



BANKSTOWN SCHOOL FOR DOGS

THE WEEKLY WAG NEWSLETTER

November 2009

c/- 3 Barker Close
Camden South 2570

Office Bearers

President	Colin Calver	4655 8671
Vice President	Ray Zavattaro	4683 3959
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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

Jenine Tiller & Harley – Border Collie
Carmen Lu & Echo – GSD
Lynette Fryer & Bea – Mini Staffy X

Alisha Cunningham & Bailey – Pomeranian X
George Minas & Winston – English Staffy

GRADUATIONS

Kindy – Infants

Safiyah Abdullah & Marshall
Monique Ivanisevic & Rocky
Reg Ryde & Gracie
Louise Skinkis & Ava

Peter Marsellos & Mate
Lynette Fryer & Bea
Lachlan Gandy & Bella

Janine Benton & Jackie
Lynette Harrison & Bella
Steven Xue & Lily

Well done everyone!

SUNDAY DECEMBER 6TH

On Sunday December 6th we will be holding a beginner flyball training day. This will start at 9am and go through until training finishes at 11.15. So all those that are interested in having a go with their dogs or would just like to come and have a look what flyball is all about will have plenty of time. If you are not aware, flyball training is held just behind the temporary toilet block. All the flyballers will be there to give you a hand or encouragement but please see Craig and he will start you on the way to having fun with your dog.

CHRISTMAS BREAK UP PARTY

We will be having our Christmas break up party on Sunday 13th December, and once again we are including a challenge for you and your dog. There will be a competition on the day for the dog that can do the best trick, so everyone get working and teach your dog something he or she can perform on the day. There will be prizes for the cleverest trick.

The theme for the party this year is space age, so get busy with fancy dress for your dogs, again there will be prizes for the best dog.

PLEASE NOTE ALL CLASSES WILL COMMENCE AT 9.30AM ON SUNDAY 13TH DECEMBER FOR OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Program for the day will be:

9.30am All training classes

10.15am Morning tea

10.30am Fancy Dress competition, followed by games and judging the cleverest trick.

12 Noon BBQ Lunch

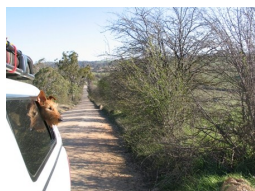
All training and lunch will be free on this day, so come along and join in the fun!

CHRISTMAS BREAK

Bankstown School for Dogs will be closed for the Christmas break from Sunday 13th December. Returning on Sunday 7th February

A Letter from Harri

G'day ... I'm back Harri!! Crikey am I ever ashamed!! I'm unfinancial. How bad is that? Mum told Barbara that she would send her a cheque for my membership renewal and **SHE FORGOT!** How rude. So for Mum sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry!! Can I still be a member, **PLEASE?** I promise I'll make her pay if you'll just say it's ok. Struth, I'll make her pay double. How remiss of her. We were going on a big holiday and she did have other things on her mind but that's no excuse. Anyway about the big holiday ...



Am I a disaster waiting to happen or what? It's probably or what! I think I'm already a disaster. You know how we were going on holidays to the big outback ... well ... we are back (not outback) already. Poor Dad. It took him months of arranging things. We got a new truck, a new tent and lots of beautiful new camping equipment. We were all prepared. We had spare tyres, jerry cans and all the safety equipment needed and guess what?? We only left the bitumen road a few times and even then they were no worse than the ones around Noosa. So how is it all my fault? Well it's not **ALL** my fault but I did manage to cut the pad on my foot, big time, the day before we set off. So! ... no problem ... I've managed to do that plenty of times before and Mum has always been able to cope ... **BUT ... BURRS!!!!** Now I know a lot of you blokes live in the country and you might think I'm just one big fat wuss but Crikey, I've never seen burrs like the ones we encountered. The first place they attacked me was at Chinchilla. You've got to picture this ... I jumped out of the truck, one foot all taped up with vet tape, took about ten steps and came to a complete standstill. I didn't know what to do. Every single foot I had was full to overflowing with burrs ... not just your ordinary burrs but the biggest, ugliest things you have ever seen. There was no way I could walk around on those feet. Poor Mum had to carry me back to the truck and do her very best to rid me of all those prickly, horrible things. They even went straight through the vet tape on my already sore foot. I did get to go for a walk but I had to do it on the road. Not what you want to do when you are out in the country with all those good smells and things. Mum had a brainwave and decided that I needed dog boots so we all set off looking for a pet shop. We did manage to find one too. Mum was a bit embarrassed to be asking for dog boots but the shop owner understood perfectly and said that although she



didn't have any the local saddlery would probably be able to help me because a lot of the farmers use them on their working dogs. Found the saddlery and sure enough he had dog boots but ... woe is me ... none



that would fit me. Turns out I've got a hell of a hoof on me. Who knew? We tried every saddlery in every town we visited and although they all had boots none had them to fit me. Anyway we persevered until we got to Windorah (about 400kms from Birdsville). Now that is the most beautiful place I have ever been. There are these big red sandhills that are just so spectacular and no burrs on the sandhills. I had the best time but Mum and Dad were getting a little discouraged. There were heaps of people everywhere. We couldn't camp down by the river as it was packed to overflowing. (Mum and Dad had been there before and knew it was great by the river). The caravan park was full. We did manage to get a cabin in town but we were very lucky to get that and we could only stay one night. Not what you expect in a town with a population of 60 people. Turns out the Birdsville races were on and people were heading out there in droves. The one thing Dad hadn't checked out. There's 52 weeks in a year and the Birdsville races are on one weekend every year and that just so happened to be the one-week we were out that way. What with my feet and this fiasco and also the fact that we did leave it a bit late in the year to head off (it gets awful hot out there) Mum and Dad decided that we would head back to civilisation and slowly make our way to our house in Noosa, via Sydney and leave our big trek till autumn next year. This we did and we still had a real good time but not quite what we set out to do. I'll tell you about the adventures we had at a later date. I'll be right for next year though. When we got back to Noosa Mum started researching DOG BOOTS on the internet and I've got the best looking and toughest dog boots you have ever seen. No more burrs for me. Mum reckons they cost more than any shoes she's ever bought for herself but nothing's too good for me, aye? They're a bit tricky to walk in but I'm getting the hang of it. Gotta remember not to chew them. I wouldn't like my chances of being number 1 boy if I put my teeth through them, aye?

Up the Irish Harri!!