unturned, the worst part of the whole escapade was the fact that I had driven to a different part of the forest with him for the first time, so he knew that he couldn't have found his way home, it would be fair to say I was devastated but on about the 10th trip back to the car, found him lay asleep underneath it! Rob choose this moment to turn up and find both of us sat in a big muddy heap on the kerb, both of us howling, both of us exhausted, stressed, and relieved to have found each other. All this and the fact I had mump as well at the time!, it took us both days to recover from the trauma, and I must say in these times when the police come in for so much criticism, the Gloucestershire police did contact us at 21.30 hrs on this day to see if he had turned up and was then officially taken of their missing list.

He took several months to venture into water whilst out walking, even skirting around the puddles, this we found rather bewildering to say the least as all of the other dogs would not keep out of the stuff! But he got bolder of the last month or two, and has gone from large puddles to now getting in streams and ponds, it took him a while to build up his confidence and he is not too sure when out of his depth and does start to panic and so instead of a graceful glide through the water, he lifts both of his front legs out of the water and then slaps his splayed out paws down onto the surface of the water as if he is boxing and has an expression somewhere between panic and amazement.

Charlie has now accrued a whole box full of soft and squeaky toys and he loves and cherishes all of them, and plays for hour on end each day with them, but must still bring you either a slipper, shoe or boot each time you come in even if you only nip outside to the dustbin, so it is an endless search each time you are ready to go out you have to search the entire house to find a matching pair. I think this is his cunning to delay our departure for a long as he can. He still suffers from a separation complex and on some occasions will howl and fret when we initially leave, he is not left on his own too much and we always leave the radio on for company, and even though we are semi-detached, the neighbours have not had a problem with him and tell us he soon will settle down. It only took him a couple of weeks to get into this routine of us going to work and to know the times that we would come back. He has a good walk before we go and as soon as we come back and so is quite happy with that, on the few evenings that we have both had to go out, probably about 4 or 5 in all of these months, our neighbour has come in to see him and has taken him around to his place, and we arrive home to find an empty house and him having the time of his life with the neighbours two other dogs a few doors away.

I must say all of our other dogs have always been very much my dogs, always with me wherever I was in the house, but Charlie is very much a man's dog and will choose Rob's company over mine every time, so I do have my nose frequently pushed out of joint, especially as he can curl up for hours on the sofa with me, then as soon as Rob shows his face I don't get a second look, and I must say I think that there is an element of point scoring from the husband on the other sofa, who had suffered the same reaction most of the last 23 years from the other dogs. We did promise you some photo's of Charlie as soon as he had settled down, but this has been easier said than done, we were not taking into account that we would just have some nice scenery with a blur in front of it! Trying to get him to slow down long enough to get a quality photograph is an impossible task, but we will keep trying and enclose a few that we have managed to get. We are off on holiday camping in our folding caravan at the end of June with him and I cant wait to see how he reacts to this adventure I think he will love it!

Can we thank you for considering us worthy to adopt such a wonderful beautiful dog. We will treasure, care, love and look after Charlie as long as he and we have breaths in our bodies to do so. It is a responsibility that we have always taken seriously and will continue to do so.

Ann & Rob Evans



Tails of a Springer



Hi Glyn,

It's me, a lovely Springer Spaniel re-homed just after the new year. You probably remember my name was "Jack" but my new family has given me a new first name, so I'm now known as "Tyler Jack". I think it has a very posh ring to it and like it very much.

I have been a very busy boy with my new family. I have been totally re-house trained because you can probably remember I used to be a very nervous puppy and constantly piddling all over the place, all of the time. My new family are very kind to me and have helped me to start enjoying my life in my new home in the country. My new big sister doggie "Lizzie" (but she is littler than me! And bosses me about so I have to be careful what I say about her) was very sad when I first came to stay. She told me all about the big brother Springer Spaniel doggie she had lost, but even so, she took me around the house and my new back garden, showing me all the fun places to get into mischief. I really like her and now we are firmly best buddies.

Apparently, from my history prior to being re-homed, it would appear I never used to get regular walks, but now I am walking everyday, with Lizzie, in our forest at the end of our lane. I have been learning to walk properly on the lead with a harness, without pulling my daddy off his feet. At first I really did not understand why I could not run free either, but my daddy then started to teach me some recall lessons and then some basic obedience commands. I saw Lizzie obeyed these commands so I thought I'd better begin to follow suit. And guess what?? Just this week I started being allowed off my lead in our forest and am putting into practice my newly learnt skills.

Both my new owners daddy and mummy, say that Lizzie and I look very happy together running around the forest and the garden. I still do not have the full run of the family home yet, because I still have the odd "accident" here and there, but I do get to explore the majority of it, and I'm working hard still to be a good boy indoors.

Do you remember I was missing a big canine front tooth, and that I had suffered a fractured jaw in my puppyhood before being re-homed?

Well I have a friendly lady vet who has checked me over and has told me that everything is ok, and that I'm a lucky boy. I think she liked me because I conned her out of three treats the last time I visited her. I only piddled on her once and my family all went BRIGHT RED so I think I will not be doing this again the next time, I'm still only a puppy right?

I have enclosed a few pictures, the one just of me was on my 1st birthday and the other is me with my sister doggie Lizzie. I am so happy here and very content; I have a much better quality of life now, and a family who love me dearly. I cant wag my tail any harder to show my appreciation and love back, otherwise it will fall off!

Thank you Glyn for finding me my new home with a kind family and a new play pal called Lizzie. I know Lizzie would like to thank you also, as we are now two very happy Springer's once more.

A VERY BIG WOOF, WOOF with wet doggies noses too.

Love Tyler Jack aged 1, and Lizzie aged 3 ½, The Lusted family x x x

Hi Wendy & Glyn,

Sorry I've taken so long to write, my new family have kept me so busy. We have been to the beech, to the farmers market and long walks in the countryside as they say I have to lose some weight, must be working, collar is getting looser. Not been hard to train them, but sometimes you have to show them two or three times before they understand, but they are getting quicker (just needs patience).

Have decided, new family, new name. I am now called Leo! As it is easier for them. I have sent you some pictures of my new adventures, Rory only in one (says he is camera shy), I think he is away stealing the biscuits....but....don't tell them about the photo of me on Lauren's bed please!

Woof Woof till next time

Leo xx





Tails of a Springer



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

It's been a while since I have been able to put pen to paper, so many apologies. Life is very busy since I left your care. I have been with my mum now for 5 years and it's my birthday soon, gone has the straggly underweight pathetic pup that you had in your kennels and I am now a handsome dog! I still look like a puppy and everyone still thinks I am a girl due to me being really cute! Mum soon puts them right though. We live on the South Coast and have access to 'Jake's Beech'; well that's what I call it. I love swimming and spend most of my walks we have, neck deep in water. I have been known to swim from our house to Portchester Castle and back.

Life is great; we have been exploring the local surrounding area and have found many new walks and places to see (we only moved here 2 years ago). I have 3 beds in the house to choose from, one in the lounge for the evenings, one in the dining room for night times, and one on the upstairs landing when I fancy a change. My dad says I'm spoilt, and I tend to agree with him. I do still have a few problems, particularly with people I do not know and fluorescent jackets, but I am learning not to chase the Conservative Candidate down the path! (Mum still chuckles over that one and apparently she did not vote for him based on my objections!).

Recently I have found a new friend, his name is Ollie. He is a Collie dog and much bigger than me. His mum was 'expecting' but I was not sure what that meant. My mum was walking Ollie as his mum was so fat she couldn't walk, she is looking better now and her tummy has all gone, and she has managed to find herself a pup that cries a lot.

Ollie and I love to swim, he goes out further than me (I like to be able to get onto dry land occasionally) and he is the biggest baby when we go out in the car. He cannot even manage to jump into the back on his own! Mum just laughs at him and I must say I do too, but I do enjoy his company. He is never awake when we go out first thing in the morning, lay pup! But we do walk him when Mum gets home.

Hope you are all well and very glad to read that you have not had too many dogs for re-homing, my mum was extremely lucky to find me when I was in your care.

TTFN and will write again soon

Jake xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

(Jo and Paul Hickey)

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Thank you for the Newsletter, Jasper had to have it read to him as he is nearly blind now.

He sends his love and wants you to know the sight thing does not stop him from having lots of lovely walks and holidays. As I have now retired we have more holidays in Wales and go to areas Jasper remembers and enjoys. Although Jasper is not 11 years old until Christmas his health has not been good, his hearing is non-existent, but his nose still works!

Our daughter has a dog at Christmas, a Tibetan Terrier called George and he comes to stay quite a bit when our daughter's work takes her away. George has given Jasper new life and they love one another, George climbs into bed with Jasper, which I must say Jasper tolerates him. We have never had a small dog before and would have preferred another Springer to a feisty Terrier, however, Jasper thinks he is great and they are good company for one another. Jasper has just told me to tell you he has to take George down a peg or two as his Daddy "Fabulous Willy" won Crufts best in show this year and George thinks he is something special. Jasper says this is not as good as being born a Springer!!!

Best Wishes

Maureen Williams



Tails of a Springer



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Hello, it's me, Oscar, the skinny, very lively little five month old who left Barbara last October for a new life in Oxford with Liza and Michael Clifton. Well, I am now just over a year old - we have fixed my birthday for 1st May - still very lively and still what the vets calls "a bit underweight". I eat lots and lots and lots, but I like running around so much that I burn it all off.

Anyway, despite all that, don't you think I look good? And I am good too, well most of the time that is, although I do have my little lapses of memory, especially when it comes to not using Master's shoes for chewing practice - I find them quite delicious - or not running upstairs to jump on their bed. We have a very exciting garden; there is a big wild bit at the bottom where I can hide and spend ages sniffing around for Mr. Fox and I also help by telling the birds to keep away from the netting fruit cages, although yesterday I must have got a bit too enthusiastic about this because Mistress found the frame and netting over the gooseberry bushes all in a jumble. Somehow she thought it was my fault, but I was only trying to help with my usual Springer joyfulness, honestly I was.

However, for all their faults I must say they are good on exercise; every day after breakfast Mistress and I go either to the parks where I run with many friends I meet there or into the fields alongside the river, which is extra good as it means I can have a swim. And like all spaniels, I love swimming although I am not too keen on the waves so I am a bit wary of the sea when we go to Norfolk coast, although I love the rest of it as they take me for long walks in the woods and on the miles of beech where, if I ask nicely - and I am very good at asking nicely - I can persuade them to play ball with me.

So all in all, life is good here. Sometimes they go away without me, when this happens I go to a lovely kennels where I can watch rabbits hopping around the lake and have a good rest so that I am ready to rush around once again when they return. Mistress says it's the only time I put on any weight!

Well, I have sat still for ever so long writing to you, so I will send you fond licks and dash outside as I feel a need for a scurry round the garden coming on.

Oscar

PS. Mistress read me you House Rules for Dogs.....Hmmm.....

Dear Glyn, Wendy & everyone at Springer Rescue,

Jack and Holly here with an update on how well we are behaving!! Well Sometimes. Since we last wrote, we or I have been sorting the garden again to my liking, mum and I have a truce now and it seems to be working okay. I help her now and again with plant pots etc. and the odd plant she ahs just planted but on the whole I'm doing a grand job. Holly is very prissy and doesn't do anything wrong, so it's down to me to liven things up. I have had one or two accidents, none MY fault, first I went through a hedge and ripped my ear, nobody told me I had to find a gap first, that was a visit to that nice vet, she put staples in my ear and I never flinched, mum said I was a brave boy, then a few weeks later, in another hedgerow, I got a thorn in my pad. Another trip to the vet, this time she couldn't get it out so I had to be put to sleep so she could get it out, that meant lead walks for several days and I wanted to get running about. I leave Holly standing when I get going running around the fields. We are off to Cornwall on holiday in July, so I will send some photos of us away, and we will be coming to see you at Peover again this year.

Holly and I are glad we were placed with mum and dad, we have them eating out of our paws, I know mum carries a few biscuits in her pocket just for us, I have to nudge the pocket now and again, just to remind her they are there and for us.

Well I think I have told you our news for the time being.

See you soon,

Jack, Holly.....and not forgetting mum and dad (Glenda & Austin)





Tails of a Springer

Wet Moments With Maddie

We went to Peover
To the game fair
Nobody knew who would be there

I'd had my coat brushed
To look my best
But I'm sure that I sadly failed the test

Becks the lab came along with us
We sat in the back
His coat was brushed too, a shiny black

It rained, boy it rained
The mud was so deep
My mistress had trouble to stay on her feet

We found the "tent"
Glyn and Wendy in store
We stepped inside while it rained some more

There were Springer's inside
And some in the show
Outside, on guard, (one with an ASBO)

I had mud in my ears
And mud in my toes
Both my owners had mud all over their clothes

And when I looked around
I was happy to see
Everyone looked in the same state as me

The fair would be good
Without all the rain
With so much to see, we must come again

We all went home
In quite a good cheer
Looking forward to this time again, next year!



Tails of a Springer



Hi everyone It's me - Rosie!

First of all, sorry for not posting the raffle tickets off in time for the summer draw - I kept telling Sharon, but she's useless at 'springing' into action. She's a professional 'pile shuffler' you see - picks letters and stuff and puts them on different piles until she has lots of different stacks and then (and only then), does she do something about them. Honestly, she really is quite useless at organizing things (apart from birthday parties, I keep asking when I can have another party, but she is insistent that I have to wait until September again) Between you and me, I think it's cause she has all the invitations 'buried' beneath one of her piles!

I was having a lovely start to the early summer. Due to the warm weather in April and May the neighbours like to leave their doors open to let the fresh air (and Rosie) in. Oh I do love the summer time - lots of BBQ's to be tidied up around, lots of open doors - meaning loads of 'Rosie raids' into kitchens. I like the notoriety that's attached to being Turn Villages answer to Ned Kelly.

For a large girl I'm surprisingly swift of paw and know intuitively which neighbour has left a gate or door open, then it's a 'Rosie raid' straight into the kitchen or BBQ. I'm like a coiled spring! In - Snaffle - Out! Before they can say "what was that", I'm making my exit back to my own house before anyone suspects. So, novice grub grabbers remember Rosie's top tip: In - Snaffle - Out!

Righty ho, enough of my secrets 'cause a girls got to keep some mystery'. Me, Jessie and Megan are due another 'spa day' soon. You know, clip, bath and smelly stuff. I don't mind the towel down afterwards, but I am not too happy with the bath stuff AND she's gone and bought us some doggie perfume (I think it's not so much 'doggie' but 'dodgy'). Top tip two: After bath time, roll in something nice!

Got to go now, cause Ziggy has walked past our house and with any luck her minder will have left the kitchen door open. In - Snaffle - Out.

Bye for now

Love you loads, Rosie xx

Hi Glyn, Wendy & all the silly Springer Lovers!

Jerry here, just thought it was time that I gave you a little progress report. I used to be called Bobby but I didn't really respond well to my name, so my new owners (who are nearly as bonkers as me) renamed me Jerry....yes after Jerry Springer....get it? That's how silly they are.

Anyway I began my life as a southern spaniel, but now am a northern lad living in Lancashire with a new little mate Tilly Trotster and I am soooooo happy. I had been shut in a lot and not walked very much when I was Booby, so I do have to admit I was REALLY badly behaved when I was rescued to live up north.

My new mummy and daddy had just lost their other little Springer boy called Wilber who they loved so much, I thought I had better buck my ideas up a bit and try and be good. I bite a bit and have no patience, but I am really lovely so together with lots of training and treats, we are really getting somewhere. I have nearly stopped the biting and just love my routine that I'm in, and lots of love 'n' treats.

Happy days eh ????

So thanks a million Glyn and Wendy for helping me find my 'home for life'.

Lots of woof 'n' kisses,

Jerry xxxxxxxxxxx



Tails of a Springer



Who called me a Donkey??

Dear Auntie Barbara and Uncle Paul,

At last I have got my dad to put paw to paper for me, to send you some news so here it goes.

Firstly I would like to thank you both for finding me a wonderful home and a lovely dad for me. Last August 2006, and I couldn't be happier now.

Dad and I took to each other Big Time (Me Big) and after leaving Bury he talked to me all the way to my new home at Selby - A long, long way. When I got there and went through the front door I knew I was home, there was even a big bowl of water and some biscuits waiting for me - Delicious!. I settled in straight away and I have enjoyed every minute since, I have a nice big back garden that I can Gallop about in, it's great.

My dad is a real 'doggie dad' and we love each other to bits, we enjoy nice long walks in the countryside and see allsorts of wildlife, what more could one ask for (I hop I'm not making the Gang of Bury feel jealous, as I know they like my dad as well). I am glad I was the real lucky one. Think its time to put my nose in the dish again, then have a game of Catch-me-if-you-can with dad in the garden and have a good bark at him.

Must go now (as I have just seen a cat) and say a BIG, BIG thank you to all at Springer Spaniel Rescue for making me so happy and contented.

Lots of Licks

From Kyle (Big Boy)

Hiya Glyn,

I hope you remember me, it's Misty. I never actually met you last May, I went to stay with my Auntie Barbara, but you spoke to my mummy Julie, who then adopted me after you kindly put her in touch with Barbara. I've been with my mummy for exactly 1 year now, I have a sister called Katie, and even a daddy. I'm really happy, and I get loads of love and cuddles from everyone, but especially my mummy, who lets me snuggle up to her on her bed.

We go on lots of nice walks, I love it especially at Lytham St. Anne's beech. I can run for miles there, and play in the sand. Wherever there is water I always go and have a swim. I'm so happy, and so are my family, they adore me, even though I like emptying the bin in the kitchen!! They have given me a lovely home, and mummy says I've given her so much happiness in just 1 year.

I also go on my holidays to Auntie Barbara's, I had the pleasure in sleeping next to Sir Robert, when I stayed in April. I do miss Auntie Barbara, she will always be special, coz she made me feel so much better, when I came to be re-homed. Uncle Paul has a very comfy briefcase too!!

I wanted to send lots of puppy hugs and licks to you, Wendy and Barbara, and my mummy cant thank Springer Spaniel Rescue enough.

Love Misty xxxxx





Tails of a Springer



Hi Glyn and Wendy,

It's Monty and the team from South Wales, sorry it's taken so long to put paw to paper but being nine months old it's hard to write, so Dad is to help me this time. Let me start by thanking you and Wendy for finding me the perfect home with Nick, Helen, Milo, Maddie and Poppy. I think I have landed on all four paws. My sisters and brother are great fun and we play all day together, I think I'm in love with Maddie but we are keeping it casual for the moment. Mummy and Daddy are looking for a new home for us all, maybe they are thinking of having a little brother or sister for me to play with. Anyway that enough about them, back to me. Daddy and I are great together, we have to sleep downstairs at the moment because I have little accidents, but I think the real reason is that mum snores all night. Dad said we will go upstairs soon to sleep with the girls (I cant wait).

We are all going on two weeks holiday down a long road to a place called Cornwall (squizzel land), Milo says he's been down to squizzel land more than ten time, but he will never forget his first holiday with me. Mum and Dad have great fun chasing me around the house when I steal things from the kitchen or mum's underwear. As I'm getting bigger I can reach all the good home cooked food that mum put's at the back of the worktops. I think I must be very fit because I steal mum and dad's vitamins, but I cant get them out of the plastic thing...I hate child-proof tops.

Well I got to go out now, dad needs a walk.

Hope to see you soon

Love Monty

PS. Lots of kisses from Poppy and Maddie

PPS. Hope you like the pictures, more to come....

Dear Glyn, Wendy & Barbara,

Thank you so much for our first copy of the Springer Spaniel Rescue newsletter, we are sorry that Robbie has not stopped long enough to put paw to paper! I promise he will very soon. His new mummy and daddy, Allan & I just can't believe our luck that such a wonderful doggie came into our lives. He has settled into Scotland very well and seem to understand us okay. Every morning he has a walk along our beech and meets lots of people, dogs and children, whom he loves especially if he thinks they are going to throw stones into the water.

Most afternoons he walks in the Glen - hills, brush, water, long grass with lots of other doggie friends and their owners. He has put on the few pounds he needed and at he has vet visit this week for his boosters. My vet is delighted with him. At home he has a bed in the kitchen, living room and our bedroom, so depending on where we are depends on where he is! We know he came from a home where he was loved, trained and well played with and we are grateful that they were caring enough to have him re-homed. They and you can be assured that Robbie is loved and a very important member of our family.

Best wishes

Lorna & Allan x





Tails of a Springer



Hi Glyn and Wendy,

Now that I have been with my mum and dad for a year, I thought I would write to you by letter rather than email to let you know how I've been getting on.

I settled into my new home from day one, making it my own. Everyone comments on my wagging tail so they know how happy I am, and I have made friends both doggie and human. I've had several short breaks away with mum and dad to the Dales and to the coast and also St. Helen's (not far from you!!) to stay with my mum's brother for a few days. Wherever I go, I get thoroughly spoilt and fussed over, as is only right.

I have lovely walks here in my village - we only have to go out of the front door and we're in the country, raking through woods, rambling along the lanes or running madly through the cornfields. You should see me when I'm springing across fields with ears, tail and tongue flying. I'm enclosing a photo of me doing just that which I hope you like. My dad has taken a good photograph as you can see, and mum like it so much that she's framed an enlarged copy of it and it's hanging in the hall. In fact everywhere I look there are photos of gorgeous me. I've done really well on my 6-week agility course and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Seesaws, tunnels, dog walks, jumps, and a massive A frame. Nothing is too much or too difficult for me! I loved it so much that mum and dad have signed up for another 5 weeks for me starting in the autumn.

I'm pretty obedient but when I get the sniff of a pheasant then I'm off and mum and dad might as well save their breath (which they do). But I always come straight back and when I do I always receive lots of praise and a tasty treat. I have several other hobbies apart from chasing things, one of which is helping mum and dad dig the garden (hence I'm banished from the vegetable plot). I'm also very protective of my territory but if mum and dad say it's okay for a visitor to come in then I'm very friendly and will take my toys to them (not my favorite ones though). My favorite toy babbles at me, it drives me bonkers. Sometimes mum and dad hide it from me in the house or garden, but I always find it - I'm a Springer! (or as someone once said, a nose on four legs!).

Mum and dad say that I've really enriched their lives and they would like you to accept the enclosed donation to help other Springer who like me, find themselves in need of care and finding a new home.

Hope all is well with you both and all the dogs.

Love and woofs

From Jack (and mum & dad too)

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Max the mad here! I have to say my picture featured in the newsletter was great to see. I showed my step brother Todd but he didn't seem to be too interested. He's a big softy - not the slightest bit enthusiastic about being the center of attention - well I suppose that's why I feel the need to compensate for him and really make everyone notice me at every opportunity.

When I last wrote I had just released thousands of plastic balls held in a cage at a small recycling depot near our house - well the company has gone and moved! No fun at all on walks!

Anyway, I decided that I'd check out the local town the other week. We'd just returned from a very long walk over the hills with mum and she and Todd were obviously tired. Mum thought that the front door was shut when she took my lead off, and I'd already been working on lulling her into a false sense of security, you know keep going back to her when she called and sitting patiently when she tells me to. (I'd been building up to this for weeks before I decided upon my escape for adventure - well she never takes me shopping and all the windows in the shops look really interesting).

There was my chance - a 2 inch gap just big enough to get my nose into and push open the door - I was off. I sat on the hill behind the bush for a few minutes watching everyone frantically run round looking for me. Mum shouted but I pretended not to hear. Dad got in his car and starting driving round to all the usual places we go for walks. Mum continued to call me. When the coast was clear I made a dash over the field and found my way to the shops. I had a great time looking in all the shop windows and was really getting the hang of it, when some young chap caught my collar and took me through a doorway.

Continued over page.....



Tails of a Springer



The room had a funny smell that I knew and a man put me into a cage. I heard a young girl phone my mum and minutes later she arrived at the vets to pick me up - I didn't even have to walk home. I thought she'd be furious with me but I soon gave her one of those "butter wouldn't melt in my mouth" looks and she was soon patting me. Anyway I'm not going to do it again - those shops didn't have a single thing to fit me!

I help mum in the garden a lot, and Todd and I have our own paddling pool to jump in when it gets too hot. Just lately, things have really got interesting. All mum's flowers are budding. So that mum doesn't have to work too hard at the clearing up, I bite all the flower heads off and eat them, sometimes even just before you can see what colour they are.

The other week, mum put hundreds of seeds in trays and put sticks in each pot with writing on. I thought it looked a bit untidy myself so I pulled out all the sticks and placed them in a big pile on the patio. Now mum says it's my fault she's planted spinach in the hanging baskets! She also planted some potatoes but I thought she'd just forgot where she buried them in a few weeks, so I dug them all up for her and put them back in the bucket. She obviously appreciates all my hard work because now she tells me she doesn't need my help in the garden anymore and sends me to bed for a snooze or gives me a bone to chew on when she goes into the greenhouse.

The other weekend my mum and dad went on a little holiday and left one of my bigger brothers in charge. He was great and let us sleep on the sofa's and everything. We had loud music on and he shared his crisp and biscuits with me and Todd. He's sworn me to secrecy though and I've not got to tell mum!

Anyway love to you both

Mad Max xxxxx





Tails of a Springer



Dear Wendy,

Sorry I have attempted this 12 times today, I just cant' seem to find the words as everything is so raw at the moment.
My darling Bobby words will never be enough to say how much we miss you.

Love Barbara Lynch-Cowdrey x x

A Poem for Bobby

To doggy heaven I have come.
I call out "where's my mum?".
Then I hear a voice say.
Bobby, Bobby stay!!.

Through the clouds I see a shadow.
Tall and blond, and handsome too.
Then I notice a familiar face.
It's Grandad Lynch going such a pace.
He's trying to keep us with Lassie, Timber, Lucy, Taffy and some duck called Daffy.

"I'll care for you my old mate", says Grandad Lynch as if it's his fate.
Together we will walk and have some fun.
Daffy the duck, didn't half run.

So Mum and Dad, you need not worry.
I'll like it here, have no fear.
Lot's of dinner and naps, free from Sheena and her snaps.

I'll miss you all, that is true.
But what a good life I had with you.
So for now, it's goodbye as we old one's romp in the sky.

Tomorrow will be bright as you will see.
My star with Grandad's.
Taffy's, Timber's.
Timmy's and Lucy's.
A perfect combination are us five to light up the sky like never before.

R.I.P. SIR BOBBY LYNCH-COWDREY
13/08/1992 - 21/11/2007

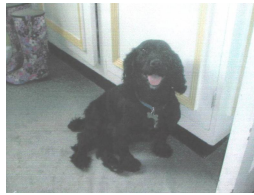




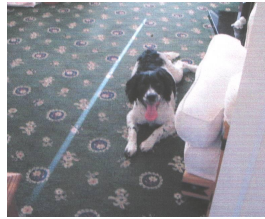
Gallery Page



CHARLIE



CILLA



CHARLIE



JERRY



DAISY & SKIPPER



MONTY,
MADDIE &
POPPY



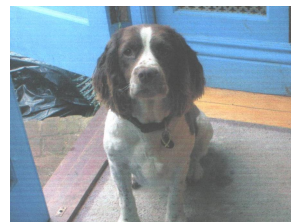
ROBBIE



LEO



MERRY



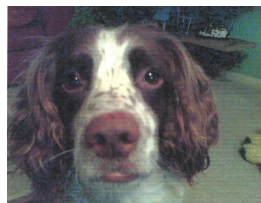
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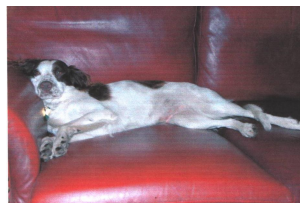
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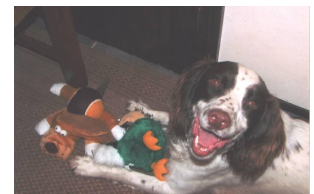
DAISY & BUSTER



SAM



DAISY



TYLER-JACK