

GOLDEN MOMENTS ISSUE 28
Newsletter of

SOUTHERN GOLDEN RETRIEVER RESCUE

Registered Charity Number 1098769
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Phew! That was a jolly good walk.

Harley Foster meeting up with Jessie, Pippa and Auntie Myra up on the Heath really makes my day.

Goodness how the years fly by and Spring is here again! Our three new Trustees have now had an opportunity to see all that goes on in Rescue and are being very supportive. We were, however, very sorry that the last of our original Trustees, Anne Hodgson, decided to retire. Anne has been Chairman of the Trustees since the Charity started, and was also a Co-ordinator for several years before we became a Charity. We wish her well and thank her for all she has done for Rescue.

We had another small drop in the number of dogs being signed over to us in 2016, down three to a total of 49. Of these 18 originated from breeders, 9 from pet shops or dealers and 22 came with not papers so we don't know where they were purchased originally. We continue to get a lot of older dogs or dogs with some health issues but are very fortunate that lovely people are willing to take them on!

Don't forget that you must inform the microchip company if your dog dies. It is easy to forget to do this when you are grieving but if you don't you could face a £500 fine.

Please keep your stories coming in, as we all love to read them, and without them there would be no Newsletter!

The SGRS Fun Day is on Sunday 29th May at Five Oak Green and we hope to welcome you all there!



Harley



“My days usually start at 6.15 am in the summer. A quick lulu in the garden and back in for brekkers. M and M have their muesli and I get a bit of banana.

Then it’s in the car and up to the heath for half an hour. My latest skill is retrieving sticks and giving them up (with the aid of a titbit, of course) Sometimes it is boring boring shopping and I have to go along and guard the car. Non-shop days, it’s pottering in the garden, lazing in the sun and getting hot, then cooling off in the shade.

C & B (coffee & bonio) time is 9.30ish and taken out of doors unless raining, with 2 garden seats to catch the sun or shade as needed. I have a cover down and wait for my mini bonio –one from each of ‘em, then I catch up on the newspapers.

When we go to the Solent at Hill Head, there is a lovely harbour with lots of ducks and swans; we go on the beach, but I won’t go in the water. It makes a horrid swishing noise and I jump back. We also go to the Weald & Downland museum. At first it was very scary with all the horses and cattle, but I enjoyed watching the squealing piglets dashing around the ring. I like going to another local museum where M does the old fashioned bodging – in fact he’s down the carport now turning a bowl from some cherry wood which we retrieved from some dumped in the woods. He also turns old fashioned spinning tops. I get lots of attention from all the children who go to the museum in school hols on special children’s days. I also go to see the oldies at Abbeyfields and they also make a fuss. I sit alongside them and get lots of compliments about my soft coat and lovely colour.



Sometimes I feel really wicked and go and have a good dig in a flower bed – a really deep 3 foot hole – I can spray the soil out a good 4 feet behind me. The Canada geese often come flying over the garden honking so I rush out barking. There were 7 in that first group but now they’ve started changing their flight path and 18 fly over, making such a noise they can’t hear me and keep on coming – I’ll get them one day when they’re quiet. We have a pair of resident doves and they feed on dropped seed; also wood pigeons and they all get chased off. Back in the summer I went out last thing for my lulu and there was this big spiky thing on the lawn which curled up into a ball. Being scared, I stood and barked and barked till mistress came out and took me in. She got all excited and said there hadn’t been one in the garden for several years. Sometimes there will be a cat sitting under the porch - of course that has to go

too – a good chase down the garden but it jumps up onto the wood stacks - the squirrels are just as nippy and take refuge in the trees and sit there chattering – or is it poking fun – makes me cross.

In the evenings I have favourite spots to lie. Toasting my tum in front of the wood stove in the winter, lying on the floor beside mistress on the sofa or on my bed behind master’s chair. At 9.50 I move in front of them and fix them with my ‘want to go out’ look but it doesn’t often work & I have to wait. To be let back in I give a bark – works like magic, the same way I remind them for afternoon walks.”

Harley’s such a lovely dog & we’re so lucky to have him. Thank you to you both and Myra for trusting us to look after him. We love him dearly.

Joan and Jonathan

Rocky

Rocky came into our lives in July 2004 at the age of 3½. After waiting nearly 14 months we finally got the phone call to say they have a beautiful boy for us to meet. We couldn't wait to meet him - from the minute we set eyes on him it was love at first sight. He was beautiful, gentle and kind and got on with our other two dogs and three cats. Rocky enjoyed his walks in the woods - they would all run along together sniffing and playing and the odd rolling in something nasty. He especially loved laying in the muddy streams and puddles and at home, as big as he was, he still liked to have cuddles on the sofa or resting his head on our feet. We had him for 11½ years and on October the 23rd 2016 he died peacefully at home with us cuddling him, just 8 weeks off his 15th birthday. Our hearts are broken and we miss him terribly, but have wonderful memories to keep which will stay with us for ever. He was loved by everybody that knew him and we had lovely times together. We will forever be grateful to Eileen and John Richardson for letting us have Rocky in our lives - he was just the most beautiful boy



RIP Rocky

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF CESAR [BILLY-BOB]

January 2016 was progressing in its usual post-Christmas way - very depressing!!! We decided to put the xmas decorations in the loft - did wonder whether, at the rate at which the years go by, was it really worth it? There, to add to the gloom, I found that the loft space was very wet!!!! A ridge tile had been damaged in recent bad weather and the rain came in. Get the picture. Things can only get better- and they did!

The roof got repaired, the xmas decorations put away and things were not quite as bad as they at first had seemed. Then we had occasion to speak to SGRR (Joan Coppin) - and we got to hear about Cesar! Joan told us he was an 8yr old who needed re-homing. He had problems - epilepsy & thyroid, which meant that he needed to be looked after, and would, perhaps not be right for a lot of people. We had our doubts- we already had three goldens - we breed puppies - would he be better off as an only child- in a calmer, less busy household ???

The discussions continued - with Joan, our vets, other experienced goldie friends and our family. We were warming to the idea and it became clear that Joan felt we were right for him. We were hooked - we wanted him, and believed that we could provide the home that he needed and deserved. It was finally agreed, home visit and paper work completed, that we could collect him on Saturday 30th January.

The first weekend was fine, he was accepted by our dogs, he ate up, came out on our regular walk and generally looked at home - a good start!

The Monday morning started very early, at 4.00am a commotion downstairs. Was the welcome becoming less friendly? No it was Cesar having a fit. This was our first test - we had read up and sought advice about what to expect and how to deal with it - but this was the real thing. Well we did deal with it - and have done so, as and when required, during the course of the year. In between clusters of fits Cesar is perfectly happy, pleased to join in anything and everything - he has become a much loved member of our family, a real character who has acquired the nickname of Billy-Bob (don't ask).

One piece of advice has served us well and we firmly believe it to be correct ' Let him live his life' don't let the fact that he has epilepsy restrict him from being what he is - a typical, loving golden retriever full of fun & mischief. We have introduced Cesar to many of our favourite walks, Petworth Park (he's still not sure about the deer), the beach at Clymping, where he loves seaweed and smelly fish, and our local walk in Jubilee Fields, where he loves the puddles. He is a bit of a celebrity locally and loves all the attention. He has become the firm favourite of our daughter who regularly asks if she can 'borrow' him for the afternoon. They visit a friend who has a German Shepherd - Koda - and spend the time walking in the extensive grounds, swimming (yes swimming) in the lake. He loves it! All going very well!





It was in May that we had to break the news to Cesar that Ziva is in whelp - expecting puppies!!!

How would he react to this change in his normal routine - what would he make of it/them?

Well he didn't react at all when the puppies arrived - the fact that there were twelve of them didn't faze him. He had no fits during the whole process including the 8 weeks we had them here before going to their new homes. He enjoyed all the attention he got from visiting prospective owners, but most of all he liked the fact that there were more feed times and the opportunity to get a bit extra. He enjoyed being on puppy

watch and regularly sat with Sue during the first few weeks. Still going well!

We are very fortunate to have the readily available professional help and advice of Matt Gittings and his superb team at the Arun Veterinary Group in Pulborough, where Cesar has his regular check-ups. That plus the financial support of SGRR and its benefactors, and local support from Joan Coppin has meant that we have been able to enjoy the companionship of a wonderful Goldie - CESAR. Thank you! It's nearly that time again - xmas decorations to be got from the loft!

Mollie

Hello, Mollie reporting. Following on from my last report, here is the latest edition of my activities. You will see references to Harry, he is my companion, another Goldie aged 13.

We all went away to Swanage at the beginning of September and went over the Sandbanks ferry. Neither Harry nor I were bothered by the chain ferry, as we both dozed off. Then we went to the Bankes Arms in Studland for lunch. We parked up and Harry, despite his arthritis, was very keen to get to the pub. We all sat outside for sausage and mash while we waited for some scraps. When we got to the cottage, I explored the garden and had a good roll. After going away in April, I wasn't worried as I am now much more confident. On the Sunday, we went to a pub which we enjoyed and kind staff brought us biscuits. All sorts of adventures followed during the week - walking at Durlleston, riding on the steam railway (not bothered by the noise of steam) and Corfe Castle. I navigated us to a cafe for lunch at Corfe without any help. We visited some of Mum and Dad's friends near Weymouth who knew that there were now 2 of us. Harry got out of the car first and after being asked 'where's the pup' out I get.



Since then it's been back to work and visiting Dad's customers. One gave Harry and I an advent calendar each for Christmas and some money for treats. Others have given us various packets of treats and biscuits for Christmas. They are all so kind. Now that Harry eats his food lying down I've taken to giving him a little wash afterwards. Not sure how much he appreciates it but just looking after the old man in his dotage. I still like to put my training to good use by helping around the house. My duties include getting washing from the machine and fetching the post. I've brought home a few things I found on my walks; the odd glove, woolly hat and a beer glass. I was at the front gate one evening when something caught my eye so I barked at it. What was this mysterious object? A part deflated balloon. I took it indoors and it lasted 3 days before it deflated. This has been my home for 16 months now and I'm enjoying it enormously. I've found a home where I can be cheeky and mischievous. It's a lot of fun.

Bye for now. Mollie



Lost Souls: Found! Inspiring Stories about Golden Retrievers Edited by Kyla Duffy and Lowrey Mumford.

Lost Souls: Found! is a series of books published to support the work of American dog rescue charities. This volume is a heart-warming, thought-provoking compilation of true stories about Golden Retrievers, collected from rescue charities across the States, that answer questions like What is dog rescue? It addresses the cruelty of animal neglect and abuse, and the joy that rescued dogs bring to their new homes. This book is a must-read for Golden Retriever lovers - and for people who are considering adopting a Golden.

A portion of proceeds from every sale is donated back to [American] Golden Retriever rescue groups. Available in paperback and Kindle formats and as an audio download.

A Heartwarming Success Story

Let me tell you the story of our Rescue Dog. He started life with a family that really didn't understand him or his needs. We can only speculate on what he had to put up with in his early years, but that it wasn't good is an understatement.

We first heard about him when he had just been given to SGRR. We had lost our beloved brown Labrador suddenly in the summer. By the end of October we decided that the house and our lives were terribly empty without a dog and as we don't have small children anymore, now was the time to give a home to a needy dog. So I rang Myra, our local SGRR coordinator, and she was wonderful. She explained the pitfalls and possible difficulties that rehoming might bring and what we could expect. She also mentioned the young dog they had recently taken in, a 2½ year old boy with "aggression" issues.

However, another lady was also interested - but after a while that didn't work out and he became available again!

At the end of November I drove over to the dog behavioural trainer (Glenn) and I got to meet our Boy. We took him and a handful of other dogs for a walk - He behaved beautifully, no aggression, no disobedience, nothing, he was just a happy dog who was glad to go on a walk. I asked Glenn what he thought of this lovely dog and he just said that there was nothing wrong with the dog but sometimes it is a mis-match between dog and owner.

When we got back from the walk, Glenn just asked what I thought and I admitted that I had already fallen for this lovely dog who clearly deserved a second chance. In a very short time indeed he was ours.

You can imagine the happiness of having a dog again! However, the first month wasn't easy. We clearly had a dog with a history. Initially he was extremely wary of my husband. During the first week when he was told by my husband that he couldn't bring a log from the log shed into the house, he decided to growl and bite my husband's shoe. This was a shock for all of us. The next day I went back to Glenn for a nice long walk and advice. Glenn is a man of few words but he is very wise and what he said was so sound: 'Unacceptable behaviour is unacceptable behaviour, full stop! Don't worry about what happened to him before he came to you! You set the rules and he has to accept them. Don't pussyfoot around, be clear and stick to it.' This is exactly what we needed to hear because we realised we had been making excuses for "our poor misunderstood Rescue Dog".

Our Wonderful boy has been with us now for 4 months! He is absolutely not aggressive. He will even share his precious ball with us, knowing that he will always get it back. He doesn't feel threatened because there is no need for him to feel like that. He gets two long walks every day and each time we get the lead out reacts with such elation "What??? We are going for a walk again? Yes please!!" He has a best friend, a flat coat retriever, and although when he first came he didn't know how to, he now plays with him and they chase each other round the garden. He is an absolute joy to have.



We are incredibly grateful to the two people who made this possible: Myra who decided to give him a second chance, despite the aggression issue, and Glenn who taught this Rescue boy to trust humans again! Without these two people we wouldn't have this fantastic dog.

PS When I got his lead out that first morning, he nearly cried with excitement. I drove a few minutes to the canal and you can clearly see the wonderment on his face. There were ducks and a heron, horses and cows, and to top it all he was allowed to get into the water and get dirty. He was in heaven! Little did he know that from then on all his walks would be like that. He is certainly one happy and contented boy!

RUPERT



Rupert came into our lives at 10 months old. His family clearly loved him but through no fault of his, or theirs, had to make the heart breaking decision to have him rehomed. They hoped he could go to a home with another dog.

Although very sad for the family, we were pleased to take Rupert into our home with our 6 year old girl, Crystal as a short time before we had lost our dearly loved Golden, Olly aged 12. Crystal missed him as much as we did and even started to gather her toys together to cuddle.

We drove up to Guildford to see Rupert and were quite shocked at his size. At 10 months he weighed 33 kilos. He was not desperately over weight but was a very big boy for his age. After a walk and a chat we decided to take Rupert home with us, (as if there was any doubt from the moment we saw

him!)

As we have had all of our other Golden retrievers from around 10 months old, we knew we would have to continue his training. His lead work has been the most difficult as he pulled like a steam train on the lead but I am pleased to say this is coming along now. He has obviously taught himself to dig in the garden and loves to bring me plants that have been recently potted. He is ever helpful in that way.

As Rupert used to live close to the sea, it was perfect that we do too and we love to visit the beach whenever possible. As he loves people so much we shall have to be careful if anyone is having a picnic on the beach though!

He is getting lots of walks, some with Crystal and some on his own for training. I am pleased to say that he has settled very well indeed and Crystal and Rupert cuddle up to each other after their walks.

She is a lot happier with him around and he seems to love her too. All in all, it is a joy to have Rupert, albeit a little more messy!!



OTTO



We adopted Jake, our third retriever, second rescue, at 6 months old. A truly wonderful boy who passed suddenly in April 2014 aged 11. We were bereft and unsettled. A holiday in Devon had been booked to include him and it was strange and lonely without Jake.

When Roger and I returned home the decision was made to contact Pat in the hope of adopting again. The telephone call on 22nd June was joyous - "do you want to meet Otto, 7 months old?" An easy question to answer.

Otto was one of several retrievers who had been well loved and cared for but not lead walked, as he had been taken out in the car. I found I was soon taken - to our car! Luckily I use a car harness so this, with lots of treats, was the initial way to keep Otto with me so I could stay on my feet!!

We enrolled in training classes and last year he won a Trophy to keep for a year, and a shield for life as the "most improved dog"! I am very proud of him. He is eager to please, kind and fun and loved by all.

The photos are of Otto during our walks spent at a Country Park and seashore - not always clean and dry but having hours of enjoyment whatever the weather. We are so blessed to have Otto

Margaret and Roger

Items That Can Harm Your Dog

Apples, apricots, cherries, peaches & Plums – their seeds/stones contain a type of cyanide compound, and given on a regular basis the fatal effects can be cumulative. A dog chewing on an apricot stone will be exposed to continuous cyanide ingestion.

Avocados – all parts are toxic. They contain Persin which is a fatty acid derivative and if ingested it can cause breathing difficulties, vomiting, diarrhea, generalized congestion and heart failure. The amount needed to poison a dog is not known.

Hops – dried or fresh should be kept away from all breeds. Even small amounts can trigger malignant hyperthermia. Greyhounds are especially sensitive.

Salt – should never be given to a dog to induce vomiting. It can cause the brain to swell and may also cause kidney problems.

Fabric Softener – this is highly toxic to dogs. Signs of ingestion include vomiting, lethargy, burns to the mouth, drooling, muscle weakness and often coma. Owners should not induce vomiting as it exacerbates the situation.

Antifreeze – smells and tastes very sweet to dogs so they may lick up spills, but it is very toxic. Symptoms include vomiting, seizures and lethargy, leading to acute kidney failure.

Watch batteries –if ingested just one can cause a potentially fatal ulceration in the stomach within 12 hours. All alkaline batteries are toxic to dogs.

Boric acid – highly toxic with similar symptoms to fabric softener ingestion. It can be found in many common products such as mouthwash, denture cleaner, as a flame retardant substance on upholstered furniture, contact lens solution and ant powder.

Onions – along with garlic and chives can cause a type of hemolytic anemia, which destroys the red blood cells. Symptoms include rapid heart rate, weakness in limbs, vomiting, diarrhea and blood in the urine.

Xylitol – a sugar free sweetener found in many sweets and chewing gum, it causes the pancreas to secrete insulin resulting in low blood sugar. Signs include a drunken gait, muscle weakness, collapse and seizures.

Chocolate – (also **cocoa garden mulch**) contain Theobromine – the darker the chocolate the higher the level of toxin. It can be fatal and symptoms are slow to show, but include hyperactivity, nausea and vomiting, lethargy, seizures and muscle tremors.

Macadamia nuts – contain a toxin which affects the nervous and digestive system.