



SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE

WINTER 2003 NEWSLETTER



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Attention!!! Attention!!!

A special message to those who don't....

....keep in touch!!

Whilst many many of rescuers keep in touch with wonderful letters, photo's, emails and 'phone calls there are certain ones who don't!!

We realise that life is busy and not everyone is into letter writing, but we are not asking for an essay! Just a note or brief 'phone call, a quick email or a signing on our guest book is all we ask. You did make contact once, when asking to adopt so please, please to anyone out there who hasn't given us an update on your super springer, please bear in mind that, whilst you know your doggie is safe, happy and well we too, need to know. We at Rescue dedicate our lives to helping springers and every single one of them is so special to us, so "come on!!"-put pen to paper, turn on the computer or pick up the phone- it's not that difficult!!!

And we thank you, in anticipation.



Dates For Your Diary

Show events

Newburgh Fair:- Saturday 7 June 12 noon—5 pm

Thornton Hough Festival:- Saturday 5 July 11 am—5 pm

Peover Game Fair :- Sunday 17 August 10 am—5.30 pm (one not to miss)

The above shows are ones which we will be officially attending, but listed below are other shows which we are sure will be of great interest to everyone and hopefully next year we will be there "Raising the flag for Springer Rescue",

Garlands Game Fair (Tamworth) 5 + 26 May

Chettle Game Fair (Blandford Forum) 9 + 10 August

Parkgate Game Fair (Wirral) 6 + 7 September

Weston Park Game Fair (Midlands) 20 + 21 September



RAFFLE TICKETS

Please find enclosed tickets for our summer raffle, super super prizes (5 for £1.00). All prizes displayed at our shows—but you don't have to come to win!! Just put your name + phone number on the ticket stub and return to us. Thank you and Good Luck!!



So Proud of Toby

Toby came into Rescue from a dreadful home, he was shown no love or attention and was what we call a street dog. The door would be left open and no security in the garden and Toby would walk the streets, playing ball with the local children and when hungry look for scraps, or perhaps "maybe" get some food at home. Thankfully, Toby was brought into Rescue, his hair long and very matted. We immediately took him to the Vets for his inoculations and worming treatment and also had him groomed. He looked terrific but on the thin side. He was in kennels quite a while and during that time we all fell in love with Toby. What a character and so intelligent and where ever Toby went so did his ball. He was a joy to have around. The more we got to know him we realised what a clever boy he was.

We put his details on our website and that is where his new owner, after reading about him and enquiring further knew Toby was the doggie for him. Toby's new Dad is a fire investigation officer and wanted a dog to become part of his team. That was nearly 2 years ago and up to last January after the first initial phone calls after adoption, we hadn't heard any news on Toby. We don't like to pester people after adoption, we just hope people will keep in touch. Then last January, joy of joy, we received an e-mail from Toby's dad. Toby is doing so well, dedicated to his new owner and is in the final stages of his training as a fire investigation dog. He is working alongside his mate Dex a black lab and going for certification at The National Fire Service College in April where after that he will be able to work in his own right as a fire investigation dog, and he loves it.

When we receive details and photo's of his great achievement we will feature them in our next newsletter and on our website. Well done Toby we are all so very proud and happy for you.

Brave Little Soldier

Who sadly lost his battle

Jakey (4 March 1993—8 February 2003)

Many of you will have read about Jakey in past newsletters and some of you had the privilege to have met him. Jakey was in kennels for 10 months (such a long time) but eventually was homed to a remarkable lady, Judy, whilst in kennels Jake had operations to remove lumps, which proved to be cancerous.

The Vet didn't know if they would return but we all hoped and prayed Jakey was over the worst. Mum Judy came to the kennels in January 2001 and took Jakey home along with her other doggie Maxey, a very handsome Doberman.

A trial period to see if both doggies bonded and also to make sure Judy could handle Jakey (his illness and past life had made him somewhat temperamental!! A little grumpy at times, and, as Mum Judy so fondly called him "In his Hannibal Lector Mood")

We needn't have worried on either, Maxey was best pals with his new brother and Judy loved him to bits and knew just how to handle any problem.

On Mothers day 2001 Jakey was officially adopted and since that time we have had the most wonderful letters, 'photo's and regular updates on Jakeys adventures. Jakey gave us all quite a few scary moments when he wasn't very well but somehow always managed to overcome and bounce back, but in January this year Jakey couldn't fight his illness anymore and Mum Judy knew Jakey didn't have very long left on this earth.

His last few days Mum constantly reassured him how much she loved him and how everything would be OK no more pain, just running happy and free.

Jakey may be gone, but he will never, ever be forgotten—God Bless you Jakey. And Judy, you are a very special person and our friendship made through Jakey will always remain.

What Springers Mean to Me

We have two gorgeous springers, Stan and Mitchell are their names, and since they came into our home our lives haven't been the same.

They make you smile when you feel sad they know if you are blue, they nudge then jump up on your knee and snuggle up to you.

One look from those huge brown eyes, the knowing look they give, they let you know they are always there, and we feel privileged.

To our minds springers are truly one of a kind, Loyal Loving, giving more than they take.

Springers Stanley and Mitchell, Simply the best.

Thank you Glyn and Wendy for letting us have these two gorgeous boys

Jan x



HELP NEEDED

During the summer months Springer Rescue attend various country shows. We have a tent, one side of it is for Tombola, on the other side we sell dog related items ,and have our information table. At the back we accommodate up to nine springers (well we can't leave them at home!!) This provides a major form of money for Rescue and with vet fees and kennelling it is more than needed.

In previous years we have displayed disclaimer notices no entry and do not touch the dogs, but this year we are being told by most of the events that we attend that we need Public Liability insurance-the quotes we have been given are way above our price range. In some instances it would cost us more to attend the show than we would make!

So is there anybody "in" insurance who could help us as the way things are going now we are in danger of being unable to attend future shows, due to the ever increasing insurance fees and therefore losing much needed funds for our rescues.

PLEASE any help or advice would be very much appreciated.



THANK YOU

DID YOU KNOW?

You can now get CDs to play to your pet who has a noise phobia.

They are called "Sounds Scary" and are designed to treat dogs who are frightened by loud noises eg thunder, fireworks, traffic, hoovers etc. More information can be found on - www.soundsscary.com



S uper
P erfect
R eckless
I ntelligent
N oble
G allant
E nthusiastic
R ascals
S paniels



Puzzles Page

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

ALSATIAN

BASSETT HOUND

BEAGLE

BICHON FRISE

BOXER

BULLDOG

CHOW CHOW

COLLIE

CORGI

DACHSHUND

DALMATIAN

DOBERMANN

GREAT DANE

GREYHOUND

HUSKY

LABRADOR

MALTESE

MASTIFF

NEWFOUNDLAND

PAPILLON

PEKINGESE

POMERANIAN

POODLE

PUG

RETRIEVER

SAMOYED

SETTER

SHEEPDOG

SHIHTZU

ST BERNARD

TERRIER

VIZSLA

WEIMARANER

WHIPPET



"Take the car, but please don't steal my spaniel"

Lady, a beautiful Springer who had been adopted from ourselves in December 1998 had a close call, when one evening whilst sitting in her owners car, three masked robbers forced the owner to hand over his keys. Whilst the struggle took place, he pleaded with them to let the doggie out of the car.

Thankfully they did and Lady came to no harm. As the robbers sped off they then stopped to throw out the dog cage. Mr Hardman had lost his car, but his precious Lady was safe and sound.

Doggie of the Year

For those of you who are "newcomers" to Springer Rescue, you will not be aware of our annual Doggie of the Year – or two Doggies of the Year!!

Christmas 1999, we decided instead of putting "any" picture on our front cover we would give a special award to a particular doggie who we felt deserved the title due to various reasons, ill health, behavioural problems, special needs, a doggie that came into Rescue that we knew would need that extra special home.

(For an update on their story please visit our website) and for our Christmas Newsletter 2003 "Rosie" is our doggie of the year.



Stanley and Mitchell



Frankie



Ben



Jakey



Zak



Angus



Travis



Baggins



Rosie

Rosie came into Rescue September 2002. A very frightened and mixed up little girl. She had been badly treated and obviously been beaten. She trusted nobody, was totally "hand shy" and her only defence to the hand she thought would strike, was to bite! We knew we had a long task ahead. Weeks and months went by gradually gaining her confidence. With great dedication from Kennel Staff and in particular Kate, along with Rescue Members we began to gain her trust. The next stage was to find that special home. We did with Sharon, now read Rosie's diary on Pages 7, 8 and 9.

Letters Page 1—Baggin's Story

Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Sorry to take so long to write this!

It's now more than 3 months since we adopted Baggin's (formerly known as Ralph) from you. So it's time for a progress report to let you know how he is getting on.

But let's start at the beginning. We lost our beloved flatcoat retriever in April 2002 at 6 years old to cancer. Suitably heartbroken I decided that that was it. Having now had to put 3 much loved dogs to sleep in the last 7 years for everything ranging from old age & kidney failure to cancer. I decided we were not going to put ourselves through this anymore. It's just too hard.

We were also left with our geriatric 12 year old Gordon Setter(imaginatively called Gordon, original name was Brutus which was totally not appropriate) who suffers from arthritis, hip dysplasia, spondylosis, and slightly dodgy kidneys, not to mention being almost completely blind, deaf & a bit strange psychologically (well ,they all are), and we felt it would be really unfair on him to bring another puppy into the house and ruin his peaceful dotage.

So there I was at work one day, idly trawling through the dog rescue web sites one lunchtime, when I came across the Springer Spaniel Rescue site, and spotted Ralph ,a lovely little 16 month old spaniel. I must admit he reminded me very much of our first spaniel, Minty. By this time I had been toying with the idea of another dog definitely not a puppy, and was getting a bit fed up with only one dog who seemed to want to sleep all the time. So I discussed it with my husband, and e-mailed him the link to the web site, and he fell in love with Ralph too, although it has to be said, he was not as keen as I was at this time.

I called Glyn and had a long chat with him about Ralph and we decided to travel from our home in Scotland to Lancashire to see him the following weekend. Glyn warned us about Ralph's behavioural problems and aggressive tendencies, but the main concern for me was whether Ralph would get on with Gordon. Any signs of aggression towards Gordon and all bets were off.

In the meantime, because we lived so far away it wasn't possible for Glyn & Wendy to check us out with a home visit. I asked our local vet. If he would mind if Glyn called him to get a reference. This was no problem, and all went well. I also took lots of photos showing our various dogs over the years, the garden, the beach, and some other favourite walks, so that Glyn &

Wendy would have a better idea of where Ralph was going.

Anyway we got there and met Glyn & Wendy, and we all went for a walk with Gordon & Ralph, and Rosie , who was also being looked after by the SSR. All went very well and we decided to go ahead and adopt Ralph. I will admit I was slightly daunted by how completely hyperactive and strong willed Ralph seemed, although I didn't voice any doubts at the time. Having had a spaniel before, we realised they have a lot of energy to burn off when young.

To avoid any nasty little incidents between the dogs on the way home, we put Ralph in the back of the estate car and Gordon on the back seat, separated by the dog guard. We got maybe a mile down the road before Ralph had worked out how to get round it, and landed on top of Gordon. So then we put Gordon in the back, and Colin (the husband) sat in the back seat with Ralph while I drove. It's a long way back up to Scotland with a spaniel you're not familiar with who has sharp teeth. All went well until we stopped at a service station and swapped drivers. The big mistake was buying a packet of Rolos. Ralph was fine sitting on the back seat until he got a whiff of the chocolate, and then lunged across the front to retrieve the packet from the side pocket in the door. Colin stupidly tried to take it away from him, and that was our first display of Ralph in action. Unfortunately Colin was driving when he was bitten. Amazingly, we all lived through the experience, even Ralph.

Once home we tried to reassure Ralph and make him feel welcome. The first night was awful. Ralph's problem is habitual attention seeking. At first ,he would steal things constantly, and become really aggressive if you tried to take things away from him. We can only deduce that he has been beaten for this behaviour in the past. The first night he trashed Colin's specs, a pillow, several magazines, tea towels, Gordon's bed, several throws etc. We soon learned not to try to take anything away from him unless you were prepared to lose fingers, and quickly realised that the best way to stop him doing this and to minimise damage was to ignore him. Ralph didn't seem to care about being good ,he seemed to behave as if he was going to have a rotten time anyway so why bother to be nice? I'm sure he thought that he would only be with us for a few days, so he didn't seem to try to be at all well behaved.

We changed his name to Baggin's, don't know how we came up with that one! He didn't seem to answer to Ralph unless you shouted his name, and then it

Rosie's Diary

Wednesday—Day One.

Day starts as normal, but when Glyn and Joan call around to take me for a walk they have a stranger with them. Her name is Sharon and she keeps looking at me in an odd way—I think she might like me and want to give me a new home. So I'm on my best behaviour 'cause I don't want to embarrass Glyn. We have a good walk as usual it's a nice sunny day, but I don't go for a dip in the water (got to look my best just in case I get a car ride with Sharon). After my walk Glyn puts me back in my kennel, it's nice and comfy in here and I am happy to be back although equally I am happy to be out having fun.

Sharon goes away so she must not have liked me after all. I don't know why nobody wants to give me a second chance (well fourth chance - but I'm sure no one else is counting). I'm really affectionate and a happy girl it's just I need to be with a family who understands mixed up Springers like me. Still I'm happy here with my friends especially Kate, Kate makes a fuss over me and brings me lots of treats from her kitchen. Yumm.

Thursday—Day Two.

I had a dream last night about being in a new home with other Springers and a human family; we go for loads of walks and have lots of fun. We play 'tig' with each other and other games, such as 'tug of war' and 'destroy the evidence', ah well we can all dream can't we. My morning continues as usual, Kate comes in to see me. Then Glyn and Wendy are here, and they have Sharon and a friendly looking chap called Gary. Off we all go for my walk—best behaviour routine again, still its fun being a good girl, Wendy gives me loads of praise which I like!

After my walk I am not taken back to my kennel but we all go and stand around cars. I hop into Sharon and Gary's car and my new life begins. Short car ride later and I meet another two Springers, Jessie and Meg. Jessie is very friendly, Meg is more nervous but all the same they invite me into the kitchen to play with their toys. I have a new home in an outbuilding in the rear yard, its ok I suppose, and I'm sure I will get used to it—if I am allowed to stay. Off we all go for a walk. Jessie points out the highlights on our walk. Lots more playing with a bit of 'time out' for me (I need some space to be on my own when I need to retreat). Leanne came home to meet me, I think she likes me but doesn't make a big fuss. Before I know it its time for bed, Sharon leads me into my kennel area in the outbuilding, says 'goodnight' and I settle down

for the evening. But I don't like it here and miss my own kennel. I am awake all night crying and feeling sorry for myself.

Friday—Day Three.

Jessie and Meg come rushing into the yard to say hello. We all have breakfast together and then it's off for a good long walk. I'm kept on the lead, but I can hear Gary and Sharon say when were all used to each other I can be let off to run about like my friends - Yippee. Later in the morning Sharon nips into town and returns with a present for me—a bright red collar with my own identity disk on it. I have a bright red collar to make me stand out from the other two girls, so the very small children in the village can tell me apart from Jess and Meg. Can you believe it, some adults who don't know us say that we all look identical—how daft of them!

Sharon and Gary have jobs to do in the garden so while they are working me, Jessie and Meg play and run about in the garden. I still need a bit of quiet time on my own; I'm not used to all this bedlam. Tea time and then we all spend some time indoors before bed-time. Gary has fashioned a better barrier for my kennel area, I feel a bit more secure, but I didn't want to be on my own when I knew Jess and Meg were inside having loads of tickles. I'm missing my own kennel and my own bed. I'm missing Kate and all my other friends at Spaniel Rescue. I want to go home.

Saturday—Day Four.

Breakfast with Jess and Meg. Then a nice long walk after which we all have our duties for the day. A bit of gardening here, a hole to be dug there, some weeds to be pulled up over there (I can't really tell which ones are weeds, but Jess has taught me a new game called 'hide the evidence'). Funny, but I'm sure I dreamt about that game a few nights ago.

Sharon, Leanne and Gary start packing things into the car, I got a bit anxious and sat behind the driving wheel, they all tried to get me out—but I won't be moved. I don't want Sharon to put my lead on to guide me away. I'm staying put—who do they think they are!

Then, when Leanne tried to put something on the dashboard at the passenger side I tried to stop her, she was very cross with me 'cause it looked like I was going to bite her. She threatened to bite me back, I'm not sure I liked the sound of that, so I got out of the car. After tea and our walk I am put in my kennel while Sharon and Gary go to a neighbours barbecue. I



Rosie's Diary Continued

can hear them in the distance and wish I wasn't on my own. Guess what! When Sharon and Gary get back they say I'm allowed to stay in with the girls tonight. Got to be on my best behaviour. Jessie is happy for me to snuggle in with her and I am soon off to sleep.

Sunday—Day Five.

I briefly see Sharon and Leanne in the morning, at breakfast then they go out for the day. Gary takes us all for a walk, and then its playtime in the garden. But I am getting a bit tired so I need to have some solitude. Before I know it Leanne and Sharon are back with a nearly empty car—then it's time for tea followed by a walk—I'm getting the hang of this and am allowed some time off the lead in the field.

Then we all settle down for the evening. I am allowed in all night until bedtime. I like to sit on the sofas, but keep getting dragged off. I look angrily at them, but Sharon slips my lead over my head and I am soon back on the floor. I'm praised and made a fuss of when I am on the floor, but I like the comfy sofa so I will have my own way—but not tonight. I'm allowed to stay in with the girls again tonight, move over Jessie and make way for a little un.

Monday—Day Six.

Early morning breakfast as usual followed by our morning walk. Now the routine has changed because Gary and Sharon have to go to work—still Leanne will be around to make a fuss of us. If she can get out of bed the lazy girl! In the meantime Jessie and Meg show me how to guard the house, and the indoor games we can play such as tug of war with our pillows and watching out for the postman. Hooray Leanne is around to play with us before she goes out. Before we know it Sharon is back from work and gets our tea ready. Then Gary's home followed by Leanne. After their tea its time for a walk. Then a few odd jobs before we settle down for the night, same format as last night, I want to get onto the sofa Gary and Sharon want me to stay on the floor—I'm outnumbered, but the floor isn't too bad I suppose and I do get attention for being a good girl.

Tuesday—Day Seven.

Similar routine as yesterday. I really quite like it here and if they all behave themselves I may well stay here. It's hard to believe I have been here a week. The neighbours comment about how well I have settled in and what a lovely dog I am—one lady called Isobelle called me 'cuddly' I suppose I am really, because I am a big softie and love lots of praise. I even let Gary tickle my tummy today, I may even let them

all do that more often 'cause they seem to like it. Plus I like having my photo taken, Glyn has asked Sharon to take a photo of me asleep—no chance! Bye for now, I will write a weekly slot because other doggies will have tales to tell in the newsletter and I must save space for them.

Week Two.

Meg is getting used to me now, and even lets me lick her face clean. Sharon has shown us how to go 'blackberrying' Meg is only interested in her ball when we are out, but Jessie and I love the blackberries and we have learned how to pick our own. We sniff out the black ones and leave the red ones to ripen a bit longer. Lots of stoppages on our walk to select the best fruits.

We have had a car ride to a lovely spot with a big reservoir in it, I am kept on the lead most of the time because Gary and Sharon don't know how I will react around sheep (I don't know either)! I have noticed that Jessie likes to 'borrow' things so she can be praised when she retrieves them on command. I thought I would have a go at that and 'borrowed' Leanne's brand new shoe. Jess got one shoe and I the other, only one slight problem though, Jessie didn't try to eat her prey, I just couldn't resist it and it was delicious. I didn't score any brownie points for that game. Whoops, luckily Leanne forgave me.

Week Three.

Grandma and Granddad came over to visit. I'm on my best behaviour just in case I upset anyone. They say I look just like their very first Spaniel 'Cindy'. Cindy was Sharon's very first doggie. (That must be a long time ago by the look of her).

Sharon was in the garden with Grandma and Granddad when Jess and I got into a spot of trouble—we were only playing. I found a few hens in a neighbour's garden and tried playing 'tig' with them. Sharon caught me, but unknown to her, Jessie was behind her and as a hen rushed past her Jessie 'tigged' it. It ran away clucking and Jess was left with a mouth full of feathers—it was hilarious, but Sharon was furious with us both, and with herself for trusting me to stay to heel. Whoops, I think I will be under closer supervision for quite a while after that incident. There is a special day in the week when we go for a different walk. At the end of the lane is a stream and what fun we all have splashing around in the water getting every thing soaked We dry off a bit by running through a pine woods. Lovely. We pass an animal

Rosie's Diary Continued *plus* Our Best Friend

sanctuary whilst on our walks, there are dogs, cats, horses and even rabbits and other animals and I can hear the other doggies barking and crying—I do hope they all find good homes because we really do bring such warmth, laughter and love into the right home that gives us the chance.

At this point I would like to say 'thank you' to all at Springer Spaniel Rescue for giving me the chance to trust again.

Poem

Remember a past newsletter re poem & plea for Second hand Rose?

A song for Rosie (a long stay rescue)
Secondhand Rose has got a new pad
After months of waiting for a special Mum & Dad
She now barks a new song so full of glee
At long last they came, her new family
With a promise of life full of games and of fun
And with two family Springers to play with and run.
Life now has meaning Rosie's happy at last
She now has a future and can forget her past
Thanks Springer rescue for Rosie's new start
If Rosie could talk she'd say this from her heart
Thanks to everyone for caring for me
Till they came along, MY NEW FAMILY

Dedicated to Springer Rescue & Rosie's new family

From Seve's Mum with Love

Our Best Friend

For those of you who didn't meet Stan here is a short introduction. We had the privilege of knowing Stan for three and a half years, from the start he was not a doggie but a very special friend.



He came into our hearts and home, and very soon he had us under control. He sulked if you told him no, but soon got his own way, he knew which look to give us to make us relent, you just couldn't not let him have his own way, well you could, but he had the knack of making you feel guilty.

Stanley was a special friend and was loved by everyone who knew him. We had to put him to sleep on Friday 18th April a day I will never forget, nor will my Husband and Son. We did this because there was no other option. Our beloved Stanley was very ill.

Here are just a few things that we miss on a daily basis:

He knew the sound of the cupboard door, that held all the doggie treats, toys, chews, biscuits, he could hear this from upstairs and would come bounding into the kitchen skidding on the floor.

Once a week we would have a chocolate chase, we would throw doggie chocolates scattering them all over the floor and watch as they were snuffled up, he never missed a one.

His face at the bedroom window when we were going to the shop, I cannot bring myself to wipe his nose print from the glass.

He would wait until the gate closed and come bounding down the stairs to give a Stanley greeting and push you to the wall, then it was time for a big wet lick, and paws in your chest, there is nothing like it.

Shopping day was always fun you had to get past Stan. He would do the same as above but before you knew it, his head was in the bag looking for his shopping, we only got shopping into the kitchen once with the bags still intact. When we didn't, it was like a rugby scrum picking things up before he was off with the Sunday roast.

In the winter when the weather was cold, Stanley would wait until we were asleep. He had the knack of creeping up from the bottom of the bed, under the duvet and when we would wake up there was Stanley with his head resting on the pillow and right in the middle of us, snoring quietly. Stanley knocking the water bowl. It's empty.

Finding shoes. He would hide one and it could take days before you would find it. This was his way of making us look for things like we made him look for his doggie treats, I think.

Stanley talking to us, letting us know what he wanted and just having him around filled our hearts with love.

Then all to soon came the awful day when we were forced to say Goodbye. We held him in our arms saying goodnight and God bless you Stan you will never be forgotten. When it is our turn we will look for you in Doggie Heaven. So run free and without pain, though it broke our hearts in two, just know that we all feel lost and sad living without you. There is another star in heaven now; it shines so bright and true. God has placed it there Stan, in Memory of You.

*Until we meet again, Goodnight Stan,
Mum, Dad, Simon, and Mitch
Gone But NEVER Forgotten
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx*

Letters Page 1

Dear Glyn & Wendy,

This will be the first time you've heard from me (Bonnie) since I went to live with my new Mum and Dad, but I think that they have spoken to you quite a few times.

I knew I was onto a winner when I first set foot in the lounge of my new home, as I noticed there were quite a few pictures of Springers on the wall.

Also there is a Springer ornament beside the fireplace which I had a good growl at as I didn't want any competition. It was at this point my mum took the ornament and placed it on the rug for me to investigate and sniff out - this is when I realised it was not real - phew! No competition.

Only 6 weeks after I went to my new home I became very ill. I was very stiff in my neck and I had the most horrendous headache, so I couldn't bear to be touched. All I wanted to do was rest.

Mum and Dad took me to the vet, who said he thought I had an infection so he gave me some antibiotics and before long I was back to my old self.

I had almost forgotten all about this episode, when one evening I suddenly felt ill again, so I had to go back to visit the vet again. This time Mum and Dad said we would see another vet for a second opinion. Again, I was given a good check-over and they sucked some of my blood out with a strange looking tube to see if anything was wrong. They gave me antibiotics and I was soon fine again.

I spent many happy weeks in the tractor, with Dad and had plenty of exercise running wild in fields of carrots and sprouts. We have lots of water nearby, so I get lots of swimming practice, but Mum doesn't like me coming home wet as I make an awful mess in the house, but I always think this is a small price to pay for having such a loving Springer in the house. I would just like to say at this point that when I'm really dirty my mum baths me which I really like (being a water lover and all that) - as there is nothing better than a nice long soak after a day's work in the field - don't you agree!

We had a brilliant Christmas with lots of nice food and lots of attention. Life was just perfect for me until New Years Day of all days, when I developed the same symptoms again. The vet came out to see me. She said my temperature was very high. She gave me antibiotics again, but this time they didn't seem to work, and I was feeling really ill.

Mum and Dad were really worried by this stage, so they decided to have me referred to the Liverpool Vet-

erinary Hospital. Dad took me in one afternoon, and we met a very nice lady, who gave me a very thorough examination. I had to stay in for five days and was very lonely. They said that I was very seriously ill with meningitis, but once I started the treatment I soon felt a lot better. I have to have steroids for at least 6 months, maybe even all my life, but I don't mind because I feel fantastic. The only trouble is that I want to eat all the time and Mum and Dad won't let me in case I get too fat, but I do like to monitor the fridge door.

Anyway, enough of this, I need to go and hunt for something, anything that moves.

Thanks for finding me such a loving home - I can wrap them round my big hairy paws.

Lots of Love Bonnie.

Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Jasper and I have settled into our new home and are very happy.

Our first night we spent in the kitchen for at least 5 minutes until our new owners realised with a little help from us that their bedroom was our bedroom. The first few nights at 4.15 am we thought we'd see if they would like to play but they declined politely so we let them sleep to 7 am, and woke them up with a kiss.

The window sills here are just my height and I can be as nose-y as I like whilst Jasper relocates all the footwear in the house.

We've both been to the hair salon and look very smart in our new cool summer outfits. We enjoy our runs over the hills, only sometimes Jasper does not come back as quick as me and I have a little cat nap waiting on him. Talking about cats, my new next door neighbours have two, but they never seem to want to play with me, I shout and shout all the time to come and play with us but they decline the offer with a hiss.

Time to go now as Jasper and I have a busy schedule will write again soon.

Love Oliver & Jasper



Letters Page 2

Hi Uncle Glyn and Auntie Wendy

Hope that you are both well

Sadly I've had to make the trip over to Rochdale on the dark side of the Pennines this week, as Daddy has to go to some even darker and sadder place known as Birmingham!!! According to Daddy, he reckons that Tolkien was referring to the West Midlands when he arrived at the name of Mordor!! Auntie Jayne's Mum and Dad can't believe that Daddy's new company want him to move there!! I've advised Dad to tell them to think again. Don't think he needed much advice!! Luckily for me I've never had to venture that far south myself and can remain in the "Shires" but do feel for Dad being half Geordie and half Scot. There's about as much chance of him moving south as there is of William Wallace becoming English.

Just a short note to say all is going well on the bright side of the Pennines. Daddy has given me honorary Geordie status in order that I don't become too involved in local squabbles. He had pointed out that if I was black and white as opposed to Liver and White this would have been easier!!

I now weigh in at 25 kg and have put on 10 kg since arriving in Gods country. It must be all of the Yorkshire Puddings that I've managed to eat.

We have had a wee chat and were wondering if any help might be needed with homing a wee pal during Xmas and New Year 2003. Just for the 2 weeks or so.

It would be easiest if a wee girlie required some help and support, or a smaller Springer boy who got on with other doggies as I am quite laid back, almost horizontal, when it comes to sharing space. Daddy would promise to take us both to Hardcastle Craggs, a National Trust area near Hebden Bridge, where Poppy, ma wee pal, and I go on a weekend for up to 3 hours at a time.

It's really good. Lots of space, streams, and woodland to run around in, ideal for us Springers.

Lots of luv and sloppy licks

Mac the woof

Dear Glyn & Wendy

I've got my new passport so I've come to the Dordogne in France with Polly Patterdale & Mike & Sheila. Great swimming in the river, lots of fields & forests to run about in. My French isn't very good but I try a bit of English barking at people instead.

Love Daniel the Spaniel



Letters Page 3—Elsa's Story

Hi Glyn and Wendy

It's Elsa here. Do you remember me ?

I was only at your kennels for one night before a couple called Neal Bedwell and Jean Voyie took me to their home. I read your recent newsletter with all those other Springers' tails in, and couldn't resist getting in touch.

So here is my story so far. I hope you enjoy it and that all is well with you, and with the Springers' in your care. And thanks for finding me a new home.

Love Elsa

Elsa's Story

Hello everyone. My name is Elsa. I'm an 8 year-old black and white Springer who, about 6 months ago now, adopted a new pair of humans. Having just read a few of the letters sent in to Springer Rescue from some of you other Springers out there, I thought I might write a little letter of my own to let you know how I've got on. Of course, the idea of me actually *writing* a letter myself is a bit silly, because I'm a dog and dogs can't write. So I have dictated this, and dad has written it for me.

It already seems quite a long time ago, thinking back to that day it all started.

I had only been at the Springer Rescue kennels for one night when my new humans, along with a 13 year-old Springer called Cindy, who was also rescued, and had lived with them for nearly 11 years, arrived to meet me.

We all seemed to get on quite well right from the start. My new humans did all the usual daft things that humans do. They petted, patted, stroked, cuddled and made a great fuss about nothing (although I rather enjoyed it really!)

Cindy, the other Springer, did seem to be a bit off-hand with me, but she didn't seem to actually dislike me, so it was all settled. I decided go and live with them.

My new mum and dad live in South West Wales, so it was rather a long journey to my new home. I found myself feeling partly anxious about what it would be like, and partly excited about starting a new life. So looking back, I remember being a bit of a handful in the car as I whined, and clawed at the windows.

Mum and dad were very understanding. They talked to me, telling me everything was going to be ok, and not to be afraid. We also stopped many times for a break (and the odd treat!)

When we arrived at the house, I liked what I saw. It is a small-holding set in 14 acres of grounds. Some of it

contains an area of ancient semi-natural woodland which Cindy and I are not allowed into (mum and dad have set it aside as a nature reserve), but the rest of the place is ours to play in and go wherever we like. A particularly fun place, as I soon found out, is the 4 acre field immediately next to the house. I love to run, and I can go absolutely mad here whenever I like. Even better, there are quite a few crows and magpies around, which land on the ground. I have great fun chasing these at every opportunity.

My life here is pretty much perfect. Dad works from home, so we get to spend all day together every day. He tried to give me some obedience training once I had settled in properly. I already knew 'sit' from my previous home, but I have now got the hang of 'down' and 'stay' as well. Dad seems quite pleased about this. Although, I'm not sure whether he is more pleased with me, or with himself. Whatever makes him happy I suppose!

If mum and dad are happy, then I'm happy. However, there are some things that I have had to make it quite clear right from the start, I am NOT prepared to give up. The first of these is lying on the sofa. The first few weeks were hilarious seeing dad try to stop me; I almost felt sorry for the poor man. I would get up on the sofa after my dinner (just as I had done in my old home ever since I can remember) and dad would come over to me and tell me to get down. I usually ignored him (I think it's best to clarify who is REALLY the boss as early on as possible). After several failed attempts at 'commanding' me, he would then resort to lifting me off the sofa and placing me on the floor and then praising me for being on the floor. Following this, I would stay on the floor for a few minutes (just to be polite) then return to the sofa where, as far as I'm concerned, I should be. This 'game' went on night after night for the first few weeks until he eventually gave up. The spare sofa is now well and truly mine!! I tried several times to explain to him that if he wanted me to accept MY training (as in 'down' and 'stay') he must also accept HIS training as in 'this sofa is mine' I will get ON it when I want to; I will get OFF it when I want to, and that's my last word on the subject'.

My other insistence is sleeping on the bed at night. Similar attempts were made to move me to my own bed on the floor (on the floor!! Can you imagine!!) next to theirs (just like Cindy has), but after a short battle of wills, I won. Personally I think that by this time dad's will already 'broken' after the sofa incident. It's been a lot easier to call the shots around here since then.

So life is very pleasant here, I have seen and done so many new things since I arrived. Mum and dad took

Elsa's Story Continued

me to a beach for the first time within the first few weeks of being here. I had never seen the sea before. I was rather cautious about going near it at first.

Cindy just walked straight in. She's seen it all a thousand times before. After a while I followed her, and within a short space of time, I was loving every moment of it. Now, the beach is one of my favourite places, and I'm reluctant to get OUT of the sea. And as for the endless supply of seagulls to chase....

The only thing I must say, is that it would be nice to have a bit more doggy company. Now that Cindy has become more familiar with me, we get on ok (as long as I don't make the mistake of sticking my head in HER food bowl).

However, she is very old now (it was her 14th birthday last January), and she can't run too much before she gets tired. She is almost completely deaf, and partially blind. Also she spends lot of time sleeping now.

Occasionally my grandparents come to visit and they bring a massive black dog called Jake with them. He is very good natured and likes other dogs. He is enormous. Mum said he is what they call a 'Greyhound'. Apparently he won a lot of races when he was younger, but when he broke his leg one day during a race, the people who owned him abandoned him because he wasn't worth any money any more. Dad say that happens a lot. That's when my grandparents adopted him.

Mum and Dad also agree that I need more doggie friends to play with. They told me that when they met me, they mentioned to the Springer Rescue people that they might be interested in taking on 2 more Springers once I had settled in a bit. I think that time is getting close now, so Dad may well be in touch with them again soon.

Well dad is mumbling and grumbling about having to get some proper work done now, so I suppose I'd better let him finish typing. I'll write again some time. Don't be surprised if next time I write, I have some more friends as well. I'll keep you all posted.

Love to all

Elsa

(with a bit of help from my dad)

PS Cindy has just woken up, and wants to say hello to everyone too.

Sadly, since this letter dear Cindy has passed on, but Elsa isn't alone as her mum and dad have adopted a new brother for Elsa and Bob is his name. Look out for an update in a future newsletter.

Grieving by Neal Bedwell

It had to happen, of course. And yet,
despite the knowing, the loss is no less immense.
We all cling to companionship, knowing it must one day end
with the loss of our loved one, our soul-mate, our friend
Time they tell me, will heal my pain.
But I will never forget.

Well meaning friends offer kind words of sympathy and regret.
Yet such a part of me is gone.
So much of our lives entwined, through good times and bad
Torn away before my eyes. I am left reeling. Clinging to the memories of what we had.
Time they tell me, will dry my tears.
But I will never forget.

Now here I stand, with nothing more to be said.
Life must go on. And a tiny, beautiful, part of it's cycle has ended, and then once again begun.
All my words are spent, and I finally turn away
Still nothing diminishes the pain I feel so deep, deep inside today.
Time they tell me, will ease my grief.
But I will never forget. Oh, I will NEVER forget!

For Cindy, who will never stop being missed.

Gallery



Rosie, Jess & Meg



Rosie, Jess & Meg



Barny



Pip



Charlie



Drift



Bonnie



Louie



Ben



Jake



Toby