

Beardie Bulletin

The Bearded Collie Club of Gauteng—January 2010

Chairman's Message

Dear Beardie Friends,

All the best for a wonderful 2010, a year that will go down in South Africa's history as a truly memorable one. It will also be a memorable one for me as I have been invited to judge at a Beardie Specialty in Michigan USA; a dream come true, and I promise to come back with loads of pics and shopping!

Please remember to renew your membership; our club's status is dwindling, due to lack of support from Beardie owners, and we cannot continue, going forward, with a handful of people propping things up and supporting club activities and events. This club belongs to all members and Beardie owners and we really do need your support.

Wishing you all a wonderful Beardie filled 2010

Regards, Eileen Ashton, Chairperson

Congratulations to.....

Beardie and Beardie Bitch of the Year



Ch Westmilwunda Ocean Mist "Calico"
owned by Karen Furk

Beardie Dog of the Year



Ch Scottsdale Ocean Drive at Ashvale "Gabriel"
owned by Eileen Ashton

Beardie Puppy of the Year



La-Faja's Front Runner of Saarsveld -"Peroni"
owned by Ronel Stone & Debbie Snashall

Agility Beardie of the Year



Ashvale's Rhapsody in Blue "Willow"
Owned by Angela Rackshaw

Capetown News by Kathy Hindon

This year we moved house and now have a garden about four times the size of our old one, so we are at last able to practice agility in comfort! Jake and I are STILL working towards a clear round in agility as he is still up to his old tricks, leaving the course in the middle of a round. Though he does this much less often, he still entertains the crowd with his antics, on one occasion leaving the course to climb into someone's car and investigate the contents of the handbag he found inside!

His half sister Jinja, has excelled in her agility foundation training class and shows great focus and drive. She is not above entertaining the crowd though, having done just that at a demo our club held at the SPCA Wiggle Waggle Walk-a-Thon 2009 when she could not resist greeting the spectators instead of completing her round! Jinja has taken part in various pre-competition events for dogs who are not yet ready to compete and has done well with several clear rounds. In her final pre-competition



event she came second to a Border Collie and beat Jan Cashel's Beardie girl Storm by a mere 3 seconds! Storm is the more accurate jumper and has beaten Jinja twice, but both girls do well and are usually in the top four. Jinja will take part in her first real jumping trial in March this year - we can't wait!

All three Beardies are now Pets As Therapy dogs, Jinja having passed her

assessment in March 2009. Jake and Jinja still visit the children's homes during school terms, but Jethro has recently moved to visiting a care centre for sight impaired, elderly and retired people, to which he is much more suited. He visited there on Boxing Day and the weekend after New Year and delighted the elderly folk who would spend hours stroking and talking to him if you let them!



Rainbow Bridge

Sadly there comes a time when we have to say goodbye to our Beardies. This year we have lost 2.



Ch Westmilwunda Class Seeker - Tahlita
05 October 1999 - 19 July 2009
Forever missed by Karen and Gyorgy

Ch Ashvale One Sweet Dream - Timmonie
27/12/04 - 7/01/09
Forever missed by Eileen and Lulu-Marie



Marlene Pritchard—Tragically taken too early, 10 years ago today 7 January 2000

Marlene was the co founder of the Bearded Collie Club of Gauteng and started the Westmilwunda Kennel of Beardies in 1981. This legacy of Beardies is now continued by her daughter Karen. Forever missed by her daughters Karen and Maria and their families.

Four Walls a Prison Make— By Judith LeRoy

I'm a Bearded Collie puppy—maybe not a puppy—I'm pushing a year-and-a-half. My American Kennel Club registered name is Breaksea Houdini, but they call me Harry after Harry Houdini, an American magician famous for escape tricks. The name fits. I escape often. My Mistress says I should have been named after the Flying Walindas, because I have a penchant for high places and daring-do. You've never seen a dog sitting on the top of a refrigerator before? I recommend it to all my friends. It really freaks the humans out, and it's easy. Two short hops—one from the floor to the kitchen counter or work top, another to the top of the refrigerator. You'll knock off anything there, but chances are it's there because your humans don't know else to do with it—you're actually doing them a favor.

Yes, I'd like to be a trapeze artist. The breeze swishing through my coat as I nimbly grab that flying stick in my canines and soar through the air—wow! What a rush that would be!! Even better than the one I get from leaping over our six-foot fence into the neighbour's back yard. If I were in a circus, people would applaud and I wouldn't get in trouble, because I'd be cavorting in front of paying customers.. The neighbour lady, obviously not looking for entertainment, says she's getting tired of calling the Mistress to say, "Harry's back." It's true I leap before I look. When I was a puppy—a nine-month old puppy who people said should "know better"—I leaped right into a trash bin. Actually, I didn't really leap. I just sort of stepped into the four-foot tall wastebasket that sits just behind the sofa in our family room—Mistress likes it handy when she sorts junk mail and magazines. I was lying on the top of the sofa's backrest and noticed that I could see into the very bottom of the bin. There, under a copy of Time magazine, I spied an empty potato crisp wrapper—yum! I love to lick the salt and grease from those packages—don't you?

But the bin was very narrow. Probably no more than 12 inches across. Getting to the bottom would be a sticky wicket. Better not try, I told myself. So, I walked away and got a drink. I trotted past my napping older brother, Leo, and suggested a race to the dog door to see who could get out first. He just he grumbled, closed his eyes tighter and told me to go chew my paw. Mistress was at the computer and didn't even look at my stuffed frog when I dropped it on her foot. I ambled back to the family room, got on the sofa, leaned over the backrest, and sure enough! That crisp wrapper was still there . . . beckoning to me. I gently lowered my head into the wastebasket.

Whoops! This trash bin was deeper than I thought. And once gravity took hold, I slid right down into the bin—front paws, head, and shoulders-first. I lowered my muzzle and picked up the crisp package—it was what I came for, after all.

But I had a problem. The narrowness of the trash bin held me in a perfect handstand—my rear legs and tail were sticking straight up and there wasn't room for me to lower them so I could get turned around and hop out. Hmm. A dilemma. I tried to think clearly about possible solutions, but with all the blood rushing to my head, it was hard to sort one thought from another. I wobbled back and forth, right paw to left paw, hoping to topple the darn bin so I could back out, but it was weighted on the bottom to preclude that sort of topple. However, my scritch and scratching inside the bin attracted Leo's attention. I heard the pitter-pat of dog nails moving toward the bin. The paw steps stopped. Silence. "Dumb-ass, is what I call a stunt like that." Yeah, that's Leo, all right. "What do you think—what did you think—you were doing?" I thought quickly. I didn't want to share the salty wrapper. "I thought I saw one of your balls inside the waste basket and tried to get it out for you." Leo loved his balls. Indeed, so much so that I was never allowed to touch them.

"Naw," said Leo. "I was sleeping on all four of them, so I know there's none in the trash bin." Leo keeps me away from his precious belongings by hiding them under his brown hairy body. He could sleep on a bed of nails and not notice any puncture wounds. "Just help me out, OK?" "What do you suggest, Einstein? I haven't any thumbs, remember?" "Well, can you jump on the side of the can and knock it over?" "C'mon Leo, jump at it! Knock it down." I'm desperate. I think I'm beginning to understand the word claustrophobic. This is worse than a crate—and I hate crates. At least in a crate, you're on all fours. I hear Leo's feet, backing up. He's obviously getting a running start. I hear a grunt as he launches himself, leaves the ground, then I hear a loud crash. Silence.

"You and your stupid ideas," he mutters. "I misjudged my jump and knocked the blasted lamp off the sofa table. And the table fell over, too. And what's more, the gol-dang cord is twisted around my dad-ratted tail and hind foot and I can't get it blankety-blank loose!" I hear a morbidly slow tapping of dog's nails on wood flooring and a dragging sound—must be the lamp following Leo as he skulks out of the room—sneaking away from the scene of the crime. Like no one is going to notice a missing lamp, an overturned table and a dog in the waste bin??? What if they don't? Then, I'm in here forever.

Four Walls a Prison Make (continued)

That thought leaves me really morose. Will Mistress even know I'm here when she comes into the family room to feed us dogs? Will I starve? How will I be able to sleep, standing on my front paws? My front paws—come to think of it—they're getting numb. Dogs weren't meant to stand on two legs, especially their front two. I ease myself down so I'm resting on my forefeet and elbows, and that adds a nasty crick-in-the-back to my discomfort. I'm sort of L-shaped now. Dogs aren't supposed to be L-shaped.

I hear human feet in the adjoining kitchen. I hear the refrigerator door open and close. I hear feet moving away. Help is at hand?? I whine. My whine has a nasty falsetto quality, so I try not to do it often. But if ever there were a whining time—this would be it. "Harry?" a voice questions. I whine again, this one ending in a distinct "woo-woo-woo." Plaintive, you might say. "Harry?" the voice asks again. "Where are you Harry?" "Here in the dumb-old trash bin," I try to howl, but I don't know if the human intellect can translate dog-talk. Footsteps move toward me. The voice of my Master booms above me, echoing around the four walls of my prison. "Harry, how in Hades did you get yourself in this predicament? Judy! Judy!" He calls my Mistress. "Get in here and see where Harry got to!"

"Just get Harry out, and Harry will be a heckofalot happier!" I bark, but the echoes of my own voice darn near deafen me. I hear more human footsteps, running. Obviously, it's Mistress Judy, racing in to enjoy the



comedy at my expense. A dog stupid enough to get stuck in a garbage bin? Human laughter crashes around my ears. Someone tips my prison on its side, and I scramble to my feet. I reach down and grab the potato crisp wrapper, because I need some solace after all this embarrassment. I back out to see two hysterically amused human faces. The mouths open wide and out come hearty guffaws. I slink away. Just wait until they find Leo with the lamp cord tied to his tail. What'll

Beardie Club Championship Show 2009 Results



Best in Show

Ch Scottsdale Ocean Drive at Ashvale - E Ashton

Reserve Best in Show Ch Westmilwunda Ocean Mist— K Furk

Best Puppy in Show—La-Faja's Front Runner of Saarsveld—R Stone & D Snashall

Best SA Bred in Show— Ch Westmilwunda Ocean Breeze—K Furk

Best Veteran in Show—Ch Scottsdale Highlight for Ashvale - E Ashton

To my multiple dog household friends!

Why own a dog ? There's a danger you know,
You can't own just one, for the craving will grow.

There's no doubt they're addictive, wherein lies the
danger,
While living with lots, you'll grow poorer and stranger.

One dog is no trouble, and two are so funny,
The third one is easy, the fourth one's a honey.

The fifth one delightful, the sixth one's a breeze,
You find you can live with a houseful with ease.

So how 'bout another ? Would you really dare ?
They're really quite easy but oh, Lord the hair !

With dogs on the sofa and dogs on the bed,
And crates in the kitchen, it's no bother you've said.

They're really no trouble, their manners are great,
What's just one more dog and just one more crate ?

The sofa is hairy, the windows are crusty,
The floor is all footprints, the furniture dusty.

The housekeeping suffers, but what do you care ?
Who minds a few nose prints and a little more hair ?

So let's keep a puppy, you can always find room,
And a little more time for the dust cloth and broom.

There's hardly a limit to the dogs you can add,
The thought of a cutback sure makes you sad.

Each one is so special, so useful, so funny,
The vet, the food bill grows larger, you owe money.

Your folks never visit, few friends come to stay,

Except other dog folks, who all live the same way.

Your lawn has now died, and your shrubs are dead too,
But your weekends are busy, you're off with your crew.

There's dog food and vitamins, training and shots,
And entries and travel and motels which cost lots.

Is it worth it, you wonder ? Are you caught in a trap ?
Then that favourite dog comes and climbs in your lap.

His look says you're special and you know that you will
Keep all of the critters in spite of the bill.

Some just for showing and some just to breed,
And some just for loving, they all fill a need.

But winter's a hassle, the dogs hate it too,
But they must have their walks though they're numb and
you're blue.

Late evening is awful, you scream and you shout
At the dogs on the sofa who refuse to go out.

The dogs and the dog shows, the travel, the thrills,
The work and the worry, the pressure, the bills.

The whole thing seems worth it, the dogs are your
life,
They're charming and funny and offset the strife.

Your lifestyle has changed. Things won't be the
same,
Yes, those dogs are addictive and so is the dog
game !!

Author unknown

Beardies out and about—seen in Grahamstown



Gatsby and
Hannah



Agility News – Angela Rackstraw

Each July there is a regional agility competition in Knysna at the beginning of the Oyster festival. This year Willow, owned by myself, Gatsby, owned by Ron Cosser and Jake, owned by Kathy Hindon all participated. To have three Blue Beardies in one competition in South Africa, is quite a feat! We will be meeting there again this year. Last July Willow was promoted to Grade 3, as she sped around at Knysna, managing to get her last qualification in Grade 2. Willow is definitely a winter performer, and has managed to do extremely well in spite of a myriad of health issues. Her reliable and steady performance has paid off thus far, which is why she has managed to get to the top grade in spite of so many challenges. And now that she is starting to speed up in those wiggle sticks (something she did rather cautiously until recently so as not to bang her nose on the poles!), she may be able to start collecting points towards an agility championship. Come on Boys..... you can both do it too so buckle down and bring in those Q's!

No doubt Cassie, owned by Gaby Frey in Kzn will soon be showing what she is made of too.... Rumour has it she is a speed demon! Also is the wings are Jinja (Kathy Hindon's 2 year old girl) and Hannah (Ron's neardie girl - a lovely one year old Beardie x Tibetan). Looks like the Girlz will rule if these two Boys don't get it together!

Willow has done some positive promoting for Beardies in general recently. The Animaltalk editor took some lovely photographs of her, and she represented Beardies in the herding section of the December 2009 edition, as she joyously ran through water. She is then seen in the centrefold poster of the (current) January 2010 edi-

tion, sitting alongside her poodle 'brother' Pippin, and her friend Kyla, a Border Collie. She was also on the cover of a recent national agility newsletter. Willow is going to be taking some time out from competitions for a while, but hopes to be back for the July 2010 regional trials in Knysna. In the meanwhile she will continue to have fun, and to work alongside her Psychotherapist mom with anxious and depressed children and adults.



News from Zambia

Club member Lindsay Dunsmore who moved to Zambia on contract during 2008 with Gizmo and Sitka has ventured out into the Zambian show scene this past year. Gizmo announced his arrival by going Best in Show first time out. Way to go Giz!!!

Gizmo now only needs his final CC to become a Zambian Champion. Lindsay and the Boys ventured south in September, along with some fellow Zambian dog people they headed for Harare and the 5 show championship show cluster weekend held at the beautiful Kennel Club of Harare's colonial grounds. Not to be out done by his big brother Sitka took both the CC's and a 4th BIS on the Saturday and then Gizmo took 3 CC's and a BIS and a

RBIS on the Sunday. Pretty good going Mr Giz, BIS in two countries a couple of months apart. Both Boys are now well on their way to gaining their Zimbabwean championship title now and all being well will be double champions by the end of this year.



Photos from the recent Beardie Christmas Party

Christmas 2009 Beardie Party



New Imports

Two Beardies were imported into South Africa in 2009.

Ronel Stone and Debbie Snashall brought in "Peroni" from Norway, early on in the year. His Kennel name is *La-Faja's Front Runner of Saarsveld*.



From Czechoslovakia came "Jessica", formally known as *Kiaora Jessica for Ashvale, Imp Czech Rep*, she now lives with Eileen Ashton



News of Danté Graham, the Globe Trotting Beardie

Danté and his sister, Pooka the Bouvier, having moved from South Africa in February 2009 with Mom Diane and Dad Tony, have until recently been living in Abu Dhabi where not too long before they moved from there the temperatures had been in the 50's every day during the day and only down to the 40's at night. It has been so hot that even a visit to the beach has been out of the question for fear of the dogs burning their feet on the sand on their way into and out of the sea!



After some tricky travelling plans they all arrived at their new home in Bulgaria on the 27th November 2009 where the very cold temperatures and snowy conditions are much more suited to a Beardie and a Bouv than those in Abu Dhabi!



At first Dante did not like the white stuff falling from the sky and edged warily around the house while Pooka leaped and bounded in it, trying to catch it with great excitement! After a while Diane coaxed him out into it and now can't get him back inside! He loves to lie in it on his tummy, is convinced there's nothing like snow diving for toys that sink into the snow and getting a face full of ice and powder that sticks to his coat.

After a morning of romping, the two of them sleep it off peacefully, heads on pillows until the next snowy adventure. What a life!



New Champions

The following Beardies gained their conformation championship title this year :

- Breaksea Fallen Angel of Ashvale—owned by Eileen Ashton

2010 Membership

Please be reminded that your membership renewal is now due and payable.

Single R50, Family R100, Life R500

Banking details—Bearded collie Club of Gauteng

, Absa Bank Branch code 632005

Account number 9062013341

Please use full name as reference

Dates to Remember in 2010

- 27 March 2010 - Agm

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