



Summer Newsletter 2006

# SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE

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Hello and welcome everyone to your summer newsletter 2006. We hope you are all well, along with your magnificent Springer's. Summer being just around the corner, but as I write this (being the beginning of April) it certainly doesn't feel like spring, its snowing at the moment! But I've been reliably informed it will get warmer - honest! Our boys have all just been clipped and are looking very smart indeed, but refuse point blank to put away their "thermals" just yet!

Firstly, as always, our many, many thanks for the amazing donations we have received since our last update, along with the incredible letters and photos and our mountain of Christmas cards we received - Absolutely Wonderful! I cannot express enough how special your letters and photos are to us. Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to print them all, but all of them are priceless Thankyou to each and everyone!!

Enclosed are tickets for our summer raffle (5 for £1.00), please put your name and phone number and return to ourselves. As always, many prizes and monies received go to make better lives for the amazing springer spaniels and we had an incredible response last year, so let's try and beat it! And hopefully you will come and visit us at one of the shows, especially Peover show. Even if you don't live close by, its worth the drive for a fabulous day out - You will enjoy it!

Finally, enjoy your newsletter and have a fantastic summer and once again thank you so much for your continued loyalty and support...we couldn't do it without you!!

From all the team.

Any problems, enquires etc, please contact:

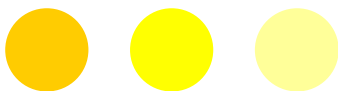
Glyn and Wendy Griffiths  
18 Mill Lane  
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WN8 7NW

Telephone: 01257 464130

All letters, photos etc, to the above address (No E-mail's)

Also visit our website: [www.springerrescue.org.uk](http://www.springerrescue.org.uk)





### *Sad news about Ben*

It just fills me with sadness to tell you that Ben (Joint "Doggie of the year" 2005) has sadly passed on.

As many of you will know Ben originally came into rescue due to his owner not having time to give him. She worked long hours and Ben was locked in the garage. Dreadful - she realised this and handed him over to us. At this time Ben was 4 years old. It was coming up to Christmas 2000 and 2 friends of ours said they would take in and look after 2 doggies over the festive period. They came down to kennels and decided to take home Ben and the other doggie Sam. Both dogs were "full on" and very boisterous! but all went well and come January they asked if they could adopt both doggies.

All was going well and then unfortunately the couple split up 3 years later and whilst the lady in the relationship kept them, she found it increasingly difficult, due to having to work full-time. She had no choice but to hand them back to SSR, this was February 2004. Sam was rehomed within a couple of weeks, but sadly not Ben, Ben was very strong willed and needed that special owner. Weeks turned into months and Ben was still in kennels.

Everyone there loved him and especially Kate, who truly bonded with him but her circumstances unabled her from

adopting him. Christmas was approaching and we made an appeal in our newsletter and Ben was taken "home". We hoped it would be for life, but unfortunately it didn't work out and Ben was back in kennels in January.

We were all so disappointed to say the least but Kate was over the moon to see her Ben again. Circumstances changed for Kate and at last she was in a position to adopt Ben, we were happy, Kate was happy and more importantly Ben was happy. At last a home for life and it was, but in a very short and cruel way. Just before Christmas last year Kate felt a lump and noticed his toiletries were a little erratic and of course took him to the vets. The vets were unsure and decided to operate. I do not wish to go into details, but what was found, it was decided best to let Ben go whilst under the anesthetic. He was only 9½ years old, and out of those years didn't have many good times.

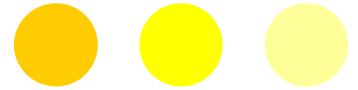
Ben, what a character, we all miss you so much and I personally, loved you to bits and no one at Rescue or anyone who knew you, will ever forget you.

God Bless Ben, We Miss You.

16.7.96 - 16.12.05

More about Ben can be found in past newsletters on our website, [www.springerrescue.org.uk](http://www.springerrescue.org.uk)





**Show Dates**

Newburgh Fair - Newburgh

Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> June 2006 Time: 12 noon till 5pm

Peover Game and Angling Fair - Peover Hall, Knutsford.

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> August 2006 Time: 9 am till 6 pm.

Peover Park is on the A50, 3 miles south of Knutsford and 5 miles north of Holmes Chapel.

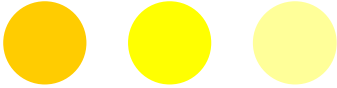
Nearest junction to M6: junction 19 (south) junction 20 (north)

Angling demonstrations, Clay Pigeon competitions, Craft fair, Gun Dog competitions, continuous Main Ring programme, Vintage Working machinery, and 100's of trade stands and much, much more!!



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





A few more "moments with Maddie"

Out in the garden  
Where the flowers grow  
There are some places  
I'm not supposed to go

The birds are singing  
Then suddenly take flight  
I try to catch them,  
You never know - I might!

I come to a stop  
And look around me,  
I'm in a place  
I'm not supposed to be!

Long summer evenings  
I can stay out doors,  
And when I come in  
They don't have to wipe my paws.

I'm jumping, running,  
Energetic me,  
Yet again I'm where  
I'm not supposed to be!

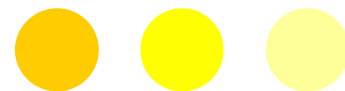
I lie on the lawn  
And soak up the sun,  
Now I'll chase a bee  
That can be loads of fun.

Now, where is my ball?  
Oh, I think I know,  
In a special place -  
I'm not supposed to go!

Here comes the master,  
I'll try to look 'sweet',  
I'll carry his paper  
And earn myself a treat!

Sitting be his side  
My head on his knee  
This is the place  
I am supposed to be!!





## Prayer for a stray

Dear God, please send somebody who will care.

I'm tired of running, I'm sick with despair.

My body is aching; it's so racked with pain.

And Dear God, I pray as I run in the rain.

That somebody will love me and give me a home.

A warm cosy bed and a big juicy bone.

My last owner tied me all day in the yard.

Sometime with no water, and God, that was hard.

So I chewed my leash, God, I ran away.

To rummage in garbage and live as a stray.

But now, God, I'm tired and hungry and cold.

And I'm so afraid I'll never grow old.

They've chased me with sticks and hit me with stones.

While I run in the streets just looking for bones.

I'm really not bad, God, please help if you can.

For I have become just a "Victim of Man".

I'm wormy, Dear God, and I'm ridden with fleas.

And all that I want is an owner please.

If you find one for me, God, I'll try to be good.

And I won't chew their shoes, but I'll do as I should.

I'll love them, protect them and try to obey.

When they tell me to sit, lie down or stay.

I don't think I'll make it too long on my own.

Cause I'm getting so weak and I'll be all alone.

Each night when I sleep in the bushes, I cry.

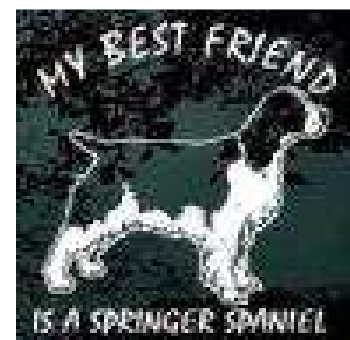
Cause I'm so afraid, God, that I'm gonna die.

And I've got so much to love and devotion to give.

So, Dear God, please, please answer my prayer.

And send me someone who will really care.

That's all I ask, God, of you up there.



## A Dog's Prayer:

**Dear God:** When we get to heaven, can we sit on your couch? Or is it still the same old story? Are there postmen in heaven? If there are, will I have to apologise?

**Dear God:** More meatballs, less spaghetti, please.

**Dear God:** We dogs can understand human verbal instructions, hand signals, whistles, horns, clickers, beepers, scent I.D's, electromagnetic energy fields, and Frisbee flight paths. What do humans understand? And why do humans smell flowers, but seldom, if ever, smell one another? If a dog barks his head off in the forest and no human hears him, is he still a bad dog?

**Dear God:** Let me give you a list of just some of the things I must remember to be a good dog.

1. I will not eat the cats' food before they eat it or after they throw up.
2. I will not roll on dead rabbits, seagulls, fish, etc., just because I like the way they smell.
3. I will not munch on "leftovers" in the kitty litter box, although they are tasty.
4. The sofa is not a 'face towel'. Neither are mum and dad's laps.
5. The garbage collector is not stealing our stuff.
6. My head does not belong in the refrigerator.
7. I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for mum's driver's licence and registration documents.
8. I will not play tug-of-war with dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.
9. Sticking my nose into someone's crotch is an unacceptable way of saying "hello".
10. I don't need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm under the coffee table.
11. I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house - not after.
12. I will not throw up in the car.
13. I will not come in from outside and immediately drag my bum.
14. I will not sit in the middle of the living room and lick my crotch when we have company.
15. The cat is not a 'squeaky toy' so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.

And finally, my last two questions.

**Dear God:** Why do humans only have 10 commandments and dogs have 15?  
And....when I get to heaven will I get my testicles back?



**SPRING FLOWERS**

U	D	A	C	O	N	T	E	B	D	R	E	Z	Y	S
E	E	I	S	S	I	C	R	A	N	F	R	A	W	D
N	U	R	E	P	R	I	M	U	L	A	T	N	A	A
O	V	I	O	L	A	A	R	E	P	D	C	I	N	E
M	I	S	H	I	L	S	J	W	I	A	S	F	P	F
E	U	V	C	R	L	M	C	T	E	Y	S	T	U	O
N	A	S	F	F	I	S	S	U	C	O	R	C	C	D
A	M	N	C	K	T	H	N	L	A	B	L	Y	R	I
I	A	O	N	A	I	T	S	I	M	R	N	C	E	L
L	R	W	B	R	R	N	F	P	E	U	G	L	T	L
O	Y	D	I	E	F	I	S	S	L	P	O	A	T	B
N	L	R	Y	S	B	C	O	P	L	B	M	M	U	O
G	L	O	R	N	Y	A	T	S	I	L	L	E	B	A
A	I	P	A	N	S	Y	W	D	K	Y	P	N	A	T
M	S	F	W	O	E	H	B	L	U	E	B	E	L	L

1. Amaryllis
2. Anemone
3. Bellis
4. Bluebell
5. Buttercup
6. Camellia
7. Crocus
8. Cyclamen
9. Daffodil
10. Daisy
11. Dwarf Narcissi
12. Fritillaria
13. Hyacinth
14. Iris
15. Magnolia
16. Muscari
17. Pansy
18. Primula
19. Snowdrop
20. Tulip
21. Viola

**WILDLIFE**

M	A	T	I	B	B	A	R	P	T	U	I	G	A	Q
E	W	O	B	U	T	T	E	R	F	L	Y	L	L	C
S	I	R	K	S	P	E	G	C	E	T	F	I	W	S
N	G	E	E	S	S	X	D	A	D	T	J	O	Q	W
I	R	E	T	E	K	A	A	L	I	R	P	U	H	A
T	H	B	L	A	D	Y	B	I	R	D	I	S	K	L
R	T	E	E	G	N	L	L	Q	H	R	G	U	S	L
A	O	L	D	Y	N	O	T	A	R	O	P	S	B	O
M	O	B	Y	G	L	O	R	E	R	S	H	R	E	W
E	K	M	D	A	E	E	L	O	M	K	R	A	V	O
S	J	U	D	T	S	L	K	Y	O	O	K	C	U	C
U	S	B	A	Q	A	Y	F	M	D	J	Y	F	N	V
O	Q	O	R	U	E	S	U	O	M	D	L	E	I	F
H	T	W	S	I	W	C	G	E	X	K	A	W	X	Y
S	D	F	D	R	A	G	O	N	F	L	Y	D	L	N

1. Badger
2. Bumblebee
3. Butterfly
4. Cuckoo
5. Daddy Long Legs
6. Deer
7. Dragonfly
8. Fieldmouse
9. Fox
10. Hare
11. House Martin
12. Ladybird
13. Mole
14. Rabbit
15. Shrew
16. Sky Lark
17. Squirrel
18. Stoat
19. Swallow
20. Swift
21. Weasel





## Letters Pages

Dear Glyn and Wendy

I'm so sorry I haven't written for a while but my mum and I have been ever so busy. I have moved house, its much better. It's a lot bigger and it has a garden, so I have lots of room to run round in. Even better for me there are squirrels that I can chase when they come into my garden. Mum isn't really pleased when I do it as at first I went on the garden and ran all over her plants, now she has redesigned the garden so I have run further and go up the steps now. The best bit about it is that the fields are just at the end of my road so I can now spend longer running in the fields when we go for a walk. The house is great; when I want to lie down I have loads of rooms to choose from. I still don't like the postman, and my mum has had to put up a baby gate so I can't get to the letter box.

I can't believe that I have been living with my mum for 6 years now. The time has flown by. I'm so happy in my home and remain very grateful to Springer Spaniel Rescue for getting me from the kennels. I have lots of human friends and a few doggy friends. I don't really like mixing with other dogs and if I don't know them I let them know who's the boss. My mum tries to distract ma and teach me not to, but sometimes I can't help it. I'm usually ok when I get to know them and actually chase after sticks with them.

I recently had 2 other playmates as my Auntie and her cat moved in. My Auntie was great as we get each other into trouble, and what's more when my Grandma comes and visits we get into even more trouble because she is as daft as me. My mum says that I get that mischievous look in my eyes, and she can tell that I am going to get into trouble before I do anything. My Aunties cat is a bit boring as she just sleeps upstairs. She is probably staying out of my way. We had a few problems at first. But believe it or not it wasn't me who initiated any of the squabbles. We are ok now; I let her walk past me. Unfortunately my Auntie has moved abroad now so I don't get into trouble as much.

I have also made loads more human friends. There are a group of little boys and girls who live on the same street. It's great I get loads of attention and they are all daft enough to keep throwing me sticks.

My mum gets a bit cross with me when I keep wanting to play, she tells me that my legs will be stiff in the morning and that I never learn. Sure enough the next day my back legs hurt and I have trouble walking. She's right, I'll never learn. I carry on doing it. After all I am a Springer. We are meant to do those kinds of things aren't we?

When my mum went away on holiday I stayed with my friends George, Maddie and their mum and dad who live down the road. It was great during the day I had Maddie to play with whilst George went to school and when George came home I had another play mate.

I must admit I did feel a little tired at the end of the two weeks and slept for quite a while. My mum was very pleased with me because I played with the children so well and didn't get grumpily once.

I still get frightened at times, particularly when any sport comes on the telly. I hate it particularly the noise of the crowd. If the patio doors are open I go right to the bottom of the garden and sometimes hide under a tree, if not I go and hide under one of the beds. I don't know what it is. I just can't get used to the noise.

Well I'd better go now as I can hear my mum getting ready to take me for a walk. I don't want to miss that.

I will try and come and see you.

Take care and say hello to all the other doggies.

Buster and my mum (Julie)

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Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Mummy and daddy asked me to write a letter to you before I go on holiday to Cornwall, I am not sure about this holiday thing but Milo, Dylan and Maddie said I would like it. We have to go for a long drive in the car and then the fun begins. My brothers said we stay in a cabin in the wood with loads of little friends.

I'm not sick in the car anymore because I get to ride upfront with mummy and daddy like a big girl. Living in Wales is good fun we all go running each day over Comeston Country Park which you will see in the photos.

I don't like the water its too cold and it makes me smell like a dog and I'm a little lady I don't need to smell that way!!!! I hope you like the photos and I will send you a postcard from Cornwall and lots more photos.

Lots and lots and lots of love with waggie tails

Poppy xxxxx



Dear Glyn and Wendy,

I thought it was time to drop you a few lines to let you know how I am. It's just over two years since I came to live in my new home and over a year since I last sent you a letter. Time flies where you are having lots of fun! I love my home and my mum and dad sooooo much. I am always giving them lots of kisses to prove it too! They keep telling me I am such a lovely and affectionate girl but it just comes naturally to me.

I go on lovely walks around our village and to country parks in the area. Sometimes we venture into North Wales and walk around lakes - well mum and dad walk but I prefer to swim everywhere I go! In the last two years mum and dad have taken me to the Lake District three times for holidays. I had a wonderful time running and swimming, swimming and running then running and swimming some more! I just love to explore my way through the undergrowth, woods and even the odd boggy area. It's strange but mum and dad are not very keen on me going in the boggy bits for some reason. I wonder if it's got something to do with having mud and sludge covering me up to my chest! Well I just consider it to be part of the fun!

On the home front, I am still keeping the two cats that live next door in check. I like to chase them whenever I get the opportunity. It's normally when I am going out or coming in from a walk and they are sitting on their driveway minding their own business. My dad thinks it's funny to see them run away from me but my mum says I shouldn't do it as it is naughty. I think the cats enjoy my little game really.

You will be pleased to know I have lost some weight over the last two years. I was a bit on the heavy side when I came here but have gradually lost it with a good diet and lots of exercise (although I am always on the look out for any extra treat that might come my way). However, I am a stocky build with a big strong neck and chest so will never look super slim.

Unfortunately, we could not visit you last August at the Peover Game Fair as we were away. It was really nice to see you and your pooches the year before and we hope we can see you sometime this year. Keep up the good work you do for the Springer Spaniels you take on and the brilliant newsletter you send us twice a year. My mum and dad love to read all the stories (my mum sometimes gets tearful when she read some of them) and I like looking at the pictures.

Hope to see you in 2006.

Lots of licks and woofs

Pippa

P.S. Mum and dad say hello too (Mark and Paula)

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### OLLIE UPDATE

Hello everyone Ollie here, and because my dad has finally discovered digital cameras I can send you a picture.

I'm fit and well, if a little slower, but the folks say that is allowed as I am 14 now. I still like my walks but they are more of a amble than a time trial these days! My favourite things in all the world are still my chews, my bed, and riding around in the car. I'm told that the older I get the more excited about food I get and have to do a very fast dance in circles in the kitchen till my meal comes. This is a little disconcerting for my little friends Toby (small Cocker Spaniel) who has to roll his eyes a lot and sit in the corner until I'm fed.

2005 was a really good year - here are a few things that have happened to me -

I met a toad but wasn't very impressed; it gave me a funny look so I left it well alone.

I was entered into the village show dog show and won third prize. I wore the rosette on my lead all afternoon.

I went to a fund raising dog show for a local dog charity and won lots of prizes. I even got awarded a prize for refusing to leave the red carpet till I had a prize.

I had a hair cut. I went to the dog groomer in the town near here and spent an afternoon there being pampered. It was really great because the nice lady let me have lots of doggie snacks. When dad came to collect me she said I was the only dog that really like the new dog snacks she had so I came home with a whole bag of them! Lucky me!

Otherwise I've been pretty well taking things easy - lying in the garden on sunny days smelling the flowers and listening to the birds - its not bad being a pensioner.

My folks thought I should go for an old boys check-up so I went to see the vet - I love going to see the vet. I took a cat with me - it needed its injections. I saw my favourite vet and she said I was looking really well and perhaps my heart was a little faster but nothing to worry about and to just carry on with my laid back way of looking at the world.

Christmas was just wonderful. On Christmas day I found I had a chew, a pillow to lie on, a new duvet bed and a fleecy blanket with snowmen on it. To celebrate I lay on it all day (well not all day - I did go out for a wander down the lane and a stroll round the garden a couple of times to say hello to the chickens - you know how it is.

Hope you all had a really great Christmas and all the best for 2006-05-11  
Love to everyone.

Ollie

**Dear Glyn and Wendy**

Paddy has asked me to write this letter for him as he has trouble holding a pen or hitting the right keys with his paws unlike some of the other clever boys and girls who write to you.

He came here at the beginning of March last year and loves it. He says it was a bit of a shock when he had to be put up for adoption but he thinks he has fallen on his feet. He has two cat friends - Trudy who is old, deaf and very bad tempered but he now manages to stay out of her way - and Harry who is about the same age, a serious killing machine but now his best friend.

His travels have taken up a lot of the last few months with Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and Walberswick to name a few of his favourite places to swim - a sport at which he has reached Olympic standard. Walks are also a favourite although runs would be more accurate - he can rival Linford Christie - although not in the "lunchbox" department!

He would like to report to you that his behaviour has been impeccable and all the early training his previous dad gave him has turned him into a really good boy. It is true to say he has the occasional lapse but changing his name to a strongly delivered PATRICK always does the trick.

Here are a couple of photos - he likes the one in the tartan waistcoat for Hogmanay - despite having an Irish name!

Finally his mum and dad would like to thank Springer Spaniel Rescue for finding us THE perfect dog.

With love from

Patrick Mackintosh (AKA Paddy) and his Mum and Dad.

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**Dear Glyn and Wendy**

Hi it's Merry (Duke) here. I've just come back from my holiday in Scotland. I was going to send a postcard but there just wouldn't have been enough room to tell you about all my adventures.

We set off early one morning - there was just time to chew through Holly's collar then we jumped into the car. Holly said it was a long way and the best thing to do was to go to sleep on the back seat. I was too excited to sleep and besides mum and dad might have needed help with the directions.

When we arrived in Scotland I couldn't believe my luck! We were staying on the edge of a forest and the scents I could smell were phenomenal. I didn't know which to follow first! Unfortunately mum and dad had forgotten to take the alarm clock so I felt it was my duty to wake them up at 6am, with a hug, and tell them how much I was enjoying myself. I couldn't believe it when they didn't leap out of bed! Holly and I would play for a while then we went back to bed so I played with toys until everyone got up. Then it was sheer joy! There were rabbit scents, badger scents, mole scents and deer. I chased off into the forest becoming merely a jingle of identity tags in the undergrowth until I heard my whistle then I would fly back.

We did lots of interesting things whilst on holiday, one day we ran up a steep hill, with lots of steps, to a monument for the Battle of Waterloo. Well, Holly and I ran but those humans are so slow! When we came back down we went for afternoon tea then visited an abbey with a graveyard. I had to walk on my lead but as I had just learned how to cock my leg up, those gravestones looked very inviting!

One day we went to a barbecue party on the beech. It was just the best of fun. There was a huge flock of seagulls on the beech and as I am a fast runner, (my tail spins round and round and makes me go faster) I was convinced that I would be able to catch one. I didn't expect them to cheat though. We got right out to sea then they turned around and flew back and then had the audacity to laugh at me. Well I wasn't too disappointed because there were lots of people and dogs to introduce myself to. Then there was the delicious smell of food cooking and Holy and I were given some to eat.

Everyday we went for walks in the forest, which were always entertaining. We started off by splashing through a ford so it didn't matter if we got muddy because we had to also splash through it on the way back. There were steep banks to climb, plants to scramble through and sticks to play with. Holy and I would play tug-of-war until our stick became too small that we couldn't both hold it. There were some tasty bushes called 'raspberries' and all you have to do is put your head underneath and bite off the juicy fruit. You can imagine my amazement when I got home and found some of them in the field at home. I was just about to bite some when mum stopped me and said, "NO! These are unripe blackberries. You need to eat the black ones."

Well there had to be a downside to the holiday! What I didn't know was that Uncle John makes Western saddles for horses and he gave dad some leather to make new collars for both Holly and me. They are very smart, I must admit, they have been stained dark brown and have some acorns and oak leaves stamped on them.

It was nice to be home too and I was glad to meet up with the Cavaliers and cats (they stayed at home to look after Grandma).

I'll write again soon.

Love Merry x x x

Hi, do you remember me? I wasn't with you long but it's a year ago on 11 December that Clive and Barbara came to look at me, a little thin and all legs. I've just had my annual MOT and booster jabs at the vets - he was very impressed and said I was very fit and had put on just enough weight. I should be fit mind you; I train every day trying to loose my cousin Charlie in the woods. He's a black Cocker puppy and likes to hang onto my ears, but when I get going he just cant keep up with his short legs.

I've had a great year away in the caravan for lots of weekends and holidays. The sea is great fun but, I warn you don't drink it, not even wet your tongue, it's horrible and gives me the runs as well - hum less said about that the better.

Boy oh boy, the Forest of Dean where I live is a great place - I chased the free roaming sheep once for a bit of fun and lost Clive for about 4 hours. It was a bit scary; wont do that again cos he's got a whistle now and calls me back if I get too far away. Mind you it's very hard for me not to carry on where there are so many rabbits, squirrels and deer to chase. We even have wild boar in the forest here - we saw about 8 of them today, but Clive made me go on my lead so I couldn't get too close to them - he thinks they might chase me back. I don't want to get lost again; anyway, if I did I'd be OK now because I'm bionic!! I have a chip in my neck, don't know how that works but Clive said it should get me back home if things go wrong, mind you, I don't think I am going to take the chance. It wouldn't be very nice sleeping in those woods on a cold frosty night, especially when I have a lovely warm comfy bed and a night time cuddle to look forward to. Anyway - who would guard the house and look after Clive and Barbara if I wasn't there, they must have managed before but I don't expect they slept so easily.

Anyway send a message to any spaniels with you - tell them life can only get better and it will, thanks to you Glyn and Wendy.

Love Jamie

### What a day!

I was so excited I was going for a long walk, I couldn't wait. I waited for mum to put my lead on and put me in the car. It was quite a long journey; I watched the cars and people that passed by and barked at leaves flying past. Finally the car came to a stop. I thought yes we were here. I was even more excited than before. My mum opened the boot and put my lead on. I jumped out and went for a long walk. When I got back to the car I was really tire so my mum took off my lead threw it in the boot and I jumped straight in and lay down. I slept for a little while then I woke up. I felt a little hungry so I thought "mmm that's looks nice and eat it". It was really hard to chew but I eat it in the end. We was finally home I couldn't wait to get in and relax!

The next day I felt quite ill but I still couldn't wait to go for another walk. My mum went to get my lead out of the car because we weren't going very far. When my mum had looked into the car she couldn't find my lead so she thought she must have lost it. So my mum got a different a different lead. When we had got back from the walk I felt quite ill again, so when my mum had let me out in the garden, I had a bad stomach and kept pooing.

The following day I felt really, really ill so when I was let out in the garden I was sick!! It was horrible and I hate being sick! My mum had said "we will see how he was tomorrow and if he's no better we will take him the vets". So you can guess what happened the next day. Of course I was sick once again. So me, my mum, my dad and my wonderful sister took me to the vets. When we had got to the vets everyone was giving me so much attention it was wicked. I had to go in a dark room and had a few x-rays and after that I came out. I heard my mum and dad talking to the vet; they said I had eaten my LEAD. I thought for a second or two "oh yeah I remember I was feeling a little hungry so I eat my lead!" Suddenly my dad had taken me into a big room. I had to leave my mum and sister. My dad was holding me tight and told me everything was going to be ok. Suddenly the man put this big needle in me, I wiggled a bit in shock. Shortly after that I started to fall asleep. When I had woken up I heard loud voices and a nice lady sitting with me and stroking me. I wondered what had happened my stomach had hurt even more than before. I had to stay there for a while and when my family come to get me, I was so excited to see them because I missed them so much.

Now I know never to eat something that I'm not sure of again.

Signed Vinnie

### Dear Glyn and Wendy

How are you all? Hope you are all well and fighting fit. Everything is fine up here. I've enclosed some photos of the little darlings! As you can see, they're happy and healthy and full of fun. Of course, my arms are 3 inches longer than they used to be. Does anyone know a Springer Spaniel who **doesn't** pull on the lead on the way to the beach?

Buster has settled in very well indeed. He's a great little dog, can't imagine why he had to be rehomed at all. Very good in the house, sometimes does what he's told, responsive, very affectionate and biddable. He's a complete lap-dog. You can't sit down without him jumping on your lap and settling down. He gets on amazingly well with Baggins. I am so surprised at how well they get on now. There were a few fights to begin with, but Buster has never shown any fear to Baggy, in fact, if anything, I think Buster might have the upper hand. They play well together, but Baggy is quite cautious about upsetting Buster. You know what they say about standing up to a bully! Buster can get away with taking toys away from Baggy where we wouldn't dare try. Buster has put on a little nit of weight as you will se in the photos, he's now a more normal weight and he looks much better for it. He is much more food obsessed than Baggy. He starts asking for breakfast from about 5.30am, and if you go past 6pm for his dinner he gets quite anxious.

We were doing really well with the re-call thing up until Christmas, he was really getting the hang of coming back to me on the beach, with the help of an endless supply of doggy choc drops. Then during the holidays, he had a relapse, got too excited and disappeared over the gold course three days in a row. Takes an average of an hour and a half to get him back. He goes completely deaf and just keeps running. Fortunately he hasn't made it to the railway line again since the time I had to chase him along it and rugby tackle him to the ground. Anyway, since Christmas I decided he was grounded for the rest of his life. He was only getting walked on the lead, which was pretty boring for all concerned. But on Saturday we decided to give him another chance and headed off for the rocks, the tide was right out. This tends to keep him away from the dunes and the lure of the golf course. He had a lovely swim in the sea and a run on the rocks and came back on the lead when he was called. So maybe there is some hope for him!

Continued over page...

Baggy seems very happy these days, he hasn't bitten me since last summer, although his lips have curled up a couple of times. Still going through quite a few pairs of socks, underwear etc, as he now knows to open the drawers and rifle through the contents. He can also open the zips on my golf bag and remove important items like the hip flask. Latest hobby is pulling the curtains down and the tie-backs come off the wall leaving great chunks of plaster on the floor. Stil wouldn't swop him though!

I think we'll all be off to Ireland for Easter, first trip for Buster. Lots of nice places for them to explore and they can continue their swimming seasons in Lough Erne. I just hope Buster's re-call is a bit more dependable by then.

You'll see from one of the photos that they have some Irish cousins, Ben and Bonnie, two little Cockers, they're be about a year old by Easter. They were visiting Christmas and Baggy unfortunately had to discipline Ben once or twice, but no real harm done, and he did get used to them by the end of the week. Ben's a bit on the thick side, but Bonnie is bright enough to know she should stay out of Baggy's way! Buster gets on fine with evryone. In fact, after they left Baggy and Buster started having play-fights round the coffee table like the pups did every night. They tend to be a bit more noisy and boisterous than the pups so I've been trying to discourage this behaviour.

The two of them have gone off to bed, obviously they must have needed an early night, or got bored with me playing on the computer, so I think I'll follow them.

Best wsihes from Colin and myself, and Baggins and Buster

Sylvia Morrison

### More tales from Wales

Hi Glyn, Wendy and everyone at Springer Rescue,

Do you remember me, Bobby (used to be known as Bobbins) of Lan in Carmarthenshire. We havent been in touch with you for a while, so I thought it was way past time we updated you as to how things are here in deepest, darkest West Wales. I think the last time any of us wrote to you, it was my older sister, Elsa, shortly after she arrived here.

Well, as you may remember, I arrived here after Elsa (quite some time ago now) and Have settled in very well. There was another Springer here as well, called Cindy, who was very old and had been with dad from before he met mum, but sadly Cindy died not too long after I arrived, so I only have vague memories of her.

To be honest, I was a bit stressed whe I first arrived and I had a habit of stealing food from anywhere I could find it; especially from the rubbish bins. Many's the time that dad would come down from upstairs from his office for a tea-break and find the contents of the kitchen bin spread out all over the floor while I munched on someone's left-overs from the night before. Dad got a bit angry, although I don't know why really, I usually tried to indicate that there was enough for both of us, but he just never seemed to understand. Eventually, the kitchen bin was put in the pantry, behind a closed door, so that was the end of that. I also remember the time last summer when my grand parents were staying with us and left some smoked salmon unattended on the kitchen table by mistake, I managed to eat about three quarters of it before being discovered. If there are any Springers out there who've never tried smoked salmon before, I can thoroughly recommend it!! Anyway, all that seems like a long time ago now, and I am quite a bit better with food than I used to be.

Elsa and I get on fine, although she does like to have time to herself quite a lot, epsecially now she's getting older (I think she'll be 12 this year, 4 years older than me). She has gone a bit 'strange' over the last couple of years since her illness. She was diagnosed with a rare form of hepeticus, which can sometimes be passed on genetically. She is fine now, after being sorted out by the consultant vets in Bristol, but she was quite ill for a while, and even now she has to have a special diet of 'hepatic' dog food (which was ordered directly from the vet) and cottage cheese, which the vet said is good for her liver.

Unfortunately, since then, she seems to be a bit essentric; "lost the plot" is the phrase dad uses. A couple of times when we went to the beach to play (as we all do as often as possibale), Elsa just starting swimming out to sea and wouldn't come back when called. On one occasion, mum decided to strip down to her underwear and wade in after her to bring her back; it was very worrying. After a few times of that happening, mum and dad were scared of her accidentally drowning, so we had to stop taking her the beach for a while, for her own safety. Unfortunately, she cant be taken on lead very easily either because she gets frustrated that she cant run free with the rest of us, and barks incessantly. She is happy in her own little world, and enjoys coming for walks with the rest of us, as long as she is limited to safe places only, such as around the fields by our house; although she has started coming to the beach with us again a few times recently and seems to have been alright so far.

Mum, dad, and the vet have all suggested that her illness may have left her with very mild brain damage, although dad says that with Springers it's not always easy to tell (he's a fine one to talk!!). Elsa follows dad absolutely everywhere when he's at home; they're inseparable. I prefer mum's company best.

Last year I stopped being the youngest member of the family as a new Springer arrived; Meg is her name, and she came from the Springer Rescue as well. Do you remember her?. We call her Meggie most of the time as she seems to respond better to that. She was 6 months old when she arrived, and not toilet trained.

The first few months were a bit smelly around the place!!, but she eventually she got the hang of it. She has sooo much energy; leaves me a bit breathless I'm afraid (well, when you get to my age you want to ease up a bit don't you, relax, put your paws up now and again). Mum and dad have said that they think she is particularly bright for a Springer (I'm still trying to work out wheather that's a compliment or not!) so mum has started doing some special exercises with her; something called 'agility training'. Meggie loves it. Elsa and I keep having to hear all about it from her everytime she comes back from classes. "They taught me how to do this. They taught me how to do that. I know how to jump through tyres, over bars, and run through tunnels" etc, etc. She's full of it!! I explain to her that I could almost certainly do all that as well if I wanted to, but I cant see the point.

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Personally I prefer an afternoon spent lying in the sun. Pups today, they haven't got a clue... It seems that she has mum and dad wrapped around her dew claw. They idolise her.

Unfortunately I haven't been very well myself just this last month or so. I was diagnosed with Glaucoma in my left eye. I was referred to an eye specialist vet centre in Gloucestershire for treatment. They put me on a strict regime of anti-inflammatory drugs to ease the swelling in my eye (which was quite uncomfortable), and eye drops to try and improve my eye's damage. This helped for a little while, but unfortunately it was not enough to resolve the problem. After much consultation with the specialist, it was decided that the only sensible option was to remove my eye. I was in quite a lot of pain with it and frankly I have felt so much more comfortable now that it's gone.

My vision isn't too badly affected (now that I'm getting used to it). I sometimes bump into things on my left-hand side, but generally I can see quite well with my right eye, and I think its worth it just to feel so much more comfortable. The only uncertainty is that, because my problem is genetic (according to the vet) it is possible that my other eye may eventually have the same problem, which would obviously be much more serious, as I would then be totally blind. However, I have already been started on a regime of preventative medicine to try to slow the process down as much as possible, and all being well it will hopefully be a good many years before I need to worry about that.

There was supposed to be a video with this letter. It's a bit embarrassing really, but dad has bought himself a video camera. He is like a school boy with a new train set. At various points throughout the course of a typical day, we are all supposed to run around doing things while he takes pictures of us and then plays them back to mum (who's very patient!!).

He's hoping to make a short video of our home here, and what we all get up to. Unfortunately it's not finished yet, but he'll send it on when it is. It has some clips of young Meggie showing off her agility and obedience skills (something she's more than happy to do given the opportunity) and some general scenes of all of us around here at Lan, and on our local beach. I suppose it will be a chance for you to see where we all live, and how we all are, if nothing else!!

In fact I think dad may be hankering after another "little girl" (as he says) again now (or perhaps even two). They've recently bought an estate car to fit us all in. Of course mum is the sensible one, and reminds him that they need to think carefully before committing to anything, but I think dad is winning.

Don't be surprised if they contact you again very soon!!

Love from Bobby (and Elsa and Meggie) xxxx

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*Bobbi*



*Bridie & Piper*



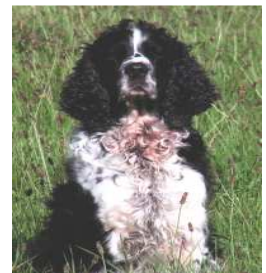
*Buster*



*Dylan*



*Fred*



*Bobby*



*Jenni*



*Maddie and Poppy*



*Mutley*



*Paddy*



*Pepper*



*Rusty*



*Tamar*



*Tom*



*Vinnie*