



THE WEEKLY WAG

NEWSLETTER

BANKSTOWN SCHOOL FOR DOGS

July 2010

c/- 3 Barker Close
Camden South 2570

Office Bearers

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Show Instructor	Vivienne Zavattaro	

Committee
Josef Siefen
Peter Smith
Kevin Lahiff
Wendy Marfleet
John Walsh
Maria Baldi
Flyball Liaison- Alan Casey
Flyball Coordinator- Craig Edwards

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Jessica Dalkolmo & Dusty – Australian Kelpie
Bill & Rosemary Sarkis & Archie – Labrador
Tim & Kiralee Donohue & Summer – Cattle Dog

Carol & Geoff Allsopp & Molly – Border Collie
Maha Ali & Woodi – Shoodle

Welcome Back – Joe Pham & Archie

GRADUATIONS

Kindy – Infants

Jessica Dalkolmo & Dusty
Tom Finnegan & Molly

Michaela Finnegan & Molly
Anita Ko & Max

Caroline Hagarty & Kaiser

Well done!

SOUP & SAUSAGE SIZZLE

The soup & Sausage sizzle went down well. Thank you to all those that stayed to help eat it all. I thought we were going to get wet when we woke to cloudy skies but the rain held off until after training. A big thank you to Josef for cooking the BBQ who did a great job.

FLYBALL

Is there anyone out there who would like their dog to have a go at flyball. We are getting desperate for new dogs. We have two dogs that will be retiring at the end of the year. Another two who have gone lame, one of which will hopefully recover to return to racing. Two new dogs were coming along splendidly but unfortunately had to give up for one reason or another. Soooo if you have a dog that likes to run and play ball, perhaps they might enjoy

flyball. Just think, with flyball your dog gets lots of exercise with very little effort on your part. Flyball training is on every Sunday from 9am until the end of training at 11.15am

Harri is still on his travels



G'day, here I am again ... Harri. Another state conquered. I sure do get around, aye? The trip to Robe went reasonably. I was a bit crook. I tried my very best to be good but just as we hit the border I had to go ... BAD! Thank goodness Dad could see the predicament I was in and stopped the big Mother as soon as he could. We stopped in a pine forest which I must say smelt incredibly good. Not that I noticed at first. Omigod!!!! Was I ever pleased to be out of the car. Mum and Dad were arguing about what had made me crook. Dad reckoned I must have eaten something while we were out walking. I am a bit of a scavenger but I reckon it was the lobster. That's a bit rich for my insides. Anyway it wasn't long and I was feeling a lot better and off we went to Robe. Crikey ... another pretty place! Are we lucky to live in Australia or what? Fair dinkum we should be down on our hands and knees every night. Anyway once again we had a quick look around town and then off to find our accommodation. Another winner! This time another house and scrupulously clean. How nice after Apollo Bay. Mum couldn't understand how it was so clean as there was stuff

everywhere **but clean it was**. We really had a relaxing time in Robe. There's not much to do except go for long beach walks but boy were those walks good. The beaches were absolutely beautiful and completely deserted. On our second day we walked for miles along a really beautiful beach and didn't see another soul the whole time we were gone. Crikey it was funny too. We had been gone about three quarters of an hour, so we were quite well into the walk, when a whole host of March flies attacked us. Well ... when I say us ... I mean Dad. How lucky was it for Mum and me? For some strange reason the march flies left us alone but really swarmed around Dad. We were walking behind him and we saw him start waving his arms around and whacking himself and wondered what was going on. I s'pose we shouldn't have laughed but it looked so funny. He ran up into the dunes to get away from them but they just followed him and kept on biting. He finally got to a rocky headland thing where the wind was blowing a bit and they disappeared but poor Dad. How awful it must have been for him. Especially with Mum and me killing ourselves laughing. Funny how they left me and Mum alone, aye? I'm usually their first target. I hate them and make an awful fuss if they come after me. Nasty little things. I remember one flyball competition where I stopped in the middle of a race because a March fly was after me. I stopped right in the middle of the jumps with my tail between my legs and started snapping, at what everyone thought, was some figment of my imagination. **Figment of my imagination indeed**. March flies ... YUK!! Everyone had a good old laugh at me too. They had another go at Dad when we walked back (same spot) but he was ready for them and ran like the dickens to get away. They still left Mum and me alone. Really weird that. That night for tea we had a fish and chip picnic in a really lovely grassy area overlooking the water. Mum reckoned Dad needed a break from cooking after his March fly ordeal. Mum reckons you can't beat fish and chips when you are beside the sea. I can take them or leave them myself. Mind you I left them that night. I was still a bit crook and Mum and Dad weren't letting me have anything other than my ordinary fare. Oh! ... here's a really weird thing about South Australia. Do you know what a millipede is? Well, they sure as heck know what they are in South Australia. They are everywhere. Millions of them. We see some at our house in Sydney sometimes but only after heavy rain and even then it is only a few but South Australia. **Unbelievable**. They were even on the beach. Horrible things too. Not that they do anything. They don't bite like March flies but they are just there everywhere ... all the time. Yuk! And they smell if you squish them. Dad reckons it would turn him off living in south Australia and he really loves

the Adelaide Hills. That's our next port of call. Mum and Dad have been there lots of times but it's a first for me. I can't wait. I've heard so much about it already, so till then .. Up
the Irish ... Harri!!