



Hi Glyn and Wendy

Many thanks for the newsletter. The family enjoyed reading it.

My mistress was meant to write before now but she got caught up in school reports so missed the deadline. I have now settled in my new home and love it although I have a few problems. I don't like being left on my own even for a minute so I chewed the glazing bars on the glass panelled doors, but I have only damaged two doors. Michael sprayed some nasty tasting stuff on them, so I think twice before chewing them again!!

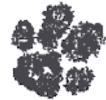
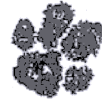
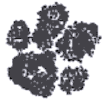
Michael left me in the garden one day while he took the car to the village shop so I decided to follow him. I jumped over the gate but he had gone so I walked down to the village. I ended up at the local pub where they were very good to me. I had a pint of lager (just joking) and a packet of crisps and then they took me home. Michael wasn't very happy as he had spent an hour looking for me. I was glad I had my dog tag on that will teach them to leave me at home! Mind you the gate is higher now so I won't try that again!

I had an infection in my ear and also a little one where my stitches were but I've been to the vet and all is well again. The beach is only two minutes away and there are lots of rabbits to chase. I caught my first rabbit the other day—it was a little baby. Michael made me let it go, but there are plenty more to catch. I have two girl friends whom I meet on the beach—one is a Dalmatian the other is a yellow Lab. I always play hard to get and let them do the chasing!

Michael and Morag are reading Jan Fennell's second book. I think things may change around here after they have finished reading it. At the moment Michael is the boss, and I am his 2i/c. The women in this family are easy to boss around, although I do have a little problem with Sooty the cat as she tends to put me in my place if I get too close to her—keeps swiping me with her paws especially if I try to pinch her food!!

Well must go it's time for my supper, hope you like the photos. Have enclosed money for the raffle tickets. Bye for now. Thanks again for finding a new home for me.

Love from Dylan (formerly Oscar), Michael, Morag and Bryony.





Hi Glyn

I thought I would write you a few lines just to let you know I have settled into my new home very well and to say not to worry, as I have two great new owners who dote on me. I have the freedom of a large house with a large garden to play in, mostly the back garden which is enclosed.

And guess what, after breakfast we go for a long walk down the racecourse road and again after my tea. And would you believe they even took me on their honeymoon to Cornwall where we had a great time together. I was allowed onto the beach and boy what fun it was racing across the open sands. They tried to get me to follow them in for a paddle into this vast open water, but I wasn't having any of that as the water approached me I quickly backed off but it still chased after me.

Then the master and mistress tried throwing this round soft object which I chased after this also was great fun I picked it up and ran away with it but eventually I decided to bring it back to them. A funny think though when we got back I had to go and see the vet who decided I needed one or two things sorted out so they left me there for 24 hrs and I missed them, but I needn't have worried they came back for me and I am once again back at my home and getting lots of tender loving care and recovering from my operation.

I have enclosed some photographs of me and my new mum and dad on the beach having a great time. I will close for now but keep in contact. Love Jessica.

This beautiful little girl was minutes away from death. Taken into the vets, by her previous so called owner to be put to sleep as he no longer needed her. Of course the vet wouldn't do such a thing and contacted Rescue. She was in dreadful condition, a large patch of baldness on her back and terrible clumpers in her ears but despite her dreadful treatment by "humans" we found her an absolute joy. So loving, friendly and trusting!!

Rehomed to a marvellous couple who have done wonders with her. Her coat is beautiful, her ears are doing fine, and thankfully some

lumps (which gave us all a scare) which were removed proved to be of no danger. All in all a very lucky and happy young lady in a wonderful home. She even went on honey moon with her mum and dad—now there's love for you!

We have just recently had a letter to say they are all spending Christmas in a lovely hotel in the lakes—you deserve it; and mum and dad too.

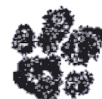
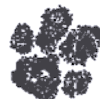
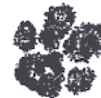
From Megan and Sam—a postcard from their travels!

Dear Wendy and Glyn

Having a lovely time on a four week holiday to Llan-gollen and back. Tried locking like Sam does but I jumped too far and fell in!! Luckily I was wearing my harness, so Dad fished me out quite quickly. Later on I swam quite voluntarily in the river. Mum and Dad cheered and Sam swam after me. My tail is quite sore with all the wagging. Love Megan

Dear Glyn and Wendy

Megan is a pain!! Keeping trying to copy me and fell in—then I get the blame!! Mum tried to get me to wear a neck-a-chief, like the poser on the front of the card—no chance—I soon lost it in a ditch!! Bit put out!! It used to be me with all the cuddles, now Megan pushes in—cheek—even tries to kiss me—"ugh, no way"!! Love Sammy dog





TRAVIS'S STORY—(FRONT PAGE BOY)



Hi, my name is Travis. You may have heard something about me as I have been a bit of a handful. I will let my Mum and Dad tell my story and I will talk to you at the end.

I suppose our story began with the death of Ebony, our beloved Groenendael at twelve and a half years. My wife Deb and I, had often discussed what breed of dog we would like, a Springer of course. We already had a seven year old Springer called Mac who had loved Ebony and needed a soul mate.

We began to search the papers for a pup, to no avail. We then decided it might be a good idea to rescue a Springer. We rang rescue centres but had no luck, there seemed to be a Springer famine. After a couple of months Deb looked on the Internet for rescue centres and came up with Springer Spaniel Rescue and there he was, Travis—needing a home with no children and ideally another dog, Deb was hooked, Travis was the one. We spoke to Glyn and registered our interest and the usual checks were carried out to make sure we were the right people to give Travis a new home.

The only drawback was the location, we live in the southeast and we would have to travel to the rescue centre near Manchester to meet Travis.

We set off early on a Saturday morning in the wind and pouring rain to drive the 250 miles to Parbold with Mac on board and both of us full of excitement; would we be coming back with two Springers?

Travis was a beautiful spaniel and seemed extremely pleased to see us. We took him and Mac for a walk and knew he was the one for us. Formalities over, we headed back south. The journey was very stressful for both dogs and humans alike, and on arriving home after being bitten and growled at we began to wonder what we had let ourselves in for. With hindsight I think we were expecting too much from him, he must have been very frightened, we knew what was in store for him, he didn't. He did not want to be touched and there was no warmth in his eyes.

Sunday morning came and we needed a walk. We took the boys out for 2 hours in the wind and rain.

Travis was totally disobedient, so much so that we thought he was deaf. One light moment during our walk was when Travis tried to cross a stream and sank. This dog could not swim!

I am a woodland manager, and lucky enough to be able to take the dogs to work. After a week of Travis growling at everyone who entered my office, we knew we needed some help. The situation was intolerable and we were a phone call away from taking him back to Springer Rescue. However, we were not going to give up without a fight; this called for some tough action.

With advice from Glyn and Wendy, Jan Fennel's book 'The Dog Listener' and some practical help from a dog behaviourist, Chris Coles, we took Travis back to the basics. Travis had apparently been seen by a dog behaviourist before who thought he was suffering from 'nervous aggression'. On meeting Travis, Chris immediately diagnosed him as not suffering from 'nervous aggression'. Chris suggested that we use a correction collar and Halti. When Travis was in the office and he growled at people, the collar would be activated by remote control and shot a jet of cold compressed air up under his chin. When I was out of the office I asked my staff to 'zap' Travis if he growled at them. We also used the collar on recall when he chose to ignore us.

We very quickly noticed a marked improvement in his behaviour and felt encouraged to carry on. We made him sleep downstairs and concentrated on teaching him who was the 'leader of the pack'.

Travis seemed to accept that Mac was his superior in the 'pecking order' and he and Mac were fine together. It was us that had to show Travis, we had control of the situation, not him.

We joined a dog training class and he behaved very well, we began to think we were winning.





TRAVIS'S STORY—(FRONT PAGE BOY) continued



After 3 weeks we suffered a major setback when Travis suddenly became very ill. A lump appeared on his lymph glands which grew at an alarming rate. We knew he didn't like the vet and we had to leave him muzzled at the surgery, all day. Would this undo all the good work we had done? Travis was very ill and we feared the worst but the good news came that the lump was not a growth but an abscess which eventually burst leaving a gaping wound in his neck. Thankfully he recovered very quickly and the experience did not seem to have adversely affected him either physically or mentally. We battled on.

Travis's second birthday came and went and he was improving all the time, the growling was subsiding but we faced a few other problems.

For no apparent reason Travis began to escape from the back of the garden. Thankfully I cured this problem very quickly with some tough obedience training.

The next big problem was Travis's love of the chase. Travis loves to chase birds in the garden, not a great problem, but horses, deer and sheep were a different matter. When out walking, Travis had obviously never seen a horse or cow before. If he caught the scent of a deer or a sheep he was off, no amount of shouting could halt him, he had one thing on his mind. This was potentially a very serious situation and needed some very tough discipline.

When he did come back, Travis obviously knew he was in trouble and dropped down submissively in front of me. I found that if I rolled him onto his back and held him down by the scruff of his neck and chastised him (as the 'leader of the pack' might do), he seemed to respond well.

I can now walk Travis, through a field of sheep or a pheasant pen, at heel, off the lead. If he is in full flight and I call him, he will return almost immediately.

Travis warmed to me very quickly, with Deb it took a little longer, but Travis remained wary of our teenage son, Josh. However, when we were not around Travis and Josh appeared to bond.

We have had Travis ten months now and can honestly say he is a joy to have around. He has the most affectionate nature and when he curls up on my lap with his head on my shoulder with a look of adoration in his eyes, we cannot believe he is the same sad little boy that sat in the corner of the room not wanting to be touched.

He is lively, bright, very bold and has turned into a fantastic swimmer.

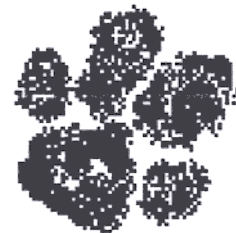
Travis loves most people but there are times when he retreats and his body language says 'don't touch me'. We simply leave him alone and then he comes back with his tail wagging madly, demanding fuss and attention.

Rescuing Travis has been a very rewarding experience for both of us and the initial stress has been worth the end result. We feel we are far richer people and have gained a greater understanding of dogs. We would definitely consider rescuing another Springer in the future.

As you have read I have caused my mum and dad much stress since the beginning of the year. Underneath my mixed-up exterior, I am really, a good boy. I don't like being left and when I am, I feel insecure but I now know that it won't be for long and my friend Mac is with me.

*I am truly loved and I love my mum and dad.
Travis.*

To see super pictures of both Travis and Mac go on line—www.springerrescue.org.uk





POETS CORNER



"Our Roll of Honour" by Seve's Mum

We keep a roll of honour up on our bedroom wall
With pictures of the dogs we've had and we truly loved them all
Each one of them was different in their own special ways
We'd give the world to have them back for even a day

First we had a little dog Frisky was his name
Always ready to walk out or play a chasing game
Seventeen years how soon they passed, came the time to say goodbye
We know he is the Dog Star shining brightly in the sky

Next along came Silkie, we rescued him just in time
He's only seven more hours to live so we just had to say "He's mine"
For thirteen years we walked and played even holidays didn't keep us apart
But when that fateful day came he took a corner of our hearts

Now Silkie was a Springer and we planned the next would be the same
But little did we know right then that all Springer's aren't the same
So we bought a Springer puppy and brought him home with love
Though training him took guidance from the Great Man up above

We knew Oskar really loved us even when his eyes glowed red
Sometimes we had to put on the lead just to take him up to bed
He had a special party piece he used to do most days
It was to sing for all the kids when they shouted "Happy Birthday"

Alas came the time, twelve years gone quickly by
When suddenly Oskar left us for that kennel in the sky
This time we'll wait a while we said, to give a dog a home
But memories were all around, we were sad and felt alone

So we rang up Springer Rescue, even though our hearts were heavy
Glyn said we've just the one for you. A little boy called Seve
We travelled off to meet him, and just like us we're sure he felt alone
Yes, we needed him as he needed us to make our house a home

Now once again the days mean games, we love the snow and sun
And we felt the same as with all our dogs that life again had just begun
One day when it's our turn, to go to Heaven above
We know all our doggies will be waiting and we'll fill Paradise with love



POETS CORNER continued

"Old Age Comes to us All" by CA Morris

Old age is so undignified
It really is a shame
The eye-sight and the teeth all go
I'll soon forget my name
And then of course the "waterworks"
I dribble here and there
Arthritis lurking in my bones
It's hard to climb the stair
I often dream of sunshine years
When I was just a lad
Chasing butterflies through endless fields
And the fun I had
But now I'm much too old for games
I'd rather sleep and snore
But to Mum and Dad I'll always be
Their little puppy they adore

The following poem is dedicated to all the Springer's we have loved and lost, but remain in our hearts forever and we would like to pay tribute to 2 doggies in particular who both died tragically at a very young age.

Jake Everson aged 2 1/2 years
Molly Davies aged 1 1/2 years
(two wonderful doggies)

"I'll Remember"

I'll remember you with laughter
I'll remember you with tears
I'll remember you with gratitude
For every single year

I'll remember winter mornings
When we walked through rain and snow
And those lovely walks in spring time
When new life begins to grow

I'll remember when I held you
And the love in your brown eyes
I'll remember that love you gave me
The love that never dies—I'll remember





GALLERY



If your doggies picture doesn't feature in this edition it may appear in a future edition.



Truffle



Bracken



Dylan



Bertie



Jasper



Jessica



Rosy and Viva



Seren



Charlie



Ben and Taz



Kayla



Milo

We wish the many friends we've made, with Springers far and near, a very Merry Christmas, and a peaceful Happy New Year