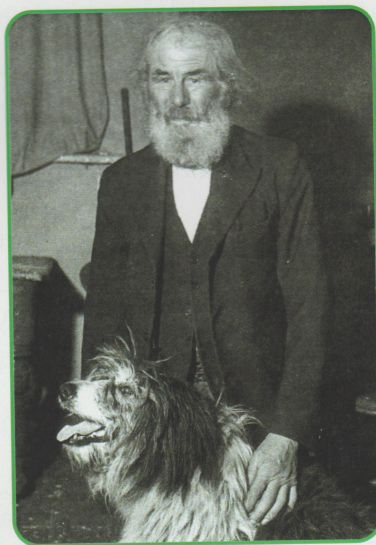




Ted Jackson
c1951

www.workingbeardies.co.uk

 WBCS - Working Bearded Collie Society

Issue 44

Summer 2022

Sadly, we were informed of the passing of Reverend Canon David Mallory Fowler, who along with his wife, Anne, were regular visitors to our Langdale Meet in September.

David & Anne were very involved with our activities and helped to organise things and were at one point also on the committee of the WBCS.

David's helpful nature and smile will be missed.

The following letter was received from Anne in June 2022

'I would like to offer my sincere thanks to the WBCS for the very generous donation to Christian Aid in memory of David. Christian Aid offers help to people of all faiths and none, who find themselves in the direst situations. They are also part of the Disasters Emergency Committee, able to respond quickly in emergency situations.

David loved his Beardies and enjoyed his involvement with the WBCS. It was very nice to have the Society represented at his funeral.'

Anne Fowler

Clare Green and Janice Jackson travelled to Carlisle Cathedral for the funeral 25th May 2022, as representatives of the Society. A donation of £100 was given to Christian Aid from the Society.

It is also with great sadness that we report of the passing of Jan Tarrent, Therapy Dogs Nationwide in May 2022.

Jan joined us at our Langdale Meet in 2019 when our raffle proceeds were donated to her Charity. She spent the weekend with us along with her 2 Schnauzers, Bramble & Poppy. She then wrote to thank us for the donation, and the letter appeared in our newsletter, issue 39, Winter 2019.

Her dogs now live with a friend of hers and continue their work as therapy dogs. When Jan was in hospital her dogs were allowed to visit her as registered Therapy Dogs, how nice.

LANGDALE MEET

17th & 18th September 2022

**The date is different to the one
originally announced.**

Our annual 'Meet' at Great Langdale will take place on both days from 10.00am to 4.00pm, with the AGM being held at 4.00pm on the first day, everyone welcome.

We will be in the field in front of Stickle Barn at Great Langdale.

All members are welcome, as are friends and families, with their dogs too.

The raffle will take place, as usual, & we request any prize donations with the proceeds going to charity

It's funny thing. I have recently read an article from a highly educated scientist, saying that dogs can read their owners' faces.

Well of *course* they can..... and if he'd asked anyone who owns a dog, he'd have found that out a lot more quickly.

From the:

Good grief you've chewed up what!! Cue dog slinking off into basket.....
to

What a clever dog! (- notice not gender specific, don't want to upset dog vs bitch owners)!

Whereupon the tail wags, and hope gradually appears of possible treats.

I would also put it to the eminent scientist (funny how a great many clever people have absolutely no common sense) that we dog owners can read our dogs faces with ease.

What have you been up to????

In that case often a good nose may uncover the (UGH) mess on the floor, or the chicken carcass or whatever ghastly thing our dog has rolled in. Apparently tinned tomatoes are excellent at removing dead - seal / fox / sheep whatever, although sometimes even this can fail. I throw that in as a former spaniel owner, they are DIRE at rolling in stuff.

The other common expression is the highly expectant..... sometimes lying in the bed but obviously on high alert:

Is s/he putting on the walking shoes..... now??? Soon...? NO!!!! It's the 'going to town' shoes. Blast. Might as well stay in the bed.

Unless trotting to the front door and mournfully gazing out has any effect? Could work. Sometimes s/he weakens and lets me ride in the back of the car.....

No? Oh well.

Resigned collapse onto floor, ready for any other excitement - you never know, someone might come to the door.

Oh help it's the suitcases. That means trouble. Possibly sitting in the case will ensure I am taken. Needs keeping an eye on. Never know if the kennels might loom. Unlike the cat who goes in a basket..... well when I say goes in, this involves said cat stretching all four limbs in four directions and yowling. And that's after being chased round the sofa.

Now I usually go with. But is it certain, head-cocked, intelligent expression, winning look..... goodness hope it's not the little children who pull hair.

Though I did get the baby trained to sit on floor in nappy and push ball awards me, then I sent it back, roars of laughter all round, everyone happy!

Best thing is to keep a wary eye out and be ready. For a walk, ball, toy, or visitors. Visitors are good. Generally, but sometimes not doggy types, and can be sent to the kitchen, with a mournful look, what have I done wrong look, why don't you love me totally and utterly look. What is wrong with some people?

Currently one's back legs not quite as strong as they were. So get to back steps and LOOK at owner. Owner looks back and says stupid stuff like, come on you can do that easily and..... final insult..... it's good for you. Then a wave of the special treat bag, I *know* s/he has at top of stairs kind of spurs me on and I forget the LOOK.

Also bit deaf now so respond to general hand wave - mostly - sometimes get bit confused and start off in wrong direction. Lots of fellow dog walking friends then turn me round as owner puffs up behind me. Relief face - thank goodness you're there after all, thought I was abandoned on this beach / grass, what were you thinking. Oh. You're thinking I am a pain and not paying Enough Attention. OK fair enough home now.

Most of us can totally communicate with few words and a great many facial expressions. Because we love the silly mutts to bits.

Barbie - with some help from Millie, age 16½



Dear Customer,

Congratulations on acquiring your Bearded Collie. Please find the instructions for your particular model listed below:

Although your Bearded Collie comes fully assembled, due to particular issues during production, we do occasionally have issues with components such as screws. They invariably are either loose or missing altogether.

Mode 1: This is the sleep mode, activated for the majority of the day as the Beardie ages. This is normal and you should not worry about it, just accept the peace and quiet while you can.

Mode 2: Anarchy. Although we have tried to ease the effect of anarchy mode, it's not always possible. There are inherent issues with the timer settings of anarchy mode in regards to there being none. Should your Beardie suddenly go from comatose to running around the walls, we cannot stop this feature.

Sunlight: Do not allow your Beardie to stay in the sun too long. They can burn if left unattended but they also recharge. Too much of a charge and mode 2 can be activated without warning.

Energy consumption: This has been an ongoing issue as their energy consumption is too direct. We have tried to put baffles, non return valves and diversions in place but none seem to work adequately. Safe to say what goes in comes out, in both solids and gas. The gas, although noxious, can only inhibit breathing of the owner for up to ten minutes.

Naming: Your Beardie comes untitled as we feel owners should use names of their own. If you are unsure, we have listed below a few names our owners like to use:

You're kidding me
Is that yours?
Don't you dare
Knob

Doofus
Put that down
Why?
Get that out of your mouth

Software: Your Beardie is pre-installed with the highest software and hardware. This includes the loyalty chip, the love every one chip, fun chip and, of course, the highly popular mayhem chip. They are all running on the WHATTHEFU@@ operating system 12.2.

Although this has been in circulation for many years, we have found it simply cannot be improved upon.



This is a Useful Tip for anyone with an older dog and hard floors. Millie is quite happy with these on, bought off the internet, and stable as rock, whereas otherwise she collapses and looks pathetically round until I right her.

She is absolutely fine on carpets or outside.

BarbieShort

How I Discovered Working Beardies

In 2009 on my annual visit to 4 days at Crufts, it must have been Working & Pastoral day. Being the proud owner of 3 "Show Beardies", Isaac, Annie & Sophie, this was obviously my favourite & most enjoyable day.

Whilst back at the hotel in the evening accompanied by my Mum, we were enjoying a drink & a meal. Being Pastoral day I was wearing a sweatshirt bearing a Beardie logo (like you do!!), I was approached by a lady who asked "Do you have Beardies?" This lady was Janice Jackson, we got talking (all Beardie people seem to be friendly), she told me that she had Working Beardies, I wasn't even aware that they existed. I followed Janice & her husband Roly out to the car park to their van where they introduced me to one of their Beardies, I believe it was Frankie. I immediately fell in love with him, his appearance was so different to my Beardies.

We went our separate ways but kept in touch, I was aware that a litter was on the way & after they were born discovered that there was a little girl available. After seeing photos - that was it, we just had to have her. She was so cute & still is. She is what Janice calls a Button baby, so bound to be cute & very smart too.

We called her Megan, over the years her & I have done so much together, Obedience, Rally Obedience, even dabbled in Agility but I am afraid gave that up as a bad job, Megan excelled at it, but the handler (that's me!!) couldn't run fast enough!!! Everyone who meets Megan falls in love with her particularly her "smile", she is so special.

Recently our vet discovered that Megan had an aggressive tumour in one of her anal glands, this has now been removed & she will be monitored on a monthly basis by our vet. She has made a good recovery from her op & happy that she is now well enough to join our other 4 Beardies on their morning walk once again. We are chuffed that Megan's photo appears on the pens, key rings & poo bag holders sold by WBCS.

The rest of our clan consists of 2 Show Beardies - 11 year old Daisie Mae and almost 4 years old Jorgie - plus 13 year old Tommy & 10 year old Frankie who are both Choxxstarts.

I recently enjoyed the Beardie weekend at Langdale especially watching Janice work her dogs with the sheep, amazing!!!! She really looked the part with her wellies & Shepherds crook. So nice to catch up & enjoy a pub meal or two with friends.

Thank you Janice & Roly for introducing us to the "Working Beardie", we are so glad you did.

Sue Mellor & Louis Jones.



Toby Tails – Part 3

by Donna Moxon

The continuing story of my first Beardie Toby, originally written in 1988...

Yes folks, it's another saga about that dreaded Beardie Bredon Tobe (Toby). As I have already written a couple of articles featuring our beloved Beardie, I thought I must surely get to the stage where I would be hard pushed to find things amusing or otherwise to write about him.

Not so. Toby was now nearly four years old, and he didn't seem to improve with age, consequently he was still providing me with quite a bit of material to write about.



For instance back in the warm, barmy days of the summer of '86 (do you remember a couple of nice days towards the end of June?!) we visited our friend Betty Foster, Toby's breeder.

As it was such a nice day (it really was quite hot) we - my husband Vaughan, Betty, Toby and I drove in the car to a small village called Naunton Beauchamp which is in Worcestershire. The village had been closed off to traffic for the day as they were holding a medieval pageant there over the weekend.

When we arrived at the village it was all very interesting, there were mock-battles by cavaliers and roundheads, all sorts of crafts to purchase and see being made, even a place to try your hand at archery.

After looking around outside for a while we wandered into a large barn that was lovely and cool, which had been converted into a craft shop for the day. All the ladies serving in there were dressed in period costume.

As you will already know, Beardies get extremely hot in the summer weather and like nothing better than to lie somewhere (like on a cold stone floor) to cool down. Well, as we entered the barn, Toby spotted a nice cool spot to lie under a table. The only problem was that the table bore some delicate looking items of 16th and 17th origin that had been dug up in and around the village.

Try as I might Toby would not budge from under the table. As far as he was concerned, he had found a nice cool place to lie down and he was staying put! I tried being firm with him, I tried my best wheedling voice, I tried to tempt him with a sweet I found in my pocket, I even tried getting on my hands and knees under the table with him and pulling him forcibly out by his lead, all to no avail I'm afraid to say. He just continued to lie there and leer at everyone.

The main problem was that by this time he had attracted quite a bit of attention, although Betty was quite unaware of this as she had walked to the opposite end of the barn.

As I was pleading with Toby for the umpteenth time to get out from under the table, one of the ladies who was serving suddenly leaned over the counter and shouted in my ear "Don't panic, I'll be back!" And before I could turn round to look at her she had disappeared through the back door of the barn.

Meanwhile, a kind old gentleman had wandered up and enquired if Toby was an old dog and maybe having a stroke or heart-attack. I assured him that Toby was only 18 months old and just a bit warm, but I don't think he was convinced.

Moments later the lady who had dashed off re-appeared with a bucket of cold water, a bowl and a flannel. Before Vaughan or I could do a thing, she took over the situation. "Get out of the way" she ordered, then she proceeded to get on the floor with Toby and taking his head in her hands she laid it on her lap. She then dipped the flannel in the cold water and put it on Toby's forehead! "I've seen this sort of case before", she said, "It's heat exhaustion, you really ought to leave him here and fetch your car as he can't possibly walk!"

While all this was taking place Betty wandered back into view and gave me a disbelieving look. "I'll explain later", I muttered to her while trying not to laugh. I turned back to the woman who was still dripping drops of cold water onto Toby's flannel, then she went one better and started spooning cold water into his mouth. "Look he really is alright," I said, "He's just a bit warm and he always likes to lie on stone floors because it's cool." Clearly the dear lady obviously wasn't convinced. "Rubbish, he can't possibly walk back to your car, you must get your husband to bring it to the door of the barn and we'll carry him out!"

Well at this point I decided I had had enough. By this time a crowd had gathered round to watch, and Toby wasn't helping at all as he was lying there enjoying every minute of the attention that this strange woman was giving him. In fact, if there was an equivalent of an "Oscar" in the dog world, Toby would have won it hands down, he hadn't had so much fun in ages!

There was obviously only one way we were going to get out of that barn with the woman's approval, so Vaughan bent down and picked Toby up and carried him bodily out of the barn. The funny thing was as he carried him out, Toby's paw flopped up and down and he appeared to be waving to everyone!

Once we were clear of the barn and back on the road, we put Toby down and he trotted along quite happily at our sides, quite relaxed after his little rest. I then had to relay to Betty the saga. She needless to say thought it was extremely funny, but we both agreed that the woman was convinced we were being heartless to the poor, defenceless Bearded Collie she nursed back to health!

As we approached Christmas, we started doing the dreaded Christmas shopping in earnest. Toby liked shopping as he usually got lots of fuss off people while waiting outside the shops with Vaughan on a Saturday. Naturally, if he could have gone into any of the shops then of course, we would take him in, just like we did in Dixons once

When we entered the shop, we discovered it had been redecorated to resemble something out of a science fiction film with mirrors everywhere, even on the ceiling.

While we were waiting to be served Toby sat down and looked around his surroundings. All of a sudden, he gazed upwards and saw this other Beardie looking down on him from the ceiling, moments later he was on his hind legs trying to jump up to the ceiling to say 'hello' to the 'other' Beardie. People in the shop started to laugh at him so in the end we had to take him out, he looked quite hurt when he realised we wouldn't let him stay to play with his 'new friend'. I don't think he realised it was his reflection!

A few weeks later at home I had a minor panic one morning when I got up to get ready for work. When I came downstairs into the lounge, I couldn't find Toby anywhere. Normally Vaughan left the house at around 6.30 in the morning and before he went out, he let Toby into the garden, then back into the lounge/kitchen until I got up at 7.00 o'clock.

Well, when I walked into the lounge the curtains in both the lounge and kitchen were still drawn (our house was open plan downstairs). Toby was not in the lounge so I walked into the kitchen expecting to find him on his bed, but no, he wasn't there either. I opened the blinds in the kitchen expecting to see him still in the garden, and when I couldn't see him, I popped my head outside the back door to see if he was in his kennel - no he wasn't.

By this time I was getting worried, had he managed to nip out the front door when Vaughan was leaving for work without him realising, or maybe he had dug his way out of the garden or jumped the fence, they were all possibilities.

I re-traced my steps back into the lounge, went over to the window and pulled back the curtains and there was Toby sound asleep on the window-sill! I couldn't believe my eyes, I even had to give him a gentle shake to wake him up. In all the time we had him he had never attempted to get on the window-sill before, but was quite content to stand on his hind legs with his front paws on it so he could see out.

I was very pleased to find him, but on the other hand it seemed I had now lost control of my window-sill, the plant arrangement and photographs which normally lived there had to be moved when I was not in the house with them, because if I didn't Toby very kindly moved them for me while I was out, and I ended up coming home to find them pushed to the far corner of the window-sill or on the floor, while Toby lied in blissful slumber, fully stretched out on the window-sill.

In 1988 when I originally wrote this article, I finished this Part 3 with the following:

"As we approach Christmas (Toby always looked forward to his Christmas dinner) Vaughan, Toby and I would like to wish all Beardies and their owners a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Who knows, 1989 might be the year that Toby starts to behave himself (but I doubt it very much indeed!)"

To be continued...

If Only They Could Talk – A Dog's Feelings

by Neville Barlow

For many years, animal experts and dog owners have been interested in the whole question about the nature of the bond between humans and dogs, - namely the feelings of attachment that exist there. If the dog's attachment to us largely based upon the satisfaction of its physical needs, (the best way to a dog's heart is through its stomach) - or is there something deeper at work, that dogs actually enjoy our company and a strong bond develops between the animal and human personality? I am sure that it is this relationship bond that makes the keeping of bearded collies so rewarding and interesting.

As I write this article high up in the Cheviot Hills, there is a well documented, local account of a shepherd in the Victorian times who became lost high up in the fells at night in a fierce snow blizzard. Trying to return home, he fell into a gully, breaking his leg and was unable to move. In the dark, his collie made its long and difficult way to a remote farm, and by its distressed behaviour there, indicated that something was wrong. A rescue party was formed and the dog successfully led the party to its "master" who was near to death but was now saved by the action of his dog.

It is a moving story and raises the clear possibility that the collie felt its master's distress and had compassion for him. Or was the collie's behaviour more automatic - it was used to the shepherd being at its side, and now something different had happened? Was the collie responding simply to a change rather than the actual distress and pain of the shepherd? These are difficult questions to answer, and it would be interesting to hear your views.

In my own observations the bearded collies respond very strongly to two particular things, firstly that of change, and secondly to different levels of emotional arousal around them. Regarding change, our dogs like things to stay the same, and they are used to the daily routines of the house. By contrast they can look really puzzled if, for example, their regular walk goes by a different route, or a room is changed around in some way. Secondly, as probably all dog owners know, our collies pick up and respond to the emotional level of arousal in the household. They respond cautiously to raised voices and human upsets, though I safely assume that they have little actual understanding other than their own response of discomfort.

I recently learned that for the above two reasons, dogs often do not like small children as they are often unpredictable in their behaviour, - and are often emotionally more changeable than older children and adults. When our small grandson arrives the dogs "look put out", and uncomfortable, and they clearly wait to see how he is going to behave!

There is no doubt too, that our beardies feel great affection for us – you have only to see their excitement as we come into the room where they have been lying quietly. Here, I think that they are pleased to see me as a distinct person, different from other members of the family. However, when I have been away for a few days, the dogs have attached themselves to other family members and adjusted to walks with them quite quickly.

This made me think about how dogs adjust when the owner dies. The evidence suggests that they adjust quite well but this adjustment is made more complicated as the dog often finds itself in new surroundings on top of losing its owner. Is the dog responding more to all the various changes rather than the distinctive loss of the owner? It seems difficult to say, but if you are inclined to feel that you really are that one special person in your dog's life, you need look no further for support than the example of the famous Greyfriars Bobby, a Skye Terrier who stayed patiently on his master's grave in an Edinburgh churchyard for 14 years, waiting for his return. The terrier died in 1872, aged 16 yrs, and I can only hope that the dog's devotion was. In some mysterious way, rewarded on "the other side."

There is a similar story of devotion about a dog, called Hachiko in Japan in the 1920-30's, that escorted its master to the station and waited for his return at the end of the day. Sadly, one day, the master, a professor at Tokyo university died at work, and never returned to his patiently waiting dog. The dog waited at the station for 9 years, and eventually local people took the dog into their care. There are even black and white photos of him waiting at the station. When the dog died aged 12 yrs, people were so impressed by its steadfast devotion that a statue was erected in its honour at the station – that is there to this day.

Having had one bearded collie who followed me everywhere and appeared to pine when I went to work, I am inclined to the view that there are certainly very special individual dogs, but alongside this, I think that there is room for differing points of view. Dogs like humans can be very varied and different, ranging from the very loyal, one-person dog, to those dogs that are more general in their affections and attachments. Anyone with food will do!

From reading this article, you can see that this whole area is not clear cut, and perhaps poses more questions than it answers. Perhaps one thing you can do, is to think a little more about your beardie and the relationship between the two of you, and why things happen in the way they do? Try to look at the details of your dog's behaviour with you and elsewhere. By asking these questions there is the chance that it will lead to some interesting answers – and though this process, you will get to know your beardie a little better along the way. Which has to be good for both of you.

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

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