

cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds

Spring 2003

ALSO INSIDE:

Avoiding Volunteer Burnout

Capturing Lost Greyhounds

Treating Seizures

Greyhound Love Stories

The Greyhounds of Ireland

Looking for Homes, Needing Our Help



Lydia, adopted by Cathy and Dennis Knudsen.

cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters,
Owners, and Friends
Vol. 8; No. 1 Spring 2003

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Front cover: Six year-old Daisy (DTS Pretty Daisy) lives in St. Paul, Minn. with Garry and Lori Kriz, who adopted her from St. Croix Meadows Adopt-a-Greyhound. Her brindle coat displays a pattern commonly described as Irish markings. These are the typical markings seen in Collies or Boston Terriers, where white markings extend further up the feet and legs, up the front of the neck, and sometimes in a partial to full collar around the neck. Photo by Cindy Hanson

Back cover: Wilson, adopted by Alison Abbott and Luis Fernandez from Michigan REGAP.

editorial comments

By Cindy Hanson

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As we were putting together this issue of *CG*, we learned of the passing of a long-time friend of Greyhounds. Emily Griffin founded the Florida-Southeast Coast chapter of Greyhound Pets of America in the early 1980s with her husband, Wally. She died on December 23.

Emily Griffin's involvement with Greyhound adoption started twenty years ago, when someone tied a Greyhound to the Griffins' mailbox. His name was Underdog. The Griffins took him in, and many other Greyhounds followed.

Emily cared for the Greyhounds who were waiting for homes. Every day, she rose early to turn out the dogs, feed them, clean their crates, and walk them. When she was finished, she did it all again later in the day. In between, she received new dogs, scheduled visits with the veterinarian, talked to volunteers, prospective adopters, and new pet owners, and did anything else that needed doing. Many Greyhounds from the track in Palm Beach are living a life of retirement because of Emily, Wally, and the volunteers of GPA/Florida-Southeast Coast.

Greyhound adoption is not easy. It is easier now because of the work of people like Emily Griffin. All of us who love Greyhounds and volunteer for adoption groups owe a huge debt of gratitude to those brave souls who saw the potential of Greyhounds as pets when few others did.

It is difficult to imagine the challenges faced by Greyhound adoption volunteers in the early years. Greyhound adoption advocates in Ireland don't *have* to imagine. Although Ireland is a major breeder of racing Greyhounds, the dogs are generally not viewed as companion animals there. In this issue, Marion Fitzgibbon discusses the welfare of Greyhounds in Ireland. Louise Coleman, who co-founded the American-European Greyhound Alliance with Marion, describes international efforts to support the adoption of Irish Greyhounds. And Amanda Saunders Perkins tells the amazing and inspiring story of how she founded Kerry Greyhound Homefinders last April. Hers is the first Greyhound adoption effort in Ireland.

As we contemplate the monumental efforts on behalf of Greyhounds at home and abroad, those of us who volunteer for Greyhound adoption locally need to remember to take care of ourselves. Cynthia Branigan, one of the true pioneers of Greyhound adoption in the United States, offers words of wisdom for adoption volunteers who find themselves overwhelmed. Lee Lavery, Cheryl King, and Sherry Cotner also weigh in with their suggestions for avoiding burnout.

Also in this issue: Michael McCann tells us how to recover a lost Greyhound, and we hear from people whose Greyhounds led them to find love.

Finally, I'd like to note two new additions to the staff of *CG*. Laura Tidwell of Bourne, Texas has joined us as a Copy Editor. Rodger Barr, a Minnesota-based veterinarian and yet another of Greyhound adoption's pioneers, has graciously agreed to serve as *CG's* veterinary advisor. As a staff of volunteers, we are grateful for their contributions, and *CG* is enriched by their insight. Welcome.





Fairfax, adopted by Doug and Lisa Blackmer of Lithia, Fla.

Fan Mail for Cara Brockhoff

I received my Fall issue yesterday and immediately turned to Cara Brockhoff's article ("The Evolution of Northcoast Greyhound Support," Fall 2002 *CG*). Cara gave thanks — and it is well deserved — to all of the volunteers in her small community. Let me tell you that Cara's *small* community effort has made a *huge* difference in many Greyhounds' lives. Cara Brockhoff is an inspiration to many of us searching for ways to pay for what we need *now*. When you think you're on your last nickel, Cara comes to the rescue. Northcoast Greyhound Support can't solve every money issue for every group, but they have done a bang-up job! See where their money goes at www.northcoastGreyhounds.net. And for anyone who wants to help as many Greyhounds as they can, but can't foster or house any Greyhounds and doesn't know

what to do: Read Cara's article and start a support group! There is a tremendous need for more like Cara and NCGS.

Alane Shultz
President, GPA/Springfield, Mo.
Vice President, GPA National

More Thoughts on Summer Articles

I would like to respond to two recent articles. The first is regarding the issue of weight change in Greyhounds ("Athlete or Couch Potato? Greyhounds and Obesity," Summer 2002 *CG*). My husband and I have seen the connection between weight loss and illness. Our veterinarian is not convenient to stop in and weigh the dogs on a regular basis and his scale is not in the waiting room. What we have opted to do is make our own scale. Most Staples and OfficeMax stores carry UPS scales that will hold up to between 500

and 700 pounds. The one that we chose has a cord with a readout at the end. We took an old leaf from a table (you could use anything flat), put a bracket on the bottom that just fits over the scale, and adjusted the scale to zero with the top on. For about \$100 we have a scale that will weigh the dog easily. It is big enough for the dog to stand on comfortably and it didn't cost anywhere near what a veterinary scale costs. If your dog is concerned about standing on it, a rubber tub mat works wonders. The best part is you can weigh your dog any time that you want.

The second article that I would like to address is "Treating and Preventing Kennel-Related Injuries" (Summer 2002 *CG*). Through Grey-Save of Northwestern Pennsylvania, we offer the American Red Cross Pet First Aid Course about six times per year. It is not a money raiser, but it surely promotes



ANN PETERSON

goodwill. An added bonus is that we know that we have potentially saved the lives of some pets that would not have made it otherwise. If anyone is interested in taking the course or teaching it they may contact their local Red Cross office or contact me at greysave@aol.com. I would be glad to help them get started.

Peggy Jordano
Via E-mail

Fighting Greyhound Cancer

In 1996, we were adopted by the first of our four retired racing Greyhounds, Naniloa (racing name Burmar's Only One). We were ecstatic to see our Nani on the cover of the Summer 2001 issue of *CG*. I was so proud

I wore out a copy of the magazine showing it to anyone who would look at the cover shot! Luckily, my husband framed another copy last Christmas, so I can enjoy it forever.

I was so appreciative (read: jumping up and down screaming) that I wanted to thank former *CG* editor Marcia Herman for such a fabulous tribute to the handsome Naniloa. I ran several auctions on eBay and dedicated a portion of the proceeds to The Greyhound Project account for the Morris Animal Foundation Greyhound Cancer Fund. Enclosed is a check for \$350.00 to help find cures for the insidious cancers that affect so many of the amazing retired racing Greyhounds who share our lives.

Kathie Matsuyama
Los Alamitos, Calif.

To learn more about The Greyhound Project's support for the Morris Animal Foundation Greyhound Cancer Fund and how you can help, visit The Greyhound Project's website at www.adopt-a-Greyhound.org/misc/tgp-cancer.html — Ed.

Missing Photos of Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2002

First, I would like to thank the Greyhound Project for organizing another grey weekend...despite the rain! Second, I am asking Dewey Beach attendees for a favor. Members of our group, GPA/CNHC, were lucky enough to get brunch tickets and got there early enough to be seated upstairs. Just before the program started, Betty White came out to meet people. Marina had the nerve to ask Betty if we could have our picture taken with her, and she graciously accepted. Unfortunately, technology reared its ugly head...the digital camera had shut off. We have no proof of this event! However, there were a number of other people taking our picture. If anyone was at the brunch and took some photos of Betty posing with two women, we would be grateful if you would share this photo with us. My email address is manypets@surfglobal.net

Diane Canfield
Via E-mail

Diane, we know this isn't the one you're looking for; but here's a nice shot of Betty White at the Dewey Beach brunch. That's Joan Belle Isle, President of The Greyhound Project, lurking in the background. —Ed.

Thank you for your letters (up to 300 words) and photographs. Letters may be edited for brevity or clarity. Please send letters and photos by mail to the editorial office. Letters sent via e-mail to editor@adopt-a-Greyhound.org are also appreciated.

We regret that we cannot publish every letter or photo. ■

Help! My Greyhound is Sick

Morris Animal Foundation Report



Donations to The Greyhound Cancer Fund are a way to do something about the disease that takes so many of our dear friends. Tesla, adopted by Kathy Johnson of Lincoln Park, Mich., passed away in May 2002 after a long battle with squamous cell carcinoma. He was 11 years old.

I'm sure my veterinarian thinks I'm a hypochondriac when it comes to my Greyhounds. It doesn't matter whether it's a small

boo-boo, minor ailment, or a life-threatening disease. When my Greyhounds get sick, I want answers. I want treatments that work.

Over the past 50 years, huge advances have been made in the diagnosis, prevention and treatment of diseases that used to kill many dogs. Distemper, parvo, heartworm and a host of other illnesses are now routinely preventable or treatable. But some diseases and medical conditions are still a mystery, hard to diagnose and difficult to treat. Sometimes the answers have not emerged from the veterinary research. Sometimes the questions have not yet been asked.

That's where the Morris Animal Foundation makes a difference. The Foundation was established in 1948 by Dr. Mark L. Morris, DVM and has become the world's largest funding source for companion animal health studies supporting studies at veterinary institutions around the world. The Foundation's volunteer Scientific Advisory Board evaluates each study proposal based on relevance, scientific soundness, and humane treatment. The results of studies are disseminated to the veterinary community and make their way into the treatments available to pet owners.

In 1998, The Greyhound Project, Inc. launched a restricted matching fund with the Morris Animal Foundation for studies into canine cancers. The Greyhound Cancer Fund became a way to honor the memory of friends we have all lost to cancer and a way for Greyhounds to take their rightful place as contributing members of the greater community of valued pets. The support from Greyhound owners everywhere has been extraordinary. Since the Fund's inception, Greyhound people have contributed more than \$90,000 to help find answers for all the dogs suffering and dying from cancer.

Advances in veterinary medicine occur one small step at a time. Only painstaking, dogged research eventually teases the



Cindy succumbed to osteosarcoma and lymphoma at 8 years of age. The Greyhound community sponsors research on these forms of cancer. MARCIA MRAZEK

solutions to the mysteries out into the open. This year the Morris Animal Foundation is supporting more than 50 separate studies for dogs in 14 categories. Cancer, anemia, heart disease, epilepsy, tick-borne disease, arthritis, and irritable bowel disease are just some of the areas the studies are investigating. More than \$1.6 million has been committed to the current studies. Some of the investigations include:

- “Suicide” Liposomes for Treatment of Canine Immune-Mediated Anemia in Dogs
- Prednisone and Cyclosporin vs. Prednisone Alone for Treatment of Canine Hemolytic Anemia
- Phase I Study of Oral Docetaxel and Cyclosporin in Canine Cancer
- Flow-Cytometric Based Detection of Drug Resistance Proteins
- Characterization of Von Willebrand Factor in Dogs with Hemangiosarcoma: A Pilot Study
- Autologous Tumor Cell Vaccination for the Treatment of Canine Lymphoma
- Early Clinical Development of a GP-100 Allogeneic Tumor Cell Vaccine for Canine Melanoma
- Comparative Proteomics in Canine

Cancer – A Pilot Study

- Metalloproteinase Activity in Myocardial Remodeling in Congestive Heart Failure of Dogs
- Effect of Carvedilol in Dogs with Chronic Degenerative Valve Disease
- Bartonella Endocarditis in Dogs: A New Potentially Tick-Borne Zoonosis
- Effect of Beta-Adrenergic Blockade in Dogs with Dilated Cardiomyopathy
- Controlling the Spread of Novel Multi-Drug Resistance in Dogs Using Probiotics
- Correlation of Different Serum Markers for Exocrine Pancreatic Function with Pancreatic Histopathology in the Dog
- Evaluation of a Novel Steroid, Budesonide, in the Treatment of Canine Lymphocytic Plasmacytic Enteritis
- Association of Helicobacter Species in Liver Biopsies from Dogs with Inflammatory Hepatopathies
- Detection of Activated Canine Platelets in Whole Blood Using Flow Cytometry
- Molecular Detection of Single or Co-Infections with Five Known Canine Ehrlichiosis Agents
- A Genetically Engineered, Attenuated Vaccine Against Blastomycosis

- Canine Leishmaniasis: Pathogenesis and Immunologic Responses
 - Oral Glucosamine Therapy of Canine Osteoarthritis
 - Treatment of Canine Arthritis with Stem Cells
 - Intravenous Administration of Bromide for the Treatment of Seizures in Dogs
 - Stereotactic Radiosurgery for the Control of Refractory Epilepsy in Dogs
 - Treatment of Canine Epilepsy with Zonisamide
 - Low-Dose Continuous Rate Infusion of Ketamine for Post-Operative Analgesia in Dogs
 - Behavioral Responses of Dogs to Ovariohysterectomy: Validation of Two Pain Rating Instruments
 - A Multicenter, Large-Scale Evaluation of Pain Behaviors Following Neutering in Dogs
 - An Alternative to Current Models Used for Drug Measurement at Target Sites
 - Conventional and Rush Immunotherapy in Canine Atopic Dermatitis
 - Defining the Molecular Basis of Canine Cornification Abnormalities
 - Investigation on the Use of 0.3% Tacrolimus Lotion for Canine Atopic Dermatitis
 - Sex Hormone Concentrations in Dogs with Adrenal Hyperplasia Syndrome Treated with Melatonin
 - The Influence of Donor Bone Marrow on Renal Transplantation in Dogs
 - Clinical Applications of Canine Renal Transplantation
 - Clinical Benefit of Calcitriol in Canine Chronic Renal Failure: A Clinical Trial
- In addition, the Greyhound community is a primary sponsor of three important investigations into diagnosis and treatment of cancers.

Inhibition of Tumor Angiogenesis by Systemic Vascular Gene Delivery

Tumors stimulate the growth of new blood vessels in order to grow. Endostatin, an

inhibitor of new blood vessel growth, can induce impressive tumor suppression in mice. To use endostatin in dogs, a new form of intravenous gene therapy will be used to deliver the canine endostatin gene directly to the tumor blood vessels. The inhibition of tumor blood vessels and the effect on tumor growth will be assessed in dogs with soft tissue sarcoma.

Molecular Diagnosis of Canine Hematologic Neoplasia

The investigators have developed a test for canine lymphoma, one of the most common and treatable canine cancers, that is more objective and sensitive than current methods of diagnosis. Because the test uses only small amounts of tissue, it can reduce the need for costly and invasive diagnostic procedures in many cases. The goal is to use this test to improve diagnostic capability and help oncologists better predict an animal's response to treatment of lymphoma.

Carboplatin Radiosensitization for 153 Sm-EDTMP Limb-Salvage Therapy of Canine Osteosarcoma

Osteosarcoma affects more than 8,000 dogs of all breeds in the United States each year. Although limb amputation is the most common treatment, many dogs are poor candidates for surgical intervention. The bone-targeting drug, 153 Sm-EDTMP, may be used for palliative care in such patients. The investigators believe that carboplatin, a chemotherapeutic agent given concurrently with 153 Sm-EDTMP, will improve responses to this limb-sparing procedure, enhancing both quality and quantity of life for dogs with osteosarcoma.

To find more information about the Morris Animal Foundation, go to their website at www.MorrisAnimalFoundation.org. Donations to the Greyhound Cancer Fund can be sent to The Morris Animal Foundation, 45 Inverness Drive East, Englewood, Colorado 80112-5480. ■

—Joan Belle Isle

Greyhound Project News

Thanks for the Memories: 2002 Dewey Beach Yearbook Available

Despite less than perfect weather, Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2002 was a magical Greyhound weekend. With the help of lots of photos from the people who made it to Dewey Beach the weekend of October 11-14, we have put together a limited edition yearbook of photos capturing the memories of the weekend. More than 150 color pictures of the dogs, people, and events of the weekend are included in the 64-page bound softcover album. Get a copy for yourself and share the magic of the weekend with your friends. Quantities are limited, so get your copy while they are still available. The Greyhound Reach the Beach – Dewey 2002 Yearbook can be ordered from The Greyhound Project, Inc., P.O. Box 358, Marblehead MA 01945. They are \$20 each plus \$2 shipping.

Greyhound Writers Honored

Greyhound writers were among the honorees in the Dog Writer's Association of America (DWAA) 2002 Writing Competition.

At the awards banquet in New York City on February 9, 2003, the Association named *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* as the Best Single Breed Magazine. The magazine also won the award in 2001 and 2000, and was a finalist for the award in 1999.

We Adopted a Greyhound, written and illustrated by W. L. Cowie, was named Best Children's Book. *We Adopted a Greyhound* was also a finalist in the Illustrations category.

Greyhound Love, written by Teresa Levandoski and illustrated by Tammy Updegrove Braunsberg was a finalist in the Children's Book category.

Midwest Greyhound Adoption Honored

Midwest Greyhound Adoption received the 2002 Humane Association Award from the Chicago Veterinary Medical Association. Congratulations, MGA!

Emily Griffin's Passing Noted

With her husband Wally, Emily Griffin started GPA/Florida-Southeast Coast in the early 1980s. She passed away in December. Emily was responsible for finding caring homes for hundreds of retired racing Greyhounds. For years, she spent every day taking care of the Greyhounds at their adoption facility. Her caring and understanding way with the Greyhounds will be missed by all who knew her. Those who wish to send condolences to Wally can mail them to 7047 Belvedere Road, West Palm Beach, FL 33411. Contributions in Emily's memory can be sent to Hospice and HomeCare by the Sea, 1531 W. Palmetto Park Road, Boca Raton, FL 33486.

Greyhound Quilt Raises Nearly \$5,000

Sales of raffle tickets for the ChesCo Greyhounds quilt and wall hanging ("The ChesCo Greyhounds Quilt Fundraiser," Fall 2002 *CG*) netted nearly \$5,000, and the winners were announced at the Greyhound Friends of New Jersey Sixth Annual Craft Fair and Pet Expo in December: Leslie Wheeler of Thorndale, Pa. won the quilt, and the Harry Palmers of Teaneck, N.J. took home the wall hanging.

ChesCo Greyhounds volunteers have already begun work on quilts for this year. Anyone interested in participating should send an e-mail message to Gaye Woodward at Greyhounds87@prodigy.net to get started. ■

Spring Fiction

Greyhound Dancing

By Cyn Mobley
Greyhound Books
Knoxville, Tenn. (2002)
ISBN 0972413626
\$12.95

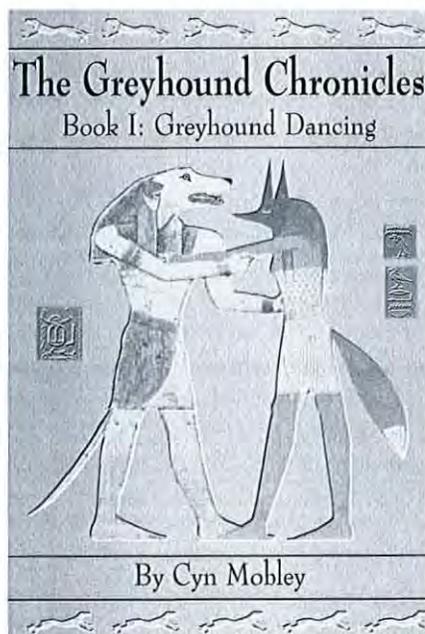
Barking Down the Wind

By Jonathan Russell
Athena Press
Miami, Fla. (2002)
ISBN 1930493096
\$18.95

The inner lives of our canine companions are a mystery. Greyhounds, with their ancient history and soulful eyes, invite speculation: What are those Greyhounds thinking? Two recent fiction works promise to explore this subject.

Greyhound Dancing is the first book in *The Greyhound Chronicles*, a new series by Cyn Mobley. It tells the story of 5 year-old Tweeter, a retiring racer. As the story opens, Tweeter has a cast on her leg, the track is about to close, and her future is uncertain. Jack Dowd, her attentive trainer, persuades adoption representative Nancy Catherine Brubaeker to take Tweeter home. Tweeter settles into her new life at Nancy Catherine's Hardin Creek Farm, and the reader is introduced to the cast of characters, including Greyhounds Boca, Kennicait, and Hardy, and the critters that live in the forest just beyond the farm's fenced borders.

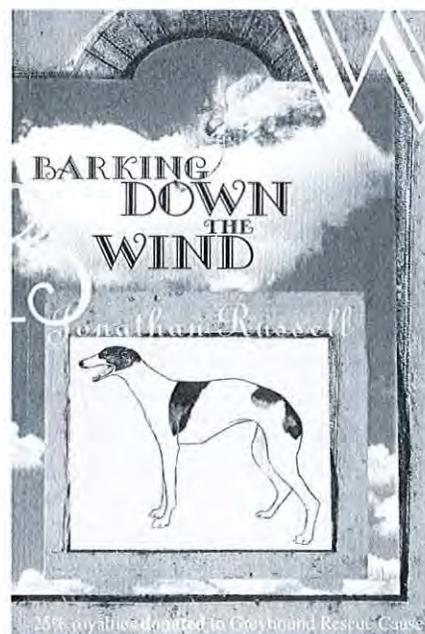
Though it sets up a number of issues likely to be explored in future installments in the *Chronicles* series — including the impending track closing, Nancy Catherine's relationship with Jack, and Tweeter's feeling that she knows Nancy Catherine from somewhere else — *Greyhound Dancing*



focuses closely on Tweeter's adjustment to her new home. Tweeter finds her place in the pack order, and she and her housemates respond to a fox-led assault on the Hardin Creek Farm chicken coop.

The story is told entirely from the animals' point of view, and plausibly so. Tweeter's intelligence is established with great descriptive detail of the sights and scents that she encounters, and the significance that she attaches to them (for example, she notes that the scent of geraniums and crackers is common to the descendants of the great racer Dutch Bahama). As she meets each of her new housemates, she sizes them up as she determines her place in the pack order. When she meets Boca, the alpha male at Hardin Creek Farm, she makes the following assessment:

A nice fellow, one with his own ideas about how things should be run. A bit lazy, maybe — not enough ribs showing. Geraniums and crackers, though — that counts for some-



thing. And we've got other relatives in common as well.

And one difference, too. Boca's subscent that represented dominance had a weak thread running through it like a fault through bedrock. True, he had a stronger dominance streak than any of the other dog scents in the area, but it was not a perfect, flawless ribbon the way it should be.

The way that Tweeter's was. There were some things that would have to be worked out, that much was clear.

Tweeter's arrival is noticed by the fox, raccoons, possums, and other animals living near Hardin Creek. Their discussion of events at the farm and the description of the "council meeting" at which they plan their course of action have a *Watership Down* feel.

In some ways, *Greyhound Dancing* is a tease, in the way of the best serials. The animal uprising is resolved, but Tweeter is hurt and Nancy Catherine places a phone call that will surely require revisiting some of the

larger issues established at the beginning of the story. Fortunately, readers will not have to wait long; the second book in the series, *Greyhound Singing*, will be available shortly.

Barking Down the Wind, by Jonathan Russell, also hints at the unknown depths of a beloved pet — this time, a retired racing Greyhound named David. The book jacket reads, in part: *With eyes that glow like embers and seem to penetrate the depths of one's soul, David's near-human nature leaves its mark on all — from his loving mistress to hostile housekeeper. Do Jennifer and Reverend Golightly have an answer to the startling and thought-provoking enigma that is David?*

Having finished the book, I am not sure what the enigma is, much less the answer. The first several chapters of *Barking Down the Wind* focus on the relationship between wealthy widow Jennifer Trewlove and her equally wealthy friend, Giselle Carboni. They engage in bitchy, brittle banter familiar to readers of a genre of fiction popular in the late 1970s and 1980s, often described as *shopping and schtupping*:

"Did your Reverend dog-walker tell you that rubbish?" asked Giselle, with her long green quills of fingernails scratching her erogenous legs in black sheer silk stockings.

"No, he didn't, actually." There ensued an awkward pause while Giselle gathered her thoughts. Meanwhile, twin ropes of lustrous Tiffany pearls clicked over her skintight black silk dress in elegant contrast to the other, casually dressed in a Japanese dragon quilted kimono.

Persevering readers will find that after the first several chapters, the story shifts to focus on the relationship between Jennifer and her beloved Reverend Bernard Houndsditch. Jennifer adopts David, and a few comical scenes ensue as Jennifer and the Reverend deal with the challenges facing new adopters, such as stairs and barking.

Over halfway through the novel, the central conflict of *Barking Down the Wind*



Kahlua. Gail Ward, New Bern, N.C.

comes to the forefront: Jennifer, who believes that dogs have souls, wants David to go to heaven. To that end, she wishes to have him baptized. She also wants him to have a Christian burial, when the time comes. Reverend Houndsditch is opposed to her plan. Will she succeed?

Though its cover features the drawing of a Greyhound and the jacket blurb promises a story about a woman and her adopted pet, David seems an afterthought throughout much of the book. Furthermore, his new adoptive owners do not seem particularly sensitive or pet-savvy. David's maiden voyage up the stairs requires the assistance of Jennifer, her maid, Giselle, and the Reverend; a few pages earlier, Giselle and Jennifer are described as wearing skintight silk evening dresses, which perhaps explains the army required to hoist David up the steps. When David barks or whines, Jennifer orders her maid to give him a bowl of ice cream. At the beginning of Chapter 6, Jennifer is distraught because David has escaped through an open door into the winter night. Instead of going out to look for him, Jennifer remains at home, with Giselle

and the Reverend to console her. Three-quarters of the way through the book, Jennifer mentions as evidence of her faith an occasion on which David lay dying after having ingested a deadly poison, then made a miraculous recovery that she attributes to prayer. This horrifying incident is not mentioned elsewhere in the book; as a passing reference, it is jarring. Finally, David disappears again towards the end of the story. He is found, and the central conflict of *Barking Down the Wind* is resolved, but the story's conclusion may leave Greyhound lovers disappointed. Personally, I found myself wishing that David would escape through another open door and find himself at Hardin Creek Farm, frolicking with Tweeter and her friends.

Both novels benefit Greyhound adoption: 25 percent of the royalties of *Barking Down the Wind* are donated to Greyhound rescue, and the animal characters in *Greyhound Dancing* were named in an auction to benefit the Arizona Greyhound Rescue Puppy Fund and Wings for Greyhounds. ■

Cindy Hanson is Editor-in-Chief of CG Magazine.

No-Knit Hound Sweater



Probably our most-requested new pattern is for a Greyhound sweater to knit or crochet. Not knowing how to do either, we have finally solved the problem with these instructions for making a Greyhound sweater out of a woman's turtleneck sweater. Consider celebrating your Greyhound's Irish heritage by using a cable knit sweater from Ireland to make the sweater.

Materials Needed

- Bulky knit sweater – women's medium or large seem to work best
- 3 yards of double-fold seam binding in coordinating color
- At least 6 inches of sew-on hook and loop fabric tape, such as Velcro®
- Large paper grocery bag or other large piece of paper

Time

Each sweater takes 30-45 minutes to complete, including the time needed to make the pattern.

Step 1: Choose the Sweater

Find a bulky knit woman's sweater with a turtleneck, in size medium or large. We find them for \$3.50 at thrift stores in our area, but you may already have one at home. Look for sweaters made of big, thick yarn with large, chunky turtlenecks. Don't worry about stains or runs on the sleeves. You won't be using them. The example shown here is a lovely 100 percent Irish wool cable knit. We have also had very nice results with those fancy patterned holiday sweaters.

Step 2: Make the Pattern

This is the part where a few extra hands will be very helpful! Put the sweater over your hound's neck, with the tag at the base of his throat. This may seem backwards, but it will display the fancier part of the sweater — the front — on the hound's back. Let the arms dangle. Fold the paper in half the long way to keep your pattern perfectly symmetrical. Place the paper with the fold running along your hound's spine. With a marker or crayon, draw the shape for the top half of the sweater. Be careful to watch where the arms connect to the body of the sweater, and make your pattern miss that area so the entire pattern falls within the body of the sweater. We like to taper the pattern around the waist for a more form-fitting sweater. The pattern should extend all the way to the waistline of the sweater, which is often finished with nice ribbing. Cut the pattern out along the line you have drawn. It should look something like Figure 1.

Step 3: Pin Pattern on Sweater and Sew Binding

Turn the sweater inside out. Unfold the pattern and pin it to the front of the sweater. Cut the seam binding in half so you have two 1 1/2 yard pieces. Starting at the rear end (bottom ribbing on front of sweater), sew one side of the seam binding along the line of the pattern, just 1/4 inch from the edge of the pattern. Remember that you will be folding the seam binding around the edge to finish the edge and place it properly. You still have the arms of the sweater connected, so it will take some finagling to sew along both outer edges as shown in Figure 2.

Continue the seam binding in a line down the back of the sweater. What was the back of the sweater will now be stretched across your hound's chest, so it does not need to follow the pattern. A straight line works fine.

Step 4: Cut the Sweater and Fit To Greyhound

You must sew one side of the seam binding into place before you can cut the sweater. Your stitches will hold the threads of the yarn and keep the sweater from unraveling. Cut the sweater 1/2 inch from your stitch lines and cut off both arms of the sweater. Now is the time when you are most able to make minor adjustments, so take the assembly to your hound and try it on. If you need to adjust the placement of the seam binding, carefully remove the stitches and re-sew into the new position.

Step 5: Sew Other Side of Seam Binding

Fold the seam binding around the cut edge of the sweater and stitch a second time to hold it in place. This will give your sweater a finished edge and further prevent the threads of the yarn from unraveling.

Step 6: Test on Greyhound and Add Hook and Loop Fabric Tape

Time to take it to the hound again. Put the sweater on your dog and hold in place. Find the best location for each 3 inch strip of hook and loop tape. You will sew one set (hooks and loops) to each side of the sweater. Sew the scratchy hook side of the fabric tape to the bottom flap (the flap that's straight) and the fuzzy loop side to the top of the sweater (the flap that follows your pattern). That way the stiffer hook part won't be scratchy against your hound. The general placement of the hook and loop fabric tape is shown in Figure 3.

That's it. You're done. Now take that fashionable hound of yours for a walk.

While you are at it, why not make a few sweaters to donate to your local Greyhound adoption group? You will feel great about it and they will make good use of them. ■

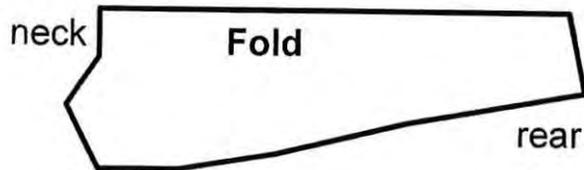


Figure 1.



Figure 2.

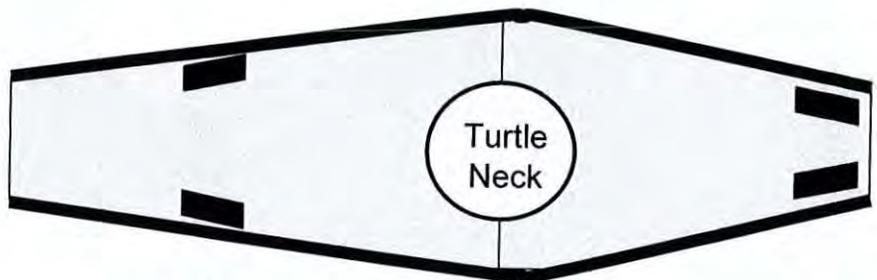


Figure 3.

Medicating Reba

Being awakened in the middle of the night because the bed is crashing into the wall is scary. Even scarier is the Greyhound in the crate at the foot of the bed having a grand mal seizure. Reba, our then-foster Greyhound of eight days, was sleeping in her crate when the seizure began. Reba had no known history of seizures. My husband and I had never experienced a seizure with a person or a pet. It was a frightening incident. The seizure occurred in the early morning of January 9, 2002. We consulted the veterinarian the following day. Reba had experienced diarrhea for several days prior to the seizure. She was mildly dehydrated, and the veterinarian believed this might have led to the seizure.

Seizures are a result of muscle responses to an abnormal nerve-signal burst from the

brain. They are a symptom of an underlying neurological dysfunction. Toxic substances, metabolic or electrolyte abnormalities and/or imbalances cause an uncoordinated firing of neurons in the cerebrum of the brain, creating seizures from mild petit mal to severe grand mal episodes. The *petit mal* seizure can be as subtle as staring into space or appearing to be biting at fleas. The *grand mal* seizure can cause the dog to fall down, lose consciousness, paddle his limbs, lose control of bodily functions, or scream.

Reba's grand mal seizure occurred one month after she turned 2 years old. Seizure onset often occurs between the ages of 2 and 5. Reba came to Greyhound Pets of America/Oklahoma in November 2001. She had never raced. She had a complete physical,

a spay, and a dental cleaning that month. Nothing remarkable was noted as a result of her visit with the veterinarian.

We adopted Reba on January 21, 2002. Reba had a second grand mal seizure the next night. She was sleeping in her bed on the floor of our bedroom. We awoke to the sound of Reba thrashing and hitting the furniture. We followed standard seizure protocol: We kept our hands away from her teeth, and we attempted to hold her still and away from furniture and other things that could harm her if she hit them. Following the second seizure, GPA/Oklahoma scheduled Reba for blood work with the veterinarian on January 28, 2002. Seizure patients should undergo blood work to attempt to rule out any of a number of causes. Because



Seizure-free Reba soaks up the sun.



Reba relaxes at home.

there is no test for epilepsy, when all else is ruled out, the final diagnosis is idiopathic epilepsy (“idiopathic” means that there is no known cause). We received some of the results of the blood work on February 2, 2002. So far, everything looked good. The tick panel was negative. The T4 (thyroid) results would follow.

In light of Reba’s seizures, I decided to do some research on the subject. In addition to the petit mal and grand mal seizures, a condition known as *status epilepticus* can occur. This condition consists of one continuous seizure lasting ten minutes or more, or a series of seizures within a short period with no discernable break or apparent consciousness. Status epilepticus may be life threatening. Cluster seizures, or multiple seizures within a 24-hour period, may also be life threatening.

Reba’s thyroid test results came back showing a T4 of .3, which is extremely low. Normal T4 for dogs is 1.0 to 4.0. Although Greyhounds tend to have a low T4 level, Reba’s level was lower than usual. Hypothyroidism is easily treatable with medication. Reba was started on L-Thyroxine .2 mg twice a day. Since seizures are a symptom of hypothyroidism, I hoped that this treatment might be the answer to Reba’s seizures.

Forty days after she began taking her thyroid medication, Reba had another grand

mal seizure. She had another seizure four days later, and another one two days after that. I called our family veterinarian after each incident. I also kept a seizure diary so that I would have records to help keep us on track with Reba’s treatment.

Our veterinarian did more blood work, and on March 25, 2002, Reba began taking one-half grain of phenobarbital twice a day. Although phenobarbital can control seizures in most dogs, prolonged use can cause liver damage. Dogs taking phenobarbital need to have their liver enzymes tested every few months.

Two weeks after Reba began taking the phenobarbital, she had another grand mal seizure. This time, the seizure was milder. The post-ictal phase, or the period following a seizure during which the dog may pace endlessly and appear blind and deaf, lasted the usual hour. We found that Rescue Remedy™, a homeopathic treatment, was effective in reducing the post ictal phase when given by dropper on the tongue. Our veterinarian advised us to double Reba’s phenobarbital dose to 1 grain twice daily.

Eighteen days later, Reba experienced another grand mal seizure. The seizure was milder. The post-ictal phase lasted only 30 minutes. We were making progress. I dared to dream of Reba being seizure-free in the near future. Still, she had two more grand

mal seizures in the next six days. More calls to our veterinarian resulted in the addition of another medication to Reba’s medicine cabinet. Potassium bromide is a compounded medication that, when taken in conjunction with phenobarbital, will control most dogs’ seizures. Reba started taking 600 mg of potassium bromide once a day. When she began this treatment, she had three grand mal seizures in one week. The seizures were much milder. The post-ictal phase lasted approximately 15 minutes. Our veterinarian advised us to continue keeping the seizure diary and give the potassium bromide a chance to take effect.

Another grand mal seizure occurred nearly 30 days later. Our veterinarian felt that there was no need to increase her medication at this time. We felt that one seizure a month would be manageable. That was six months ago, and Reba is still seizure free. Every day without wild thrashing and the dazed confusion of the post-ictal phase is a gift.

For an owner of a dog who has seizures, decisions about diet, environment, and vaccinations are especially important. Minimizing your seizure dog’s exposure to preservatives and chemicals is crucial. Vaccinations can lower a dog’s seizure threshold and trigger an episode, so work with your veterinarian to determine what is best for your dog. Other resources, such as the Epil-K9 All Breed Canine Epilepsy List (www.canine-epilepsy.com), are also invaluable.

Idiopathic epilepsy is a diagnosis of exclusion. Epilepsy affects at least one percent of all dogs. The exact neuro-chemical balance that causes it is unknown. Since we were able to rule out other causes, we consider Reba to be an epileptic dog. Although we do not know the cause of her epilepsy, we do know how to effectively control her seizures. And that is what is important to us and to our beloved Reba. ■

Candee Scott lives in Oklahoma City with her Greyhound, Reba. John B. Hays, DVM reviewed this article.

Seizure Medications



Seizures in a dog younger than 1 year or older than 5 years of age are more likely due to secondary epilepsy than idiopathic epilepsy. Friday and Willie, adopted by Cathy Norris of Fremont, Mich.

The beautiful black and white parti-colored hound leaned on my leg and looked up into my eyes. He'd developed a following since coming to stay at the adoption director's house. Everyone loved Domino and his sweet and affectionate nature, and people would compete for his attention. He was, however, a Greyhound with special needs, and an adoptive family would have to be very carefully chosen for him. Domino had epileptic seizures, and his new family would have to monitor both the seizures and his medication for the rest of his life.

Domino did indeed find a wonderful home, and his adoptive mom ended up writing about Domino's seizures and their treatment for *Celebrating Greyhounds* ("Domino's Seizures," Fall 1997 *CG*). Domino received two medications that are the subject of this

article: phenobarbital and bromide (in Domino's case, potassium bromide).

Phenobarbital and bromide are the first-choice drugs for controlling seizures in dogs. Seizures usually result from idiopathic epilepsy. *Idiopathic* is a term used in medicine to describe a condition whose cause is not known. Therefore, idiopathic epilepsy refers to epileptic seizures for which a specific cause cannot be found. Seizures can result from a range of disorders, including brain tumors, organ failure, hypothyroidism, chemical imbalances, and infectious diseases. Ingestion of toxic substances can also be responsible. Careful testing for these conditions must occur to ensure prescription of appropriate treatment for the underlying cause, if there is one. In general, if a dog is between 1 and 5 years old, the chances of

having idiopathic epilepsy are much greater than if the dog is less than 1 year old or more than 5 years of age. Puppies and older dogs are more likely to have what is known as secondary epilepsy — seizures due to underlying medical conditions.

Phenobarbital

Phenobarbital belongs to a class of drugs called barbiturates. These drugs are central nervous system depressants. While their exact mechanism of action is not known, they have been found to inhibit the release of some types of neurotransmitters. They are used in veterinary medicine for sedation, anesthesia, and euthanasia. Phenobarbital is special in that at low doses it suppresses motor activity enough to control seizures without causing excessive sedation. It is a synthetic compound first used as an anti-epileptic for humans in 1912.

Phenobarbital has long been the first drug of choice for controlling epileptic seizures in dogs. For one reason, it stays in a dog's body long enough to be effective. Other medications used in humans, such as phenytoin (brand name Dilantin®, Parke-Davis), are broken down too rapidly in dogs to be of much use. While newer anti-epileptic drugs have come on the market for humans, they are expensive and their use in animals has been limited. Phenobarbital is inexpensive and its side effects in dogs are well known. Clinical studies have reported that between 60 percent and 80 percent of epileptic dogs will have their seizures controlled satisfactorily by the use of phenobarbital alone.

A typical dose of phenobarbital will range from .5 to 4 milligrams per lb twice a day.* Higher doses, called loading doses, are sometimes used at first to bring the seizures under control quickly if they are frequent or severe. After two weeks, your

veterinarian will probably want to take a blood test from your Greyhound to determine the levels of phenobarbital in the blood. This is important, since proper control of seizures depends on keeping a steady minimum amount of the drug in the bloodstream. Your veterinarian will probably ask you to bring your Greyhound in for the test just before he or she is due for another dose of medication. Doing so will allow measurement of the amount of medication in the blood while it is at its lowest point, or "trough." The goal is to keep enough phenobarbital in the blood to control the seizures, but not so much that it becomes toxic to the dog. It is important to give phenobarbital exactly as your veterinarian directs and as close to the same time every day as possible, in order to maintain a steady amount. Skipping doses can result in seizures. Dogs with idiopathic epilepsy will most likely need regular medication for the rest of their lives.

As with any drug, side effects can be a concern. The most serious side effect that can occur with long-term use is liver damage. Phenobarbital tends to stimulate liver enzymes, which break the drug down in the body. Over time, the greater efficiency of the liver in eliminating the drug can necessitate higher doses, and higher doses in turn can be toxic to the liver. Your veterinarian will probably want to monitor the effect of phenobarbital on your Greyhound's liver by taking blood tests every six to 12 months in order to detect any problems before they become severe. If a problem is detected early, the chances of the liver recovering from the damage are greater.

Sedation or agitation, excessive drinking and urination, and an unsteady gait can occur at the outset of treatment and with an increase in dosage, but these side effects tend to diminish over several weeks. Dogs on phenobarbital also tend to want to eat more food and can gain weight while on the drug, so dietary management may become necessary.

If you notice any side effects, you should call your veterinarian for advice. Never stop giving phenobarbital without your veterinarian's direction. Chronic use of this medication creates physical dependency over time, and sudden withdrawal of the drug can cause severe, life-threatening seizures.

Beware your Greyhound's other medications once he is on phenobarbital. It can inhibit the effectiveness of some drugs: antibiotics doxycycline and metronidazole (Flagyl®, Searle), and corticosteroids, such as prednisone, are examples. Phenobarbital can increase the effects of other central nervous system depressants, such as narcotics and tranquilizers. The stomach acid-reducer cimetidine (Tagamet®, GlaxoSmithKline) and the antibiotic chloramphenicol can interfere with the metabolism of phenobarbital, leading to toxic levels in the blood.

Acepromazine, a commonly used tranquilizer and pre-anesthetic agent, can lower the seizure threshold. So can the pre-anesthetic agents ketamine and xylazine. These drugs should not be used on dogs with epilepsy. If you must take your epileptic Greyhound to a veterinarian unfamiliar with your pet's medical history, tell him your dog has epilepsy and is on phenobarbital.

Bromide

Bromide salts — potassium bromide and sodium bromide — have been gaining popularity in recent years, both as an adjunct therapy when phenobarbital alone does not provide great enough seizure control, and as a stand-alone drug for dogs who cannot take phenobarbital due to liver problems or intolerable side effects.

Using bromide salts to treat seizures in humans started in the mid-1800s. Bromide has been used in dogs to control seizures for about 40 years. Until recently, it was generally recommended only when other medications were not effective. The bromide ion controls seizures. It is believed that bromide reduces the excitability and activity of



Phenobarbital can increase your Greyhound's appetite, so monitoring his diet is important. JANICE GEBUR

neurons, and limits the spread of epileptic discharges. Sodium and potassium bromide work equally well in this regard, the only difference being that sodium bromide doses are calculated at 15 percent less than potassium bromide.

The choice between sodium bromide and potassium bromide will probably depend on any other medical conditions your Greyhound may have and his individual response to the medication. Both salts are chemicals that are usually made into liquids by a compounding pharmacy. Potassium bromide might be the preferred choice for a dog who needs to have sodium intake restricted, as might be the case for a dog with heart disease. Sodium bromide might be preferred for a dog who shouldn't have excess potassium. Sodium bromide can also be easier on the stomach, so a dog that becomes nauseated by potassium bromide might do better with the sodium variety.

One advantage that the bromide salts have over phenobarbital is that they are not broken down by the liver. When impaired liver function makes phenobarbital unsuitable, bromide salts are especially useful. Bromide also lasts longer in the bloodstream, so dosing can be less frequent. A possible disadvantage of bromide is that it takes longer for the salts to reach effective levels



Seizures aren't as scary as you'd think. Proper medication will control them so that your Greyhound can live a long and happy life.

in the bloodstream. While phenobarbital can reach effective levels in one to two weeks, bromide may take a month or more. Loading doses may be an option for dogs whose seizures need to be more quickly controlled. A standard dose would be 10-20 milligrams per lb once a day when used with phenobarbital, or 28-35 milligrams per lb when used alone. Your veterinarian will probably want to administer a blood test after a month to check the levels of bromide, and will adjust the dose at that time if necessary. As is the case with phenobarbital, you will probably be asked to bring your Greyhound in for the test just before he or she is due for the next dose of medication.

Bromide salts should be given with food. This is usually not difficult, since bromide comes in powdered or liquid form and can be sprinkled or squirted onto food. Some dogs object to its salty taste. If yours does, ask your pharmacy to flavor the solution to make it more palatable.

The type of food is important, too. Bromide competes with chloride ions for attachment to cells in the body. Diets that are higher in salt (some prescription diets like

Hill's S/D and Hill's I/D fit this description) or too low in salt may result in levels of bromide that are either too high or too low. Always consult with your veterinarian if you change the diet of a dog on anti-epileptic medication.

Side effects observed with bromide are similar to those with phenobarbital, with the exception of the liver problems. In the first weeks of treatment or after a dose increase, your dog may experience transient sedation, loss of appetite, vomiting, constipation, and unsteady gait. Switching from potassium to sodium bromide or dividing the dose and administering it twice a day may help. *Never* change the dosing schedule or amount of medication without first consulting your veterinarian. There is evidence that the incidence of pancreatitis might be higher in dogs receiving phenobarbital and bromide together, so consult your veterinarian if your dog develops gastrointestinal distress.

As with phenobarbital, other medications that depress the central nervous system can have an exaggerated effect. When your Greyhound is undergoing treatment for other conditions, always remember to

inform veterinary personnel that your dog has epilepsy and is taking bromide.

Support for the guardians of epileptic dogs is available on the Internet, in the form of the Epil-K9 All Breed Canine Epilepsy List (<http://www.canine-epilepsy.com>). Further information about phenobarbital, bromide salts, and other medications is also available there. With proper monitoring and management, and commitment from his or her guardian, an epileptic Greyhound can have a good quality of life and enjoy his or her family for many years to come.

**As an older drug, sometimes the dosage of phenobarbital is referred to in grains. Generally, a 1/2-grain dosage is 30 milligrams and a 1-grain dosage is 60 milligrams, since most companies that make phenobarbital produce tablets in these dosages. Depending on the source, a "true" grain can be said to be anywhere from 60 to 65 milligrams. The term grain is derived from the weight of a grain of wheat. ■*

Nancy Beach is a CG regular contributor.

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Checking in on the Twitch Kids



The Twitch Kids: Reeses, Hershey, and Kisses.

It does not seem possible that three years have passed since I last wrote about my Twitch Kids for *CG* (“Epileptic Dogs: Hard to Adopt — but Hard to Resist,” Spring 2000 *CG*). Hershey Bar, my heartdog, is 10 and-a-half now, his black coat a beautiful tweed, his dear face now almost all white. His epilepsy is stabilized on 90 mg phenobarbital (Pb) and 0.4 mcg Soloxine® twice a day. His last episode (not truly a grand mal seizure, but one with a very long post-ictal period) was well over a year ago.

Normally, I am pretty good with the thrashing and have learned to roll with the punches. But when it comes to my Hersh, I am reduced to a blithering idiot. I know what to do — give him an extra 15mg of Pb, cover his head with a towel — but I still get semi-hysterical, possibly because his episodes are so rare. We have been together for nearly eight years now and he is still as ornery as ever, stealing food on a regular basis. But he is the best at meeting people and has been responsible for the adoption of many other Greyhounds.

Reeses, my big red brindle, joined the household four years ago at age 2. Before I adopted him, he had five seizures a day in the kennel. Despite all my efforts, he continues to have seizures, though the incidence is down to maybe once a month or every six weeks. His Pb dose is steady at 120mg and 0.4mcg Soloxine® twice a day. His potassium bromide (KBr) was recently increased to 1000mg twice a day, after he suffered seven seizures in a three-day period. Although I have no scientific support for this hypothesis,



Switcher, adopted by Carol Lawrence and Tom Cockle of Fieldbrook, Calif. BETI TROUTH

I believe these seizures were the result of a combination of pain from a corn on his foot and the occurrence of a full moon. Anyone living with an epileptic, animal or human, will attest to the fact that things often get worse with a full moon. Many health professionals share this observation as I do, with 40 years' experience as a pharmacist.

Reecy is also ornery in his own way, growing more nocturnal as he ages. He loves to play in the middle of the night, tossing his stuffies or attacking the furniture, until

I give him a bit of kibble and some water; he then goes back to sleep. Who trained whom? My Peanut Butter Pup is doing well on the higher dose of KBr, despite my misgivings and fear of worsening the ataxia (muscle weakness and impaired coordination) he suffers from the medication. He seldom has focal seizures anymore. (These are the type which feature odd movements in an isolated part of the body. The dog remains conscious, but may not remember the episode afterward.) His grand mal episodes

are much more brief as he gets older, with very short post-ictal periods. Reecy has always been the alpha male, putting Hershey in his place more than once. I shudder to think what he would have been like had he not been on phenobarbital.

My sweet little girl, Kissy, came to me as a bounceback over three years ago. She wagged her tail and swung her butt, prompting me to take a third Greyhound before I knew what hit me. And surprise, surprise — she is also epileptic. When she came home with me, she was on such a low dose of KBr, just 500mg once a day, that I questioned whether she even needed it. In my infinite wisdom, I gradually reduced the dose until she was not taking any at all. I was so proud of myself. Then she seized during a meet-and-greet in front of a group of people. She was back on the KBr the next day and has not had an episode since.

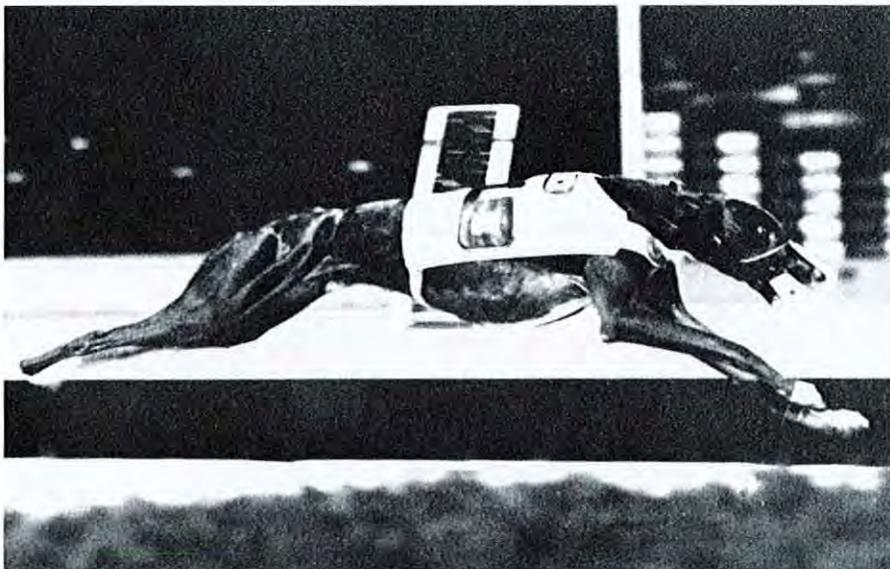
The Kids undergo blood and urine tests periodically and so far, so good. Despite the high doses of Pb, both boys have good liver and kidney function. Hershey shows signs of normal wear and tear on his organs, with only slightly elevated figures. Reecy's numbers are similar, despite his younger years, due to the severity of his condition and multiple problems caused by the seizures. Kissy's tests have all been normal.

Each of my three epi-pups is different in physiology, with a unique medical profile, and each one is lovable in his or her own way. I am still a big advocate of special-needs adoptions and have made myself available for counseling to anyone who is considering taking a special-needs Greyhound. Will there be a fourth Twitch Kid? Will my arthritic knees hold out long enough? Perhaps I'll report back in three more years! ■

Merci Riccardi retired after 40 years as a pharmacist and now devotes her time to the Twitch Kids and the National Greyhound Adoption Program, where she is the New Jersey Affiliate and South Jersey Volunteer Coordinator.

Rocking Ship

First Irish Greyhound in the Hall of Fame



Rocking Ship. GREYHOUND HALL OF FAME

He was born in a rural area of County Kerry, Ireland in 1969 and raised in a thatched hut. He feasted on fresh-caught fish and round steak, and slept on a mattress near the fireplace. He was used to taking orders in Gaelic until he was purchased by David J. Cahill of Chicago, Illinois and imported to the United States. Rocking Ship was to have a brief but stellar run, starting his racing career at Tralee in Ireland, but springing to fame and great success in Florida.

Rocky was trained by Don Cuddy, one of the top trainers in America. Cuddy would later train the great Downing as well. Cuddy loved this dog, but Rocking Ship had a rocky start in the U.S. He refused to eat and grew terribly underweight until his former owner/trainer was contacted and suggested a diet of fish. Rocky was delighted and returned to top form. When Rocky was back on his feet, Cuddy returned him to the kennel from his home, where Rocky had been recuperating.

Rocking Ship had some quirks that delighted the audiences at the track. He loved the crowds and played to them constantly. He would step regally onto the track, parade partway down, and then lie down and roll around or scratch his back on the fence, or just lie down and stare back at the crowd. He definitely believed in conservation of energy.

"People just loved to come see him," said Mrs. David Cahill. "He would roll over on command like those trick dogs." He was a real character.

Rocky was a marathon runner and set several new records at the half-mile distance. He was practically unbeatable over the marathon distances. He won the Flashy Sir Award for Best Distance Greyhound in 1972 and again in 1973. He ran out of the Pat Dalton kennel, and he honored it with many wins.

In 1973, Rocking Ship set more records and won stakes race after stakes race. In the fall, his greatest triumph was winning the Biscayne Irish-American Marathon Classic

by 11 lengths in record time. It appeared that Rocky had a long and illustrious career before him and that his stud services would be in great demand in the future.

However, that was not to be. On November 9, 1973, Rocking Ship died under odd circumstances, the apparent victim of a venomous bite of unknown origin. A trainer in Hialeah, Florida recalls hearing of the dog's demise: "I was nine years old when 'Ship' was tearing up Flagler and Biscayne. My dad and grandpa would come home late at night from the track and leave some money on my dresser, compliments of Rocking Ship. I remember them talking about how much of a monster [runner] he was. The dog was supposedly bitten by a coral snake."

The source of the bite was never determined. The great racing dog Rocking Ship was dead in the prime of his life. "When 'Rocky' died, a part of me died with him," said Cuddy. "His honesty was never in doubt, his courage unlimited, and it appeared he was happiest bringing pleasure to his public." Sadly, Rocking Ship did not live to reproduce those qualities.

Shortly after his death, the Biscayne track renamed its marathon stake the Rocking Ship Memorial. Although it was later renamed the U.S. Marathon, perhaps Rocky's honor will someday be returned to him.

In 86 career starts, he had 53 wins, 11 second-place finishes and eight third-place finishes. He lost the Dog of the Decade title to Downing in 1979 — by a single vote. When he was voted into the Hall of Fame in 1980, he was the youngest and the first Irish-bred Greyhound inductee. Rocking Ship had Gaelic charm and Greyhound heart. The Hall of Fame is honored by his presence. ■

Laurel E. Drew is a CG regular contributor.

Tuckasaurus Gives at the Office



Tuckasaurus relaxes at home after a little heroism. MICHAEL BOLLON

The dogs bolted out the back door onto our deck and streaked around their fenced 3-acre playground. In other words, the day started out like any other. But it didn't end that way.

We have four Greyhounds: Quincy and Tucker are the boys, and Fancy and Jamie are the girls. We also have a little Beagle named Maggie. The star of this tale is Tucker. Like most folks, we have several nicknames for each member of our gang. Tucker is 80 lbs, dominant and strong; he is also known as Tuckzilla, Tuckasaurus, Tankman, Tuckrock, KenTucky, Chewtucka, and Keota Blockhead. His racing name was Keota Tucker, and he came to us from Lou Batdorf via GPA/Wheeling Downs.

My wife Stacie is a dog groomer. Her boss, Gail, breeds and shows Golden Retrievers. That day, Gail returned home to

find one of her Golden Retrievers, 8 year-old Luke, lying in his kennel and bleeding profusely from his nose. She rushed him to the clinic. After running some tests, the veterinarian did not hold out much hope for Luke's survival. Meanwhile, Stacie called the veterinarian and offered help in the form of a blood donation from one of our Greyhounds. Stacie let me know I might receive a call from Gail, then went to the YMCA to work out.

I was feeding the dogs as early evening approached. The telephone rang. It was Gail. I could hear the sense of urgency in the crackling of her voice. I assured her that we would get to the clinic as soon as possible. Stacie pulled into our driveway shortly thereafter to find Tucker and me waiting for her. We chose Tucker to be the donor because he is rock solid and strong.

The veterinarian took 500cc of blood from Tuckzilla and, after some tense moments, was able to stabilize Luke's condition. Within two days, Luke's condition improved, and he was able to go home. After a couple of up and down days at home, Luke is on the mend — thanks to the donation from Tuckasaurus. The veterinarian told us Tucker's gift of blood was a life-saving effort. Tucker was rewarded that night with a piece of pizza.

Ed. Note: A little more than two months later, Luke's condition deteriorated very suddenly, and Gail had to put him down. But Tucker's donation gave Luke eight more weeks of good quality life before his trip to the Bridge. ■

Michael Bollon lives in Dover, Ohio with wife Stacie, Greyhounds Quincy, Fancy, Tucker, and Jamie, and Maggie the beagle.

By Diane Swanson
Photos by Georgette
Granger Wahl

Get in Shape with the Greyhoundisizer!



Begin and end each exercise session with peaceful thoughts.



Keep back straight, with knees bent as if sitting in a chair. (Start with, perhaps, an Italian Greyhound and work your way up to this girl.)



For Sit-Ups: Put Greyhound in a down-stay. Slip feet under belly anchor.



For Sit-Ups: Always maintain good posture while exercising.

At meet-and-greets, one of the questions most frequently asked is “*Can I exercise with my Greyhound?*” In general, the response is a resounding “*Yes, you can!*” Of course, running or jogging is normally the first thing that comes to mind when people mention exercising with their dog. Although this is definitely a great cardiovascular workout, it is important to remember that while your Greyhound is a trained athlete, his specialty is sprinting, not long-distance running. Therefore, he will need time to build up endurance.

Did you know that running is not the only exercise that you can do with your Greyhound? They are wonderful accessories for

weight-bearing exercises, such as pushups and squats, and they make great anchors for sit-ups, as the accompanying photos illustrate.

As always, consult your physician (and veterinarian?) before embarking upon a rigorous new exercise program. ■

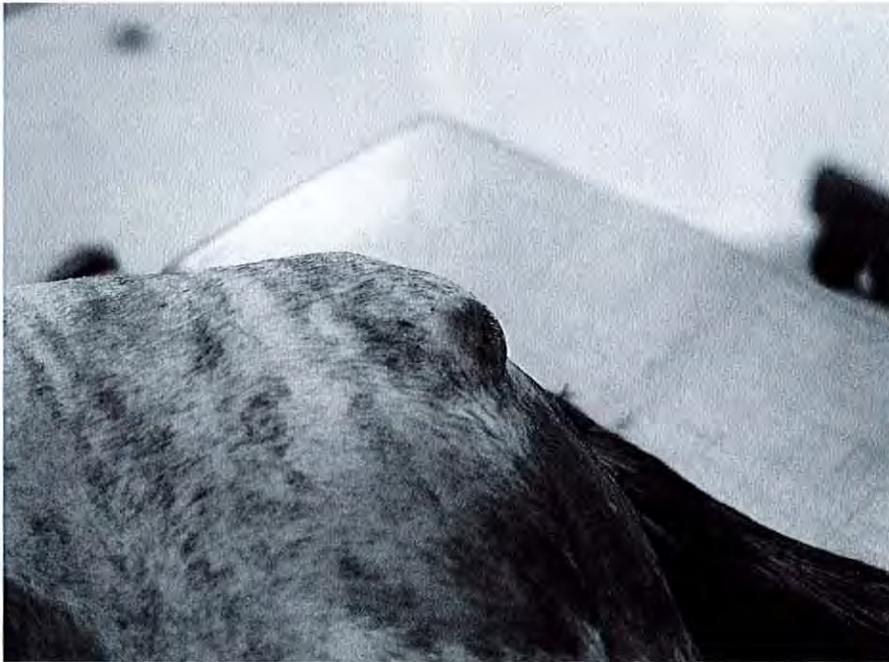
Diane Swanson lives in Chicago, Ill. with her Greyhounds Travis, Mike, and BB Dolly. She volunteers for Greyhounds Only, a non-profit rescue group. Her partner does not allow her to visit the kennels any more, because three dogs are enough! This article originally appeared in the Fall 2002 issue of The Skinny, the newsletter of Greyhounds Only.

Special thanks to Richard F. Wahl, wrangler. No Greyhounds were harmed, exercised, or even particularly alert during this photo shoot. Always keep your Greyhounds on leash in an unfenced area.



For Push-Ups: Having a true couch potato comes in handy!

Lumps and Bumps — Friend or Foe?



Fire's suspicious lump was a mast cell tumor.



The tumor was excised during the initial surgery.



Wider margins were excised during the second surgery.

A lump or bump on your Greyhound may be a serious matter. Any suspicious lump should be investigated thoroughly to rule out a life-threatening disease. This article describes the investigation of a lump and follows the case from diagnosis to cure. This case also demonstrates the importance of early diagnosis and intervention.

Every month, Greyhound owners should thoroughly examine their pets for lumps and bumps. Perform the exam by slowly and thoroughly petting your Greyhound. Feel for any thickening or irregularities underneath the skin or within the skin itself. If you find a lump, it is time for a trip to the veterinarian.

The veterinarian will perform a thorough physical exam to check for more lumps, observe any changes in weight, behavior, and eating habits. After the physical exam, the veterinarian will perform a fine needle aspirate (FNA). FNA involves inserting a fine gauge needle into the lump/thickened area, using a syringe to aspirate some cells into the needle, depositing those cells onto a microscope slide, staining the cells, and evaluating them with a microscope. If the veterinarian is not comfortable interpreting the FNA, he may send it to a pathologist for interpretation. The pathologist's results may not be available for several days.

If the FNA is non-diagnostic, then a biopsy is indicated. A Tru cut biopsy consists of removing only a small section of the lump, and requires a local anesthetic. An excisional biopsy is performed under general anesthesia and involves removal of the lump with surrounding tissue; the entire mass is submitted to a pathologist for analysis. The pathologist evaluates the tumor for type, aggressiveness, and degree of removal.

After the diagnosis, the veterinarian will determine a course of treatment. If the FNA or biopsy reveals a benign growth, no other treatment may be indicated. If the results indicate a malignancy, the patient must be staged. Staging means the dog is thoroughly evaluated for spread of the tumor to other areas of the body. Staging should include a complete blood count, comprehensive serum chemistry, radiographs of the abdomen and chest, and possibly a bone marrow analysis. Staging allows the veterinarian to better prognosticate the seriousness of the disease, and determine treatment. Some tumor surgery is curative; others may call for anti-neoplastic therapy (treatment designed to eliminate the abnormal cells, such as chemotherapy or radiation).

One Greyhound's Story

The following case demonstrates the presentation, staging and treatment of a mass that suddenly appeared on a Greyhound's thigh.

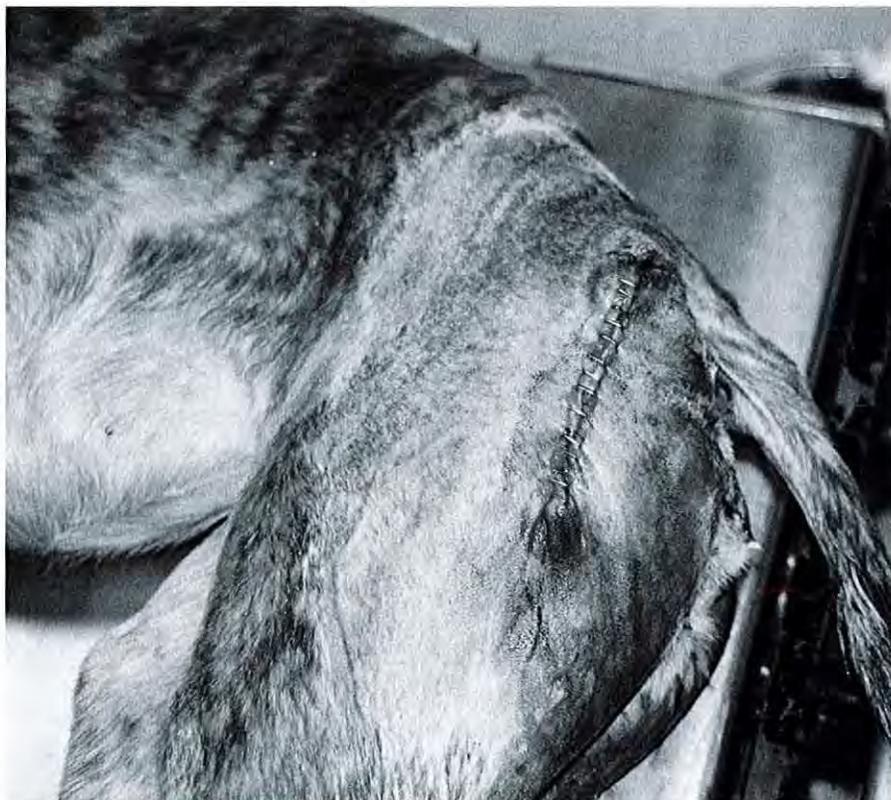
Fire, a six-year-old spayed female Greyhound, presented for a mass on her left thigh of two days duration. The owner thought it was an injury, probably a bite from one of her other dogs. Fire had no other history of health problems.

Fire's exam revealed a healthy Greyhound with a 3-centimeter mass on her left thigh. A FNA was performed on the mass and the results indicated a mast cell tumor. Fire was staged according to the algorithm outlined in *Managing the Veterinary Cancer Patient* (Gregory K. Ogilvie and Antony S. Moore, Veterinary Learning Systems, 1995). No other tumors were observed, leading to the conclusion that the tumor was probably localized to the solitary mass. Surgery would likely be curative.

Fire was scheduled for surgery the same day. When removing a tumor surgically, wide margins are indicated, as the first chance to cure is the best. One to two centimeter margins were excised on all sides of the mass, necessitating removal of an area of the thigh muscle. Surgery was uneventful and all tissues excised were submitted to a pathologist for evaluation.

The pathologist's report arrived about a week after the surgery. The pathologist confirmed a Grade II mast cell tumor.

Mast cells are critical to the dog's immune response. Located in loose connective tissue, they contain several chemicals that aid in tissue repair by acting as inflammatory mediators. For example, when the mast cell identifies a foreign substance, it releases histamine. Histamine acts to widen small blood vessels, facilitating the delivery of white blood cells that act to eliminate the foreign substance. It also produces allergic responses such as a runny nose, swelling, redness, and itching.



Fire's closed incision.

A mast cell tumor is, very simply, a mass of cancerous mast cells. According to Ogilvie and Moore, pathologists grade mast cell tumors as follows:

Grade 1: A well-differentiated tumor with 93% of the dogs alive at 1,500 days post-diagnosis.

Grade 2: A moderately differentiated tumor with 44% of the dogs alive at 1,500 days post-diagnosis.

Grade 3: A poorly differentiated tumor with 6% of the dogs alive at 1,500 days post diagnosis.

The pathologist's report on Fire's tumor noted that one area of the deep margin was close, and possibly some tumor cells had been left behind. The owner had two options: have another surgery to remove wider margins, or have radiation therapy performed at a referral institution. Fire's owner elected to have further surgery.

Three weeks after the first surgery, a second surgery was performed. Wider margins were excised; all excised tissues were submitted to the pathologist. The second pathologist's report indicated the tumor had been completely removed. Fire is seven months post surgery with no reoccurrences, and is being observed for any new lumps. Any new lump will have a FNA performed.

What are the lessons learned from Fire's case? All suspicious lumps and bumps should be investigated with a FNA and or biopsy. Once a diagnosis is made, then the animal should be staged if needed; and treatment instituted. Early detection, diagnosis and appropriate treatment are imperative for a favorable outcome. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.

The Welfare of the Irish Greyhound



Irish Greyhounds waiting for homes at Avalon, the Irish Greyhound sanctuary. JOHN MOTTORN

My work for animal welfare began about 25 years ago when I came to live in Limerick City in western Ireland. There were many abandoned dogs and cats living on the streets and after a short time I decided to form a small welfare group, which we called Limerick Animal Welfare Circle. From that small circle of friends I went forward to represent our views as delegate to the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ISPCA). I became chairperson of the ISPCA in January 1994. The following spring, Louise Coleman of Greyhound Friends in Hopkinton, Mass., arrived in Ireland and insisted on seeing me even though I was very busy. Louise asked me directly what the ISPCA was doing to help the Irish Grey-

hound. I replied that we were doing very little due to the huge demands on our services. However, Louise inspired me that afternoon with her dedication and commitment to the Greyhounds and this is how the great work of Irish Greyhound Rescue was born.

In spring 1995, Johanna Wothke of ProAnimale, Germany, read about the desperate plight of the Irish Greyhound in the *Irish Times* and contacted the ISPCA. She came to Ireland in May 1995 and I met her at Shannon Airport. Johanna visited our kennels and immediately agreed to help us financially. Within two years we found a suitable location for a sanctuary and ProAnimale built a wonderful home for Greyhounds called Avalon. At present, we have over 80

dogs living at the sanctuary.

When speaking about Greyhound welfare in Ireland, we must realize that the Irish public does not consider that Greyhounds make suitable pets. Greyhounds are muzzled in public and it is not permitted to walk more than four at one time. This is the law. The ideal situation would be to have a group in Ireland totally dedicated to Greyhound welfare. It is difficult to believe that we do not, as yet, have such a group. More and more of my time is devoted to the welfare of these wonderful dogs.

The work for the Greyhounds can be divided into three main areas: Greyhounds racing in Ireland, the Irish Lurcher, and Greyhounds racing in Barcelona.

Greyhounds racing in Ireland

We estimate that approximately 10,000 Greyhounds are racing in Ireland at any one time. Bord na gCon (The Irish Greyhound Racing Board) has admitted that between 6,000 and 8,000 Greyhounds die each year due to "natural wastage." When asked what they mean by "natural wastage" they replied, "injuries and diseases." This is an amazing statistic as most of these Greyhounds are less than three years old. This figure does not take into account the initial cull of young dogs and could be a few thousand more. Greyhounds are tried in Ireland at 11 or 12 months. Many of the dogs sold at auction are only just over one year old.

For the last five years the ISPCA has asked Bord na gCon for the following: that all Greyhounds attending track events, including sales and trials, have the protection of vaccination certified by a veterinarian; that a veterinarian be present at all track events, including sales and trials; and that a change in registration be made to accommodate a rule similar to the English Rule 18, which makes the last registered owner liable if his dog is found abandoned or in bad condition.

The Bord replied that the racing industry is not ready for vaccination. They state they are



Several Lurcher-type dogs are visible in this photograph of Las Nieves, a dog refuge in Madrid, Spain. AMIGOS DE LOS GALGOS

on a "learning curve" when it comes to Greyhound welfare. We find this to be an extraordinary statement as the Bord has been racing Greyhounds in Ireland since the 1920s. The Bord states that it tries to have a veterinarian available at racing events, but cannot guarantee this. The Bord makes no effort to hold the last registered owner responsible for abandoned Greyhounds found in bad condition.

It is most important that we continue to lobby for these changes. It is not very much to ask, but it would make a big difference to the lives of thousands of Greyhounds racing in Ireland today.

The Irish Lurcher

The typical Irish Lurcher is three-quarters Greyhound and usually bred by the Irish Travellers for hunting rabbits and hares in the countryside. Lurchers are bred for endurance and speed. They have very good temperaments and are famous for having great stamina. They usually have long coats for protection from the severe winter and stronger bones than Greyhounds. Lurchers are good mixers, as they have to survive in the Travellers' yards. The main problems these dogs face are infestation with parasites and poor nutrition. They often have unattended injuries as many are kept chained when not hunting. The solution for helping these dogs is an education program. There are small successes when we have the time and the resources to visit the camps on a regular basis. One of the men recently brought us a Lurcher with a badly broken front leg. He



Avalon. JOHN MOTTERN

decided to leave it with us since he could not look after it properly. The dog now has a plate in his leg and is making good progress.

These Lurchers are the forgotten offshoot of the Greyhound industry. Many injured and poor-quality Greyhounds are found with the Travellers who use Greyhounds to breed with their Lurchers. The Travellers also like to cross breed the Greyhounds with Salukis or Irish Wolfhounds. Irish Lurchers have very little status, as you cannot go much lower on the social ladder than to be known as a gypsy dog. The Irish Lurchers, however, are now becoming popular in America and very recently Greyhound Friends West adopted several. Once again, we are depending on you to spread the good news about these wonderful dogs — the oldest hunting breed in Ireland.

The Irish Greyhound racing in Barcelona

When we come to the subject of the Irish Greyhound racing in Barcelona, this subject is almost too close to my heart. I first went to Barcelona and Malaga in 1997. I visited Spain again in April 1999. I am sure most of you have read the report from our ISPCA veterinarian about the conditions witnessed in 1997. This was the worst example of animal neglect that I have ever experienced. Over the years I have seen many dreadful scenes of cruelty but the scale is usually manageable in some way and there is always something that can be done to alleviate the suffering of the animals. In 1997, I could only stand and watch these beautiful Greyhounds living in terrible conditions and trying to race when they could not even walk. I knew that even if I could remove these Greyhounds from this awful place they would be replaced by another delivery from the Irish tracks. And so the long painful work of campaigning began, and with your help still continues. We now have hopes that we will eventually succeed.



Anna Clements with her adopted Irish Greyhound, Scooter. Clements is president of SOS Galgos, a group whose mission is to promote the welfare of Greyhounds racing at the track in Barcelona, Spain and to find adoptive homes for Greyhounds and native Galgos.

JOHN MOTTERN

The key to success in this terrible situation is the enforcement of the European Union (EU) Directives on the protection of animals from unnecessary suffering, with particular reference to Health Certification and Transport. Since 1995, the Irish government implemented the Balai Directive, which required all dogs going to Spain to have individual health certification, including rabies shots. The Department of Agriculture, however, ignored this and allowed the Greyhounds to be exported in contravention of the Directive. In August 2001, we succeeded in getting a consignment of Greyhounds to Spain stopped for the first time. The Spanish had to vaccinate all the Greyhounds and hold them in Ireland for 30 days to comply with the regulations. However, they were allowed

to go after 30 days even though we protested about the inadequate transporter and that a journey plan was not provided. We are now lobbying the European Commission to amend the 1995 directive so journey plans must be provided for the Greyhounds traveling more than ten hours on land and sea. It seems that the directives were written for farm animals and the commission did not envision dogs, especially Greyhounds, being transported for several days like cattle. It is ludicrous to think that a cow is entitled to a rest of twelve hours after ten hours at sea, but a Greyhound is not entitled to a rest after 22 hours at sea. This is the time it takes to travel from Ireland to France on the ferry.

It is a lengthy process to prepare submissions and lobby, but it is the only way forward. We are sure that we will be successful in the end. We will make it so expensive for the Spanish to export Greyhounds that they will discontinue coming to Ireland for the poor-quality dogs they can buy for as little as £40. We could not have been successful without the pressure put on our government by all the letters, e-mails, and telephone calls from the United States. We must continue to put pressure on the Irish and Spanish authorities to improve conditions for the Greyhounds racing in Ireland and Barcelona. Pat Colitsis of Greyhounds as Companions and Louise Coleman of Greyhound Friends have done Trojan work to improve conditions for both Irish Greyhounds and Spanish Galgos. We also have wonderful support from Greyhounds in Nood Netherlands and Belgium. They presented a joint submission to the European Commission in Strasbourg in October 2001. We also receive tremendous power and support from the International Greyhound Welfare Forum, which is chaired by Clarissa Baldwin of National Canine Defence League and comprised of representatives from major animal welfare groups such as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (RSPCA), ISPCA, Battersea Dogs Home, and Blue



Marion Fitzgibbon visits with Greyhounds at Dewey Beach. MICHAEL MCCANN

Cross, as well as members of Greyhound Friends. Two years ago in Dewey Beach, Louise Coleman and I spoke about forming the American European Greyhound Alliance. It has become a reality. This alliance will enable us to target specific areas where Greyhounds are in need of help. We hope to educate and disseminate accurate information.

This has been the biggest change I've seen since 1997 when I stood in Malaga and felt helpless and unable to do anything for those unfortunate Greyhounds. I am optimistic now about the future. We have the powerful combination of Europe and the United States demanding better conditions for our beloved Greyhounds. We should not underestimate this power.

We have come a long way together. When we started Greyhound rescue, our national airline, Aer Lingus, would not take a Greyhound to Boston as a pet. Greyhounds were classified as manifest cargo and we were told on several occasions that Greyhounds were not dogs. It took almost two years of lobbying before we succeeded in getting Greyhounds recognized as pets and entitled to travel in Vari Kennels®. Previously, they had to travel muzzled in a narrow wooden crate, unable to turn or lie down in comfort.

I just had the privilege of spending a week in the company of the famous German journalist and photographer, Manfred Karremann. He worked to change the transport

conditions for farm animals. I inquired what made him think of coming to Ireland to do a story about the Irish Greyhound. He replied in his best English, "You ladies have made a very big fire about the Irish Greyhounds and I saw the bright light in Germany. I knew that I must come and see what it was all about." I want to thank you all from the bottom of my heart for helping us to light this fire and pray we will continue to find the strength to keep the light burning brightly until the exploitation of our beloved Greyhounds has ended. ■

Marion Fitzgibbon is President of the Irish SPCA and a major force in the growing Greyhound adoption movement in Europe. This article is an edited version of her remarks at Greyhound Reach the Beach in October 2001, where she was the keynote speaker.

Supporting Irish Greyhound Adoption



Louise Coleman visits with Irish Greyhounds at the Pabellon track in Barcelona, Spain as the track closes in 1998.

Ireland is a major producer of racing Greyhounds. Until recently these dogs had little hope of life after they were no longer economically viable — after they stopped winning. Greyhound adoption efforts are just beginning in Ireland.

Approximately 20,000 Greyhound puppies are registered each year in Ireland. This number does not include the dogs disposed of before registration because they do not show sufficient promise. The Greyhounds judged worthy of racing are often exported. Half the registered dogs go to the United Kingdom, the United States, and the truly unlucky go to Spain. The racers remaining in Ireland follow a predictable pattern: They eventually reach the end of the line and grade off. Almost all ex-racing Greyhounds in Ireland end up dead, in vivisection, or turned loose as strays.

Unfortunately for the dogs, the Irish pet-adopting public does not see them as companion animals. One big reason is that cours-

ing with live hares is still a fairly widespread activity in the Irish countryside. Greyhounds are seen literally tearing the hares to pieces. Muzzling the coursing Greyhounds has been introduced as a humane measure, but the hares are still terrified and often mangled. Without the counterpoint of adoption, the public is left with the impression that adopting a Greyhound amounts to having a murderer in the living room. Most Greyhounds are muzzled in public. They are seen walking in braces with their trainers, which is not exactly a meet-and-greet. I have seen and often heard anecdotes about people crossing the street to avoid contact with a Greyhound. This negative image was not prevalent when I first became involved in Greyhound adoption in the States. People would occasionally ask, "Is that a Greyhound or a dog?" but they didn't have the same intense aversion to the animal.

I founded an American Greyhound adoption group, Greyhound Friends, in Boston

in 1983. During the course of my adoption work in the States I began corresponding with Ann Shannon, an Englishwoman living on the Isle of Man between England and Ireland. Ann was a passionate force for Greyhound welfare. She advocated for better treatment of racing dogs and the end of the Irish-Spanish trade. She sent me a copy of the newspaper article that compelled her to become involved in trying to stop the export of Irish Greyhounds to Spain. Titled "Scandal of Dogs Raced to Their Death," it appeared in the *Sunday Times* in Britain on June 22, 1986. This grim story — accompanied by stark photos of suffering dogs — spurred me to find out more about the Irish transport. Ann Shannon wrote articulate, well-informed appeals to various European governments and the press on a typewriter with small, old-fashioned, but emphatic type. She sent me copies and I was impressed by her knowledge and persistence.

In 1994, Ann urged me to attend the World Greyhound Federation meeting in Dublin. Since my family is predominantly Irish, I had traveled to Ireland several times previously to visit family, listen to traditional Irish music, and have fun. I decided to go. The World Greyhound Federation meeting focused on topics concerning expansion of the export of Irish Greyhounds. There was no mention of Greyhound welfare.

Most fortuitously, I met Marion Fitzgibbon during this trip. Marion was extremely knowledgeable about the low status of Greyhounds and Lurchers as pets. As chairperson of the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ISPCA), she was heavily involved in animal welfare in Limerick, her home city.

Marion knew the plight of the Greyhound well. She described her first Greyhound rescue: A small, female Greyhound picked up New Year's Day in 1993 at the city dump.



International networking pays off: Louise Coleman (far right) looks on as Judy Jones of Kalamazoo, Mich. presents Marion Fitzgibbon with a donation to help the Irish Greyhounds at Greyhounds Reach the Beach, 2002.

Rats had been eating her alive. She survived, but was starving and had many cuts and bite wounds. Her ears were gnawed, so checking for tattoos was impossible. She was eventually restored to health, but she died while being spayed. At least she had some good meals and happier days.

One year after Marion's first Greyhound rescue, a pivotal newspaper article appeared in the *Irish Times*. Written by Donal MacIntyre and published on October 24, 1994, "Not All Dogs Go to Heaven, It Seems" was read all over Europe. It prompted some stunning responses. Johanna Woethke, founder of the German animal welfare group, Pro Animale, was so moved by MacIntyre's story that she decided to create a sanctuary for Greyhounds in Ireland. Marion Fitzgibbon worked exhaustively to find an appropriate place. Eventually the first Irish Greyhound sanctuary, Avalon, was built on the site of a 250 year-old farmhouse high on a hill in Flesk, Woodford, County Clare ("Irish Sanctuary for Irish-Bred Hounds," Fall 2000 *CG*).

Other international agencies have come to the aid of the Irish Greyhound. Clarissa Baldwin, chairperson of the National Canine Defence League in London, started the Inter-

national Greyhound Welfare Forum in the mid-1990s. This group includes representatives from animal welfare groups in Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and Spain that work for Greyhound adoption and improved conditions. I attend the meetings as the United States delegate. One of its primary goals is to change the negative image of the Greyhound in Ireland. In support of that goal, I have organized an informational table at the Dublin Horse Show every August for the past five years. The Horse Show draws people from all over Ireland and Europe. When I first attended the event some people were interested, mostly people from England and France. A number of Irish people snickered or looked askance. Gradually, reactions have changed. Last year, when reasonable-sounding Irish people asked where they could adopt a Greyhound, I was encouraged. Nevertheless, an adopted Greyhound in Ireland is still a rarity.

Few Greyhounds from Avalon find adoptive homes in Ireland. They go to Germany, the United States, and sometimes England for homes. PAWS Animal Rescue in Sallins, County Kildare, the Animal Foundation in Kildare and Dog Rescue in Dublin accept

Greyhounds now, but few find homes in Ireland. They rely on resources outside of Ireland to find homes, such as the National Canine Defence League in Britain. Change will come when those outside of Ireland work with their colleagues in the country.

Marion Fitzgibbon and I started the American-European Greyhound Alliance (AEGA) after a conversation at Dewey Beach. This small non-profit organization is a registered American charity whose mission is to help needy Greyhounds overseas and in the United States. Donations are tax-deductible (visit www.ameurogreyhoundalliance.org for details). Currently, AEGA pays board on two Greyhounds at a time for Kerry Homefinders, the adoption program started by Amanda Saunders Perkins.

The Internet is a godsend for Irish Greyhounds. Denise Cox, an American living in Ireland, started and maintains the www.IrishAnimals.com website. Now instead of a few scattered shelters, there is a consolidated, professional, and highly visible source of information about animals waiting for adoption.

We all do what we can. Dorothy Day, an Irish-American human rights advocate and social worker in New York City's Bowery, said: "Love is the only solution." Greyhounds have more love than just about anyone and they hardly ever let up. Change is happening, slowly and painfully, with enormous effort. The key is to recognize the Irish Greyhound and respect this dog who gives us so much. ■

Louise Coleman was working as a psychiatric rehabilitation counselor in Boston in 1983 when she adopted a Greyhound named Boston Boy. He made a favorable impression, and when the trainer who gave him to Louise continued to call to see if she wanted "just one more," her Cambridge apartment soon filled to overflowing with Greyhounds. She founded Greyhound Friends, moved the operation to a rented boarding kennel in Hopkinton, Mass., and has placed thousands of Greyhounds since. She co-founded the American-European Greyhound Alliance with Marion Fitzgibbon, serves as the U.S. delegate to the International Greyhound Welfare Forum, and continues to work as the Executive Director of Greyhound Friends.

A Journey of a Thousand Miles

Kerry Greyhound Homefinders



Connell and Emily with their apprentice minder.

Kerry Greyhound Homefinders (KGH) came into being in April 2002. The seed for KGH was planted, I think, when a local acquaintance told me she had been to the dog pound in Kerry and saw “two lovely Greyhounds” brought in to be put down.

“How can this be?” I asked myself. I had adopted an ex-racer, Danny, nine years earlier. Providing constant assistance with raising two small children and various kittens over the years, Danny is still with us at nearly 14 years of age. He is still beautiful and still enjoys his walks.

Despite living with Danny for so long, I had not really thought about the issues facing Greyhounds. I didn’t do anything because I didn’t see what I *could* do. Upon hearing of the two Greyhounds at the dog pound, it became impossible for me to do nothing any longer. After all, in the words of Edmund Burke, “All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing.” Surely I was one of the good guys? So I decided to start a small Greyhound re-homing program to see if I could get some of these beautiful dogs into the homes they so deserved.

Kerry Greyhound Homefinders started out with more good intentions and enthusiasm than actual know-how. Hopefully, I’m picking up the latter as I go along. My first thought was to get leaflets printed to let people know my mission. I designed a leaflet and business card and, with the help of a local printer who was sympathetic to the cause and gave me a good discount, I ordered and paid for 1,000 flyers and 1,000 business cards.

My second thought was to get a few contacts in the area of animal rescue and re-hom-

ing. I made contact with Marion Fitzgibbon in Limerick, president of the Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ISPCA) and a real “Greyhoundy” person. She suggested that we locate a good boarding kennel and a couple of needy ex-racers so I could have some real dogs on hand for folks to admire and stroke. Greyhounds are great conversation starters, aren’t they?

With help from Louise Coleman, American European Greyhound Alliance paid the boarding fees. Emily, a beautiful, though very shy, little black and white bitch, and Connell, a handsome and boisterous brindle and white male, were boarded at a facility close to my home in Killorglin. Several times a week, I walked them in popular areas like Killarney National Park.

For a while, nothing happened apart from my ongoing publicity efforts. With two small children, a part-time job, a home and garden to keep up, and all the other life-related stuff, even the publicity was not as much as I originally hoped. But one day, I received an e-mail from someone interested in adopting a Greyhound. *Good grief*, I thought, *I’m going to actually have to do something here.*



Harvey the pup cuddles with Danny, the author’s 14 year-old Greyhound.

When I recovered from shock, I managed to make a reasonably coherent phone call and arranged to visit Charlie and Joyce, who were looking for a companion for their sheepdog. In the meantime, I’d also made some contacts in the Retired Greyhound Trust in the United Kingdom. I received their home-checker pack, so I knew the right questions to ask and what to look for during a home visit.

The meeting was successful. Emily went to live with Joyce and Charlie. She gets lots of love and cuddles from her new family. She’s taken a while to settle into a home environment because she’s very shy and nervous, but her personality is gradually emerging. Fortunately, Joyce and Charlie are giving her the kindness, time, and patience that she needs.

I had found a home for a Greyhound! Things were starting to happen.

Some time later, the next phone call came. Having seen one of my posters, a young couple in Tralee were considering adopting a Greyhound. Great excitement once again, and off I went to do the home-check with high hopes for Connell. During

the course of the home-check, Stuart came out of the closet as a “cat person.” I may be inexperienced in Greyhound re-homing, but I’m not completely daft. I noticed Connell around our motley bunch of “cats-who-adopted-us” and was familiar enough with the process of cat-testing from a summer visit to Avalon, the Greyhound Sanctuary in Galway, to recognize the danger signs. Although Stuart protested that they were only in the market for a dog, I knew that my lovely Connell was not the Greyhound for them. I certainly wasn’t going to pass up this opportunity, though. Stuart and Michelle were young, energetic, and committed “animal people” who had a lot to give to a Greyhound. I got on the phone post-haste to Avalon and told them that I had a great home lined up for a cat-friendly Greyhound. Sure enough, they had a lovely one available: a gorgeous light brindle bitch named Betsey.

The Avalon people were happy with the home I found and Betsey came to Tralee. Within minutes of his first meeting with Betsey, Stuart dropped down on all fours in true Greyhound play posture, demonstrating that he was also an enthusiastic dog-person.

Kerry Greyhound

Homefinders

Greyhounds make great companions:

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Foster homes also always needed

Home is where the hound is

Printing a flyer was a first step.

Stuart, Michelle, and Betsey are all delighted with each other. And lo and behold, a couple of weeks after Betsey went to live with Stuart and Michelle, a sad little stray kitten followed them home — and then there were four. Betsey has developed a seriously wagging tail since going home with Michelle and Stuart, and she and the kitten are now great friends.

My third homing came as a result of a phone call from a local animal re-homing woman who deals mostly with cats. One of her foster homes had a 7-week old Greyhound/Lurcher pup deposited at her house. He'd been found on a local river bank, extremely weak and infested with fly eggs, as a result of being dumped in the river; this is a common practice of disposing of unwanted animals over here. Could I possibly foster him for a short time until a home was found? Anxiously anticipating my husband's reaction, I nonetheless found myself saying yes. They told me the pup was a Greyhound. What else could I do?

The pup never got any further than our home. He has a nice little bed in the corner of the kitchen and loves to sprawl out with Danny. The children love him. I love him. My husband hasn't left us, so what could be better? He's a beautiful brindle with white chest and toes. A bit slow on housetraining, he has been quick to discover the important things in life, like where we keep the food. His name is Harvey, and his legs are getting longer by the day.

My fourth, and most recent, adoption also stayed in the family. I received a phone call from Bob, an animal welfare man in Dublin, who recently found a stray, starving Greyhound wandering the city. She had mange. Because she had to be isolated from his other animals, Bob kept her in his car. He was desperate to place her somewhere. Since Connell was still in the kennels, I had room for a bitch here. I told Bob that once he treated the mange, I would take her. He also had her spayed and vaccinated. I arranged



Blondie found a home in England.

to collect her on a weekend visit to Dublin with my sister from England.

My sister Jill and I met Bob and Blondie (who is actually tan and white). Jill instantly fell for Blondie who was booked onto the plane to England the following day. Blondie now lives very happily with three children and two Lurchers and is apparently not averse to jumping up on the kitchen counter (the whole dog, not just paws) to find tasty morsels that lurk there.

I've done four adoptions. I think I have a home lined up in Germany, so that should be adoption number five. Connell is still in the kennel, and a bitch from the local dog pound in Tralee will join him shortly.

I have a constant debate running in my head about starting up my own Greyhound

shelter. I see various pros and cons. I would love to do it and could help more dogs, but I would probably be overrun with dogs very quickly. I have already received several calls from people wanting me to take in their dogs. I feel terrible telling them I cannot do so, knowing these unfortunate dogs will probably die. If I started a shelter, I would most certainly find Greyhounds deposited in my garden, and this would endanger my cats. My personal and financial resources are not limitless. My children are still small. I have a part-time job and a home to run. My husband emphatically opposes the idea and I have very little local support.

However, there are a few local people showing interest in the project. Four of us recently met to brainstorm a few ideas. We

are planning a publicity stunt in Tralee: A Greyhound Christmas party in a local pub called — what else? — The Greyhound Bar.

I'm also making connections with the Irish Retired Greyhound Trust and took my publicity and information stand to the local Greyhound track. Is this unethical for a vegan who opposes all forms of animal abuse and exploitation? I just don't know. Greyhound racing is such an integral part of Irish society that standing up and saying that it should be banned is likely to get me committed to a mental institution. Working on the inside means I get to meet and talk to a lot of women and children — the Greyhound people of the future. Many folks genuinely don't know that the Greyhound who is a racing star one day can just disappear overnight. If I can provide some information about Greyhounds as pets and plant a seed of interest, then surely this is all worth doing.

I also take my information stand to dog shows and similar events and have a stall in Killarney town centre from time to time. Many people seem genuinely interested. The donations I receive are currently covering my day-to-day expenses for veterinary bills, leaflets, cards, and postage. (I recently did a big mailing to veterinary practices and shops.) Fortunately, I have a sympathetic veterinarian who sometimes tells me to sneak out the back door before the receptionist nabs me to pay a bill.

What are the major challenges to Greyhound re-homing in Ireland? The biggest one is public attitude. Recently, I was walking Connell and Harvey on lead in Tralee Town Park. We encountered a woman who exhorted me vehemently to "get that f*****g Greyhound out of the park." The irony was that her Jack Russell Terrier was baring its teeth most menacingly during her tirade, while Connell and Harvey were wagging their tails and ready to play — a fact which I politely pointed out. It made no difference; her mind was set. Unfortunately, her attitude is not unusual.



Kerry Greyhound Homefinders at their first meet-and-greet, at The Greyhound Bar in Tralee.

The general Irish attitude towards all animals is that they are commodities whose value is determined by their use. If the animals are not paying their way, what's the point? When I've spoken to people about my old Greyhound Danny, people are always mystified as to why I keep him if I don't race or course him. I've also been instructed to "throw him away and get a new one."

The attitude is a challenge. But Greyhound adoption in the United Kingdom was seen as a mad idea when it started 40 years ago and now it's really taken off. I suppose the same was true in the United States, too.

Another challenge is a personal one. Putting a lot of time and energy into a project that has little tangible reward can be very dispiriting. My artwork (pyrography and woodburning) has completely fallen by the wayside. My husband does not support my work with the Greyhounds. He believes that I get far more creative satisfaction and inner peace from doing my artwork than I do from becoming embroiled in the heartbreak of animal welfare work. In many ways, he's right. I've been far more stressed since starting Kerry Greyhound Homefinders than I was when I started my business selling my pyrography a couple of years ago. Yet, to go back to Edmund Burke, I cannot be one of the good men (women) who do nothing.

I suppose the answer lies in balance, which is what I am trying to achieve. I need to keep a grip on my family life and my own needs while moving forward with my work with the dogs. Getting overwhelmed by what I'm unable to do is always close to my consciousness, yet therein lies ruin. I can only do what I can do. Sadly, I can't change the world; none of us can. Yet I have changed the world for the few dogs that I've homed, and I hope to do so for many others.

The Greyhound problem in Ireland is overwhelming. There are so many dogs and so few homes. People do not see Greyhounds as companion animals. The work required to change attitudes is slow and laborious and I hope that I am up to it. Still, as the saying goes, a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. And four Greyhounds in adoptive homes are four more than none.

Ed. Note: As this issue went to press, KGH had just sprung four more Greyhounds from the dog pound in Kerry. Two had homes lined up. Two were living with a new foster parent. And Connell was on his way to a new home in Germany. ■

Amanda Saunders Perkins is the founder of Kerry Greyhound Homefinders in County Kerry, Ireland. For more information about Kerry Greyhound Homefinders and how to help, visit www.ameuro-greyhoundalliance.org/irelandadoption.html

Dog Tired

How to Save Animals — and Your Sanity!



New Greyhound adoption volunteers are full of energy and enthusiasm — avoiding burnout is key to staying in it for the long haul. Dave Doubek with Cruz at the first meet-and-greet for Savannah (Ga.) Friends of Greyhounds as Pets in March, 1999.

In 1987 I adopted my first Greyhound, King. Less than a year later I found a home for a Greyhound puppy who had been dropped off at the local animal shelter. The entire process went off without a hitch and the little dog, and his new owner, lived happily ever after. It was so easy, in fact, that I jumped to the following conclusion: If that's all there is to finding homes for Greyhounds, why not do more? Remember, these were the old days, long before there were adoption groups on every corner, and back when adopting a Greyhound was actually a rarity.

In some ways, I was just an impetuous youth — full of energy and enthusiasm but with little understanding of the long-term consequences of what I was about to undertake. Should you think I jumped in without experience either in finding homes for ani-

mals or dealing with humane issues, you'd be wrong. All of my adult life (and much of my childhood) had been spent helping animals, most notably the decade I spent working for Cleveland Amory and his Fund for Animals. One of my many jobs with him had been setting up adoption centers across the country for the over 6,000 wild burros and 4,000 wild mustangs that we had captured from public lands in the West. Compared to that, I thought finding homes for Greyhounds would be a piece of cake.

I discovered, of course, that there were some significant differences between the two projects. For one thing, there were a finite number of imperiled equines that we were called upon to rescue. With Greyhounds, a fresh supply of endangered dogs came off the track every year. Secondly, I was paid (albeit modestly) for my work with the Fund

for Animals. Finding homes for Greyhounds was, and remains, an all-volunteer effort for me. In fact, it *costs* me in out-of-pocket expenses and often prevents me from having the time to accept paying jobs. Finally, no matter how arduous the work for the Fund (and 16-hour days were not uncommon), there was a certain relief in not being the one ultimately responsible for the project. Now, the buck stops here, and along with the freedom to pursue my personal vision comes tremendous responsibility. Long about my second year doing Greyhound adoptions full time, I had the sickening realization that perhaps there were no similarities at all between my past experiences and my present situation.

In time I was able to see that two things were simultaneously true. Much of what I had done before had little bearing on my present pursuits; yet, had I not lived through my particular history, I would not have been prepared for my present. In other words, everything that I had experienced in my life until I placed my first Greyhound prepared me for what I was about to do. However, while I thought that a working knowledge of dogs and a familiarity with the adoption process would be enough to ensure success, those turned out to be the least of what was needed. Most necessary are a strong stomach, a tough hide, and the ability to keep focused on my goal regardless of how many distractions, or detractors, might appear.

How does one keep going when the supply of needy dogs is endless, when adopters seem unaware (at best) of the work involved in getting the dog to them, when volunteers are unreliable, and when finances are tight?

One thing that has seen me through many a crisis is simply to breathe. That's right, breathe. Take a deep breath, fill your lungs



Ajax, one of Cynthia Branigan's dogs and an inspiration for her work in Greyhound adoption. MARY BLOOM

and gently exhale. Close your eyes. Notice the tightness in your body. Breathe again. Move your shoulders around. Breathe, and simply concentrate on inhaling and exhaling. If you breathe consciously, you might be surprised at the restorative power of this simple act.

Once you feel your balance return, the first thing you need to do if you are dog-tired but still keen on helping is to remember two things:

1. *You did not create this problem.* You did not breed the thousands upon thousands of Greyhounds who need homes each year any more than you bred the millions of other homeless animals who need help. Out of the goodness of your heart, you have chosen to be part of the solution, but you are only *part*, not *all*. You do what you can. Any good home that you find is a step in the right direction. It is not your job to do it all.

2. *You can't help the animals if you can't help yourself.* Someone shared this basic

wisdom with me a number of years ago and I looked at him like he had two heads. *What help do I need?* I thought. *I'm not in danger of being put to death. I am young and strong and want to do it all.* Well, *I am* still standing all these years later, but not only am I not as young as I was, but I now realize that helping myself does not mean that I am selfish or weak or indifferent. It simply means that if I pace myself and remember to schedule time to re-charge my battery, I will actually be able to do more instead of less.

Over the years I have worked with hundreds of volunteers. Without exception, they all arrive with high hopes and, sometimes, unrealistic expectations. I am able to spot the ones who are headed for burnout. Invariably, they are the ones who want to (pick two or more): Start a monthly newsletter; organize the volunteers; start some sort of national campaign; use the organization as their sole source of social life; use the organization to run away from their problems; foster every

dog, or adopt every dog. Do I need to go on?

Some people have an almost pathological need to help. I once knew a man who would boast that he had been addicted to alcohol but now he was addicted to Greyhounds. He thought it was amusing — I didn't. An addiction is an addiction. If you are involved with placing Greyhounds to gloss over an illness or a deeper void in your life, let me pass on the advice of the ancient Greeks: Know thyself. Learn the vast difference between *needing* to help and *wanting* to help.

I recall a volunteer telling me that while attending a meet-and-greet she noticed that another volunteer's Greyhound was badly in need of a pedicure, had a dull and dirty coat, and looked like she needed a good rest. When I asked the woman if she mentioned this to the owner, she said that she had not. My question is — Why not? Don't we owe it to each other to kindly say, *Hey, I think you (or your dog) need a break?* Remember

the story of The Emperor's New Clothes? Are we going to let someone run around naked while complimenting them on their beautiful attire? I am all for good manners, but are we going to let someone drag around a dog who needs grooming and a good night's sleep just to be polite? If there are those who cannot pace themselves, maybe we should gently give them the hint.

The word *gently* brings me to my next point. One sure sign of stress is a lack of consideration for the feelings of others. Maybe you are running an adoption group. Maybe you are saving animals' lives. Maybe you feel you are on a mission. No matter your justification, it does not give you license to abuse people. If kindness — to animals and to people — is not at the heart of what we are doing, I don't think it matters how many animals we save. If we behave in an aggressive or inhumane manner, we have missed the point of what we are doing in a very profound way. By saving dogs' lives, we are helping to make our little corner of the world a better place. If we allow our fatigue, frustration, or feelings of being overwhelmed to be an occasion to spew venom at someone, then we should close up shop and enter into a period of self-examination; or as Shakespeare said, "Get thee to a nunnery!"

Of course, the flip side to those people who take on too much are volunteers who take on jobs and then do not follow through. This gives an organization a bad reputation and is counter-productive to the overall goal. Before you raise your hand and say, "I'll do it!" ask yourself if you really have the time, the interest, and the energy for the job. Don't volunteer if you do not intend to do what you say you will do.

Most people who have taken on too much fade out gradually. Some suddenly screech to a halt. I'll never forget the morning I had a call from one of my volunteers. The night before, she had received a call about one of our placements who was in trouble. Contrary to our contract, someone

who adopted decided she could no longer keep the dog and instead of returning him to us, she gave him to an acquaintance. The acquaintance tried his best to acclimate the Greyhound to the life of being a farm dog, but as we all know, Greyhounds are not cut out for sleeping in a barn or running loose without a fence. This Greyhound was asked to do both and even the man knew this wasn't going to work. He called us and said the dog needed to go, but felt pretty sure the dog would stay on his front porch overnight.

The volunteer who took the call immediately contacted the person in our group nearest the dog. Admittedly, it was 6 p.m. and the dog was an hour away, but this was an emergency. She was stunned when her fellow volunteer said that she really didn't feel like going. The volunteer then called another who said she had an appointment at the hairdresser that she didn't want to break. Finally, the third call resulted in immediate action. Mercifully, neither of the two who refused to help is still part of my group. What irked me when I heard about it the next day was that neither woman apologized for her behavior.

You may think this example of the need for action flies in the fact of my previous advice about pacing yourself, but it does not. To me, this belongs in the "Burned out but don't know it" category. The next day, one of the two told me: "I'd have done anything in my power not to go out and get that dog." Her statement showed an extreme lack of self-awareness. If we cannot help an individual dog in need, how dare we present ourselves to the world as humane workers. Don't talk the talk if you can't walk the walk. It isn't fair to your fellow volunteers, and it isn't fair to the animals.

I believe there are many people who are in need of a good long rest. It doesn't have to be forever, but it does have to occur with some regularity. After all, the root of the word "sabbatical" comes from sabbath, the day of rest. If the biblical injunction "Remember



Cynthia Branigan has been involved in Greyhound adoption efforts for over 15 years.

the Sabbath day and keep it holy" is good enough for God, then I am humble enough to give the suggestion consideration.

Perhaps if everyone in an adoption group took turns going on sabbatical, our adoption efforts would actually increase, not decrease. During our time off, we could be free to dream up new ways to make our work more effective. We could concentrate on our own dogs (and family and friends) who, sadly, are sometimes neglected in our efforts to save the world. We could find new delight in ordinary living and not feel as if life has no meaning because we are not out coping with an emergency.

Above all, we could re-connect with our original sense of wonder and joy as we hand over a dog to a new adopter and send them on a new adventure together. Once again, we would be reminded of how saving these animals helps us save a part of ourselves. ■

Cynthia Branigan is the author of the best-selling book Adopting the Racing Greyhound and the award-winning book The Reign of the Greyhound: A Popular History of the Oldest Family of Dogs. She is the founder and President of Make Peace With Animals and is presently at work on several forthcoming books for Howell Book House.

Tales from the Trenches

Views on Volunteer Burnout

Asking for Help

By Cheryl King

How does your Greyhound adoption group operate? Is it organized and run by a committee of one — *you*? Are there other individuals on the board, but you feel if *you* don't do it, it won't get done? Do you ever get tired and wonder what will happen if something ever happens to you? Do you ever wish someone else would just do something — anything, so you can have a little time for yourself?

Let me ask another question. Have you ever asked for help, or do you find it easier just to do it yourself? Yes, I'm talking about myself. I am a micro-manager. When our group was formed, I told the board members that they could be as active or inactive as they chose, because I just *knew* I could do it all myself. I should have known better.

In March 2002, after seeing my husband's health decline steadily for a couple of weeks, I drove him to his doctor. The doctor sent him straight to the hospital for an emergency admission. I was worried about my husband. I was caring for our own Greyhounds (which I can do without a problem) as well as looking after eight foster dogs who had come to our home earlier that week. Right then and there, I knew this was something I could not handle alone.

Driving home from the hospital in total desperation, I called our group's secretary. I explained the situation and asked her to put out an APB to all members who might be able and willing to help. The response was overwhelming. We received offers to take fosters, not only from our local members, but also from members in other areas of the state and out of state. Within four hours, all fosters were either moved or had appointments to be delivered to new foster homes



the following morning. Members called offering their help in every possible way. That weekend, two Show 'n Tails were held and, for the first time, neither I nor my husband attended. And you know what? The group survived *without* any interruption in service to our membership or the public.

What did this learning curve teach me? I am only one person. I cannot do everything by myself. It takes a *tribe* to run our group, not just a *chief*. No group can flourish without willing and able volunteers. I had to learn to delegate responsibilities and trust that those responsibilities would be carried out without my intervention. We expanded our group's board and I have turned over many of my responsibilities to other board members and volunteers.

We all know that a group of individuals with a common goal, whether it is a Greyhound adoption organization or other active group, must have a leader. What I now realize is that the leader can choose to either run the group by herself — asking nothing of the members and answering to no one but herself — or share responsibilities. Although this second choice can lead to disagreements, it makes the leader's job easier and gets more members involved.

Our group has many Greyhound Adoption Refugees, or GARs, within its membership, including my husband and I. GARs are individuals who, for whatever reason, worked with another group, fell out of contentment, exited and stayed away from Greyhound adoption for a period, and then eventually



Does your adoption program have an active board of directors? An organization whose leaders share a common goal and make decisions as a group is less likely to see volunteer burnout. Bernie, adopted by Dan and Lauren Emery of North Yarmouth, Me. LAUREN EMERY

found their way to our group, hoping for something different. Since most of our board members are GARs themselves, we are familiar with the experience. In many cases, the individuals had valuable information to offer, but felt that nobody listened. They offered to help, but felt ignored. They asked legitimate questions, but did not hear satisfactory answers. Whatever the reason for their dissatisfaction, they found their way to our group.

Our board has tried to be sensitive to the needs of the GARs coming into our group. We actively ask for help, suggestions, and feedback. We want to find ways to improve the organization. We also want to stop burnout before it happens.

Since our learning curve, changes to the board, and the delegation of responsibilities I formerly shouldered, my husband and I made a weekend trip with our daughters last June.

In July, the two of us got away for an entire week. It was our first vacation in over ten years! At the end of July, I went into the hospital for some unplanned surgery. Again, our group functioned without interruption.

Our board also learned that *how* volunteers are treated is what makes the difference between staying or going. We implemented five points that we feel make a difference to our volunteers:

1. Volunteers and members need to know they have ownership in the group, no matter how active or inactive they are.
2. Volunteers and members need to know the group's leadership is always there for them and would never ask them to do anything that they would not be willing to do themselves.
3. Volunteers and members need to be treasured and never taken for granted. Group

leaders must realize that volunteers are helping because they *want* to, not because they *have* to.

4. Volunteers and members need to hear the words *please* and *thank you*.

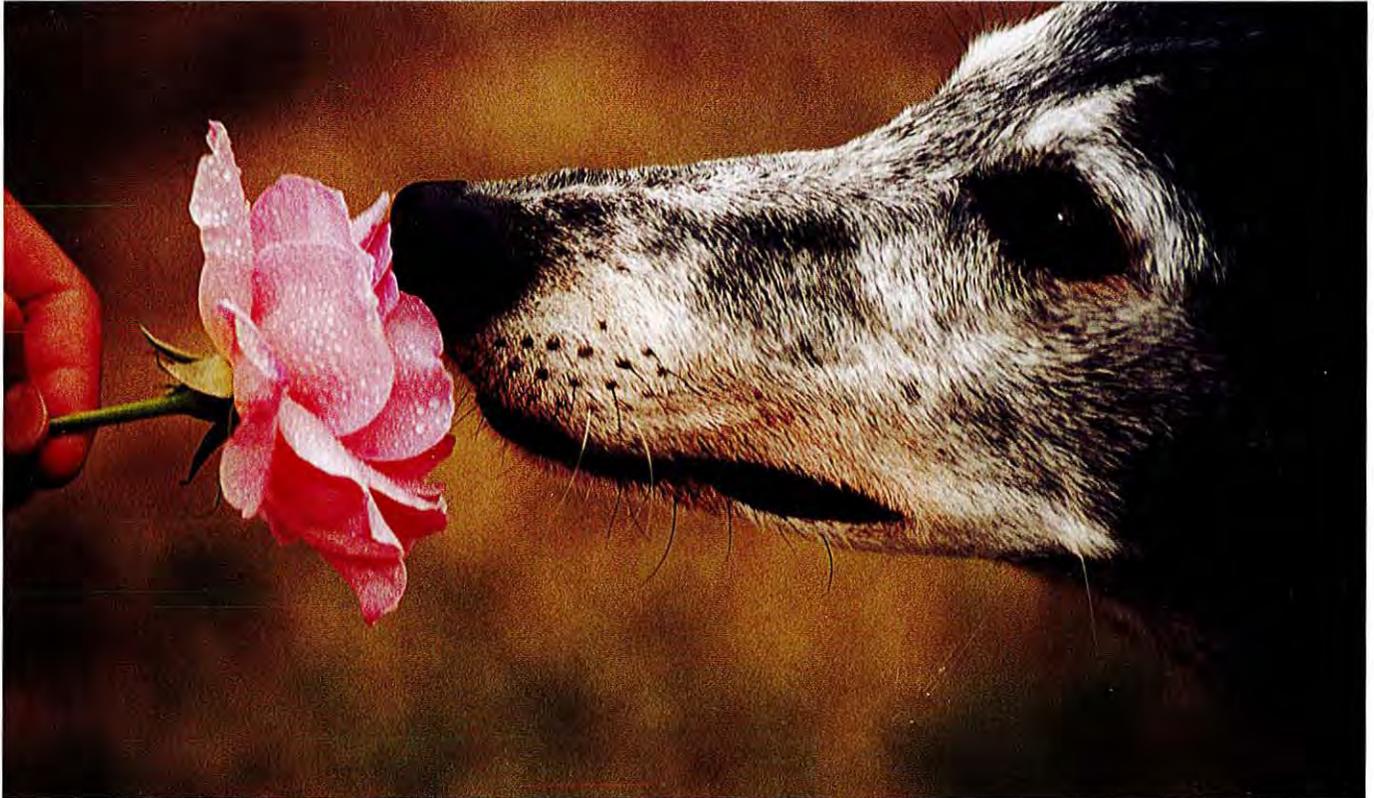
5. If an emergency occurs within the group, volunteers and members need to know it is a true emergency and not manufactured.

Since the group's inception, our board has concluded that if we treat volunteers and members right, they will be there when needed.

Leading as a Group

By Sherry Cotner

Many of us who are involved in Greyhound adoption have experienced burnout, or have been very close to it, at one time or another. Families, jobs, and friends all make demands on our time. Next, add the respon-



Greyce, adopted by Marilyn Baumann of Bellevue, Wash. ANDREW RYZNAR

sibility of running an adoption group for a breed of dog of which there is a never-ending supply. A telephone call at 10:30 p.m. from someone who wants to return his Greyhound the next day, a dog who has already bounced from two previous homes, can just about push you over the edge.

As the person who started the Asheville/Greenville, S.C. satellite of Greyhound Friends of North Carolina (GFNC), I believe we have a rather unique way of running our group that keeps us from suffering burnout. The essence is that no one person is in charge — we are *all* in charge. There are four or five of us in the core group who run both locations. Two of us, because we have been involved in Greyhound adoption the longest, are the contact people for the Asheville and Greenville areas. Otherwise, we run on a fairly democratic basis. Luckily, we have very few ego problems among us because

each of us realizes that not one of us could handle the stress of being the sole coordinator on a full-time basis — at least, not for very long and still maintain our sanity. We also are aware of our strengths and weaknesses. The organizational types keep track of the money and paperwork, while others are better at handling owners and dogs. We all pursue homes, talk to prospective owners, and conduct home checks. When we find what we think is a good home for one of the foster dogs, we usually consult with at least one other member of the core group, just to get a second opinion. There have been occasions when one of us questioned the suitability of a prospective home, was outvoted by the others, and the placement turned out to be wonderful. Nobody's judgment is always perfect, so getting additional input is necessary.

Recently, we decided to divide our meet-and-greet duties so that none of us will participate more than once a month. The volunteer whose turn it is to run the meet-and-greet is in charge of the group, the other volunteers, and the dogs for that day. This arrangement gives us more weekend time to devote to our private lives.

Finally, what is especially wonderful about our group (and the key ingredient to preventing burnout) is that it is perfectly acceptable for any one of us to bow out of the group's activities when our private lives get a little overwhelming or we need some down time. As much fun as Greyhound adoption can be, it can be stressful and disheartening at times. Just knowing that we have the option of stepping back from the group and that none of us shoulders all of the responsibility alone has a calming effect. We all have taken time off and the group



Every busy bee needs to take a little down time to avoid burnout. Shelby Monster, adopted by Laurie Conroy of Plum, Pa.

continues to function smoothly. When we're ready to get back to adoption work, we just rejoin and pick up where we left off. Being able to do that requires a certain level of trust among the members and helps to ensure that we all have the commitment to keep the group going.

Because we have no titles or job descriptions, our way of functioning may seem a bit puzzling to some people. But it works for us. During our years of operating in this fashion, I think we have done a fairly good job of moving large numbers of dogs out of the Oak Ridge GFNC adoption kennel.

Taking Time Out

By Lee Lavery

Anyone who puts heart and soul into Greyhound rescue and adoption will rapidly discover that it is a wonderful, life-altering experience. The one thing people seem to forget, however, is that life-altering experiences are often very stressful and emotional.

Those who do not consider their emotional well-being will seldom be consistently successful for any length of time in anything they undertake — including Greyhound rescue and adoption.

I adopted my first Greyhound, Hawk, in February of 1994 and became heavily involved in rescue and adoption almost immediately. By October of 1994, I had adopted five Greyhounds and was doing meet-and-greets, adoption interviews, and placements. I was also dealing with veterinarians, tracks, trainers, foster families, and the media. I was still pretty green, but I was having a ball! I knew I would always be involved in Greyhound rescue and adoption and that I would always love what I was doing. As I said, I was pretty green and didn't understand how quickly *green* can become *jaded*.

There are few things a Greyhound can and will do to hurt your feelings and break your heart. Human beings, unfortunately,

do it all the time as I learned early on in my "adoption career." I have a feeling that most, if not all, rescue and adoption people will agree that it's never the dogs — it's always the people and the lack of time and energy that cause problems. Egos get in the way of the task at hand; tempers flare and soon, the original goals become lost in a sea of seemingly trivial arguments and power struggles. Everybody wants to be the boss, but not everyone is willing to get out into the trenches and work. And if that's not enough to make you want to pull your hair out, add in all the times you have to say *no* to dogs because you don't have room in your program for them; all the times you spend an entire weekend getting just the right dog for a family and they call you two days later to pick up the dog because it ate the bologna sandwich they left sitting on the coffee table; all the times someone returned an 11 year-old dog because they've had a change of lifestyle or they were downsizing; all the times

you've spent hours, days, or weeks looking for a loose dog because little Johnny forgot to close the gate. And, just to make it interesting, add to this crazy mix the constant running, phone calls, and the pager that sits on your hip 24 hours a day in case of emergencies! It's enough to make you want to quit — and I almost did.

After more than seven years of living and breathing Greyhound rescue and adoption, it finally got to me. In November of 2001 I called Terry (my partner in crime) and said, "I've had enough, I want out." I meant it. This was not like the three million other times I had ranted and raved and said "I quit." This was different — I was burned out. No matter how much the dogs meant to me, I couldn't take the arguments, the back-biting, the meals-on-wheels four and five nights a week, the never-ending struggle to balance Greyhounds and family (and family *always* got the short end of the stick), and the emotional roller coaster that we in the business constantly ride. Fortunately, a wise and very dear friend suggested that I take a sabbatical before I made a decision I might not only regret, but one I might not be able to change later. I decided I would take off the months of December and January since that, historically, had been our slowest time of the year.

While I did not completely remove myself during that time, I did step back from a lot of the stresses that had been making my life a living hell. I maintained contact with the board of directors and the adoption coordinators, but I did not involve myself in the day-to-day operations of the group. As Terry put it, I "handed over the crown and scepter" for a couple of months and took a "back seat." I did not work meet-and-greets. I did not do interviews and placements. I had very little contact with any of our adopting families. I let someone else handle the problems, the complaints, the returns, and the routine responsibilities associated with leading an adoption group. In essence, I became a consultant for the group. I advised the



Taking time to relax is important.

adoption coordinators on behavioral problems with the dogs, I offered suggestions as to which dogs would fit best into which homes and I did stay in contact with our veterinarians and our regular suppliers of dogs.

During my sabbatical I learned how to take care of myself. I read, I wrote, I cleaned my house! I learned that it is okay to ignore the phone sometimes. I learned that it *is* okay to be selfish with your time. I learned that going out to lunch with a non-Greyhound friend often gives you a different perspective on life. I learned to listen to the heaven-sent messages I had been ignoring for a very long time. I learned that there should and can be balance to life in the rescue and adoption business as long as you don't get sucked into that "I can do it all" mindset. I learned that I couldn't do it all — at least, not all by myself, as I had been trying to do for so many years. I learned to ask for help. I learned that if I wanted to continue to help the Greyhounds, I had to help myself first.

Because I listened to someone else who really did have my best interests at heart, I am still here. I am still passionate about the

breed and the work I love so much. Listening was something for which I allowed no time before my sabbatical; that flaw almost became my undoing. Now, I take time for my family and myself. I spend time with those old and dear friends I had before I had Greyhounds. I take time to read a book, watch a chick flick, and listen for the messages that come from people and places that I didn't hear when I was so busy trying to do everything myself.

Greyhound rescue and adoption is an extremely large and important part of who I am. If I weren't involved, there would be a tremendous void in my life. I almost lost this wonderful gift, but just in time I learned to listen, to allow others to help me and to realize that I couldn't and didn't need to do it all. Had I not stepped back and listened, I truly believe I would not be involved in Greyhound rescue and adoption today. ■

Cheryl King is President of Heart of Texas Greyhound Adoption in San Antonio, Tex. Sherry Cotner is the Asheville representative for Greyhound Friends of North Carolina. Lee Lavery works with Greyhound Guardians, Inc. in northwest Indiana.

Finding Your Lost Greyhound



Finding a lost Greyhound is a lot more challenging than just reading the signs.

Okay, you've lost him. He slipped his collar and ran out of the open gate. He was spooked by lightning and jumped the back fence. You dropped the leash, or you let him run off lead, he saw a squirrel, and suddenly he was gone. It doesn't really matter now. What matters are the steps you take to get him back. He's out there, and he's depending on you to find him. He's lost, and he can't find his way home.

It's been a couple of hours now. You've scoured the neighborhood, and you are hoping to see him in every yard and around every corner. But you are beginning to realize that you can't find him. Here's what you have to do.

Change your mindset. This is the most important step, and the most difficult. Stop checking every street and backyard yourself, and start recruiting an army to do it for you. Most Greyhounds are found within a mile or two of where they were last seen, but a two-mile radius is nearly 13 square miles; an area nearly impossible to search ade-

quately alone. Stop looking for your dog, and start looking for people. Everything that follows depends on it. With every hour that goes by, your chances of finding your dog yourself diminish. You must find someone who has seen your dog. In order to establish a sighting, you need help. Ask for help from everyone you know: friends, co-workers, adoption group volunteers, and your son's Cub Scout pack. Don't wait until tomorrow. Do it now.

Get the word out. Whether you have help or not, you've got to get the word out about your lost dog. While you and your volunteers are searching, post flyers on every available telephone pole, in every supermarket, drugstore, school, church, police station, animal clinic, and every other public place in the area. The flyers don't have to be fancy, but get them printed on the loudest, gaudiest paper available. An effective flyer should bear the words: LOST GREYHOUND – IF SIGHTED, PLEASE CALL (555) 555-5555. A silhouette of a running Greyhound is an

effective attention-grabber. Print 500 flyers to start. You may need more. Saturate the area so thoroughly with flyers that you can't turn around without seeing one. Do not expand your search area until you've totally covered the area where he was last seen.

Knock on doors and talk to everyone you see: the mail carrier, the UPS driver, the local landscaper. Any of these people may see your dog. If they do, they won't just think he's a dog on his way home. Now they will know that he is lost. Give a flyer to every one of these people.

Schools are a great resource for search help. Ask the principal to make announcements about the lost dog. Leave flyers for distribution, and post them on bulletin boards. Kids see everything in the neighborhood; they will ignore dogs running around unless you ask them to look. If you hand a flyer to one kid, five more will have seen it by the end of the day. Don't ignore the little kids, either. They tell their folks everything.

**LOST
GREYHOUND**



Call
781-555-5068
or
508-555-5969

A clear, simple flyer is the most effective.



A Greyhound in a pile of leaves may be difficult to spot. Abby, adopted by Paula and Bob Connor of Peoria, Ill.

Call every veterinarian's office, animal control officer, and police department within two or three miles from where your Greyhound was last seen. Follow up with a flyer, or several. Faxing them will save you time, but it is important that people see *you*, rather than just a piece of paper. If you show people how concerned you are, they will want to help you. Don't just call them once. Call them every few days and, in the case of the police, during every shift. Make sure everyone knows about your dog.

Run ads in the local newspapers. While you're at it, talk to a reporter and see if he'll run a local interest story on the lost Greyhound. Local radio and television stations may run the story on a slow news night. Local public access television stations often will run your lost dog ad for free.

Check your local animal shelters every few days, in person. It is amazing that many folks who work in these places don't know dog breeds. Your Greyhound could be hanging out at a local shelter, up for adoption,

because the staff thinks he's a Whippet or a Doberman mix.

Contact your local Department of Public Works or Highway Department. Sadly, they often will pick up an animal's body from the road. If there is no identification, the owner will never know. Collars often fall off when a dog is loose or struck by a car.

Get the tools you need, and use them. Print maps of your area to give to the search volunteers. Note the areas that have been well posted. Set up a grid to divide the search location, and send a team to each grid area. Equip them with heavy-duty staple guns so they can hang your flyers on telephone poles. Cell phones or walkie-talkies are invaluable so that you can keep in touch with your search teams and immediately redirect them in the event of a sighting.

Make sure that someone is always available to answer the telephone number listed on the flyer. You don't want people calling, then hanging up because they got a message machine.

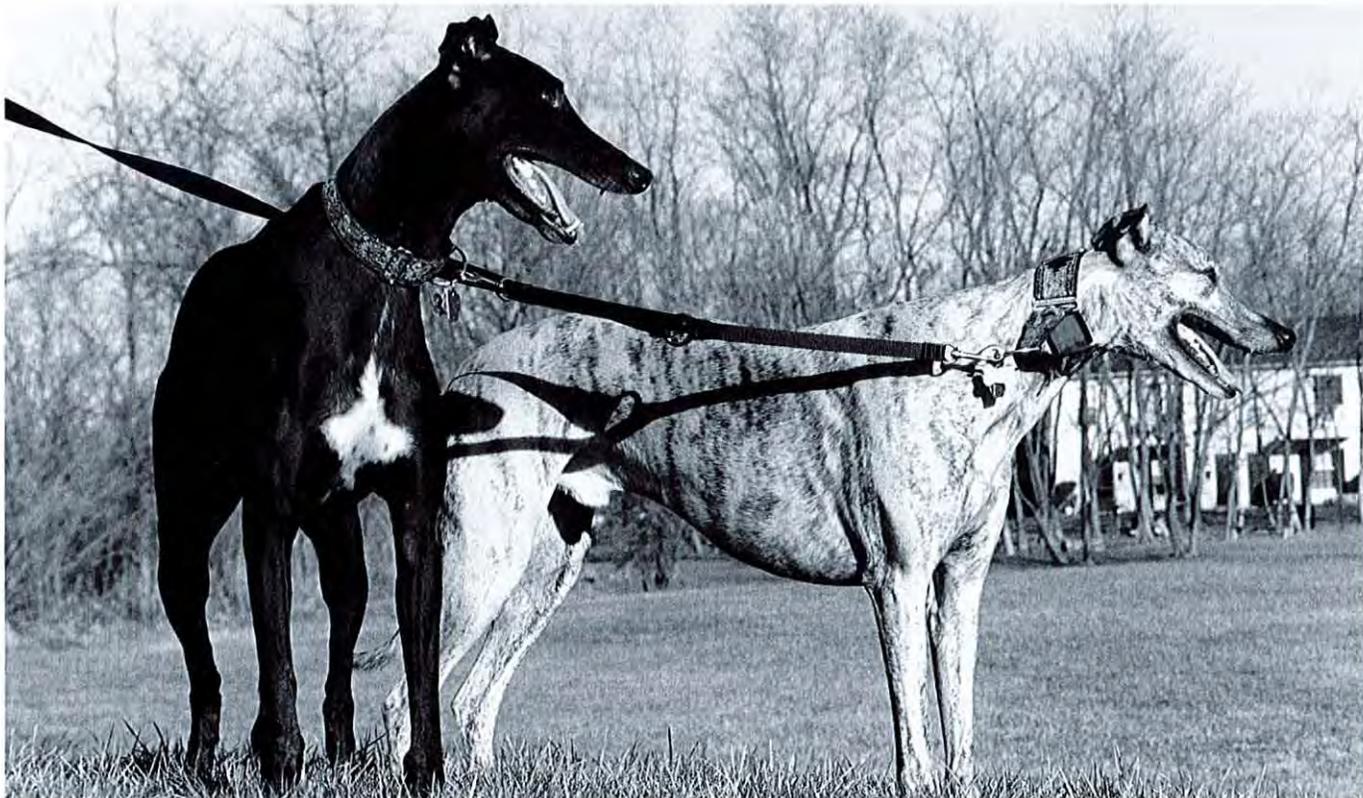
Do not assume anything. Do not assume that your Greyhound has been picked up. Falling into this trap is easy: "There have been no sightings, so someone must have picked up my dog." Greyhounds are notorious for disappearing from view. A person can walk right by a brindle Greyhound laying in a pile of leaves and never even see him. A Greyhound can go for months or even years without being found, because people assume that the dog has been picked up or is dead.

Do not assume that the call you received about a dog five miles away is about your dog. Follow up on it, but when you start receiving calls, ask questions: What color was the dog you saw? How big? Which way was it heading? Have you ever seen it before? You don't want to desert your search area only to learn that someone called you about their neighbor's Beagle. Think of these false leads as a positive sign. They mean that your efforts are working; people are looking out for your dog. It's just that they do not know the difference between a Greyhound and a Jack Russell Terrier.

Do not give up hope. A few days or a week of searching can be discouraging. A lack of sightings or reports can be tough on a positive attitude. Remember that your Greyhound is still out there. Someone has seen him. All you have to do is find that person. It's natural to start thinking the worst. However, Greyhounds may not be street-savvy, but they are survivors. Keep looking. Don't give up. Your Greyhound is counting on you. ■

Michael McCann has, in the last several years, helped Greyhound Friends of Hopkinton, Mass. find and capture over twenty lost Greyhounds. One of his captures was Effie, a shy, spooky foster dog, who slipped a collar while he was walking her. "It was Effie who made me understand the frustration of losing a dog, and then trying to find her. It took us four days to find and capture Effie, and since that time, I can't let a call for help with a lost dog go unanswered." Michael lives outside of Boston with his wife Joan, and three retired racers, Willow, Steely, and Barney, the Ghost of Southbridge. Barney spent an entire year living in the wild before Michael captured him.

Cherokee, Lost and Found



Search parties looking to capture lost Greyhounds usually travel with their own. Greyhounds enjoy the company of their own kind and are often drawn out by the presence of others.

It was a typical autumn afternoon in Massachusetts, windy and raw. Judy Lewis had just let two of her Greyhounds, Patty and Cherokee, into the backyard. They sniffed around the fence-line and did their normal routine. That is, until they came to the gate.

Judy, engrossed in her household chores, didn't notice their absence right away. When they didn't come to the back door, as was their custom, she called for them, expecting their usual enthusiastic return. Puzzled, she went into the yard, and discovered the gate had been blown open by strong winds. Panicked, Judy rushed to the street to look for her babies. Patty, the shy one, came running back immediately. Cherokee, the adventurous one, was nowhere to be found.

It was late afternoon and nearly dark. Judy leashed Cassie, her first Greyhound, and walked the neighborhood until it was too dark to see. She returned home and started making calls.

Judy and Peter Lewis are not new to Greyhounds. They have had Greyhounds for years, and they have always been extremely careful. For the first time ever, one of their Greyhounds was loose. He was depending on them to find him. They knew he probably would not find his own way home.

One of Judy's first calls was to a fellow Greyhound owner, Laurie Austin. Laurie and Peter slowly drove around the area after dark, in hopes of finding Cherokee. Meanwhile, Judy stayed home to call for more

volunteers. She called all the local Greyhound adoption agencies and everyone she knew who owned a Greyhound. She had a friend post a lost dog message to the Greyhound List and Greyhound Rescue List on the Internet. When it got too late to call, she started making flyers so they would be ready to post early the next morning.

By Sunday, Judy was becoming frantic. No one had seen Cherokee since the previous afternoon. She called all the local animal control officers and veterinary hospitals. Laurie Austin drove around the neighborhood. Peter started distributing flyers. Louise Coleman from Greyhound Friends arranged for search volunteers to come and help. Everyone began walking the neighborhood and



An open gate is an invitation to the typical Greyhound.

wooded areas with their Greyhounds, posting flyers on every telephone pole. They told everyone they saw about the lost Greyhound.

By Sunday evening, although Cherokee had not been seen by any of the volunteers, Judy got her first report of a sighting. A woman telephoned to say that she had seen Cherokee in her yard that morning, about a mile from the Lewis home. She saw a flyer on a telephone pole hours later and called the number. Judy immediately went to search the area, posting more flyers. At last, they had a direction in which to search.

But it was getting dark again, and it began to rain. Judy and the volunteers ended the day without finding Cherokee.

By Monday afternoon, volunteers had

posted over 250 flyers in the area. Driving wind and rain had taken down many of the flyers, and replacing them was a frustrating exercise. But they were working. More calls came in, all from the same area. All the callers reported seeing Cherokee on Saturday night, just down the road from the Lewis home.

Inevitably, false sightings also started coming in. Peter and Judy started to question each caller about the dog that they had seen.

It went like that for a week. Every day, Judy, Peter, and the volunteers doggedly papered the area with posters. A few people reported seeing a similar looking dog, but weren't sure. Judy, a teacher, made announcements at her school about her lost Greyhound. Other local schools received flyers and made

announcements. Louise Coleman arranged for an article about Cherokee to appear in the local newspaper. Days went by without a solid lead.

On Friday, a woman pulled her car over as a volunteer was putting up a poster. She told him that she had definitely seen Cherokee, over five miles away, across several busy roads, running from everyone.

At that point, the focus of the search changed. Everyone headed to the new area and started the whole routine over again, posting flyers, talking to everyone. Some folks in the area had seen a loose dog but didn't think it looked like a Greyhound. The rain continued to fall, and the volunteers became discouraged.



There's no place like home. Shannon Lorenz of Mesa, Ariz., with Greyhounds Jeffrey and Lexie Ann, and Lurcher Phoebe.

Saturday morning brought more volunteers and more hope. Diane Henning from Greyhound Rescue of New England, her daughter Michelle, and her son Brian came and searched the new sighting area. Just in case it was a false lead, other volunteers were divided between the original search area and the new one.

At 10:30 a.m., a call came in. A little girl saw a dog in her backyard. She had seen the flyers, so she told her mother. Her mom made the call. Judy reached the search volunteers on their cell phones, and everyone converged on the little girl's home, just two hundred yards from the last confirmed sighting a week earlier.

Sure enough, behind the little girl's house, a mile from the Lewis home, Cherokee huddled, shivering in fear. Armed with a bag of hot dogs, volunteer Barbara Redmond slowly approached Cherokee. He gobbled up the offering, but seemed frightened and ready to run. Peter arrived, and he slowly approached Cherokee with a gentle voice. Cherokee wagged his tail meekly. He let Peter approach and put a leash on him. Suddenly, Cherokee seemed to realize his

ordeal was over. He jumped up enthusiastically, wagging and wiggling all the way to the car.

Judy says Cherokee is more clingy than usual these days. He is not quite as adventurous as he used to be. And new locks are installed on the Lewises' gates. ■

Michael McCann has, in the last several years, helped Greyhound Friends of Hopkinton, Mass. find and capture over twenty lost Greyhounds. One of his captures was Effie, a shy, spooky foster dog, who slipped a collar while he was walking her. "It was Effie who made me understand the frustration of losing a dog, and then trying to find her. It took us four days to find and capture Effie, and since that time, I can't let a call for help with a lost dog go unanswered." Michael lives outside of Boston with his wife Joan, and three retired racers, Willow, Steely, and Barney, the Ghost of Southbridge. Barney spent an entire year living in the wild before Michael captured him.



Bucky, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Burr of Gregory, Mich.

Should Your Adoption Group Charge a Deposit?

Several adoption groups, including the one for which I volunteer, have begun to require a deposit at the time a potential adopter submits an application. While this process may not work for all groups, for those that have implemented a deposit requirement, the benefits have been readily evident.

The group I am with now charges a \$50.00 deposit with the submission of the application. Before we accept applications, we talk extensively with potential adopters. We make sure they have researched Greyhounds as a breed and have spent time with them. We discuss a wide range of issues, including medical needs, future costs, dietary concerns, activity level, and so forth. We ask a lot of questions. We answer a lot of questions. We make sure we are comfortable with the potential applicant's commitment to continue with the adoption process. Once collected, the deposit is applied to, and is part of, the final adoption fee. It is not refundable unless the applicant is declined. I suppose it could be considered a down payment of sorts.

The deposit is a measure of the commitment of the applicant. We spend a lot of time with potential applicants — communicating by telephone and e-mail, interacting at meet-and-greets, and making home visits. People who know they want a dog make a concerted effort to learn more about the breed in which they are interested.

There are some people who are not sure if they want a dog. They ask a lot of good questions, but they aren't willing to commit. These are the people who are reluctant to pay the deposit required with our application. We are happy to answer their questions and help them make an educated decision, but a good adoption representative will not attempt to convince them that they want a dog.



Royal Hounds volunteers host a meet-and-greet. Barry Miller, Wayne Stewart, and Kathy Isaksen with (L-R) Chiquita, Baron, Rascal, and Autumn. SUE ROSS

I have personally conducted a home visit, only to find that the applicant was not being entirely honest. The lady of the house really did not want a dog at all. When we asked for the deposit, she came clean and admitted that she was just going through the motions to make her family happy. They did not get a dog.

I consider that particular evening a waste of time — time that I could have spent promoting adoption in other ways, or enjoying my family and my own dogs. If these prospects had been asked to pay the deposit at the time of application, they never would have scheduled a home visit.

Our representatives are not paid for their time or services. Their time is precious. The time spent with applicants who are not committed, or are only mildly interested, is time lost. Most of our volunteers have full-time

jobs, families, and dogs of their own, so any time they are able to use for adoption purposes should be time well spent.

Frivolous applicants needlessly consume volunteer time in a number of ways. Here are a few examples:

People get caught up in the moment. They submit an application, and when we contact them later in the week, they don't remember that they have done so. They really didn't intend to get a dog at all.

People assume others are on board. We have called applicants only to find that the spouse, roommate, or parent was unaware of the application and is opposed to getting a dog.

People apply to be polite. They fill out applications that are sitting on the table at meet-and-greets because they do not want to appear rude after asking so many questions.

People back out at the last minute. Some go through the whole adoption process, then back out right *before* taking the dog. (Of course, it is far better for an ambivalent adopter to back out before taking the dog than after.) For groups with many available dogs and foster homes, last-minute changes of heart may be easy to accommodate. For groups with limited facilities for holding dogs, and for those that obtain, vet, and transport dogs (often at considerable cost) as applications are received, incurring up-front costs without receiving the offsetting adoption fees — and having extra dogs to care for — can create a significant financial burden.

Requiring a deposit has greatly reduced the number of frivolous applicants, thus allowing us more time with serious applicants.

I am not saying that time spent with potential applicants is a waste. Everyone has to learn somewhere. The person inquiring may not be ready to adopt today, but perhaps there is a Greyhound in their future. If they do their research and wait until the time is right, they will provide a great home for that dog.

Commitment is key to the success of any adoption. Asking applicants to demonstrate their level of commitment by paying a portion of their intended dog's adoption fee up front is not a bad thing. I cannot recall a single time that a serious adopter balked at paying the deposit once they understood that it would be applied to their final adoption fee. Collecting the fee also lets the adopter know that we are committed to finding the best dog for them.

I am thankful for the added edge that the deposit requirement gives us. Our return rate is lower than before we implemented the requirement. Our adopters are more informed before their dog arrives. They are more aware of the challenges that they face and are ready to move forward and embrace that challenge.

Most adoption groups are 100 percent committed to the dog. The adopter should be as well. ■

Sue Ross lives with her family and greyhounds in Washington State, where she is a Board Member of Royal Hounds Greyhound Adoption (www.royal-hounds.org). She is also owner of Silk Road Collars (www.silkroadcollars.com), which has helped raise thousands of dollars for Greyhound rescue since its inception in 1998.

Unleashed!

She rises upon the wings of speed,
Soaring across the rising kiss of Terra's lips.
There she rivals the rush of the Wind's race,
Roaring in her ears as she outstrips its cast.
Staccato beats of nails against hard earth,
Counter-played to the song of a beating heart of Fire!
Turn now, and there! The most favour'd in her gaze,
Sides heaving in great breaths, she stops before her Master.
Silent eyes speak in wonder for he too has flown,
In the running of his friend and companion.
And so it was so long ago, and so it shall be now,
As it has been for all the Ages of Man,
The Arrow of Artemis, the Greyhound.

Patrick J. Cuccurello
Quinlan, Tex.



Elmo, adopted by Karen Acres of Orland Hills, Ill.

By Marc and Jen Flenar
and Meredith Holderbaum

Love Me – Love My Greyhound

In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Rooooo!

—Greyhound

In the spirit of the season, Greyhound owners share with us the stories of how their dogs led them to find love of the two-footed variety.

Two Become One

By Marc and Jen Flenar

Webster's Dictionary defines *hope* as a feeling that what is wanted is likely to happen, or desire accompanied by expectation. Believe me, hope is that and much, much more. This is a true story of how a little Greyhound, fittingly named, brought joy and happiness to two very unexpected people. How do we know this is a true story? Because we are the people to whom she brought such joy and hope. As is always the case, there are two sides to every story, so we've taken the liberty of telling our stories separately.

Jen's Side of the Story

Hope's story began long before she ever entered my life. Though I had been a single parent for a long time, I was still afraid to live on my own. One day I met Mark and Linda Traylor, fellow volunteers for our local high school marching band. I confided in them my fear of living alone and how I wanted a "big dog that looked scary but wasn't." Mark's response: "Have I got the dog for you!" The dog of which he spoke was a 2 year-old brindle Greyhound named Cherry. After going to their home to meet Cherry and the Traylor's four other Greyhounds, I fell in love with Cherry's bubbling personality. She was such a goofy little girl. She played and talked and was full of life.



Hope at home. Note the "ring" on the third toe of her left paw...was it a sign?

Needless to say, I had to have her. On October 3, 2001 I adopted Cherry, my first Greyhound.

We had loads of fun at first, but it didn't take long for me to realize that she missed the company of other Greyhounds. I decided she needed a playmate. Through the wonders of the Internet, an e-mail plea went out to find the perfect companion for Cherry. Once again, Mark and Linda Traylor came to the rescue. Linda suggested I adopt a little black female Greyhound that was being fostered nearby. Her name was Hope.

More e-mail flew back and forth as we planned for a visit from Hope. Her foster dad, a man named Marc Flenar, lived only 20 miles away from me. He volunteered to bring her to my house on November 3rd. Dog or no dog, I was afraid to be alone in my house with a strange man. Sure, we had

exchanged e-mail several times, but I'd heard many horror stories of meeting people over the Internet. I asked the Traylor's to come over that day, too. As an excuse, I told them that I wanted them to meet Hope in person.

As luck — or fate — would have it, Marc arrived with Hope before the Traylor's did. I met Marc and Hope outside — if he was a psycho, best not to let him into my house. All my fears disappeared immediately when I met Marc. He came walking around the corner of my house with Hope, and I was taken in by both of them. I felt at ease and invited him into the house. We were alone for a bit before Mark and Linda arrived and we engaged in Greyhound conversation. Once we determined Cherry and Hope would be good friends, Mark and Linda left without us noticing. Later, Linda told me



Marc and Jen Flenar and family at home.

what Mark said to her: “Those two should get together.” Little did we know where our paths would lead us. Marc and Hope stayed most of the day. We laughed and talked and laughed some more. It was nice to have him there with me.

Since Hope and Cherry had become such quick friends, we decided that Marc would come back the next day and bring Hope to her new forever home. I was sad after they left for the day. I missed both of them. I missed Hope’s loving, dark eyes, Marc’s friendly smile, and our easy conversation.

The next day, Marc returned with Hope. He had planned to stay only long enough to get Hope settled in, but instead stayed for a very long time.

Hope was a project, to say the least. She was afraid of everyone and everything. Being new to Greyhound ownership, I relied on Marc’s advice. We exchanged e-mail almost daily. With his help and encouragement, Hope progressed by leaps and bounds.

November 20, 2001 was another day that changed my life forever. That day, I composed an e-mail message to one of my friends, telling her about my upcoming Christmas party and how I was too afraid to ask anyone to go with me. Instead of sending it to my friend, I sent it to Marc by mistake. I received a return e-mail from Marc that simply said: “Hey Jen, I think you sent this to the wrong person unless it’s a subtle hint about your party.”

My Christmas party was our first “official” date. The night was perfect. He was perfect. We continued to e-mail each other daily, but I didn’t see Marc again until I went on a GUR (Greyhound Underground Railroad) run to pick up my third Greyhound, Craven. We spent the entire day in the car laughing and talking and getting to know each other. Our friendship continued to deepen as he offered help and advice with my growing Greyhound family. Since he had been involved with Greyhounds for

more than 10 years and had three of his own — plus a foster — I figured he knew what he was talking about.

Over time, we started to realize just how special our relationship had become and how much we cared for each other. On February 6, 2002, Marc took my hand, looked in my eyes, and said: “Jen, will you marry me?”

On September 27, 2002, our two Greyhound families became one. Our family consists of Marc and myself, my daughter Jessica, my Greyhounds Cherry, Hope, and Craven, Marc’s Greyhounds Lena, King, and Jag, and his cats, Rocket and Tia. What a crew!

Marc told me today that he loved me almost from the moment he met me and he’ll love me until he takes his last breath. Marc brought Hope the Greyhound into my life, but he also brought *hope* into my life.

Marc’s Side of the Story

That’s Jen’s side of the story. I’ll have a difficult time topping it, but here goes.

I’m not very good at remembering specific dates or times, or even the exact things that were said along the way. I do remember the chain of events that led to our families becoming one.

I remember meeting Jen for the first time. Although I was there on “official” Greyhound business, I couldn’t help liking her. We talked as though we’d known each other all our lives. We discovered almost from the beginning that we had many common interests outside of our love for this magnificent breed of dog. I remember how she sat and listened to me ramble on and on about my Greyhounds and how wonderful they were. When I tried to explain how they were my family and how much I loved them she seemed to understand. That was something no one had done before — understanding how much I cared for my canine companions. A woman told me once that if not for my dogs, I’d be a good catch. Jennifer was different; yes, she sure was.



A blended family. Front, left to right: Lena, King, Craven, and Jag. Back: Cherry and Hope.

I still remember the day I received an e-mail message from Jen about her Christmas party. It was written to someone else, but it came to me by mistake. I wasn't sure what to do, so I sent her a reply and told her I'd received it in error unless it was her way of asking me to the party. I still laugh when I think about it. Our first "official" date was a Christmas party at the Holiday Inn. That will be a story to tell our grandchildren.

Another day that I remember clearly was when Jen and I went to pick up her then-foster dog, Craven. We spent the entire day together, driving more than 400 miles in cold, rainy weather. It was a miserable day outside, but it was a glorious day inside that little car as we got to know each other better. The look of amazement on her face when she saw how big Craven was still makes me smile. He was (and still is) a rather large Greyhound, and stuffing him in the back seat of her car was quite the challenge. Looking back, I think that was the day I realized how much I was beginning to like this woman.

Our relationship progressed over the next few months and on February 6, I asked Jen to marry me. Thankfully, she said yes. I can only imagine how stupid I'd have felt had

she turned me down. We set the wedding plans in motion, and decided that sooner would be better than later. Not once did I ever second-guess my decision to pop the question. My love for Jen only grew stronger each and every day and continues to do so.

On September 27, we exchanged vows and brought our two families together. It was the happiest day of my life to date. Jen and I, her daughter Jessica, six Greyhounds and two cats all live together with a minimum of problems. As we can both attest, this is not something for the faint of heart. We've had some days we'd both like to forget, but the positive things far outweigh any little bumps in the road. Without those, life would be dull, and life at our house is anything but that.

All of this happened because of the little foster dog, Hope. My love for Jen grows each day, and each day is a new adventure; an adventure I can't imagine being without.

That's our little love story.

Tuxes and Tails

By Meredith Holderbaum

They posed for pictures with the bride and groom, looking sleek and elegant in their most formal garb. One kept turning around,

displaying his posterior to the camera, while the other leaned heavily against the bride. They tried to remain on their best behavior. (When you're forced to stand still amidst a host of new sights and scents, it's hard not to fidget.) The tangled leashes or fur left absentmindedly on the groomsmen's pants didn't matter because Ringo and Stretch were welcome guests at the wedding. After all, Greyhounds had led the bride and groom to each other. Why shouldn't they be indulged as slightly eccentric guests?

Past

In the autumn of 1996, only a few months after I adopted my first Greyhound, I attended the second annual Dewey Beach gathering. In hopes of cultivating a Greyhound community in New England, I began to pay more attention to Greyhound-L, the online discussion list. Friends with less subtle ideas were certain they knew the perfect match for me — someone from the list who lived in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. I received more



Ringo dressed for the occasion. GRETJE FERGUSON



Wedding guests Bob Kormis, J.B., and Michelle Rogers, Jess Holderbaum's 6 year-old daughter. SETH PICKERING

than one call telling me what a nice guy he was and more than one request to help transport a foster dog back from Jess Holderbaum's Falmouth home to the Lincoln Greyhound Adoption Program (LGAP) Kennel.

Jess and I met in person on December 7, 1996 at the Falmouth Christmas Parade. It was a chilly, damp morning that segued into a cold, windy afternoon, but nothing could chase away the warmth I felt. We walked the parade route together. We talked. We shared stories and hot chocolate. Jess' Greyhounds, boisterous brindle Lucky and sweet, sleek, midnight Heidi, fell easily into step beside my pale brindle lug, Cooper. I left as the sun set, intentionally delaying the return of LGAP's foster for another trip.

Over the course of the next two months, I managed a trip to retrieve foster Greyhound Argus. I met Jess' infant daughter, watched

him interact with her, and wondered. I mentally weighed the positive and negative aspects of a relationship. I was unsure of myself and uncertain about the possibilities. In January 1997, Jess and I were both involved in the rescue of the Middleboro Nine ("The Middleboro Nine: How to Run a Rescue," Winter 2000 *CG*), and a few weeks later we were talking on the phone every night. We went on our first date. We planned to spend a few hours together, but the date lasted almost 24 hours.

By Easter, I was staying at Cape Cod every weekend. We took our Greyhounds to events together. I moved to Cape Cod in June 1997. Sometime during that hectic spring I had fallen deeply in love with Jess, his Greyhounds, and his daughter. We muddled through merging our Greyhounds and our respective households.

Present

Over the past five and a half years, we learned to communicate and compromise, to laugh and mourn together, to dream and to dare. We travel to Dewey Beach every October. We support each other, and we have endured the deaths of our original trio of Greyhounds.

Heidi vanished from our lives after a brief illness in May 1998, shortly before her fifth birthday. At age 9, Lucky left us on May 21, 2001, after a 13-month fight with osteosarcoma. Cooper passed away in my arms on October 24, 2001, less than three weeks after our sixth Dewey Beach gathering, and just two months past his eleventh birthday. We also lost Dustin, our old man and first mutual adoption on February 24, 2002 at the venerable age of 14 and-a-half.

After Heidi's bitter passing, we were tempted to shut the door, perhaps to foster but never to allow another Greyhound soul too close. It's funny how they sneak into your heart when you aren't looking. We have a full house, but each Greyhound provides us with a unique personality and priceless moments.

One of the toughest questions we faced when preparing for our wedding concerned which Greyhounds to include in the festivities. Given the number of guests, the unfamiliar surroundings, and the warm sunshine, we just couldn't include all four.

Shae-Leigh was adopted in 1999 and is our unassuming little girl. She has a terminal case of cuteness. If a wrapper rustles



The Holderbaum family. GRETJE FERGUSON

or silverware clangs, Shae-Leigh is the first to stare adoringly into your eyes. Shae-Leigh and Ringo were born in the same kennel in Ireland. Both share a certain shyness around strangers. Shae and Ringo also share a high-pitched squeaky whine, which often prompts me to ask whether I should oil them.

Stretch, adopted in July 2001, is possibly one of the densest Greyhounds ever born, but he means well. Stretch is sincere and earnest. He tries to do what he's asked, but sometimes he doesn't quite understand exactly how. Stretch is thoroughly devoted to Jess. Stretch is also obsessed by and terrified of flies. If a single housefly invades our home, Stretch scampers from room to room, looking for a safer bed.

Adopted June 2002, Ringo is a perpetual puppy — big, lean, floppy, sweet, and brilliant. If he's not sleeping upside down, he has his cold nose shoved somewhere it doesn't belong. If I forget and leave the pantry door open, I am likely to hear a *kerthunk*, *kerthunk* as Ringo curiously and hopefully lifts the garbage can lid.

Geordie was adopted with Ringo, a package deal, and possibly also the mastermind behind Ringo's criminal schemes. Geordie

was a champion, much like my Cooper. He takes his retirement seriously, unless he decides it's time to be petted. Geordie is persistent, calm, and confident.

After much consideration, we determined that Stretch wouldn't take kindly to being excluded. We also determined that Ringo loved being dressed up, regardless of the outfit.

So with all the important details arranged, it came to pass that on September 14, 2002, I became Mrs. Jess Holderbaum.

The day couldn't have been more beautiful. For all the anxiety, everything went forward without a hitch. Ringo and Stretch joined us for pictures, dressed in the tuxedos I had once made to fit Cooper and Lucky. Jess and I took our vows before friends and family, looking forward to many bright tomorrows, accompanied by the memories of the companions who led us to that perfect moment.

Future

After all the challenges we've faced, it's apt that many of the lessons Jess and I have learned from our Greyhounds also apply to our relationship. We would like to share some of these lessons with you:

1. If you whine, you'll probably be ignored, but you might get some extra attention.

2. If you are stealthy enough, you can grab a few freshly baked cookies while nobody is looking.

3. You'll probably get yelled at if you poke at something too much.

4. When you're at home, you can put your feet up and take a nap.

5. Toys are only fun until the stuffing is all gone.

6. Some of life's greatest pleasures come from simple things, like curling up together, laying in the sun, or being scratched in just the right spot.

7. Most important of all, if you love somebody let them see how much you care, every hour of every day. ■

Marc and Jen Flenar live in Petersburg, Indiana with Jessica, Greyhounds Lena, Cherry, Hope, King, Craven, and Jag, and cats Rocket and Tia. They volunteer for the Evansville chapter of GPA/Indiana. Meredith Holderbaum lives on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and is a Legislative Budget Analyst for the Rhode Island Senate. In her free time she enjoys writing poetry and short stories, and spending time with her husband, her stepdaughter, and Greyhounds Stretch, Shae-Leigh, Ringo, and Geordie.



you're invited

Saturdays and Sundays, March 1 and 2 through March 22 and 23

Arizona Renaissance Festival

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On Hwy 60

For the eighth year, the Greyhounds of Fairhaven will be promoting Greyhound adoption at the Arizona Renaissance Festival. If you live in or are visiting the Phoenix/Tucson area, come out and meet our most noble hounds.

Contact: Marsha Roe, (602) 493-1063 or
gr8hound@yahoo.com;
www.GreyhoundsOfFairhaven.org

Sunday, March 30

Houndfest 2003

10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Greyhound Pets Inc.
King County Fairgrounds
Enumclaw, Wash.

Vendors, raffles, and auctions. Contact: Sue Smith,
(253) 471-4894 or sgsmith_99@yahoo.com

Friday, April 25 through Sunday, April 27

Fifth Annual Greyhounds Invade Gettysburg

Gettysburg, Pa.

Bring your Greyhounds — be they blue or gray — and join us at Gettysburg. Planned events include daily walks on the battlefield, lunch at the Distelfink (a local outside eatery), a Greyhound fun run, an evening Ghost Walk with the dogs, and an ice cream social for the dogs sponsored by Nittany Greyhounds. Vendors are invited to sell Greyhound goodies and other dog related items.

Contact: Joanna Wolfe, (919) 489-7778,
netlagd@aol.com; <http://members.aol.com/~netlagd>

Sunday, April 27

Annual Northern California Greyhound Play Day/Picnic

9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Greyhound Friends of Northern California (in cooperation with local Greyhound rescue groups)

C-Bar-C Park
Oak Avenue
Citrus Heights, Calif.

A day of fun and frolic for all Greyhounds and their families. Public invited.

Contact: Kris Burkel, (530) 529-3489;
burkeleq@saber.net

Saturday, May 3

GPA/CA-OC & GLA Eighth Annual Picnic

Greyhound Pets of America/Orange County and Greater Los Angeles
10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

La Habra Heights Park

Our picnic draws hundreds of Greyhounds and their families together for a day of celebration, including lots of vendors, contests and games, foster barn, and great food. Come join the fun!

Contact: Joyce McRorie, President, (562) 694-3519,
gpa.ocgla@verizon.net

Friday, May 9 through Sunday, May 11

Greyhound Gathering - Kanab 2003

Greyhound Gang
Kanab, Utah

A weekend long celebration of Greyhound love! Parade, hikes, talks, auctions, movies, food, and laughter galore.

Online registration begins in January.
Contact: Claudia Presto, (435) 644-2903,
claudia@greyhoundgang.org; www.Greyhoundgang.org

Saturday, May 10

G.A.S. Ninth Annual Reunion

11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. (rain or shine)

Greyhound Adoption Service Inc.
Middlesex County 4-H Fairgrounds
S. Chelmsford Road, Westford, Mass.

Come join us for a day of Greyhound fun in the country.

Contact: Judy Botsford, (978) 468-6658 or
jbotsford@netscape.net; (978) 462-7973

Sunday, May 18 (rain or shine)

Annual Greyhound Reunion

10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Greyhound Pets of America/Maryland
Oregon Ridge Park
Cockeysville, Md.

Great day of celebrating adopted Greyhounds — fun, games, contests, food, educational presentations, vendors, prizes and more.

Contact: Mary Helen Sprecher, (410) 744-4542,
sprech@qis.net

Saturday, June 7 (rain date June 14)

11th Annual Greyhound Reunion Picnic

10:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Greyhound Pets of America/Springfield, Mo.
2016 S. Arlington Terrace, Springfield, Mo.

Swimming for people and pets, raffles, silent auctions, sack raffles, Greyhound store, nail cutting, group photo and more. Greyhounds can be off leash if muzzled.

Contact: Alane Shultz, (417) 883-8156 or (417) 887-6439,
agreyhound@mindspring.com; www.gpamo.com

Saturday, June 7

WAG's Picnic in the Park — Doggone Walkathon 9

9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

We Adopt Greyhounds, Inc.
Lock 12 Park
Cheshire, Conn.

A fun walk with fellow Greyhound enthusiasts to raise money for WAG dogs awaiting adoption.

Contact: Jim Berger, Jr., (203) 325-9727 or
(877) 595-8991; jim@bergeradvisory.com

Saturday, June 7

2003 Greyt Greyhound Gathering

9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

Hill Country Greyhound Adoption
McAllister Park
San Antonio, Tex.

Enjoy and meet with other Greyhound owners and friends for fun, food, games, silent auction, raffle, Greyhound items and t-shirts for sale. Public welcome and encouraged to attend.

Contact: Linda Knight, (210) 829-1328;
hega@sateexas.com

Sunday, June 8

Third Annual GreysLand Gathering & Reunion

11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

GreysLand Greyhound Adoption
Hopkinton State Park
Hopkinton, Mass.

A day of fun for all Greyhounds and their humans. Vendors, games, raffles, information booths, food, and more.

Contact: Robin Norton, (508) 435-6023,
greys5@aol.com; www.greysland.org

Sunday, June 8

South Jersey Volunteers Sixth Annual Picnic

11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

National Greyhound Adoption Program
Atlantic County Park in Estell Manor
Mays Landing, N.J.

Games, raffles, vendors, demonstrations, Greyhound wedding. Donation of \$15.00 per family of 4 and \$2.50 each additional person; lunch included!

Contact: Merci, mercibar1@aol.com or NGAP
at 1-800-348-2517.

Thursday, June 12 through Sunday, June 15

Greyhound America 2003

Race the Wind Greyhound Adoption

Sterl Hall

Abilene, Kan.

This annual gathering is made up of retired racing Greyhounds, the dogs' owners and breeders, and Greyhound adoption groups from all over the United States and Canada. Tours of the Greyhound facilities in and around Abilene are planned, as well as networking of information, and, of course, a lot of "rooing" from the four-legged attendees.

Contact: Judy Sparks, greydogs@swbell.net;
www.racethewind.org

Saturday, June 14

Monica's Heart Summer Blast

10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption
Legion Park
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Games, silent auction, raffles, vendors, concession stand open for good food. A great start to the summer — fun and socializing for hounds and their humans!

Contact: Kay McNelis, (814) 942-3145,
houndmom@charter.net;
or Peg O'Brien, (814) 943-1475, obie@asdcats.com

Saturday, June 14

Eighth Annual Homecoming Picnic

11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Personalized Greyhounds, Inc.
Pavillion #3
Gifford Pinchot State Park
Lewisberry, Pa.

Vendors, food, beverages, music, contests, Chinese and silent auctions, 50/50 drawing. Contact: Diane Freundel, (717) 737-2609; www.pgreys.org



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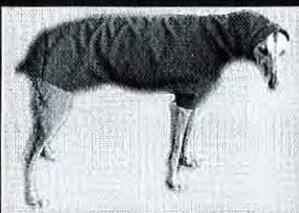
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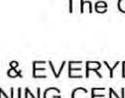
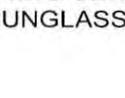
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Ajax (Special Policie) 1987-2002

Son of Desto Midnight and the famous stud dog Sports Special, Ajax was sidelined by a groin injury at the Seabrook, N.H. track and was retired from racing at 3 years of age. Adopted by Cynthia Branigan just before Christmas, 1990, he is pictured in "Dog Tired" in the current issue of *CG*. Smiling Jack (one of his many nicknames) had a lighthearted, optimistic nature. He expected things to go well and, for him, they always did. Ajax was featured prominently in photographs and anecdotes in both of Cynthia's books, and he accompanied her on countless speeches and media interviews. It is not an exaggeration to say that he inspired tens of thousands of people to adopt others of his kind. It is also not an exaggeration to say that both Cynthia, and her husband Charles, are profoundly grateful to have had the privilege of his company.



Boomer (Thailand Jack) 1989-2002

Adopted by Dan and Lauren Emery, Boomer was featured in "Adapting to Blindness" (Summer 1999 *CG*), "Photographing Your Greyhound" (Summer 1998 *CG*), and a number of Celebrating Greyhounds calendars. He was one of a small group of retired racers who helped jump-start Greyhound adoption ten years ago in Maine through meet-and-greets and media exposure. In 1993, Boomer lobbied legislators

at the State House for passage of the first law to ban Greyhound racing and simulcasting. A dignified goofball, he was blind for the last six years of his life and taught those who loved him about the strength and determination of the canine spirit. A lover of the great outdoors, he knew the forest at his home like the back of his paw and rests forever where he felt secure and at peace.



Edna 1992-2002

Adopted and loved by Liz and Ray Murray of Arlington, Vt., Edna and her famous Greyhound smile were pictured in "Clean as a Hound's Tooth" (Spring 1999 *CG*). She passed away after a long struggle with kidney disease. Her attitude ("I am the queen") and her smile ("I am beautiful") will be greatly missed.



Ibis 1990-2002

Owned and loved by Gale and Chris Hollstein. Ibis was featured in "After Amputation" (Spring 2002 *CG*). He was also pictured on page 5 of the Winter 2002 issue of *CG* with his Greyhound brother, Griffin. Ibis succumbed to osteosarcoma 20 months after diagnosis, and 19 and a half months after the amputation of his left front leg. He lived a full and active life up until four days before his passing. His enthusiasm for life was inspirational. Ibis charmed everyone he met. Even after his amputation,

he rarely missed a meet-and-greet, and he loved his visits to the local nursing home. We considered retiring him from therapy dog work, but he let us know he wasn't yet ready. Ibis taught us so much. We were blessed to have had him in our lives.



Niles 1990-2002

Adopted by Connie Cassidy of St. Joseph, Mich. Niles was featured in "Niles: My Hero" (Summer 1997 *CG*) and "Niles: Once, Twice, Three Times a Hero" (Winter 1997 *CG*). Niles was the elder statesman of the group of hounds belonging to the organizers of the first Great Lakes Greyhound Gathering, an event that has raised many thousands of dollars for the Morris Foundation's Canine Cancer Research Program. An elegant gentleman with an enormous bark, Niles will be remembered by family and friends for his quiet dignity, which disappeared when there was birthday cake and ice cream in the offing. When he heard the Birthday song he became loud, obnoxious, and a bit goofy until he got his share. A true hero to the very end, Niles warned Connie that one of his companions was about to have a seizure on the night before his passing. He stood watch over his little friend throughout the night. Niles was much loved and will be greatly missed. His spirit will live on.

Without the Greyhounds whose stories and images populate its pages, CG Magazine would not exist. With In Memoriam, we express our gratitude and bid farewell to those who have, in previous issues, enriched our lives by sharing a bit of themselves with us.



Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine

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