



SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE

SUMMER 2005 NEWSLETTER

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Hello and welcome to your summer newsletter 2005. We hope you are all well and looking forward to, hopefully, a super summer.

As always, your letters and photos have been a joy to us all. Unfortunately we are unable to print them all due to space etc, but rest assured they are all equally special and kept on file – keep them coming! And a huge thank you for all your very kind and generous donations so very important enabling us to continue, always, to help “The Amazing Springer Spaniels”.

We are, again, only able to attend 2 fundraising events this year (venue and dates on page 2) due to the continuing problem of insurance costs, but hopefully some of you will be able to come along, especially to Peover Game Fair (not to be missed)!! Joan and I will be making our annual day out to Weston Park Midlands Game Fair in September. We make this trip each year and boy! Is it good. It’s a 2 day event, but unfortunately far too expensive for us to have a stand there, but if anyone would like to meet up with us for a chat, we would be delighted to see you and even more delighted to see your doggies!! Give us a call and we can arrange it.

Please find enclosed raffle tickets (5 for £1.00) for our Summer Draw. Many super prizes. Just put your name and 'phone number on the ticket stub and return to us.

Finally, thank you everyone for your continued support. Enjoy your newsletter and hope you all have a terrific summer.

From all the team at Springer Rescue

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Please send photos and letters to the above address, please no e-mails, our e-mail address is not reliable!



A Funny Thing Happened Whilst Visiting the Kennels!!

One Saturday, just before Christmas, Mick and Jenny and Raffles (Doggie of the Year Christmas 2004) decided to pay us a visit at the kennels to say hello and show us how well young Raffles was doing.



They brought along a video tape of his antics and Christmas biscuits for the doggies in the kennels. It was great to see them. As usual, we were doing rehoming and waiting for a doggie coming in. We were all chatting and Mick and Jenny were enjoying the "goings on". Eventually little Peggy arrived, being brought to us due to a family breakup. An absolute darling little girl, clearly terrified of what was going on "why was she being abandoned by the family she had been with for 6 years"? Her owners, too, were very distraught and this, obviously, Peggy picked up on. After all the paperwork was completed and their goodbyes the old owners left.



The sheer fear and panic on Peggy's face was clear to see. We were all very concerned and making matters worse we didn't have an immediate home awaiting. We just couldn't put her in kennels, it would have been too much for her to cope with – what were we to do?

Mick and Jenny were obviously watching and chatting amongst themselves! "You cannot possibly put her in kennels, we'll take her, I'm sure Raffles won't mind and we'll see how things go!"

We were over the moon, she was going to a wonderful home and we knew she wouldn't be coming back!! They drove off with both doggies in the back of the car, looking totally relaxed and happy with each other. Mum and Dad looked a little bewildered but I think it was just shock!!!!

Both doggies are now inseparable Raffles and Penny (as she is now known) have a wonderful life and have the best of everything.

Thank you Mick and Jenny and when are you visiting us again?!!!!



Show Dates

🐾 Newburgh Village Fete Saturday 11 June
2005 12 noon – 5.00 pm

🐾 Peover Game and Angling Fair Sunday 21
August 2005 9.30 am – 6.00 pm

Remembrances of Patch and Mandy

Whenever I sit down for a minute or two I can be assured that I'll very soon feel a gentle pressure on my knees and then a nudge at my elbow and there, looking up adoringly at me, will be two pairs of big, brown, sparkling eyes belonging to our girls, Milly and Molly. Everybody who has had the privilege of sharing their lives with dogs will have had the same experience and know the warm glow that such unalloyed, unconditional love produces. We don't really deserve such love but thank God we get it and get it in abundance.

This makes me think back over the years of all the dogs that I have lived with. All except the first were bitches and all except the first two were Springer Princesses and so, since this is Springer Spaniel Rescue, I'd like to tell you about the first two because they had such a profound effect upon me and paved the way for all my Springer girls.

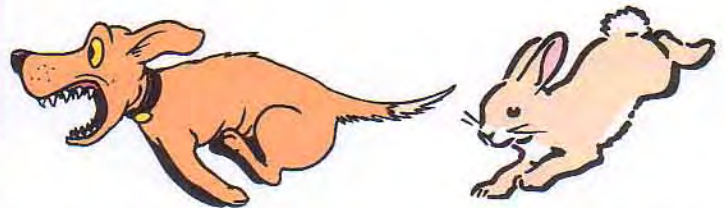
I was a five year old living in central London at the outbreak of WWII and along with countless thousands of other children I was torn from my parents and evacuated to safety. I ended up bewildered and lonely in Gloucestershire but I wasn't lonely for long because my guardians had a little mongrel.



He was what I like to call a typical little boy's dog. He was scruffy with hair sticking out every which way and up to every bit of mischief possible - just like me I suppose. He was a light sandy colour with one small patch of darker hair on his side so it was no wonder he was called Patch. We very soon became the best of friends and each afternoon when I came home from school we would roam the surrounding countryside together. I lost count of the number of times I fell into the river or stream during those expeditions but whenever I did Patch would follow as though to say, "anything you can do I can do too". So we would go home and both get into trouble because as my guardian would say, "don't you know you'll catch your death of

cold one of these days". However, the truly wonderful thing of having Patch was that I could confide in him all of my thoughts both joys and miseries. He would cock his head on one side and listen uncritically as only a dog can and if I was at all unhappy he'd put his head in my lap as though to share my misery and say, "never mind, I'm with you and together we can take on the world." Above all else I knew he would always keep my confidences and even if he could have talked he would never have told tales.

There was a day though when Patch caused me heartache. It was harvest time, 1942. A field of barley was being cut and a number of village boys were there, several like me with their dog and each armed with a stick hoping to catch a rabbit for the pot. (Please do remember this was wartime and meat was rationed) Round and round went the binder clackety, clackety clack, cutting the barley, tying it into sheaves and throwing it out sideways. Patch was at my feet and as the binder passed us a rabbit ran out right under our noses. Patch took one look, turned tail and fled. Oh, the shame! The other boys hooted with laughter that a dog should be frightened of a rabbit. I chased off after Patch and eventually caught up with him and I can remember with absolute clarity sitting in the dust at the roadside cradling his head in my lap with the bitter tears of shame streaming down my face as I asked him why he had run away. "Patch", I said, "you are as brave as a lion I know, so why run away from a little rabbit?" but, of course, he couldn't reply but he looked up at me with those big brown eyes and I knew it was of no consequence and that we would love each other for ever.



The bombing of London ended and I returned home sadly without Patch because central London is no place for a country bred dog but I remembered him in my prayers every night and liked to think that he missed me too. To this day whenever I catch sight of "a typical little boy's dog" I think of Patch and know he was one of the best things that ever happened to me.

It was almost exactly twenty years after the rabbit incident that Mandy came into our lives. By this time I was a geophysicist engaged in exploration for oil and gas and after postings to

Remembrances of Patch and Mandy Continued

Burma, the Middle East and Spain I found myself in one of the world's most exotic locations - West Sussex. One day one of the survey party labourers, one Gordon Patrick O'Sullivan came in from the field with a lurcher that appeared to be one of Frankenstein's more outlandish creations. It had the sleek racing body of a Greyhound but the chunky head of an English Bull Terrier. One expected a dog made of the other two halves to appear at any moment. Gordon claimed the dog would be perfect for poaching but since he lived in his sister's home and already had two dogs she would "go berserk" if a third dog was introduced. He went on to say that every little boy and girl should grow up with "dawgs" and as I had a six month old daughter I needed one. Of course I should have said no way but instead I said I would have to speak to Margaret first. That evening Margaret was non-committal but it was too late anyway because at half past six the next morning what should be waiting for my arrival at work but Mandy who would share our lives for the next sixteen and half years. She was a ten month old brown and white "Heinz 57" bitch and from very first sight absolutely adored our daughter Lesley. She was the perfect house dog. Nobody but nobody could get anywhere near the house or garden without Mandy alerting the household and heaven help any stranger who touched her small human charge. I swear she would have laid down her life for the two new women in her life and for our son too when he came along although Lesley only had to crook her little finger for Mandy to race to her side.

The winter of 1962/63 was particularly hard - the sea froze off Brighton. We had leased a house at the end of an unmade private road. It was a lovely house in a beautiful location with an ancient Aga stove as the sole means of heating and cooking. Thus when, with two feet of snow on the ground, we ran out of boiler fuel the coal merchant refused to deliver. As he said, "I can probably get down to you but I'll never get out again before spring". There was a simple solution. I sent a driver and Gordon Patrick O'Sullivan in a Landrover to make a personal delivery. All went well until Gordon tried to enter the house to tell Margaret she now had no worries about fuel. He was met by Mandy who, with all four legs splayed and her lips curled back to display her fangs, dared him to take one more step towards her small charge playing in the middle of the room. He stood at the kitchen door pleading, "Mandy, it's me, your master, Gordon". Only to be told that that was no longer true. Mandy now had much more important people to care for.



Gordon Patrick O'Sullivan was absolutely correct. Every boy

and girl should grow up with dogs. Our two learned from the earliest age to think of the comfort and welfare of Mandy and therefore other people before themselves. For instance Mandy's basket under the worktops in a corner of the kitchen was her private domain. Nobody except her was allowed in there although it would have made a marvellous encampment and when she was in her basket nobody was allowed to disturb her. So when she had had enough of playing with the children in the garden she would just pull away and go to her bed knowing that she would be safe and undisturbed. She was petrified of bangs especially when indoors where she no doubt felt trapped. Thus Kevin learned very early on never to fire his cap gun near Mandy and especially not indoors and he made sure his friends behaved similarly. It was always lovely to hear him lecturing first time visitors to leave Mandy alone when she was in her basket and never to fire caps near her.

Each evening Mandy would watch carefully as Margaret put the children to bed then, when she was sure all was well she would come downstairs and spend the evening with us. At our bedtime she would lead the way upstairs, go into Kevin's room, check that he was asleep and OK then go into Lesley's room to make sure all was well there too and finally watch us go into our room before going to her own bed. This ritual was repeated every night until Mandy died even when her charges were no longer children but teenagers.

In mid 1967 I was appointed Party Chief of a survey party in South Africa and took the family with me. Mandy was left behind with our neighbours and we were told that for many months she spent most of her time on our front doorstep obviously waiting for our return. We were away for nearly 2½ years and the last three months or so were fraught. Every day the children would ask, "Mummy, Daddy, Mandy will remember us won't she?" We would reply, "yes of course" and pray that it would be so. How lacking in faith and lacking in understanding of the canine psyche we were! When we arrived home Mandy took one look at us, squealed with delight, dashed to us and wouldn't let us out of her sight. We knew then that we were truly home.

I look back over the years at all the fabulous dogs that have been part of my life and I realise just how fortunate I am. Go out for a walk with a dog in rain or shine and he will show you another world. A world you have been too busy or too unseeing to notice but it is there just waiting for you and you alone. Don't just take my word for it. Try it out for yourself.



Special Dogs I Have Helped

There's been Holly1 and Holly2
There's even been a Bridget
And just like Springers everywhere.
They've all been known to fidget

There's been a little Henry
Who now lives out in Spain
Lying on the beach all day
Paddling in the Spanish Main

There's also been a Buddy
Who's Dad goes fighting crime
But does Buddy go to help him
No, he hasn't got the time

Next along came Jasper
He caused me to lose some sleep
But now he's got a new Dad
Who I know is his to keep

And last of all a special Dog
Who has the name of Seve
He was my comfort and my joy
When my heart was heavy

He helped me through my darkest days
Till my sun shone out again
He knew that silver linings
Always follow rain

Now life is back
On track once more
Helped along by Seve
The dog I adore

Seves Mum
Please remember all Springers are Special



Paths

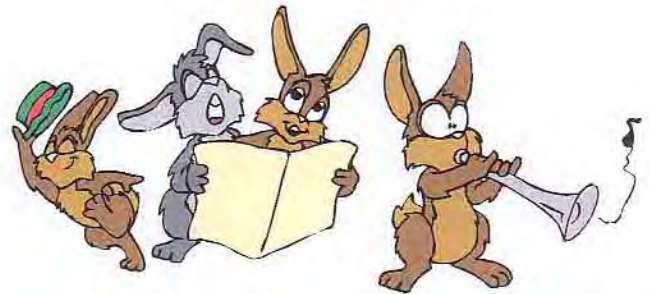
The fields where we walk our dogs are criss crossed with narrow paths.

The dogs all run off in different directions doing their own thing, but if they are called or whistled they all seem to head for a path and run down it instead of coming cross-country – why?

Has anyone else noticed this?

Also if one of them finds an interesting smell the nearest dog could be well away from them, but they all know instantly and run back to the first dog. What signs are sent out that say “come on chaps I smell rabbit”?

Or are they all just telepathic?



Some Moments With Maddie

It seems to me, my job for life
is to keep my eyes on my masters wife.

I like to keep right by her side,
except in the car when they go for a ride!

Oh I'll be quiet and keep very still,
but I won't get in of my own free will.

Perhaps it's the thought they might give me
away –
I seem to remember a very sad day.

But this home is new, plenty of space,
and I have the run of all of the place!

One room a slipper, another a ball.
I have to check them one and all.

The gardens got plants, grass and trees,
can't drink the pond water it's started to
freeze.

Plenty of people visit and call,
some live here, some don't at all!

I have a visitor all of my own,
and who is boss he's soon been shown!

A nice black lab, name of Becks
and I visit him, just to keep a check –

We keep friendly relations, as with all!
in his garden we even share a ball –

Well he does, I don't, I play the game,
after all he's a fella and I'm a dame!

I'm training them all, they try with me,
we all rub along quite comfortably.

There's one male here, name of Dom,
he's taken me walks, we really get on.

There's a girl called Sarah, brings me a treat.
I bark at her still every time we meet.

There's another male, this one's Chris.
he fusses me and expects a kiss!

Peter calls, he's really good,
makes me do what I know I should!

My master is gentle, firm and reserved,
the sort a dame like me deserves.

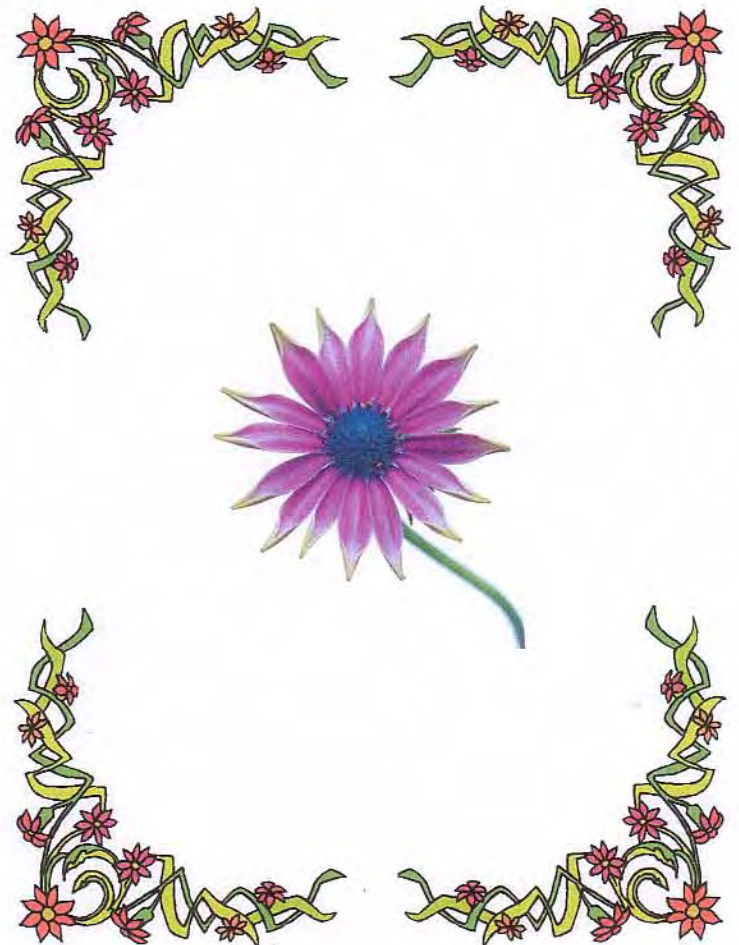
By and large they will all do fine,
at last a family I can really call mine!!



Puzzles Page 1 Flowers "to eat"!!!!

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

- ✂ BEGONIA
- ✂ BUDDLEIA
- ✂ BUSY LIZZIE
- ✂ CARNATION
- ✂ CHRYSANTHEMUM
- ✂ CLEMATIS
- ✂ COSMOS
- ✂ DAHLIA
- ✂ DELPHINIUM
- ✂ FOXGLOVE
- ✂ FREESIA
- ✂ GLADIOLUS
- ✂ HOLLYHOCK
- ✂ LAVENDER
- ✂ LOBELIA
- ✂ PETUNIA
- ✂ POPPY
- ✂ ROSE
- ✂ SUNFLOWER
- ✂ SWEET PEA
- ✂ WALLFLOWER



Letters Page 1

Dear Wendy and Glyn

Just to let you know that I have settled in with my new family. I have changed my name from Indy to Rupert, my Mum thinks that I look like a Rupert so Rupert I have become.

It was a long journey to my new home and I barked and barked when not being fed biscuits. Barney put his paws over his ears and tried to sleep. We stopped on the way at Clumber Park for a drink and a wee, Dad let me off my lead, I ran round and round and laid down in a puddle. When we got home it was a bit scary and strange so I did a wee on the carpet, Mum told me not to worry.

Next day I got everyone up early as I wanted to explore, Barney doesn't like getting up early and goes back to bed after breakfast.

I explored my new garden and was able to squeeze through a gap, that Dad hadn't noticed, and went to introduce myself to Auntie Pat who lives next door and Barney came with me. Pat and Dad have blocked the gap up so I can only talk over the fence now.

I have a new collar with my dog tag on it and a basket to snooze in during the day. And at night we all snuggle together on the bed, except Rosie who sleeps under the bed and hisses at me.

Barney is my best mate, we go everywhere together. I wasn't allowed off my lead in the woods until today but was allowed to run on the beach straight away on Sunday. We went miles, I drank a lot of sea water and then threw up. I was introduced to Sylvia who has a "dog friendly" café at Overstrand. I was so exhausted by the time we got home.

Anyway that's about all for now. I have included some pictures of myself, don't I look handsome? Bye for now, and love to all my friends at Springer Spaniel Rescue

Rupert (formerly Indy) Riggott

Dear Glyn and Wendy

Just thought I'd give you a quick update and let you know how I'm getting along up here in 'Bonnie Scotland' (and me an English Springer Spaniel)! Its actually my birthday today (2) and I've had a nice walk and a bone.

Since I came here in July life has got better. First of all I had to sort out the two cats Jake and Pepe. Even now Pepe hisses at me and pats me on the nose if I get too close, but I think she likes me just the same. Jake is much more fun and we chase up and down the stairs.



Mum and Dad (Susan and John) have been pretty tolerant of me, even when I chewed up a pair of specs. I get to sleep on the settee and if I'm really good I can lie on the bed. I live next to the countryside and can go for long walks in the woods. Dad goes metal detecting and I go with him and help dig things up! There are even sheep in the field next to my house but I stay in my own garden and just look over the wall.

They do try to take me out on the lead but I would have to say that I don't behave very well – I would much rather be running around chasing rabbits and birds, but I have learned to come back to the whistle and they seem to like that.

I'm a very lucky Springer spaniel and I try my best to please. Mum and Dad are very happy with me and give me lots of hugs and kisses. It's a bit soppy, but I just let them get on with it.

Anyway, thanks again from us all (even Jake and Pepe)!

Love Chester, John and Susan



Hi Glyn and Wendy

Hope you're both well, I'm great. I love it here in my new home. We go on lovely walks to the beach and fields, I have put on lots of weight, in fact I suspect my Mum has cut my food down a bit coz she said I was looking like a little barrel, I think it's muscle myself.

I felt at home here as soon as I arrived. I think Doris was a bit puzzled by me at first coz I get so enthusiastic about everything and she is so laid back, but now we are best mates.

I hurt my leg last week when I fell coz of a stupid rabbit hole. The vet gave me some medicine and I was springing around again a few days later. Mum was out of her mind with worry about me, so was Doris, she was licking my face all the time to make me feel better.



My Mum's son has a German Shepherd called Heidi. A few weeks ago she was 8 years old and she had a dogs party at her house, never seen so much food. We had sandwiches, crisps, cakes and do-nuts and a big cake with 8 candles on, even I was stuffed afterwards.

We sleep on Mum's bed at night which doesn't leave her much room but she doesn't mind as long as we are comfortable. Thanks for letting me come to live here, I am treated like a king and Doris is the queen. I am very very happy.

Lots of love

Toby xxx

WOW – what a dog, by Doris

When Toby came to live here I was amazed by his energy, he never stops, and eat! Blimey! He's so greedy but he has total respect for me when I'm eating my food and doesn't try to pinch it off me like Meg did. We get on really well and its lovely to have someone to run with

although he barks at me if I run into him. I was so worried when he hurt his leg but he's fine again now thanks to my careful nursing. Mum called me Nurse Doris.

He was greedy at Heidi's party, he pinched my do-nut when I dropped it. I think Heidi is in love with him. She never leaves his side. On the whole he's an OK dog who has made me and my Mum very happy again.

Thanks Lots of love Doris xxx

From Toby and Doris's Mum

Hi Glyn and Wendy

Hope this letter finds you both well. I can honestly say I fell in love with Toby as soon as Glyn told me about him. The week I had to wait before I picked him up seemed to last forever.

He's a brilliant little dog, so loving and faithful, follows me everywhere. He's always busy springing around I'm sure he must be 9 months old not 9 years. He has really brought happiness back into my house. Thank you so much for letting him adopt me and Doris. I have enclosed some photos, I will send some of Heidi's (my sons dog) party soon, it was so funny. Think Toby thought he was in food heaven.



Toby gets on really well with my grandchildren, when he first met them I gave them dog treats to give him and he's been best friends with them ever since. It was worrying last week when he caught his leg in a rabbit hole. The vet gave him some Metacam and in a few days he was back to normal. Doris was funny the way she was looking after him. It makes me very happy to see Toby so happy and enjoying his life. Thanks for all the good work you do, you must have made lots of dogs and people very happy.

Lots of love Yvonne Kennedy

Dear Glyn and Wendy

Mum is writing this for me as I haven't mastered the art of writing yet.

I want to thank you both so much for finding me such a lovely new home.



I have been made so welcome. When we got back here, my new brother and sister were waiting for me, there was a new bed and some toys as well. Plus I have full run of the house and guess what I don't have to go outside anymore unless I want to.

My new Mum has changed my name to PATCH we think it is better than CORRIE, what do you think?

I have been busy since arriving here, I never did much for a couple of days, but since then I have been out in the car to a seaside but I'm not sure of that seaweed stuff when I put my nose near it, it makes me jump. But Mum tells me I will be OK.

We also went for a walk round some woods and I saw some squirrels.

My Mum and sister took me to see my new doctor Mr Flower, he is nice. He told Mum I was in good shape and will make a lovely dog.

Mum is sending you some pictures so you can see that I am OK. I now eat two good meals a day and if I'm good I get a treat or two as well.

Thank you both so much for all you did for me, I will write to you again if that is OK.

A VERY HAPPY AND MUCH LOVED PATCH XXX

Dear Glyn and Wendy

I have been at my new home for three months now and I am very happy here. I thought it was time to bring you up to date with what's been happening.

I go for very long walks every day with Mum she takes me to lots of different places, but I like going out with Dad best because he puts me on a very long lead and takes me swimming. I really love the water.

I like The Lake best of all, but I am very happy in nice smelly water especially if it is muddy.

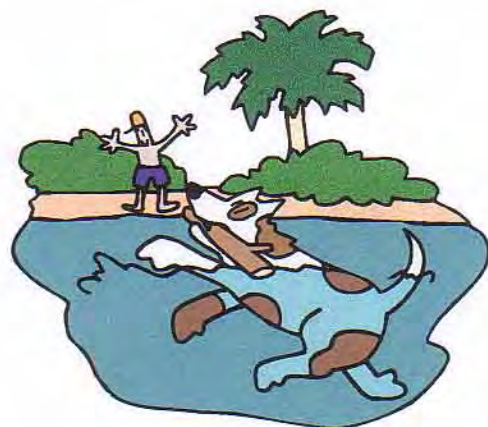
I eat different food now. It is dried and very tasty. Mum said the tinned stuff made me do horrible smells.

I have just had a lovely holiday in Scotland. There was a wee burn running through the garden that led down to the sea. I had a wonderful time in the burn and the owners have called it Louis Burn. I really loved running and digging on the beach.

Last week Mum took me to the vets for a horrible operation—it is to stop me being a Dad but it will also stop me from having a nasty disease called Prostate Cancer when I get older. I also had a chip under the skin. Not a chip that you get from the fish shop—it is in case I get lost.

Since I had my operation I have not been allowed to go on long walks. It is really boring and so I have been rather naughty, chewing, digging and charging about the house. The stitches come out soon and I can have my usual walks and swimming again.

Lots of love from Little Louis.



Letters Page 4

Hello everyone at Springer Spaniel Rescue,

Remember me, Ollie, I'm just writing to let you know what's been happening to me.

One day in August Glyn took me in his car to a place where there were other dogs and we waited for a while watching the world go by -I got to sit on the front seat which was great.

Then, another car arrived with two people and a little dog inside it. They came over and said hello and we all went for a little walk together. They said that they would like me to go and live with them so I got into the back of their car where there was a squishy bed and a big tigger to play with. The little dog sat on the back seat with his seatbelt on.

It took quite a while to get to my new home and when we got there me and the little dog had a look round the garden together before going into the house for our tea. Then the people showed me a BIG bed that I could lie in and I slept really well because it had been quite an exciting day.

I've been here for a little while now and am really happy. I have my big bed with my own duvet and I get chews. I like spending time in the garden and there are lovely smells so I rush around exploring. My new folks say it's a smell called 'pheasant'. I get to go for walks sometimes on my own, sometimes with the small dog I mentioned who is called Toby.

Toby looks quite different to me and sometimes he gets really quite excited about things even though he isn't a puppy (he's 9) but I'm really quite fond of him. Now and again we go and feed these funny things with yellow paddles underneath, they are called ducks. Sometimes I go for rides in the car—my favourite thing next to chews.

I've met a lot of new people and like to say hello to everyone, especially the nice lady called Fiona from Cats Protection who brings me dog treats.

A few weeks ago I went on something called a sponsored walk with a lot of other dogs and apparently we raised money for cats that don't have a home yet.

There are cats where I live and I quite like them. They are really entertaining when they whizz around the house, which they do from time to time—my folks call it their 'mad half hour' seems to happen at about 10.00 at night. They are all colours—ginger, white, grey, stripey and a funny mixture coloured one. There is one: outside that looks like a huge cream cushion, all fluffy and very noisy.

So, everyone out there that's asked after me, I'm doing OK.

Love Ollie



Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Firstly, may I thank you for re-homing me so quickly, you may remember I was only with you for a couple of nights before I was collected on Christmas Eve 2003.

I spent a lovely Christmas break at the Langley Castle Hotel, even managing to chase a few deer, although I wasn't just fast enough. I've had a very busy 12 months, enjoying the static caravan on the east coast, going to work with daddy in his jeep everyday, & best of all working for the BBC. Born & Bred were filming once again in Downham, and who better to guard the set than me.

This involved 12 hour shifts & I was mainly doing nights, payments came in the form of the BBC catering van whose bacon rolls are second to none!!

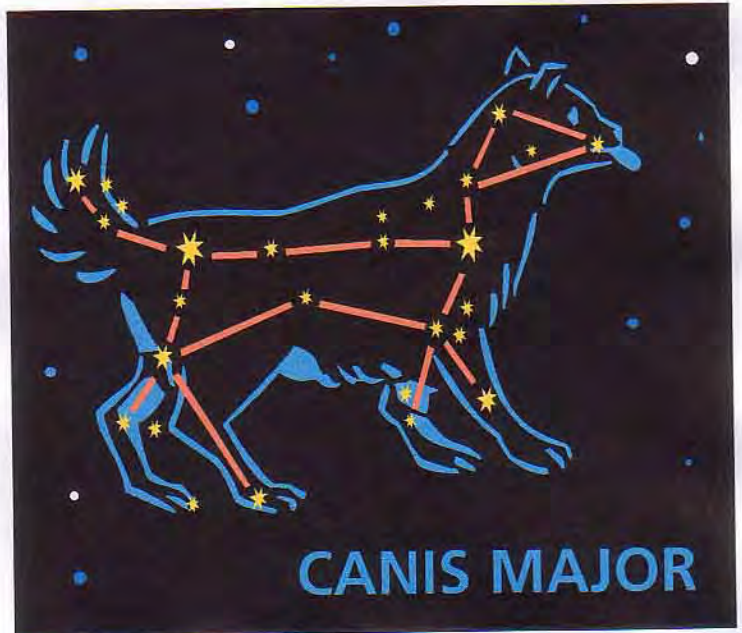
My new Springer spaniel sister arrived in May, she's 12ish & also a rescue. Too old to work she (Betsy) spends all her days out in front of the Rayburn relaxing. We get on ok, but sometimes I get a bit jealous.

This Christmas it's back to Langley, & a new series in the pipeline for Born & Bred.

Daisy



Decorating for Christmas!



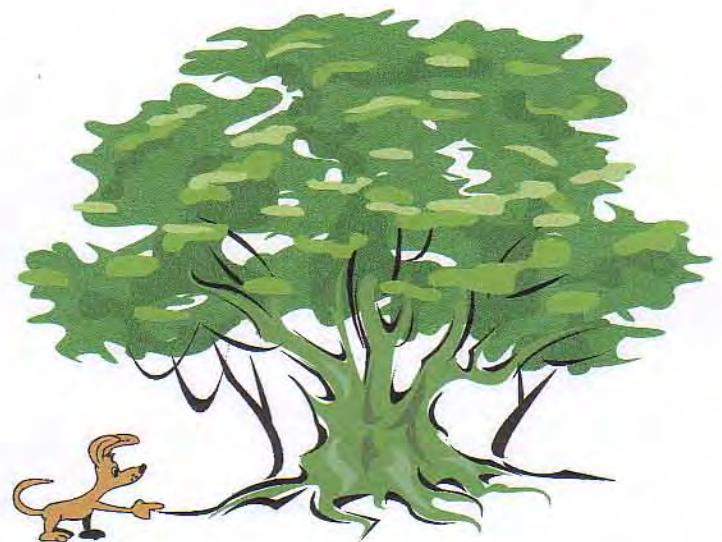
"Doing nights"



Puzzle Page 2 Trees "To wee up"!!!!

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

- 🐾 ALDER
- 🐾 BEECH
- 🐾 BLACKTHORN
- 🐾 ELM
- 🐾 HAWTHORN
- 🐾 HAZEL
- 🐾 HOLLY
- 🐾 HORSE CHESTNUT
- 🐾 INDIAN BEAN TREE
- 🐾 JAPANESE MAPLE
- 🐾 LABURNUM
- 🐾 LILAC
- 🐾 MOUNTAIN ASH
- 🐾 OAK
- 🐾 POPLAR
- 🐾 PRUNUS
- 🐾 SILVER BIRCH
- 🐾 SWEET CHESTNUT
- 🐾 TULIP TREE
- 🐾 WALNUT
- 🐾 WILLOW



Gallery



Woody and Digger



Ellie



Rupert and Barney



Henry



Bisley



Ozzie



Danny



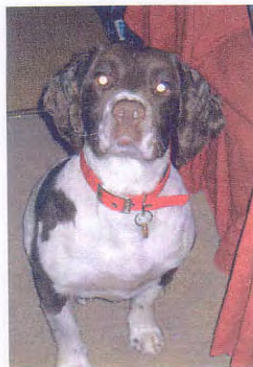
Burley



Kizzy and Chloe



Maxx



Leo



Dot



Jess



Joey



Sam and Ben