Hello, my name is RUBY and I am 10 years old. I arrived into the care of Collie Rescue in January, 2013. All my life I had been a much loved and cared for collie until my owners split up and I went to live with their son and his children, who grabbed me and hurt me. I was kept outside for a while until I came into Collie Rescue, where I was found to be very underweight at 13.3kg. The vet said I should be about 22kg. My coat is also very matted, but I won’t let anyone brush me, this is going to be sorted out shortly, so I gather!! My new foster mum and dad say that I have now reached a healthy weight and I am happy, relaxed and settled enough to start playing ball and doing silly little things which they think I probably used to do in my earlier years. I live very happily in my new foster home along with Joe and Jordan who are two other rescue rough collies. I feel so lucky to have a second chance at happiness, thanks to Collie Rescue.

Thank you from Ruby xxx
I used to live in Ireland, I came here o'er the sea. The reason I left Ireland was no one wanted me. When I was small and fluffy, my owners were quite kind, but little did I realise that I was going blind. They took me for a walk one day, but didn’t bring me home, as I dodged in between the cars, I wondered where they’d gone. My tummy was so empty, my bones were getting weak, my first job was to try and find somewhere warm to sleep. I found a barn with loads of hay and curled up in a ball, then I began to realise I wasn’t loved at all. Next day I decided to try and find my home, but then I guess I realised that I was all alone. Now it’s not easy finding food, especially when you’re blind, passers by throw scraps at me, trying to be kind. But then one day a man appeared, tried to give me food, but I don’t trust you humans you don’t do any good. Now I am not a nasty dog, I never bit no-one, all I want to try and find my family and my home. But now the man outwitted me and put me in a cage, I’m on my way to death row, I kick myself in rage. “Come on, you’re off to England” said a dodderly old man, as he shut me in a cage and put me on the van. Now there’s lots and lots of barking, I’m starting to get scared, little did I realise someone really cared. But now the van is rocking, it seems we’re on the sea, what happens when the boat stops? Maybe they’ll drown me. But now we’re back on dry land, travelling at great speed, it seems we’re off to Sandbach, oh how I want to see! But now the van is standing still, I’m really very scared, but when the door is opened, it’s those two folk who cared. So as the man lifts out my cage, I try to wag my tail, Mum tried to take me for a walk, all to no avail. I lay down on the floor of the park, too tired and scared to stand, little did I realise my mum has gentle hands. “Come on, mate, let’s get you home so you can have a rest, you may have had an awful life, but now you’ve got the best”. So now I’m in a nice warm house with a great big bed, I’ve even got my own bowls from which I am often fed. Mum got me a “giggle” ball, one that I can find, it seems that I can still play ball, even though I’m blind. Now, there’s two cats that live here, Tammy Puss and Fee, it seems their only aim in life is to try and confuse me. They brush themselves again my legs to make me wag my tail, then they go and hide from me, sometimes I could wail. But I can always find them, I’ve got the keenest nose, little do they realise I can hear their toes. So now I have a collar, a name tag and a lead, what else could Santa bring for me? There’s nothing that I need. I discovered sausages, beef and chicken too, why I never tasted them I haven’t got a clue. So now I’ve gained four stone in weight, the vet said I’m not chubby, but when it comes to “walkies” time, mum relies on hubby! I take mum for “walkies”, she has to follow me and when we reach the lamp post I stop off to wee! When we get on the footpath mum takes off my lead and lets me have a run around, to train me there’s no need. So now I’ve got a lovely home and life is rather grand, I guess that you will tell me I’m in a pleasant land. Sometimes I go to Waltham House, to visit the “old biddies”. I get so many cuddles it makes me very giddy. So now I want for nothing, cuddles, walks or food, I’m never ever nasty, in fact I’m always good. Now I’ve got my mum and dad, Tammy Puss and Fee, and whenever I lie on my bed, I think “oh, lucky me” I guess my story goes to show life can turn around, who’d have thought 8 months ago I was in the pound.

Pauline B on behalf of Buddy
WE ARE NOW ON FACEBOOK
“ROUGH AND SMOOTH RESCUE UK”
Come and join us and chat to like-minded people.
Upload the photo’s of your dogs.
Download the Newsletter
Get involved in group discussions.
Look forward to meeting you there.
Over 340 members and counting

NEWS FROM THE CONTROL CENTRE

It is with great sadness that I have to report the death of our President, Mr. Jim Tait, who suddenly passed away on Sunday, 10th February. Jimmy had been president since rescue was first set up in 1985. He not only gave support when needed, but also worked “hands on”. He will be sadly missed.

The last few months have been fairly busy with the website and setting up the new Facebook page, which we hope you find enjoyable. We have also been busy with new dogs coming in - six from one home, one blind and all in poor coat condition and lacking exercise. Four have gone to super new homes and have settled well, one has had to be put to sleep and by the time you read this the last boy will be in his new home on the Western Isles with Mary, Steve, Jude and Dusty. You will be hearing about him in future newsletters and also regularly on Facebook along with photos and video’s.

I hope you all have a lovely summer with your dogs and the weather is kind to us this year.

Chris Slater

Sadly, over the past few months, we have had to say goodbye to a couple of our collies from the sponsorship scheme.

Firstly, Lady who had been a sponsor collie for many years, during which time having gained many loyal supporters who used to enjoy following her life through the very informative “bulletins” regularly issued by her foster mum “Pat”; and then we also lost Molly. She was a very neglected collie when she arrived in rescue, but thanks to all the tender loving care and attention she received from her foster mum “Samantha” she had several really good and happy years. So, there will be a few “new faces” in the pipeline for the sponsorship scheme, one of them being Ruby, along with Astra, Shaun, Tara and Tia

ASTRA has become a real “golden oldie”, but she gets around pretty well, albeit slowly. We no longer go out to the park, but we walk round the garden at least twice a day (her own special park !) and she still lies on the terrace watching the foxes come and go and watching the birds feeding. She loves her diet of pasta with either chicken or fish, particularly smoked haddock. I also do extra fresh vegetables and share these with her. We still have a play session with her toys - at the moment she favours a ragged lion which looks the worse for wear. Astra does not go out in the snow and she hates the rain, so a definite “fine weather” dog then, and who can blame her !!

SHAUN is beginning to show signs of old age, you could now call him an “elderly gentleman”. Being a stray there was no knowing how old he actually was, but the vet thought about 7 or 8 years, and he has been with his foster mum for five years, making him about 12 or 13. He is still a happy, healthy dog, eats well, takes sedate walks every day and sleeps much more than he used to - no-one can blame him for that !! He’s still got his “buddy” Ellie, the Jack Russell to play with when the mood takes him, but sadly Meg, the x-border collie, had to be put to sleep in October, last year. Fortunately, his damaged leg is still OK, though he does walk with a permanent limp

TARA continues to enjoy her life in foster care in Nottingham. She has a new companion, Thomas, another “golden oldie” Tara has recently had to have attention to her teeth and also a growth removed from her eyelid which had become quite big and the vet was worried that if left it would start to cause problems with her eye - ulcers. She soon got over the operation and is now back to her normal self. Let’s hope she will be able to stay away from the vets for a long time.

RUBY - THE NEW GIRL ON THE BLOCK - SEE FRONT PAGE STORY

TIA

Tia is a very happy and contented collie these days. She and her sister, Shadey really fell on their paws when they went to live with their foster mum, Julie. Living in a lovely quaint cottage and going out twice a day, weather permitting, on lovely country walks - can’t be bad.
TEDDY’S STORY

My name is Teddy and that’s exactly what I am, a big gentle Teddy bear.

I was living at home with my family when my big fluffy coat started to make my human brother poorly, so it was time to find a new home.

One Saturday after Christmas whilst I was still at home, some people came to see me and they brought their elderly dog “Bonnie”. We went for a walk together, sniffing and walking side by side. I think they all fell in love with me, because I went back to their home that very same day. It was really strange travelling in a car and my new dad huffed and puffed lifting me into the boot. Well I am a big lad! Ben, my new human brother kept reassuring me in the car, stroking and talking to me.

When we reached my new home, Bonnie and I went for another walk. I think they were trying to tire me out so that I’d sleep all night, which I did.

It was all very strange in my new home; lots of smells, a different place to sleep, new people to meet and a new garden.

One day Chris and Rod, from Collie Rescue, came to see me; they were the people who found me my new family. They said I was a handsome chap (I’ve always known that). Mum signed some papers to say that she would take extra special care of me and I know she will, she loves me. I can’t wait for her to come downstairs in the morning, we have a cheek to cheek love and I sing to her. I seem to have got the whole family loving me, rubbing my tummy all the time - I love that!

I get lots of walks with Bonnie. I love her, but as she’s nearly fifteen she can get tired and cranky sometimes, so I go and play with the humans while she sleeps.

Oh! I’ve been on holiday to Centre Parcs which was lots of fun. I’ve also been to the vets - not so much fun.

It’s only been three weeks since I arrived here, but I think I’m going to be very happy at my new home.

Teddy xx and Andrea W

BEAR - AN UPDATE

Hi folks, well here I am still alive and kicking at the ripe old age of 15 and a half, with an update on my life. I was re-homed with Sylvia and Dennis 5 years and 7 months ago, at the age of 10. Sylvia battled hard (along with Margaret, a friend) and Annette from Collie Rescue to get my weight down. PHEW!!! they had a hard job as I was so overweight after being fed loads of chocolate as treats. I have not had any since I moved in with them and I do not miss it at all, as I get other tasty treats instead and they are better for me.

I have to have regular visits to the vets as I have arthritis in my back legs, but apart from that I am still pretty healthy. The vet is pleased with me.

Two years ago, we lost Dennis to a long-term illness and Sylvia and I plodded on together, until Sylvia met Ernie and we moved in with him in April, 2012. He loves me to bits and takes me for very short walks, when the weather is fit. I enjoyed going out in the snow, but only in the garden. I still like to play with my squeaky toys when I’m feeling “in the mood” it’s good fun making a noise!!!

Margaret comes every week to groom me and trim my coat (the vet suggested this as I have a very thick and fluffy collie coat which wasn’t helping my mobility). She also takes me for a car ride to the vets when I need to go for check-ups or any problems. I enjoy these trips out in the car and meeting all the staff at the vets.

Here’s to more time with my family as I love them to bits, and I know they love me dearly.

Sylvia, Ernie, Margaret, and Bear xx

JACOB - THE STRAY

Jacob was picked up as a stray and placed in the local pound by the dog warden, who then contacted us to see if we could help. We took over care for him and he went to stay with one of our committee members at her kennels for four weeks. He was in poor condition and had to have some urgent dental work done. We think he is about 7 years old. We placed him for re-homing on our Facebook page in January this year and he was re-homed with Michael, Sue, their family and Jasper and Missy, their rough collie and "sausage dog" shortly afterwards. He was a very frightened boy, we think very badly treated with muscle wastage to his back legs, but after only two weeks in his new home he started to get stronger and a little braver. Jasper’s barking frightened him, but they are now the greatest of friends and play together, along with Missy too. His coat still needs some attention as it was very badly matted and it is a “work in progress” at the moment. His favourite spot in the house was at the bottom of the stairs, but he has now ventured as far as the settee, so again progress. He has four small meals a day to build up his weight and has regular walks to strengthen the muscles in his back legs. Every day Michael and Sue can see some small progress in him and are working very hard to get Jacob back into peak condition.

You can follow Jacob and his progress on Facebook and there will be another update in the next newsletter.

JACOB & JASPER

JACOB & JASPER

SORRY FOLKS, COULDN’T RESIST THIS!!
ISLAY - 27/6/1995 - 17/12/2012

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal,
love leaves a memory no one can steal.

Goodbye Sweet Girl - Rest in Peace

Saying Goodbye to Islay

The Border Collie who lived with Dusty and Jude on South Uist and featured in many stories

We adopted Islay at age 2 from Border Collie Rescue. Islay was a “madam”, she disliked most dogs and people. She was dreadful on the lead, tried a halti but she could not get on with that - a bitch in the true sense …… We took her to obedience training and within three weeks she was invited to go to the advanced class. All tasks were mastered after generally one practice run. A very clever girl, but still a problem with other dogs. A year of obedience, she was perfect doing what was asked, she could do scent tests with no problems. What to do with her next, we tried agility. Went to class near Beverley, warning them of her dislike of other dogs. Yes, she was excellent at agility. While she was working she ignored all the dogs, but as soon as she was “off duty” she would have a go at any of them. They introduced fly ball, Well Islay loved it, she was so fast and accurate it was a game made for her. The Hull Agility club qualifies for Crufts. Islay was the fastest dog and the most accurate catching the ball … but she was just too antisocial to be allowed to go to competition. We retired Islay at 10 years to spare the joints being battered. She could have carried on because she was in good shape physically and mentally for many years.

December, 2009, Islay developed a tumour and needed surgery to remove it. The biopsy came back as a Spindle Cell Carcinoma. Our vet said there was no treatment for her, she was 14 and a half. We belong to Canine Health Concern who look into alternative treatment and therapies and it was suggested we contact Richard Allport a Homeopathic alternative treatment and therapies and it was called CV247. Islay started the medicines as soon as they were prescribed and with our vet’s approval. She was two years without a problem despite our vet giving her just a few months to live. December, 2011 the cancer returned, our vet thought she was too old to operate on, being 16. After discussions she had the operation and did very well with no ill effects. It returned again in April and August, 2012 so two more operations to remove it. In October, it was back again and the vet said it was too close to her bladder this time to operate again, so we all went on a lovely holiday and Islay was fit and active, healthy and very happy. She had no idea she had a problem.

The tumour ulcerated mid-December and we had to let her go. She was put to sleep in my arms in her motor-home. She had been a “madam” all her life, full of energy, active, healthy and very happy. She had no idea she had a problem.

Mary J

Update on the Hospice and its Inmates on South Uist

Dusty and Jude live in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.

Dusty and Jude are fostered and are litter sisters who Collie Rescue wanted to keep together in their new home. They were 12 years old in January. They came to us on the 9th May, 2011.

DUSTY has mobility problems. Her joints are thickened and bent. She has times where her gums go pale and she has to rest. The vet cannot find anything wrong with her, although she has had various tests. Dusty plods along and seems happy enough and content in life. She struggles getting into our motor home so we bought her a ramp, money well spent, we think. Saves her the struggle and our backs the strain. We can now go off on our travels any time without worries.

JUDE had to have a tooth removed when we went off to the mainland in early October for my husband, Steve’s, emergency dental visit. He showed the dentist a picture of Jude’s gum and he said it needed treating sooner rather than later, so we took her to the vet who arranged to x-ray her mouth and treat her accordingly.

There was a swelling that looked like a cyst. On the day of her extraction a blood test was done to make sure she was fit for anaesthetic. The x-ray showed her jaw bone was deteriorating with a gap at the base of her tooth. The vet took over half an hour pulling her tooth and came out to show it to us. He stitched her gum, gave her antibiotics and painkillers. Jude is fine now, eating and drinking and has had no problem since then and she has healed completely.

Mary J
Our friend got up and put her coat on to go home. With the dog. But he showed his displeasure when she came round with her dog, who is going to stay with them by her side and generally cosy up. Last night she was aware who is at the door he is ready to greet her, sit and give a very threatening deep-throated growl. Other serious dislike to. He barks at every move and can set him off again, but in general he ignores visitors he settles down with quite quickly, whether they're meeting them for the first time or they are memorised to slide on shiny floors and has had a couple of accidents on ice, of which he is now extremely wary.

As Claude’s arthritis has got worse he has had more trouble getting into the car for his exercise. If he's feeling bad he'll walk past the car and head off down the street for a short stroll, turning round when he's had enough and marching back into the garden again. But usually he mounts his custom-made steps and rides to the park. Then he’ll walk his accustomed route and greet his friends. He attends to business and then lets me know by his demeanour, either trudging or playful, whether he prefers to go home or wants to continue on the walk. Actually getting him back in the car can be an issue. He’ll sit down very determinedly with his back to his steps, and I can only think that he is waiting for his special friend, Molly the Border Collie. If for some reason she doesn’t turn up convincing him that we need to go home for breakfast can be a challenge. He has actually learned her name. I can see her coming before he can, and if I say “Look Claude – it's Molly!” he will perk up his ears, draw himself up to his full height, bring his tail to upright, and look around excitedly until he spots her. Then he charges off as fast as he can go to meet her. There is life in the Old Boy yet.

None the less, he is deteriorating physically. His walks get shorter and shorter. This morning he was playful and obviously happy, but much less than halfway round he turned and headed back to the car. Probably the biggest change in Claude over almost two years is to do with his feet. His predecessor, Laddie, would come in and lie down, legs extended, and actually drop off while his feet were cleaned after a walk. Initially Claude was having none of it, and we had to compromise, only cleaning his feet when he was really mucky, and then it was a struggle for two persons. Gradually he got used to it. I started to wipe the worst mud off in the car before driving home, and he started to hold up his front feet for me to wipe. Once the weather got really bad it was pointless to clean him before a walk. Initially Claude was having none of it, and we had to compromise, only cleaning his feet when he was really mucky, and then it was a struggle for two persons. Gradually he got used to it. I started to wipe the worst mud off in the car before driving home, and he started to hold up his front feet for me to wipe. Once the weather got really bad it was pointless to clean him before a walk. Initially Claude was having none of it, and we had to compromise, only cleaning his feet before he had tackled the path round the house, so we developed a routine where, if he was dirty and wet, the connecting door between his entrance through the conservatory and the living room was shut. He’d stop at the door and his feet got a clean. He still held up his front feet for treatment. I thought that was a great step forward.

The other day we went out in fine weather, but it changed, and we both came home wet and bedraggled. As I opened Claude’s entrance I saw that the connecting door was open, and I had visions of him marching across the Persian rugs leaving a trail of muddy footprints. But Claude went to the open door and stopped. He looked round at me, and as I grabbed a cleaning cloth so he held up a front foot, then another, and stood waiting until I’d done his arthritic back legs before he went into the house. Not a word from me: he just knew what to do.

To my great delight Claude and I have become firm friends. He is as independent-minded as any dog I know. But he knows how to communicate his needs, he trusts me to understand, and if I insist on something he doesn't want to do he looks at me with soulful eyes and does what he knows I want. It's rare that we don't go out together twice a day, and we have developed a significant and mutual understanding. But his greatest pleasure, the time he shows his delight most clearly and when he throws himself into play with the most vigour, is when my wife and I take him for a walk together. He will run from one to the other, sharing affection with each in turn, and plainly as happy as an arthritic old gentleman can be.

Claude has aged. But he is still a magnificent and characterful dog, greatly loved, and, I am sure, happy with his retirement home in his evening years.