



SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE



SEASONS GREETINGS TO EVERYONE!!!

Where has this year gone? They always say "Time flies when you're having fun", and we sincerely hope you are all happy, healthy and looking forward to the festive season. We have had a "mixed bag" of events since our last update. Periods of extremely busy and then relatively quiet. But all in all, we have placed many doggies in their wonderful forever homes, and we thank you!!!!



Muffin - Doggie of the year 2009

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

WENDY'S CORNER 1

As our regular readers will know, our winter newsletter has our 'Doggie of the year' award. And this year, the great honor goes to Muffin, please read his wonderful story on page 3.

SUMMER RAFFLE & SPRINGER SNIPETS 2

As always, we thank you for your letters, emails and pictures, along with your kind and generous donations.

DOGGIE OF THE YEAR 3

But a moan again!! - we would really like more email stories and piccies from your amazing doggies - now I

I'LL REMEMBER 6

know they all have hectic busy lives, but ½ hour on the computer before bedtime!! , isn't too much to ask!!!! Come on....."paws to keyboard" please!!! - Hey that could be a new command, got a sort of ring to it (don't you think?).

PET'S TEN COMMANDMENTS 7

Our many thanks to all our readers for their continued support and I (or should I say we, Glyn & myself) would like to say a big thank you to our terrific team, who do an amazing job for SSR.

SPRINGER TAILS' 8

We hope you enjoy your newsletter and please, keep sending your stories or if any of you have any idea's for our future newsletters, I would be delighted to hear them.

GALLERY 13

Wishing you all a wonderful Christmas and a healthy & happy new year.

From Wendy & Glyn, and the 'A' Team...Joan, David, Barbara, Paul, Timber, Keely, Mark, The Girls, Tom, Fiona, Craig, Derek, Eva, Joe, Trevor, and Judy.

All enquiries please contact:

Glyn & Wendy Griffiths

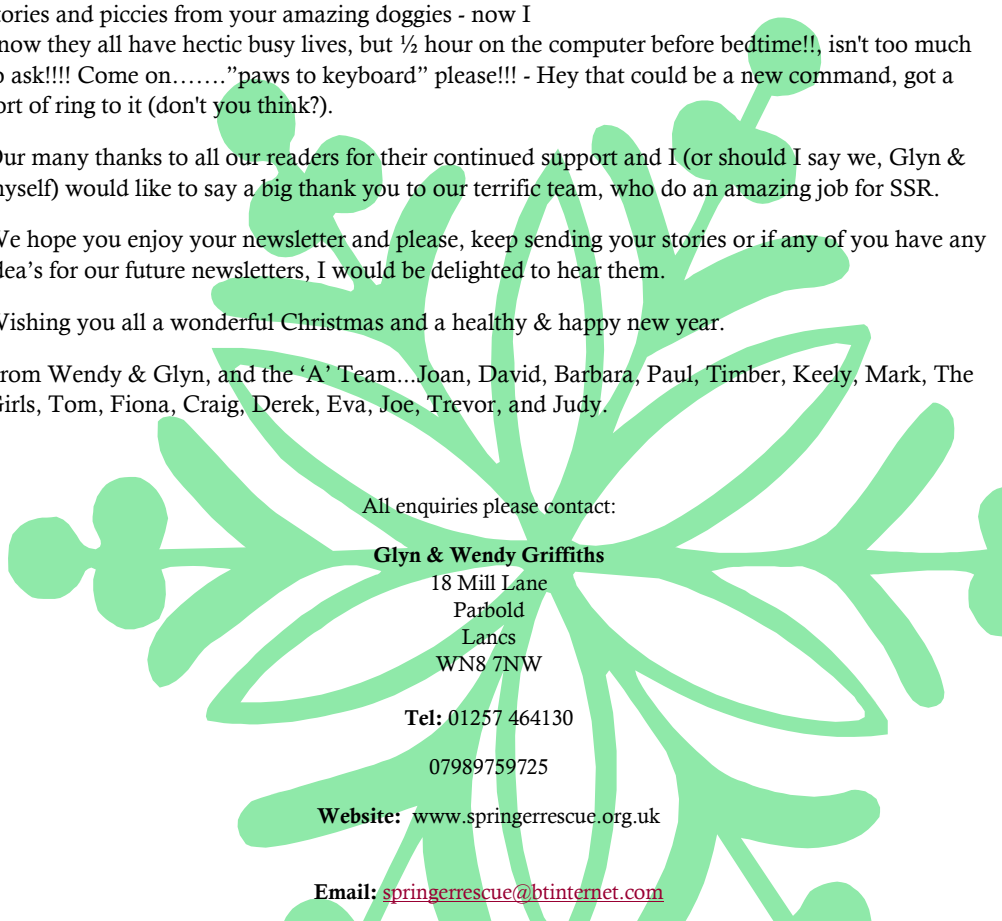
18 Mill Lane
Parbold
Lancs
WN8 7NW

Tel: 01257 464130

07989759725

Website: www.springerrescue.org.uk

Email: springerrescue@btinternet.com



SUMMER RAFFLE - PRIZES AND WINNERS

Thank you to everyone who gave their support to our raffle, below are the winners and their prizes. Well done !!!!

1st Prize - An oil painted portrait of their doggie - Mr & Mrs Sinclair of Carnforth

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Evans of Gloucester

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Dennett of Burton in Lonsdale

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr Haddock of Warwickshire

Springer Salt & Pepper Set - Mr & Mrs Bromley of Bacup

Springer Shoulder Bag - Mrs Parkington of Darwen

Springer Peg Bag - Cheryle Barrow of Gloucestershire

Springer Tea Cosy - Mr & Mrs Needham of Derbyshire

Springer Tea Cosy - Mr & Mrs Croucher of Argyll

Springer Towel Set - Mr & Mrs Barham of Essex

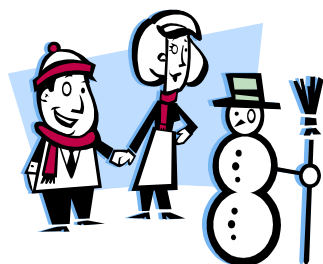
Springer China Doggie Plate - Mrs Payne of Newton-le-willows

Springer Bag - Mr & Mrs Crouch of Sussex

**1st Prize kindly painted by Fay Ewins - an amazing artist. Please visit her website;
Wwww.trigonsys.eclipse.co.uk**

SPRINGER SNIPETS

- Don't mess with hedgehogs!!
- Attack the vacuum cleaner, but be wary of lawnmowers!!
- Don't let people blame YOU when THEY fart!!
- Sleep in a thoroughfare!!
- Treat teddy bears with the contempt they deserve!!
- Avoid marking your territory on a prickly bush!!
- Live up to being "man's best friend"
- Beware the vet with the thermometer!!
- Always have an alibi!!
- Know the sound of the fridge door!!
- If you want to be a successful gundog don't eat the game!!
- Know when it's unwise to "push your luck"!!
- Ensure Father Christmas doesn't miss you out!!



"A dog will be your friend for always and always and always"

Rudyard Kipling

DOGGIE OF THE YEAR 2009

Back to work!

Tom and I met Muffin as a result of internet dating. We had adopted Rosie 4 months before from Springer Rescue and, during our holiday in Australia where we all missed her terribly, decided we needed a companion dog. Returning on Sunday, that evening Tom was emailing Glyn to let him know we were searching again and by Wednesday I was looking at the website. There was this cute chap called Muffin who was a failed gun dog and looked lovely. His information was that he wanted an easy life and he looked so adorable- I was hooked. However, when I contacted Glyn he wasn't sure Muffin would manage as he wasn't even housetrained and at 2 ½ he probably would take a few weeks to get the hang of it. Totally in love I said I would wait if necessary. 3 days later Glyn phoned again and said "you know that little dog – well he has been at his foster home and has marked only once, otherwise he is clean in the house. Do you still want him?" The rest, as they say is history, Tom and I went north the next day and met Muffin. He looked a bit scruffy and had lots of tartar on his teeth, a broken canine and the cutest soulful eyes! We were in love with this chap. We brought him home, he was housetrained and apart from a couple of mishaps when he was excited in the first few weeks has been perfect since.

He was obviously a nervous dog, when we put a lead on him to leave he flattened himself on the floor so Tom had to scoop him up and put him in the car- and on our first walk he stayed close constantly checking we were still there. He had a very worrying habit of biting through electric wires – not from boredom but when he was excited. Luckily that only lasted a couple of months as in that time he bit through an extension cable and a power cable for my laptop. He wasn't really fussed about Rosie and tended to ignore her, but after a rabbit kill which he gallantly shared with her, they have become inseparable. When Rosie went to the vets to be spayed he just wandered around looking for her all day and didn't even wag his tail until she came home.

He was a very anxious dog, he wouldn't go up to anyone we met if they had something in their hand but would crawl along on his belly and run off if they moved suddenly, Rosie on the other hand is a confident dog and over the first 6 months Muffin learnt to approach new people with a little more trust.

He is very anxious to be loved so he made great friends with my mother when she came to stay at Christmas. She is terrified of dogs and although she had tolerated Rosie – two dogs were a big challenge. Muffin had different ideas and simply sat next to her on the sofa looking at her until she stroked him and then he sat for ages while she scratched his ears, not moving other than to put his nose in her hand if she stopped for any reason. Their friendship has grown and now Muffin is centre stage when she comes to stay. My father couldn't believe what was happening and kept reminding mum she was afraid of dogs!

Muffin was doing very well until February this year when he broke his foot falling down a rabbit hole. He had yelped when he fell down the hole but had recovered and walked home without complaint, however over the next few days he became less happy about putting weight through his foot but was happy to let my mum just stroke him on the sofa. We had to take him to the vet who told us he would need to come in the next day for x-rays as he would have to have an anaesthetic to keep him calm. I asked them to try without sedating him and he was a star!! He sat perfectly still while they took the X-ray. The Vet and her nurse were amazed a dog would do that let alone a Springer, the nurse suggested he would make a good P.A.T dog. The same week I had been visiting a local residential home who asked whether my dogs would like to visit, so I contacted Pets as Therapy and started the assessment process. I will let Muffin tell you about this from here.

DOGGIE OF THE YEAR 2009

Continued.....

When mum told me I was going to be assessed as a PAT dog I thought – that's silly anyone can get patted why do I have to be assessed? Mum took me on my own to a big place with lots of people and dogs and I met a man who was very nice to me gave me treats and scratched my ears. I wasn't so pleased when he accidentally dropped his book and it made a big noise but I went up to him to let him know I forgave him and he then cuddled me!!! Next mum took me for a walk up and down the aisle with the dog food in it. I wasn't bothered and just trotted up and down with her. Then she took me around the place and I found RABBITS. I of course saw them and could have popped over the little fence and eaten them but Mum and I were working so well together I just trotted past the run trying to concentrate on my job for the day.

Mum then took a photo of me for something called an ID tag and then one day she took me to a big house – now I'm not silly when I go out on my own it usually means I go to the vet. This house didn't smell like a vet but I saw the ladies there and they were wearing the uniform that the vet nurses wear so I wasn't going to act as if this was a good place to be. I crawled in on my tummy hoping to avoid the nurses but Mum went in and started talking to someone and then called me over – I snuck up behind Mum just in case anyone was around with a needle or worse! Then this lady started to scratch behind my ear and I sort of forgot the nurses and when the lady stopped I gently reminded her by getting up on her chair and putting my nose in her hand. I did this with a few ladies and then the nurses took me outside and gave me a treat- mind you I still didn't trust them. Mum said that I was very good and that was a PAT visit. I have gone back to the home since and the ladies and gentlemen have given me treats and have fussed me, I really quite like it. Mum took some photos of me and she has sent them to Uncle Glyn and Auntie Wendy to show them what a clever boy I am and even though I wasn't good as a gun dog I have found my job now and I'm working again.

Tom and I just want to say thank you to Glyn and Wendy – especially Glyn who has a very special place in his heart for Muffin and also to Keely –who fostered Muffin- loved him dearly and still gave him to us! He is a remarkable little chap (and I do mean little as he has such short legs!) He is rather like a teddy bear and all he wants to do at home is be cuddled. Once outside he changes into a “proper” Springer and is charging through the undergrowth mostly at Rosie's direction. He also acts as her fall guy she has managed to open the Velcro compartment in the walking bag – get the treats out, eat them and has managed to leave the plastic treat bag in Muffin's mouth- all in a 5 minute journey to the Country Park. Most of all he shows us every day a wonderful zest for life which is so special, he is such a joy to be around.



DOGGIE OF THE YEAR - PREVIOUS WINNERS

As many readers know, we started 'Doggie of the year' back in 1999. Here are our previous winners.



STANLEY &
MICHELL -
CHRISTMAS
1999



FRANKIE -
SUMMER 2000



BEN -
CHRISTMAS 2000



JAKEY - SUMMER
2001



ZAK - CHRISTMAS
2001



ANGUS -
SUMMER 2002



TRAVIS -
CHRISTMAS 2002



BAGGINS -
SUMMER 2003



ROSIE -
CHRISTMAS 2003



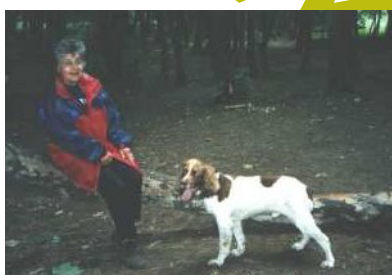
RAFFLES -
CHRISTMAS 2004



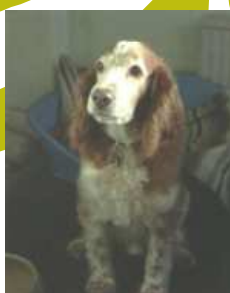
JACK -
CHRISTMAS 2005



BEN -
CHRISTMAS 2005



STANLEY - CHRISTMAS 2006



WILLOW -
CHRISTMAS 2006



JAMIE - CHRISTMAS 2007



PRINNY -
CHRISTMAS 2008



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

Woody Gough

Buster Bennett

Ben Shaw

Dylan Ellery

Josh Tuer

Bugsy Storey

Sammy Lynch-Cowdrey

Megan Miles

Bronnie East

Tess Teall



GOD BLESS YOU ALL



If tears could build a stairway
And memories build a lane
We would walk right up to heaven
And bring you home again

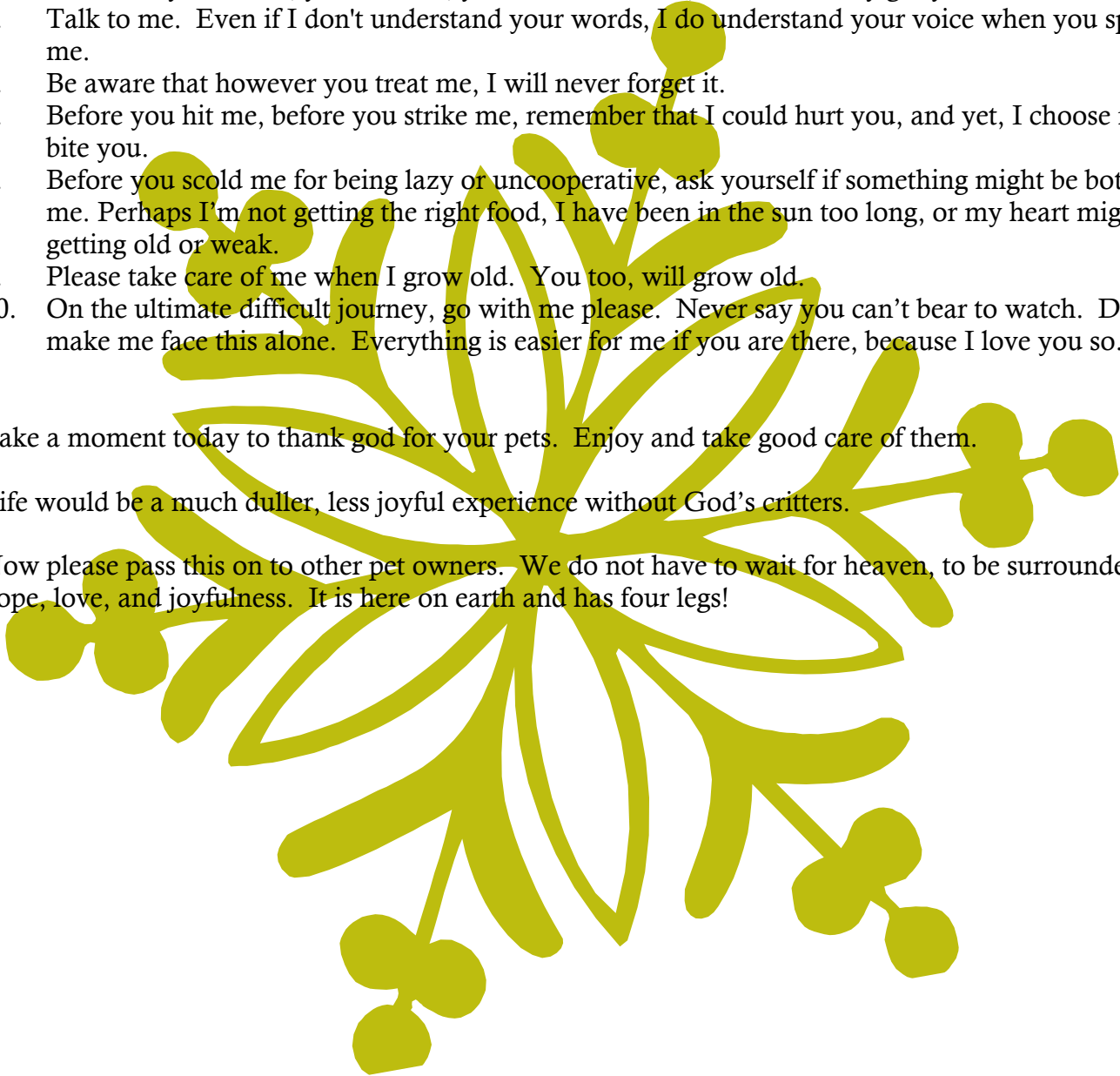
A PET'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. My life is likely to last 10-15 years. Any separation from you is likely to be painful.
2. Give me time to understand what you want of me.
3. Place your trust in me. It is crucial for my well-being.
4. Don't be angry with me for long and don't lock me up as punishment.
You have your work, your friends, your entertainment, but I have only got you.
5. Talk to me. Even if I don't understand your words, I do understand your voice when you speak to me.
6. Be aware that however you treat me, I will never forget it.
7. Before you hit me, before you strike me, remember that I could hurt you, and yet, I choose not to bite you.
8. Before you scold me for being lazy or uncooperative, ask yourself if something might be bothering me. Perhaps I'm not getting the right food, I have been in the sun too long, or my heart might be getting old or weak.
9. Please take care of me when I grow old. You too, will grow old.
10. On the ultimate difficult journey, go with me please. Never say you can't bear to watch. Don't make me face this alone. Everything is easier for me if you are there, because I love you so.

Take a moment today to thank god for your pets. Enjoy and take good care of them.

Life would be a much duller, less joyful experience without God's critters.

Now please pass this on to other pet owners. We do not have to wait for heaven, to be surrounded by hope, love, and joyfulness. It is here on earth and has four legs!



SPRINGER TAILS'

Dear Glyn and Keeley,
I have been in Reading now for just over a week, and I thought you might be interested to hear how I am settling into my new life. There are lots of exciting things to see and do, and I really make the most of every available 'springing' moment!
I am getting along very well with my new brother and sister, Archie and Poppy. We have very good games together in the garden, and I am very good at bringing back (and letting go of) my ball. I can run very fast, but surprisingly (despite her very short legs), Poppy often outruns me and gets to the ball first!

Another game I really like is the hosepipe game – that is where mummy and daddy 'fire' the hosepipe, and I jump up to try and swallow the water – I am pretty good at this and when the humans see me do this, they just cant stop laughing.
I am really enjoying my walks in the fields, although I am now rather sad that the corn has been cut, as I was having great fun bounding through it – all you could see were my ears flapping up and down! I am pretty good off the lead now – one of my family members, Lucy invented a really good command – Oscar ready! And when I hear that, we all come running, then sit down with one paw raised ready to run, and then we're off chasing until

Lucy calls us back again. Poppy says she is rather glad that mummy and daddy have not had to use the whistle very often as she doesn't like the high pitched noise, and has to hide in the nearest hedge!
Mummy is doing a lot of training every day with me, and I am VERY good at it and I learn very quickly. So far, I have learnt how to sit, lie down, stay and roll over (all off the lead). I can also do the sequence of sit, down, sit and stand. I have learned my new name "Oscar" and I am getting better every day at coming back when I am called.

I have met quite a lot of new people and I say "hello" very politely. Everyone says that I am "adorable".
During the evening, I like to snuggle up next to mummy, daddy or Lucy (or even Poppy sometimes). I have tried out most of the chairs around the house for size, and I can report that they are all comfy – I particularly like the leather "tub style" chair (like the ones they have in coffee shops), as I can curl up on this and not even my tail hangs down. When I got on there for the first time, daddy couldn't find me and thought he had lost me (he wasn't used to looking there as it's not somewhere Archie or Poppy sit!).

During the night, I sleep beside mummy and daddies bed in my new dog bed. I stay in there all night and only jump out and on to the bed when the alarm goes off – I then have to give daddy a pre-shower wash!
Thank you for allowing me to come and live in Reading. I am having a very good time and I make everyone very happy.

Lots of love,
Oscar (formally Lester) xxx

Hi,

My name is Kizer, my mum and dad came to pick me up from Barbara, way back in January, she described me as a loveable lump, which I am of course! But I was completely unruly and had no manners at all. When my mum first tried to take me for a walk, we wrestled on the floor to try to get a lead on, but mum gave up on that one and decided to just wait until I calmed down, I soon got the message. Mum takes me for walks on the lead, but my best time of the day is when dad takes me up the field, as I can run with all my doggie friends.

The other thing I do enjoy is they take me to this place with other dogs, and we do things like 'sit' 'stay' and 'fetch'. I was not very good at the start, I just barked all the way through, but now I am fairly good. I have just got a rosette and certificate for good behaviour. The lady in charge cannot believe I am the same dog.
When I first came, I was neutered and micro-chipped, I was so playful that I nearly knocked over the vet. Even he says I am better behaved now.

We have just tried something else new, I go and see a lady who trims my coat, I am hard work but we are getting there slowly. My mum and dad are happy with me, and I am happy here.

Love Kizer, Brian and Ella Crouch xx

Dear All,

Imagine waking up to the smell of rabbits everywhere! I thought I had been transported to doggie heaven when mum and dad took me on holiday. As soon as they let me out each morning, I would follow the scents avidly, but I was a VERY good boy and didn't take any back to mum. She just doesn't seem to appreciate anything excepted shoes. She seemed especially pleased the other day, when I carried a pair of slippers to her, and also when I got out a brush and took it to her to be groomed. (A bit of creeping doesn't go amiss now and again – it makes up for those odd occasions when one gets engrossed in rolling in something ultra smelly!).

Well, back to the holiday! We all went to Scotland to stay with our friends there. Well, I say all, but that was mum, dad, William, Holly, the horses and me. The poor cats had to stay behind with a cat minder, which is a great shame as they love to come for long walks with us, and there were lots of tress which they would have enjoyed climbing. Thank goodness I'm a dog!
I took everyone for long walks in the forest, 'they' were a bit boring, as humans can be sometimes, and walk on the path, whilst I leapt up steep banks and scrambled through undergrowth and brambles. GREAT!!

Holly had a scare last time we went in the forest, when she was chased by a horrid monster called a 'mountain bike'. William and I, had to be put on our leads so that we didn't get lost and the humans split up and searched for up. It was a very worrying time for the humans, but they had reckoned without 'Springer brains' and clever Holly had found her way back to Aunty Doris and Uncle Jimmy. What a relief! So this time, she walked to heel, even though she was loose, which impressed mum and dad no end.

There was one point on the walk when I must admit that I was glad they were there. I came across an unfamiliar scent, although I had a waft of it near home. As I snuffled along, I suddenly became aware of a large brown creature. I was just wondering how on earth I was going to get THAT in my mouth, when dad shouted and I was spared the embarrassment of having to drag the creature back up the hill. Mum seemed very pleased about something, I don't know what, but I heard her say "thank goodness we won't be having venison for tea!"

Mum judged the walks with something called a "Cleanometer". She said I must have loved walking because I was "filthy", Holly must have enjoyed herself too, because she had dirty paws, (not such a compliment as 'filthy', but OK for a girl!). Mum must have enjoyed herself a bit, because her jacket has paw marks on it. (Don't remember doing that, perhaps it was Holly). Dad couldn't have enjoyed himself at all because he was clean. Never mind, I can show him some REALLY muddy patches next time. The trouble was though, when we got back, we had to cross a burn, every time, so in the end everyone was clean. Except mum – Tee, hee – mucky pup!

One day we went to the beach. I was looking forward to going there because you can find all sorts of smells to follow. This time was no exception and I found something, which dad called a 'cod'. Don't know what that is, but I was very sorry to leave it behind. Holly and I had a great time, because the wind kept blowing seaweed down the beach for us to chase and catch. Holly said she felt much safer there without the mountain bikes to watch out for. I am enclosing a photo of us. It looks more like winter, than a summer holiday.

William wasn't able to come on the long walks, as he is more frail since his operation earlier this year. We were all relieved when it was over, and he has made a full recovery, but we have to take care of our old buddy. He does enjoy coming for short walks in the fields, but sometimes he has to be carried now. Good job he's a Cavalier and not a Springer!

Well I must close now, as we are off to see the vet for some BOOSTERS – yum, yum.
Love to all, and happy new homes to everyone in need,

Lots of love and licks
Merry Sellens xxx

Dear all at Springer Heaven,

I thought it only right to report back on the behaviour of all my new humans. Don't really know where you found them – but thank you!! They had some great sniffs in the house and I sensed that some happy dogs had lived here before. Once I had decided to stay with them (took me about 24 hrs to be sure they were OK), I checked out the whole house and garden. Lots of photos and stuff – but more importantly I think I saw cats next door!!

So we have to do the old walk round the block on that silly string. But now we're talking. We go to several great parks and commons for a daily walk, and then my local park to meet up with the gang (of local dogs) to chase ball and have a chat. And on one day a week, we go to this great place I've heard them call 'the downs'. Wow!! I can spring and chase and sniff and run and drink and wade and chase and....did I mention run through the undergrowth? I REALLY like that. The male human goes off on this thing with wheels, but the LADY human (did I say how much I love her?) walks with me – waiting patiently for me to finish my walk, before we go back to the car for a drink, maybe a sleep and if I'm really lucky, we go for a second walk, before going back to the house.

OK, It's not all good. When I arrived, they took me to the V E T as I wasn't very big. I didn't take it too personally (much) when everyone thought that I was a GIRL, as I was so dainty?? So, with a bit of investigation the vet and MY lady found that I might have some vitamin deficiency, so I had to have injections every week. But it was worth it. I've put on weight (about 2.5 kg in 2 mths) and am getting some muscles – so I can run around faster and longer!!!

Now all I need to do is work out how to make MY LADY feed me home cooked food every day, like she did while I was putting on weight. I adore chicken & veg, rice & Gravy.

Love Dill xxxxx

Hello Glyn and Wendy,

I thought it was about time that I put 'paw to paper' to let you know how I'm doing. Six years since I left you and I'm still in Edgworth enjoying life in the country. You can tell by the enclosed photograph that I've grown a little since you last saw me!

I still have great fun chasing ducks, birds, rabbits, and squirrels...Well anything that moves really! Oh and I love water, it doesn't matter to me whether it's clean, dirty or just plain old mud, but the parents do get a little upset when I come back full of mud!

I have lots of friends living close by, but my favourite is George, who lives next door. George's nickname is "Chicken George", because one day when our kitchen window was open, he jumped through and took some chicken that was the parents tea (it didn't go down too well with them as you can imagine!!). Maybe I should explain about George, he's a little black and white cat – but we are quite good buddies as long as I don't chase him!

I'm not very keen at going out in the car, I'm one of those doggies who prefer my paws to stay firmly on the ground. However, I do go to the Entwistle Reservoir in the car, as it is only 10 minutes from home. This is my favourite walk as it has everything a boy could want, water and woods.....perfect!!

Well that's all for now folks.....

Bailey x

Hello,

Max Barham checking in! Bet you thought I'd forget? I am happy, healthy and settled now, and well loved by all of my family. I like to wake my family very early to make the most of my day, and when I'm tired I take myself off to bed, even if my family aren't ready to go yet.

When I arrived at my new home I was totally loopy! I liked to chew on everything, but I don't do that anymore, as I have lots of toys to play with. I am now nearly 1 year old (my birthday is 1st August). I am good at obeying commands such as sit, stay and coming, when called and I am learning not to pull on my lead, but I am usually very keen to get to the fields to play!

I like fetching my Frisbee, but love my ball (or anybodies really!). I don't like big dogs, because I got chased by some.....but little ones are okay. I have sent you a photo of myself sitting on a garden chair, enjoying my treat - a serious business!!

Bye for now,

Max Barham

PS. My mum has written a limerick about me, hope you like it.

There was a young Springer from Kent,
Didn't like it much where he went,
He had some good luck,
A kind man picked him up,
He ended up where he was meant! (to be)

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

What's all this about not having input for the newsletter? Don't you know it's because we Springers are too busy to be composing correspondence? But anyway, while I have my paws to the keyboard I thought I should thank you and Glyn, for your skill in matching me up to 'the mistress'. I know she made a poor start, what with being late to collect me and everything, but with a lot of work from me, she has shaped up quite well. Actually, shaped up is a good point, she has lost 4 stone since I came here (not quite 3 yrs ago). I myself, have lost a kilo or two, but as the vet says, I am just a mature and well built chap. All this human obesity stuff could be sorted out if everyone had a Springer!

My only slight gripe about herself, is that she has shown a certain lack of judgement in taking in a second Springer, who, quite frankly, looked like a grubby and poorly stuffed draught excluder, when she arrived last year. I know that one can't expect impeccable manners from a dog who had spent much of her life, alone in a kennel outside, but all that snatching of toys and pushing into my bed! Just the youth of today I suppose, and of course it does mean I can do naughty things and blame her.

Well, must go now. Overdue for a walk and swim in the brook.

Keep up the good work,

Love Jerry Springer and her (Gem) xxx

Dear Glyn, Wendy and all the team,

It has been another busy year for me, as we came to the end of our time in Belgium, we had a few holidays in France in our motorhome and even in hotels – they are much more dog friendly there, but it was all becoming a bit boring in the end – once you’ve sniffed one French poodle, you’ve sniffed them all. So, onto the big news items.....Mum and dad got married on the edge of a loch in Scotland in May and I went along as ‘best dog’. The official photographer took some great photos of me!

But much more important was that we’ve moved again. The humans have been sent to work in Israel this time and I’ve gone along, contrary to much advice from friends and relatives – “too hot”, “too old” etc etc. Well, my nice Belgian lady vet checked me over and said my heart was strong and it was no problem. They got me a big comfy flight kennel and off we went from Brussels. Well, obviously I hadn’t flown before, but it was a bit of an anti-climax. I don’t think much to the in-flight catering, but the service was great. A nice man wheeled me off and put me on the same bus as mum and dad, just before take-off, and then I woke up in Israel. My kennel was put on a conveyor belt, I was looking out of the front door and could see them waiting for me as I came out of the door. Dad said it was like the ‘generation game’, but I’m not sure what he meant. Now that mum and dad are diplomats, we got swept through customs and security in minutes, and before long I was sniffing my new ‘residence’!

The residence is in a town called Herzliya Pituach, right on the beach about 6 miles from Tel Aviv. I can walk to the beach in about 4 minutes, in fact, I had my 14th birthday party there two weeks ago as the sun went down. We have a nice garden with a gardener called Avi, and he loves me! The grass is a really spongy tropical sort, its great for ‘springing off’ even at my age, and there is plenty of space for me to wander around. There is even a grass ‘bowling alley’ down one side of the house – great for chasing tennis balls. The only bad thing about it is the pesky tabby cat, that tries to snooze in the shade of a banana tree. The heat is great for my arthritis, much better than damp old Belgium!

When it is too hot, I pop into my bed which is just under an air conditioner unit, and before long I am as cool as a cucumber (yum yum). I have a new vet who is Canadian man, and his helper, who is a young lady Israeli vet, who fussed over me for ages. They think I’m doing amazingly well for my age. Well must dash, its time for my evening splash in the Mediterranean!

Keep up the good work in Blighty,

Lots of love
Bracken, the diplomat dog
(Representing British Spaniel interests overseas)

Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Alfie here (dad’s just helping me with the keys cos my paws keep getting sxcil, sxcvd no six at once). Many thanks for the newsletter, we have just been reading it and I showed my pals Layla, Ghyllie and George my photo on the back – by eck I look good! Sadly I have not got my red ring anymore, it went and collapsed on me, so I got a couple of new ones now in blue and yellow, but I think mum and dad have hidden the yellow one, cos we dogs cant find it, not even me the ‘official search dog’. I bet it will pop up when I have wrecked the blue one.

Life has been flying past since I last saw you and Auntie Keely way back in January. I have put on a bit of weight and Mr Cook and Sophie (my yets, but I have to share them) are happy that I am now “just right” – me, I am right all the time I thought, like all we Springer Spangles are! With out walks everyday, and flying around the garden I am keeping fit too.

I’ve now got through a good few balls since January and I like the weavy ones best. I get a lot of games of ‘throw and catch’ and find with them, and they last a good time really. In the evenings I lay on my back and balance them on my paws upside down, and just let them drop for catching practice – sometimes I miss and they bounce on my Belgian Shepherd pal Layla – She grumbles about it so its great fun!! If I bounce them, I can sometimes make them bounce on dad’s head, which he finds funny for some reason.

We have been very lucky with dad’s work, as we now have an even bigger day kennel for the days we go with him – it’s the biggest kennel in the place and is marked up “staff” – all the others are just numbers. If mum is at mum, we stay with her and go for trips out sometimes – she has had a new roof fan fitted in her motor and it keeps us just right, even on these hot days.

A couple of weeks ago, I had a special trip, just me and dad, to go and stay with his very old dad and get some jobs done – the others all stayed at home. I got spoiled nicely – we stopped in the big woods in Norfolk on the way down and back, and I did some tracking on my big long lead, good fun. AND I got all the treats and didn’t have to queue up behind Layla and Ghyllie like usual (George is so tiny he always goes to the back). We didn’t stop at the seaside that time, but we have been to Wells, next to the sea, a few times now for days out – Layla and Ghyllie know all the shops where we get free treats there, cos they have been going there for a long time. WE had a good time on the beach and it is so good that dogs are allowed on it all year – it goes on for miles and miles – the sea is good for splashing in and swimming in (do you know those big Belgian Tervuerens don’t do swimming?!!!!). Mum carries all the towels in her rucksack and our collapsible water bowl – there are several water taps among the beach huts for filling it up. The sea tastes horrible!!!

So if any Spangles go there, I can recommend the muddy bits too – though mostly it is sand – but I was able to get mud all over when we went in March – didn’t want to let the breed down. If you are really careful, you can get soaked through in the sea, and rush back to the dunes (and in the woody tree bits) and you can have a really good roll around in the dust and get plastered. If you do the job properly, then you can even get mud in your car crates too – be the envy of your Spaniel friends with an Alfie Mudpack.

Well must get a few jobs done now, my paws are ready for a change and this rubber hoop needs to be thumped down the stairs, with me in full pursuit. So bye for now, and many thanks to you all at Springer Rescue for being my pals, especially Auntie Keely and her girls.

Lots of Love

Alfie, Layla – a Belgie, Ghyllie – a very big Belgie, and tiny George.....oh and mum and dad too!!!

Dear Uncle Glyn and Auntie Linda

What a year! I have been having so much fun the days are just flying by.

I am now 15 months and have been with my new mummy and daddy for almost a year. It was strange at first, a new place to sleep and lots of different walks, but after a few weeks I new where everything was and settled in to lots of walks, food and sleep. Sleep is very important you know for a young dog like me. It means I can wake up nice and refreshed ready to "spring" around the house and garden again.

We are just back from our holidays, camping in Weymouth. I did wonder what daddy was up to with all the stuff in the car, but I saw my bed go in to so I new I was going too. I had great fun!! I learnt to swim in the sea and I went on a steam train!! I was very interested in all the other peoples sand-wiches – very tasty!!, but I was not to keen on the jump down from the train to the platform.....

I have included some pictures mummy took of me on the beach and after some of my walks in the woods. As you can see I love being wet and muddy. Mummy tries to make sure she towels me dry before going into the house, but I manage to make sure some of the mud is hidden so I can leave all around the house....

I hope all my friends at Springer rescue have had a great summer.

Take care
Love
Megan

The above letter from Megan was sent in August, so very sadly, Dear Megan got a severe infection (meningitis) which she was unable to fight and went to Rainbow Bridge on 15th October, at just 17 months of age.

Her Mummy & Daddy are devastated but wanted little Meg's letter featured in Newsletter.

God Bless You Dear Megan.

Dear Glyn, Wendy, and foster mum Keely,
I have settled in well, at my new home in York. Changing homes when you are six is a big upheaval. At first I was very quiet, but I have found my voice again, and can now 'bark'!

The riverside here is a great place for a gallop round, I can chase birds, its great fun (haven't caught one yet though). Children have been to visit me, they think I am lovely. I know this is true, they are my friends and they like to play ball (my favourite game). Soon I will be 7 years old. We might have a party with dog biscuits, special fish flavoured, and also a tin of pilchards.

Hope you like the photo, just to show you all how handsome I still am.

Lots of love
Jezz (and new companions Maureen and Alan) xxxxx

Dear Glyn and Wendy,
I'm having to write on Rupert's behalf as he is still a bit wobbly, having just come around from the anaesthetic. Grass seed in the ear!! My wallet has gone into shock!!!

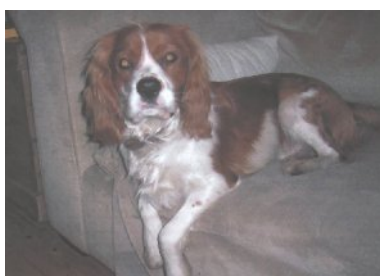
Other than this mishap, the Springer boys continue to thrive and just love being the centre of attention. Every Friday morning, they are at the gate waiting for the bin men who give them biscuits. Very few people can pass the gate without stopping to pass the time of day with them. We continue to enjoy regular visits to the beach, very welcome with the hot weather at the moment. Barney's swimming style gets no better, and neither of them ever get near the seagulls. Sheba is getting quite frail, she just has a morning walk then spends most of the day sleeping.

Lots of love
Rupert, Barney and Sheba Riggott xxx

GALLERY



TOM



MAX



BRUNO



MURPHY



ARCHIE



MILO & DINO



KIZER



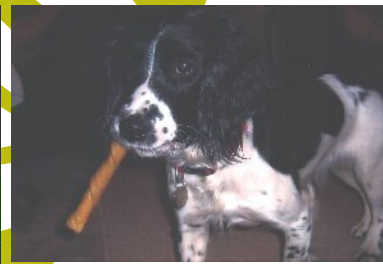
PENNY



MAXXY



SAM



MAGGIE



MAX



JAKE



OSCAR, ARCHIE, POPPY



LUCY & JACK