

Celebrating Greyhounds

The Magazine

Summer 1999 Vol 4, No.2

Inside

Communing with your
Greyhound

Training with Kindness:

Kathleen Gilley's Tips

How Children and

Greyhounds Communicate

Greyhounds In Action

Adaption to Blindness



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**A Magazine for Greyhound Adopters,
Owners & Friends**

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Coming in the next issue:

Kathleen Gilley, trainer of the fabulous *Dancing Greyhounds*, shares more of her her training secrets; The Sense of Taste; Adoption topics, such as House-breaking and Meeting the Hauler; First aid and Wound Care; and the usual array of regular features.

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Sophie help Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine celebrate its 4th birthday with this issue.

Photo by Loretta Nickalous of Eureka, California. Loretta volunteers with the Northcoast Greyhound Support Group located in Northern California.

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Editorial Comments

Let's Talk

Celebrating Greyhounds' *raison d'être* is communication. The communication process has two parts. Imparting information is only half the equation. The other half is listening, not just with one's ears but also with one's intuition. This issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds* delves into both varieties of communications.

Lynda Adame discusses child to Greyhound communications in "All in the Family." In "Waterloo — A Coursing Pilgrimage," authors Pam Davis, John Parker, and photographer Todd Williams present part one of a series on the Waterloo Cup and live lure coursing in Great Britain. This once-a-year deeply historical activity evokes a range of reactions from "That's a terrible thing to do to hares!" to "How beautiful to see Greyhounds do what they've been bred to do for eons; hunt by sight." When Greyhounds chase things, they communicate to us by their body language that they are participating in an ancient activity with full-blown enjoyment and that they possess a characteristic that civilization and socialization cannot fully take away.

Do Greyhounds communicate with us in other ways? Yes. Most sentient beings are fortunate in having all five senses. But what of the sixth sense? Does it exist? If so, are we using it? If not, what are we missing? We know there are hundreds of books and articles on how to communicate *to* your dog that you want it to change its behavior. We know there are very few "How-to" materials on intuitive communications.

Why am I convinced we can communicate on an intuitive level? Because it has worked for me on many occasions.

When my beloved Greyhound, Chaucer, was in the early stages of his final illness and was having trouble swallowing, the veterinarians were stumped about why he was having problems. Determined to find an answer

even though the veterinary community could not, I consulted a skilled animal communicator who had a "mental long-distance chat" with him. It took her two tries. She had a photo of him in front of her. On the first try, she pictured Chaucer and asked him if he would be willing to communicate with her. He wasn't interested that day. On her second try, she asked him again if would be willing to communicate with her. He asked her telepathically, "What does 'communicate' mean?" She explained the word to him. Once he understood what she wanted from him, he then communicated to her that the left side of his throat was sore.

The next day, we visited the veterinarian. The exam included a look at the throat. "Everything looks fine," the doctor said. Careful not to imply that there might be something wrong there, I asked him to look deeper down. He looked again. He discovered a very inflamed area around the left tonsil area, deep in his throat. I then told the doctor what the communicator had told me the night before. Concerned that he might denigrate the communications sessions, or even worse, think I was crazy, I was relieved to find that he didn't do that. He said that many veterinarians work by intuition as well as by the science. The sore throat discovery didn't cure Chaucer, but at least we knew what we were dealing with. Am I believer in animal communications? You bet.

Carla Pickering and Lori Lazetera delve into the mysterious world of "Animal Communications." My decision to include this topic in *CG* may make some readers wonder if I have gone "round the bend." I hope that once you read the article, the possibility will not seem far-fetched. My intuition tells me this is worth a look into.

Happy reading.

Marcia Herman

EDITORIAL AND PUBLICATION POLICY

The purpose of the magazine is to provide information about Greyhounds as a breed. Recognizing that there are differing points of view on issues such as racing, breeding, and adoption policies, to mention a few, the magazine does not advocate a position on these issues. It will publish articles and reader letters regarding these issues if deemed appropriate. Such publication does not reflect agreement with or endorsement of such articles or letters by The Greyhound Project, Inc. or *Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine*.

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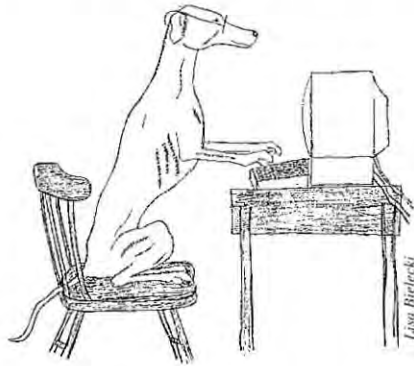
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CG Readers Speak Out



About Agility

I just received the winter issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds* and it's as great as every issue preceding it. I too am one of those readers for whom time stops from the moment it enters the house until several tears and many smiles later; I close the cover having read every line. You do an absolutely marvelous job . . . I applaud you and look forward to the next issue!

On page 53 I enjoyed reading about Mandoid and Kate Crawford's agility



Mandoid from Marze racing through the weave poles in the Open Class at an agility trial. Photo by Susan Morse, courtesy of Kate Crawford.

success. My greyhound and I adore agility. I was hoping you would forward the enclosed letter to Kate in which I'm asking her advice concerning a problem we have. I've left the letter unsealed in case you want to scan it. I appreciate it!

Please accept the enclosed check as a donation to the Greyhound Project . . . a worthy cause indeed! Thanks!

Chris Beck
Scotia, New York

Letter has been sent. Many thanks for your donation to the Greyhound Project. We appreciate it. — Ed.

About Muzzles and Coprophagia

In the fall 1998 issue, there was a question about how to stop coprophagia (feces eating). One of my Greyhounds, James, also developed this nasty habit. After trying Forbid and pineapple juice on his food to no avail, I came up with an easy solution. Put a muzzle on your Greyhound whenever he/she goes out into the area where the feces are. However, it cannot be the regular plastic turnout type that has large rectangular openings on the sides and on the end where the dog's nose and mouth are. (James still figured out how to eat the feces through this kind of muzzle.)

The best muzzle is called a "Kal-San" Muzzle, which I believe is sold only through the National Greyhound Association, P.O. Box 543, Abilene, KS

Speak Out continued on next page

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Please send correspondence for "Your Questions Answered," "House Calls," "In Plain English," and letters for "CG Readers Speak Out" to the editor at the address above. The editor will try to respond to correspondence but cannot answer or acknowledge every letter. E-mail correspondence appreciated. Please enclose a self-addressed long stamped envelope if you require a mailed response.

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Speak Out continued from previous page

67410 (785) 263-4660.

This muzzle has holes in the side, but not on the end, so there is no chance to eat feces. The muzzle comes in medium or large and is less than \$10 (a very worthwhile investment to stop the proverbial "potty mouth!"). An added benefit of this muzzle is its curved edge at the point where it meets the Greyhound's nose bridge. It doesn't cut into their faces like the typical kind that has a very sharp plastic edge at that spot. Good luck!

Kelley Tafel
Sugar Land, TX

About Snoods

I am writing to send along a few pictures of Onyx, our five-and-a-half-year-old Greyhound, whom we adopted from Greyhound Rescue Austin four years ago. In a couple of these pictures, Onyx is modeling her new "snood," which I made for her from the pattern in the winter 1998 issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds*. It works great for our couple of months of chilly walks in Texas, and Onyx loves it!

We have enjoyed your magazine



Onyx Hebert modeling and apparently enjoying her new snood.

and the calendar since bringing Onyx into our family. Congratulations on such a wonderful job you do with each edition! They are all interesting and informative, and I always go through and look at all the pictures of these wonderful dogs first.

Jill, Mike, Courtney,
and Laura Jill Hebert
Austin, Texas

About House Urination Problem

This letter is in response to "House Urination Problem" letter in the fall *Celebrating Greyhounds*. Perhaps you could forward the information to Susie McQuade?

I am a veterinarian in Ocala, Florida, with a love for Greyhounds and Whippets, and therefore have a special interest in them. I have had a Greyhound patient that had "housebreaking problems." This dog had been worked up for everything. We did blood work, urinalyses, x-rays, all to no avail; they yielded nothing but normal results. We did finally make a diagnosis when she spent the day at the clinic.

She had been sleeping in the office and we got her up to go outside. When she stood up after lying for a period of time, the urine literally poured out of her vulva! We were able to diagnose an inability of her urinary sphincter to hold urine well ("urine leaking"). We placed her on appropriate medication (Phenylpropanolamine 50 mg, twice a day) and she's now a wonderful pet! Perhaps this is a function of Katie's problem. Good luck!

Holly Samko
Blitchton Road Animal Hospital
Ocala, Florida

I have forwarded your letter to Susie McQuade. Thank you for letting us know. — Ed.



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

We regret that we cannot publish every letter or photo.

More About Malignant Hyperthermia

by Helene Graustark

Q: A friend's Greyhound went in for surgery and almost died from malignant hyperthermia. What is this phenomenon? Is it the same thing as heat stroke?

A: We touched on this subject in the previous issue of *CG*, but here is more information.

Simply put, hyperthermia occurs when a dog's body produces more heat than can be eliminated by panting and evaporation through paw pads. This means that the dog cannot cool himself off as rapidly (or efficiently) as heat is being produced within his body. Hyperthermia can occur as a result of numerous conditions, such as fever, heat/humidity exposure, exercise, anxiety, and seizures.

Malignant hyperthermia (MH), however, is a specific phenomenon that results in rapid, exaggerated heat production occurring from a defect in the way in which calcium is transported through the cells of the dog's body. This defect leads to a "canine stress syndrome," a subsequent increase in calcium release from cells, and, in turn, a rapid increase in the amount of heat produced in the dog's body.

MH may rarely occur after administration of certain types of anesthesia and/or particular drugs used to paralyze the dog's muscles before and during surgery. In humans and dogs, halothane (a gas anesthetic) and succinylcholine (administered to relax the muscles before a breathing tube is inserted into the dog's windpipe) are well-known precipitants of MH. In addition, there is thought to be a hereditary component to MH in the human population. DNA testing is often performed before surgery in a human thought (by family history) to be prone to MH.

Dantrolene sodium is a drug commonly used to treat MH, and is administered together with a large volume of fluids injected intravenously, oxygen, external cooling (fans, ice packs, etc.) and, in severe cases, cooled fluids injected directly into the abdominal cavity or through dialysis. A Greyhound may survive MH, with rapid diagnosis and aggressive treatment. This is a true veterinary emergency.

References available upon request.

Your Questions Answered



Q: We adopted a former racer last September. He has stolen our hearts. I saw a letter in the magazine referencing a past article discussing the safety of "Advantage" flea control. Is this safe for my Greyhound? He has also had ticks. Our veterinarian recommended Frontline, which we did use. Is this safe? Thanks.

Larry and Anne Moskovitz
Large, Pennsylvania

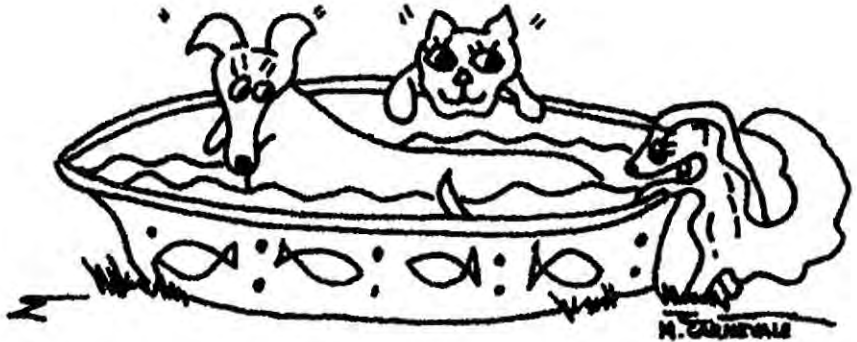
A: Three heavyweights in the flea control arena are Program, Advantage, and Frontline.

Program® (Lufenuron) is a once-a-month pill. When a flea bites your pet, the flea is rendered incapable of reproducing. The biggest downside to Program® is that it doesn't kill fleas. Also, the flea has to bite the dog to be rendered sterile. Another fairly new product is Sentinel®, which is basically Program and the heartworm medication, Interceptor, packaged together.

Advantage® (Imidacloprid) is applied on the skin, between the shoulderblades and by the tail. Advantage impairs the nervous system of the flea, causing death.

Frontline® (Fipronil) kills ticks for one month and fleas for three months; it is also waterproof. If you live in a tick-infested area, Frontline may be the choice for you.

Program is produced by Ciba-Geigy Co., Advantage is produced by Bayer, and Frontline is produced by Rhone Merieux. — *Kate Bressler*



Raising Aimee A Group Effort

by Michele Carnevale

A couple of years ago I had the opportunity to experience my Greyhound and four cats successfully working together in a group effort to accomplish the almost impossible — raising Aimee. Aimee is a skunk. She is petite with a bushy tail. She has the innocent eyes of a Greyhound and is as playful as a cat.

My oldest cat Andi brought home a present — a baby skunk.

Matisse Jai', my six-year-old Greyhound decided Aimee needed to be rescued from this silly cat. Matisse managed to rescue the baby skunk, escape up the stairs with it, and gently place her in the crate, which just happened to be in my bedroom. "This can't be happening to me," I thought as I ran up the stairs waiting for that awful smell to appear. There in front of my very own eyes, lay Matisse with her rescue, cuddling and cleaning Aimee as if she was her own little Greyhound pup. My youngest cat Alianna had to get in on the rescue action too and soon joined MJ in the crate to check out the new kid. MJ looked up at me with those big

brown Greyhound eyes as if to say "Please, can I keep her?"

How do you reason with a Greyhound that just made the rescue of the century? Offer her the keys to the Jeep? Promise her a trip to the mall with unlimited shopping? I finally persuaded MJ to leave her crate. I cleared MJ and the cats out of the house, still waiting for that awful smell to appear. I made a few phone calls hoping someone could advise me of the best way to remove a skunk from a Greyhound crate. Everyone's advice was the same. Run for your life and hold your nose. I managed to gently wrap the baby skunk in a towel and let her go in my backyard, hoping she would return to the wild.

The Miracle Began

When Matisse and Alianna sensed Aimee was too young and frightened to return to nature, the miracle began. MJ and Alianna cleaned, cuddled, and hugged Aimee every day until she grew stronger. Andi and Buzz kept her company while she ate her favorite dinner, which consisted of peanut butter and rye. Before long, Matisse, Buzz, Abby,

Alianna, Andi, and Aimee were running laps around the track that Matisse had created in the yard. Lots of love in this family!

Aimee is all grown up now. She is independent and made her return to nature. Aimee presently lives under my shed in the back yard. She has an ID and rabies tag that she proudly displays on her cat-safe reflector collar. She visits us every night when I am fixing dinner and patiently waits for her peanut butter on rye. Matisse and the cats spend quality time with Aimee while she eats her dinner. All tails are wagging. Aimee also likes to watch the kitchen TV through the sliding glass door.

Aimee Presents a Gift

This spring while Matisse was cooling off in her baby pool and the cats were lounging in the shade, Aimee came out from under the shed. She had difficulty walking. Aimee stopped at MJ's pool for a quick drink. Matisse just looked at her like she was just one of the cats. Alianna greeted her with a sniff and went on her way. Aimee did not

Raising Aimee continued on next page

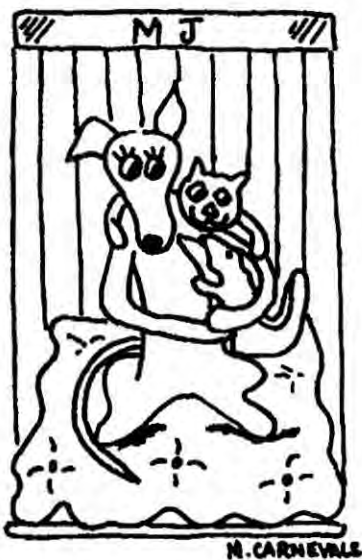
Raising Aimee cont. from previous page
 look well and was trying to tell us something. I was worried. She wobbled around the yard and retreated back under the shed. A few hours later, it happened. Aimee gave birth to four baby skunks! Although we did not have the pleasure of raising the babies, Aimee let Matisse and Alianna get an occasional peek at them.

Another year has passed . . .

. . . and the babies have grown and moved out on their own. Matisse and Aimee spend lots of time together these days. Aimee especially likes to trail along when Matisse, Alianna and I go for a walk to the park. Yep, Aimee is here to stay, thanks to the brave rescue of Matisse Jai'.

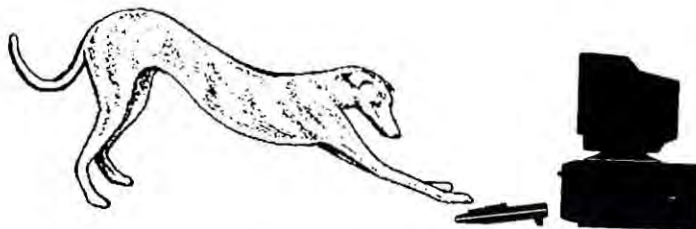
I know what you are thinking. Was Aimee ever descented? No. Matisse and the cats raised Aimee to be a little lady. Aimee would never spray in our yard. Early in the morning when Aimee returns from her midnight adventure, I can smell the faint odor of a skunk off in the distance. I often wonder myself if that was the work of Aimee.

Now if only Matisse and Alianna would teach Aimee to bring her toys home after she is finished playing. Last week my kind neighbor had to return Aimee's favorite toy — a purple dinosaur with a magenta bandana. She found it under her tree. SKUNKS! Who can figure?



Site Hounds

by Bruce Skinner



Cyber-Shopping Options for Hound and Human

Let's continue last issue's look at cyber-shopping options for hound and human.

Time to wash the spring mud out of your canine? Nature's Halo (www.abap.org/market/market.htm#n) sells all natural Cedarwood and Citrus Shampoos and Citrus Spritz Bath. Afterwards, reward your pooch with a cookie from The "Berry" Best Natural Pet Bakery (www.abap.org/market/market.htm#b) "... freshly baked, all natural, over thirty varieties . . . and will cater to any restricted diet."

Greyt Options (www.abap.org/sponsors/Greytoptions) offer a variety of products ranging from delivered dog food to caricatures, pins, and magnets. The Greyhound & Whippet Shop (www.abap.org/mall/GWShop) sports a very diverse catalog of goodies from coats to muzzles to leads and more.

Your local adoption group may raise funds selling various items and it is a great place to start looking. Many are still without an Internet presence, but contact info is at <http://www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/treats/agencysales.html>.

Feeling a bit crafty? Why not help them out? The Greyhound Manor (www.Greyhoundmanor.com) freely publishes patterns and instructions for Greyhound-related crafts for silent auctions, raffles, etc. Close to two dozen plans are available!

Still looking for just the right Greyhound collectible? Perhaps unusual postage stamps would be to your liking? Kristull Ranch Exotics can be persuaded

to part with an ever-changing array of stamps from around the world at <http://www.kristull.com/stamps/Grey.htm>

Canine Cornucopia (found at www.corsini.co.uk/cornucopia/Greyhound.htm) are "English specialists in out of print, rare and used dog books, fine art, limited edition dog prints, and handmade sculptures." You'll find a diverse collection of Greyhound related items in each of these categories.

The Greyhound Project recently joined up with Barewall.com to offer a selection of Greyhound posters in a variety of styles. Buy them through <http://www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/gallery/poster-index.html> and the Project receives an 18% commission.

Enjoy!



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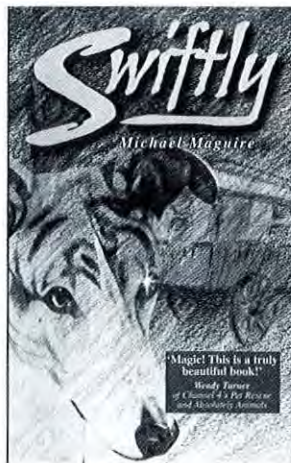
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Swiftly

*A Magical Greyhound Story
from England*

by Michael Maguire
Publisher: Book Guild Ltd.
Retail Price: UK £10.95;
US\$22.50

Reviewed by Joan Dillon



Swiftly might be a good name for a Greyhound; in this book, however, Swiftly is an English village. Written by Michael Maguire, who has had the rights to a previous children's book purchased by Disney, *Swiftly* is a fast-moving mystery story aimed at a teenage audience. The character of Degsey, the Greyhound in this story, incidentally, is based on Mr. Maguire's own pet greyhound, Lucy.

Horse thieves are operating in the Swiftly area and Seamus, an Irish gypsy, becomes a victim when his horse, Mr. Rafferty, is stolen. The thieves, however, haven't counted on the Leprechaun luck and the "magical" powers of Degsey, the gypsy's Greyhound. Wounded in her first encounter with the horse thieves, Degsey seeks help from the Oyster Gables Animal Shelter. Later, with the aid of shelter employees and volunteers, the thieves are tracked down and, with



Degsey's help, captured in a suspense-filled but surprise ending.

This is a truly magical book that is well worth the effort spent tracking it down. It is a great gift for youngsters between the ages of nine and eighteen as well as an enjoyable read for just about anyone who likes Greyhounds. United States readers can purchase copies from www.amazon.com. Canadians can purchase copies from www.adopt-a-greyhound.com. Greyhound adoption

groups that want multiple copies to sell should order from www.uk.bol.com as they offer a 10% off discount and a standard charge of only £8-50 (air) postage per order. This means on an order of six or 66 copies the mailing charge is the same. Additional U.S. distribution information will be posted on Michael Maguire's Website (<http://freespace.virgin.net/michael.maguire1>) as it becomes available.



Lucy and Michael Maguire

The following are some general recommendations.

Skin diseases:

- antioxidant vitamins
- fish oil
- digestive enzymes

Gastrointestinal diseases:

- hypoallergenic diets
- fiber
- glutamine
- fish oil
- herbs such as slippery elm, yams, peppermint

Musculoskeletal diseases:

- whole, fresh foods
- antioxidant vitamins
- glucosamines
- chondroitin sulfate
- cartilage products
- fish oil
- herbs such as boswellia, curcumin

Cancer:

- whole, fresh foods low in carbohydrates
- antioxidant vitamins
- fish oil
- digestive enzymes
- herbs such as turmeric, garlic, green tea, astragalus, reishi

Liver disease:

- antioxidant vitamins
- glandular or dietary liver
- herbs such as silybum, cynara, phyllanthus, schisandra

For recommendations specific to your beloved quadruped, you may wish to consult your veterinarian or a veterinarian who routinely uses herbal and nutritional therapies.

Ref: Schoen, A. and S. Wynn, 1997. *Complementary and Alternative Veterinary Medicine: Principles and Practice*. Mosby, St. Louis.



House Calls

by Julia Carter, DVM

Food — What Else Can I Do?

Veterinarians are frequently asked, “What else can I do?” Pet owners in general and Greyhound owners in particular are increasingly well-educated regarding the options for health care for their four-legged companions. Nutrition is probably the most basic and most important area that we can impact as caregivers.

In the last 20 years or so the pet food industry has developed readily available, convenient, and economical

“In the last 20 years or so the pet food industry has developed readily available, convenient, and economical foods for our pets.”

foods for our pets. Association of American Feed Control Officials (AAFCO) profiles nutritional needs and dietary content, while providing some regulation of the pet food industry and a minimum required level of nutrients, do not in any way take into account individual or even breed variability. Common sense tells us that a canine athlete such as a Greyhound on the track or an Alaskan Malamute sled dog in competition will have vastly different protein, fat, and carbohydrate needs than a Chihuahua in an apartment. But what about the difference between a Greyhound and a Chihuahua, both living in apartments? There is little research done on nutritional breed dif-

ferences. This leaves both the pet owner and the veterinarian to rely heavily on common sense. Given the probability of individual, breed, and lifestyle variability in nutritional needs, digestive ability, organ function, and immune status, it is considered wise to feed the highest quality, cleanest foods possible (given availability, economics, and lifestyle). A

high quality, premium commercial food that is free of artificial colors and preservatives, supplemented with

a variety of whole, fresh foods, is now recommended, if a balanced, home-cooked diet proves impractical. There is anecdotal evidence that animals with low grade chronic diseases eating low quality commercial diets rarely require any long-term treatment beyond a switch to freshly prepared or high quality natural diets. Additionally, nutraceuticals (defined as any non-toxic food product with scientifically proven health benefits) can be used to supplement a high quality diet and are particularly useful in animals not experiencing optimal health.



From the Racetrack to the Hearts of Those in Need

by Julie Page Reimann



The Pet Partners skills test requires dogs to be able to politely accept meeting a friendly stranger and a neutral dog. Photo by Julie Reimann.

After a horrific car accident, a young man lies in a coma with a bleak outlook for recovery. The door to his hospital room opens, and two volunteers enter to visit. The volunteers work as a six-legged team — one woman and one dog. After placing a clean sheet across

the blankets draped over the young man, the woman helps the large dog onto the bed, next to the patient. She rubs the dog's silky ears against the young man's clenched fists and soon those fists begin to relax. Suddenly she sees a team of doctors standing in the doorway. "Is something wrong?" she asks with concern. One of the stern faces explains that they had been monitoring the patient's vital signs on screens in another room. The young man's vitals had suddenly become normal, and, shocked at the sudden improvement, they had rushed to see what had happened. The doctor then prescribes weekly animal-assisted therapy for the young patient.

Animal-assisted therapy (AAT) has become more widely accepted as a legitimate tool in a variety of therapy applications. Approved animals are now welcome in a number of hospitals, schools, domestic violence shelters, psychiatric facilities, and long-term residential care facilities. Animal-assisted therapy is distinct from animal-assisted activities because it includes specific therapy regimens aimed at helping the client achieve certain goals. Animal-assisted activities, on the other hand, might include social visits or games with an animal. For example, a patient who needs to improve motor skills may repeatedly throw a ball to play a game of fetch with a retrieving dog (in other words, probably not a Greyhound). A child in foster care who lacks personal hygiene skills may thrive by learning to properly groom a therapy animal by brushing him, by bathing him, by clipping toenails, and by brushing the animal's teeth. Through this



A Greyhound's height is ideal for interacting with a person who uses a wheelchair. Photo by Julie Reimann.

Racetrack continued on next page



To prepare your Greyhound for animal-assisted therapy visits, expose him to the sights and sounds he could encounter in a facility, such as a noisy vacuum cleaner. Photo by Julie Reimann.

Racetrack
continued from previous page

therapy, the child may then begin to transfer these skills toward his or her own hygiene. This relationship also provides the child an opportunity to bond with someone, possibly to a greater extent than the child had previously experienced in human interactions.

Including animals in therapy offers a potential for success because animals can break through boundaries more easily than humans can. Many people will trust animals more easily because a relationship with an animal is less complicated, with fewer agendas than relationships between humans. Furthermore, oftentimes animals are more skilled in sensing and supplying what people in distress need. Working with an animal can also shift the focus away from difficult obstacles. For instance, in physical therapy, a dog can motivate patients to complete necessary exercises, in spite of accompanying pain. If a patient lifts her arm to stroke a dog's fur instead of merely for the goal of accomplishing the exercise, her perception of her pain moves to the periphery, as her interactions with the dog become her primary focus.

However, animal-assisted therapy is not necessarily for everyone. As difficult as it may be for some of us to understand, not everyone likes animals. A well-meaning volunteer may enter a hospital room with a large, gentle dog only to be greeted by screams from a patient who is terrified of dogs. For this

reason, it is important for volunteers to work closely with the staff at a facility in order to be forewarned about possible problems and to avoid such negative encounters. In addition, volunteers must keep in mind that they are dog handlers and not therapists or counselors.

Although most animal-assisted therapy animals are dogs; other animals are also used, including, cats, rabbits, and even llamas. Sometimes a patient will not respond to interactions with a dog, but will suddenly improve when a cat is introduced. Different animals

have varying aptitudes for animal-assisted therapy work. In addition, certain dog breeds are better suited for specific programs than others. Greyhounds, for example, tend to be calm, steady dogs and would do well with more physically fragile patients.

According to Diana Harris of the Family Dog Training Center in Tukwila, Washington, Greyhounds make good animal-assisted therapy partners because they are very conscious of their own bodies. A Labrador, on the other hand, may unknowingly step on others' feet or whack them with his tail. A Greyhound's height is ideal for interacting with people in wheelchairs. Harris also says that Greyhounds are well suited to the work because they are so people loving, soft spirited, and very forgiving. In addition, Greyhounds draw others into conversations because they fascinate people with their unique looks and their background. How many other dogs have had prior careers?

A potential challenge with Greyhounds, though, is their famous reluctance to perform sit-stays and down-stays. Many Greyhounds can perform these tasks without a problem, however. Both sit-stays and down-stays are required for the Pet Partners screening test.

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Therapy dogs should be comfortable with a variety of animals, for they may encounter them when making animal-assisted therapy visits. Photo by Julie Reimann.

From the Mebane Couch

by Jordan Mebane, age 13

Striving for first place at the finish line, running for their lives, Greyhounds literally run to live and be loved. Many Greyhounds now live in the comfort of a new-found family. In the Mebane household, five retired Greyhounds relax in luxury on the couches. The wonderful part of adoption is that you're not rewarded with a trophy or a plaque, but with the thought of rescuing and saving another animal from death.

In our family, we have many adopted children along with the dogs, and they all get along with ease. We cherish the fact that we've bonded and live in comfort. No matter how long a dog lives, or if they have a special need, they will always hold the feeling of being loved.

Humans and dogs have some similarities in life. We both can have the same disabilities and treasures, even though we are two different creatures. Blue, one of our Greyhounds, was placed with us because of an ear infection. The two people who brought Blue to us were Ann and Gary Whitney, Plainfield Pets affiliates, Harvey's Lake, Pennsylvania. They have also placed with us four other retired Greyhounds. Blue was placed with our family because we live with many special needs children. These needs include deafness, cerebral palsy, tracheotomies, gastrosomy, Hirschsprung's disease, prematu-



Photo by Bob Mebane.

Article author Jordan Mebane and her dog named Blue.

urity, cleft lip and palate, heart malformation, and kidney problems.

Blue's ear infection caused him pain and resulted in his falling on the track during a race. After we adopted him everything turned out to be all right. As we look at it, we would never even have seen him if it weren't for his ear.

Some families are big, and some families are small. No two families are the same. These differences make each one special. My family consists of 11 people, many dogs, and two cats. Many people believe our family is very big but I believe with so many, it just makes life a little more interesting. It makes us stand out. Sometimes we grow and sometimes we decrease in size, all depending on fate. Throughout my life, my family has fostered both children and dogs. We enjoy each member, making them welcome for the time they spend with us.

I once had a foster sister named Khadra. She had an extensive number of disabilities, but she was always friendly. When we fostered her, we were told that her life expectancy was six months. She lived for seven wonderful years. We also had a foster child named Semaj. Semaj was paralyzed from the shoulders down and he sat in a wheelchair. When Semaj came we didn't know how sick he actually was. He has also passed away. Semaj and Khadra were both really great kids, and even if they weren't my real siblings, I believed they were.

Some lives are full of fascination, almost as if to be a fairy tale. My life is full of excitement, like an adventure. I meet new dogs all the time, and I really like learning new things about them. I also enjoy adopting and fostering Grey-

Mebane Couch continued on next page

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hounds because I know I'm doing something good, not just for mankind, but for me, too. Not all fairy tales have happy endings. My adventure took a sudden curve in October. My three-year-old, brindle Greyhound, Kiowa, died. Kiowa had a heart problem. His heart was an abnormal size and his heart rate was out of control. Kiowa died at a young age, but we know that he lived his life the best he could. Kiowa spent his retirement relaxing on the couch, receiving all of the attention every dog loves. Even if the ending came out in sorrow, the real truth of the story was special.

Blue, Canute, Droghita, Art, and Pongo live in our family of eleven people and many other dogs. Our house is always busy and full of life. It's amazing how our Greyhounds used to run for the finish line and now they run for a spot on the couch.

Greyhounds come in a variety of colors and sizes. Droghita, our 3-year-old brindle female is the smallest of the Greyhound pack, but the one with the most energy. Art is our 6-year-old white Greyhound and our most quiet. He likes to hang out on the couch and sleep. Canute is a 6-year-old red brindle. Canute is a very curious dog; he enjoys looking at his surroundings and watching television. Pongo, at the age of four years, is our red Greyhound. He's the youngest male we have and he likes to run around the yard a lot. Pongo is really sweet and energetic. Last, but not

least, is Blue, our 6-year-old blue Greyhound with large, intense yellow eyes. Blue is the biggest Greyhound of them all. He's taller than Canute by a good two inches. Blue is the type who will try to curl up in your lap. The only thing that prevents that is his size.

A family of many dogs requires many human caretakers. In my family, I have my mother and father, Candy and Bob Mebane; six brothers (four adopted): Asa, Noah, Levi, Elijah, Bobby, and John; and two sisters, Jade and Divinity (adopted). I'm also adopted.

In my family, there is always something to do. You always know that if you need help, you're bound to get a couple of extra hands.

At 13 (and still growing), I learn something every day. A life of dogs, siblings, and fun, I have to admit, I never get bored. This year, I'm in the seventh grade. I'm a person with high hopes. I want to grow up, go to a good college, major in English, and become a professional writer. I have my whole life planned out, but I'm ready for the next adventure that comes my way. As I grow, I take one step closer to the life I want to live and the person I want to be. When I'm an adult, I'll have a house full of these wonderful companions we call Greyhounds.

Jordan Mebane is the daughter of Bob and Candy Mebane, Lewisburg, PA. They may be reached at xracerdogs@yahoo.com



Photo by Bob Mebane.

ARJO Whizart, another of the Mebane family Greyhounds, getting ready for Santa.

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The Pet Partners test is given by the Delta Society, an international organization based in Renton, Washington. The test is similar to the American Kennel Club's (AKC) Canine Good Citizen test. Keep in mind that the animal is only half of the Pet Partner team, and the human half will also have to qualify. Those who administer the tests will be watching for how effectively both members of the team interact. In addition, a veterinarian must approve the animal for participation in therapy work. Once a pair is registered as a Pet Partner team and has paid the membership fee, they are covered by Delta Society's liability insurance, which supplements personal insurance coverage.

Many Pet Partners primarily participate in animal-assisted activities, instead of animal-assisted therapy. According to Christi Dudzik of Healing Paws, Inc. in Kirkland, Washington, "It is not specifically goal-directed, but is very therapeutic in nature." Like animal-assisted therapy, Dudzik says that it brightens an individual's mood, decreases feelings of institutionalization, and fosters an individual's ability to nurture and play.

For more information, contact the Delta Society at (800) 869-6898 (www.deltasociety.org). Call your local obedience schools to see if they offer any therapy dog classes or support groups; an increasing number of schools do. And finally, for a good book about animal-assisted therapy that is both moving and educational, read *The Good Shepherd*, a true story by Jo Coudert. Be sure to buy a box of tissues first. Perhaps you, too, will decide to place a Pet Partners vest over the steady shoulders where your Greyhound's racing jacket used to be.



Julie and Dante passed the Pet Partners test in January 1999. Dante was adopted through Greyhound Friends Northwest in Issaquah, Washington.

No Fear/No Pain Methods of Discipline

by Kathleen Gilley



From a speech given by Kathleen Gilley at the Greyhound Pets of America Seminar, October 1998, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Kathleen Gilley gives her fascinating, no-nonsense speech to a Greyhound-savvy group of people who all learned a great deal about acclimating Greyhounds to life away from the track. Photo by Marcia Herman.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My name is Kathleen Gilley and I am usually here as the conductor of the Dancing Greyhounds Drill Team. Tonight, however, I am here more to provide information than entertainment, so I need to tell you my unique qualifications that have brought me to stand here at this podium.

In 1993, after a year of thorough study and almost insurmountable hardships, I carried off my first Greyhound, Sweetness. Thereinafter, I seemed to have acquired more of these magnificent creations, at the average of one per year. The ex-racing Greyhound is my breed, my one and only and there will

never be any other breed across my threshold. They are worshipped in my house just as they were in temples thousands of years ago. I have even started a list of potential human sacrifices, which might enhance their performance or just make them happier campers.

Living in a Motorhome

I am one of the luckiest people in the world because I get to live full time in a motorhome, with four Greyhound goddesses. I have never had a dogfight; I do not muzzle; and, after the initial introduction period, I do not crate. (I have no psychological problem with muzzling or crating.) I fit four Grey-

hounds and two people in a queen-sized bed. (The secret is to keep your tail curled.) Anyone who sleeps on her back gets bonus points.

My girls do not generally engage each other in play; they bring their toys to me and each has special games that only I am invited to participate in. There is tug of war, chase my clothes, and mutual stalking and flea biting sessions. I am one of the few people who understands the fine art of flea biting a Greyhound. Sometimes I wonder if each does not think she is an only child. There is no alpha Greyhound; there is

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an alpha female, and that is *me*. As most of you know, they perform for almost an hour, on tracks, in tents, parking lots, stadiums, auditoriums, and sports fields across the country. None has ever taken a lap for old time's sake.

Cruising around in a motorhome all over these United States and Canada for the sole purpose of sharing my Greyhound good fortune has given me a special perspective on adoptions and placements. Because of my travels, I just might have visited with more GPA, track-sponsored, small and large independent organizations, and farm placement folks than others might.

In 1997, we traveled over 18,000 miles coming and going to different Dancing Greyhound invitations. This year looks to be about the same, give or take 500 miles here and there. (We have started calling our RV a non-commercial Greyhound hauler.) This is our non-tax deductible contribution to the incredible, available Greyhound.

THINGS I HAVE LEARNED

Humans are strange.

I would like to share with you some of the things I've learned. My goal is to have you look at what you do and how you do it from a new angle.

My first statement is one with which I am sure there will be universal agreement: Human beings are strange animals. Because humans are weird, placing Greyhounds is difficult. Perhaps I can make it a little easier, a little more successful by asking you to consider the following.

There appears to be a quest for the Holy Grail of predicting the success of a placement based on the psychological profiling of a given humanoid individual or family unit. I need to tell you, disabuse you, and perhaps relieve you, of the notion this is even remotely possible. A good adopter, first timer or seasoned veteran, cannot be predicted in a vacuum.

Yet, this is often how the process works — without regard for who and



Sweet stands very still, hoping her partner makes the jump cleanly. She did. The Dancing Drill Team shown in these photos performed at the GPA (Greyhound Pets of America) National Meeting in Iowa during October of 1998. Photo by Marcia Herman.

what this particular dog is; the living, breathing canine individual, who you may place, based on information about human people that has nothing to do with him. And, after you have placed this individual, and something goes wrong, you heap the guilt upon yourselves and beat yourselves to a bloody pulp.

Adopting a Greyhound, to me, is a lot like getting married . . .

. . . except my Greyhounds are more obedient and I have never threatened to divorce one. Some are undertaken with a vow of "till death do us part." Others seem to be unions of convenience and I am sure there are "trophy hounds" just as there are "trophy wives." Some matches seem so sound, yet they come apart. You end up with one or more eight-year olds that "we just don't have time for any more."

Are there any of you here who can honestly say that you have never met a Greyhound that drove you absolutely bonkers? If you can, I probably have the one that would make you want to climb the walls in ten minutes. She is verbally and physically abusive, loud and bossy; she has given me a black eye, a split lip, and a nearly broken nose. She has thrown me on the ground and then sat on top of me in front of hundreds of

people. Yet, every day I worship the water on which she strides. I named her Sweetness, though I cannot, for the life of me, remember why. Yet she gives me her heart and soul every time we perform. And when I hold her in my arms, I know I would not change a single thing.

When a placement doesn't take, it is not all the adopter's fault and it is certainly not your inability to predict whether they were of correct moral temperament, even if you do have a Ph.D. in psychology. What you need most and probably don't have is a Ph.D. in Greyhounds. But there are things you can do.

Put more responsibility on the dog for his behavior.

Having said that, I will remind you that, of all breeds of dogs, the ex-racing Greyhound has never had to be responsible for anything in his life. His whole existence has been a dog centered one. This breed has never been asked to do anything for itself, make any decisions, or answer any questions. It has been waited on, paw and tail. The only prohibition in a racing Greyhound's life is not to get into a fight, or eat certain stuff in the turnout pen.

No Fear continued on next page



Loving and playing with her Greyhounds is Kathleen's secret to success. Kathleen and Sweet share a smile and a cuddle. Photo by Marcia Herman.

Let us review a little, from the Greyhound's point of view.

From weaning until you go away for schooling, you eat and run around with your siblings. When you go away to begin your racing career, you get your own "apartment" in a large housing development. No one is allowed in your bed but you, and when you are in there, no one can touch you without plenty of warning.

Someone hears a vehicle drive up or the kennel door being unlocked. The light switches are flipped on. The loud mouths in residence — and there always are some — begin to bark or howl. You are wide-awake by the time the human opens your door to turn you out. *A Greyhound has never been touched while he was asleep.*

You eat when you are fed, usually on a strict schedule. No one asks if you are hungry or what you want to eat. You are never told not to eat any food within your reach. No one ever touches your bowl while you are eating. You are not to be disturbed because it is important you clean your plate.

You are not asked if you have to "go outside." You are placed in a turnout pen and it isn't long before you get the idea of what you are supposed to do while you are out there. Unless you really get out of hand, you may chase, rough house, and put your feet on everyone and everything else. The only humans you know are the "waiters" who feed you and the "restroom attendants" who turn you out to go to the bathroom. Respect people? Surely you jest.

No one comes into or goes out of your kennel without your knowledge. You are all seeing, all knowing. There are no surprises, day in and day out. The only thing it is ever hoped you will do is win, place or show, and that you don't have much control over. It is in your blood; in your heart; in your fate; or it is not.

Leaving the Track Life

Suddenly you are expected to be a civilized person in a fur coat. But people don't realize you may not even speak English. Some of you don't even know your names because you didn't need to. You were not asked or told to do anything as an individual; you were always part of the condo association; the sorority or fraternity. Everyone did everything together as a group or pack. The only time you did anything as an individual is when you schooled or raced, and even then, you were not alone.

In my "mobile abode," the Greyhounds each have several unique names, but they also have a single common name: it is everybody. We continue to do things as a group, pack, or, as we are affectionately known in-house by Kathleen's husband, "The Thundering Herd."



Part 2 coming in the next issue: Are you familiar with the song Changes? *Ch-ch-ch—ch-changes!* In our next issue, Kathleen Gilley describes how to help your Greyhound make the leap from race dog to house dog.



Waco, known as the "Pink Bunny" Greyhound, walks around on lead in a relaxed moment during the meeting. Sadly, Waco died unexpectedly three months after this photo was taken. Photo by Marcia Herman.

E O S — Beloved Greyhound of HRH Prince Albert

by Joan Dillon



EOS, Prince Albert's Favourite Greyhound, Sir Edwin Landseer, 1841

Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Germany, was just 20 years old when he traveled to England to wed the youthful Queen Victoria in 1840. By all accounts this marriage, which resulted in nine children, was a love match and the Prince became the young queen's most trusted and influential advisor. However, Prince Albert, who spoke heavily accented English, was considered a foreigner, and was never fully accepted by the English people. One can imagine how alone the young prince must have felt on his arrival in this unwelcoming land. Yet, one true friend could always be depended upon to provide companionship and affection — his pet Greyhound, Eos.

Eos, a predominantly black Greyhound with white on her face, chest, feet, and the tip of her tail, adored her master and had accompanied him from Germany in 1840. Two years later, in a hunting accident, she was accidentally shot by the Prince's uncle, Ferdinand, at Windsor, but recovered. She died on July 31, 1844 and a quote from Queen Victoria's journal states, "She had been his constant & faithful companion for

10-1/2 years and she was only 6 months old, when he first had her. She was connected with the happiest years of his life . . . such a beautiful & sweet creature and used to play so much with the children."

At least three artists painted Eos' portrait at Queen Victoria's request. The most famous was by Sir Edwin Landseer. One of his paintings shows Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and one of the young princesses at home in Windsor Castle with three of their dogs — Eos, who is sitting at the Prince's knee, and two terriers, Dandie and Cairnach. Thomas Musgrove Joy and George Morley also painted Eos. One of Morley's paintings, dated 1841, shows Eos with two of her grown pups, Timur and Mishka, in a country setting beside a fence. Another Landseer painting shows Eos with the baby princess, Victoria, the Princess Royal. In this delightful picture, Eos is snuggled up against the baby princess whose toes are resting on Eos' nose. Another Landseer portrait, painted as a birthday present from the Queen to Prince Albert in 1844, shows Eos with the young Prin-

cess Alice and was done from memory, as Eos had died the previous month.

The most widely recognized painting of Eos is the one accompanying this article. This painting by Landseer has appeared in books, on posters, on the Web, and on the notecard shown here, which was purchased at the Greyhound Hall of Fame. (Other distributors of Greyhound paraphernalia also carry these cards from time to time.) Queen Victoria commissioned this painting in 1841 as a Christmas present for Prince Albert. In her journal dated December 24, she writes of the Prince's delight with it and that it came as a complete surprise. After Eos' death, Prince Albert used this portrait in the creation of a monument to Eos, which was installed on the Slopes at Windsor. (The Slopes are the hilly part of the Home Park between the castle and the river.) A recent call to the Castle confirmed that a statue of Eos is still there.



Special thanks to Michael Maguire, author of Swiftly, for his help in researching this article.

Adapting to Blindness

by Lauren Emery



Touch is a sensory delight for a blind Greyhound and connects the dog to you. Boomer's cousin Molly knows just where to scratch. Photo by Lauren Emery.

He's a tails-up Greyhound. That's why we decided to adopt him sight unseen six-and-a-half years ago. At the sound of the words "go out" he pops out of bed and dashes to the door. Even though he can't see it he knows where it is. His once beautiful brown eyes now look like white marbles and although we no longer make eye contact we have more physical contact since he became blind. Fortunately Boomer has made the transition from sighthound to blind hound with minor modifications and remains an active happy Greyhound.

I first became concerned that he had visual problems after noticing he didn't fly down the outside steps at night; he was slower. During the day Boomer would still run around the yard, so I assumed it wasn't a motor problem. Then he began slipping inside going down our hardwood stairs. The whites of his eyes became red and he would rub them. In the dark his eyes

would glow green when the light reflected in them. From my reading I became suspicious that he had progressive retinal atrophy. Difficulty with night vision and going down stairs are the first signs. My veterinarian diagnosed cataracts but said veterinary ophthalmology was a specialized field and referred me to a specialist that comes to Maine to consult. Another general practice vet who saw the dog said she couldn't diagnose his eye problems. As I waited anxiously, I wished there were more veterinary ophthalmologists in New England.

"Blindness is never a reason to euthanize a dog" the veterinary ophthalmologist said when Boomer was diagnosed with three eye diseases at age seven. It saddened me that he felt he had to say that. I had read that blind dogs could learn to compensate with their other senses. Our Greyhound was diagnosed with progressive retinal at-

rophy (PRA is a genetic disorder), pannus (an autoimmune disorder), and immature cataracts. He was put on dexamethasone ointment for pannus but would become completely blind from PRA. I was somewhat prepared intellectually for this but not emotionally.

How common is blindness in the Greyhound population? A health study completed three years ago of Greyhounds adopted in Colorado showed that five percent of the 626 responses reported cloudy eyes and impaired vision. Another blind Greyhound lives in our small town and a dog just off the track that has cataracts is in our adoption kennel now. I wonder if we will see a rising incidence in vision problems as more retired racing Greyhounds are placed in homes and live longer. When I came home from our consult with the veterinarian I pulled out an article I had

Blindness continued on next page

Blindness continued from previous page

saved from an old *Greyhounds Today* magazine about a blind dog with panus. I tracked down the author that night that was very upbeat when I spoke with her. What was not available at the time is a book called *Living with Blind Dogs — A Resource Book and Training Guide for the Owners of Blind & Low Vision Dogs* by Caroline D. Levin, RN, self-published in 1998. A dog trainer and registered nurse who worked a decade in the field of human ophthalmology, she became a manager in a veterinary ophthalmology practice and saw how dogs and their owners needed help in adjusting to blindness. The owners needed help dealing with their sorrow and grief to accept their dogs' blindness and the dogs needed understanding, environmental modifications and skills training.

Blindness can strike a dog at any age and may be gradual or sudden in onset. The dog's general health, personality, and his position in the pack are other factors that affect how it will react. Sudden onset blindness creates more of a traumatic initial adjustment problem. Levin states that dogs may have a "fight or flight" response and become more aggressive or depressed. It may increase separation anxiety and create an increase in dependency in some dogs. Levin stresses not to encourage dependency so that the dog can regain its confidence and mobility. Her book offers many step by step positive reinforcement training outlines, some of which capitalize on the superior canine senses of smell and hearing. Formal training may help a blind dog adapt more quickly and work through fear and dependency issues.

With gradual onset blindness the dog can slowly adapt by developing a cognitive map of its environment and by relying on scents, sounds and temperature changes. The owner may not notice the loss of vision until things are out of place or the dog is in unfamiliar surroundings. Boomer has adapted so well to his gradual loss of sight that at



Hearing becomes more important with blindness and Boomer's ears are usually perked now. Loss of vision hasn't changed his habit of carrying around his toys. Owl makes a good pillow. Photo by Lauren Emery.

our last checkup with the veterinary ophthalmologist I said I thought the dog had some very slight vision remaining. He patted me on the shoulder, smiled, and told me my dog had no functional eyesight.

In some situations blindness may be associated with significant pain causing dogs to be stressed and inactive. With the surgical removal of the eyes and resolution of pain our ophthalmologist has seen a number of blind dogs that rapidly returned to their normal dispositions and habits.

In her book, Caroline Levin deals with the complexities of pack behavior and states that few dogs are truly alpha. Many are sub-alpha and trade the leadership role back and forth. They tend to adapt easier to blindness, often doing best in homes with other dogs. I believe Boomer is more active, confident and less isolated because of the stimulation of his three other dog pack members.

How has our Greyhound's life changed since becoming blind? I stopped taking him to adoption demos as soon as his eyes began to look a little cloudy. Instead of running a lap or two full tilt around the house, Boomer jogs near me in the yard and field. He rarely passes on an opportunity to go outside with our other dogs and doesn't need help getting around in our huge fenced yard. Boomer knows the rough trails on our 50 acres of woods like the back of his paw and loves our long walks, always finding lots of good things to sniff. Sometimes I steer him by his collar when going down stairs or when in an unfamiliar place, but putting carpet treads on our indoor stairs solved his problem with slipping. He continues to be very busy at home transporting fuzzy toys and little blankets to all the dog

beds. Watching him maneuver in the house you wouldn't know he was blind but when I switched the water bowls on the floor to raised bowls it took him a while to really catch on. When I moved the wire dog crate that I alternate the male dogs in it took him a long time to learn the new set up. At this point he doesn't jump up on the bed anymore and rarely gets up on the couch. We have avoided boarding him as I know it would be extremely stressful, even to

Blindness continued on next page



He gets by with a little help from his friends. Boomer and his seeing-eye dogs do everything together. Photo by Lauren Emery.

Blindness continued from previous page

put him in a friend's house, and I would never put him in a boarding kennel now. As he has relied on his sense of hearing more, his ears are usually perked. He has become our blind watchdog and barks more. He is still part of the evening pot-licking clean up crew and loves spaghetti night. Since he can't see us Boomer nuzzles us more now and we touch him and talk to him more often.

The typical reaction people have when they see this beautiful dark red Greyhound is to say "Is he blind?" or "What's wrong with his eyes?" I am touched by the few people who just approach him like any other dog, crouch down to pet and speak to him, and don't focus on what's "wrong" with him. There is so much that's right with him. The world is full of sensory stimulation for a blind sight-hound whose other faculties are intact. His abilities to scent and hear far exceed ours, but most importantly he feels secure and confident in his environment and knows we are there for him.



Lauren Emery of Maine Greyhound Placement Service is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.

TIPS FOR CARING FOR LOW VISION AND BLIND DOGS

Below is a brief summary of some of the recommendations from Caroline Levin's book *Living with Blind Dogs: A Resource Book and Training Guide for the Owners of Blind & Low Vision Dogs*.

- For low vision dogs strips of contrasting tape placed on stair edges, door jams and wall corners may be beneficial. Use night lights and good outdoor lighting especially for dogs with impaired night vision.
- Try to maintain your current furniture arrangement and don't leave objects where the dog could bump into them or trip on them.
- Oil based scents applied very sparingly can help the dog learn to avoid bumping into certain furnishings or can help identify doors, stairways, and the like. Before moving to a new home ease the transition by using different oil scents to mark the door, food dish, and dog bed in your current home and carry this over to the new residence.
- In a new setting supervise the dog while he explores one room at a time until he is familiar with the layout.
- Pipe insulation can be used as a bumper on table edges and wall corners.
- When out walking, help steer a short blind dog by threading the leash through a piece of PVC piping to make the leash rigid. With very tall dogs you can use a leather collar with a handle. They are commercially available.
- Teach verbal commands for slow, stop, come, and directional cues.
- Stair training, especially descending, is one of the hardest skills to teach. Work on one or two stairs initially, going up, using food treats on the stairs. For descending one technique is to place treats on tape by stair edges and guide the dog to smell the tape and treat.
- Small bells on your other dogs collars and pinned to your clothing can help the blind dog know where everyone is outside.
- For play use the Buster Cube, do a tracking game with a biscuit on a string, and make a food trail to a favorite toy.
- Hire a dog sitter instead of boarding a blind dog to minimize stress.

References:

Mok, Meisen. "Report on the Medical Problems Observed in Pet Greyhounds," *Speaking of Greyhounds*, Greyhound Project, April 1997

Levin, Caroline D., R.N. *Living with Blind Dogs — A Resource Book and Training Guide for the Owners of Blind & Low Vision Dogs*, self-published, 1998. Order from the author at 520 SW "B" Ave., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. \$29.95 plus \$5.95 shipping



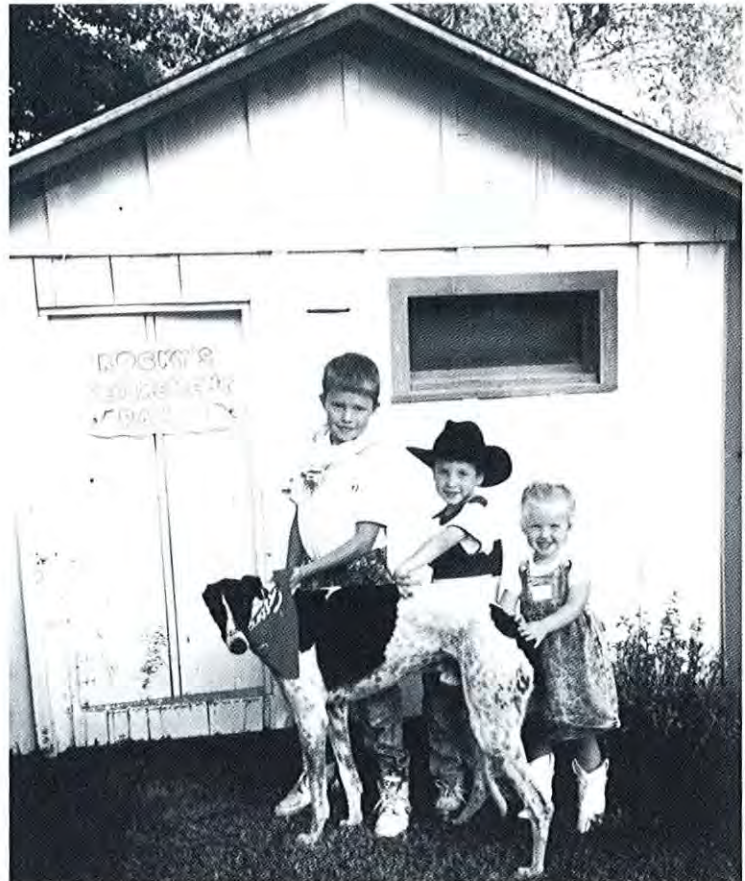
When faced with the obstacle of a fallen tree as a sighted three year old hot off the track Boomer just stood there. Although he's blind now, he just hops up and over, having done so for years. Photos by Lauren Emery.



In an unfamiliar environment a blind Greyhound needs to be guided by a seeing-eye person. Boomer was able to attend his adoption group's reunion and got a kiss from guest speaker Cynthia Branigan. Photo by Lauren Emery.

All in the Family: Kids, Dogs, and Keeping the Peace!

by Lynda Adame



Rocky is pictured here with three of his childhood friends. He was adopted several years ago by Ron, Jill, Tyler, Cale, and Brianne Gottschalk of Benton, Kansas.

If you're reading this article, odds are you already own a Greyhound (or two) and your Greyhound either spends time with, or will spend time with, children. The intent of this article is to provide an overall set of guidelines on Greyhound/child interaction from the perspective of an aunt and a placement representative for a Greyhound adoption group. I don't have any children at this point in my life, but I do have two young nephews who interact frequently with my dogs. As an adoption representative, I see both good and bad situations that arise from Greyhounds living with children.

Good Situations

People who understand dog behavior and child behavior create good situations. They gain this understanding

through life experience, attending training classes, reading books, and talking to others with dogs and children. The people in these homes monitor the interaction of the dog and child, and teach both the correct ways to interact with one another. They know that dogs are not humans in fur suits, but are an entirely different species, with their own language and behaviors.

Bad Situations

People who do not understand dog behavior create bad situations. They do not have adequate information about child and dog relationships and behaviors, and even worse, they do not supervise the child and the Greyhound. This basic lack of understanding usually results in the dog being returned to the adoption group, or even worse,

euthanized by angry parents. Parents often underestimate the amount of time and energy it takes to own a dog while raising young children. Some humans have a complete misunderstanding of dog behavior. I hope to provide some education in this article so more homes can avoid bad situations.

Be Proactive

If there are children in your future, be proactive. Start adjusting the household schedule and the dog's schedule prior to bringing the child home for the first time. This gradual adjustment will help alleviate the dog's stress when the child finally arrives. Keep in mind the dog will still need attention and care once the child joins the family. He will

Family continued on next page



Children love to play "dress-up" with their Greyhounds. Greyhounds are very tolerant when they are handled gently. Photo courtesy of June McBride of Tacoma, Washington.

Family continued from previous page

want to remain a family member, be included in activities, and spend time with the rest of his human pack. If the child is an infant, bring a blanket home first to familiarize the dog to the baby's scent. Introduce the dog and the infant slowly and with constant supervision, allowing the dog to thoroughly sniff the baby. After the initial introduction, you can begin to desensitize the Greyhound to life with a toddler. Parents must work with the dog in a hands-on way. They should touch or grab the dog's ears, handle its muzzle and feet, work with the dog so that it will expect and accept the kind of attention and handling that a toddler will give it.

If the child is walking, use exercise pens, baby gates, and crates judiciously. An exercise pen, also called an ex-pen, is an expandable (mobile) wire fence system designed to restrain dogs. Use ex-pens and baby gates to separate dog and child when an adult cannot adequately monitor their interaction. Baby gates can also give the child privacy from the dog or keep the dog from the child's room or toys. Ex-pens are available in different heights; baby gates are not. To keep a dog from jumping over a baby gate, mount the gate higher in the doorframe or purchase two baby gates

and mount them one above the other. Another way to separate dogs and children is to use a screen door or a Dutch door on the entrance to the child's room. A crate can become a safe or child-free area for the dog — a place to which the dog can retreat when it's had enough of the child. Most important to the child's welfare, he or she should be taught never to bother the dog when he is in the crate and never to go into the crate with the dog.

Growling and Other Unpleasantness

When the child starts to walk, you will probably encounter growling from the dog. Growling is a normal and common way for dogs to warn each other to back off. The growl may or may not escalate to a snap or bite. In my house, dogs are never allowed to growl at humans and I will instantly reprimand the dog if he is caught growling. This reprimand consists of my putting on a dramatic verbal display, standing very tall with hands on hips, looking the dog in the eye. It's important to let the dog know that the child is above him in the pack structure; hence the dog is not allowed to growl at the child (or adults, for that matter).

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

It is imperative that the child doesn't startle the dog awake by tripping and falling on him while he is sleeping or resting. The toddler may inadvertently hurt the dog and provoke a reaction. Greyhounds sleep deeply, often with their eyes open. Teach the child to call out the dog's name and be sure the dog is awake before approaching him. Greyhounds are used to being awakened when activity begins in the kennel and are not used to being awakened by touch. Some newly adopted hounds exhibit "sleep aggression." They become frightened or disoriented and snap if disturbed when sleeping. The adage "Let sleeping dogs lie" definitely applies in a house with small children.

Love or Dominance?

Young children like to smother a dog with kisses and hugs and from a dog's perspective, this can look like a scary display of "in your face" dominance. If the dog sees this type of behavior as a threat, a warning snarl or bite can ensue. Adding to this misunderstanding between the species is the fact that children are at eye level to the dog and do not understand the importance of never staring a dog in the eye. Teach the child never to stare at the dog and do not allow the child to hug the dog until the pack order is set. Confining or cornering a dog is another invitation for disaster, especially when a

Family continued on next page



Nicky is a very laid-back Greyhound. This is one case of a Greyhound who has no sleep space problems. Photo courtesy of Arianne Satter, Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

toddler is doing this. Obedience training for the Greyhound is a must.

Training will help teach an inexperienced dog owner the best way to interact with a newly adopted Greyhound and will reinforce how to continue training the dog when at home. Both child and dog require a knowledgeable adult to teach them the correct ways to interact with one another. Most important, obedience training helps bond the dog and the human.

One of the most important commands for a Greyhound to learn is "stay." More on that later.

Training the Child

Train your child as well as your dog. The child should learn to respect the dog's space or bed. Teach your child not to approach the dog while he is lying down unless an adult gives the child permission. Pulling on the dog's ears or harassing the dog should not be allowed. A dog will take only so much (even a Greyhound) and if an adult does not step in to stop such harassment, the dog will take matters into his own paws. In dog terms, taking matters into his own hands usually means walking away from the child, but, if pressed, it can mean a growl, snap, or bite. An adult should always intervene before things escalate to this point.

How do you know if your dog is reaching his limit? Closely observe the dog's body language and actions. A stressed dog will pant, yawn, or lick the lips or nose, and he will often stare into space with glassy eyes. The body language will be stiff and still. A dog about to attack will have flattened ears; the tail will be held straight out; and the lips will start to pull back. The dog will tell you when enough is enough. Despite all the training you give your child, the responsibility rests upon parents and their vigilance in reading canine body language.

Between Four and Seven Years of Age

For children between four and seven years of age, the same basic rules

apply; only now the child is mobile and old enough to understand some concepts and participate in caring for the dog.

You still want to monitor the dog and the child's interaction. Please do not let them sleep together in the same bed. This can confuse the dog, who may begin to consider the child as a littermate. Dogs have every right to discipline a littermate.

Even a four-year-old is capable of feeding the dog breakfast and dinner that an adult has prepared, as well as giving all treats that the dog will get throughout the day. An adult must monitor these sessions and restrain the dog until the child has set the bowl down and given the dog the "release" or "break" command. Being the giver of food helps reinforce that the child is above the dog in the pack order.

The parent should physically move the dog off any spot that the child wants. The dog mustn't be allowed to push the child out of the way. The dog must learn to wait until the child goes in or out of doors (or the car or the yard) before he can enter. Be especially sure to teach the child that the dog can and will bolt out of any open doorway, as children are the likely culprits when a dog escapes the home through an open door. The child must learn to use the "stay" command as much as the Greyhound must learn it to obey it.

Teach the dog a command (sit, down, or stay) and this will be the way the child begins to control the dog and takes a higher pack position. The child will issue the command before meals and treats, or randomly throughout the day.

Can a Child Walk a Greyhound?

No. Please do not let a child walk a Greyhound, or even hold a leashed hound all alone (no matter how much begging). On the Greyhound-I email list, a couple of bored physicists figured out that when a Greyhound takes off at a dead run, chasing after something of interest, he exerts 228 pounds of pressure on the leash as well as the arm. One way to allow children the pleasure of walking your Greyhound is to attach a second leash that you, the adult, hold onto.

Ease the Transition with Understanding

Bringing a new child or a new dog into the home is both wonderful and stressful for all family members. Just as you will be stressed and sleepless, so may the dog. Understanding and preparing for this will help ease the transition and build a solid foundation for one big happy family.



Resources:

- Childproofing Your Dog*, by Brian Kilcommons
- Culture Clash*, by Jean Donaldson
- ALPHAbetize Yourself, How To Help Your Dog Regard You As Leader!* Pamphlet by Terry Ryan

Editor's Note: We use the masculine gender for simplicity when referring to our canine companions; we love our girls just as much.



Tyler Moody, son of Jennifer Moody of Augusta, Maine, and Katie, shows that respect is mutual.

The Art of Animal Communication

New Age or New Tool?

by Carla Pickering and Lori Lazetera



Greyhounds are capable of communicating great love for each other. These Greyhounds do not live together but adore each other. On the left is Will Shumaker's Greyhound, Nip. On the right is Barbara Celli's Greyhound, Cinnamon. Photo by Will Shumaker, Tampa, Florida.

A Greyhound is lost, far from home, thrown from the vehicle in which she was riding when it is in a serious accident on a major interstate. All avenues of recovery are pursued to no avail. One suggestion enthusiastically accepted is that a reliable animal communicator be contacted. Would this have been the case a few years ago? We

doubt it. Animal Communicators or Animal Communication Specialists (as some prefer to be called) are gaining acceptance in the mainstream as an increasing amount of anecdotal evidence accumulates. Their methods and techniques may vary, as may the focus of their work. Some specialize in finding lost animals; some concentrate on help-

ing with behavioral problems of various species; and some work with medical practitioners to assist with diagnosis and treatment. Nevertheless, one thing is certain: fewer people are "rais-

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Fran Marcy of Gloversville, New York, shares a quiet moment with her Greyhound, Cindy.

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ing their eyebrows” these days when someone suggests “Why not contact an Animal Communicator?”

Just what is animal communication?

Animal communication is the ability to communicate telepathically with animals. We are all born with the ability to be psychic, but somehow we lose this gift as we get older and more grounded in reality. We all have had moments in our lives when we think of someone on a certain day and before the end of the day, that someone calls us. Your Greyhound is very quiet. You are in the next room. You yell, “Drop it,” and you hear an obvious *clunk*. Your Greyhound drops the clock he has stolen from your bedside table. This is your intuition at work. Intuition is very much a part of us, and it is not considered as a psychic phenomenon. If we take the time to listen to our intuition and develop it, we begin on the path of communicating with animals.

An interesting method to help understand animal communication, for

those who have trouble believing that they or the animal communicator are really hearing, seeing, or feeling what their dog or other companion animal is doing is to validate the reality of imagination. Imagination is often tromped out of us as children. Imaging — or seeing in pictures — is a large part of the way that animals communicate with us and with each other. So, rather than thinking, “This is just my imagination,” think of imagination as creating an image, perceiving an image. Think of *imagination as real*, for it is.

Modalities

When an animal communicator gets in touch with an animal, he or she receives messages in one or all of these modalities (methods):

- Clairsentience — the psychic equivalent of feeling what someone else is experiencing emotionally or physically, i.e., empathy
- Clairvoyance — the equivalent of psychic sight; clairvoyance can come in a series of scenes, symbols, or both
- Clairaudience — the equivalent of psychic hearing

Theoretically, anyone can learn to communicate with non-human animals. Many people have strong barriers acquired throughout years of living in a society that denies *being-hood* to non-humans. For those who have a genuine desire to learn how to communicate, search out books, tapes, seminars, and videos that explain and may even help you develop communication skills.

Learning to Quiet Yourself

The secret is in learning to quiet yourself. Find a quiet time when the hustle and bustle of every day living can be turned off for awhile. Clear your mind by using basic meditation skills. If thoughts come to you while you do this, let them slip aside. Focus your concentration on a picture of the animal you would like to communicate with or focus on your pet. Write down whatever comes into your mind at the moment. Start small. Just say “Hello” to the animal the first time and see if you get a reply. Move slowly at each session. Ask simple questions the next time. Build on what you learn. Another good technique is to work with like-minded people in a group. In this way, you can validate each other’s communications. Validation is important. Every time someone validates the information you receive and it is correct or close, it is a real confidence builder. Remember something else as well. Practice makes perfect. Trust your intuition.

Animals communicate to each other and to us in pictures and feelings. The knowing that is “just there.” The image that flashes across our consciousness must be accepted as real.

Learning to Communicate

Penelope Smith has a series of tapes on learning to communicate with animals. The titles of the tapes in the series include “How to Communicate with Animals,” “Understanding Animals’ Viewpoints,” “Animal Intelligence and Awareness,” and “Healing and Counseling with Animals.” In these tapes, the author takes us very gradually through practice exercises that en-

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able us to shift our perspective, quiet our minds, to hear, and to speak.

Patty Summers has a great chapter called "Reawakening to Animal Communication" in her book, *Talking With The Animals*. In it, she says, "Anyone can communicate with animals. It is the universal language, the thought or idea before the words." Her approach is extremely simple. She views her work as a bridge and provides an uncluttered outline of steps we can take to learn to communicate.

Competent vs. the Incompetent

As in any area of alternative modalities, there are competent practitioners and teachers, and those not so competent. Pet owners who wish to use the services of a communicator rather than learning to "do it yourself" still need to educate themselves and then follow their own intuition. Students should choose their mentors wisely. Practitioners who cloud their work with many layers of complications should set off warning bells in the students' minds. The same applies to experienced communicators who insist that only the gifted can do it.

There are lists of communicators available to help locally, or long distance (by telephone); you can find some of these at the web sites and in the books listed as resources at the end of the article. Word-of-mouth is also a valid way

to find a good communicator or a seminar to attend.

Author Notes

"A litter of Australian Shepherd puppies was conceived two weeks before we had to have our beloved Greyhound Sultan put down due to osteosarcoma (bone cancer). I was a friend of the breeder and always admired her Aussie, Kai, and the puppies she produced. My friend is also an accomplished animal communicator.

"I have taken several communication seminars myself. I have used these skills on occasion but never realized that these skills would become paramount in my life as the tragedy of losing Sultan unfolded.

"The week before we put Sultan down I had an encounter with Kai and Sultan. My friend was watching Sultan on the days I would transport him after work to an acupuncturist veterinarian for treatment. When I went to pick up Sultan one afternoon my friend was not home. I walked into the kitchen and Sultan was lying comfortably in a dog crate. Kai came down the stairs and greeted me. I let Sultan out of his crate. There was a flash of understanding that moved between Sultan, Kai, and me. I knew in that moment that Sultan would soon be leaving me and that Kai would be responsible for helping him come back to me. The following week Sultan's condition escalated to the point where, with much sadness and grief, we

had to put him to sleep.

"A few days after his departure I received a message from him. 'Look to Kai's litter and I will be there. I will be a mismarked, male, blue merle Aussie pup, birth position number four or six, and will be born at the end of March.'

"Oh boy, I thought to myself, something miraculous is happening here. March 28th I awoke at about 2 a.m. with the message ringing in my head, 'I am here.' I received a telephone call from my friend at 3:00 a.m. 'Lori, puppy number four has arrived. It is a blue-merle boy and he appears to have no color on one side of his head.' Magi was the only blue merle boy in the litter. The odds on this happening and the way it happened were too astounding to ignore

—Lori Lazetera

"In 1983, living in the cottage that I rented on the back of an old estate, I lost my daughter's pet rat, Dr. Snowmizer, who had seizures in the middle of a blizzard that allowed no travel to the vets.

"Shortly after he died, I had a very strong sense that he was sending someone to take his place. One week later, in a bookstore in a nearby town, a small white kitten approached me. Achi Melech (my brother the king) was in fairly rough shape — a street kitten, his ear-mite-ridden ears and overall poor condition would not have made him a prize to most people. However, *I knew* the instant our eyes met that Snowmizer had sent him; and he changed my life.

"My little white cat never communicated to me in words, but throughout his almost sixteen years with me, he sent me a series of strong, clear images that altered my perceptions of the world around me irrevocably. I, who had been very skeptical regarding my ability to hear or perceive other species' communications from other dimensions, found myself accepting what I learned from Achi, my Moon Kitty, without question.

"I am a novice at using Animal Communication, but I am aware that when I speak to my companion animals,



This puppy had just entered his new home. The normally rambunctious pup immediately sought out Mr. Bones, who had recently become ill, and settled down with him. Mr. Bones died three days later. The pup became his normal rambunctious self after that. Photo by Marcia Herman

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I am sending them word-pictures created from the language that I use, and that they receive these pictures and emotions and understand me. My next step in learning to communicate will be receiving more clearly all that they are trying to tell me. As I quiet my heart, these very special teachers that I live with will, indeed, be able to reach me — as they wish to do.”

— Carla Pickering



Carla Pickering resides in Exeter, Rhode Island with her Greyhounds and other dogs and cats. Lori Lazetera resides in Danbury, Connecticut with her husband, two Greyhounds, her Australian Shepherd, and cats. Lori is a regular contributor to CG Magazine and is an adoption representative for WAG, Inc. of Cheshire, Connecticut.

Resources

Internet

<http://www.cyberark.com/animal/telepath.htm>: This web site provides information about communicators throughout the U.S. and Canada; it also sells books, videos, tapes, and lists current workshops.

<http://www.heartspace.com/Anicom/index.htm>: Patty Summers's personal Animal Communications page.

<http://pweb.netcom.com/~jing/index.html>: This is the home page of Jane Hallander and Jing the African Grey Parrot, a “Human Communicator” of some talent, who works with her. Jane and Jing specialize in lost pets and Avian communication and behavior, but work with all species of domestic companion animal as well.

Books

Fitzpatrick, Sonya with Patricia Burkhart Smith. *What the Animals Tell Me*, Hyperion, New York, NY 1997

Myers, Arthur. *Communicating with Animals*, Contemporary, Chicago, IL 1997

Smith, Penelope. *Animals: Our Return to Wholeness*, Pegasus Publications, 1993

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Summers, Patty. *Talking With The Animals*, Hampton Roads Publishing, Charlottesville, VA, 1998



Donn and Tina Tyler of Tacoma, Washington, share a moment of quietness. In peaceful settings like this one, thoughts and feelings are easily transferred.

Waterloo —

A Coursing Pilgrimage: Part One

by Pam Davis and John Parker



The slipper slips the dogs — and they're off! Photo by Todd O. Williams, CPF, Easley, South Carolina.

Every dyed-in-the-wool coursing enthusiast who has done his required reading in coursing history knows about the Waterloo Cup, coursing's Holy Grail. The Cup has been run since 1836 on the green fields of the Altcar estate in the north of England, near Liverpool. It is the America's Cup, the Kentucky Derby, the Super Bowl of coursing (pick your analogy). In the fall of 1997, a few of us began contemplating a trip to England. We had heard 1998 might be the last year the Cup would be run. There was a bill presented to Parliament that would outlaw hunting with hounds — hare coursing and fox hunting. This bill was allowed to die in committee, but will surely reappear. The group included Glen and Pam Davis, John

Parker, Gary Runyan, Les Pekarski (all from Georgia), Tanya Bryson and Chris Cantrell (from South Carolina).

After an all-night flight from Atlanta to Manchester, we drove to Southport, checked into the Prince of Wales Hotel, grabbed a quick lunch, and headed off to meet with the Cup Secretary, Mr. Bob Burdon. Mr. Burdon welcomed us graciously and sold us our tickets. He also provided us with a pass that would allow us to park in the Nominators' Car Park (the parking area reserved for the 64 people who nominate the dogs that will run and their guests). He invited us to attend the Call Over, which would be held that night. It turned out that Mr. Burdon was not only the Cup Secretary, but also the judge for the

event. (We never did find out if that was common or unusual. In 1999, Mr. Burdon judged the Cup, but they had a new secretary.)

The Call Over took place in a crowded, smoky auditorium, where the temperature soon rose to sweltering. The sterling silver Waterloo Cup was prominently displayed on a stage, flanked by boards bearing the names of the 64 dogs nominated to run for the Cup in 1998. Sir Charles Blanning (keeper of the National Coursing Club studbook) read off the name of each dog and told a bit about it. Three bookmakers each stated their opening "line" on the dogs.

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The 64 dogs were divided into groups of four, called "quarters." Each quarter was "sold" at auction. Seventy percent of the money from this auction went into a pot. The person(s) who bought the quarter including the eventual Cup winner would receive 50 percent of the total. The person(s) buying the runner-up's quarter would receive 20 percent. High bids ranged from 150 pounds to 500 pounds. (One pound = approx. \$1.70). The remaining 30 percent of the proceeds were used to help with expenses of the event.

The First Day — The Withins

On Tuesday morning, we headed off to the Altcar estate. Along the drive, we were astounded by how green the fields were. By following Mr. Burdon's advice to arrive early, we procured a front row parking (viewing) space, and tromped off to get a look at some of the dogs.

After surveying the grounds, we stood near the "slip steward," who in-

spects the dogs. The inspection is a matter of matching the dog's ear tattoo with its paperwork. No assessment of condition or soundness is made. It is up to each handler to determine whether or not his dog is sound enough to run. We watched as the dogs were removed from their crates, walked, then given vigorous massages with a very smelly liniment.

We were all struck by how beautiful these Greyhounds were! While we saw a few with obvious problems — one terribly overshot, one or two with a partial or broken tail, a few with very short, thick necks — most were gorgeous specimens of the breed. The English coursing dogs are mostly large dogs, probably averaging 28 to 30 inches, and much heavier boned than most U.S. dogs (NGA and AKC). They have very broad backs, with a good deal of arch over the loin, very deep briskets, and beautifully laid back shoulders. In general, they were very attractive and in superb condition.

As the 9:30 a.m. start time approached, we could see the beaters in the fields, driving the hares toward the

coursing grounds by swishing flags near the ground. At times we could see entire "herds" of hares out in the fields nearby. The judge mounted his horse (he has to be a good horseman, as well as an accomplished coursing judge) and the slipper appeared on the field. Both were dressed in the traditional pink (red) hunting coats and breeches. The first two dogs were called onto the field and were led out by their handlers, the dogs still bundled in their coats against the cold wind.

The Greyhounds were taken to the "shy" . . .

. . . a two-sided enclosure that keeps the dogs from seeing the hares until the slipper is ready to sight them on one. The slipper can see over the top of the shy and watches for a hare to approach the coursing lane. The dogs were placed in the slips — a double-collared slip-lead that has a release mechanism allowing the slipper to release both dogs at the exact same moment. The crowd

Waterloo continued on next page



A close-up of the hare. Photo by Todd O. Williams, CPF, Easley, South Carolina.



The chase is on. Photo by Todd O. Williams, CPF, Easley, South Carolina.

Waterloo continued from previous page

(2,000 to 3,000 people) waited restlessly for the first hare to appear.

The same slipper — a well-trained professional — slips all of the dogs during the event. Gary Kelly has been the slipper for the Waterloo Cup since 1969. We saw him in the bar at the hotel one night and he is an amazing looking man. He looked to be in his early forties, but must be older, as he's been slipping dogs since the early 1960s. One of the Waterloo marshals (security) told us he earns approximately 70,000 pounds per year slipping dogs all over Britain and in other European countries. (The veracity of that statement is unknown. It might have been a story to impress the "Yankees.")

The Waterloo Cup is structured much like a tennis tournament. The Greyhounds run in braces, 32 courses, totaling 64 dogs. The pairings are determined by a random draw several days before the event. The 32 dogs eliminated in the first courses go into The

Purse, a consolation bracket. The 16 dogs eliminated after the second round go into The Plate, another consolation bracket.

It takes a long time for the first few courses to get started.

The beaters are still far out from the field, and the slipper must wait until a hare runs onto the field. Additional beaters form two lines from the edge of the field to the shy, to insure that the hare runs straight down the coursing lane. As the hare runs past the shy, the slipper walks the dogs out behind it. He has one hand on the slip-lead near the Greyhounds' necks. The other hand holds the opposite end of the slip-lead, which is wrapped around the tuck-up area of the dogs. (This is called "barreling" the dogs.) The slipper must evaluate the hare. He won't slip the dogs if it's a very small hare, or if it doesn't seem to be moving fast enough, or if it is very fat. He must be sure both dogs

are sighted on it and that they are "balanced" in the slips. As the Greyhounds sight the hare, they begin to accelerate. The slipper runs with them and releases the part that is wrapped around the dogs. He lets them run out to the end of the slip (it looked to be about ten feet long), and releases it. (A cord around his wrist is attached to the release mechanism.) He is supposed to give the hares at least an 80-yard head start before slipping the dogs.

Because the anti-coursing lobby had turned up the volume of protest, the slipper was instructed to give extra-long slips. There was much dissatisfaction expressed by the crowd about this, as it was difficult for him to slip the dogs cleanly and fairly when he had to try to hold them back.

Waterloo continued on next page



The judge on the horse. Photo by Todd O. Williams, CPF, Easley, South Carolina.

Waterloo continued from previous page

The first day's coursing took place on a field called The Withins.

It's a smallish, narrow field and the crowd flanks both sides — the Nominators' car park on one side, the Public Bank (general admission) on the other. This field is said to test pace (speed), and the courses are mostly quite short. The first part of the course, from the slip to when the dogs turn the hare for the first time, is called the run-up. The dog that wins the run-up and turns the hare for the first time usually wins the course. This was especially true on the first day, because most of the hares quickly escaped into the tall grass at the end of the field. A promotional video we saw said seven out of eight hares escape, although that is not always the case.

The Greyhound slipped on the left wears a red collar (a knit band) and the one on the right wears white. It was often difficult to distinguish the colors from a distance. The judge canters his

horse behind or to the side of the dogs as they course, giving himself the best view possible. When the hare escapes, or is killed, he raises either a red or white handkerchief to indicate the winner. A flag steward then raises a large red or white flag so the crowd can see which dog won. (A green flag indicates a draw, which the judge signals by removing his hat. A blue flag means the course is a "bye" — when a dog's opponent is withdrawn. A yellow flag means a re-run is in progress.)

The coursing was exciting!

These dogs are faster than any coursing dogs we've seen in the U.S. They have to be; the hare moves faster than a mechanical lure. They can also turn with incredible agility. We saw one course close-up where the hare led both dogs into three 360-degree turns. The dogs looked like Olympic figure skaters, bending almost double as they turned, throwing up huge chunks of sod

with the force of their legs driving into the ground.



This article concludes in the next issue of CG.

Pam Davis, and husband Glen, live in Cairo, GA with four Greyhounds and a cocker spaniel. Their spare time is filled with dog activities of all sorts — obedience, coursing, conformation, tracking, and agility.

John Parker is president of the Southeastern Greyhound Club and is on the Advisory Board of GPA-Atlanta/Southeastern Greyhound Adoption. He and his wife Debbie live in Atlanta with their three Greyhounds, Brandy, Susie and Golden Girl.

Todd O. Williams, CPF, is a photographer in Easley, South Carolina.

Rural Rube — Racing Legend

by Laurel E. Drew

He may have been the runt of the litter, but Rural Rube stood tall among his peers.

Rural Rube, nicknamed Shorty and whelped in February 1937 in Kansas, belonged to Glenn Laman. He had a royal pedigree, being sired by Hall of Famer, My Laddie, and out of Lady Gangdrew, who was sired by yet another Hall of Fame dog J Gangster* (imported dog). Some of the best dogs of the era were to come from litters produced between 1937 through 1940 from this pair of Greyhounds. Bud Carroll, a well-known owner and trainer, eventually bought all the pups in the litter. He paid \$350 for Rural Rube J a bargain for a dog that would become one of the best racers and stud dogs of his time.

The Rube, as he was termed, began racing officially in 1938. In his first race, he came out of the box in eighth position J dead last J but won by seven lengths. After he won his next two races just as handily, Mr. Carroll decided to move him to the big Wonderland Park track in Massachusetts, where he won the Sapling in 1938. In 1939, Shorty was off to Flagler for his next series of races and became a star. Racing at 71 pounds, he broke four track records, won two futurities, two Inaugurals, and the big Flagler Futurity Stake, which was then rated as the Kentucky Derby of dog racing.

Rural Rube was incredibly popular because of his racing ability and his wonderful personality. When he heard "Smile Shorty!" he would curl his lips back in a big full-toothed grin. With so many dogs carrying his bloodlines, it's no surprise that there are hounds still out there grinning away.

On his return to Massachusetts

from Flagler, he was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston. He arrived at the affair with his owner in the back of a limousine escorted by two police motorcycle officers. At the dinner, he wore his napkin tucked around his neck and dined on tenderloin steak and biscuits covered with gravy. It is said that he smiled broadly at all his admirers.

In 1940, Shorty was off to Flagler again, where he won the 1940 Derby and added still another impressive trophy to his collection. Part of that collection is still on display at the Greyhound Hall of Fame in Abilene, Kansas. After that, he returned to Boston, where his imminent retirement was announced. In tribute, the track arranged an Au Revoir handicap race at Wonderland. Rural Rube and his owner Bud Carroll led the post parade for the race onto the track while the band played "Ruben, Ruben" in his honor. The huge crowd gave an enormous ovation to their hero while the announcer gave a brief biography and presented him with a gold medal.

Rural Rube raced 83 times at Wonderland, and he was out of the money only six times. He was a world record holder at Wonderland for the 3/16ths-mile course as well as the Futurity record holder. He was pronounced the



Rural Rube and Fern Nature shown with their owner, Bud Carroll. Photo courtesy the Greyhound Hall of Fame, Abilene, Kansas.

top Greyhound in America in both 1939 and 1940. His superb sire record was yet to come.

In 1939, at the ripe old age of two, he produced his first pups. When he retired, his stud fee was already \$100. Coming from lines that included Hall of Fame dogs Traffic Officer and My Laddie, he was to produce sons and grandsons Mixed Harmony, Johnny Leonard (both Hall of Famers), Great Valor, Rural Streak, Rural Speedster, Flashy Sir (a great grandson), and other great running dogs. Most were great producers as well. His daughters and granddaughters produced notable offspring, too. His daughter, Thrilling Sport produced Mixed Harmony. Lois Jean, a pup from his mating to Fawn Rita, was the grandam of Johnny Leonard.

Rural Rube's name appears somewhere behind nearly every Greyhound that is running today. Was he worthy of his place in the Hall of Fame? If he isn't, then I don't know of a dog that is!



Turbo Visits the Hall of Fame

by Marcia Wood



No, it's not your reflection. At the door to the Hall of Fame can you see Derby on the other side of the glass, waiting to welcome us? Photo by Fred Hecker.

I had a dream.

Someone told me once that my Turbo's sire, P's Rambling, is featured in the Greyhound Hall of Fame. Me, being who I am, instantly envisioned, in Cinemascope and glorious Technicolor, a portrait in oil of Ram, hung high on a wall, lit with a single dramatic spot. Then I pictured Turbo, red coat gleaming gold, looking up at the portrait, head cocked wistfully and tail sweeping gently. Maybe there'd even be a family resemblance. What a photograph that would make.

So Fred and I made plans to take Turbo to visit Abilene, Kansas, home of the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

I know, I know, I know, even if a dog could look at a bunch of paint streaks on canvas and see the image that people see, the only response from any dog to any picture of any other dog would be one great big canine yawn. But that's not the point. The dream was the point. I wanted to see Turbo look at the portrait of Ram. And I wanted to

take a picture of it. Dreams come true every day. Why shouldn't mine?

It's a full day's drive to Abilene, but Turbo loves to ride in the car and we know all the tricks. I give him ginger snaps, for instance, to curb the possibility of an upset stomach, and I keep a bag of liver treats handy in case the sights and sounds of the road prove more interesting than my commands to wait or down. Whenever he gets stubborn or distracted, the prospect of liver can miraculously restore obedience. I thought liver bits might come in handy during the photo session at the Hall, too. A nugget dangled just out of camera range would surely elicit that soulful gaze I wanted.

Abilene is a pretty and prosperous town.

Shops, theaters, museums, and house tours abound; and the Greyhound Hall of Fame is right in the middle of things. It's a lovely building, classical in design. A gorgeous pair of Grey-

hound statues flanks the sweeping walkway.

We had time to check in at the hotel and make ourselves presentable before we met my Internet friend, Paula, at the Hall for our tour, so we drove on. We checked in, walked Turbo, cleaned up, and jumped back into the car in seamless choreography, except for a quick dash back to the room to grab the liver treats.

Retired racer Derby is the official greeter at the Hall of Fame. He takes his job very seriously. As soon as we came in, he rose from his throne and trotted over. Sweet baby. Turbo ignored him. Turbo ignored Paula, too, despite all the trouble she took to set up our visit to Abilene. He kept his head plastered to my thigh.

I was embarrassed and humiliated. After all the bragging on the Internet I've done about my perfect boy, here he is — at the Hall of Fame no less —

Turbo Visits continued on next page



If it's not liver, I'm not interested. Paula Scott tries to entice Turbo's interest in the bronze of P's Rambling. Photo by Fred Hecker.

Turbo Visits continued from previous page

meeting an Internet friend for the first time, and he has no manners. No good ones anyway.

"Cut it out, pupcake. Go say hi." When I tell him that, he usually wanders over to the stranger, tips his face up to look into hers, and waves his tail gently. The stranger invariably pets him, at which point Turbo leans into her. It's his most endearing trick.

Not this time. He's too busy trying to squirm his nose into my pocket. He's shy, Paula says kindly. Turbo is about as shy as a diesel locomotive. I have no idea what's going on here.

Into the Auditorium and the Gallery

We went into the auditorium to watch the film, and as soon as we sat down Turbo buried his head against me. Then he put a paw on my leg. Does he want to climb in my lap? Turbo is one big boy, 32 inches at the withers and tipping the scale at 85 pounds, and the seats in the theater are small. Remember how Horton the elephant looked while he was

hatching the egg? Picture me as the nest or maybe as the egg.

Fortunately for my circulation, and for the chair, the film isn't long. I shoved Turbo off and we wandered into the A. T. Cowperthwaite Gallery.

The gallery houses a splendid collection of Greyhound-related art and artifacts } everything from Staffordshire figurines and fine art to jewelry, and print ads, and magazine covers from the nineteen-thirties. All of it was collected by one person and then left to the Hall of Fame for everyone to enjoy.

Turbo Starts Up

Turbo started to butt his head against me. Butt, butt. "Turbo, cut that out!" Butt, butt. Fred takes Turbo's lead, but Turbo won't leave my side. Butt, butt. Fred's got a stray gingersnap in his pocket, but Turbo is not to be dissuaded. I'm starting to get worried. Why is he acting so oddly? I've read about seizures, but I've never seen one. Is this a seizure? A brain tumor? I go from exhibit to exhibit, not really seeing them. I smile and nod as Paula explains each item, but mentally I'm back home in St. Louis, meeting with loan officers, sell-

Turbo Visits continued on next page



P's Rambling: Trainer Dolores Connick with the real P's Rambling. Photo courtesy of the Greyhound Hall of Fame.



"Number Three's Mine!" An antique Greyhound race toy for children is one of the more unusual items in the Greyhound Hall of Fame collection. Levers in the base (such as the one on the left) send the dogs running around the track. Photo courtesy of the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

Turbo Visits continued from previous page

ing stock, hocking jewelry, and trying to pay for neurosurgery for Turbo. And then there's rehab. I guess I'll have to quit writing. Get a job with a paycheck. But if I go to work who will take care of Turbo?

Butt, Butt. With every butt my heart drops lower. I try to gather him close, hold on to him tight. We must present a rather odd picture, because Paula looks at me quizzically, and says that I can let him off lead, of course, he's welcome to wander. But no I don't think I want to do that.

And then we see P's Rambling.

Not an oil painting after all, but a sculpture. A bronze. Ram at full gallop. Truly lovely. It's time to take pictures, though my heart is no longer in it. Fred gets the camera equipment out, and I

get the bag of liver treats out of the pocket of my jeans.

And lo, the dawn of understanding broke.

The liver snaps were in the pocket of my jeans.

Oh boy, oh boy, there it is! Finally! Meat. Mine! Give it to me! Me, here I am! I want meat!

I would like to have spent more time in the gallery. I would like to have spent more time at the exhibit depicting the evolution of the breed. I have a hazy recollection of a drawing of a Greek coin, and I think there was an antique toy of some sort that involved racing Greyhounds. I guess what I really would have liked is to have gone there without Turbo, or at least without liver.

I had a dream.

I have a picture of Turbo with his nose in my pocket. I have a picture of Turbo with his head in my purse, after I transferred the bag of treats there. I have a picture of Turbo lunging over the bronze sculpture of Ram to get to the liver treat Paula is holding. I have Turbo gobbling liver treats in the gift shop, at the schooling track, at the farm.

I had a dream. When I really think about it, though, I suppose a picture of Turbo looking wistful wouldn't have been a picture of Turbo at all. But a snapshot of Turbo blithely, unconcernedly, going after the meat of the matter } now that's what he's famous for.



Marcia Wood is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.



Greyhound Hall of Fame: Photo by Marcia Herman

In Memoriam



Derby Drive. Photo by Marcia Herman.

Derby Drive — 1991-1999

Mascot of the Greyhound Hall of Fame for almost five years Derby was euthanized on Jan. 27, 1999 because of cancer. He was eight years, seven months, and 19 days of age. He was the son of BJ's Justin. His Dam was DR's Highlife. His littermates included his 5 sisters — Dedication, Define, Division, Dolby, Dragon, and his brother, Double.

His nickname (kennel name if you will) was Portie. Portie fitted Derby perfectly as he always had a fondness for food. As a pup, he waddled around on short little legs. Having a fat little tummy, his sides often rounded out from overindulging. At the Hall of Fame, he held licorice and marshmallows as occasional treats in high regard.

Besides his accomplishments as a racer, he had a distinguished career as an Ambassador for the Greyhound Hall

of Fame and for Greyhound adoption as well. He was directly responsible for many Greyhound placements over the years. Even when he became ill, Derby never missed standing up and walking to the door when visitors entered. Hundreds of children petted and hugged him. Many adopters brought their Greyhounds in to be photographed with him.

He was buried at the place of his birth, Heatherbrook Farm, in a sunny spot, as that was where one could always find our Derby — either at the front door of the Hall catching the morning sun or lying in the sun in his turnout pen after his exercise.

***Motion Magic (Magic)* 1987-1998**

and *JPK's Andrew (Wiley)* 1989-1999

Magic and Wiley graced the cover of *Celebrating Greyhounds*, Fall 1996 and were also pictured in a *Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar*, both times with their companion Greyhound, Blue. Magic passed away from complications from removing her cancerous leg. Magic made people understand why only royalty used to own Greyhounds; she was a queen. Wiley was just the opposite from Magic. He was crazy, wild, goofy, accident-prone, a whiner, and sometimes a total madman. He would run in the fenced yard all by himself with the biggest grin on his face. He just loved to run. Wiley passed away very unexpectedly on February 16, 1999. He died under anesthesia while getting a couple of stitches from one of his accidents. Debbie and Bob Mazanec adopted Magic and Wiley from the now-

closed Wisconsin Dells Greyhound Park Adoption program. The Mazanecs live with Blue in Mazomonic, Wisconsin.

***Waco (Wayki Breaky Heart)* — 1991-1999**

A member of the Dancing Greyhound Drill Team, Waco was owned and loved by Kathleen and Waldo Gilley, who live in a motorhome and travel the country with their famous girls. Died of a stroke one month shy of eight years of age. Waco was incredibly talented. She entertained and wowed hundreds of people with her wonderful acrobatic moves at many Greyhound Pets of America (GPA) events. She is pictured in the feature article in this issue.

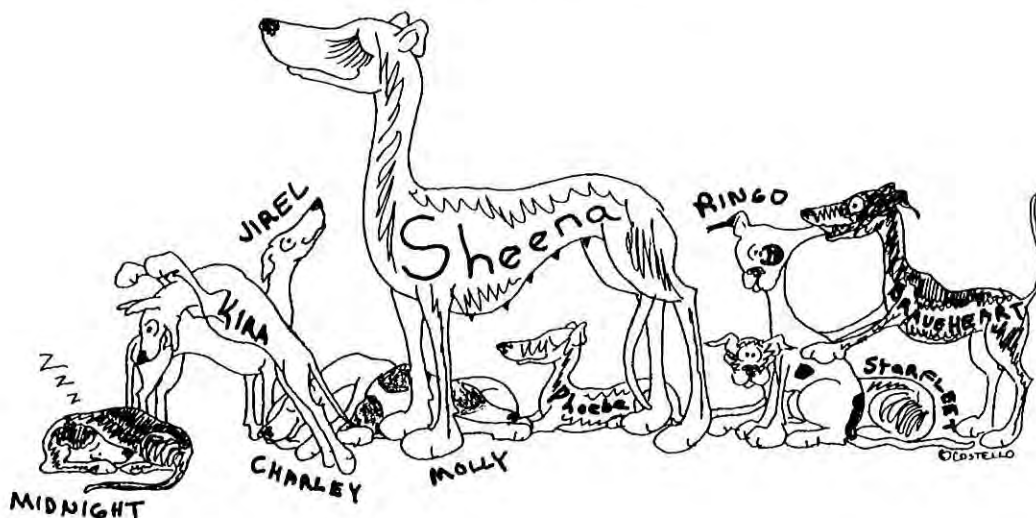
Our sympathies go out to all.



Wiley and Magic. Photo by Bob and Debbie Mazanec.

Kira Leaves the Litter

by Patricia Gail Burnham



When Braveheart had gone to Christine, that left Ringo, Jirel, Kira, and Starfleet in the puppy pack. I wondered who would take over Braveheart's position as litter boss. What happened was that the pack turned on Kira. She had been the top-ranked girl, a position won in spite of her size by her speed and cleverness.

The Fight

I was in the front yard weeding the vegetable garden when I heard the fight start. By the time I had run through the house and reached them, Kira was definitely getting the worst of it. She was fighting toe to toe with Jirel while her old friend Starfleet nipped her from the rear. Sheena was dancing around, uncertain of what to do. Ringo was staying out of it looking confused. I herded the combatants up onto the patio, grabbed Kira, pushed her into the puppy room, and closed the door.

She was covered in blood with a deep gash on her front leg and another on her back leg. I held her against me while her frantic heart slowed. I hugged her to me for reassurance and told her

she was safe. When she had calmed down, I retrieved a wet washcloth and wiped away the blood. At seven months old the puppies had not done nearly the damage to each other that an adult dog will do in a fight, but she was covered with small nicks. The only deep cuts were on her right front leg and those looked too deep to have been caused by puppy teeth.

When I put her back on her feet, she limped badly. I carried her into the house, fending off Jirel who wanted to finish the fight she had been winning. In retrospect, Kira was probably running in front of her pack. They loved to dodge through the big hedge at a full run and Kira's leg was trapped between two trunks of the hedge. When she cried out in pain at the injury, the others turned on her. It is simple dog pack behavior that makes them turn on a screaming pack mate. Cries of pain will nearly always trigger an attack, which is why it is so dangerous for a small child to run screaming away from a dog.

Kira never went back to the puppy pack.

That night I carried her outside to potty (with the rest of the puppies shut in their room) and then carried her to bed. I slept with Sheena on one side and Kira on the other. Kira crept up my side and slept under the covers with her chin on my shoulder, breathing softly against my neck. She proved to be a wonderful sleeping companion. I have tried to bring dogs to bed that were too anxious to allow any of us to go to sleep, but Kira never moved. She was just a small, warm, living weight on my shoulder. By morning she could walk with a limp.

For the next three weeks Kira spent the day crated while I was at work. Dog books urge owners of puppies to crate train them. I tried. In Kira's case it was not a success. I was coming home at noon to let her out, so she was being crated for only five hours at a time. During the first week I would arrive home and find her sleeping. During the second week she started to fret. By the third week I would come home to find

Kira continued on next page

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her bedding wet with saliva from her frantic panting.

Moving her back in with Jirel was not an option. Once two of my dogs fight, I never put them together again. The only other choice was to leave her with Sheena, but I was worried. If I was wrong about those deep gashes on her front leg and they were from Sheena's big teeth, then Sheena might injure her. Finally one morning I left her with her mother, though still fearful that Sheena would treat her as prey and play too rough with her.

Sheena and Kira Become Buddies.

But I should have had more faith in motherhood. When I came home at noon Sheena and Kira came bouncing into the house full of high spirits. Kira and her mother had become best buddies. Sheena was the one dog that Kira could acknowledge as boss. They loved to play together. Kira would fly around the yard, race up to Sheena, fall at her feet, and then leap up and race away. At first Sheena would chase Kira only to slip and fall, unable to turn with a puppy half her weight. This must have been a shock to Sheena who had been the quickest and most agile of her own brothers and sisters.

But Sheena was smarter than Kira's littermates had been. The puppies would chase Kira until they couldn't run any more. Sheena, at nearly ten years of age, didn't have that kind of stamina. So she would chase Kira for short distances and then let her run alone when she started to run big laps of the yard. Or Sheena would run a small circle on the patio while Kira ran a big circle around the outside of it.

They even set up a running course in the house that extended from one end of the living room to the far end of my bedroom. I would be napping on the bed with Sheena curled up next to me when Kira would trot in carrying a stuffed toy. She would look at us, waggle the toy, and trot back to the living room, only to repeat the performance if Sheena didn't accept her offer to play tag. I once counted fourteen circuits back and forth before Sheena gave in and chased her.

At first they shared Sheena's beanbag bed in the utility room. Then I noticed that Kira would pounce on the dog bed and she wasn't planning on sharing with her mother. So I made up a second bed from piled fleeces to give them each their own place. I hadn't expected Kira to evict Sheena from her beanbag. A mother's tolerance goes a long way.

Chewing Becomes a Favorite Pastime.

Spending her evenings in the living room broadened Kira's range of toys. She quickly developed a talent for chewing anything I left within her reach. Her favorite targets were my summer work shoes. Sacramento is hot in the summer, so these were expensive sandals with narrow leather straps. She could chew through the straps in a matter of seconds. I took to storing the shoes on top of the china cabinet, but one young concentrating Greyhound is more than a match for a busy owner.

One night the phone rang just as I arrived home. I let Kira and Sheena into the house and settled down on the bed to talk to Beth Anne. This wasn't going to be a short conversation. I removed my shoes but held on to them, knowing that if they hit the floor they would be Kira toys. When I hung up the phone twenty minutes later I found Kira in the living room on her beanbag with a pair of neatly chewed shoes. She had come into the bedroom while my attention was on the phone, taken the shoes out of my hands, and carried them into the living room to be dismantled. She had asked politely for the shoes while I was busy and I had handed them over without thinking.

By then she had cut the straps on so many shoes that my shoe repairman was as amused as I was. I could hardly cure her shoe fetish when she looked so darn cute when I caught her. She seemed to say, "What shoes? You mean that you want these? I thought you were done with them."

I had never been able to teach Kira to not eat off the table because when I caught her, I was too busy laughing to correct her. I had the same problem with the shoes. How could I blame her when I knew she would chew them and it was my job to keep them out of her reach? Kira chewed only the thin-strap sandals but she did carry a nice closed pump out into the yard and left it for Ringo, Jirel, and Starfleet. It entertained them overnight. In the morning I found Ringo gnawing happily on it. By then it was beyond repair. The entire back had been chewed out.



Kira and Jirel playing before their fight. Photo by Patricia Gail Burnham.

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Fortunately my shoe store was going out of business and was having a serious shoe sale. I wear a peculiar shoe size so I could buy shoes from only one of two specialty stores in town. And now the biggest of them was closing. I bought shoes until I felt like Imelda Marcos, legendary for her 400 pairs of shoes. I packed them away out of Kira's reach. The storeowner cheered me up by saying that they had many customers who came in to replace puppy-chewed shoes. I was not alone.

The high point of her chewing career came the day she cut the power cord off the nail grinder. I had just bought a new nail grinder and brought it into the living room to use on Sheena's nails. When I went to pick it up, the cord was only eight inches long, cut through as cleanly as if it had been done with a knife instead of Kira's clever teeth. I bought a new nail grinder and kept it out of reach.

The Great Game of Keep Away

In exploring the house, Kira was looking for things that she could run with that would inspire me to chase her for a game of keep away. And she found one item that never failed to get me to chase. That was my contact lens case. Generations of dogs had shown absolutely no interest in my contact lens cases. Kira was different. Fortunately her teeth on the hard plastic lens case made a distinctive crunching sound and that would alert me that she had the lens case so that I could chase her down and reclaim it.

And that, of course, was what Kira wanted; someone to play keep away with. After I caught her gnawing on the lens case a couple of times, I took to sleeping with it under my pillow so she couldn't reach it. And that worked until the morning when I couldn't find either the case or the lenses. I have lost individual lenses occasionally, but I had never lost a set of lenses in a case before. Search as I might I couldn't find them.

I looked around the bedroom and around and under Kira's beanbag in the living room. No lens case was to be

found. I put on my spare lenses and called my ophthalmologist for an appointment. Fortunately my prescription had changed enough so that I was due for new lenses. Kira had simply retired my old ones, just as she was retiring all of my old shoes.

Six months later I moved a small bookcase and found the lenses and lens case underneath it. The case had rolled under the bookcase when Kira had run by and dropped it. At least I think that is what happened. I would hate to think that she rolled it under the bookcase with her nose to hide it deliberately, the way Sheena and Braveheart would hide food items by using their noses to bury them in the beanbag beds.

Sheena's technique of burying food for later in her beanbag bed had hit a snag. Kira would wait until Sheena had buried a piece of toast, and would then uncover and eat it. So Sheena had not only to hide the treat in the beanbag, but then she had to protect her cache from Kira's raids. This she would do by standing on the beanbag and barking at Kira. The easiest way to resolve the dispute was to call Sheena into the kitchen for a new treat. That would let Kira unearth and eat the one from the beanbag.

The Great Nibbler

Kira had always been a nibbler. If you scratched her back she would respond by what Greyhound adopters call "nitting" nibbling with her front teeth on whatever surface she could reach, including me. Actually most of the puppies were nibblers and it was fun to scratch their backs and necks and watch them start to nibble. One day my sister came to visit and was greeting Kira when she said, "She nipped me!" I was incredulous and asked what she had been doing. She scratched Kira's neck and Kira started to nibble again. So I explained about the nibble reflex. But while most Greyhounds nibble gently, Kira has a much more forceful nibble. Fortunately she usually starts gently and then increases the force behind her nibbles. That lets me call it off before it gets painful.

Her favorite place to nibble was standing on the bed in the evening to

watch me change out of my work clothes. Standing on the bed made her the right height to hug, and she learned to sit up for hugs. First she would sit and look coy. When I stood in front of her, she would lift both front paws so that I could hug her.

After the hug, if I couldn't resist scratching her neck, she was just the right height to make her a nipple nipper. She was delighted to discover that a well-aimed nibble could convert me into a squeak toy. We had some discussions about what I thought of nipple nips and she became less direct about it. She would nibble my arm or rib cage until the intensity grew to the point that her eyes would dance. She would cast little glances towards the coveted nipple, and I would know it was time to stop, before she couldn't keep herself from indulging in a squeak nip.

Kira's view of the world was neatly described in this poem that turned up anonymously on the Internet.

A PUPPY VIEW OF THE WORLD

If I like it, it's mine.
If it's in my mouth, it's mine.
If I can take it from you, it's mine.
If I had it a little while ago, it's mine.
If it's mine, it must never appear to be yours in any way.
If the toys are out, all of them are mine.
If it looks just like mine, it's mine.
If I think it's mine, it's mine.
Author Unknown



Kira and Sheena. It's nice to have a big mother to hide behind. Photo by P. G. Burnham

Greyhound Play Groups

by Alma Katsu



Almost without exception, Greyhounds wear muzzles when in the ring.

If you were to ask my Greyhounds what their favorite activity is, no doubt they would say "Why, going to playgroup, of course." Going to playgroup is even better than eating dinner. You can tell this from their body language, from the way they walk out of the ring at the end of a session, steam rising off their backs, tongues hanging from their mouths, and from that funny, happy little look in their eyes, satisfaction radiating from their entire bodies. You can barely get either dog to walk away from the ring to cool down. Both are eager to queue back up for their next turn, and at the end of the evening when it is time to go home, we often carry them back to the car because they are so reluctant to leave. They insist on standing up, looking out the back window as we drive away, waiting until the building recedes and disappears from view before finally lying down in a contented, sweaty little heap.

If you've never tried a Greyhound playgroup before, you might want to consider giving it a whirl or, if there isn't one in your area, think about starting one yourself. Besides answering your Greyhound's bred-in-the-bone longing to run unfettered in a safe environment chasing something (in this

case other dogs that can keep up with it), play groups provide good socialization for your dog. They give you the opportunity to get together with other Greyhound owners, swap news and tips, and perhaps discover the name of a good veterinarian.

Loosely, playgroups work this way.

In a completely fenced area, either an indoor facility like a horseback riding arena or an open field surrounded by fencing, Greyhounds are allowed to run in small groups of usually four to six dogs at a time. The dogs almost always run completely flat out for about two minutes, then chase each other around half-heartedly for another couple of minutes. When the dogs have tired themselves out and are either trotting or standing around, the owners leash them and lead them out, and the next group comes in. Depending on the number of participants or time restrictions on the area being used, most dogs get two to four runs in the arena. Some groups are small; the owners let the dogs all run together until they tire themselves out. Some groups are large, as in the case of the group that meets at Frying Pan Park in Herndon, Virginia, and run by Judy Chopp and Phil and Jo

Bowler. With 30 to 40 dogs showing up regularly, a little human intervention makes sure that every dog has its fair share of time in the arena.

In practice, playgroups seem to fall generally in two categories: organized or informal. As in life, some folks feel more comfortable with lots of structure, and some people prefer to be a little less fettered. However, even the informal groups have some rules to keep them going. And the basic motto for every group is the same: use common sense. Here are some start-up guides, principles, and considerations gleaned from three East Coast playgroups:

Indoor Playgroup Locations

The hardest part of getting a playgroup up and running is finding a safe place to hold it. Indoor horse arenas seem to be the location of choice for Greyhound playgroups. The perimeter can usually be easily controlled, plus you're protected from the environment. For Jody Frederick, organizer of the Ottawa Region Greyhound Playgroup, given the harsh weather conditions in the winter in her area, finding a heated indoor arena was her only

Play continued on next page



Charmaine Settle and Rosebud of Raleigh, North Carolina, always rest when they begin to get overheated.

Play continued from previous page

option. She wrote to a dozen stables. David and Lesley Stocks of Robingreen Farm responded enthusiastically that they would welcome the Greyhounds, and Ms. Frederick is extremely grateful for their generosity.

The Frying Pan Park Greyhound playgroup rents a state-owned indoor horse facility with participants paying a small fee (\$2 per dog) to run. With a \$70 per hour fee to contend with, Chopp has been lucky to save money from those times when they had peak attendance that covered days when not enough dogs showed up to cover the low attendance days rental fees.

When using an indoor horse facility, some participants need to come early to walk over the arena and remove metal jump cups and pins that are often buried in the loose mulch or sand of a horse arena. You might also want to remove any tempting piles of horse manure before the dogs are let loose.

Outdoor Locations

The other choice is a fenced field and as Greyhound owners, you already know these are hard to find. Liz Dunbar of Baltimore, Maryland, started her own

informal group out of necessity, meeting at an athletic field at the school where she teaches. The group she had been going to in Pennsylvania, organized by Heidi Stahl, folded when the athletic field there closed for repairs. Eventually Dunbar had to fold her group when damages to the fence surrounding the athletic field made it no longer Greyhound-safe.

Several folks keep a supply of temporary fencing (the orange vinyl netting you sometimes see at construction sites) on hand to patch gaps in fencing at athletic fields. Nonetheless, you want to post some of the owners at any patched-over sites where a dog could roll under a fence or otherwise get loose. Ideally you should get permission to use the field, but many informal groups run every weekend on school ball fields and public property. Just be as courteous as possible. Pick up after your dogs and leave the property in the same condition as it was before you used it.

Safety

Everyone who brings their dog to a playgroup should be aware that there is a chance that their dog will be injured.

This breed is born to run. Once turned loose, they will run with no consideration of how they may physically feel and may sometimes misjudge distance and space. Frederick recommends that all new members of her play group take the following into consideration before they step into the arena with their dog: Is the dog healthy? If they're under the weather that day, it's best not to run. Is the dog obese? Even if the dog is not overweight, is he fit to run? Does it need some extra conditioning before it's ready to run full out with other dogs for two to three minutes? And lastly, what are the conditions of its toenails? Several organizers pointed to the problem of long toenails. Long toenails are a risk to the dog itself as well as other dogs. Obviously, long toenails should be clipped, and many groups ask that dewclaws be wrapped with tape. Frying Pan Park is an exception, as the organizers have found that dewclaws have not been a problem with the footing in the arena being so sandy and loose.

The organizer should keep a good general vet kit on hand, and know the phone number and directions to the nearest emergency veterinary clinic. Chopp is lucky to have three veterinarians on her list of regulars. Usually one or more of them is on hand to take care of any problems. Luckily in almost four years of operation, the Frying Pan Group has only had minor scrapes and a dislocated toe to deal with. Bowler provided the following list of items for a first aid kit: sterile water, blood clotting powder, ice packs, safety pins, a flashlight, washcloths, towels, Vet Wrap, Betadine solution, pen and paper, cloth tape, and scissors.

Frederick recommends that small children not be allowed in the ring with the dogs. At Frying Pan Park, one owner per dog takes the dog in on a leash and out on leash (and speaking of leashes, Frederick recommends a short leash and does not allow Flexi-Leads, but I have seen them elsewhere.) If a thundering herd of Greyhounds heads towards you, stand still and the group will usually break around you; if you run for it, you're likely to be hit by one of the dogs

Play continued on next page

Play continued from previous page

as it changes course. If the running pack approaches you, don't lock your knees. If you are hit, you are less likely to take a head-over-heels crash and your knees have a better chance of being uninjured.

Before You Arrive

Owners should bring their own water although organizers often make sure there's a communal bucket or two available. Don't let the dog drink too much beforehand, or afterwards, until it is thoroughly cool. Avoid feeding before and afterwards to avoid gastric torsion (bloat); Frederick recommends no feeding two hours before or after running.

When You Arrive

Be aware that the sessions are strenuous. Warm up your dog properly before going into the ring and cool him down afterwards. A good five-minute walk and trot before and after the run will usually take care of that. Do not let a hot dog stand dead still, especially in hot weather. In the summertime, keep a spray bottle of water on hand or a mister on a hose to wet down the dogs as you walk them around. In extremely cold climates, remove sweaters or blankets during running to lessen the chance of overheating or of the dog snagging its outerwear on something.

Take steps to minimize the risk to other dogs and owners. Without exception, be certain every dog wears a muzzle when it is in the ring. The organizers usually keep a few spare muzzles available, and Chopp often orders muzzles at cost for participants.

Organizers will limit the number of dogs allowed in the ring at one time. When creating groupings, organizers will take into consideration the dog's size, aggressiveness, and speed. Some groups recommend that once a good mix is found that the same group runs together every time. At a large group like Frying Pan Park, Phil Bowler, the "ringmaster," tries to keep the runners together, the less outgoing dogs together, and those with injuries or disabilities together in smaller groups. Playgroups are limited to Greyhounds

only, and usually only those which have been spayed or neutered.

If you use an indoor horse arena, after the final run, it's a good idea to rinse your dog's nail beds in a fifty-fifty solution of hydrogen peroxide and water to disinfect this area. This area can be prone to infections from the horse droppings, dog droppings and other things sometimes mixed into the sand or mulch (like used car oil).

Organization

Someone has to run the group, even if it's by committee. Tasks include setting the schedule, notifying participants, collecting money if necessary, and maintaining good relations with the facility owners or administrators.

Setting the schedule has to be one of the more difficult tasks. Sometimes it comes down to availability of the facility. The owners of an indoor arena will pick a time that least interferes with their boarders or their lessons. If you're using a public space, you'll choose a time when it's least likely to be overrun by other people or when team sports are being held. Most groups seem to meet weekly. Frying Pan Park has suffered through several time changes imposed by the facility administrators, competing for time not only with horse owners, but with a local dog obedience class as well. During the spring and summer months, they generally meet every three weeks on a Thursday evening, but in the winter that drops down to one meeting a month. Having attended both weekly playgroups and Frying Pan Park, I can't help but wonder if Frying Pan Park gets greater attendance because people know it's not a weekly event and don't want to miss it. Of course, some people may enjoy the weekly routine for their dog. If you're the organizer, you'll need

to think about your personal schedule and consider sharing the organizational duties if you can't be there all the time.

There are many ways to notify participants about a group starting up, or getting the word out about the schedule. You can ask your local adoption groups for their mailing lists and put notices in adoption group newsletters. You can use word of mouth, perhaps letting folks know at the next meet-and-greet and let it go from there. Dunbar started publicizing her group's Sunday meetings on the Greyhound list on the Internet, usually putting the notice out on the Wednesday before. Chopp posts the date and time of the next playgroup at every meeting and has a sign-up list; she then calls everyone on her list of participants who didn't sign up, to make sure everyone knows when the next playgroup is taking place. She averages fifty to sixty calls for every session. The organizer of one group that also meets every Sunday leaves a message on her answering machine stating whether or not the group will be meeting at the regular time. She knows she will receive at least a dozen phone calls every Sunday morning via her answering machine.

Organizers also make sure the fa-

Play continued on page 48



After a playgroup session, it's best to stay out of the sun and relax with a cool drink. Drawing by Michele Carnevale.

The Greyhounds are Gathering

Greyhounds Reach the Beach — Dewey '99

October 8 through 10, 1999



Are you going to Dewey Beach?



What is a Dewey Beach?



Where is Dewey Beach? We're ready to go.

If another breed of dog can inspire the kind of interest to produce an event like the annual Greyhounds Reach the Beach gathering at Dewey Beach, I don't know what it is.

Like so many other things, Greyhounds Reach the Beach started innocently enough. In 1993, as the Internet was becoming a fairly common and easily



Everyone arrives with greyhound necessities.

accessible mode of communication, an enterprising Greyhound adopter set up a mailing list for people interested in sharing information about the breed. In the ensuing six years the list has grown to approximately 1350 subscribers — primarily Greyhound adopters, people interested in adopting, and people actively involved in adoption groups. AKC Greyhound owners are also represented along with a small number of racing Greyhound owners and breeder.



Then they head for a walk on the beach.

Five years ago, three people on the list said they were planning to take their dogs to Dewey Beach, Delaware over the Columbus Day weekend. Dogs are allowed on the beach after Labor Day. They planned a relaxed weekend of walking on the beach, hanging out with friends,



Get together with friends.



a little shopping at the discount malls in Rehoboth. They expected perhaps a half dozen other Greyhound people might join them at the Beach. Little did they know!

The first year more than 70 people, from as far away as Canada and California, decided to drop by for the weekend. The second year close to 200 people attended, and some adoption groups

and vendors brought Greyhound merchandise. The third year the gathering grew to more than 300 people, and the Discovery Channel, doing a segment on Greyhounds, inadvertently found themselves in the middle of the gathering when they were looking for an interview with Cynthia Branigan on her new Greyhound book. The fourth gathering, in 1998, attracted more than 450 people and grew beyond the Internet community where it started.

Since 1995 every Columbus Day weekend, Greyhounds, their families and friends have assembled in the small resort community of Dewey Beach on the Delaware shore for three days of fun, frolic and companionship. People and dogs arrive by plane, train, car and that most common of dog transport, mini-van. They come from all across the country. They bring dog beds, dog coats, X-pens, crates, kibble and bottled water. They spend three wonderful days walking on the beach, swapping stories, comparing adventures, admiring each other's Greyhounds, making new friends and catching up with old ones.



Swap stories and advice.



Walk on the beach with a few hundred of their closest friends.



Learn how to brush teeth.



And how to manage grief.

There are talks and demonstrations on Greyhound care, behavior, and activities. There are Greyhound products galore.

Start each day with a walk on the beach with a few hundred of your favorite Greyhounds and their families. Explore the Rehoboth/Dewey Beach area or take a ride to see the ponies at Chincoteague.



Join everyone for brunch.

Sunday Brunch is at the BayCenter with Door Prizes, a special guest speaker and raffle to benefit the Greyhound Project Canine Cancer Research Fund at the Morris Animal Foundation.

Saturday you can have dinner at either the Grotto Pizza or Cafe Italiano with new and old Greyhound friends, or explore the dining in the area on your own. And there is much more.



And spend quiet time on the beach.

Mark your calendar. Make your reservations. Join the 1999 Dewey Beach Greyhound family. For registration information, call 508-636-3756 or get the information posted regularly at <http://adopt-a-greyhound.org/dewey/index.html>.

The Greyt Crate Sofa Table



Admit it, you've tried to make an end table out of a crate. We all have. Well, we took it one step further and created a sofa table to hide two crates "butt to butt." We made ours primitive and rustic to go with our country home.

Our biggest problem was finding the legs. Initially we thought we could use pre-made table legs from the home improvement store. Unfortunately, the tallest standard table legs that we could find were 29 inches and we needed at least 30 inches to clear the crates. Our solution was to use pressure-treated deck corner posts, turn them upside down, and cut them to length. Worked great!

Materials Needed

- 4 sturdy legs 3 1/2 in. x 3 1/2 in. x 30 1/2 in.
- 2 stiles (short end pieces) 3 1/2 in. x thickness x 24 in. (length includes 2 inch allowance for each tenon)
- 2 rails (long side pieces) 3 1/2 in. x thickness x 82 in. (length includes 2 inch allowance for each tenon)
- 1 straight center brace 3 1/2 in. x thickness x cut to fit
- 4 - 45 degree corner braces 3 1/2 in. x thickness x cut to fit at the corners
- 1 Tabletop (single piece or made from individual boards glued with biscuits); length and width will be determined by desired overhang
- Wood screws
- Glue and biscuits
- Metal 90-degree brackets (aid in fastening the top)

Step 1: Prepare Legs

A. Cut to Length.

Cut the leg length so that the tabletop will clear the crate top. We chose 30.5 inches to clear our large Vari-kennels. We used pressure-treated deck corner posts, turned upside down, and cut to length.



B. Lay Out Mortises.

Lay out the mortises (3 inch length x thickness (3/8 in for 1 inch thick stock) x 2 1/4 inch depth).

Center the mortise on the leg tops so that the edge of the rails and stiles will be flush with the top of the leg. We found that centering the mortise minimizes the chance of splitting the leg top during assembly.

C. Remove Material for the Mortise.

Cut the mortises first because it is easier to fit the tenons to the mortise than the other way around. We used a hollow chisel mortiser, but a drill bit and mallet/chisel will work.

Step 2: Prepare Rails and Stiles

A. Cut to Length.

Cut the rails and stiles to length. Remember to include the 2-inch allowance for each tenon.

B. Cut Tenons.

Remove material from the ends of the rails and stiles to form a tenon that fits snugly into the mortise. Be sure to test fit each mortise (in case they are not uniform in size) and then mark each so that reassembly is easy.

Step 3: Prepare Straight Brace

Cut the straight brace to fit snugly between the side rails. The straight brace should be located in the center (approximately 40 inches from the end) of the rails. You can cut a dado (groove) in the rail to add strength to the joint.

Step 4: Assemble Legs, Rails, and Stiles

A. Assemble Short Side Legs.

Apply glue to mortise and tenons. We used Norm's high-tech moisture-cured gorilla glue. Clamp the assembly. If you are working alone, it is easier to assemble the pieces upside down. Be sure that the mortises are properly aligned. This is where the marking done earlier comes in handy.



B. Assemble Long Side.

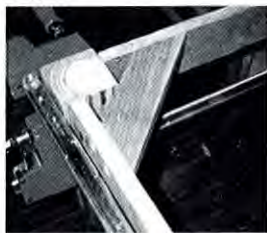
Apply glue to mortise and tenons again. Clamp the assembly. Due to the long length, you may need to get creative with your clamps.

C. Assemble Straight Brace.

Apply glue to each end of the brace and secure with wood screws. Pre-drill holes to minimize splitting. Countersink the holes for a nice look.

D. Cut Angled Corner Brace Length.

Rip some scrap pieces to width. The width should be around 2 inches, but the brace must clear the crate. Make a 45 degree cut on one end of the brace. Place the piece in the corner and mark the correct length. Cut to fit.



E. Assemble Corner Braces.

Apply glue to each end of the brace and secure with wood screws. Drill a hole through the corner brace to allow for securing the tabletop.

Step 5: Prepare Tabletop

A. Cut to length and width.

If you are not using a single piece of material for the tabletop, cut individual stock to length and width so that the final assembled dimension allows for desired overhang. We used approximately a 1 to 2 inch overhang.

B. Assemble tabletop.

Glue pieces together and clamp. We used a biscuit joiner and biscuits for a strong glue joint.

Step 6: Apply the Finish

A. Prepare assemblies for finishing.

Remove the assemblies from the clamps after 12-24 hours. Sand to desired smoothness. We went for the rustic look, which means less sanding.

B. Paint leg assembly.

Paint leg assembly. We used two coats of an oil-based paint in colonial brick red.

C. Stain tabletop.

Apply desired stain to tabletop, work lengthwise to minimize the effect of uneven staining. We used an Olde Maple color on our roughhewn white cedar wood, which resulted in a warm deep honey color.

D. Finish tabletop.

Apply several coats of varnish or polyurethane. Allow each coat to dry completely and sand with 220-grit sandpaper. Remove dust and apply next coat. The more coats you apply, the deeper and smoother the finish.

Step 7: Connect Legs and Tabletop

After all assemblies are dry, place the tabletop on the leg assembly. Check that the desired overhang is equal on all sides. Secure tabletop through corner braces with wood screws. Use additional metal brackets as needed.



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Dobbs and Tut sharing the couch. Photo courtesy of Mark and Susan Dralus, Williston Park, N.Y.

Morris Animal Foundation Canine Cancer Studies: Fundraiser Update

Here at the Greyhound Project, Inc. we have received hundreds and hundreds of terrific photographs and letters submitted by proud Greyhound adopters for consideration for use in the Year 2000 Celebrating Greyhounds calendar. Most of the letters tell happy stories of the many lives Greyhounds are enjoying in their retirement. Sadly, however, many of the letters inform us that yet another Greyhound has died — the vast majority from cancer. With each such story, our resolve to do something in the battle against cancer grows.

In March 1998, we initiated a fundraiser for Morris Animal Foundation's canine cancer studies. We pledged to match donations up to a total of \$2,500. Your response was wonderful. Donations came in from a veterinary clinic, adoption organizations, and lots of adopters (special thanks to the crowd that gathered at Dewey Beach). Including our pledged \$2,500, a total of \$6,656 was donated through this fund raising effort. So, as you may have read in the last issue of the magazine, we are doing it again. But this year, we've increased our pledge to \$3,500. All we ask is that more of you step up to the plate and give. It is easy *and* it is tax deductible *and* it is so important.

Founded in 1948, Morris Animal Foundation sponsors humane animal health studies, including in recent years nearly forty that address canine cancer, with an additional nine such studies approved for this year. These studies of melanoma, leukemia, lymphoma, oral lymphoma, osteosarcoma, of genetics, chemotherapy and other drug therapy, are paving the way to earlier diagnosis and more effective treatments, and one day, perhaps, may lead to the solutions

we all hope for — prevention and cure. The Foundation's sponsorship of these studies, however, is dependent on donations. That's where we come in and that's where you come in. Just mail your check to Morris Animal Foundation and specify that your donation is to go to "Canine Cancer-The Greyhound Project Account." The Foundation will notify us and we'll match donations up to a total of \$3,500.

Please send donations to:

Morris Animal Foundation
Canine Cancer — The Greyhound
Project Account
45 Inverness Drive East
Englewood CO 80112

Since we are increasing the amount of our pledge, we thought some of you might want to do more as well. How about asking your local vet to put out a bowl for donations that you collect and send in? For those involved in placement, how about adding just \$1 to your placement fee and sending in that \$1 per dog? How about sending us your ideas? We'd love to hear from you.



Corrections to CG Spring 1999 Issue

On page 27, the white dog in the second diagram should have been red.

On page 28 of the Spring 1999 issue, the photos of the red brindles and the red sable were inadvertently switched.

On page 30 bottom left, the photo caption should read "Yellow Fawn. She is away with cch cch."

Flame is owned and photographed by Steve Church.

On the back cover the correct spelling of the family last name is Uyehara.

Play continued from page 43

cility is safe by walking the field and policing the grounds afterwards to make sure no messes are left behind. Volunteers are always welcomed to help with these tasks. Frederick, grateful for the cooperation of the stable owners, also sends a yearly thank you gift and note, and looks for ways to help out when she can. She once pitched in when an ice storm downed power lines and made travel to the stable hazardous.

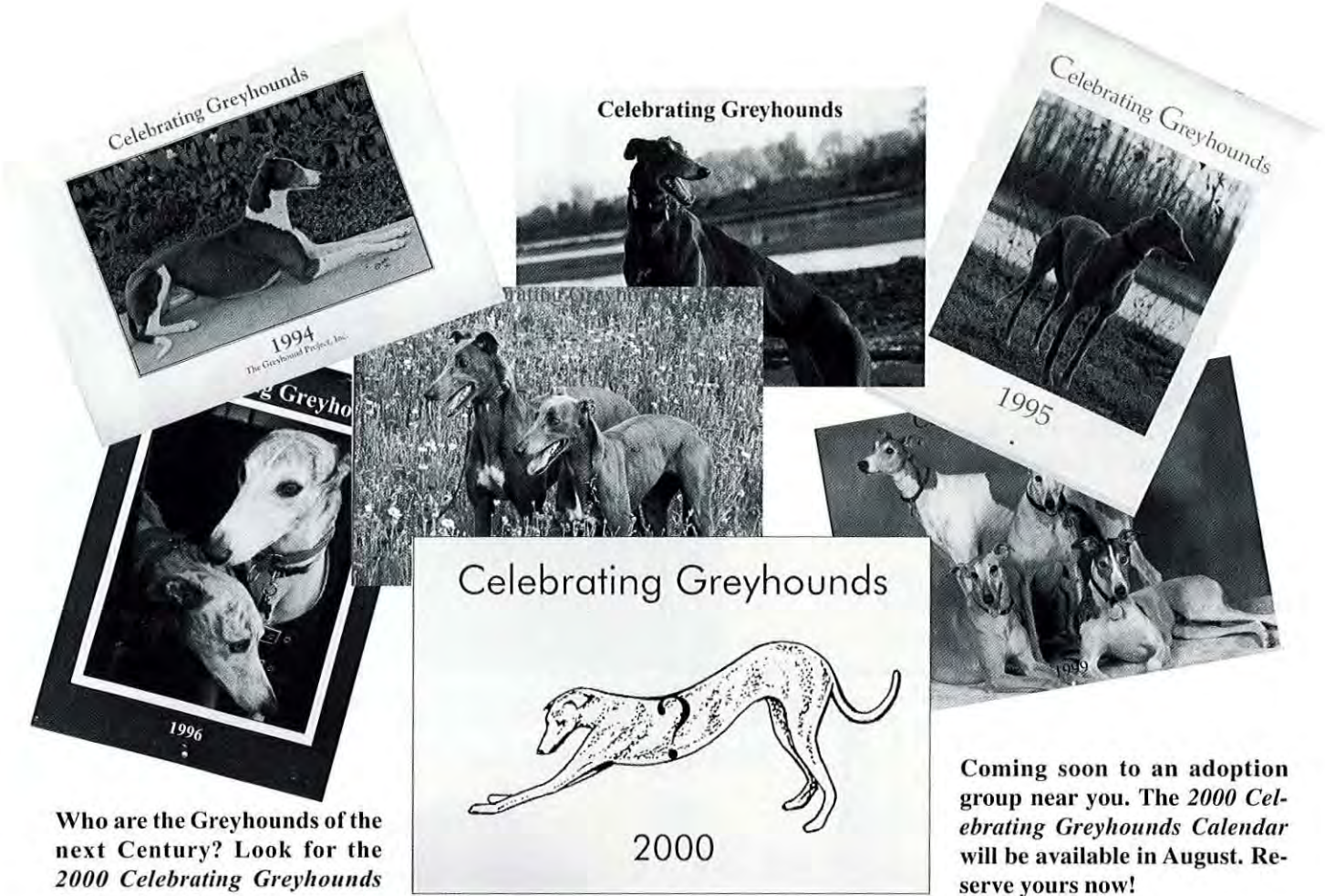
Liability

In a formal group, the organizers may want to consider asking that everyone sign a "Hold Harmless" form or waiver. This waiver states that the participant and family will release from responsibility the organizers and the owners of the facility for any injury or damage that may result from the meeting of the playgroup. It should also release organizers and property owners from responsibility for property lost, stolen, or damaged. The form should also bind participants to abide by the rules of the playgroup. Chopp does not have participants sign a form but gives all newcomers a list of rules, including a statement warning everyone that their dogs run at the owners' risk. Informal groups do not bother with waivers. No one interviewed for this article took on additional insurance. Property or renters insurance with liability usually covers owners for damages their dogs may cause to property.

Thanks to the following people who contributed to or helped with this article: Judy Chopp, Phil and Jo Bowler, Lynda Adame, Liz Dunbar, Jody Frederick, and Dan Schmidt. The author especially wants to thank Judy Chopp and the Bowlers for the fabulous job they do running the playgroup at Frying Pan Park. Despite the large numbers of dogs, they make every dog and owner feel welcome and work hard so that all can just enjoy themselves.



Alma Katsu resides in Columbia, Maryland and is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.



Who are the Greyhounds of the next Century? Look for the 2000 *Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar* to find out.

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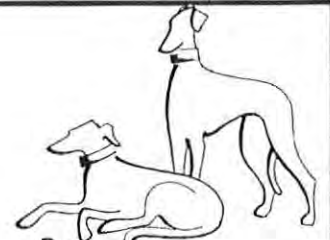
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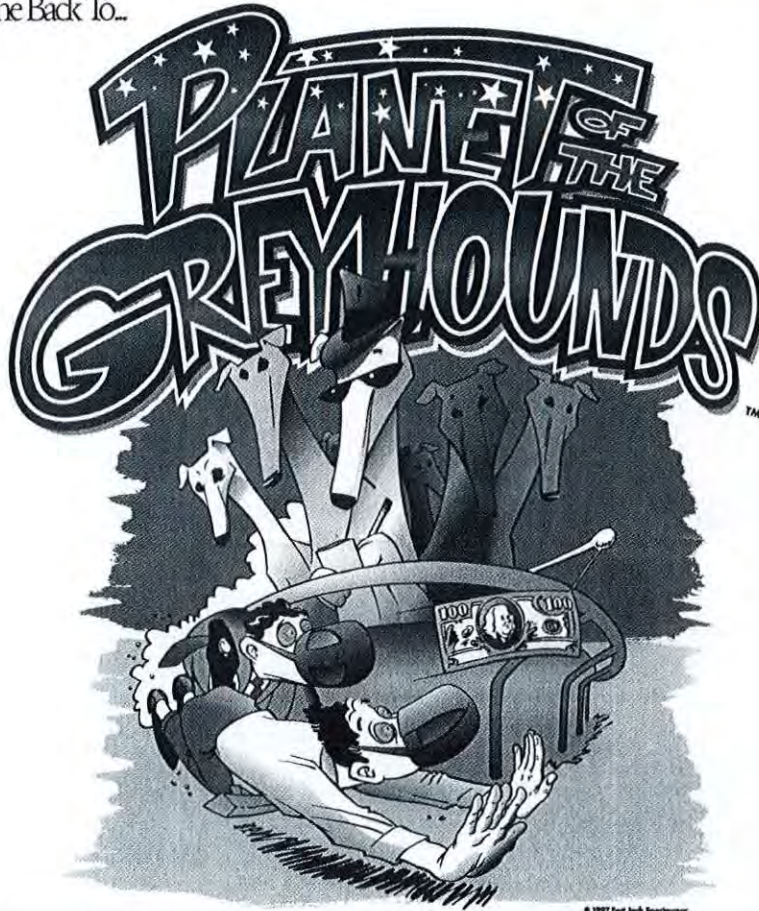
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GREYHOUND TALES

True Stories Of Rescue, Compassion & Love



Edited by Nora Star
Introduction by Susan Netboy

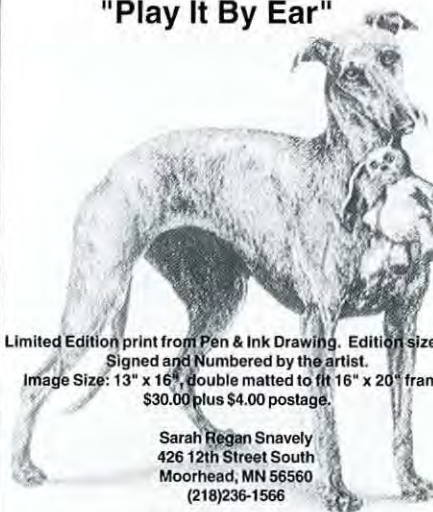


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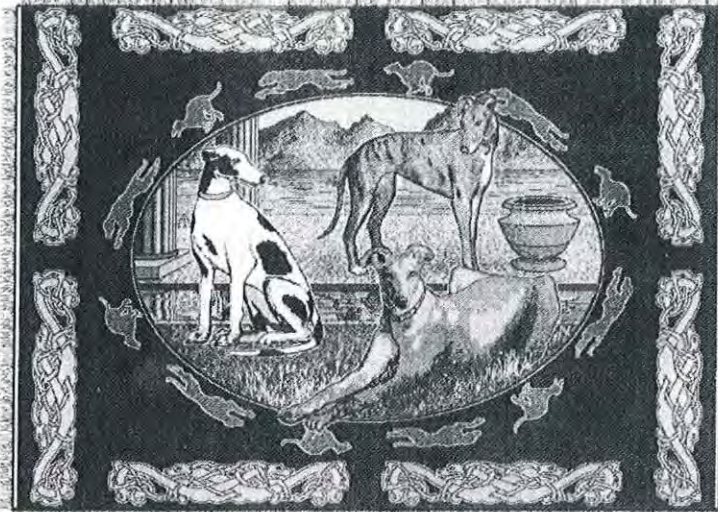
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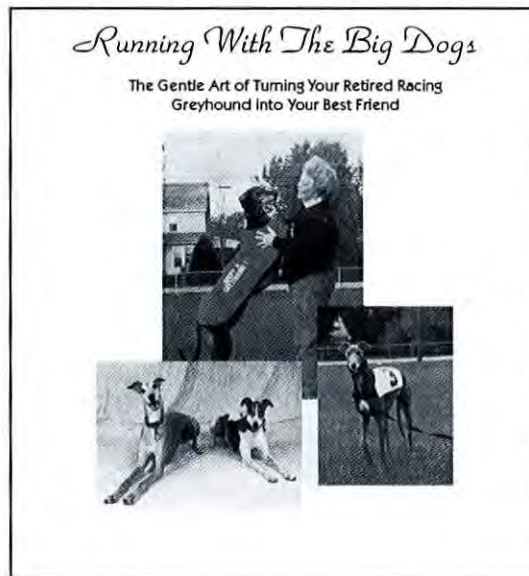


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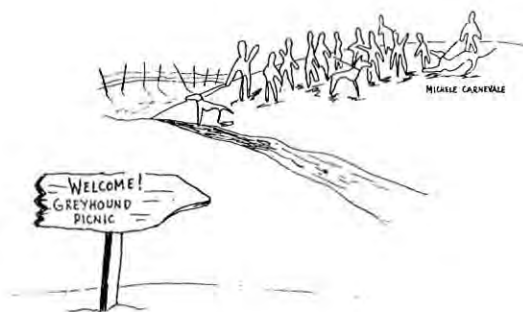
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Sunday, 6 June 1999

Greyhound Friends West, Inc.

Greyhound Festival

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

French Park, North Egremont, Massachusetts
Greyhound Festival will feature our BBQ lunch with burgers, veggie burgers, hot dogs, side dishes, beverages and baked goods. A large group of adoptable dogs will be available to pre-approved adopters and a large selection of Greyhound merchandise will be offered for sale. Our new Membership drive will be launched with special gifts to folks who join Greyhound Friends West. Entertainment provided along with tethered hot air balloon rides! Bring your family and your greyhounds for a day of fun and good food.

For more information, call Lisa St. Pierre at (413) 528-5548 or e-mail Yvonne LaChapelle at Racing4Hom@aol.com. Contact Sue Scott either by phone or e-mail at (914) 454-6216 or at BScott@vh.net

Saturday, June 12, 1999

(Rain date June 26)

Greater Peoria Pet Resort, Inc and Peoria Greyhound Rescue, Inc.

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Open to all Greyhounds and adopters

For more information: Lauren Emery (207) 846-5759, e-mail: dwemery@mindspring.com

Saturday, June 12, 1999

Cordova Cadets Band

Greyhound Gathering 99 — Memphis, Tenn.

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

Cordova High School, Cordova, Tennessee

A gathering for all Greyhounds and their own-

ers. This event is sponsored by the Cordova Cadets Band as a fundraiser to help pay their expenses to play at the Sugar Bowl half-time show as well as to provide a good time for Greyhounds and their owners. Fun costume classes, an obedience demonstration, lure coursing, a discussion of Greyhound behavior, and many vendors.

For info, contact Melissa Stephens at (901) 759-0174 or via e-mail at Mom2spirit@aol.com.

Visit the web page at <http://members.aol.com/mom2spirit/prof/index.htm>.

Friday evening, June 18, 1999

Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoptions Mixer

Proudly announces the upcoming kick off to the Summer Blast on Friday, June 18, 1999. Nineteen-year-old central Pennsylvanian Elvis impersonator Phil McCaulley, recent fourth runner-up in Springfield Ill. National Elvis Competition, entertains all ages with memories of Elvis. Also, Rockin' Robin, Central Pennsylvania's Golden Oldies Number One DJ, will present "Walkin' The Dog." These two individuals performed at last year's Blast where everyone had a great time.

Saturday, June 19, 1999

Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoptions

Summer Blast

9:00 a.m. til done

Legion Park

Altoona, Pennsylvania

Food, games, vendors. For more details on both events for hotel information, contact Richard R. Stoehr, 148 Queen Ann Drive, Hollidaysburg, PA. 16648-9228. Phone: (814) 695-3607 anytime day or night. E-mail: RRS110@AOL.COM.

Friday, June 18

Abilene Greyhound Gathering 1999

Abilene, Kansas

A tour of the NGA for early-bird arrivals.

Saturday and Sunday, June 19th-20th

Contact: Paula Scott at 1-785-263-1980

E-mail: paulasups@access-one.com

A visit to the Maurena Riggins farm (the Iruska Greyhounds). Possible visits to one or two of the smaller operations. Hall of Fame tours available anytime with Paula Scott. Please bring an item to donate for the raffle and silent auction. Proceeds to TLC Adoption, Solomon, Kansas. Much more in the works.

Friday - Sunday, June 25 - 27, 1999

Great Lakes Greyhound Gathering

Friday 8:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

Saturday 10:00 a.m. to sundown

Sunday 10:00 a.m. to noon

FOP Lodge #100 on the St. Joseph River

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6985; or Sue Burkhard via e-mail at sburkhard@qtm.net or call (616) 925-5109.

Saturday, July 17, 1999

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Adoption and Rescue

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For info, contact Laurel Drew at (505) 877-1729 or via e-mail at elaur@twrol.com.

Saturday, July 31, 1999

Plainfield Pets/Rainbow's End

Greyhound Rescue Annual Picnic

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Diane at dakc@ptdprolog.net.

Saturday, September 18, 1999

Greyhound Rescue, Inc., Elkridge, Maryland

Annual Picnic/Reunion

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

Waterloo State Park, Columbia, Maryland

Annual reunion picnic attended by the adopted Greyhounds and their families. We all bring a dish to share and the rescue group provides hamburgers, hot dogs, and drinks. Games. Vendors who have Greyhound "goodies" are invited to share the day with us. Dogs must be leashed.

For info, contact Darlene Riden at (410) 721-1154

or via e-mail at driden@erols.com.



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