

cg magazine

celebrating greyhounds

Spring 2012

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ALSO INSIDE:

Canine Blastomycosis

The Greyhound of

50/50



**Taking Care of the Greyhounds:
The 4Legs4Hounds Partnership**



Chico, adopted by Rich and Jerrie Ingersoll of Melrose Park, Ill.

cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters,
Owners, and Friends
Vol. 17; No. 1 Spring 2012

Front Cover Credit:

Walter was adopted by David Ryzner of Rolling Meadows, Ill. At the age of four, Walter was diagnosed with canine blastomycosis. Read more about Walter's experience in "Walter's Story," in this issue. Photo by David Ryzner

Back Cover Credit:

Retired racing Greyhound Dingo lives with Debbie Safran of Starksboro, Vt. Photo by Karen Safran

Regular Departments

- | | | | |
|---|---|----|---|
| 2 | Editorial Comments | 10 | House Calls
Itching for Treatment. Diagnosis and treatment of mites. Jim Bader, DVM |
| 3 | Your Letters | 15 | Hero Hound
Jetta Sue Roo, a True Heart Dog. Helen Coleman |
| 5 | News | 46 | You're Invited |
| 7 | Exploring Medicine
Metronomic Chemotherapy. A new cancer treatment option reduces side effects and cost. Allison Tonini | 47 | Marketplace |
| 8 | Reviews
Dash: Bitch of the Year is reviewed by Leslie Wootten | 49 | In Memoriam |
| 9 | Greyhound Humor
Knot Rite William Agosto | | |

Features

- 13 Activities
Running to Fight Greyhound Cancer. Greyhound owners run a marathon and raise money to fight cancer. Debbie Safran
- 17 Humor
Failing Fostering. His stay was only temporary. Right? Lisa Holthaus
- 27 Living with Greyhounds
The Wheeling Dogs at Home. Adoptive owners of Greyhounds treated as a result of the Ohio State Greyhound Program/Wheeling Island partnership share their stories.
- 29 Living with Greyhounds
The Greyhound of 50/50. A pair of Greyhounds acts opposite Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Seth Rogen in a major motion picture. Mardy Fones
- 32 Living with Greyhounds
The Greyhound: Pubs in an English County. If you find yourself in Suffolk County, England looking for a pub named The Greyhound, you won't have to look far. Henry Townsend
- 35 Poetry
Sleep. Gayle Leader
- 35 Medical
Canine Blastomycosis: Walter's Story. A young Greyhound's mysterious symptoms produce a troubling diagnosis. Diane Ryzner
- 40 Activities
Put that Needle Nose to Work.
Get you Greyhound involved in canine nose work. Laurel E. Drew
- 43 Think Piece
Three Legs to Stand On. After careful consideration, a Greyhound owner opts for amputation to treat osteosarcoma. David Baehren, MD

Felter (Mulberry Jet), adopted by Jeff and Shelley Lake of Paola, Kan.

Speaking of Adoptions

- 21 Are Your Unreimbursed Fostering Expenses Tax Deductible? Your ability to deduct these expenses may be greater than you think. Henry Kurzawski
- 24 The Greyhounds Always Win: The Ohio State Greyhound Program/Wheeling Island Partnership. A new program reduces race-related euthanasia at one of the nation's top racetracks. Liliana M. Marin, DVM, MSc; C. Guillermo Couto, DVM, diplomate ACBIM; and Lori Bohenko, DVM



By Cindy Hanson

Every pet owner I know reaches a point where they start expressing the ages of their animals in months. I can't remember when I reached this point with Pearl, but I suspect that it was when she reached the age of 12. After that, it was "she turned 12 last month," "she's 12 years and 3 months," "12 and a half," and so forth.

Pearl's footing is less steady, her appetite less predictable, and her bladder less reliable than when she came to live with me five years ago, after successful careers as a racer and a brood mama. The adjustments I've made over the years haven't seemed like much because they've been so gradual. I keep a pantry well stocked with a variety of kibble and canned food just for her. I leave a fresh folded towel on the bathroom floor each morning. I try to keep the boys from inadvertently body-slammng her with their youthful enthusiasm. Our well-check visits to the animal clinic are more frequent than they used to be; I post every one of Pearl's normal CBC test summaries on my refrigerator, as if she received an A on her homework.

Some of these adjustments are more for me than for Pearl, of course. Nevertheless, I know that Pearl is attuned to my sympathy. She's also smart, and an opportunist. When she pulled a leg muscle last October and wasn't getting around very well, I brought food and water to her on the couch. Months later, a time will come in the evening when she will lay on the couch, stare at me until she has my attention, then cry piteously in an attempt to resurrect the couchside service. If I do nothing, she will eventually stop, jump down, and wander into the dining room to get herself a drink. Sneaky girl.

When our dogs demonstrate frailty — regardless of age — I think most of us react with a combination of worry, flexibility, and vigilance. What's going on? What do I need to do now? Am I still doing the right thing? Am I doing enough? And behind all these thoughts is the certainty that eventually a time will come when none of this will be enough. So we watch over our dogs, love them, and do what we can to meet their needs. That is the best we can do.

Several articles in this issue illustrate the efforts of Greyhound owners to take care of their dogs. In "Three Legs to Stand On," XYZ takes us through the process of deciding to treat Corey's cancer with amputation. In "Canine Blastomycosis: Walter's Story," Diane Ryzner introduces us to her son's Greyhound, Walter, and his troubling diagnosis. And our cover story, from Dr. Couto and his colleagues with The Ohio State University's Greyhound Wellness Program, illustrates how people from OSU and Wheeling Island Racetrack in West Virginia have worked together to significantly reduce the number of race-related euthanasias at the track.

At this writing, Pearl is nine days away from her 13th birthday. When people ask me if I'm planning anything special for her, I give them my biggest smile and a response that always elicits a few groans and eye rolls: "I celebrate every day with my dogs."

I don't need to tell you that this response is as cheesy as it is true.



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Spunky Izzy feels fresh even though her owner, Mary Mussomelli, never picks up Izzy's poop.

Another Scoop

Regarding "Picking It Up: A Primer on Poop Etiquette (Fall 2011 CG): I never pick up the poop! My dogs have always pooped in the "Scoop." This method works extremely well for Greyhounds; there's lots of clearance because their butts never hit the ground. I use a large kitty litter scoop and plastic bags that I purchase from a local warehouse club or from an online restaurant supply business. First, I put the plastic bags



A kitty litter scoop like this one, lined with a plastic bag, does the job.

over the scoop. I know when the dog is getting ready because the tail arches slightly. The dog squats, I slide the scoop under the butt, and the dog poops in the bag. I peel the first bag off with the poop inside, tie it up, and the next bag is in the scoop, ready to go. I've found this method indispensable for the less-than-formed "jobs" that are difficult to pick up. My dogs have always been welcome to poop anywhere — subdivisions, parks, when visiting friends — because it never hits the ground. Some people actually think I have trained the dogs to poop on command.

Mary Mussomelli
Via E-Mail

Bleeding Greyhound

There could be many reasons for Rita's increased bleeding. However, the one test result Marcia Herman mentioned in her letter (Your Letters, Fall 2011 CG) that caught my eye was the slightly elevated aPTT. You've probably read about the condition called von Willebrand's Disease (vWD). It can occur as both a hereditary disorder (which is pretty rare in Greyhounds) and as an acquired condition (which studies suggest may occur in as many as 10% of Greyhounds or more). Has the veterinarian mentioned anything about Rita having a heart murmur? These are somewhat common in Greyhounds and can cause the onset of the acquired form of vWD. I mention this because vWD can cause a slight elevation in aPTT. The other important test result you didn't share is the platelet count. If you have other test results you would like to share I would be happy to see if there's anything else

that might suggest a cause for Rita's bleeding problem. I'm a clinical laboratory scientist and physician assistant who specializes in blood disorders, and I've had my share of Greyhounds with health problems that my vet couldn't put his finger on without a little help. Contact me at justme@makinmerry.com if you are still looking for more ideas.

Joe Tritchler
Via E-Mail

Addressing Aggression

In response to Barbara Dodson's letter regarding her dog-aggressive Greyhound (Your Letters, Fall 2011 CG): Many dogs display leash aggression while they are fine at the dog park or at daycare. By petting, praising, and thanking her for "protecting" you, you are rewarding her bad behavior and telling her that you appreciate her actions. Instead, the moment that you sense tension in the leash or see her body language change, you should give her a short leash/collar correction and a sharp, short *No!* She needs to know that this behavior is unacceptable. Since this behavior seems to have been going on for a while, correction of this aggressive behavior will require time and patience. Be patient; Greyhounds are smart and sensitive, and she will learn that you are not happy with her when she growls and lunges. But we all need to remember that our Greyhounds are still dogs and they need to be taught discipline and proper behavior. Your dog is now in a loving, forever home and she needs to learn how a good dog behaves. Good luck!

Lucy Kaplan
Wilmette, Ill.

Barbara Dodson's letter regarding behavior problems with her Greyhound notes that her dog has poor vision. I have a 6 year-old blind Greyhound adopted at 3 years of age who also has behavior problems. These Greyhounds who go blind rapidly at a young age have unpredictable behavior as they do not adapt easily to the blindness, like an old dog who experiences gradual vision loss. The majority of the time they lose vision because of an inherited eye condition: progressive retinal atrophy. These dogs have varying

degrees of fear aggression. They startle easily, especially around children. I would be happy to share my knowledge with her. Help is available for those of us who care for these special Greyhounds. In the meantime, when the dog is outside, it is imperative that she wear a kennel muzzle. Depending on her city or state of residence, it takes only a few bites before her dog may be labeled aggressive and put down without having a chance for rehabilitation.

Norma Talarico
Davie, Fla.

Barbara, send a note to editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org and let us know if you would like us to put you in touch with Norma.—Ed.

Your Daddy, My Daddy

I enjoy my *CG Magazine* immensely and was thrilled to read Amy Bradford's letter (Your Letters, Fall 2011 CG) in which she describes her two adopted Greyhounds, both sired by Dodgem By Design: Bay Oaks Sizzle and Bohemian Curve. I also have a Greyhound who was sired by Dodgem By Design: Silver Gotcha. Her brother, Toledo's Storm, lives only a few miles from me. I would love to get in touch with Amy. Is there any way that I could connect with her through you? I really appreciate all that you do to make the magazine so special to us Greyhound lovers!

Pam Green
Via E-Mail

Amy, send a note to editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org and we will put you in touch with Pam. Pam, thanks for the kind words about the magazine! —Ed.

Every Moment is a Gift

I am writing to you about one of our Greyhounds who has had a long, great life and was recently diagnosed with bone cancer. Primco Hays is 11-1/2 years old, retired as a AA racer, was a momma, got to live her whole life with her sister (Primco Colby), and has been living the sweet, spoiled life with us these past few years. Due to her age and great life, we have opted for pain medication as needed for the cancer, which is in her shoulder and chest. Whether she's with us another week, a month, or a year, she will be spoiled. We lost TMC's Topper in August 2010 to bone cancer, so we know our options. No matter how long your Greyhound lives with you, it's special to know that they have a "forever" home. I will miss "Momma Hays" when the time comes; she has stolen our hearts (as they all do) in such a short time.

Jean Goff
Via E-Mail

Jean, we wish you and Momma Hays the best and know that her remaining days with you will be special for you both. —Ed.

Thank you for your letters (up to 300 words) and photographs. Please send letters and photos by mail to Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine, Attn: Editor, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112. Letters sent via e-mail to editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org are also welcome. Please include your home telephone number if you would like your letter to be considered for publication. Letters may be edited for brevity and/or clarity.

We regret that we cannot publish every letter and photo.



Grey-V, adopted by Holly Keehn and Peter Witulski of Denver, Colo.

Greyhounds in the News



If you want to know why 2011 Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year Ann Bollens is wearing antennae in this photograph, you'll have to ask her. *Michael J Alves/US Patriot Photography*

ANN BOLLENS NAMED 2011 GREYHOUND ADOPTION PERSON OF YEAR

Florida adoption volunteer (and occasional CG contributor) Ann Bollens, recently retired president of the Emerald Coast chapter of Greyhound Pets of America (GPA/EC), has been named the 2011 Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year by the American Greyhound Council (AGC).

Bollens has been a driving force in Greyhound adoption since 1998, when she helped found GPA/EC. In 2010 alone, her organization moved more than 600 Greyhounds into adoptive homes. The northwest Florida group focuses primarily on finding adoptive homes for Greyhounds retiring from Ebro and Pensacola tracks.

“Those who nominated Ann used words like tireless and amazing — in fact, they described her as a hero,” said AGC Communications Coordinator Gary Guccione. “We couldn’t agree more. We’ve

been privileged to work with her over the year.”

In addition to her work with GPA/EC, Bollens also was instrumental in founding the Sunburst Greyhound Adoption Project and Kennel, an unprecedented initiative to expand and coordinate the movement of retired racing Greyhounds from several Florida panhandle tracks to adoption groups around the country. Three separate adoption organizations are involved in the effort — the Greyhound Alliance, the Northern Consortium, and GPA/EC.

Bollens said she was “stunned and delighted” to hear that she had been honored. She and a companion will be guests of the AGC at the organization’s spring meeting in Las Vegas, where she will receive the award and a \$500 check for the Greyhound adoption program of her choice.

The GAPY Award was initiated by the American Greyhound Track Operators Association (AGTOA) in 2007, and became an AGC effort in 2010. —American Greyhound Council

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Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine now has over 2,800 Facebook fans from at least 20 countries. The purpose of the site is to connect Greyhound-admiring subscribers (and non-subscribers) to each other and with some of our content, including magazine covers. Fans have been sharing their thoughts on the magazine and photos of their Greyhounds. Some of the comments we receive on the site will be selected for publication in CG. To join or check it out, go to www.facebook.com/cgmagazine. To those who have joined — please invite others, and keep the feedback and fan pictures coming!



Danica, adopted by Cheryl and Stan Holewinski of Pasadena, Md. *Joanne Bast*



Nicholas III, pictured here with Father Francis Nash, has retired from his second career as mascot of Loyola College in Baltimore, Md. *Bob Stockbridge*

NICHOLAS III, LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MASCOT, RETIRES . . . AGAIN

Nicholas III, a retired racing Greyhound whose second career as mascot to Loyola College in Baltimore (Md.) was chronicled in “Big Dog on Campus — The Greyhound as College Mascot” (Fall 2008 CG), has retired a second time. As Father Francis Nash, Nicholas III’s caretaker, told a reporter for *The Greyhound*, the Loyola College student newspaper, on October 11, 2011:

Nicholas III, the ever-present Loyola mascot for the past five years, is no longer with us. He is in the process of retiring and moving in with a family where he can enjoy a well-deserved rest after welcoming, entertaining, delighting and, yes, even annoying some members of the Loyola community. During the past several months, he has shown signs that the task of always being on display was wearing him out. He clearly enjoyed the role that he played on campus, but there were days when he was just not up to it. With the assistance of Greyhound Pets of America, the agency from which he was adopted, he will be placed in a nice home where he can relax and rest. For eight years, first as a racing dog, and then as Loyola’s mascot, Nicholas has worked the crowd and earned his keep. He will be missed.

The article in *The Greyhound* also contained the following brief profile of Nicholas III:

Nickname: Stainless Steel
 Age: 7
 Breed: Greyhound
 Occupation: Live Mascot (2006-2011)
 Previous Occupation: Racer
 Favorite Food: Everything
 Favorite Sport: Lacrosse
 Favorite Hobby: Being a couch potato
 Best Friend: Father Nash
 Top Speed: 38 miles per hour
 Favorite Place to Walk to: The Library
 Favorite Place to Nap: The Sofa
 Favorite Charity: Greyhound Pets of America
 Hidden Talent: Poetry

FREE ISSUE OF CELEBRATING GREYHOUNDS MAGAZINE TO ADOPTERS OF SENIORS, SPECIAL NEEDS GREYHOUNDS

Do you know someone who has adopted a special needs Greyhound? If so, tell this Greyhound lover that he or she is eligible to receive one free issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*. All the adopter needs to do is send a note to the Editor at editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org or *CG Magazine*, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112. The note must include a description of the dog’s special need, the name of the adoption group or other source of the dog, and the adopter’s name and mailing address. (The special needs Greyhound is either at least 7 years old at the time of adoption or one of any age who has a special medical problem at the time of adoption.) There is no time limit on this special offer.

MOVING? NEED TO RENEW?

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Gator, adopted by Steve and Vanessa Roland of Titusville, Fla.



Indy, adopted by Mike and Wanda Henderson of Upper Marlboro, Md. *Joanne Bast*

Metronomic Chemotherapy Reduces Side Effects and Cost

By Allison Tonini

Painful images of hair loss, long hospital visits, fatigue and sickness are immediately associated with the common cancer treatments, which is why some pet owners are reluctant to seek therapy for their animals. Although aggressive chemotherapy can cause serious health issues in humans, the same is generally not true for animals.

Scientific studies have shown that dogs and cats react differently to chemotherapy than their human counterparts do. In fact, most of our furry friends don't experience significant negative side effects. Still, there's always room for improvement, and one researcher hard at work on advancing canine chemotherapy is Dr. Barbara Biller of Colorado State University.

Dr. Biller recently completed a study, funded by Morris Animal Foundation, in which she evaluated a new way of administering chemotherapy to dogs with soft-tissue sarcoma. Instead of using conventional chemotherapy, which entails administering large doses of drugs every few weeks, Dr. Biller

used a novel method called metronomic chemotherapy. Metronomic chemotherapy involves frequent, low-level doses of drugs.

Most chemotherapy drugs target and kill any fast-growing cells in the body, including hair follicles, intestinal cells and white blood cells. The rapid loss of these healthy cells results in the health issues that give chemotherapy a bad reputation.

Metronomic chemotherapy, however, approaches cancer cells with caution. Instead of killing all fast-growing cells, the drugs cut off the blood supply to the cells that feed the cancerous tumor. Healthy cells are left unharmed, and without a steady blood supply, the tumor cannot grow.

Metronomic chemotherapy does not rid the body of cancer, but it does keep the tumor from growing and spreading. Although it is not ideal for all cases, Dr. Biller confirmed that metronomic chemotherapy can be a very attractive treatment option for dogs with cancer. With little to no side effects, metronomic chemotherapy is also less expensive and easier for a veterinarian to administer.

During the study, it was Dr. Biller's mission to learn more specifics on how to treat dogs using metronomic chemotherapy. "Even though veterinarians have been using metronomic chemotherapy on patients, we have been guessing on important factors like what drugs we should use, what dose is needed and at what intervals we should treat the patient. We hope to determine some of those factors," Dr. Biller says.

Dr. Biller explains that the next step is to zero in with finer precision on factors such as how to combine multiple drugs to achieve the desired results.

Even though there is still a lot to explore with metronomic cancer therapy, Dr. Biller remains hopeful, stating, "this study was definitely a step in the right direction." ■

This article originally appeared in AnimalNews, volume 11, issue 4 (November 2011). It was reprinted with permission from the Morris Animal Foundation.

ANDREW DILGER

DASH

Bitch of the Year

Champion racer
to ring bearer...
in twelve
months flat

*'I fell in love with Dash in this
thoroughly enjoyable book...
It's funny, moving and
I highly recommend it'*
TWIGGY



Dash: Bitch of the Year

Reviewed by Leslie A. Wootten

Dash: Bitch of the Year
By Andrew Dilger
Summersdale (7 Feb 2011)
ISBN 1849531188
288 pp, £7.99

Andrew Dilger's memoir, *Dash: Bitch of the Year*, is easy to pick up and hard to put down. Dilger is clearly at ease with the written word, which is not surprising given that he is adept at poetry as well as prose. Prior to becoming a full-time freelance writer, he worked as an editor at Oxford University Press in Oxford, England, adding more layers to his talent at turning a phrase.

Because Dilger is British and the book a British publication, certain words and phrases may not be immediately recognized by readers in the United States. In context, though, the likes of windscreen (windshield), skittle (bowling pin), and hoovered up (scarfed down) all make perfect sense and, in fact, add a boot (car trunk) full of cultural charm.

The book spans 12 months in the shared life of the author and his retired racing Greyhound, a bitch (as females are called in Britain's racing world). Although her racing name is Beautiful Energy, Dilger calls her Dash, a name he chose even before he knew he would soon have a Greyhound, the fastest breed of dog on earth.

The memoir year is one of new beginnings for Dilger and Dash. Dilger — at age 37 — has never had a pet of his own, and Dash, who is fresh off the track, has never been a pet. Understandably, the period is one of adjustment that has its share of mishaps as the two settle into their apprentice roles. Greyhound lovers will recognize the comical occurrences, such as separa-

tion anxiety in overdrive that occurs during Dash's first night with Dilger and his fiancée, Sarah.

Part of the rub is that Dilger and Dash have no mentors to ease the way. Because Dash has come directly from her racetrack owner, there is no readily available adoption group for Dilger to call on for guidance or support. While he knows people who have dogs, Dilger doesn't know anyone with a Greyhound pet who can offer breed-specific tips. For Dash, it is learn-as-you-go as well, since she has no seasoned Greyhound to show her how to be a pet — and an only pet, at that. While Sarah is a consistent voice of reason and reassurance, she heads to work each morning, leaving stay-at-home Dilger in charge of Dash's acclimation. There are many bumps along the way, which makes for an entertaining, if at times worrisome, adventure.

A big plus is that Dash has joined a venue where human companionship is pretty much available 24/7 given Dilger's home-based writing career. Since the former track star ("bitch of the year") has spent her entire life surrounded by Greyhounds and humans, it is understandable that being alone would take some getting used to. Although Dilger is at first resistant to getting Dash a crate, he discovers that it works wonders, much like a baby's pacifier. In fact, the crate turns out to be the magic remedy for Dash's initial nocturnal anxiety and a favorite refuge for her during the day as well.

When Sarah is around, everything seems to be resolved quickly and easily. It's when Sarah is not home that troubles tend to sprout and escalate. An example of this is Dilger's decision that Dash must go for a walk even when booming fireworks cause her to freeze with nervous fear. Determined to assert his dominance as "pack leader," Dilger insists that Dash continue. Needless to say, both return home frustrated and miserable. Later, Sarah solves the problem with a "dog appeasing pheromone" intended to induce canine calmness during times of high stress. Dilger, meanwhile, realizes he has been an insensitive lout and is relieved when Dash saunters to him and amiably nuzzles his hand with "I forgive you" affection.

The year of beginnings extends to Dilger's relationship with Sarah. In addition to asking her to be his bride (it will be a first marriage for both), he becomes the designated wedding planner due to his more flexible schedule. Although the two discuss what they want and make big decisions together, Dilger is responsible for a multitude of preparatory details. That Dilger embraces a task often viewed as a female's domain is endearing, revealing that he is certainly no stereotypical guy's guy. He does have a willful streak of spirited machismo, though, that surfaces at times when he is out and about with Dash. Or maybe it's just a latent competitive nature stimulated by all that Dash's history represents.

Whatever the spur, time and again, Dilger lets Dash go off-lead. He seems incapable of resisting dares or encouragement to do so from folks he meets while walking Dash in open, but public, places. Actually, Dilger

even dares himself to let her loose. Inevitably, the thrill of watching Dash race in athletic splendor is undercut by perilous consequences, and no one is more upset than Dilger himself at what transpires. Still, one wonders how many more times he will heed the siren call of the chase in less-than-ideal environments.

The good news, which is broadcast to readers from the outset, is that Dash will be a vibrant ring-bearer in the wedding ceremony that wraps up the year and the memoir. It's an emotional finale that puts Dash and her newlyweds on the edge of a new stage. One hopes for a sequel. ■

*Leslie A. Wootten hails from a family that has been involved with Greyhounds in the United States since the 1800s. Author of over 75 published articles, she also wrote the book *Keefers: The People's Choice*. She shares life with two retired racing Greyhounds in central Arizona.*





Lila and Oscar, adopted by Cathy Yu of Chicago, Ill. *Cathy Yu*

Itching for Treatment

By Jim Bader, DVM

Photos by Merri Van Dyke

A Greyhound may scratch for many reasons. Common causes include fleas, allergies, and skin infections. Less common causes include the mites that can live on or in the skin of your pet. These mites, such as ear or demodectic mites, can cause severe itching. They are contagious among Greyhounds. Some, including sarcoptic mange (scabies) and cheyletiellosis (walking dandruff), are also contagious to the Greyhound owner.

Diagnosis of mites

Ear mites are a highly contagious mite usually affecting the Greyhound's ear canals and the surrounding skin. These mites are microscopic, but with low magnification can be seen in the ear canal. They appear as very small white specks moving within the ear debris. The ear mites are usually very pruritic — causing the Greyhound to shake his head, and scratch at and rub his ears. There may also be hair loss around the ears. The mites living in the canal and on the skin can be transferred to another dog by direct contact, or as a result of sharing a grooming item such as a brush.

Ear mites are simple to diagnose. Usually the Greyhound presents with the aforementioned clinical signs. The ear canals and skin are examined, and a sample of the ear canal debris is obtained and examined with a microscope. The mites or the eggs can be easily observed. This test also allows the veterinarian to rule out other causes of ear debris, such as a yeast or bacterial infection.

Once the diagnosis of ear mites is made, treatment is simple. Treatment options include topical Tresaderm®, Accarex®, or Milbe Mite®, or systemic treatment with Revolution®. Tresaderm contains topical Thiabendazole.

Usually the drops are applied daily for seven days; stopped for seven days; then repeated for seven days. The second round of applications kills the mites that have migrated back to the ear canal from the surrounding skin. Accarex® and Milbe Mite® both contain an avermectin product. Both are labeled for a single application, but usually a second application is needed about two to three weeks after the first application. Revolution® also contains an avermectin product. Revolution® is applied to the skin between the dog's shoulder blades. It is absorbed through the skin, travels through the body, and distributes to the oil glands of the skin. Revolution® is also labeled as a one-time treatment, but usually two applications are needed to fully eradicate the ear mites.

Demodectic mange goes by many common names, such as red mange or puppy mange. The ironic component to demodectic mange is that all dogs have this mite in their skin. But the presence of the mite does not mean it is causing disease; there must be clinical signs as well.

Clinical signs for demodectic mange vary. The mange comes in two forms — localized and generalized. The localized form is characterized by one of several areas of general hair loss. These areas may or may not be itchy. Generalized demodectic mange, on the other hand, is usually itchy. The dog will have hair loss over his entire body, usually have a characteristic smell and secondary skin infection, and his lymph nodes may be enlarged (as a result of the skin infection).

Both forms of mange are diagnosed with a skin scraping. A scalpel blade is dipped in mineral oil so the hair and debris adhere to the blade. The skin is scraped vigorously; sometimes the skin is squeezed at the same time to push the mites from the pores into the skin and onto the blade. The skin is scraped until it begins to bleed slightly. The debris is then applied to a microscope slide for examination. The mite is a characteristic cigar shape and is simple to diagnose.

Once the diagnosis is made, there is only one approved treatment option — Mitaban® Dip (Amitraz) — which is normally reserved for generalized rather than localized demodex. This is usually performed at the veterinary office by someone who is trained to



This dog exhibits the hair loss and irritation characteristic of demodectic mange.

limit the bather's exposure to the medication. The Greyhound is bathed in a benzoyl peroxide shampoo to open the pores of the skin. The Mitaban® is then applied to the whole body and is left on the skin to air dry. If the Greyhound has a secondary skin infection, appropriate antibiotics should be administered at the same time.

There are several "off label" treatment options as well. However, whenever an off-label treatment option for any condition is used, the veterinarian and the client should reach a mutual understanding that this option is the best for the Greyhound.

The off label medications are oral Ivermectin solution and topical Advantage

Multi®. The oral Ivermectin solution is usually either the horse or cattle solution. The dose is calculated based on weight. The medication is given orally once daily for at least 21 days or until hair regrowth occurs. Advantage Multi® is labeled for treating demodectic mange in several countries but not in the United States. It is applied topically between the shoulder blades every two to three weeks until the clinical signs resolve. Unlike Revolution®, Advantage Multi® does not absorb through the skin into the body; it functions as a barrier on the skin and kills the mites. Success of any of these treatments is measured by hair regrowth and negative skin scrapings.



This youngster picked up sarcoptic mange from his dog.

Zoonotic mites are those that can be transmitted to humans. In some cases, a dog will be asymptomatic but the owner will have skin lesions. Two examples of such mites are cheyletiella and sarcoptic mange.

Cheyletiella (walking dandruff) live and lay their eggs on the skin and hair shafts. The mite is spread by direct contact with an affected Greyhound, owner, or through contact with hair that has been shed containing the mites. The Greyhound usually presents

with what appears to be flaking skin and generalized itching. However, upon close examination, the flakes can be seen moving. Clear adhesive tape is applied to the dandruff to capture the mites for examination under a microscope.

The treatment for walking dandruff is simple. There are no products specifically for treatment. However, both Revolution® and Advantage Multi® are effective against

this mite. The products are applied every two to three weeks for about two months to break the life cycle and prevent reinfestation.

Sarcoptic mange (scabies) lives in the middle of the skin layer and causes extreme itchiness. The affected skin usually involves the belly, elbows, and ear flaps. The mites normally do not affect the skin on the back. The mites are transmitted by direct contact with another affected dog, affected wildlife, or an infected person.

The extreme itchiness and distribution of the skin lesions usually leads the veterinarian to check for scabies. Unfortunately, scabies mites are very difficult to find on skin scrapings. The definitive method to diagnose scabies is to treat the itchy Greyhound for it. Elimination of the clinical signs indicates that scabies was the cause.

The approved treatments for scabies are Revolution® and Advantage Multi®. These are administered every two to three weeks, repeated three to four times. Some patients will experience more severe symptoms (itchiness) two to three days after treatment due to the mites dying. If necessary, a dog can be given a short course of prednisone for relief.

The itchy Greyhound can be a challenge. The good news is that once mites are diagnosed and treated, there is a very favorable prognosis for complete cure. If you think you have contracted mites from your Greyhound, your symptoms should resolve once your pet is clear of the mites. If you are in doubt, however, be sure to consult your physician. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.



Gracie, adopted by Craig and Debbie Ackley of Spotsylvania, Pa.



Team BiPawds consisted of (standing, L-R) Brandy Alvanos, Debbie Safran, Caryn Hogan, Amy Thompson, and (seated) Jenny Schwartz. They ran the 2011 Vermont City Marathon and raised \$850 for Greyhound cancer research.

Running to Fight Greyhound Cancer

By Debbie Safran

In November 2006, my husband and I got the news most Greyhound owners fear: Ellie had osteosarcoma. I had adopted her seven years earlier as a companion to my first Greyhound, Katie. They looked like a set (two little red brindle girls), but their personalities couldn't have been more different. Katie was as sassy — a troublemaker if I ever saw one — as Ellie was sweet. I never had to worry about Ellie. Until now.

Confused and frightened by the horrible options that lay before us, I reached out to the greater Greyhound community. The response was overwhelming. One woman told me about her 10-year-old Greyhound who lived three years post-diagnosis. A local veterinarian offered her Greyhound as a blood donor, should Ellie need it. An out-of-state veterinarian was able to answer specific questions from personal experience.

But one name kept coming up, over and over again: Dr. Guillermo Couto, from the Department of Veterinary Clinical Sciences College of Veterinary Medicine at Ohio State University (OSU). So I called his staff at the Greyhound Health and Wellness Center and e-mailed Dr. Couto himself. Everyone was amazing. I always got my questions answered and concerns addressed, even though we live more than 700 miles away and Ellie was not a patient there.



Ellie, Debbie Safran's Greyhound, was a four-year cancer survivor.

I cannot put into words what it meant to me to have the help and support from Dr. Couto's staff as we went through this ordeal. Ellie's surgeon was fantastic. So was her team of oncologists. She was worth the best care possible, and that's exactly what she got. Knowing we also had Dr. Couto in our corner gave us an added sense of comfort.

I soon realized that at some point I'd want to give back to the Greyhound community. This disease is too awful and too prevalent not to let others learn from our experiences. So I contacted others who have dealt with canine cancer and created a booklet of stories and information, *Cancer and Your Greyhound*. I wrote and recorded Ellie's story to help people sift through the facts and the fears of a canine cancer diagnosis. But I also wanted to have a bit of fun.

I knew that thousands of runners from all over the country — and even the world — flood Burlington, Vermont each Memorial Day weekend for the Vermont City Marathon. While most run as individuals, quite a few relay teams also compete. Some run just for fun while others run to support a cause.

I'm not a marathoner, or even a runner, but I've always wanted to see this race from the inside. So in 2011 I registered a relay team and decided to run for something close to my heart: The OSU Greyhound Health and Wellness Program. Of course, a relay team needs members. Fortunately for me, they were easy to find. Several friends are equally passionate about Greyhounds, and some of them were excited at the idea of being a part of this event. Team BiPawds (aka Greyt Gals Running) was born.

We created a logo and fund-raising message, set a fund-raising goal, and started to train. Winter was hard — cold, snowy, and seemed to go on forever. Spring was late and very, very wet. Nearly constant rainfall caused Lake Champlain to reach record levels, and it remained at flood stage for weeks. We had to train in the wind, rain, and cold. It killed our confidence and left us feeling frustrated and unprepared. But as donations came in, our spirits were lifted. This wasn't about how fast we could run. This was about hope.

Race day started off rainy and ended hot and humid. Not a perfect day to run 26.2

miles. I was glad to have broken it up among four wonderful friends. In our matching bright orange shirts, five Greyt Gals Running gave it their all. Like most of the Greyhounds we had adopted, we didn't come anywhere near first place. But we had a lot of fun and collected more than \$850 in donations. Though we may have finished 91st in our category, Team BiPawds won something more important than a medal: we won a second chance for someone's very special Greyhound.

Author's Note: The 2011 Vermont City Marathon took place seven months after Ellie died. A four-year cancer survivor, she lived to nearly 14 — a long, happy life by any Greyhound standards. She beat all the odds, but she couldn't beat old age. ■

Debbie Safran lives in Starksboro, Vt. with her husband George and their random assortment of sighthounds: Greyhound Dingo, Whippet Vishna, and Saluki Heidi. To learn more about her booklet Cancer and Your Greyhound, to hear her presentation, or to learn more about Team BiPawds, visit www.downdogystudio.com



Jetta Sue's uncanny sensitivity to Bill's needs proved his doctor right: "Never second-guess the instincts of a dog," he said.

Jetta Sue Roo, a True Heart Dog

By Helen Coleman

It was early December 2003. We were not ready to adopt another Greyhound. A call came regarding a small female needing a home. I could not resist the urge to take a look at her. My friend Anne and I went to see Jae's Jetta in Baltimore. The dog ignored me but doted on Anne. Reviewing her paperwork, I discovered that Jetta and I shared a birthday, December 12. Despite this coincidence, I was not convinced this dog was the one for me.

On the drive home, Anne and I discussed this little girl. She was very sweet, but she and I had no connection. A few days later, I received another call that forced me to make a decision. A home had been found for Jetta on the lower Eastern Shore, and if I wanted her, I had to act now. The thought of losing this sweet dog was unbearable, so I made arrangements to adopt her.

Jetta Sue Roo settled comfortably in our home with our resident Greyhounds. As Christmas approached, I was asking myself why I had adopted another Greyhound. On Christmas Eve, the answer became all too clear. I was in the kitchen washing last-minute dishes when Jetta Sue came in, whining and pawing at my leg. I thought she probably needed to go outside, so I followed her to the living room. There in a recliner sat my husband, gasping for air

and holding his chest. One look told me that he needed medical help immediately. I called 911, and my husband was transported to the hospital.

The doctors examined Bill, and were preparing to release him. One of the doctors caring for Bill, Dr. Woods, asked me to describe what had happened earlier in the night. When I reached the point where Jetta Sue came to get me, he decided to keep Bill for observation overnight. Dr. Woods said he never second-guessed the instincts of a dog. The next day, Bill had a stress test that revealed he had three blockages in the arteries leading to his heart. Bill was airlifted to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for emergency surgery.

That was the beginning of our strange relationship with Jetta Sue. Bill has been taken to the emergency room or admitted to the hospital more than 100 times over the past eight years. Jetta Sue has alerted me to every heart-related incident that has occurred. She has also alerted us to dangerous changes in his blood sugar levels; Jetta woke Bill when his blood sugar had dropped to 43. Jetta continued to push at Bill's arm and jump on him until he was awake enough to realize he was having a problem. Jetta Sue has never alerted on Bill's non-emergent incidents. Someone must have known that Jetta Sue had special qualities. There is a Greek Ankh tattooed on her tummy that means eternal life.

Jetta Sue was not the Greyhound of my dreams, but she certainly was the one we were destined to have in our home. I am thankful every day that she joined our family. Because of Jetta Sue Roo, my husband is alive today. She is a true heart dog. ■

Helen Coleman has been involved in finding homes for Greyhounds for more than 20 years. Helen and Bill live on the outskirts of Annapolis, Md. with Helen's sister Anne, seven Greyhounds, and one cat. They are active members of Fast Friends Greyhound Rescue, Inc. of Maryland, which specializes in placing older and special needs Greyhounds.



Lance, adopted by Carol Sahlfeld of Dallas, Texas.



Don L Cyp Da Man came to the Holthaus household as a foster dog.

Failing Fostering

Story and photos by Lisa Holthaus

I decided I could foster a Greyhound. In fact, I decided I could foster myriad Greyhounds continuously, accumulating a staggering amount of successful adoptions to my credit. I bragged to everyone who would listen that fostering a Greyhound was an honor, as well as a necessity as long as retired racers needed forever homes.

I rambled on about how I would soon be in an elite club with all the other truly magnanimous people who could successfully foster Greyhounds. That was me. One of the few really generous souls who could take dogs into their homes, love them, nurture them, teach them to assimilate into life after racing, and then make the ultimate sacrifice and let them go. I was that big-hearted person. I was going to be in that elite group. I was going to be one of the truly magnani— oh, who am I kidding? But I figured I'd try it anyway.

My husband and I were living comfortably with our four Greyhounds — Kira, Ben, Miranda, and Cooper — when I decided I had to do something above and beyond for these wonderful creatures. When an e-mail from the director of my rescue group asked for available foster homes, I talked it over with my husband and assured him I could do it. I had just been downsized from my job, so he had reservations, fearing I would get too attached with all the time I would spend with these fosters. But I am nothing if not persuasive. I made an impassioned speech about it being a truly magnanimous gesture, spouting off about elite clubs and ultimate sacrifices, and so on and so forth. My husband shook his head as he walked out of the room, muttering only that we were going to need a kennel



The foster dog, now called Donnie, takes a break from chewing clothing and furnishings as Miranda looks on.

license.

When I responded to the director that I would be willing to take a foster, I was told the haul would arrive from Florida on January 5, and I was going to get a male. It was all very exciting.

When the big day arrived, my daughter and I drove an hour to the home of the member who handled Greyhound intake for the group. We waited anxiously as the SUV arrived with the four fosters our group was taking. I was handed a leash and told I should take the scrawny red boy for a walk in the fenced yard. I introduced myself to Don L Cyp Da Man and told him he would be staying with me just for a bit, so he should not get attached to me. I explained that it was only until he found his forever home, then it was “adios.” He seemed unimpressed with my aloof attitude toward him. In fact, I’m pretty sure I saw him wink at another foster.

Don L was bathed, wormed, and had his nails clipped by volunteers from the group. I stood by him patiently, doing my best to reassure him he was in good hands. When he was certified good to go, my daughter and I brought him to our yard and slowly intro-

duced him to his brothers and sisters. Heavens, did I say brothers and sisters? I meant temporary bunk mates.

I was told by “seasoned” foster moms that I should keep Donnie, as he came to be known, in a cage when I wasn’t home and at night when we all went to bed, just in case his forever family didn’t want a dog loose in their house. I never kept any of my Greyhounds in cages, figuring they’d had enough of that, so I wasn’t quite sure what to do. My husband set up the cage in the family room and I put lots of fluffy comforters inside. As I stepped back to make room for Don L, Kira made herself at home in it. I gently moved her out of the cage, explaining that this spot was reserved for Donnie since he was a temporary guest. I explained further that he was a foster dog, not a real member of the family, and that we shouldn’t let him get too attached to us or our furniture since he would be going to live with another family. That’s why it was important, I told Kira, that he not get too comfortable and that he stay in the crate. She stared blankly at me. When I turned to look for Donnie and found him next to my husband, fast asleep on the

couch, I told Kira to go lay down in the cage. I gestured to my husband but he just shrugged his shoulders. I could see my husband was going to be an issue.

That first night Donnie expressed his extreme displeasure with his confinement via incessant howling and whining. The second night was no better. Sometime around 2 a.m. on the third night, Donnie’s crying and howling ceased and the house was bathed in blissful silence. He had suddenly decided to accept his cage and I was free to drift peacefully into dreamland without fear of being awakened. Just as I began to doze, I heard a noise outside my bedroom door.

I jumped out of bed, opened the door and found Donnie standing midway up the stairs. Only one of two things could have happened: He had either managed to open the cage door or he had really irritated a burglar who let him out.

Whatever had led to his freedom was inconsequential to him; he was on a mission. Donnie had taught himself to climb the stairs to be with us. I took hold of his collar, led him into my room, and made Cooper share his dog bed with Donnie. I explained to



The foster dog now has a permanent home, a permanent name — Tiger — and a housemate — Ben — who is OK with Tiger using him as a pillow.

Cooper I was just being hospitable — polite, in fact — to our temporary guest and that we wouldn't make a habit of it. I told Cooper this was temporary and that he shouldn't get upset. I make it clear to Donnie that Cooper was merely being a good host and that we would have to figure something else out in the morning. That was final. As I climbed back into bed I thought I heard a faint sound. I elbowed my husband and asked, "Did you just hear a dog snicker?"

As I drifted off to sleep, I thought that this fostering thing wasn't that bad. I had really laid down the law.

Donnie cried for ten minutes the next night before I brought him to my room. Oh boy, I thought, he was really making this cage thing an issue. I told him he could sleep in the bedroom at night, but during the day he was definitely going to stay in his cage if we weren't home. No more fooling around! We bought plastic tie-backs at the local hardware store to secure the cage, but Donnie chewed right through them. OK, fine, so he stayed loose in the house when we weren't home, but he was told several times he was not being a very good boy. After a few bouts with

separation anxiety and chewing through the arm on our couch, a wall, and several windowsills, Donnie seemed to settle in nicely. He limited himself to chewing only my clothes, including some pants, shorts, and lingerie.

Over the next few weeks, I noticed Donnie getting very attached to me. He moved as I moved, from room to room, on my heels. I tried to explain to him during hugs that if he was able to pull me out of my shoes by stepping on the backs of them, then he was walking too close. He didn't seem to care. He scratched at the bathroom door if I was out of sight too long. I could hear his cries if I went upstairs to my bedroom. So, naturally, I had to bring him with me when I ran errands, mostly to the bank drive-through because they gave treats. But I was careful to tell him I just wanted to show him the neighborhood before he said goodbye.

Donnie was adapting nicely, but in all good conscience, I couldn't let him go until all of his issues were cleared up, the biggest being chronic diarrhea. We tried several different kinds of food, each for a few weeks at a time, but nothing worked. I resorted to

covering the bedroom carpet with as many blankets and towels as I could find so that if he did go, which he invariably did, cleanup wouldn't be so bad. My husband spent President's Day weekend ripping up the rug in the family room and tiling the floor while Donnie lay contently on the couch that was pushed into the foyer. The diarrhea eventually cleared up when we realized that it had nothing to do with the dog food he was eating in the house. It was the dog "food" he was eating in the yard.

In late February an e-mail arrived from the rescue group member who handled adoptions. She had an application from a couple and wanted to know my thoughts. I reviewed the family's biography and thought about it carefully. Nope, it just wouldn't work. Big house, big yard, couple of kids — Michelle and Barack something or other, I think. But they didn't have any other dogs and it was a Tuesday and it was cold out and Donnie didn't have any warm clothes and, oh gosh, how many more reasons did I need? I just knew he wouldn't be happy there. I replied to the screener that Donnie was unfamiliar with children, so I didn't think it would be a good

fit. I was satisfied I was making the right decision for him.

In March I took Donnie to a meet-and-greet at a local high school and immediately identified a couple that was interested in him. I had met them before. They had a Greyhound who had recently gone to the bridge and were looking for another. As the man approached, he asked to take Donnie for a walk. I handed him his leash and felt the life drain out of me as they walked away. Donnie turned his head repeatedly to look for me. I walked in the other direction so I didn't have to watch and slowly started to cry. "Think, think," I kept saying out loud. Think! Why wouldn't this couple be good enough for him? Too old? Yes, that's it, they're too old. Hey wait, they look younger than me. OK, then, too young. Too young? What, early forties? How could I spin that? Maybe Donnie would help me out. I knew he didn't want to leave. Maybe he'd bite the guy on the leg, or at least pee on him. No, that wouldn't be nice. What else then? Hey, I know, they were too ... too... .. not me. Yes, that was it. But how would I handle that? I hadn't discussed the possibility of adopting this boy with my husband, so could I make the unilateral decision? Oh, hell, I'd just get divorced.

The man brought Donnie back to our booth and I knew that I had to compose myself and figure out what I would say. As I approached, Donnie came to my side and wagged his tail like it had been a lifetime since he'd seen me. Before I could open my mouth, the man told me that although Donnie was a nice dog, he and his wife had their hearts set on a female. I told him not to worry; we'd find a home for Donnie. I took Donnie for a little stroll and told him it was all over. He was coming home with me. That's right, I said "home."

My husband could tell I was upset when I got back. I told him the story about the horribly disfigured man who ripped Donnie out of my hands and ran off with him until he was caught by police and subdued and that it was only by the grace of God that we got Donnie back at all. My husband told me to spare him the theatrics and just make it official. I told him I thought I really could do it, but he gave me a big, fat "I told you so," and said he knew from Day One that we would be

keeping him. He just wanted to see how long I could keep up the charade.

The next day I e-mailed the director of the group and told her we would be adopting Donnie, who would come to be known as Tiger. He really was home.

Tiger has blessed our family for almost four years now. He was barely 2 years old when he came into our lives, full of mischief and energy. He turned our seemingly quiet four-Greyhound house into an amusement park. He adores his big brother Ben and wants to play only with him. Ben is extremely tolerant of his pesky little brother. Tiger is in motion all day, whether by flinging his toys in the air and catching them or running after flies. He keeps all of his brothers and sisters in top form, playing constantly. I've even seen Cooper, at age 10, chewing on a window sill.

When you foster an animal, you learn that it takes truly magnanimous, big-hearted people to take dogs into their homes, nurture them, teach them to assimilate into life after racing, and then make the ultimate sacrifice and let them go. I think I knew in my heart from the first day I said I would foster a Greyhound that I wouldn't be able to give him up. Heaven knows my husband did.

So, since we did everything wrong, I decided to assemble some dos and don'ts for anyone considering fostering a Greyhound:

1) Do not get laid off from your job two days after you pick up your foster. This will lead to bonding, and eventual ownership. Try to impress upon your company that letting you go will lead to your submitting an unemployment claim for the animal which, in turn, will cost the company money.

- 2) Do not consider the animal a family member. The IRS frowns upon listing pets as dependents.
- 3) Keep cuddle time to a minimum. Excessive pampering and hugging will lead to no good, so remain aloof. Impress upon your foster that he stay on his own side of the bed with his head on HIS pillow. If necessary, — and I know this is harsh — allow your spouse back in the bed and insist the foster sleep on the floor.
- 4) When writing his biography for the foster group's website, avoid phrases such as "explosive diarrhea" and "virtuoso chewer."
- 5) Get maximum exposure for your foster. When someone expresses an interest in him, avoid sobbing, clutching the animal by the neck, and screaming, "Mine, mine, mine!!"
- 6) Do not feed your foster. This will only increase his dependency on you. Instead, encourage him to open the pantry door, call for takeout, or introduce him to the stove.
- 7) Train your foster to be ready to leave your nest. Praising him for sobbing when you leave the room is sending the wrong message. He must be strong.
- 8) Last but not least, avoid staring at your foster while he is sleeping, especially in dim light. You will begin to see the round ring around his head.

There, you'll be fine.

Lisa Holthaus lives in Brick, N.J. with husband Jack and Greyhounds Tiger, Cooper, and Kira. Ben and Miranda passed away late in 2011.



Blue, adopted by Jen Polaha of Bethlehem, Pa.



Ajax and Angel, adopted by Amy and Andy Dziengeleski of West River, Md. *Joanne Bast*

Are Your Unreimbursed Fostering Expenses Tax Deductible?

By Henry Kurzawski

A taxpayer engaged in foster care for adoptable pets deducted all the following items on her tax return as charitable contributions. The IRS disallowed the deductions. The taxpayer appealed the IRS decision and ended up going to tax court. Of the 10 items listed below, which ones do you think she was successful in defending and getting approved by the tax court?

- 1) Vehicle License Fee paid to the Department of Motor Vehicles. (She used the vehicle to transport the animals.)
- 2) Costco Membership Fee (She used her membership to buy food and supplies at lower prices.)
- 3) Cat Cremation Expense (She had her pet cat cremated.)
- 4) State Bar Association Dues (She paid these dues to her professional association as an attorney.)
- 5) Wet/Dry Vacuum Repair Expense (She had the vacuum repaired so she could clean her floors easily.)
- 6) Veterinary Expenses (She deducted 90 percent of her total veterinary costs.)
- 7) Pet Supplies (She deducted 90 percent of her total pet supplies, such as pet food, cat litter, and pet dishes.)



Hammer (Rapido Hammer), Molly (Crystal Molly), and Duke, adopted by Diane and Tom Ward of Leesburg, Va.

- 8) Cleaning Supplies (She deducted 50 percent of her home cleaning supplies, such as garbage bags, paper towels, and detergent.)
- 9) Utility Cost (She deducted 50 percent of the utility cost for gas, electric and water. The taxpayer incurred extra utility costs running a special ventilation system in the home to ensure fresh air, and laundering numerous loads of bedding material.)
- 10) Waste removal. (She deducted 50 percent of her garbage removal expense due to the high volume of pet waste.)

Last summer, an important ruling was made by the U.S. Tax Court: *Van Dusen v. Commissioner*, 136 T.C. No. 25 (June 2, 2011). This ruling was important because it clarifies how volunteers can treat the out-of-pocket expenses they incur — the expenses that are not reimbursed by the adoption group — when they foster animals for a non-profit organization. The Court ruled that taxpayers can deduct their unreimbursed expenses as charitable contributions if:

1. The group is an IRS-approved charity;

2. The expenses are incurred to assist the charity in its mission; and
3. The expenses were properly documented.

According to Jonathan Lovvorn, the chief counsel of the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS): “This is the first time the court has addressed these expenses. Now we want to get the word out.” He told the *Wall Street Journal* that the HSUS estimates that volunteers may spend up to \$2,000 of their own money each year to help animals in need, while some spend up to \$15,000 a year when all the expenses are counted.

In *Van Dusen v. Commissioner*, the taxpayer maintained a home with 7 cats that were personal pets. She fostered between 70 and 80 additional cats over the course of the year. She calculated her annual expenses related to fostering as \$12,068, and took this amount as a deduction on her tax return as a charitable contribution. The IRS denied the deduction. The taxpayer took the case to tax court. She was successful in her claim, and thus was allowed to take many of the deductions she attempted.

How did the tax court arrive at its decision? First, it determined that the organization for whom the taxpayer volunteered was an IRS-approved charity, as defined by Section 501(c)3 of the tax code, and her provision of foster care helped the group achieve its mission. Second, the court confirmed that this group does not reimburse volunteers for their out-of-pocket expenses.

The court then took a closer look at the items that she had deducted. First, it considered whether the unreimbursed expenses were directly connected with and solely attributable to the rendition of services to the charitable organization. The vehicle license fee paid to the Department of Motor Vehicles, the State Bar Association dues, and the expense of cremating her pet cat all failed this test, since they were not related to taking care of foster animals.

Next, the court looked at the Costco Membership and the wet/dry vacuum repair. The court concluded that these expenses were not solely attributable to charitable activities, as they served both a personal and charitable purpose. Accordingly, the court

denied these expenses.

Next, the court reviewed the expenses associated with veterinary care and pet supplies. The court allowed these deductions as they were directly connected with the charitable organization. In addition, the court observed that the taxpayer deducted 90% of her expenses for these items as charitable deductions, based upon the ratio of personal pets to foster cats in her care throughout the year (7 pets and 70-80 fosters). The court judged that allocating 10% of these costs as personal expenses and 90% as charitable contributions was reasonable.

Last, the court reviewed the expenses for cleaning supplies, utility costs, and garbage costs. The taxpayer estimated that she believed that the expense attributable to caring for the foster cats was actually between 75 percent and 90 percent. However, since she was unable to provide a precise breakdown of the expenses, she deducted only 50 percent of the expenses. The court agreed that this conservative estimate would reasonably ensure no personal expenses were being deducted.

Keep in mind that the taxpayer also had to satisfy the tax court and prove that her expenses were adequately substantiated. Charitable contributions less than \$250 can be supported with a cancelled check or a receipt from the organization. Deductions greater than \$250 must be substantiated with a contemporaneous written acknowledgment from the donee organization. This acknowledgment must include a description of the services provided, a statement as to whether or not the donee organization provides any goods or services in consideration for the unreimbursed expenditures, and a description and good faith estimate of the value of any goods or services provided by the donee organization.

In summary: The tax court disallowed items 1-5 as charitable contributions, while items 6-10 were allowed.

When you provide foster care for your 501(c)3 Greyhound adoption group, you can deduct your out-of-pocket expenses, as described above. You must keep accurate records on the amounts that you spend. If the total expenses are greater than \$250, you must obtain an acknowledgment of these



Wiley, adopted by Bill, Diane, and Delaney Cavanaugh of Riverview, Fla. *Diane Cavanaugh*

expenses from the group. As you go about your volunteer work, think about setting up your tax file, and gathering the information you need to substantiate your expenses. As always, consult your own tax advisor about your charitable deductions for your specific situation. ■

Henry (Hank) Kurzawski, CPA, CFP® resides in Chicago, Ill.



Amhurst, a Greyhound injured while racing at Wheeling Island Racetrack, was treated Dr. Dyce of The Ohio State University College of Veterinary Medicine as part of the OSU Greyhound Program/Wheeling Partnership.

The Greyhounds Always Win: The Ohio State Greyhound Program/Wheeling Island Partnership

By Liliana M. Marin, DVM, MSc; C. Guillermo Couto, DVM, diplomate ACBIM; and Lori Bohenko, DVM

Severe career-ending injuries can be part of the life of the actively training or racing Greyhound. The Ohio State Greyhound Program recently partnered with the Wheeling Island Hotel-Casino-Racetrack to improve the health status of the operation's dogs and to prevent or minimize euthanasia deaths that often occur as a consequence of racing injuries.

Greyhounds who suffer complicated fractures or severely injure their legs while racing benefit from the 4Legs4Hounds program. West Virginia Racing Commission veterinarian Lori Bohenko assesses the severity of the injury, provides emergency care to the injured Greyhound, and then immediately contacts The Ohio State Greyhound Wellness Program to make arrangements for the dog to be evaluated.

The facility, located in Columbus, Ohio, is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The injured dog is transported by adoption or racing kennel personnel. Once there, the Greyhound's injury is assessed by orthopedic surgeons. Depending on the type and severity of the injury, the Greyhounds undergo surgery within 24-36 hours of their arrival. The surgery is typically done by an American College of Veterinary Surgeons-certified orthopedic surgeon with the assistance of surgery residents and senior veterinary students.

Subsequently, the dogs are transferred to The Ohio State Animal Blood Bank, where the Greyhound is evaluated as a potential blood donor after the injuries heal. The dog's ownership also transfers to the blood bank.

The Ohio State Animal Blood Bank

“advertises” the Greyhound’s availability for adoption to students, faculty, and staff, using individual and group e-mails and by word-of-mouth. During the recovery period several veterinary students generally visit the dogs, and many decide to adopt these Greyhounds. The dogs who don’t get adopted go to local Greyhound adoption groups for placement.

The goal of all participants in the program — OSU, Wheeling Island Racetrack, and the kennels at the racetrack participating in the program — was a zero euthanasia rate for the group of Greyhounds that experienced catastrophic musculoskeletal injuries associated with racing in 2011. Though that goal was not reached, the program did result in a significant reduction in race-related euthanasias. Since the inception of this program in January 2011, 14 dogs have been euthanized due to racing injuries, compared to 41 during 2010. This represents a 66% reduction in euthanasia due to race-related injuries. (The Greyhounds that were ultimately euthanized endured complicated compound multi-fracture injuries.) In particular, tremendous success was achieved in the area of hock fractures: Three Greyhounds who sustained race-related hock fractures were euthanized in 2011, compared to 25 in 2010. (The three Greyhounds that were euthanized were owned by a kennel that elected not to participate in the adoption program.)

In the program’s first year, eight Greyhounds from Wheeling underwent surgery at Ohio State University (OSU). They had surgeries that typically would cost about \$2,700-\$3,500. The Ohio State Greyhound Development Fund and Wheeling Island Racetrack have been sharing the cost of these dogs’ care.

The partnership was originally created to save the lives of unfortunate Greyhounds suffering severe racing injuries, but it turned into a win-win situation for everybody. All participants in the program remain committed to a zero euthanasia rate for race-related injuries and hope to achieve that goal in 2012. The first beneficiaries are the injured Greyhounds, who have the chance to become pets and spend the rest of their years roaching on couches. Second, numerous Greyhound and non-Greyhound dogs bene-

fit from this partnership because most of these Greyhounds are now blood donors at The Ohio State Animal Blood Bank. They are saving numerous dogs — Greyhounds and other breeds — throughout the United States. The Ohio State Animal Blood Bank provides approximately 1,500 units of canine and feline blood products to veterinarians across the country. Finally, for the OSU veterinary students and surgical residents, this partnership represents an excellent opportunity for learning surgical techniques they might never had encountered otherwise.

In addition to the 4Legs4Hounds program, several health-related clinical research projects have been initiated involving OSU

veterinary students at the Wheeling Island-Hotel-Casino-Racetrack. For example, blood was collected from a large number of dogs to do routine lab work (blood counts, blood chemistries, tests for vector-borne diseases) to assess their health status. Also evaluated were the effects of exercise on the blood count, the blood gases, and markers of cardiac (heart) injury with funding from IDEXX Laboratories (Westbrook, Maine). These projects will not only help students and veterinarians gain insight on exercise physiology in Greyhounds, but will also generate helpful information for the dogs’ trainers and owners.

In essence, the winning streak continues.



Amhurst’s trainers brought him to OSU for treatment.



Amhurst's broken hock is clear in this pre-surgery x-ray.



Amhurst's hock, after surgical repair.

The Ohio State Greyhound Development Fund is constantly looking for additional sources of funding for this project. If you wish to make a donation, please visit www.giveto.osu.edu/figive/OnlineGiving and enter "Greyhound Wellness Program Support" in the Search bar, or send a check to The Greyhound Health and Wellness Program, 6012 Vernon L. Sharp St., Columbus, Ohio 43210. ■

Dr. Liliana Marin is Greyhound Health and Wellness Program Coordinator at The Ohio State University. Dr. C. Guillermo Couto is the founder of the Greyhound Health and Wellness Program. Dr. Lori Bohenko is the state veterinarian for the West Virginia State Racing Commission.



Amhurst also became a blood donor at the Ohio State Animal Blood Bank.

The Wheeling Dogs at Home

The 4Legs4Hounds partnership between Wheeling Island Racetrack and Ohio State University ensures that more Greyhounds who incur race-related injuries will have an opportunity for a life beyond racing. The impact of this partnership is magnified with the participation of a third party: the adoptive owner, who gives the repaired — and now retired — racing Greyhound a forever home as a pet. Three of these adopters have shared their stories with us. —Ed.



Clara, adopted by the Schmidt family, takes it easy at home.

CLARA

We adopted Clara from Central Ohio Greyhound Rescue and she is adjusting to life in our home just fine. We have four boys: an 8 year-old, 6-year old twins, and a 4 year-old. We also have three cats and a Lab. Sometimes things get a little crazy, but Clara takes it all in stride. She was brought to the OSU Veterinary Medical Center for treatment after breaking her leg in only her fourth race. She was only 18 months old (she is 21 months old now). The staff at OSU put Clara's leg back together and cared for her. Now she runs around our backyard with our Lab and has a great time. Clara loves our other animals and the kids. She loves to hang out with us on the couch, and we love to hang out with her as well. Clara has been a great addition to our family. —Jay Schmidt, Hilliard, Ohio

VESTAS (WINDY VESTAS)

Vestas came to live with me last Spring. He fit right in with my other dogs. He is a wonderful pet and full of life. He loves to play with his stuffed toys and run in the backyard. He is a joy and I am lucky to have found him. He is involved in the blood donor program at OSU Veterinary Medical Center, so he is helping to save lives after they saved his. He now spends his time on the couch or playing with his buddies, Zorro the Whippet and Bailey the Doberman. —*Nikki James, Hopewell, Ohio*



Vestas (far right), adopted by Nikki James, spends quality time with Bailey the Doberman and Zorro the Whippet.

AMHURST

My husband Eric and I adopted 5-year old Amhurst, a retired racing Greyhound, from the Ohio State Animal Blood Bank in June 2011. Amhurst is a laid-back but vibrant, happy dog. His tail wags in a propeller motion to show his true excitement.

My husband was the fourth-year veterinary student assigned to Amhurst's case when he was relinquished to the Blood Bank after falling during his last race. Amhurst needed immediate surgery to repair the injury to his leg and ensure that he could live a long, happy, and healthy life.

Once fully recovered from surgery, the Blood Bank circulated memos with Amhurst's photo, stating that he was ready for a temporary or forever home. My husband showed me the picture and asked, "Do you want to go visit him?" What I heard was, "Let's go visit our dog." We visited Amhurst several times over the next few days and fell in love with him. He came home to live with us about a week later.

Amhurst is a great dog with an awesome personality! He loves everyone, his toys that squeak, and being snuggled in his blankets.



Eric Allie, a student at The Ohio State University College of Veterinary Medicine, cared for Amhurst as he was receiving treatment for his injured leg. Eric and his wife, Valerie, also gave Amhurst a permanent home.

He gets along well with other dogs and our two cats at home. He also loves to frolic in the snow.

Since OSU saved his life by repairing his leg and taking him in, he gives a little back by participating as a blood donor. Amhurst's blood helps to save many other dogs' lives. We are told that when he donates blood, he wags his tail the whole time.—*Valerie Allie, Columbus, Ohio*



Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Seth Rogen star in *50/50* (Summit Entertainment, 2011). *Chris Helcermanas-Benge*

The Greyhound of 50/50

By Mardy Fones

“You got me an old dog?”

Greyhound adoption groups hear that all the time from people who have never met a retired racer but think retired equals elderly. It’s also the line introducing the characters and viewers of the Golden Globe Award-nominated film *50/50* (2011, Summit Entertainment) to a retired racing Greyhound as a pet.

Of course, Joseph Gordon-Levitt’s character, Adam, a 27-year-old man with a 50/50 chance of surviving cancer, is baffled when his feckless girlfriend gives him Skeletor, a retired racer, as a stand-in to compensate for the compassion and commitment she lacks.

It’s no surprise, though, that Skeletor takes his job seriously, lying quietly at his master’s side while he suffers chemotherapy side effects. And who’s in bed with Adam, his long nose reassuringly resting on Adam’s hip, after he discovers his girlfriend is two-timing him? You can bet it wasn’t the unfaithful girlfriend, much less Marley or Babe the Pig.



William and Denver, owned by Kathy and Anne Wallace of Lazuli Hounds of British Columbia, were tapped to play the role of Skeletor in *50/50*.

Casting Call

Finding the right dog for the movie shoot was Dana Dube's challenge. Owner of Animal Insight for Film and TV Inc. (www.animalinsightforfilm.com), a British Columbia-based company that trains and provides myriad animals for TV and movies, Dube says the *50/50* script specified a Greyhound.

"Skeletor was scripted as an old, pathetic-looking Greyhound. The production called for a dog (breed) that looked skinny and frail," said Dube, adding that the hound also needed to be confident enough to enjoy working in the hubbub of a movie set and interested in learning Skeletor's "lines."

To find the right Greyhound, Dube sought recommendations from her veterinarian, Dr. Bruce Burton. "Bruce is a fantastic resource for finding social dogs with great temperaments when we're in need of a breed that isn't already on file," explained Dube. He recommended Kathy and Anne Wallace of Lazuli Hounds in British Columbia, where the movie was to be shot.

That's how littermates Denver and William came to make their movie debut. At

9 years old, both Denver and William were seasoned professionals, holding multiple titles on the United States and Canadian dog-show circuits. Their nearly identical looks clinched the deal.

"William and Denver were shown as a 'brace' in Canada, for which they have won many Best Brace in Shows," said Kathy Wallace who, with her mother, Anne, owns the hounds and has been breeding sight hounds for more than 30 years. "In Best in Brace competition, the dogs are judged by how closely they resemble one another in appearance and movement."

Before getting the call for *50/50*, both dogs had retired from competition. "They spend their time hanging out on the sofa or supervising the younger dogs," Wallace said. "They do get excited when they see the van getting loaded for dog class or a show. But then they're disappointed when the younger dogs get to go, so they were happy to go to work on the movie."

Casting a Greyhound was a tough sell for screenwriter Will Reiser. On the website www.wildaboutmovies.com, producer Evan Goldberg is quoted as saying he thought it

was "a massive mistake not to have a cute, lovable dog. I kept saying, 'Sure, it's a funny joke, a large, skeletal, bizarre-looking dog, but what we need to commercially sell this movie is a fluffy dog we can show in the trailer.'"

"It wasn't until a trainer brought in several (breeds) for us to see that they [the producers] understood why the Greyhound worked," Reiser is quoted as saying.

Referencing the urban myth that dogs and their owners look alike, Reiser explains, "When you're that sick, you feel like this weird-looking dog. And the Greyhound is such an odd-looking animal. They're basically hairless and very fragile. They get cold easily and they can't lie on the floor — they always have to be on cushions. That's basically Adam." In the end, producer Goldberg was won over. "They are ... weird-looking, but with these lovable eyes that make you feel for the dog."

Same but Different

As with human twins, Denver and William are individuals, said Dube, who trained her first dog when she was just 9. "The two dogs shared the role of Skeletor



Before they became film stars, William and Denver were shown as a “brace” in Canada for many years. *Martin Hershberg*

and are perfect doubles for each other because they look almost identical but have opposite personalities. Denver would happily walk on leash with anyone but didn't like to be petted by strangers. William loved to be petted, but refused to walk on leash with anyone new.”

Dube had just ten days to prepare them. “They had to learn to ignore the camera, sound boom, and crew movement while filming. William had to learn ‘head down’ and to jump on the bed on cue,” said Dube, adding the dogs had a light workload, generally one to two scenes daily.

“We train new behaviors in a calm, quiet environment and then gently work toward busier places,” said Dube. “Denver and William were already well-socialized, well-mannered, and had some obedience training, which is a great foundation for film work.”

The work must have agreed with them, said owner Wallace. “Every morning (during shooting), they were waiting by the window

for Dana. Afterward, they continued to wait for her. It's a good reminder to us to keep giving our old guys something to do.”

In between their scenes, William and Denver lounged on cushy beds from home in oversized crates in a heated cargo van Dube rented for them. “There are guidelines established by the American Humane Society for working animals on a set, but we also have to ensure we're covering the needs of that specific animal,” explained Dube.

“For example, the weather was cool for some of the walking scenes, so Denver wore a jacket until they called ‘roll.’ I met him at the end of the block with his jacket so he never got chilled.” Dube adds her job as animal coordinator includes ensuring the hounds got enough rest and breaks. In all, Denver and William's scenes took ten days to shoot.

For the performance in *50/50*, Denver (and William) received a Golden Collar Award nomination for “Best Dog in a

Theatrical Film” from *Dog News Daily*.

While Dube's television and movie credits range from working with horses, cows, snakes, and rats in *Lightning Thief* to bears in *Borat* and raccoons, llamas, and alpacas in *Night at the Museum*, *50/50* was her first experience working with Greyhounds.

“I find them to be cat-like,” said Dube. “And many people assume they need a lot more space and exercise than other breeds. In fact, Greyhounds are suitable for most homes, including apartments. They're graceful and, in my opinion, they are one of the most naturally-polite dog breeds.

“Some Greyhounds are shy or aloof with new people,” Dube added. “But once you earn their trust, they will follow your lead and open up to others. If you are in a position to provide a loving, lifelong home for a dog, do yourself a favor and consider a Greyhound.” ■

Mardy Fones volunteers for GPA/Nashville.



This pub in the small English town of Bury St Edmunds is one of several in the area named The Greyhound.

The Greyhound: Pubs in an English County

Story and photos by Henry Townsend

The Greyhound is one of the most popular names for British pubs. If you find a pub named after a dog breed, nine times out of ten it will be called The Greyhound or a variation such as The Crown and Greyhound or The Three Greyhounds. If the pub has guest rooms it may be The Greyhound Inn or The Greyhound Hotel.

Rarely do we know the reason for a pub's name. We can only speculate as to why using Greyhound is so popular. Perhaps it's because Greyhounds often appear in coats-of-arms. They also were used in hunting from medieval times until the early 20th century. Hare coursing was a popular sport in the 18th and 19th centuries, and Greyhound racing is still popular in the 21st century.

Illustrated pub signs were needed when most people were illiterate because the pictures served as a convenient way to identify a place to meet. Pubs still usually have a sign with an image depicting their names, but the Greyhound name itself is now of little importance and its origin usually forgotten.



The handsome sign outside The Greyhound in Flempton, Suffolk.

Flempton, a small village near Bury St Edmunds, also boasts its own pub named The Greyhound.



Although this pub in Botesdale, Norfolk is named The Greyhound, the sign in front of the pub bears the image of the owner's Setter.



The Greyhound in Chevington, Suffolk dates from the 17th century.

Greyhound pubs are found all over Britain. In Suffolk, a county in south-eastern England, at least nine pubs have Greyhound in their names. One of the most charming is in Flempton, a small village near Bury St Edmunds. Its walls have prints of Greyhounds and coursing, and behind the bar are many Greyhound statues. Although there has been a Greyhound pub here since the late 17th century, the present building dates from the late 18th or early 19th century. Its sign uniquely shows a blue Greyhound.

The Greyhound in Chevington, another village near Bury St Edmunds, dates in part from the 17th century. Like many other British pubs, it has diversified beyond traditional pub food and now offers a variety of Indian curries. Its sign shows a handsome dark red Greyhound.

The Greyhound pubs in Bury St Edmunds, Ixworth, and Lavenham are all owned by the Greene King company. They have identical signs — a black and

white Greyhound with “Greene King” written below. The Greyhound in Lavenham is by far the most interesting for several reasons. Lavenham has a good claim to be England’s best-preserved medieval village, with many buildings dating from the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, when the city was made among the wealthiest in England by the wool trade. The Greyhound was built as the town gaol in 1324, converted to a private house later in the 14th century, then to a hostelry in the 15th century. The owners have two ex-racing Greyhounds, Clarice and Susy, but they are fully retired and do not work at the pub. ■

Henry Townsend writes about Greyhounds in art, and looks for examples wherever he and Jessica, his Chief Spotter and Wife, travel. Their patient companion in Suffolk was again Frankie de Freitas, whose help as a Spotter has been mentioned before in previous articles. Images of these Greyhound pubs and many more may be found at www.picasaweb.google.com/Greyhounds.in.art/GreyhoundPubs#



The sign in front of the Chevington pub depicts a handsome red Greyhound.

Sleep

My dear Greyhound ...

I wake in the middle of the night.
I shine my pocket light on the floor so
that I don't step on your adorable head
that hangs off the two beds you sleep
on.

I pad softly so as not to disturb your pre-
cious dreams.

I do not turn on the light.

I do not flush.

I slip quietly back under the covers and
listen for your gentle breath to be cer-
tain you are still sleeping.

My dear Greyhound ...

You wake in the middle of the night.
You roll on your back and scratch the
walls with your nails.

Just for good measure, you whack your
tail against the wall three or four times.
You arise and shake yourself so violently
I can your ears flap against your skull
and your tags jingle.

Then you stretch and yawn noisily.

I hear your nails tap on the floor as you
move across the room to look out the
window.

Nothing is there, but you give a warn-
ing bark just in case.

When you return to your bed you
scratch it into submission with your
claws.

You circle the bed several times, lie
down and heave a loud sigh of content-
ment.

Within seconds I hear your heavy,
rhythmic breathing and know that you
are asleep.

And I, your dear owner, am now wide
awake and will remain so ...

—Gayle Leader



The Greyhound of Ixworth, Suffolk.



The owners of The Greyhound pub in Lavenham have two retired racing Greyhounds.



Walter's perplexing condition started with a barely perceptible bump on his snout. *David Ryzner*

Canine Blastomycosis: Walter's Story

By Diane Ryzner

Walter, my son's young Greyhound, had not been his usual self. Maybe the extreme heat of this past summer was the reason he did not have the same energy and appetite that he usually did. My 25-year-old son, David, had been talking with friends he met through the adoption group Greyhounds Only, located in the northern Illinois/southern Wisconsin area. They assured David that Walter's behavior was not really unusual and that their Greyhounds also had been lazier due to the weather.

Walter had a small bump on his snout that was barely noticeable. His favorite circuit to run in our backyard cut through a patch of wildflowers, so we assumed the bump was some sort of insect bite. Nothing else seemed wrong. Other Greyhound owners at the Wisconsin kennel where Walter stayed prior to adoption did not seem alarmed when David showed them the bump during one of the summer Greyhound runs. This bump was neither painful nor draining, and it certainly did not appear infected. It remained the same for about another week when David decided to take Walter to the veterinarian to have it checked out.

The veterinarian examined Walter on a Saturday morning and diagnosed a sinus infection. It seemed that his regular dog food had become difficult to chew or unappetizing in some way. Walter was looking thinner over several weeks' time, and to our surprise, he had lost 8 pounds. The veterinarian thought he also had an infected tooth and might eventually need a root canal. But first, the veterinarian wanted the sinus infection to clear, so he prescribed the antibiotic Ciprofloxacin.

We decided to prepare more appealing food for our sick Greyhound, and it seemed that Walter appreciated eating chicken and rice. We were hopeful that home-cooked meals and the antibiotic would help him feel better. But by Sunday evening, his eyes seemed overly sensitive to light. He sat in the family room but closed his eyes. He buried his head in the cushions of his favorite sofa. His eyes looked red and drained yellow matter, as if he had conjunctivitis. David decided to take Walter back to the veterinarian early Monday morning. The veterinarian assured David that the antibiotic needed a

little more time to begin curing the infection. We just had to wait it out.

Tuesday evening, we arrived home to find Walter asleep on a bed in an upstairs bedroom. We woke him and brought him chicken and a bowl of water, both of which he seemed to enjoy. We encouraged him to get up to go outside, but Walter stopped at the top of the stairs and urinated on the carpet. He would not walk down the stairs, so David coaxed him down step by step. Walter appeared to be very frightened and confused. When he made it downstairs, he ran into a wall and then walked headfirst into a cabinet.

At this point we realized that Walter was completely blind. David called the veterinarian for the location of the nearest full-service animal hospital. David carried Walter to the van, and my husband drove to the hospital. The veterinarian on duty examined Walter and determined that he was totally blind and had a fever of 104 degrees. They started an IV, drew blood, and decided to keep Walter in intensive care. They gave IV fluids and tried a different antibiotic, Clindamycin.

They would reevaluate Walter in the morning and call David with a full report.

Wednesday morning David was notified that chest X-rays indicated the likely diagnosis of fungal pneumonia as a result of canine blastomycosis. Six to eight months of treatment with the expensive anti-fungal drug Itraconazole offered no guarantees for either cure or return of vision. The veterinarian explained that sometimes dogs develop kidney failure or succumb from side effects of certain anti-fungal drugs. As the anti-fungal medication kills the blastomycosis organism, the "dead" fungus overwhelms the body and can cause respiratory failure and death. By Wednesday afternoon, the bump on Walter's snout had opened and was draining bloody fluid. In addition, he developed several other small draining lesions on his chin and face.

The chances for recovery of health and vision were extremely poor, so David made the difficult decision to euthanize Walter. Our whole family visited Walter later that afternoon and evening at the hospital. David picked his sister up from college early Thursday morning, and we gathered again at



Chest x-rays indicated that Walter had contracted fungal pneumonia as the result of canine blastomycosis

the hospital. We brought favorite snacks, such as peanut butter, for Walter to lick from a spoon. We took photos and spent time with our beloved, critically ill Greyhound. All of us hoped that we would awaken from this nightmare, but it was really happening. Walter (racing name BNS Challenger, descendant of Gable Dodge and Flying Mary) was our first dog, and he lived with us for only a year and a half. Sadly, on September 29, 2011, just one week after his fourth birthday, we held Walter as he peacefully breathed his last.

In the days that followed, David informed neighbors about what happened to Walter. He knew many of the neighbors who owned dogs because they often met in the subdivision as they walked their pets. No one had ever heard of blastomycosis, and naturally, all of them were concerned for their dogs' safety. David used our unfortunate experience and new knowledge of this rare infection to educate neighbors.

Facts About Blastomycosis Infection

Blastomycosis is one of the systemic fungal diseases that typically affect ill or poorly nourished animals. Systemic fungal diseases are rare in dogs; even so, the domestic animal species most often affected by blastomycosis is the dog. It is unclear why cats and other species rarely acquire blastomycosis. It may have something to do with resistance of the host, environmental exposure, or some physiologic need of the fungus that results in more canine infections. Large, young, hunting and working breeds of dogs are believed to be the most prone to blastomycosis infection, but all breeds of dogs are susceptible. Evidence suggests that male and female dogs are equally affected in endemic (naturally occurring in the environment) areas, according to the School of Veterinary Medicine at University of Wisconsin-Madison website (www.vetmed.wisc.edu/pbs/courses/blastoinfro.html).

The fungus that causes blastomycosis is endemic in certain geographic areas. Areas include the eastern seaboard; the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri river valleys; and the southern Great Lakes regions. There is no

reliable way to isolate or eliminate the fungus *Blastomyces dermatitidis* from the soil. Studies have shown that being infected with blastomycosis often involves living or vacationing near a body of water. There are certain locations in Wisconsin that have hot spots where the incidence of infection seems far greater than other areas in the state. It is speculated that microclimate conditions exist that may favor growth of *B. dermatitidis* spores or that make it easier for transmission to animals and people entering the area. The spores are probably only present for brief periods of time, and this could explain the sporadic appearance of clinical cases of blastomycosis in dogs and people.

This fungus is associated with moist, rotting organic debris in shady areas. Bird droppings, especially from pigeons, may enrich the soil. Infection occurs when the spores of the fungus are inhaled into the lungs. Certain conditions cause *B. dermatitidis* spores to be released into the air where they can be inhaled by humans or pets. The organism is actually classified as mold when it lives in soil or organic debris. Once the spores are inhaled, they transform into large, thick-walled budding yeast and multiply in lungs or other tissues of the infected animal. The yeast form of *B. dermatitidis* continues to multiply in the lungs and results in significant pneumonia in animals and people. This infection tends to spread to other body sites, especially skin, eyes, and joints in dogs. Dogs are much more susceptible than humans to acquiring blastomycosis infection, according to *The Dog Owner's Home Veterinary Handbook* (Eldredge, Carlson, Carlson, & Giffin, 2007). Human infection may be minor and not even produce symptoms.

Blastomycosis infection is not contagious from dogs to humans because the yeast form of the organism is too large to be inhaled. Caution is advised, however, when handling infected bandages and bedding to avoid a localized skin infection. Rubber gloves and hygienic precautions such as handwashing are suggested. Most of the time, acute canine blastomycosis affects the lungs and causes pneumonia. Signs include coughing, difficulty breathing, and exercise intolerance. Forty percent of cases may involve the eyes and

skin and result in signs similar to another fungal disease called cryptococcosis. These signs involve lungs, brain, eyes, lymph nodes, and skin. Skin lesions develop and will ulcerate and drain. Dogs with brain involvement may have an unsteady gait, press the head against a hard surface, and develop seizures and dementia. Blindness occurs due to involvement of inner eye structures. Dogs may experience weight loss and lameness.

Biopsy and cultures may be needed for difficult cases. The best way to make a diagnosis is to obtain transtracheal washings (taken from the trachea) or fluid from infected tissues to identify the yeast life form of *B. dermatitidis* under the microscope. Unfortunately, sometimes the yeast cannot be seen in the infected material. Blood tests are available that show if a dog has been exposed to the fungus. Chest x-rays show changes typical of fungal pneumonia with associated enlarged lymph nodes in the chest (see x-ray).

Treatment with expensive anti-fungal medication is required over many months, but some dogs may still relapse months to years later. If untreated, the disease will progress and can be fatal. There are a limited number of anti-fungal drugs, and all pose serious toxicity problems. The University of Wisconsin-Madison Veterinary Medical Teaching Hospital prefers the drug Itraconazole for treatment of canine blastomycosis. Others have reported success using the related drugs fluconazole, ketoconazole with amphotericin-B, or amphotericin-B alone. Amphotericin-B can cause kidney failure and is problematic because it is poorly soluble and can only be given intravenously. Itraconazole, fluconazole, and ketoconazole can be given orally so are used more often for dogs.

Experimental vaccines have been developed and tested in laboratory animals, but there is no approved vaccine available to protect against blastomycosis infection in dogs or people. Human blastomycosis infection is very rare; about 50 to 60 cases are reported annually in Wisconsin. In contrast, there are probably 10 to 100-fold more cases each year in dogs than in humans in Wisconsin. Owners will usually seek veteri-



David and Walter, on the last day of Walter's life. Diane Ryzner

nary care only when their dogs develop significant pulmonary disease or some other clinical manifestation (eye or skin infection), so this estimate could be very low. There may be many more subclinical blastomycosis infections that may be unrecognized and unreported. For more information, visit

the website for the School of Veterinary Medicine at University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Memories and Healing

Canine blastomycosis is difficult to diagnose in its early stage, our veterinarian assured us. Did we miss a sign or symptom that we should have recognized sooner? In retrospect, Walter had a minor cough lasting about a week several months before he became critically ill. He lacked his usual energy, but with certain people he acted perfectly fine. He never wandered anywhere outside the fenced backyard unless one of us took him on a walk. On certain Sundays, David drove to the kennel in Wisconsin so Walter could run with his Greyhound friends. They attended a run less than two weeks before he died. Once Walter became ill, he quickly deteriorated.

It has already been a month and we still look for Walter at home in his usual places. We miss his enthusiastic greeting, tail wildly helicoptering when he heard the car pull into the driveway and keys opening the front door. Walter taught us about "roaching," rooing, and leaning. David has received tremendous support from his friends and the adoption group Greyhounds Only. This group sponsors local meet-and-greet events and has just sponsored two Greyhounds in Walter's memory. Our hearts are broken, and we will never forget our first Greyhound. We have great memories and stories from the very short year and a half that we were privileged to have Walter as part of our family. We have fallen in love with Greyhounds, and when enough time has passed, we'll be ready to adopt another retired racer. ■

Shortly before this issue went to press, Diane contacted us with an update: "The sofa and loveseat looked so empty," she wrote, "and in fact, I think they were missing the presence of a roaching Greyhound as we all were." Limelight Baxter, a 2-1/2 year old brindle retired from racing in Florida, has joined their household.—Ed.

Diane Ryzner is an Advanced Practice Nurse specializing in orthopaedics. She lives in Rolling Meadows, Ill. with her husband, son David, and daughter Martha. Son Andy and wife Melisa live nearby.



Laurel Drew's Greyhound, Cinder, demonstrates her growing mastery of Nose Work. She has located the scented "target" item in a box, ignoring the other boxes and articles in the search area that serve as distractors during this exercise.

Put that Needle Nose to Work

By Laurel E. Drew

Greyhounds are first and foremost sight hounds—hounds that hunt by sight. They have noses on the end of those long, slender muzzles, but how many people think that they really know how to use them, other than for finding treats? The answer right now is . . . not many. But are they right? How can Greyhounds put those noses to work?

Nose Work as it is called, is sponsored by the National Association of Canine Scent Work (NACSW). The NACSW defines Nose Work — also known as fun nose work, scent work, and search work — as any activity where the dog is using its nose to locate a hidden target scent or odor. It is based on the type of training completed by dogs who work with the police, border patrol, and military personnel. While our dogs have no need to train to find drugs

and explosives as those working dogs do, we can still participate in similar work just for fun — and maybe some titles. Because working dogs and their handlers are constantly challenged by encountering new situations and environments, the Nose Work trials in which dogs compete for fun and titles reflect this variety. Although German Shepherds, Bloodhounds, and Retrievers are the breeds most commonly associated with Nose Work, many breeds can and do participate in the activity. Nose Work may be just what you and your couch potato Greyhound are looking for: Moderate exercise at a relatively slow pace that allows almost anyone to participate.

Training for Nose Work is fairly simple at first. Indoors is the best place to start. Scatter a few plain cardboard boxes on the floor. Put a few treats or a favorite toy in an open box, turn your dog loose, and let her find it.

(The treats you use should be small; you'll go through a lot of them, and you don't need a fat Greyhound.) I've watched many dogs engage in this activity, including my Greyhound, Cinder. They have figured it out quickly and really enjoy it.

Once your dog figures out that using her nose brings rewards, you can make the task more challenging. Build up to 20-30 boxes or obstacles of any size or shape as long as they are large enough to hide or contain some of your dog's favorite treats. I found that Cinder, though a very methodical worker, became quite eager to head for those boxes and obstacles to find her treats. When your dog shows enthusiasm for and achieves success at this stage of the training, you can start staging the treat searches outside. Car searches, another element of Nose Work, are another challenge to introduce to your dog at this point.

Once your dog has gotten the hang of searching and finding treats, you will need to introduce her to odor. Working dogs often search for narcotics, explosives, or cadavers. The NACSW uses scents that are far less dangerous, though certainly strong: Sweet birch, anise, and clove. Cotton swabs, scented with small amounts of these essential oils, are the "targets" of Nose Work searches. Typically, you and your dog will train for one scent, then the second and third as individual training classes. You and your dog can complete an Odor Recognition Test (ORT) to demonstrate that your dog knows how to work.

The Nose Work titles are built around the three different scents. After completing the ORT, you and your dog can enter trials to earn Nose Work 1 (NW1), Nose Work 2 (NW2), and Nose Work 3 (NW3) titles. To achieve the NW1 title, your dog must



The sport of Nose Work was inspired by the activities of working dogs. Cinder may not be a drug-sniffing police dog, but she can identify the scented target item that appears to be hidden in this car's bumper.

demonstrate proficiency in identifying the sweet birch odor by identifying scented targets hidden in four locations: in a container, inside a building, inside a car, and outdoors. The NW2 title locates scent targets in the same four settings as the NW1 title, but uses two scents: Sweet birch and anise. The number of “hides” is doubled, and the trial includes distractors such as food and toys. The NW3 title incorporates all three scents and the number of “hides” is unknown to the handler. All three trials include time limits that become more challenging with each title.

Nose Work is a lot of fun for both dog and handler and only requires that you walk along, usually with your dog on a leash or a tracing harness and line. Cinder and I began this sport in late August of last year, and we are hoping to enter our first ORT test in

January. Cinder enjoys this so much that she whines and pulls toward the start point when we get ready to start a run-through.

Why should you consider getting involved in Nose Work? It is a great activity for folks with physical limitations that would prevent them from participating with their dog in arduous sports such as agility or tracking. I have arthritis and can no longer walk long distances; another member of our local Nose Work class is in a wheelchair. Nose Work uses a natural instinct of the dog and is fun for both of you. Remember, “retired” does not mean “inactive.” Dogs can get bored, just like people do. Nose Work may also help with obedience training your dog if she reaches upper levels of that sport, which require her to identify articles with your scent on them. Finally, Nose Work can help us appreciate the accomplishments of dogs

working with the police, border patrol, and the military. Give Nose Work a try. Your dog will enjoy it.

For more information, go to the K9 Nose Work website at www.k9nosework.com and the National Association of Canine Scent Work (where you register to be able to take part in actual trials) website at www.nacsw.net. Both of these sites will help you to understand much more about the sport. ■

Laurel E. Drew is a CG regular contributor. She is one of a handful of folks who have earned Tracking (TD) titles with their Greyhounds. She hopes that Cinder will be the first Greyhound to earn a Nose Work title, but “if one of you beat us to it,” she writes, “more power to you!”



Reese, adopted by Will Shumaker of Tampa, Fla.



When Corey was diagnosed with osteosarcoma, his family opted for amputation.

Three Legs to Stand On

By David Baehren, MD

I was warm and comfortable on the couch, watching the Patriots wallop the Bears. The snow fell fast enough on the field that heavily-clothed men on small tractors had to plow off the lines between quarters. The weather was the same in Toledo, Ohio, and I was happy to be indoors.

Corey (ICU Coroner) had other ideas. He whined and wiggled his skinny frame and nudged me with his long, wet nose. He was past due for his afternoon walk and had no concerns about the weather. For a dog, he communicates his desires quite well.

The fact that a Greyhound is eager for an afternoon walk is not news, but a hound with three legs wanting to run in the snow is more newsworthy. He had lost a leg to bone cancer four months earlier.

Technically the leg was not lost. I know where it went. I paid a veterinary surgeon at MedVet in Columbus, Ohio, a handsome sum to remove it. Some think I am crazy for doing such a thing.

Corey's problem surfaced when he suddenly became lame about two months before his surgery. My wife, Sonja, and I took him to our local veterinarian. The radiographs were inconclusive. We wondered if he had torn a ligament in his knee. After a week or so we returned as planned. He was not much better. The radiographs looked the same. Two consulting radiologists disagreed on the findings. Osteosarcoma was now on the list of possibilities.

After a delay related to a sick family member, Corey and I traveled to Columbus. It made no sense that this would be cancer. He had been completely normal and now suddenly had knee pain. I fully expected to leave him behind for knee surgery to repair a torn ligament.

Dr. Shawn Kennedy knew immediately from the films that this was cancer. This was stunning news. Sonja and I considered what we would do and had pretty much decided that we would not put him through surgery or chemotherapy.

The veterinarian told me the dismal statistics of what happens when no treatment is given. Corey was so uncomfortable that I would have just euthanized him right then if we chose to do no treatment. Dr. Kennedy gave me reasonable hope that we could gain nine months or so with amputation and even more if we added chemotherapy.

We are fortunate to have the means to pay for his treatment. That was not an issue. I can understand, however, that many fami-

lies struggle financially and would not be able to afford the procedure. I would not have done this if putting food on the table was a problem. My main concern was a desire to preserve his life without putting him through misery.

Sonja and I talked by phone and pondered it for a few minutes. I considered what Corey's thoughts might be on the subject and decided that he would want to endure temporary discomfort in order to keep living. The fact that he was relatively young, otherwise healthy, and that there was no sign that the cancer had spread to his lungs made the decision to do the surgery easier.

From what I see in my own practice of emergency medicine, I have learned how difficult these decisions can be for patients (and owners). "Knowing" what you would do in certain situations sometimes changes when you are faced with the reality of the decision. I left Corey behind and made a lonely trip back home.

After seeing him and his stump a few days

later, I thought about what went through his dog brain when he realized the four legs he entered with were now down to a prime number. Maybe "What the heck... I know there were two legs back there when I walked in this place!" He seemed to take it all in stride.

While convalescing at home, he enjoyed loads of attention and high-protein meals. He spent much of his days reclining on his bed, dreaming of chasing rabbits. I imagine in his dreams he still had four legs. One of us slept next to Corey the first few nights to keep a close eye on him. There were a few rough days of inadequate pain control. Things improved after he got a new pain patch. The first few days he needed assistance getting to his feet. That was hard to watch and it made me question whether or not I had made the right decision. The gut-wrenching feeling that I had done to Corey what we most wanted to avoid weighed heavily on me.

About two weeks after his surgery he



Corey spent his first days after surgery reclining on his bed.



Despite the loss of a leg, Corey's enthusiasm for life and his desire to run were undiminished.

gained weight and seemed to be very comfortable. We started taking short walks. Each day his steadiness and stamina improved as passing drivers did double-takes. The day he ran through the meadow in front of our house I knew we made the right decision. That was beautiful to watch.

He ran effortlessly, not caring about his limb deficiency, oblivious to the cancer lurking in the shadows. This dog lived to go for runs in the meadow, to read his "pee mail," and to reply as many times as possible along the way. After a few tries, he figured out that he could not lift his solitary back leg to pee.

After Corey's recovery, we learned of the Greyhound Health and Wellness Program at The Ohio State University. It has a chemotherapy program in which Dr. C.

Guillermo Couto is the Greyhound expert. Sonja made the five trips for chemotherapy infusions and Corey did very well. He had poor appetite and seemed tired for a couple days after each treatment, but he never vomited or seemed uncomfortable.

In spite of the challenges that go with a tripod existence, he did not appear to mourn the loss of his leg. He lived for the day and made the most of every walk we took. Corey did not ponder when the last walk would come and he did not complain that he couldn't run fast enough to catch a squirrel anymore.

About one year after his surgery we noticed a firm mass on his back. Over a short time he became lame on his remaining back leg and could not empty his bladder. A few

days before his ninth birthday we realized there was nothing left to do for him but provide a comfortable and peaceful death.

We rescued him, but in the end, it is he who made our lives better. ■

David Baehren lives with his wife Sonja and children in Ottawa Hills, Ohio. He is an Assistant Professor at the University of Toledo Medical Center. His "In the Arena" column appears monthly in ACEP (American College of Emergency Physicians) News.

Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11

Sandy Paws — Greyt Fun in the Sun

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

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Fun-filled weekend of seminars, shopping, dinner, blessing, memorial, group walk, ice cream social, and much more. Contact: Nancy Eifert, (904) 568-4822 or sandy-paws@comcast.net;

www.sandypaws.org

Friday through Sunday, April 13-15

Twelfth Annual Hound Dog Howlday: Mardi Greys

GPA/Emerald Coast

Bay Beach Quality Inn, Gulf Breeze, Fla.

Mardi Gras is fun, food, friends, and frivolity. Mardi Greys is all that plus Greyhounds! Wade in Pensacola Bay, visit with pirates, hunt for treasure, shop, make new friends, and catch up with old ones while celebrating Greyhound adoption. Raffles, auctions, door prizes. Dr. C. Guillermo Couto of The OSU Greyhound Health and Wellness Program will speak at our event on Saturday. Contact: Connie McMillan, info@gpaec.com; www.gpaec.com

Friday through Sunday, April 13-15

Spring Dewey "Greyt Little Greyhound Event"

All day and half the night

Non-affiliated, DIY event

Small, friendly group focusing on the Greyhounds and their people; very laid-back and relaxed gathering. Contact: Liz Dunbar, (410) 679-1042, secondwindgh@comcast.net; www.deweyspring.info

Saturday, April 14

Laffin for Greyhounds

Grateful Greyhounds

7:30 p.m.

Holiday Inn

215 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, N.Y.

A night of laughs to support Grateful Greyhounds. Bring your friends! Silent auction, cash bar. \$20 at the door; \$18 if check made payable to "Grateful Greyhounds" is postmarked by April 4. Send ticket requests to Grateful Greyhounds, POB 6098, N. Babylon, N.Y. 11703. Contact: Iris Mosher, gratefulgreys@aol.com; (516) 735-5070

Saturday, April 28

Greyhound Garden Party

Greyhound Pet Adoption Northwest

6:00 to 9:00 p.m.

George Morlan Design Center

2222 N.W. Raleigh St.

Portland, Ore.

All well-behaved canines are invited to celebrate Adopt-a-Greyhound Month with games, contests, and appetizers for all canines in attendance and beer, wine, chocolate fountain and appetizers for all humans. Silent auction, music and dancing, Recognition Ceremony for service canines, including blood donors. Contact: Mary Beth Bartel, (503) 203-8652 or Flowersbymaribethbartel@msn.com

Saturday, May 19

GreySave's Race to the Park! Picnic

GreySave Greyhound Adoption

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

Crescenta Valley Community Park

3901 Dunsmore Avenue

La Crescenta, Calif.

Join over 300 other Greyhound lovers and over 200 Greyhounds for the Parade of Foster Dogs, auctions, health clinic, raffles, Canine Carnival, Canine Good Citizen testing, and great food, as well as all manner of exotic merchandise from numerous vendors. Prepaid registration is just \$15 at Greysave.org. Contact: Cathy Kiburtz, (626) 254-8476, cathy@greysave.org

Saturday and Sunday, May 19 & 20

Annual Spring Open House

Greyhound Friends, Inc.

Noon-4:00 p.m. both days

167 Saddle Hill Road

Hopkinton, Mass.

Join us for our annual spring open house. Good food, great company (lots of visiting adopted Greyhounds), shopping for humans and hounds, silent auction and raffle, nail trimming, and the Not Quite Westminster Dog Show. Let your Greyhound run in the fenced field. The Greyhounds in the kennel waiting for homes always love visitors, so please stop by. Everyone is welcome with their hounds. Contact: Louise Coleman, ghfriend@greyhound.org

Sunday, May 20

Annual Picnic

Pocono Greyhound Adoption

1:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Pocono Township Fire Hall

Route 611, Tannersville, Pa.

Get-together with raffles, silent auction, games and more. All kinds of Greyhound items for sale.

Contact: Joan DiMondo, (570) 856-0377, info@poconogreyhound.com; www.poconogreyhounds.com

Sunday, May 20

Annual Spring Picnic

Greyhound Friends of New Jersey

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

Duke Island Park

Old York Road, Bridgewater, N.J.

A special day to celebrate Greyhounds. Bring your dogs to spend the day, enjoy each other's company, find goodies from one of the many vendors, and have something to eat . . . all to benefit GFNJ in their quest to save more Greyhounds.

Contact: Linda Lyman, lelyman@verizon.net; www.greyhoundfriendsnj.org

Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3

Mountain Hounds 2012 – The Best Little Event You Will Ever Attend

Greyhound Friends of North Carolina

Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Weekend retreat for humans and hounds includes vending, catered picnic, games, seminars, and more. Come enjoy the Tennessee mountains and the company of fellow Greyhound owners. Non-Greyhounds welcome. Contact: Lynda Montgomery (General Info), gfnccgreyhound@bellsouth.net; Laurie Certo (Vending), lcerto5696@aol.com; www.gfnccmountainhounds.com

Saturday, June 2

Greyhound Picnic

GPA/Greater Northwest

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

Kootenai County Fairgrounds

4056 N. Government Way, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

This Greyhounds-only event will include raffles, vendors, live and silent auctions, free food, and the opportunity to run your dog against a radar gun for the chance to win a traveling trophy for fastest dog. Camping is available on site for a small fee.

Contact: Nancy Slaughter, nancyslaughter01@comcast.net; (509) 990-5033




Part of all proceeds benefit Greyhound Adoption.

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**Albert (MS
Smokin
Albert)
1998 –
2011**

Albert's life in the Cathedral Hill neighborhood of Saint

Paul was chronicled in "The Hound About Town" (Summer 2006 CG). Adopted and adored by freelance writers Ellen Shaffer and Kevin Fenton, Albert made friends wherever he went. In his eight years of retirement, numerous admirers marveled at his soft, thick coat; his calm, gentle demeanor; and his unerring ability to sniff out dog treats secreted in the pockets and fanny packs of total strangers. In his later years, arthritis compromised his lithe, springy stride and diminished his appetite for adventure. But his temperament grew even sweeter and more affectionate. And, when he passed, Albert's fans posted their condolences to his Facebook page.



**Bullet
2001 –
2011**

Adopted and loved by Barbara Masi, Bullet's work was featured in "Palm Beach

County Sheriff's Office Animal Kindness Program" and "Promoting Animal Kindness" (Winter 2010 CG). He appeared in schools, camps, and other locations where children congregate and at community locations and events. His other activities included modeling on the runway for the Greyhound Pets of America Luncheon and Fashion Show at the Harriet Theater in CityPlace (West Palm Beach, Fla.); appearing in the Ballet Florida production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; acting as Grand Marshal of the annual Peggy Adams Shelter Walk for the Animals in February 2011; and volunteering to save other canines by donating

blood. Diagnosed with a rare form of cancer in July 2010, he underwent successful treatment. The cancer reappeared in Spring 2011, and he passed away in December. Barbara's heart is broken, but there is no pain or cancer in heaven and Bullet is with his best buddy Comet, as well as his other brothers and sisters who went before him and now wait at the Bridge.

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

2013

CELEBRATING GREYHOUNDS CALENDAR — CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

It may seem like it's a ways off, but the deadline for submission of photos to the 2013 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar will be here before you know it.

For each photo you submit, please include your name and location, your dog's name, and your adoption group's name and location. If you got your dogs directly from the racing owner or trainer, that's great; they are just as eligible for the calendar as dogs that are placed by an adoption group.

Prints of any size are acceptable. It is generally better not to try to enlarge a

smaller print. The original is usually clearer and easier to work with and the calendar staff will generally have greater success at producing the enlargements than you will.

Digital photos should be on a CD with prints clearly marked with the photo name/number. Be sure all identifying information is provided on both the prints and the CD in case they get separated. If you send regular photos, the information should be printed on tape or a label before applying it to the back of the photo. If you have photos that were taken by someone else, please obtain their written permission for us to use the photos. If the photo was taken at a nursing home or therapy program of some sort, please obtain permission from the program.

Photo selection is typically done by a group of volunteers in early April for the following year. We receive hundreds of photos, so please limit submissions to your very best shots.

Please label everything. There is nothing more frustrating than sorting through all the photos that we want to use only to find that one of them is anonymous. It's usually one of the great pictures that we want.

Send your submissions to:
The Greyhound Project, Inc.
Attn: Calendar photos
P.O. Box 5239
Framingham, MA 01701

The Greyhound Project began creating Celebrating Greyhounds calendars in 1994 to help Greyhound adoption groups raise money. The calendars feature adopted Greyhounds from around the world and an abbreviated directory of adoption groups. Most of the calendars are sold through adoption groups, and all proceeds from the calendar benefit Greyhound adoption groups and Greyhound placement.

Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine
The Greyhound Project
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