

Springer Spaniel Rescue

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Seasons greetings from our springer family to yours!!



Well hello! And seasons greetings to one and all. What a fantastic summer we have had – we certainly cannot complain about the weather this year!! But I must say that one or two days were a little “too hot” for our wonderful doggies and I did look into buying them a paddling pool, but couldn’t one substantially big enough – any ideas for next year would be most welcome!!

Firstly “huge thank you” for all the kind and generous donations received throughout the year, along with the hundreds of letters and photos which are all carefully filed and placed in our many albums.

We have had a busy year and have homed many super doggies, each one very very special, and as our regular readers will know we always have a “Doggie of the year” award – Well, this year we have two doggies!! A joint “Doggie of the year”!!

This year’s honour goes to Jack & Ben and their brilliant owners, please read their stories on pages 6 & 7. Well done boys!!

Enjoy your newsletter and once again “Thank you” to everyone for your continued support to Springer Spaniel Rescue. You are all very special and we wish everyone a merry Christmas (lots of presents for your doggies of course!!), and a happy and peaceful new year from all the team at Springer Spaniel Rescue.

All Enquires, letters etc:

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Please send all photos and letters to the above address (No e-mail's)

Farewell To A Dear Friend

It is with a very heavy heart, I tell you, that Zak Barbour (AKA Eric) has passed on. Many of you will have read and know about this wonderful boy, in our past newsletters and for some, had the privilege of knowing him personally. But for the people who didn't, let me tell you.



Zak came into our care in January '99 (then known as Eric); he had been "kept" by his owner, tied up in a yard (chained). The poor boy was treated disgracefully and barked constantly for attention, eventually neighbours complained and the "owner" decided to best bring Eric to Springer Spaniel Rescue (Thank god). At this time he was approximately 5 yrs of age and in a dreadful state and condition. No training whatsoever, coat long and matted and SO boisterous! But what a character!

We had him kennels until April '99, when he was rehomed to a lovely lady who took care of him very well, but sadly her circumstances changed dramatically and our poor lad came the loser - Back to the kennels! This was December '99 - Christmas in the kennels. Eric was then "fostered" in February '00 by another lady. A lovely lady who tried her best but Eric was just too much for her (bearing in mind a very big springer who needed that "special someone") Eric was returned once again in July '00. Eric spent the next 9 months in kennels! (Yet another Christmas in kennels).



We wanted so much for this lovely boy, to get the special home he deserved. Yes! He was a handful! - But what a

brilliant handful!! We made appeals in the newsletter, on the website and also an appeal from Jim Bowen (Bullseye) on the radio. Then one day in March '01 we got "that" call. A couple in Scotland had seen Eric's details on the website and was interested. After careful consideration (on both parts!!), Ross & Tracy wanted to go it a go!!

Joan & David drove Eric up to Scotland (quite an eventful journey - Eric barked all the way there!). Joan & David introduced Eric to Ross & Tracy and eventually left with all fingers and toes crossed!!

The rest, as they say, is history. Eric became Zak and his life began. He spent the next 4½ years loved and cherished (of course there were trying times, but when you have dedicated good people, no mountain is too high to climb). We have received the most amazing letters, cards and incredible photos of Zak's many adventures. We can never, ever, thank you enough Tracy & Ross for taking that chance and giving Zak the most love anyone could give. Ross, you even jumped out of a plane for your boy (A sponsored jump for SSR) and we will never forget the time you came to see us in Lancashire - all the way from Scotland, what a fantastic day, seeing Zak so happy.

Ross & Tracy - we thank you and our very best wishes and love goes to you always, and Zak Barbour, you will never, ever be forgotten.

ZAK BARBOUR - (1994 - 2.7.05)



Raffle Prizes and Winners

Once again the response to our summer raffle was amazing, the best to date! Thank you so much. Listed below are the winners "out of the hat" - But as always you are all winners to us. Hope you are all pleased with your prizes, "congrats" and thank you. Also thank you to everyone who came to see us at our shows - it means so very much.

China "Springer" Bowl	Mrs Owen (Warrington)
China "Springer" Bowl	Mrs Dowd (Aberdeenshire)
China "Springer" Photo frame	The Gough's (Birmingham)
China "Springer" Trinket box	Mr & Mrs Melling (Lancashire)
China "Springer" Mug	Mrs Parkinson (Blackburn)
China "Springer" Mug	Mrs Teale (Cheshire)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr & Mrs Erratt (Luton)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr & Mrs Lewis (Sussex)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr & Mrs Rigby (Lancashire)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr Piercy (Yorkshire)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr & Mrs Ellery (Scotland)
Framed "Springer" Picture	Mr & Mrs Ross (Kent)
"Springer" Clock	Mr & Mrs Molyneux (Lancashire)
"Springer" Jigsaw and Magnets	Mr & Mrs Hanson (Manchester)
"Springer" Jigsaw and Magnets	Mrs Walsh (West Houghton)
Handmade "Springer" Cards	Mr & Mrs Morrison (Scotland)
Handmade "Springer" Cards	Mrs Washling (Wirral)
Radio Cassette Player	Mrs Hulme (Northants)

-----THANK YOU AND WELL DONE-----

A Springer's Tail

I am a Springer Spaniel, of which there
is no doubt
You only have to watch me, when I'm
out and about

Tail-a-wag, whiskers-a-quiver, chasing
hares through the heather
Covered in mud, burrs and thistles, I
always go when my mum whistles
Down to the river we go for a swim
Then its time to go home for Chobe and
Tim

And in the evening when the day is done
Curled up on the sofa with my mum
I thank Glyn and Wendy for letting me
come
To this place they call Scotland
This place I call home

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
A love never dies.

Dedicated to:

Zak Barbour
Toby Clarke
Ollie Evans
Paulo Parkinson
Ben Winder

Forever in our hearts, 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"



Be Aware to Dog Theft

It is a very sad state of affairs, but dog theft is becoming a **BIG PROBLEM**. You see it on the television and read about it in the newspapers, and sadly, it may have happened to a springer adopted from Springer Spaniel Rescue and homed to a wonderful family whose doggies mean everything to them - we will never know, but their lives will never be the same, so please, please be very careful:-

- Have your doggie microchipped and tattooed - Many people are still unaware of "chipping", but with a "Dog Tag" a missing dog can be reunited with its owner immediately.
- Always have a collar and tag (this is now law) - Putting your address and telephone number, not your doggies name.
- Have clear photos of your doggies, profiles etc, and any markings.
- Train your doggie to not go out of your sight on walks - Not always "that" easy with a springer.
- Beware of strangers!!
- **Never** tie your doggie outside a shop.
- **Never** leave your doggie unattended in a car.
- Ensure your garden is secure and locked and that your fencing is adequate - checked regularly for wear and tear.
- Vary your walks and routes.

DON'T EVER DROP YOUR GUARD!!

For more information on this subject visit www.doglost.co.uk and we pray that Linda, Craig and their springer Charlie, will one day be reunited with their precious Ellie.

"Biggest Picture" Ever Received!

We get many, many photos from you good people. Some small, some large, booklets, mini albums, videos, in all sort of different format. The list is endless and the pleasure it gives us all, cannot be put into words and so I must say very special thank you to the "BIGGEST" received so far, from Mr & Mrs Wilson and their springer Rosie who live in Perth.

A 3ft x 2ft framed picture of their dear Rosie on one of the many mountains they have climbed, it is so beautiful and thank you so much.

Rosie came into SSR in July '01 and was literally handed over to us at one of our fund raising shows. A then unloved little waif - you should see her now!! Brilliant!!



Doggie of the year” Award's.

We started “Doggie of the year” back in 1999 - Here are our previous winners.

Stanley and Mitchell

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





Ben (Joint "Doggie of the year")

"At last" (Thank you god), Ben has now a home - YES!!

In last years Christmas newsletter we made a special appeal for Ben who had been in kennels "far too long" - We did get a response and Ben spent "Christmas" in what he thought was his new home! Unfortunately, it didn't work out, and come the New Year Ben was returned!

We cannot begin to tell you how dreadful this felt - God knows how Ben felt! But "back tracking" a little, whilst Ben was in kennels (before his Christmas holiday), Kate, his carer at kennels, loved him and had "that" special bond with Ben. And always said when her circumstances were right she wanted to adopt Ben - If anyone knew Ben, Kate certainly did. But time went by and Kate was still in a position, unable to take Ben and so when, last December, Ben had a chance of a new home, Kate didn't want to stand in his way.

She was very brave, her heart broken inside, but as I said, Ben was returned in January. We were all so upset for Ben, Kate too, but in her heart was delighted to see him again. I remember that wet, cold night I brought him back to the kennels and when I saw Kate she said "It looks like we are meant to be together".

Ben was officially adopted by Kate on 9th July 2005 and he's her doggie. We cannot tell you how wonderful that is and I know Ben will agree.





Jack (Joint "Doggie of the year")

Well, let me tell you about our "Big Boy" Jack.

Jack came into rescue due to an allergy (Baby's bad reaction to dog hair) in the family. He was just 1 year old and a very big handsome springer. The family who brought him in also "rescued" him, at 7 months old from a dog's home. We rehomed Jack to a gentleman, who in hindsight was too old for the young, big, energetic springer who had, had no training at all. A retired man, who had Springer's all his life; he tried but found Jack just too much for him. Returned to kennels, which was so hard for Jack, some doggies cope with kennels, but Jack didn't!



Again rehomed to a young couple who again had been used to Springer's in the family. All was going well - then a divorce! And yes, you guessed it, the looser, Jack, was back to kennels. This poor boy, 2 years of age and already 4 homes. The lad didn't know if he was coming or going. It broke our hearts to see him in kennels - all he wanted was to be loved - he used to "scream" for attention - Heartbreaking! But now Jack is safe ad has a "brilliant" home and is one very, very happy boy, which he so much deserves.



Please read our letters section, a letter from Jack himself and one from his mum & dad. Thank you to Tony and Phyllis for the amazing photos.





Mitchell - Pup to the end

I fell in love with Mitchell from the first meeting. Wendy and Glyn brought him to our house to see if he would settle in. He had a look around the house and decided he would stay. He made me very happy on that very special day. Mitch soon became a very special friend and loved, and loved the walks and loved to swim, this really made his day.

A water baby is the only way I can describe our Mitch, he'd stay in the stream, pond or lake, he'd be happy to stay in all day. Always smiling and full of cheek, a character too good to be true. And faithful to the end our Mitchell really was a very special friend.

Mitch was a little fighter and not one who'd ever give up, no matter what he always came up tops. Although Mitch was getting older he never changed, always full of fun and eager to play games.

We will miss our precious Mitchell, a friend so strong and true, and although our hearts are broken, it was a pleasure knowing you. You are now in doggie heaven, with the beautiful fields, ponds, lakes, waterfalls and trees, and Stan is with you too. And when my time comes I will be there chasing both of you.

So goodnight my darling Mitchy I will think of you everyday, my memories will grow stronger with every passing day. You are now in someone else's care and there is no more pain, but we will miss you always until we meet again.

Jan, Bernie, Jay Jay and Willow

*A special thanks to Glyn and Wendy for the help and support given to us when we needed it the most.

I lit a candle, and said a prayer,
God bless Mitch and Stan,
Until we meet again.





The Adventures of Henry

They tell me that I've settled in really well. I think I've fallen on my paws here! One thing that maybe you could help me with - I understand 'sit' and 'wait', but just what does the human word 'no' mean? Mum and dad say that they are really, really pleased with me and that they would like to thank you very much for rescuing me - even though they say I'm a lot of hard work sometimes!!

A typical day for me is as follows:

- 6.45am Lick dad's face - that usually wakes him up!
- 7.15am After dads had a cup of hot brown liquid and a few puffs of a small white lighted thing, we go for a 'walk' in the woods. I say 'walk' - it's a walk for dad but for me I'm running here there and everywhere. There's so much to see and smell - I hardly know where to start! (Those humans are so slow - maybe if they eat the same food as I do, they might be able to keep up!)
- I meet lots of humans on my walks. They all seem very friendly. Some of them even give me doggie biscuits - wonderful!! It can be a bit boring though when dad stops for a chat. I could be rude and pull on my lead but I usually sit down until he's finished.
- I'm still learning to heal when on the lead and know that I pull sometimes - only because I'm very keen to get to the woods! I have managed to learn something that really impresses humans - I sit and wait before crossing the road.
- 8am Back home for breakfast - I'm staving! Good - I've got a raw egg mixed in with my food. After my breakfast I usually have a recreational chewy to clam me down before a snooze in my bed.
- 9am Time to retire to my bed to debate the data that I've gathered on my morning walk and what I intend to look for the afternoon. Dad disappears to his office; I may decide to join him later.
- 10am On my way to join dad at the 'office', I spot a tubby tabby - I think her name is Bebe - I'd love to play with her but every time I run after her, she turns around and hisses at me (I don't understand why). Her twin brother, Nozerma, who's even larger, doesn't want to play with me either. When I chase him, he turns around and I get a paw full of claws in my face. (I have to be careful as he sliced my nose the other day - I'm sure he meant no arm - perhaps it's his way of playing with me.) I have noted with him; that he sleeps anywhere he wants, including my bed, and it's unwise to disturb him!
- 2pm Yippee - Jennie, my pal, has arrived so its time for another 'walk'! I really like Jennie - not only does she take me out but she often brings me presents!
- I think Jennie's taking me to the woods again - wonderful! I meet a lot of other dogs who are really great fun. They all seem to like me except one - I think they call her a Jack Russell and her name I Pippa. She's really quite small and old.



She's a bit grouchy and doesn't seem to like me - I've tried to be friends but when I get close to her, she snaps at me so I've decided to give her a wide berth from now on! (Perhaps she'll like me, given time....) When we get to the woods I often spot little grey creatures with big bushy tails - they are usually too quick for me and run up trees but one day.....

- 3pm Back home from the 'walk'. I usually have another quick shower...with the garden hose....bbrrrrgh....a bit cold but apparently I'm not allowed in the house until I'm clean.
- 3.30pm Time for my main meal of the day - yummy!
- 4pm What shall I do now? Ah hah - I see someone's left the toilet door open again. I think I shall just grab the toilet roll - yes, I've got it! I'll drag it into my bed and shred it - great fun! I am told by mum and dad that my bed now looks like a teenager's bedroom - whatever that means but I'm happy with the way it looks.
- 5pm Dads lighting the fire - about time. I think I will have a doze now.....
- 7pm Dad's getting ready to go out - this looks hopeful. I'll wag my tail - yippee, it looks like were going for another walk. Yes - we're going down the pub - great. It's not a long walk to the pub and I have to stay on the lead - never mind. When we get there I usually sit down underneath the table and apparently they say I'm very well behaved. I usually find it quite boring actually and I fall asleep. Occasionally, a human will come over and make a fuss of me; I don't mind that. There are usually other dogs there - they tell me they find going to the pub a bit boring as well. Oh well, never mind it gets me out for another walk.....
- 9pm Back home - oh good I can lie in front of the fire unless I can find some more paper lying around to shred.....One day, a few weeks ago, there was a nice bit of paper which came through the front door so I grabbed it and started chewing it - dad went slightly mad and there were lots of raised voices. I was sent to my bed. Apparently it was a quite important piece of paper - I heard dad mention something about expenses cheque, whatever that might be.....Anyway, I think they managed to piece it back together so I don't know what all the fuss was about. After all, I'm a puppy and that's what I do - chew.....if all else fails, I give mum and dad a winning smile - that always works.
- 10.30pm Mums gone to bed. Dad watching the 'we were soldiers' DVD again - I've seen that so many times now.....yawn.....I'm a bit tired. I think I will go upstairs to my bed which is at the foot mum and dad's bed. (I've also got a bed downstairs in the kitchen.) Night, night.....perhaps I'll dream of the woods - hopefully!!

Lots of Love

Henry xxxxx



Dear Glyn, Wendy and everyone at Springer Spaniel Rescue,

Buster has been in our lives for just a month now and we wanted to write and tell you how he is doing.

He settled in really well right from the off, although he was obviously a little stressed and didn't really understand what was happening to him. We have had no 'accidents' and apart from the first night when he awoke twice, he sleeps right through. We have introduced meat into his diet with no adverse affect but obviously we are still monitoring this. Buster has been registered with the vet and received a clean bill of health and like everyone who meets him, she was very taken and impressed.

Buster has been absolutely marvellous and has brought so much joy into our lives. Buster was obviously very much loved by his previous family and his behaviour is near faultless, although as he has settled he has testes his boundaries with us on the odd occasion. His exuberance and thirst for life is an inspiration and I only wish I could harness that energy in his tail, how does he keep it wagging so fast and for so long?

Buster absolutely adores his walks in the woods, playing with his various balls, socialising with other dogs but I think most of all his 'swimming'. It was quite a shock when we took him to our local country park the first time and he 'dived' headlong into one of the lakes (all of which are safe). This has been the only time we have had any 'discipline' problems; he just didn't want to come out or go back onto his lead!!!

Mark hasn't taken Buster shooting yet but we plan to go to a working gun dog demonstration this weekend to make a gentle introduction for him and we did want to 'hit' him with too many changes and experiences all at once.

He has been for a visit with Mark and I to my mum in North Wales where we stayed for a few days and Buster behaved impeccably throughout. We also visited my brother who has an enormous Golden Retriever bitch - wow; Buster and Molly were a hit from the word go. They played with each other chasing balls and all sorts, and snuggled together in perfect harmony. Buster has made a 'local' friend who we occasionally walk with and the two dogs play together well, appearing to enjoy each others company. What a hit Buster is with absolutely everyone and I think the biggest complement I have received so far and confirmation that Buster has settled is for someone to say "what a happy dog he is".

We love him dearly and can't remember life before him!!!

Glenda & Mark Jones

Oliver Update

Hi Glyn and Wendy, and everyone at Springer Rescue,

Wanted to update you on how I'm doing. Yesterday I won first place in the Veterans Class (over 7yrs) at the local fun dog show - I've got a lovely red rosette, and I've just eaten a really really big chew, so I'm very happy indeed! I did need a bath before we went to the show because I've recently discovered moles and it's just the most exciting thing to try and dig them out - but it's a dirty job!

Hope you like this picture of me discovering what flower power is?

Lots of love

Ollie xxx





Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Doesn't time fly? It's now 18 months since I came to live in Edgworth with my new mum and dad.

I've come along in leaps and bounds (literally!) since you last saw me. I am not the same little doggie who stood shaking with fright that Saturday morning, wondering what was going on, although I still take a long time to make up my mind if I like someone.

I have a guardian angel, my best friend, Floyd, who lives next door. He's a border collie and when we go walkies together he always looks out for me.

Last year my mum and dad went to New York, and I went on holiday to Leigh (not quite the Big Apple). I took my buddy Floyd with me to stay with a lovely couple called Bill and Barbara, who took great care of us both in their home. I enjoyed it so much I'm going back later this year.

I still love chasing birds, and I've recently discovered I quite like rabbits, they're great fun - they love to run fast just like me. Squirrels are okay to play with too, but they get fed up very quickly and hide from me in the trees.

Last month I came back to Wigan to meet Margaret, the friend responsible for me finding my new home. Mum says she has a lot to answer for, but I knew she wouldn't be without me really!! I had a great day, not only did I meet Margaret but I also met her beautiful Golden Retriever, Megan. Meg and I, with the parents, went for a great walk in Beacon Country Park, where we met lots of other doggies with their owners. Margaret said she saw you in the park so we waited so I could meet you again, but unfortunately you weren't there that day. Never mind there's always a next time!

Until then, Bailey xxx

Dear Glyn & Wendy,

It's been nearly two years since I last saw you so I thought I'd let you know how I have been getting on over here in Yorkshire. When you rehomed me I was a bit on the tubby side (well like a barrel) and a bit grumpy, but 6 months on I was a lean, mean, mad, and lively Springer. I went to my new home to live with Sally & David Rees in Pannal in Harrogate and instantly became brother to Elsa and Josie, Elsa a rather big Alsatian Collie who has taken me under her wing and become a surrogate mum, and Josie (Alsatian cross) who flirts with me all the time! After a few months of living quite happily in Pannal my new owners moved house across the town and now I live 5 mins walk from the fields and river Nidd, which in this hot weather is wonderful.

I have made lots of lovely new friends and I'm very fit and healthy although I have had a few visits to the vets over the two years. As you know we Springer's are very keen to join in all games, especially hunt the ball when it gets lost in the undergrowth, unfortunately I managed to get a thorn in my eyeball but luckily the nice man at the vets fixed it and now I'm fine. Apart from a recent cold I have been quite well this year. Anyhow its time to go out now as I have just spotted my new owner putting on his walking shoes, best be off.

Take care.

Ben

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

I am writing to let you know how I am getting on with my new family. Everyone is very nice to me, including Polly the three legged cat who I might add can pack a mean punch when she wants to.

The garden here looks very tide now after me barking at the birds for a few weeks, they now sit nice and neatly on the trees. Also Tony has got a lot better at walking on the lead now, but I am having a job teaching him to swim at the moment but I am sure he will pick it up eventually. He had learnt a few things though, like don't bark at the seagulls when doing doggie paddle because you fill up with water and sound like a strangled turkey, don't ever turn your back on waves because they creep up on you and hit you in the back of the head, and whatever you do don't play with crabs and rag worms because they will nip you and they give me terrible wind!.

Continued...



Tony says he will take me out on his boat when he gets me a life jacket, but to be honest I know I can move just as fast swimming, in fact, if I have a touch of wind from eating too much, I can go as fast as a jet ski anyway. Sometimes we have a boys night out at the fishing club, you know the sort of thing, share a few beers, mug a fisherman for his tea and biscuits, walk home with a few girls like Lizzie the Jack Russell or Saffron & Sally and a few other dogs.

The other week I heard Phyllis & Tony mention something about obedience classes but I don't think they need that just yet.

Well you two, I must go now because I can hear they have finished eating and they want me to clear their plates.

Paws sincerely

Jack

Dear Glyn and Wendy,

I am sorry that it's taken so long but here are a few pictures just to let you see how well Jack is doing. I am so proud of him and he is such a character I still cannot believe how lucky I am to have him.

I have enclosed a note from Jack, just so he can have his say as well.

I hope you are both well and keep doing what you do so well, it really is appreciated you know, thanks to you and everybody at Springer Rescue.

If you ever down on the south coast, we would love to see you.

All the very best,

Love Jack, Tony and Phyllis

Dear Glyn and Wendy and all at Springer Rescue,

This is a quick letter to give you my news.

My mum phoned you and told you we were going to Turkey to live, but my dad got sick and so we decided to stay in Scotland, but move nearer to Trevlyn. Trevlyn is my mum and dad's 'other' son and he has a wife and they have just had a baby. She is 4 weeks old, me and Chobe really like her and are going back to look after her when she is bigger! Chobe is my GSD brother, and we are going to be 3 on 28 June, mum says we can have a party with a cake and presents.

Anyway we have moved to this address and we really like it here. We have a big field at the back of the house and when the cows are not around we are allowed to play there. Then we go for walks through the woods and fields, and there is a real river for me to swim in. Chobe does not swim - he just rearranges the rocks on the river bottom.

I love living here and my mum and dad say they can't imagine life without me. I am slowly learning not to do the wall of death round the living room when we get visitors, but sometimes I need sitting down to calm me down. Chobe (sounds like Toby) tells me off when I get too excited, but I really do love visitors and all ours are doggie people so I usually get away with it.

My mum made up the enclosed poem when we were on our walks and we thought you might like it for your newsletter.

Hope you are well and that you can find many more Springer's a home like mine

Loves and Licks,

Tim.



Dear Wendy & Glyn,

I have settled into my new home, its great, mum and dad spoil me. I have two sisters, Bonny and Becky. Becky is very gentle with me, Bonnie is fine but she tries to boss me about, but I don't take any notice of her.

When I first arrived at my new home I slept in the kitchen, it was alright but I much prefer where I sleep now, in the lounge, on a comfy armchair. Bonnie sleeps on the settee next to me, she like to stretch out, Bonnie sleeps upstairs on the bed with mum and dad. I have a very busy life now, up at 6am, we have half a Bonio each, not mum, she has a cup of coffee, 6.15 we are ready to go.

Mum loads us into the car, she has to drive and park up. I don't like my lead, mum says not to worry, and she doesn't mind being a taxi service. We go onto the canal tow path. We feed the ducks, they fly to us. We then go into the woods, I love this, lots of smells, and I never stop running around. We meet mums friend Terry, we stop and have a chat. I have met farmer Reg's cows and calves. I was a bit frightened at first, but they don't bother me now.

Mum has another friend, Bob, he lives on a barge moored on the canal, he has a dog named Blue, he always barks as we pass by.

We get home two hours later, tired and hungry, I have my breakfast, mum has her toast - she always gives me a taste. I then a have sleep while mum does her jobs.

We go out again in the afternoon for another walk. We go into a different wood, its wonderful, every thing I could wish for, and then home for my tea. Mum tries to relax in the evening, I like to lie by her and put my head on her knees.

She loves me very much, I know this.

Lots of love

Archie (AKA Roy Keane)

Hello Glyn and Wendy,

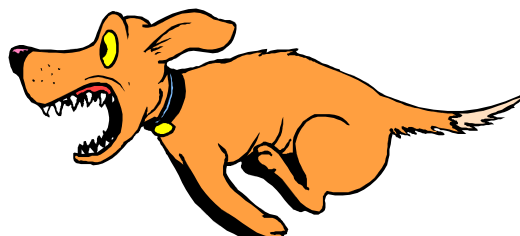
Do you remember me? It's Barney here.

Thank you very much for the newsletter, which mom and dad really enjoyed reading. Mom even took it to work for her friend to read.

So pleased to read about my fellow Springer's being rehomed with such lovely humans, the stories are so warm and have such happy endings. I know there are some times when things start out so sadly, but it is a comfort to know that people like you, Wendy and all your helpers are there to lend a hand. Do hope your friend who walked my fellow Springer's together has now well and truly recovered from her broken leg and is once more enjoying being out and about with my friends.

Well it is nearly two years now since I last saw you, I am very happy, still enjoying life in the Midlands and looking forward to going to the seaside next month when mum and dad have a few days holiday. Time seems to pass so quickly, I love helping out in the garden and we now have five frogs in the pond. I am happy to report that I have resisted all the temptations to leap on them! Last summer I visited Worchester Cricket ground with my dad to watch an International Police Cricket Festival which had been organised by their friends. Well it was lovely to have such a huge new area to explore, Auntie Jill said that I should be named Rebel as I was too busy nosing around (trying to catch that little red ball) to stop and say hello to her. It was a great afternoon and I returned home happy but "dog" tired.

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Uncle Jack and Auntie Mary (who live over the road) dog sit occasionally if mom and dad are for longer than one or two hours. I really love them; they love dogs but are not able to have anymore due to failing health. Boy do I get spoilt, they love painting and Uncle Jack painted a Christmas card with me on the front last Christmas (it is now framed and in pride of place). They play with me and my toys and I repay them by being very good and try to get on their laps!

All is good in life, I ma told quite often that I am the best behaved dog my mom and dad have ever had and that's saying something when the others were very good and much loved too.

Well I must go now, please find enclosed a photo of dad and I, taken last Bank Holiday in the poppy field close to home, I think we make a very handsome couple (well that's what mom said but she is very biased).

Love you all; please keep up the good work.

Lots of Love

Barney, John & Sue

Dear All,

We have just received your Summer newsletter and thought we would write to update you on "Woody" "**HE IS THE BEST**". From day one he has become a member of the family! He's everything we asked for; mischievous, always up to no good, full of energy, always keeping us on our toes and three steps ahead, in short a 110% Springer Spaniel.

We have even taken him on holiday (no kennels for the Gough pets), which will be regular trips to Wales, as we own a static caravan on the coast, Llanrhystud, Aberystwyth. We are not sure but we think it was his first trip to the seaside. He's swimming now too! A few campsite ducks and gentle persuasion by the part duck, part dog - Molly and he's never looked back.

Molly is still getting used to the idea of a younger dog being around, and Woody takes their chats very well. Especially at the moment because we all decided to have Molly spayed, and has been a little moody about the decision. But most of the time they are best of friends, Molly trusts him to take care of us and is back to chasing rabbits for as far as the eye can see. This is something she hasn't done since we lost Megan (springer we lost recently). Just like Megan did to Molly when we first got her, Molly has taken Woody under her paw and started to teach him all the ways of Gough family springer i.e. how to get away with murder and the best patches of grass to roll in.

Woody has quickly converted to a meat-eating dog with no problems, but still enjoys his vegetables. In fact he will eat anything given the opportunity. One of his daily routines is to watch mom cooking in the kitchen. He happily sits in his basket watching her every move quite peacefully. We used to have a faithful "Heinz 57" (part Collie, part Labrador) that we had adopted from Birmingham's dog home, "Goldie" she was a faithful, loyal friend for 13 yrs, but she too would do the same thing. When he started to do it, it bought tears to mom eyes and memories of a dear friend.

When my brother and I were growing up our favourite movie was "Flight of the navigator", the opening credits of this movie features a boy and his dog at a Frisbee throwing companion and for years my brother has always wanted a dog who would be able to catch a Frisbee in mid flight. Unfortunately none of the previous dogs have ever been interested, until Woody, he's the dog that my brother has always wanted, he plays with Frisbee and more....Another favourite game of Woody's is playing with the water hose, which is due to Matthews obsession with cleaning his car, they play it an awful lot.

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Woody has found a true friend in my dad, anyone who has owned a spaniel will know there are only two modes to which they can function:

1. STOP and 2. GO

The function of stop is what my father has practised in perfecting for a number of years and Woody has proven to be a true companion in the same art. To the point that they share the sofa happily together every Sunday evening. Woody is also giving him a run for his money in their game "Who snores the loudest?"

Finally Woody means everything to me; he is everything I asked for when I wrote to you. When we lost Megan, I thought no-one could fill her place, not that anyone could but Woody has got his own special and unique personality that has gained a special place in everyone's heart and affections. We can't thank you enough for helping us to rehome such a loving, playful and caring character, a friend who we will share for the rest of his life.

Once again, thank you!!! And we will keep in touch!

The Gough Family
Dave, Sylv, Sarah, Matt, Molly and Woody





Archie



Bruce



Buster



Meg



Holly



Lilly



Zak's Family



Misty



Phoebe



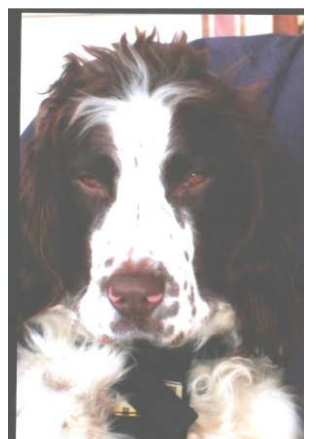
Elwood



Bobby



Lottie & Willow



Wilbe