

FRIENDS OF BLOODHOUND LIFELINE 2010

IT'S A HOUND THING!!

Welcome to our second "It's a hound thing!" Where has the last year gone? Perhaps I should send some hounds out on the trail for it!

It has been quite a busy year for Lifeline with, at time of going to press, eight hounds rehomed and numerous calls for advice dealt with. One of these calls was from a gentleman at the end of his tether with a young bitch who was frightened of everything, including the family she lived with. He was so desperate that he had even considered euthanasia for her. We agreed to help and waited for her to arrive. A few days later I received a call saying that he had taken this little girl out for a walk and ended up at his daughter's house. Upon getting ready to leave she refused to go with him and is now happy and settled with his daughter in the home she chose for herself and with the people she chose. An amazing story but not the first time this has happened. We have had a much loved hound "leave home" after making it plain that she did not want to live with us. More recently we have had two rescue hounds who have decided for themselves where and with whom they wanted to live! So, when you think that you are choosing your hound, be aware that you may not be the one doing the choosing!

Lifeline had its first stall at the Jubilee Show, thanks go out to the Bloodhound Club and to all those who brought items for our bring and buy. Much appreciated

Tiptoes (see last year's mag.) won a full set of rosettes and went home with a very happy owner. It was great to see so many of our rescues turn up and enjoy their day.

We held another stall at the Hound Club and got our photo and a small mention in Dog World. An invitation from South Yorks. Hound Show was gratefully accepted and we will be donning our ears again in December!!

The constant need for funding continues so please have a look at our Christmas Houndalogue. Let us know what you think of what is on offer.

At time of going to print our vet bills this year have reached nearly £4000. Please consider a sponsorship. Bertha will need constant medication for the rest of her life. Sponsorship forms can be downloaded from our website and every little helps, especially if it is regular.

For an added interest I am asking people to write or email for a new newsletter page: **LUXURY DESERT ISLAND DOGS!**

In a slightly new slant you are stranded on an island with your hounds. Water and electricity are provided (this is upmarket!)

What four luxuries would you require or deem necessary.

Just have a think and send them in!!

BLOODHOUND LIFELINE AT THE HOUND SHOW.



Bloodhound Lifeline had an exciting day at the Hound Show in Stafford when we had our first stall outside of the bloodhound world. We had a great team of volunteer helpers who didn't seem to mind donning bloodhound ears (see picture), making fools of themselves and getting people to buy from us. Quite a few people outside our breed also made donations, which was lovely. The star of the day, (Definitely BIS!) was Winston, (with his trusty sidekick Dawson), in his Lifeline jacket, meeting and greeting and never putting a paw wrong. He was so patient with being petted and talked to, which is amazing considering the problems he had when he came into rescue. We were all so proud of him and of the work that his new owners have put in. The day was wonderfully useful in raising our profile and we thank the



Hound Show committee for allowing us to be there. We had a fair amount of new stock which went down well.

In the recession driven times it is sometimes difficult to ask people for money but please remember that ALL proceeds go towards some very expensive vet bills and EVERY penny helps. Again, thanks to those who give their time and expertise so freely for the hounds.

THE BLOODHOUND LIFELINE INAUGURAL BASH 2010

As someone relatively new to Bloodhounds it is still a thrill to meet up with other hounds and their owners. Max who is my newly adopted son (18 months old), was invited as one of the wonderful hounds which BL has managed to rehome.

Sunday 26th September started out as a chilly day but according to the forecast should remain dry. Having arrived the evening before, the hounds and I were raring to go. We all left Debbie & Andrew's house early as there was plenty of setting up to be done. We arrived at Alex's place to be met by Zena whose first words were, if I remember correctly "Go away! I'm grumpy and want to go back to bed." Of course the rest of us ignored this and piled into Alex's house, proceeding to pick fun at Zena for being so grumpy, which, bless her she took in good part.

Come 10a.m. the hounds and owners started to arrive (together!)You know what I mean) for those reading this forgive my poor memory for names.

Debbie had arranged for her vet to be judge/guest of honour at the bash and after tea and coffee Debbie, diligently, got proceedings underway. There were no shortage of entrants and pretty much all the classes fielded a good array of hounds plus a select few invited guests (Bassets, Zena's Irish water hound ???). the only poorly attended class was that of best puppy , there being only one! The young lad who was being thrown around by an 11 month old 'Trailfinder' pup. Clearly deserved 1st place if only for the entertainment value they gave to us all day, mainly with the young lad being dragged hither and thither at full tilt!

Aside from the show ring, Graham's rescue hound Winston caused great amusement whilst in the lovely jaguar car by trying to eat the steering wheel and sounding the horn constantly to let everyone know. He seemed very pleased with himself! Then, of course, there was Lucy aka 'the Duchess' (an ageing Basset) who, in 'Pink Panther' fashion managed to surreptitiously dispose of any bags of prize treats which just happened to have been left lying around.

Moving on to the trail training, for those of use who are only used to being dragged around a street, we now learned the joys of being dragged around a muddy field, WOW, how had we not done this before!!!! Seriously, it was hilariously funny and great fun, especially when one hound (just the one) managed to slip his collar and had both handler and Tim, the trainer, legging it after him.

The only injury was, to my knowledge, to Evelyn whose hound managed to drag her through a solid wood fence whilst tracking causing a nasty gash to her arm. Get well soon Evelyn.

Of course every show has to have a winner and on this occasion a fine looking hound called Henry, (on his 2nd rehome), proved a worthy winner. He had been telling all afternoon that he would win!

Final mention on the show must go to Robert for volunteering, albeit reluctantly, especially when accusations about professional handling

started to fly. He did win an awful lot of rosettes! Which did start to get embarrassing ?!

The keen eyed amongst you though may have notice that he was seen to spend an hour talking to the lovely female judge before judging started!!! The way they were laughing and joking really was on of those 'Kodak moments' ahhh!

Bloodhound Lifeline was a real winner and I would like to thank, on behalf of all those who attended, Alex, Debbie, Andrew and Zena (in no particular order) for the great effort they put in to get the party up

and running. Great job, SO MUCH to remember! Also I couldn't forget the ladies who kept us all fed and watered, with, for me anyway, the best Turkey sandwiches I've ever had.

See You all next year folks.

Clive Norman.

BLOODHOUND BASH PARTY! 2010

Well, after weeks of panicking about short notice, what can I say except 'we all had a GREAT TIME!' The weather was kind and the venue perfect,(thanks Alex), and lots of people turned up and seemed to enjoy themselves.

A big thank you to our sponsors: Dave and Helen Powell, Gary Taylor, Vic and Julie Honeyball, Joan and Peter Jones, Eileen and Robin Peers, David and Danielle Whetton, Zena Jackson and Alex Balkin.

Thanks also to those who came and made the day.

We had pet hounds, rescue hounds, bassets, a staffy, a lurcher and an Irish water spaniel.

We had fun in the ring with most entrants being first timers. Our judge, Lorna, made it simple for them. Every entrant in each class received a packet of treats so no one went empty handed. We had some lovely rosettes up to fifth place.

Best open was Henry Day, winning the Kenny Balkin cup, a huge rosette and a bottle of champagne. Reserve was Bobbi Norman who won a large rosette and a bottle of wine



Best rescue was Digby Diggers (he of Face book fame!), winning the Carla Mae cup, a huge rosette and a bottle of Champagne. Reserve Was Meg Yates winning a large rosette and a bottle of wine.

The obedience classes were a bit of an eye opener, a fair few doing as asked! The real surprise was Ruby Kenvyn. I laughed when I saw her entered as I know her as an out and out thug! However she laughed last and won her class. Bobbi Norman came second, but I'm sure her dad has been practising!!

Eve and Rob with Tim Foulger gave a lovely demonstration of hunting with Logan and Cater (pity about the obedience boys!!), then Tim and Andy sorted out some lines for anyone interested in having a go. Quite a few of the bassets joined in (slowly!) and Meg Yates took off on her own trail and hag to be diverted. It was good for the hounds to show their owners just what they were capable of and elicited a lot of interest in the hunting side. Thanks must go to our "ladies in the kitchen" who kept everyone fed and watered with an array of rolls, soup, cakes and drinks.

Alex's front room masqueraded as our shop and did a brisk trade in" bloodhound stuff". Lucy Basset endeared(?) herself to a few people by thieving food from closed bags and a chew from another dog, obviously an accomplished dog burglar. Winston, having been put back in his dad's car, cause a lot of laughter by standing on the horn several times demanding to be let out

It was a great family day out for people who rarely get to other events and , as a lot of visitors asked us, we will be repeating it. Not next week, as some wag requested, but next year. Look out for your invites and come along. Now I will hand over to our owners to tell you about their hounds

Thornton now renamed Hudson was guilty of the heinous crime of being unloved by all except one member of his family. Fortunately we were able to rehome him with Emma where he appears to have settled well and is loved by all



OUR HOUNDS – The Rescue Sisters



Ruby and Rose are known in our local area as the rescue sisters. They were both adopted from Bloodhound Lifeline. Ruby is edgy and fun by nature- and beautiful in appearance. As Debbie said 'she has the prettiest eyes I have ever seen' and she should know. Rose is a dark horse, very needy and eager to please. Mostly black, many have asked if she is a mixed breed, that question is answered if you walk behind them. They both have the familiar bloodhound gait and stop to smell

anything. The curved tail, droopy eyes, big feet and knobby knees settle the argument. When Ruby arrived she needed boundaries and affection in equal measure. Her unstable back ground made her distrustful of her new situation. Patience, however soon paid dividends for all of us. She is now a regular fixture at our local coffee shops, even training the waiter to slip her leftovers and, please, don't ask to where the croissant ends disappear!

Ruby has been the inspiration for a series of short stories, ghost written by her mistress, known as the Wrinkled Blond. She offers her views of 'Dogmatic Philosophy' on a wide range of subjects. She has even received a personal letter from Psychologies Magazine – some feat for a bloodhound.

Like Ruby, Rose also had an unstable background, but she is eager to please. Not so eager that she hesitates to leap onto the table when food appears, food to her is a 'contact sport' - she would be a gold medal winner. When taken to meet our friends at a barbeque it was open season, she could barely waddle home!

Debbie forgot to mention that Rose is a lap dog. She stealthily creeps up, one paw at a time and falls asleep with her head nudged into my neck, snoring in my ear. As I write this she has already set foot on my chair, eyes half closed.

After a couple of fights they established the pack leader, it was Ruby who reigns as undisputed alpha bitch, and Rose forever the networker, is happy to go along with what is best for the pack.

Most days we take them through the chestnut woods beside Pains Hill Park. Rose follows closely behind Ruby, their curved tails bobbing above the bracken as their noses follow secret trails.

It has taken a lot of love but also brought us all great joy. I can think of little that beats starting the day with a big sloppy kiss from a bloodhound, or even two!

Mandy and Ron Peponis

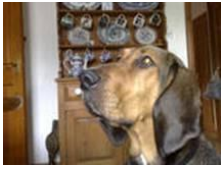


Carla Mae came into our lives about three years ago. Following a visit to Crufts where, as usual, we ended up at the Bloodhound 'Meet the Breed' section, needing to get our 'hound fix' 30 years after losing our last one. Someone said we really should speak to Debbie Pownall and, perhaps, consider adopting. We said that we would think about it, we did – for a day!

I rang Debbie and we talked hounds for ages, I think a lot of notes were taken as to our suitability, but that is so necessary. Carla Mae was the girl we were lucky enough to be allowed to have. She came home, having a puddle accident in the car, walked into the house and esconced herself on the sofa! I think that is where she was allowed to sleep before and, in her mind, was perfectly normal. She was a dear, quiet girl with a huge appetite, gallons of spare slobber and no desire to walk - she came anyway just to keep me happy! We had her for a year, during which time she lorded it over the sofa, treated like a Queen, whilst I sat on the floor.

Sadly she developed cancer which eventually took her life. We were heartbroken and decided that she would be our last one, losing them is just too painful.

Then, Debbie asked if we could help out at the Bloodhound Lifeline stand at the Golden Jubilee weekend for the Bloodhound Club. Fatal, they are all so beautiful and of course another followed.



This girl is called AMBER and she was very nervous when she arrived. She jumped at every little thing and for two days would only pick food from my hand. She loves the other dogs, is very good now with women, and is getting used to clattery traffic including the combines. She loves her walks and seems perfectly happy in her harness and flexi lead of which she instinctively knows the length.

Men are still a slight problem but no longer evoke the terror of 2 months ago. Men in the house will take much longer, fortunately she loves my husband and visiting sons! She will get there. Unlike Carla she sleeps on the floor, in fact she would sleep on glass if it meant being with her 'pack.' She bays melodically when she thinks she is being kept waiting. Typical of the breed she is kind, loving and doesn't have a nasty thought in her head – unless you count the dust hole under my olive tree and two pairs of ruined shoes! The obedience is - er – coming on! We love her.

A HOME FOR HENRY

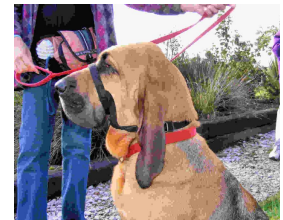
The name's hound – Henry hound

You won't believe this but the Leader of the Pack has been asked to write a short article on me for a news letter! Not a chance chaps – I'll write my own thank you very much.

Right - I'm Henry (handsome brute aren't ?)

I'm confident when I'm with 'mum I'm noble, it's all in the breeding y'know! I'm super fit – exercise religiously, and I'm HAPPY – it wasn't always this way.

Just over two years ago I ended up in rescue. I was about 2 years old and can only really remember being unhappy. The kennels were bleak, the food basic, and the smell was just awful. I was adopted by a man who also had a Bassett hound called Dylan and I got on well with them both. Life settled down to a relatively happy existence, until in January 2010 the man disappeared out of our lives to live abroad and Dylan and I were left with someone who wasn't really able to look after us properly. After some months and some paperwork we were collected one day and taken on a journey to Ashwood Brow Farm to stay with Deb and Andy Pownall. On arrival Dylan and I were taken into a kennel and when I looked round it brought back the memories of two years years ago, my heart just broke. These kennels were lovely and clean and we were fed well but I longed to be in a real home. I had lost my figure through overeating and lack of exercise, I had lost my pack leader and I didn't know why so I lost my self confidence – why me again? I settled down, very frightened, to await my fate.



Within days of arriving at Ashwood Brow Farm, a lady and her daughter came to the kennels, Dylan kept barking at them but I wouldn't look at them, they spoke kindly to me but I was so depressed I didn't respond. I felt bad after they left but . I was just so miserable. Deb and Andy were lovely to me but I just wanted to go home, the problem was I didn't have one

A week later the lady and her daughter came back and they had other dogs with them, they introduced me to their pack and they were actually quite nice, in fact I rather took to them. When they went back to their car they called me to get in the back so I did as they asked. Could this be a new beginning? My regret is that I didn't get to say goodbye to Dylan but I know Deb and Andy will have made sure he was OK.

Well folks and since then I've been to the Scottish highlands on holiday, learned to swim (but that's another story) and settled into family life with Anthea and Rhiannon, number 1 and 2 in the pack. My best friend is D Jay, a sleek crossbreed (also rescued) and I am just so happy! I've regained my figure, learned a few more manners and even become quite fond of the resident cat. I love my family with all

my heart and although I still have a few anxieties, these are fading as time goes by and my confidence is growing all the time.

Thankfully there are a lot of caring people out there and some of us do get a second chance
Life's good.



At about 3 a.m. Digby and Cassie woke us with a few barks. We were in a bit of a daze, it being the middle of the night. We looked out of the window but couldn't see at what they were barking. We went back to sleep thinking it was, perhaps, just a fox. In the morning after Carl had left for work I went out to feed them and found, to my horror that both dogs had gone. I discovered the side gate between our house and

the neighbour's wide open and no sign of the dogs. I could only assume that the dogs had disturbed a burglar who had run off leaving the gate open though this was the least of our worries.

I rang Carl at work to let him know but as he had, on this particular day, cycled to work he was without a car. He rang around his family to ask for help in searching for the pair whilst he got a lift home from a colleague. We were very concerned about where the pair could have got to, Digby being a bloodhound and much younger could, potentially have been mile away, whilst Cassie being much older could not walk as fast or as far. On a regular walk Digby is always well ahead of Cassie who potters along behind. When, after a few hours of searching, neither dog had been found we began to wonder if they had been stolen. We contacted the local council who put us in touch with the dog warden to whom we gave all their details but neither had been reported as found or even seen, we also put up posters advertising them as missing in the local shops.

At about 2 p.m. I was driving around about a mile from home when I saw Cassie walking with the dog warden. I pulled over and ran to her, excited and happy that she had been found. The warden told me that he had been contacted by a local pub where both dogs had been found in their beer garden, they had managed to trap both dogs in the garden but unfortunately when the warden opened the gate Digby had managed to sneak past him and was gone again.

I bundled Cassie into the car and took her home to be made a fuss of by the kids and set out to search again for Digby. We knew he was still in the area as the posters we had put up had alerted the public who were keeping their eyes open for him and the warden received a report that he had been seen in the local cemetery. A phone call from the warden at about 4.30 p.m. gave me the good news that Digby had been found. I raced to the cemetery and when the warden opened his van there was a scared and worried Digby, very happy to see me! When I got him home he was even happier to be reunited with Cassie.

We were amazed that that Digby had stayed with Cassie at all and can only surmise that he must have known that she probably wouldn't have survived without him. Obviously although they have only been together for 6 months they have developed an amazing bond and incredible friendship.

What a happy ending!!

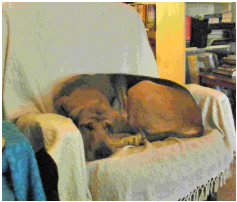
This time last year we were writing about Amber our then rescue hound. Amber's big was her fear of men which she was making no progress in overcoming.



In May this year we arranged with Debbie that she would go to Ashwood Brow for a couple of weeks where she would have to face strangers, whilst we took Winston to assess him for rehoming. The whole exercise went out without a hitch and the status quo was restored, Amber coming home and Winston going back to Ashwood Brow (Famous last words!)

It soon became apparent that Amber was no longer happy living with us whilst Winston was apparently just as miserable at Ashwood Brow. Several phone calls to Debbie ensued and we decided that, however painful for us we had to do what was right for Amber and hopefully Winston. A couple of days later, with heavy hearts we watched Amber trot into a kennel at Ashwood Brow (the little madam went without a backward glance!)

The next step was to see how Winston would react to seeing us again, with unconfined joy would seem to be about right if his greeting was anything to go by. He put his paws on Graham's shoulders, nuzzled him, licked him and even nibbled his nose. Winston had found his family!



Winston is now happily ensconced chez Brook where he gets on well (apart from the occasional spat) with Dawson our Basset. He chooses to sleep curled up in a small armchair instead of on the large comfy duvet which is meant for him (thank goodness for throws). He has progressed well apart from being, at times, too clever for his own good, which does keep us on our toes.

Amber too is now happily rehomed with a family of her own choice.

This is a cautionary tale for anyone who decides to take on a rescue bloodhound, just be aware that the hound is most likely the one doing the choosing.

Barbara & Graham Brook

BERTHA



As some of you may know, Bertha was a cruelty case taken in by a large rescue organisation. Because of a pending court case it was ten months before she was signed over to Lifeline- long enough for a vet to "practice" on her, leaving her badly scarred and needing a lifetime of eye medication. Despite all this she remains a waggy girl who loves people and other dogs.

She is now in a long term foster home with Sue and her Wolfhounds, Dachsies and another bloodhound called Bertha! Lifeline will pick up her vets bills for the rest of her life so a big thank you to her sponsors. Sue has said that Bertha had a personality change when she joined her and became a very naughty girl! She has chewed her way through a chair, destroyed books and discovered the muddy part of the pond.

Sue also reports that Bertha has a foolproof method of forcing the other dogs to play with her- she barks loudly in their ears until they they pay attention to what SHE wants! Apparently everyone loves her despite her scars.

Bertha's one and two now how a litter of kittens keeping them occupied, Sue says they are fascinated with them and are very gentle. Bertha will soon have to have another operation to repair an inguinal hernia – hopefully this will be her last and she will be able to enjoy the rest of her life.

OBITUARIES

ALFIE

You will all have read about Alfie, the epileptic bloodhound who was so fortunate to find a good, knowledgeable home with Lesley and Mike. Sadly his fits increased rapidly and the brain damage caused by the fits made him unsteady on his legs and also made him aggressive. He became a very miserable dog and Lesley and Mike bravely decided that he had been through enough. He was gently put to sleep and is missed a lot. Please remember that this is the one thing we can do for our hounds when their lives have become intolerable to them. Not all epileptics deteriorate as rapidly as Alfie and can lead long lives. We have our own epilepsy expert in the shape of Eileen who is always ready to help.

Our thoughts go out to Lesley and Mike, and our thanks for giving Alfie a lovely home.



MARKSBURY REBELLIOUS – BOWWAN 16/2/03 -19/10/10

The love of my life has gone. He had his 3 strikes, but this time he was out. Ever the “nicker” he would eat things that weren’t meant to be eaten, socks, knickers, flannels –little sponges were his favourite. This time ? I don’t know what it was but it was enough to do the damage. The magnificent head I loved to hold, have in my lap or sharing my pillow was cradled in my arms as I said “Goodbye.” Oh how that hurt! I couldn’t let go for a long time but I knew I had to let him go to his rest. Bowwan had been my soul mate for 6 years ever since Sue Emrys-Jones let us have him. Part of my three strong pack, he assumed the role of leader after big Drew had gone, but at heart was a big softie, even though his size was quite daunting to some. He took over Drew’s part in the puppy class training, saved quite a few dogs lives as a blood donor but was my “ickle sugar puff.” He always will be. His “uncle” Gisbourne is trying hard to fill the hole he left in my life and little “nephew” Einon is already filling his role as ‘nicker’ even at 13 weeks old! Maybe my Bo is living on in parts – I know his spirit is still with me and that my golden memory of him will never tarnish.

God Bless Bo



**Results of Grand Draw for Bloodhound Lifeline.
Drawn at the Bloodhound Club November Show by Keith Long.**

**1st prize ticket no. 0123 Mr. R Brook
Ticket sold by Graham and Barbara Brook**

**2nd prize ticket no 1047 Mr Tony Williamson
Ticket sold by Roy and Teri Butler**

**3rd prize ticket no.1483 Mrs. J. Kenvyn
Ticket sold by Cheryl Kenvyn**

**4th prize ticket no. 1024 Paul from Crossbush
Ticket sold by Roy and Teri Butler**

**5th prize ticket no. 1428 Ms. Sarah Simons
Ticket sold by Mr. R Johnson Ferguson**

Congratulations to all our winners and many thanks go out to all who bought tickets and worked so hard to sell them

REMINDER don't forget to order for Christmas from our first Houndalogue!!!!

We also have small wall clocks available as special orders. If you want a picture of your favourite hound on a clock contact Debbie on the usual number

STOP PRESS !!!!!!!

**We are collating a small book of " CAUTIONARY Tails!"
If you have any funny, embarrassing or downright wicked tales of your
Bloodhounds and their tricks please send them to me.**

**Debbie Pownall
Ashwood Brow Farm
Reed Lane
Antrobus
Cheshire CW9 6JL**

Or email them to me at d.pownall487@btinternet.com

P.S They must be printable!!!!