

PREFACE

by David Rees

It is a privilege to be asked to write a preface for the reprinted edition of *Sheepdog Glory*. I was fortunate enough to have met Roy Saunders in the 1970s, when he was an elderly gentleman and I was a young man in a hurry, from a different generation, about to embark on an unbelievable walk down the avenues of this wonderful pastime of ours. I was immediately impressed with Roy Saunders' incredible enthusiasm for all things associated with the Border Collie in particular and with nature, in its widest aspect, in general. Roy Saunders was the consummate naturalist; he was incredibly aware of everything that lived and breathed and moved in the countryside. His knowledge of the Border Collie, and its history and genealogy, impressed me immediately and instilled in me the desire to emulate that knowledge. I like to think some of his enthusiasm rubbed off on me.

Roy Saunders was articulate and intelligent. His writing, although tinged with romanticism, serves as a historical reference for those of us who continually research the history of the Border Collie. The pen portraits he paints of men like J. M. Wilson, Gwilym Owen, Mervyn Williams, Herbert Worthington and their contemporaries, gives us all an insight into the past. The poetical license of an artist cries out to us from the well-constructed lines; Roy Saunders still holds us, comfortable and relaxed as we turn the

pages of his book, in the palm of his hand. “We sing in our chains like the sea,” eager to read the next few lines, unwilling to put the book down.

His writing transcends half a century and is as applicable today as it was when he first put pen to paper. It could as easily have been written on the parched dry fields of California, in the balmy heat of Georgia, on the green fresh fields of Oregon, or on the steep snow-capped mountains of New Zealand. Close your eyes and you can feel the excited heartbeat of all the young dogs in the world as they see sheep for the first time; you can feel the expectation of every handler on every continent as they walk to the handler’s post, and you can smell the earthy lanolin-tinged muskiness of woolly sheep as they turn at your feet.

Welcome to the world of *Sheepdog Glory!*