

GOLDEN MOMENTS ISSUE 30

Newsletter of **SOUTHERN GOLDEN RETRIEVER RESCUE**

Registered Charity Number 1098769
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Henry and Friend

As I write this at the beginning of March the snow is thawing at last and by the time you read this it will be a distant memory. I hope you and your dogs survived the “Beast from the East”; I expect your dogs thoroughly enjoyed it!

Once again there was a small drop of 3 in the number of dogs we re-homed in 2017. Of the 43, 16 originated from breeders, 13 from dealers and 14 had no papers so we don't know where they came from originally.

We must pay tribute to those Co-ordinators who have left us since the last issue. Yvonne and Gordon Bennett were with us before we became a Charity in 2003, and decided it was time to give up. Gordon was also instrumental in setting up our Facebook page, which has been a great success. Myra Corpes also resigned after 12 years' service but kindly agreed to stay on for a while. We are grateful for all they have done over the years. In addition, the Newsletter Editor, Gillian Robinson finally decided to retire as Co-ordinator and Administrator after 39 years with Rescue, having been involved virtually from its beginnings as a sub-committee of the Southern Golden Retriever Society. She will continue as a Trustee. The SGRS Fun Day will be held on May 27th, and please note that it will be at a new venue, the Horton Kirby Village Hall, DA4 9AZ. We look forward to seeing many of you there.

Goodbye Ace

Thank you for the Christmas booklet. The little stories often bring tears to my eyes and I haven't felt able to read it yet as I have sad news to report. We lost our lovely Ace on 23rd November. He was 12 years old and slowing up but he still loved his walks and playing in our big garden. He had a lovely last day but was taken disastrously ill in the night. We loved him to bits and the house feels very empty. He was a real character. He loved the woods and everyone knew him because of the times I was waiting by the car park for him to turn up - frequently when he was younger but still occasionally even lately. People I didn't recognise would say “hello Ace” as they came through the trees.



He also loved the garden and ate everything! I gave up growing strawberries because he kept crashing through the net – then outdoor tomatoes as they vanished as they were getting ripe. He also ate broad beans and runner beans, and even dug up potatoes – he was a vegetarian I think!

He was as good as gold indoors and knew what we were going to do next almost before we did. He very seldom barked, except for 11 pm when he went out the last

time. He would stand barking before he disappeared down the garden. He gave us so much pleasure and love

.Joy

Gillian Robinson

On 18th March 2018, Gillian Robinson stood down as a co-ordinator and administrator after 39 years of dedicated service to 'Rescue'. She will be very well known to many of you.

On behalf of the Trustees of the Charity we wish to pay tribute to Gillian's enormous contribution to our organisation both as part of Southern Golden Retriever Society and then as a Charity. She and her husband, Robbie, were fundamental in the creation of the Charity. There are so many 'Goldens', both past and present, who have been given the chance of a new and loving home due to her tireless work.

She first became involved in Rescue soon after it started in 1979, as a sub-committee of the Southern Golden Retriever Society, but at that time she was just helping with home visiting etc. In 1981 Sue Pounds (as she then was) asked Gillian to take over from her as Rescue Secretary. She became more involved, working with the area representatives, Brenda Lowe, Sheila Richards and Marigold Timson and later with Hilary Gibbs. In those days many more dogs were re-homed, but somehow the homes were easier to find as fewer women worked full time and life seemed to be lived at a slower pace.



As the person who had been the prime mover in getting Rescue off the ground Brenda Lowe took the lead in general organisation, but when she retired in 1998 she passed the mantle on to Gillian. One of her responsibilities was finding new Area Representatives (now called Co-ordinators) as others left.

In 2003 Rescue became a registered charity, and things were put on a more formal footing, although the way 'Rescue' worked didn't really change. As it wasn't sensible to have both a Secretary to the Trustees and a Rescue Secretary she changed her name to 'Administrator' and continued to be responsible for all the paperwork, as well as continuing in her role of Co-ordinator. Gillian also took over the editorship of the twice-yearly Newsletter which Chris and Mike Hadley had started the previous year, at Christmas 2003.

Another of her responsibilities was taking the Rescue board of stories and pictures to the Open and Championship shows of the Southern Golden Retriever Society and organising the Rescue invitations and Parade at the SGRS Fun Day and writing the commentary for the Parade.

We are so grateful that Gillian will be continuing as a Trustee of the Charity, editor of the Newsletter and her work with respect to the SGRS Fun Day.

So, Gillian, on behalf of the Trustees, co-ordinators and the 'Goldens' you have our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for all your hard work over the years as Co-ordinator and Administrator. You will be greatly missed.

Ray Elsey

On behalf of the Trustees of the Southern Golden Retriever Rescue Charity.

Missing Kobi

It is very difficult to write this but with very heavy hearts we have to inform you that we had Kobi put to sleep in the early hours of Sunday morning 14th January. He has left an enormous hole in our lives. He was 12 years 10 months old. He didn't suffer. He just faded away in the space of 8 hours

If you remember, he came to us through you exactly 10 years ago. You were reluctant to tell us about him, because he evidently had a reputation. However, you decided that we could manage him and we became his very proud owners. We realised immediately what he could do, when he ate through his car seat belt in a matter of minutes. We subsequently found out that he didn't like other dogs, hated crowds and loud noises. He was a very nervous dog. He did like anything with a motor. He would jump into cars if the owners were foolish enough to leave



car doors open. He would even jump into a dinghy with a motor running, but avoid getting wet. He didn't like going out in the rain and would walk around puddles. In fact, showing off, jumping in out of our car, he injured his right hip. X-rays showed hip dysplasia and good advice led to a total right hip replacement, which was extremely successful. Although showing off, did lead to him winning a rosette on one of your Summer days, but he did chew through his lead that day. He never fetched a ball in his entire life, and when out for a walk off the lead, would always be searching for short cuts back to the house/car/caravan/boat. He would not swim and barked at other dogs who were swimming, urging them to get out, so he could fill them in.

He went everywhere with us. He was adored wherever we went. In Spain we bumped into Bill Beaumont (the England Rugby Captain). He knew us, only because we used to drive around the town, with Kobi sitting up in the back of our sports car, with the roof down! Only on the rarest occasions, did we put him in kennels. He filled up three pet passports. He has been as far West as Portugal, via Spain and France with our caravan. He has been to the Balearic Islands, Malta, Gozo, the Italian West coast and islands, Sicily and the Greek Ionian Islands on our boat. He has toured Italy and crossed the Italian and French Alps with the caravan.

He toured the spectacular Greek mainland and last year even visited Athens for a weekend. We took him to Lubeck and the German Baltic coast by car, passing through Belgium and Holland. In Spring 2016, we drove South to Greece through the old Yugoslavia and Albania. In Albania, we could not find a hotel that would accept Kobi. So we were faced with driving through the night to cross the border into Greece. Finally an enormous but faded hotel on the outskirts of Tirana was persuaded to let us stay, so long as we kept Kobi out of sight. How do you keep a feisty golden out of sight? However. We managed it. He was very blasé about hotel lifts.

He loved to sun bathe, but enjoyed the air conditioning on the boat, in the car and in the house in the South of France. We sold the caravan years ago.

In January 2015, Kobi developed an irritable bowel. He went from a very healthy 40 kgs to 31 kgs in the space of 6 months. What triggered it, no-one knows. However x-rays showed no growths, nor did scans or cameras at the Queen Mother's Veterinary hospital in Hatfield. So with various dietary advice, he slowly settled on boiled white fish, boiled sweet potato and boiled risotto rice twice a day. This meant having a camping stove, when we were travelling, cooking in hotel shower rooms and lay-bys. In Greece, we even had to hire a car to go to the nearest Lidl, to stock up with fish, sweet potato and risotto rice! Altogether, with Kobi's hip replacement and bowel investigation and medicines, he cost Tesco Pet Insurance about £10,000.

So it is plain to see how big that hole is. Kobi was retriever number 5 for us. Normally we have had two retrievers, but Kobi would not tolerate a companion. So we have no dog to transfer our affections to. For the moment, we are resisting the temptation to contact you, to see if we can rescue another retriever or even two. Although, we may weaken and telephone you soon.

We want to thank you at SGRR for Kobi. He was the most magnificent dog in the world, and he was ours!

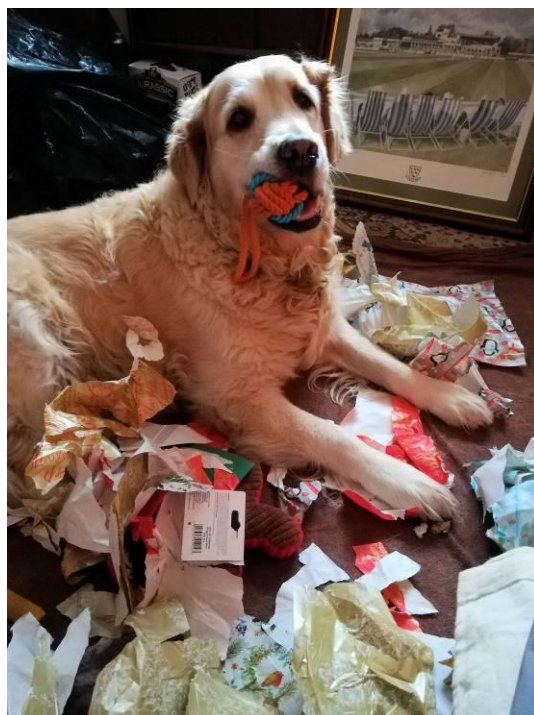
Stephen and Christine

News from Mollie

Hello, Mollie here. Just returned from my morning walk and it's cold out there. Nice hard ground to roll on and snow to play in so it isn't all bad. While I warm up this is what I've been up to.

The gardening work has continued with Dad and it's a busy time. I let him do the hard work while I adopt a managerial role by watching. It's nice to go to different places riding in the van. In October we went to the Tea Rooms in Dorchester for the weekend. Dad did some work in their garden and I helped by doing some digging. This somewhere I recommend as it's very dog friendly. I do like going to work, much better than being in the house. I go to different places for walks. I've also made a new friend recently. He is a Newfoundland called Paddy. We get on very well and like to lay in the garden together.

Like all Golden's, I like to find various objects. I bring home discarded pieces of paper, gloves and a couple of woolly hats plus also beer cans. Today I brought home a football, carrying it all the way to the lounge. Very pleased with my efforts. Christmas was fun with loads of presents to open and paper to tear up. Piles of it all over the lounge floor. People have been very kind and I received all sorts of presents, mainly food which is always welcome. One of Dad's customers gave me an advent calendar (doggie one).



This is my fifth home and the best. What mischief. I'm a happy girl.

Bye for now, Mollie

News from Cesar

How time flies. It is now two years since we took Cesar into our home to join our family of Golden Retrievers. He is now an eleven year old- who is very well and enjoys every day to the full.

A year ago we wrote a piece for the newsletter and explained how we were learning how to deal with his epilepsy and that is very much still the case. As some of you will know no two cases are the same- single fits or fits in clusters- the nature and severity of each fit- the immediate post fit behaviour, disorientated, hungry, aggressive can and does vary from animal to animal.

It is also clear to us that there are differing views as to the treatment to be given, and many different medications are available. All this can be very worrying because all we want is for him to be stable and to live a long and happy life. Well we do believe that we have achieved this thus far with Cesar. The number of fits has stayed the same in year 2- with only a minimal increase in his medication- his 6 monthly blood tests show that he is coping very well with the current levels of medication and his overall health is good!



We have very recently been made aware of the risks involved when an epileptic dog has to have a general anaesthetic. We have spoken to the Senior Vet at our practice and it would appear that some anaesthetics are more suitable than others, and one of the key considerations is their ability to reverse the process immediately if the dog is in trouble. 'Right wake him up'- as we have all heard the Supervet say. I hope this may be useful information to others with epileptic dogs in their care.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Cesar continues to be a total joy to own, he has the ability to join in whatever is on offer. He has enjoyed many trips to the beach at Clymping, where he is much more interested in the smells on the beach than going in the sea. It is different at Petworth Park where he does swim in the lake- chasing the ducks. He spent a week with us in Norfolk, and enjoyed a trip on the North Norfolk Steam Railway.



His year changed dramatically in September when Ziva produced ten puppies and was to change even more 8 weeks later when Sue decided to keep one for ourselves! Enter Tali – stage right!!!!

Well any fears we may have had about how Cesar would react were quickly allayed. They share a common interest- the garden. Cesar has always enjoyed his own space in the garden- taking the air- watching the world go by- and often taking a nap. Tali loves the garden because she is a puppy who is into everything-

including the pond. When she has finally exhausted herself she joins Cesar for a sleep- they are very close. The garden now looks more like a war zone.

We are very grateful to Joan Coppin & SGRR for their continued support, without which we would not have the privilege of helping a wonderful Goldie to live his life.

Thank you!

Who?

(Origin unknown)

Who nuzzles up to us when we are sad?
Who comforts us and makes us glad?
When we are lonely who is always near to lick our hands and give us cheer?
Who keeps us company upon a walk and always listens when we talk?
Who treats our mood so sympathetically?
Whose thoughts revolve around us?
Whose shining eyes will love us to the end?
Our dog, of course, our trusty friend

Down on the Farm

(Advice from the Kennel Club)

Every year a few walkers and their dogs are killed or seriously injured by cattle. Every year too, sheep and other farm animals suffer painful deaths and injuries from pet dogs.

Minimise danger and injury by:

- Always keeping your dog on a short lead when farm animals are present
- Not walking between cows and their calves; go around them if you can
- Being aware of where cattle are; they are naturally inquisitive and may follow you
- Walking steadily and quietly past cattle; do not run
- Finding a different route around cattle if you can
- Reporting problems to the local council

If you think you are about to be injured by cattle, unclip the lead so you and your dog can get away separately.

It is also a sad fact that 16,000 sheep were killed by dogs last year and in Hampshire they have introduced a new system of “paw traffic light” notices at field gates.

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| Red Paw Print | no entry for dogs |
| Amber Paw Print | dogs allowed on lead |
| Green Paw Print | dogs allowed off lead but under control |

Golf Balls – A Cautionary Tale

This article by Colin Chapman appeared in the 2004 Christmas issue, but it is probably worth repeating)

“Jack is an extremely fit and active 2 ½ year old retriever, full of energy, lean and apparently without a care. However, for the past seven months Jack had been vomiting, not just occasionally but frequently and without warning. He had been seen by two vets numerous times who had examined him thoroughly. They concentrated on manual examination of his stomach, various medications, a blood test and several dietary plans. Nothing seemed to work until finally, in desperation even though they doubted it would show anything, they took an x-ray.

Surprise, surprise as clear as day, four golf balls! All tucked high up under Jack’s ribs so that their manual examinations could not reveal them.. An immediate operation and a 9 inch scar appear to have solved the problem!”

The real lesson, however, is to avoid golf balls. They live next to the Gold Course and Jack has always enjoyed rooting around to find the lost balls. Colin said he had found enough balls for him never to have to buy any, even with his record for losing them! What they didn't realise was that Jack was capable of swallowing not just one but four.

Pet Friendly Care Homes

Many people are very concerned that if they have to go into a care home later in life they will not be able to take their beloved pets with them. The Cinnamon Trust, besides taking in dogs whose owners have died, publishes a book on "Pet Friendly Care Homes". This can be obtained from the Cinnamon Trust, telephone number 01736 757900, email: admin@cinnamon.org.uk Their website is well worth a visit and is www.cinnamon.org.uk

Fostering – not for the naïve nor the fainthearted

We've had Teddy our much-loved 2 year old Golden since he was a tiny pup.

Prior to joining SGRR, we hadn't thought of fostering rescue Retrievers. But when Barney, one of Teddy's littermates needed to be re-homed, we said we'd look after him until the right home was found. We then asked SGRR if they could help place him and in a short time they had found his perfect forever home.

Fostering seemed a simple and sensible interim solution with the bonus that Teddy would get a playmate to keep him occupied, freeing us to get on with our stuff. Naïve or what?!



With hindsight, it's obvious that a dog needing to be re-homed will likely be emotionally disturbed. Its whole life has been turned upside down; everyone and everything it knows has been taken away and it has no idea what's happening, where it's going or who these strange new people are.

When Barney arrived we got a beautiful but terrified dog panting continuously, drinking gallons of water and running round and round like a mad thing, refusing to eat and unable to settle. To make matters worse, on our first walk he panicked, slipped his collar and ran wildly up and down the middle of the road in the dark in total terror.

Similarly second time round with Bella. She demanded attention with a passion, was intensely jealous of our Teddy, nagged and moaned like the proverbial Fishwife and was terrified of going outside unless another dog went with her.

Oh my word! What on earth had we let ourselves in for...?

At first Barney was desperate for affection and followed us around non-stop, rubbing against us and putting his head in our laps. Bella's approach was to climb on us and push herself in between Teddy and ourselves with a constant stream of whining and whingeing.

But gradually both dogs relaxed and grew in confidence, panting stopped, tails rose, they ate normally and became best of friends with Teddy. As their self-confidence emerged, so did their true characters. Both are loving, well-behaved, adorable dogs.

Out on walks we were constantly asked ‘why don’t you keep him/her?’. But lovely as they were, it is like with grandchildren – great to have them visit, secure in the knowledge that they will eventually go away and life will return to normal – until the next time! When each one left us for their new home poor Teddy missed his playmate and moped around the house for a day or two.

The homes that SGRR found for each dog were carefully matched to their individual personalities and needs, with families able to give them the time, care and attention they crave. We are delighted to have become friends with both families and we and Teddy regularly meet up with them.



Fostering is stressful and demanding. But being able to help a troubled dog begin to feel safe and find its self-esteem is priceless.

Peter and Ali

Rachel says Peter and Ali were terrific in helping both these dogs at very short notice indeed, and with no knowledge at all of each dog’s character and history, and that commitment is not to be under-estimated.

Fostering takes a special skill, a calm approach, a calm reaction when things pop up unexpectedly and a brave understanding that each dog will eventually go to a new home.

I foster too and become intensely fond of the dogs. They often see me weeks later and I get one of two reactions, a great welcome and fuss or a dismissal of “who are you? These are my companions now and I really don’t know you at all.” I can live with both, knowing that the dogs are happy in their new homes.