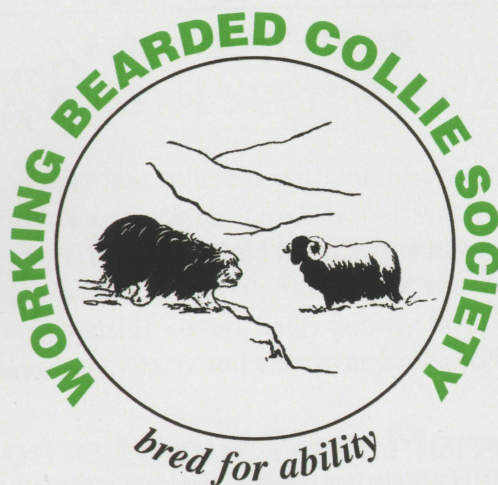




www.workingbeardies.co.uk

 **WBCS - Working Bearded Collie Society**

Issue 43

Winter 2021





Working Bearded Collie Society
45 Jessamine Road
Birkenhead
CH42 5PR

05 November 2021

Dear Supporters,

On behalf of all of us at Hearing Dogs I should be grateful if you would pass on my thanks to everyone at Working Bearded Collie Society for the kind gift of £146.00 towards our work.

Your special gift will help our work to change the lives of deaf people like John and his hearing dog Theo. John's hearing changed over a long period of time, but it was being in a store and not knowing that a fire alarm was going off that made John realise he had a problem. He felt trapped by his deafness and started to go into himself and didn't like going out anymore. He was like this for 12 years before meeting his hearing dog Theo. John says that applying for a hearing dog has changed his life. In John's words, "Theo has given me courage – the desire, the will – to escape my prison. Now, thanks to Theo, I'm free. He's my world and I wouldn't, couldn't be without him."

Thank you for your support and helping us to continue the valuable work of Hearing Dogs.

Yours sincerely

Christine

Gifts Team
Email: fundraising@hearingdogs.org.uk
Tel: 01844 348148

RCPT. NUMBER: TR-001115462 AMOUNT: £146.00
RECEIVED WITH THANKS ON 05 NOVEMBER 2021

If you want to get in touch with us, it is helpful if you give your record number:
Com00415684.

Helping deaf people to leave loneliness behind and reconnect with life
The Grange • Wycombe Road • Saunderton • Princes Risborough • Buckinghamshire • HP27 9NS
T 01844 348100 Text Relay 18001 01844 348100 E info@hearingdogs.org.uk W hearingdogs.org.uk

THE DATE FOR OUR LANGDALE MEET FOR NEXT YEAR 24TH & 25TH SEPTEMBER 2022

We had a very successful Meet this year with members and friends joining us from the North, South, East& West. The weather was very kind too! Our AGM took place in the actual Meet field for the first time! The raffle raised a total of £126 + a later donation of £20; this year it was donated to 'Hearing Dogs', see letter on the inside cover. Sadly Sunday saw no one new turn up so we could pack things away early and with everything still dry!

Welcome to our New Members !





Some More from Langdale 2021



Toby Tails – Part 2

by Donna Moxon

The continuing story of my first Beardie called Toby, which I originally wrote back in 1985/6...

It was quite a while ago now that I first put pen to paper to record some of the antics of our Beardie (official name Bredon Tobe), but known affectionately to us as "Toby". In this part 2 he is now 19 months old, a little larger, a great deal heavier and still as loopy



Since Toby arrived on the scene at Easter 1985 he became quite a popular member of our community. When out walking with him people would stop and say "Hello Toby." He usually knew who they were even if I hadn't got a clue! (Once met, he was never usually forgotten).

It was autumn time when we had some new people move in to live opposite us. They were a nice family with two children under the age of 10. It didn't take long for Toby to become a firm favourite with them.

You see, ever since he was tall enough to reach, Toby spent a great deal of time leaning on the front bay window-sill watching the comings and goings in our road. From outside our house all you could see was this great fluffy black and white dog staring out at you.

Naturally it wasn't long before the children opposite spotted Toby, and whenever they went out shopping with their mother they always made a point of waving to him! They even had a visitor once who nearly died of shock when Toby woofed at her through the window. She had seen him many times, but because he was always in the same position, lying on the window sill, she had never seen him move, so she thought he was a toy dog!

During the summer we discovered Toby was quite a keen gardener. Every time my husband or I set foot in the back garden, Toby dived over to the hose and barked persistently until we sprayed him with it! He particularly liked us to spray the water in an arch so he could leap into the air and try to drink the water. (Not that he hadn't got a perfectly good bowl in the kitchen to drink from).

Talking of water, we went to Ilfracombe for our holiday one year. Toby loved it, I don't think he'd ever had so many walks in his life before. One day we decided to go on a six mile hike to a place called Watersmeet, following the river up-stream. When we arrived at our destination which is a National Trust site, Toby decided he needed to cool down. He paddled into the river and instead of swimming he lay down and gently floated! It was rather embarrassing as people crossing the footbridge nearby were pointing to him saying "Look at that floating dog". Toby just sat there with a silly expression on his face, grinning broadly at them.

Earlier one year in May we decided to have a "doggy" holiday in North Wales. As it was Toby's first holiday we wanted to see how we would all get on away from home, and we did get on quite well as it happened. We stayed in a caravan owned by 'Bridgrove Jessica' another Beardie, which we highly recommended (Toby thought so too, he fell in love with Jessica!) During our third day there we wandered onto the beach (we were its sole occupants) and walked along the shoreline. Toby thought it was super and dashed in and out of the sea, then up onto the rocks. At one stage he disappeared up onto the cliff and I said to my husband confidently, "Don't worry he'll be back in a minute" I was wrong. Within seconds he was on the brow of the next hill heading up the cliff away from us. I called him until I was blue in the face, then decided there was nothing else for it, I would have to fetch him.

When I finally caught up with him, he was busy playing with a Beardie he'd spotted from down on the beach. I was so shattered I couldn't even shout at him, I just pointed back to the beach and while Toby shuttled off back to my husband, I stood there pop-eyed gasping for breath!

From the day we had Toby we decided he was ultimately going to be a pet not a show dog. However, we thought it might be nice to enter him in a few local shows for a bit of fun.

In the spring one year we travelled to Nottingham where we spent a very enjoyable afternoon. While we were there, we noticed they had an agility course. Toby had never seen one before, but we decided to try him over a few of the obstacles. When he came to the tube that you run through, he refused to budge. "He won't go through there." Somebody said. At that moment a very pretty Beardie bitch trotted through the tube to emerge at the other end. Toby immediately charged through the tube to arrive, tail wagging and tongue lolling at the other end to greet his new lady-friend. Needless to say, it's his favourite obstacle now!

At the Beardie Fun Day in Pinvin we entered for the 'Bounciest Beardie' competition which I'm delighted to say Toby won! Having said that I had to spend nearly five minutes jumping round a field with a lot of other Beardies and their owners all with tongues hanging out (the dogs) and their arms waving (the owners), we must have looked a very funny sight indeed.

Toby was now 18 months old, and we decided to enter him in a local show. In the Working Dog class Toby was standing beautifully as the judge came up and started to look him over. Just as he bent over to inspect Toby's eyes and teeth, this great pink tongue snaked out and licked the judge liberally across the face! Looking slightly surprised the judge moved down to Toby's back and rib cage and as he touched him Toby decided to roll onto his back to have his tummy tickled. Meanwhile I cringed. The judge then asked my husband to walk round the ring with Toby, cue for Toby to do his "human impression" by walking or rather bouncing round the ring on his hind legs. As you will probably gather, we didn't get placed.

After our disaster in what I call a "proper" class we put him in for a novelty class of 'The Most Appealing Eyes'. A different judge came round this time and immediately pulled Toby out into the final six (it was a very large class indeed). As she was making her second review of the dogs, she paused to look at Toby, walked on past him then came back and appeared to be making her final decision. Yes, I thought, we're in with a chance, when Toby suddenly decided to inspect his rear end! Not surprisingly we came sixth out of the six finalists. Oh well, back to the drawing board.

When I arrived at work the following day a colleague who shows four Afghans of his own was telling me a judge friend of his had been at a local show the previous day where quote "A demented Bearded Collie had dragged its owner round the ring and nearly licked me (the judge) to death!". To say I had a red face was an understatement.

A few weeks later, we were on a few days holiday down in Norwich. My husband's parents happened to be staying there too, so we visited them for the afternoon. While we were there Vaughan and his father decided to take Toby for a little walk down to the sea. When they arrived back from their walk Vaughan announced that Toby had thoroughly enjoyed his walk, but Vaughan's father hadn't. Dear little Toby had been on his lead (in case he ran off), and had dragged Vaughan's father straight into the sea! Needless to say, he came back with wet shoes, socks and trouser bottoms.

The dog training club which we attended organised a summer barbeque, there was food for the owners and games of all sorts for the dogs. I must say we had a smashing time, Toby was busy saying hello to all his friends, especially Tonic the spaniel and Maggie the mongrel, and while he was greeting his friends we were doing the same with ours. It was then that the incident occurred, just as Vaughan was about to take a bite out of his hot-dog Toby spotted another friend and leaped at him. Unfortunately, his lead happened to be round Vaughan's hand that the hot-dog was in. Vaughan shot one way and the hot-dog and onions shot the other! It was just as well he was on a diet really.

During September of the same year, we had a few days off work so we decided to take Toby to Betty Foster's (his breeder) to visit his mother, auntie and cousins at the farm where they lived in Worcestershire (we visited regularly so they were no stranger to Toby).

When we arrived, Betty decided it would be nice as the weather was beautiful, to take the dogs (Toby, his mother Meg, Auntie Dora and cousin Dan) out for a good long walk across the fields to the local abandoned aerodrome. The dogs thought it was a good idea too, so we all piled into the car and drove a mile or two out of the village.

As soon as the dogs were let out of the car, they ran off across the field having a good sniff, and generally having a super time. In the meantime, we humans had a good natter. Then all of a sudden in the distance the dogs appeared out of a ditch chasing something. It was a hare! Toby was there, right at the front having a great time. Fortunately, the hare, much to my relief escaped and dashed off. Toby came back to me grinning all over his face, I on the other hand was amazed as he'd never even seen a hare before. It just goes to show how quickly they learn things off other dogs, or in this case a relative!

Right from the day we had Toby he had to get used to being on his own during the day time as both Vaughan and I went out to work, although I came home every lunch time to take him out for a walk and a run round. Therefore, because of this arrangement, we made a point of never leaving him on his own when we were at home with him unless we could avoid it.

Unfortunately, one night we had to pop around to our next-door neighbours to deliver a wedding present as they were due to get married. They invited us in for a cup of tea and just as we were sitting chatting about their wedding plans a strange noise came through the walls from our house next door. "OOOOOOOOOOOwwwwww!" Went the noise. "What was that?" Asked Vaughan. I listened but it had stopped. We carried on talking then a few seconds later another "OOooww-Oow-OOOOooooowww!" came through the walls. It was Toby having a good old howl. "Oh dear, he must be upset because we have left him." I commented. Vaughan thought it was quite funny as he had never heard him howl before. "Oh, he does it sometimes when you leave him in the mornings." Christine said, "But it doesn't usually last long." Well at least that's a relief I thought.

When we arrived back at our house dear little Toby was sleeping angelically like a baby on his bed in the kitchen.

Toby continued to cause havoc at every available opportunity, but for all his little faults we still loved him. It's as a fellow Beardie owner said to me once, "Non-Beardie people just don't understand Beardie's, they're special!"

To be continued...

I'VE BEEN BANNED FROM ASDA

Yesterday I was at my local ASDA store buying a large bag of My Dog food for my loyal pet and was in the checkout queue when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog.

What did she think I had an elephant? So, since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Dog Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in hospital last time, but I'd lost 10 kilograms before I woke up in intensive care with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pockets with My Dog nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in queue was now enthralled with my story.)

Horried, she asked me if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stepped off the kerb to sniff a Beardies bum and a car hit me.

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard. I'm now banned from Asda.

Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the world to think of daft things to say.

Forward this now, (especially) to all your mature friends..... it will be their laugh for the day.

COMMITTEE ELECTED AFTER LANGDALE AGM 2021

Chairperson & Minutes Sec: Clare Green 0151 645 2764
45 Jessamine Road, Birkenhead, Merseyside, CH42 5PR

Treasurer: Janice Jackson 01226 382394
200 Higham Common Road, Higham, Barnsley, Sth Yorks, S75 1PF

Secretary: Cas Sloan details to follow, moving house

Membership Secretary: Pat Spray 01229 716196
High Cross Bungalow, Broughton-in-Furness, Cumbria, LA20 6ES

Registrations Secretary: Roly Jackson 01226 382394
As Janice, above.

Committee Members:

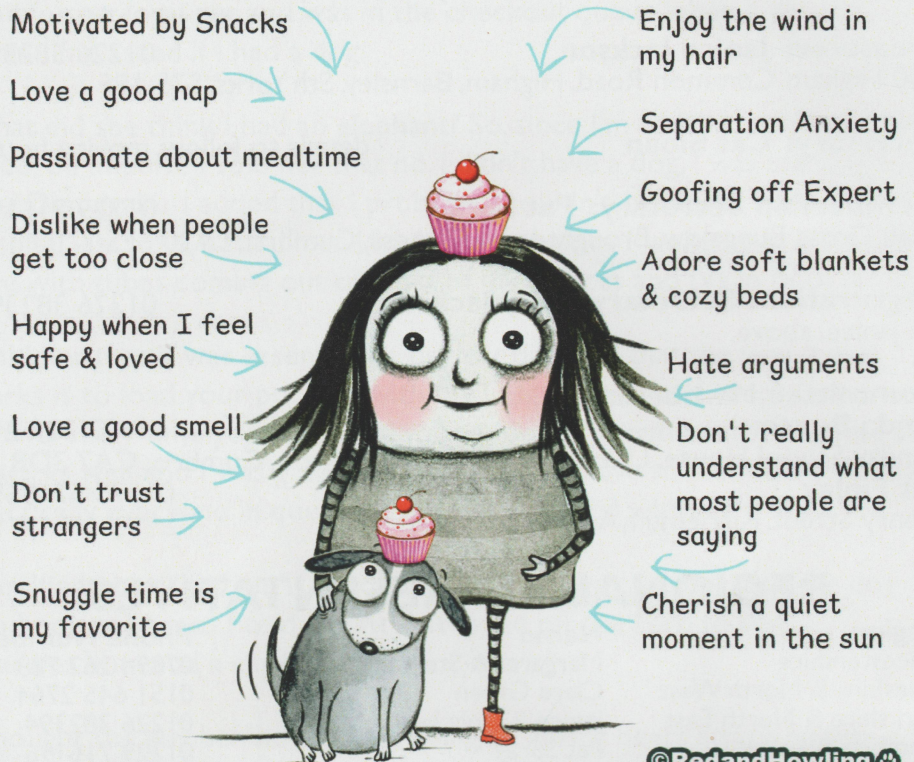
Linda Buxton 01697 321 290
Sunday School House, Lawson St, Aspatria, Wigton, Cumbria, CA7 3DR
Kit Finlay 01575 5748692
Henry Street, Kirriemuir, Angus DD8 5DL

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Cumbria & Lakes	Pat Spray	01229 716196
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North Wales	John & Margaret Pickett	01978 860021
Hampshire	Debbie Foster	01256 381443
South Wales		
North East	Neville Barlow	0191 514 5981
Northern Ireland		
South West Scotland	Pat Allsop	01465 831391
North Scotland	Kit Finlay	01575 574869
South East	Susan Farrington	07887 355729
South West	Sue Gotting	01458 274180
Germany	Christiane & Laura Grosser	0049 6204 76645
Germany	Carolin Kuepper	0049 7614 014153

The contributed items printed within may contain personal opinions of the writers, which are not necessarily the opinions of the Editor or WBCS.

**People say you Grow up to be like your Parents...
I grew up to be like my Dog!**



Request Please!

We are now very low on articles for future editions of this newsletter and also desperately need new photos for the calendar.

When you are out and about with your four paws, take those interesting snowy scenes, autumn leaves or spring flowers, and send us a copy.