



# cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds  
Summer 2008

\$6.50

ALSO INSIDE:  
Ride Along on a GUR  
In Case of Emergency

## Getting Your Kicks

What are you and  
your Greyhound  
doing this summer?





Fletcher, adopted by Mike and Joanne Bast of Edgewater, Md.

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Helping the hounds, having fun, and making friends . . . what better way to spend the day? Bailey and Rory, adopted by Liza and Brendan Wynne of Groveland, Mass.

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See you later! Penelope, adopted by Jim and Carla McIntosh, is ready to hit the road.

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*Refrigerator.*

*Remote control.*

*Telephone.*

I always look forward to Summer. It is an opportunity to start over, to embrace new activities. To cast off snow boots, long underwear, and seasonal affect disorder-driven malaise. To crawl out of the black suckhole that is winter here in Minnesota. To rise with the sun, work hard, finish early, and play hard until dark and beyond. The sky is brighter, the air is warmer, and life is simpler. And so I begin my inventory.

*Dress shoes.*

*Purse.*

*Textbook.*

My two newest Greyhounds, Pearl and Jethro, have been with me now for exactly a year. We had no great adventures last summer, partly because they were so new, and partly because I was in the midst of a gigantic home remodeling project that bled me like El Chupacabra. Now that the beast is banished, and the project is complete — for now — it feels like time to engage in some recreational activity. I'm tired of wiping up drywall dust. Where can we go? What do we need to take with us and, more importantly, what can we leave behind?

*Bike helmet.*

*Insulated lunch bag.*

*Lipstick.*

Should we take a road trip? Go camping? We should start slowly, I suppose. Hattie is a veteran camper, hiker, and multi-day road tripper. Pearl and Jethro's tolerance and aptitude for these activities are unknown at this point. A nice day hike in a state park would be more prudent. Still, every time I go downstairs to do laundry, I look longingly at my camping equipment, neatly stowed in a corner of the basement. I fluff the dog beds in the back of the Honda Element one more time. I peruse the event listings in the "You're Invited" section of this magazine. Hmm.

*Receipts.*

*Spatula.*

*Christmas ornament.*

Then I finish my mental list of all of the stuff that Pearl and Jethro have destroyed in the past twelve months, and I reconsider. Am I ready to test these dogs on a cross-country road trip? How confident am I in the ability of a dome tent to confine Pearl who, despite her lack of opposable thumbs, can open a latched screen door from the outside?

This summer, a few meet-and-greets and walks in the city parks will be sufficient for us. Maybe an overnight stay in a local campground if we get ambitious. And definitely an obedience training class. Or two.

In the meantime, I'll live vicariously through those who are more ambitious. If you are feeling as wussy about your summer plans as I am, I invite you to do the same. Jim and Carla McIntosh rented an RV and spent 23 days driving Historic Route 66 with their Greyhounds. Jennifer Saker and her colleagues organized Greyhound Adventures, a walking club in the Greater Boston area. Jack Cady runs with his Greyhound. Diane Wainwright took her Greyhound to the dog park. You can read about these adventures — and more — in this issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*.

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Nichole, adopted by Rick and Leslie Sisson of Chesterton, Ind.

### Naughty Nitters

Um, I have a confession to make. Having initially assumed nitting (“Unraveling the Truth About Nitting,” Winter 2007 CG) to be a “grooming” thing and an indication of intimacy, I admit that I nit my Greyhounds. I cover my teeth with my lips and make “mm-ing” motions and sounds on their necks and cheeks during cuddle sessions. They eat it up.

When my Greyhounds nit me, I always giggle and stroke them. If they get serious about it, I squeal and try to get my hand between my skin and their incisors. This is certainly not deterrent behavior on my part; it is encouraging. One Greyhound seriously considered me to be a toy whose squeaker never broke. She enjoyed hearing me shriek and beg for mercy. The increase in nitting was proportional to the amount of squirming I did and victim noises I made. A second Greyhound also honed nitting into a terrorist activity. She nitted while making careful, unmitigated eye

contact, as if to fine-tune the pitch of my agonized mini-screams.

The most unnerving nitter was the one who would nit on the little flap of cloth that covers your zipper. When she did that to a person of the male persuasion, he always turned a little pale and seemed faint.

**Kathleen Gilley**  
Singing and Dancing Greyhound  
Musical Comedy Review  
Via E-Mail

### Naughty Ads

My husband and I have three adopted Greyhounds who we love very much. We enjoy *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* very much also. However, while looking at the advertising in the Winter 2007 issue, we noticed an ad for “2008 Greymates Calendars.” Apparently, the calendar is made up of Greyhounds and nude women (although covered up by the Greyhound). The ad says “they’re going faster than the girl

next door.” My husband and I want to tell you that we had hoped that CG had better standards than to use an ad such as the 2008 Greymates Calendars. We are very disappointed in CG. We thought CG had more class.

**Orlo and Mary Lewis**  
Via E-Mail

*We are sorry that you found the advertisement offensive. When you get to page 42 of the current issue, turn the page. Quickly. —Ed.*

### Reunited Relatives

We met our Mom! Maddie and Chubbs were mentioned in Lisa Newbold’s article (“All in the Family,” Winter 2007 CG). This summer, Maddie and Chubbs’s mom, Amanda, came to Greyhound Friends of New Jersey on a haul from Kansas. Much to our surprise she is being fostered by a good friend who lives down the street from us in Havertown. Janet, who is fostering her, con-



Chubbs (left) and Maddie (right) surround their mother, Amanda, who just moved into adoption.

tacted us. We had a great mid-summer evening playdate with Maddie, Chubbs, and Amanda. I think they were all happy to see each other!

**Kim Marchesani**  
Via E-Mail



King, adopted by Nancy Breen of Belmont, Mass. George Giunta, Jr.

I was hoping you could forward a note to Melissa Cook, whose dogs appear on p. 34 of the Winter 2007 issue. I had another litter-mate of her dogs: Sulaco, a brindle female. I knew the breeder of our dogs personally. He bred wonderful dogs and took excellent care of them. I boarded my horse where he had his kennel and he was kind enough to show me the dogs and puppies. A few days after these puppies were born, I held them in my hand. It was a special thing for me. I got to play with them until they went off to training in Oklahoma or Kansas — I cannot remember which. Sulaco performed well on the track but I could not wait to get her home. Unfortunately, she was diagnosed with cancer a short time later and died a year after I brought her home. That said, it made my day to read Melissa Cook's story because that litter held a place in my heart and I thought she might want to hear my story.

I am not a professional trainer or owner. I sort of fell into owning a racing dog but now my husband and I are the adoptive owners of MCP's Sonja, who shares the same great-great-grandfathers of Sulaco: Kunta Kinte and Rooster Cogburn. I continue to enjoy your magazine!

**Andrea Zimon**  
Via E-Mail

*Andrea, we forwarded your e-mail to Melissa. Thanks for sharing your story with us.*  
—Ed.

### **Crowing About Rooster**

I just wanted to tell you how much I have enjoyed my first issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds!* It was an extra bonus for me because it contained the article about Rooster Cogburn ("Rooster Cogburn — a Long-Awaited Honor," Winter 2007 CG) since he is the grandfather of my female Greyhound! I also really got a kick out of the Editorial Comments about Jethro and his antics.

**Helen Pickel**  
Via E-Mail

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

*We regret that we cannot publish every letter and photo. ■*



*Visiting the Dog Park: Having Fun, Staying Safe*

By Cheryl S. Smith

A Dogwise Training Manual; Wenatchee, Washington, USA (2007)

ISBN-13 978-1-929242-45-0

\$11.95

My local dog park was the first one in my state. It took a group of us several years of attending meetings and successfully educating local politicians before the dog park was finally built. By the time it opened, our core group of volunteers had learned all we could about existing dog parks. We were all so thrilled to have a safe place to exercise and socialize our dogs that everyone followed the rules and removed our dogs at the first sign of anything that could possibly be considered aggression.

Over time, new residents started to use the dog park. To them, the dog park was just another amenity in their new community. Many of them didn't have a clue about how dog parks work, how to tell the difference between dogs playing and dogs showing aggression, and how to know if their dogs were enjoying the dog park. Long-time users kept remarking that it would be great if someone who really understood dog parks and canine behavior would write a book. Well, someone finally has.

Cheryl S. Smith is a dog trainer who hosts her own radio show, PetSmith, and has authored 11 books on dogs. Smith's *Visiting the Dog Park: Having Fun, Staying Safe* is an excellent and comprehensive introduction to dog parks. This book is not only for new dog park users. Much of the content, particularly the chapter on canine observation skills, should be read periodically by all dog park users.

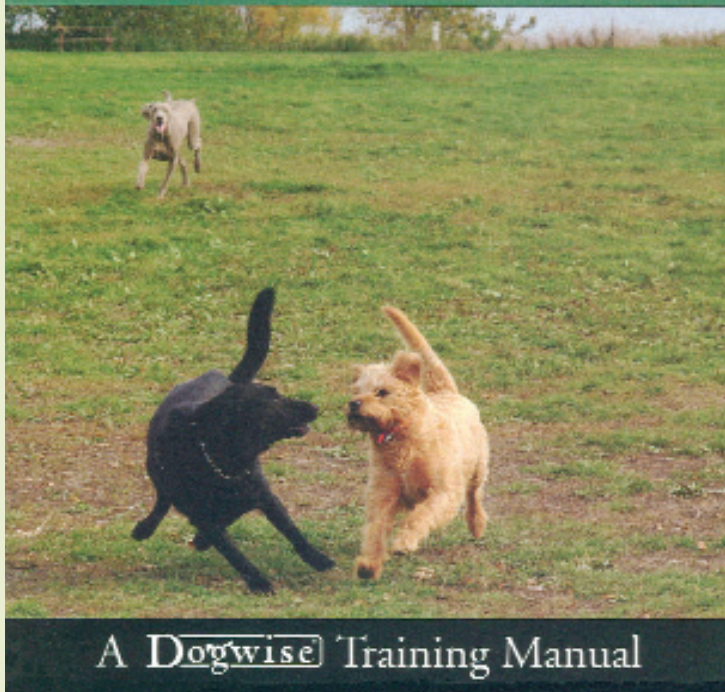
The book begins with what some may consider an alarmist tone, cautioning that dogs and people are bitten and dogs have even been killed at dog parks. It is important for new users to very clearly understand that there are good reasons for dog park rules and that not all dogs are dog park dogs. For example, while most Greyhounds enjoy playing in a dog park and do so appropriately, some Greyhounds may exhibit signs of being anxious and fearful, or even display aggressive behavior towards other dogs. As the author points out, it is important for new dog park users to be aware of these issues; this awareness can make a dog park a much safer place.

Ms. Smith emphasizes the importance of being able to recall your dog at the dog park. This is particularly important for Greyhound owners, who wouldn't be able

Cheryl S. Smith

# Visiting the Dog Park

Having Fun, Staying Safe



## Book Talk: A Guide to the Dog Park

By Kris White

to reach their Greyhounds quickly during an altercation or a chase. Smith's descriptions of the different types of dogs and the behavior each type tends to exhibit at the dog park are excellent and should help new Greyhound owners better understand if their dogs are enjoying their experience at the dog park.

Perhaps one of Ms. Smith's most important discussions for Greyhound owners addresses small dogs and dog parks. Many dog parks have been built with separate areas for small dogs and large dogs. However, this is not always the case, especially

with older dog parks. Greyhound owners who have not observed their dogs' interaction with small dogs may not be aware of their Greyhounds' high prey drive until it is suddenly triggered by a small dog running off leash in the dog park and shrieking with a high-pitched bark. This leads to one of the book's most important points: Know your dog before going to a dog park.

Even experienced dog park users will find interest in Ms. Smith's discussion about how dog park design can influence dog behavior. Ms. Smith emphasizes the importance of more experienced users helping newcomers understand the reason for the dog park's rules. Serious dogfights can occur when just one owner refuses to follow the rules. Ms. Smith also provides the reader with step-by-step instructions on how to teach dogs commands such as recall, touch/targeting, and settle. She advocates teaching dogs these commands before taking the dog to a dog park. The recall is an especially important command for Greyhounds to learn, and it should be practiced routinely for obvious reasons. Once a Greyhound has learned to come when called, the owner should routinely use this command when visiting the dog park.

Ms. Smith covers the more common rules posted at dog parks. One of these rules addresses the number of dogs a person can bring to the dog park. The explanation for this rule misses one important point. If more than two dogs are from the same household, the dogs tend to act and respond as a pack. Dog park users have also noticed that this pack response occurs in Greyhounds and other pack breeds even if the dogs aren't from the same household. Often this behavior is triggered when one Greyhound starts aggressively chasing a smaller dog. Frequently, if there are more than two Greyhounds in the dog park, the other Greyhounds will join in the hunt. This dynamic develops quickly and many would say instinctively. If Greyhound owners are unable to intervene or recall their Greyhounds, in such a situation, tragedy could result.

If those considering taking their dogs to the dog park for the first time were to read

only one chapter of *Visiting the Dog Park*, it should be the chapter entitled "Let's Go to the Dog Park." Using a step-by-step approach to describe a visit to the dog park, Ms. Smith informs readers about what to wear and what to bring to the dog park. She also provides good advice about arriving, entering, and leaving the dog park. Another valuable chapter in *Visiting Dog Parks* addresses canine observation skills. The hardest thing for any novice dog park user is to distinguish between play and aggression. The hardest thing for Greyhound owners to imagine is that their gentle, quiet Greyhounds could suddenly start stalking, overrunning, or bullying other dogs. Again, know your dog.

Ms. Smith's description of defensive, offensive, and neutral postures; greetings; and the postures of play will be very helpful to all dog park users. She makes the excellent point that a dog who snaps or growls as another dog approaches is issuing a polite warning for the other dog to tone it down. If the owner chastises the dog for this behavior, the dog might use a more violent response — without displaying any warning — the next time the dog is approached. Ms. Smith makes good use of photos and illustrations in this chapter to help readers better understand the difference between play and aggression. Perhaps the best part of the chapter is the presentation of different scenarios to encourage readers to test their canine observation skills.

*Visiting the Dog Park's* chapter on conflict resolution discusses the warning signs of trouble: acting out, body language, clumping, and dog possessiveness. One of my Greyhounds, Jimmy, will often act out if I don't intervene. He loves to stalk and stare down other dogs. At first I thought this was simply play behavior. Then I realized he was being a bully, causing the other dog to become anxious and fearful. Now when he exhibits this behavior, I stop him. If he continues to bully, I remove him from the dog park.

I agree with most of what Ms. Smith writes in her chapter about conflict resolution. However, contrary to her advice, I would not attempt to discuss anything with a belligerent human who is accompanied by an

aggressive dog. I would simply remove my Greyhounds from the dog park as quickly as I can.

Ms. Smith's chapter on health issues provides important and useful information. It must be noted that dogs may face these issues anywhere outside the home, not just at dog parks. The most frequently heard health-related concern at my dog park is whether all the dogs coming to the dog park are current on their vaccinations. Only an up-to-date rabies shot is required in my city. However, I always make sure that my Greyhounds' vaccinations, including kennel cough, are current before taking them to the dog park.

The final chapter in *Visiting the Dog Park* addresses resources for readers who do not have dog parks in their communities and want to locate the nearest one, or who want to start advocating for the establishment of one. In addition, the book includes useful Internet references on the topics of dog socialization, canine body language, and positive dog training.

Good things do come in small packages, and *Visiting the Dog Park* is no exception. In just 128 pages, Ms. Smith has done an excellent job of identifying and discussing the important aspects of how dog parks work, and how dogs and their people can have fun at the dog park while staying safe. ■

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*Kris White lives in Greenbelt, Md. She is the proud owner of retired racing Greyhounds Jimmy and Seamus and Miniature Pinscher Bingo, who is not a dog park dog. The Greenbelt Dog Park (the first dog park in the State of Maryland) is an enclosed, city-operated dog park that is celebrating its 12th anniversary this year. Kris was president of the Greenbelt Dog Park Association when the city agreed to construct the dog park, and she still serves as a Board member. Over the years, she has spoken before a variety of groups and events about the benefits of dog parks and best practices related to the construction and maintenance of dog parks.*





Chad kicks it into high gear at the dog park.

# Assaulted in the Dog Park

Story and photos by Diane Wainwright

I have four big, goofy Greyhounds. They each have their own quirky personalities that limit the activities in which they join me outside of our home. All of them enjoy going to meet-and-greets, and they also love to go to our friend's farm to run loose in her 6-acre fenced field, but only Chad enjoys joining me out on "normal" dog activities.

Chad and I can often be found running weekend errands. He goes to Petco with me, he goes to Lowes with me, and he goes any other place that lets me waltz through the door with him in tow. He walks in a perfect heel, he lives for other people to approach and fawn all over him, and he always has to know exactly where I am. He's also very tolerant of small animals, although I think he borders on being a little scared of them, especially yippy little ankle biters.

Because he's so ambivalent towards other dogs and adores attention from people, I also take him to the dog park on occasion. Most people go to the dog park so their dogs can be properly socialized and play with other dogs; I take Chad to the dog park so he can socialize with the people. I mean, 99.9 percent of the people within the fence of a dog park have a dog, right? Where else can I go and be 99.9 percent certain that the people Chad approaches won't shy away from the big dog? Plus, what Greyhound doesn't love to run in a big field? And let's face it, Greyhounds are at least twice as fast as any other breed you might find at the dog park, so I can always be assured he'll win the race and be proud of himself there.



Chad finds a running buddy at the dog park.

Most of the dogs in the local dog parks are Labrador mixes, or Bully breeds, maybe a Rottweiler or some Collie mixes. These dogs are rough and tumble and they like to chase each other and wrestle around in the dirt. Chad looks at them like they are from some other planet, then takes one wide run around the field and goes to the people. I've learned that most Greyhounds are like Chad; they don't play like the other dogs because they don't know how and seem to find the physical nature of it beneath them.

The dog park we visited this particular day had four fields: two reserved for small dogs and two reserved for large dogs. Both of the large dog fields were in use so I watched the dogs in each for a few minutes to decide where we should go. On the first side, there was a solitary Collie mix and her owner playing with a ball, and on the other side were an older female Rottweiler, a cattle dog mix, and a Weimaraner, each with their respective owners. The Rottweiler and the cattle dog were snoozing in the shade and the Weimaraner was running circles around his owner as his owner walked the fence line of the field.

I thought it odd that there was a lone dog in the first field and suspected that the dog wasn't very social, so I decided to go in the field with the three dogs. Plus, I know that Weimaraners like to run, so I thought maybe

Chad could have a good chase to wear him out. We went through the main gate, making sure to lock it behind us. I removed Chad's leash in the "air lock" before I opened the gate to the second field. Chad happily trotted through and went straight for the water bucket while I entered and carefully latched the second gate behind me.

I started to walk towards the back of the field in hopes that Chad would follow me and at least get some exercise. When he looked up and saw me walking away, he dutifully trotted up to me to walk beside me. It was right about then that the Weimaraner saw us and decided to lope on over and say hello. When he got close, he slowed down and walked cautiously up to Chad so they could do a "hello" sniff. When the formalities were over, the Weimaraner loped away at a slow canter, looking over his shoulder to see if Chad would follow. Chad looked at me with the question in his eyes: *Is it OK, Mom?* I shooed him away and told him to go play.

When the Weimaraner saw Chad was going to follow, he took off in a run. Chad, sensing the competition, turned on the speed and left him in the dust. As he was passed, the Weimaraner kicked in some reserve speed and tried to hold his own. In a beautiful display, the two dogs made a wide, arching circle around the field. If you have never had the opportunity to watch breeds like

these run, you are missing out. It will really take your breath away.

The Weimaraner's owner wandered over to me to say hello and talk about what we were seeing, and then the Rottweiler's owner headed towards us as well. The excitement of the moment wasn't lost on the other dogs, either. The Rottweiler started prancing and spinning in happy circles while the cattle dog perked her ears and swiveled her head to watch contentedly from her spot at her owner's feet.

During our small talk, I learned that the Weimaraner's name was Rocky and the Rottweiler was Daisy. Rocky was merely a puppy at 8 months, while Daisy was a very mature 9-year-old. Both were dog park regulars and were happy to have someone new to meet.

We then watched in silence as the dogs took another turn around the field at full speed. They were truly poetry in motion, their legs and feet flying too fast to register in our eyes. When they got near the water bucket on their second pass, Chad broke off and stopped to take a few drinks before flopping down in the sand to relax. Rocky took a few circles around Chad before he realized it was a lost cause, and then he took a drink and cantered over to Daisy. He ran a few circles around her while she play-bowed and woofed happily. Rocky realized Daisy wouldn't run with him, so he ran off to play by himself.





Chad is ready to go.

At this point, Daisy was beside herself. She wanted to play so badly but she couldn't run with Rocky and Chad. She was prancing and woofing, giving play-bows to the cattle dog and in Rocky's general direction to no avail. Her owner called her over and picked up a ball to throw for her. Resigned to her game of fetch with her owner, she briefly left the other dogs alone.

I looked over at Chad's heaving sides and realized he needed to take a slow walk to cool down before he had some problems. I called his name and he got up and walked over to me. Together we started walking slowly around the field, and when we got within Daisy's line of sight she tossed her ball aside and came bounding over to us. Chad saw her coming out of the corner of his eye and gave her the snottiest, most stuck-up, disgusted look I've ever seen.

He stopped short, pulled his head up high, put his "radar" ear up and out to the side with the opposite ear plastered to his head. His eyes were wide and he stared at her unwelcomingly. Daisy was oblivious to his body language as she approached at a romp and threw herself down in a play-bow in front of him, tail going wild. You could see Chad's thoughts appear above his head as he looked down his long nose at her: *Ew! If I ignore you, will you please go away?* Daisy was not discouraged and started to move her

play-bows from side to side, each wiggle punctuated by a happy, playful *Woof!*

Chad stood stone-still with the same disgusted look on his face, only his eyes moving as he followed her antics. Finally realizing that her efforts were for naught, Daisy stopped, stood up straight and tall, and walked forward to look Chad in the eye. They paused for a moment, toe-to-toe, squared up in a standoff, staring each other down. There was a pregnant pause as I watched a drop of water slide off the tip of Chad's nose and fall to the ground. The silence was charged with anticipation.

And that's when it happened. Daisy stepped back and reached up with her front paw, bringing it down squarely on the top of Chad's nose delivering a jaw-shuddering smack. After delivering her blow, she once again squared off, standing toe-to-toe with Chad, waiting for some reaction to acknowledge her play attempt.

I think Chad and I were equally astonished by the assault. He turned his head and looked at me with wide eyes, crossed ever so slightly to look at where he'd been hit, the tip of his tongue dangling from the end of his lower lip (obviously shaken loose in the assault), ears askew with no purpose. His thoughts clearly hovered above his head: *What was that?! Did you see that?! Did she real-*

*ly just hit me?!*

It started out as a smile, and then it turned into a giggle until it formed itself into an all-out belly laugh coming from me, complete with tears streaming from my eyes. I think the look on Chad's face was about one of the funniest things I've ever seen in my life. I tried to compose myself, really I did. I know that Chad was as disgusted with my display of insensitivity as he was by Daisy's assault but I just couldn't help myself.

So Chad left me there, looking the fool laughing out of control, and he trotted straight to the gate. He was obviously embarrassed, angry, and out-and-out disappointed; he was clearly letting me know it was time to leave the park and go home. He stood at the gate looking at no one, his nose pressed against the gate latch — mentally willing it to lift so he could find a quiet place to curl up and pretend none of this had ever happened.

I composed myself and went to him, falling to my knees to give him a hug and tell him that he would always be my top dog. And as dogs do, because they are so much better than people, he forgave me with a quick kiss and a nuzzle. So we left the park together, once again best friends. ■

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*Diane Wainwright is the executive director of Greyt Expectations Greyhound Rescue in Maryland. She is owned by four Greyhounds.*



Hattie, adopted by Cindy Hanson of St. Paul, Minn.

# Greyhounds in the News

## Preliminary Results Released for Web-Based Health Survey of Retired Racing Greyhounds

Adoption of retired racing Greyhounds has become increasingly popular over the past decade. To date, research has focused on the physiologic and clinicopathologic peculiarities of Greyhounds but there is scarce information discussing prevalence of diseases in the breed.

To determine the prevalence of specific diseases we conducted a web-based survey utilizing addresses from *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* subscribers. Owners could answer a survey for every Greyhound that they had owned since January 1, 2005.

Of the 692 eligible participants, 441 (63.7% response rate) completed surveys for 747 Greyhounds. The mortality rate for Greyhounds within the 2-year period was 15% (113 of 747 died). The most common cause of death reported was cancer (66 dogs, or 58%), and the most common type of cancer listed as cause of death was osteosarcoma (28 dogs, or 25%). The most commonly reported groups of diseases/disorders were skeletal (232 dogs, 33%), skin (197 dogs, 28%), digestive (132 dogs, 18%), cancer (94 dogs, 13%), and endocrine (85 dogs, 11.9%). Forty-five percent of Greyhounds diagnosed with cancer and 6% of the overall population had osteosarcoma.

Owners reported that 12 Greyhounds (2%) showed aggression towards people, 60 (9%) showed aggression towards other dogs, and 40 (6%) showed fear aggression; 143 dogs (20%) had a noise phobia and 188 (27%) had storm phobia. Separation anxiety was reported for 133 (19%) Greyhounds.

A complete report will follow after the scientific article appears in press. —Linda K. Lord, Jill E. Yaissle, Liliana Marin, and C. Guillermo Couto



## 14th Annual Greyhounds Reach the Beach: An Update

While many Dewey details remain to be finalized at press time, we can confirm that there will be some old stand-bys and some new activities in 2008. The Greyhounds in Art Show will have a wonderful new home, there will be a silent auction, and no person or hound will be left out of the most popular talks. We can also confirm a few other details, as follows.

### Registration changes

Early registration opened on May 1, normal registration will be June 15 through July 31, and late registration will be August 1 through 31. When payment is received, attendees will receive an e-mail confirmation letter. Brunch and Raffle tickets, which formerly were mailed in advance, will now arrive with the main packets in September.

Wristbands will be included in registration packets, and no one will be permitted into speaking venues without one.

Attendees in the same household that wish to receive only one copy of the printed materials will receive a small discount. We hope to save some trees and some postage, and this was a frequent request on the recent attendee survey.

### Apparel changes

This year's "official" event paraphernalia includes t-shirts, polo shirts, zipper fleece vests, baseball caps, and collapsible water bowls. Apparel is available by following a link at the end of registration, and it will be paid for and mailed separately from attendees' registration packets. It is not necessary to register for the event to purchase apparel.

### Fundraising change

All proceeds from the 2008 Brunch Raffle, Art Show and silent auction will benefit the Ohio State University's Greyhound Health and Wellness Program run by Dr. Guillermo Couto. This program conducts research specifically on diseases that affect greyhounds, provides free chemotherapy for retired racers with cancer, and provides free email consultation for greyhound owners and their veterinarians. Dr. Couto personally answers dozens of greyhound owners' questions each day, and the University funds none of his greyhound-specific work. The event typically raises between \$10,000 and

## Related web sites and additional Greyhounds Reach the Beach information:

When:	October 10-12, 2008 (always Columbus Day weekend)
Where:	Dewey Beach and Rehoboth Beach, Delaware
Registration:	<a href="http://adopt-a-greyhound.org/dewey">http://adopt-a-greyhound.org/dewey</a>
Apparel:	<a href="http://www.co-store.com/GRTB">http://www.co-store.com/GRTB</a>
Lodging:	Visit <a href="http://www.beach-fun.com">http://www.beach-fun.com</a> . Also search local realtors' and vacation property web sites
Greyhounds Reach the Beach attendee survey results:	<a href="http://greyhound.com/SurveySummary.pdf">http://greyhound.com/SurveySummary.pdf</a>
The Ohio State University Greyhound Health and Wellness Program:	<a href="http://vet.osu.edu/1872.htm">http://vet.osu.edu/1872.htm</a>
Vendor Directory listings and advertising:	Email <a href="mailto:VendorDirectory@Gawn2theDawgs.com">VendorDirectory@Gawn2theDawgs.com</a> for information on being included (deadline July 31, 2008)
Attendee message board:	<a href="http://www.greyhoundsreachthebeach.com">http://www.greyhoundsreachthebeach.com</a>
Vendor discussion group:	<a href="http://finance.groups.yahoo.com/group/DeweyGHVendors">http://finance.groups.yahoo.com/group/DeweyGHVendors</a>
Press information:	<a href="http://greyhound.com/DeweyPress">http://greyhound.com/DeweyPress</a>

\$15,000 for canine healthcare research, and we cannot think of a more worthy cause to receive our assistance.

### Travel and lodging information

Research among former attendees shows that almost 65% stay in hotels and 36% stay in rental houses and condos (a few camp as well; see the sidebar for a link to more survey details). Most attendees now arrive by Wednesday or Thursday and depart on Monday, and a quarter of them travel more than 500 miles. Those that choose to fly go through Baltimore or Philadelphia, which are each about 120 miles from Dewey Beach. Nearly all attendees stay in Dewey Beach or Rehoboth Beach. The best ways to find lodging are on the Chamber of Commerce web site and through on-line real estate searches.

### Vendor information

Vendors that are listed or that advertise in the Vendor Directory will have their locations highlighted on the event map. Vendors are invited to have special offers for registered attendees, and those offers will be included in the Information Booklet.

### Activity sponsorship deadline is June 30

There are many activity and seminar ideas and potential fundraising opportunities still available. Any individual or group that is considering "sponsoring" an event (mean-

ing The Greyhound Project provides a location and you coordinate the activity) should contact [sarah@adopt-a-greyhound.org](mailto:sarah@adopt-a-greyhound.org) by June 30. See Appendix B of the attendee survey for a list of activity and seminar ideas. — Sarah Norton

## Greyhound Track Operators Association Seeks Nominations for Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year

The American Greyhound Track Operators Association (AGTOA) is seeking nominations for 2008 Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year. This award recognizes an individual who has given generously of his or her time to assist in placing former racing Greyhounds into homes as pets.

"There are many dedicated people throughout the U.S. and Canada who commit their time to assist in placing Greyhounds into adoptive homes once they have completed their racing careers," said Karen Keelan, president of the AGTOA. "As a tribute to them all, each year we honor one of these individuals."

The 2007 Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year was Cheryl King of Heart of Texas Greyhound Adoption Inc. King, who has adopted more than 1,000 Greyhounds since

1992, was selected for her personal sacrifice and 24-hour-a-day commitment to Greyhound adoption. King was recognized at the AGTOA's annual meeting in Las Vegas on March 17.

Anyone can nominate an individual by completing a nomination form. The recipient will be selected based the individual's dedication and contribution to Greyhound adoption during 2008.

The Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year will be honored at the AGTOA's annual meeting, March 23, 2009 in Las Vegas. In addition to paying for travel and accommodation for the trip, the AGTOA will make a \$500 donation to an adoption group specified by the honoree.

For a nomination form or more information, visit [www.agtoa.com](http://www.agtoa.com) and click on "Greyhound Adoption Person of the Year" or call Dennis Bicsak (561) 615-3916. Nomination forms must be received by September 1, 2008 for consideration.

The AGTOA, formed in 1946, is a non-profit corporation comprised of greyhound racetrack owners and operators throughout the nation.

### Unique Medical Characteristics of Greyhounds Outlined in Free Pamphlet

As the popularity of Greyhound pets increases, some veterinarians are seeing Greyhounds in their clinics for the first time. What they may not realize is that Greyhounds have some unique medical characteristics that can make diagnoses challenging.

A free pamphlet outlining these characteristics is available to download or in a printed format. The brochure is designed to provide veterinarians with information to help diagnose and treat ailments and injuries.

"Former racing Greyhounds make wonderful pets," said Richard Winning, president of the American Greyhound Track Operators Association (AGTOA). "To ensure Greyhounds receive the same level of care and treatment they received while racing, we thought it was important to provide information about their unique medical characteristics to veterinarians who may have never seen a Greyhound before. Every Greyhound pet owner should make sure their vet has a copy of this pamphlet."

The brochure was developed in conjunction with leading veterinarians specializing in Greyhounds. The brochure can be downloaded at [www.AGTOA.com](http://www.AGTOA.com) or a print version can be ordered by calling 561-615-3916 or sending a request via e-mail to [dbicsak@comcast.net](mailto:dbicsak@comcast.net).

### Moving? Need to Renew?

Don't miss a single issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*! Send your changes of address and subscription renewals well in advance of your move or expiration date to *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*, Attn: Subscriptions, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701. You may also submit your address change via e-mail to [subscriptions@adopt-a-greyhound.org](mailto:subscriptions@adopt-a-greyhound.org), and renew your subscription by visiting our website: [www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine](http://www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine). ■



Tawnie and Scarlett, adopted by Darren and Lesley Dupuy of Clarkston, Mich.





Richy's emergency blood donation saved the life of another dog.

We adopted Richy Rich in May of 2006 after we lost our senior Greyhound Susie. The beautiful red Greyhound had been a Grade C runner at the Palm Beach Kennel Club in West Palm Beach, Florida, and retired in October 2005. He was adopted out to a nice family who soon realized that Richy was not suited for apartment living; after several months, they returned him to the Greyhound Adoption League.

Richy got along very well with our other dogs, 6-year-old mixed breed Happy and 7-year-old Tipper, our female Greyhound. We noticed right away that although Richy was normally a very laid-back dog, he was terrified of loud noises. When we first brought him home with us, I had to carry him out of the house for his walks and bribe him with cheese cubes before he eventually got over some of his fear of noise and would willingly go out with us.

Later that year, we all moved from West Palm Beach, Florida to Memphis, Tennessee where we adopted another very shy, young Greyhound named Ladybug, who is 2 years old.

On October 2, 2007 I came home at lunchtime to let the dogs out and feed Tipper her lunch (she is a diabetic and has to eat three meals a day). As I prepared to head back to work, I made my usual rounds counting noses. As I said goodbye to each of them, I was shocked to find Richy's tail covered in blood. In fact, there was blood all over the living room and foyer, and the tip of Richy's tail was bleeding quite a lot. I could only guess that his "happy tail" had hit the wall too hard too many times. I immediately tried

## Richy Rich — Hero Hound for a Day

By Bill and Irene Becker

to bandage his tail, then called Gentle Care Animal Hospital in Memphis to tell them I was bringing him in right away.

I put Richy in the car and off we went to see our Greyhound-savvy veterinarian, Dr. Gerald Blackburn. After I got Richy settled in at Dr. Blackburn's office, I went out to the car to clean up the blood as best I could. While I was wiping blood off the back seat, Dr. Blackburn came out dressed in surgical scrubs.

"Bill, a dog has just been brought in who needs emergency surgery. Can we use Richy as a blood donor for this surgery?" Dr. Blackburn asked. "It would save us valuable time."

As many Greyhound owners know, many Greyhounds are excellent universal blood donors. I said yes immediately, of course.

When I returned later that afternoon to pick up Richy with his bandaged tail, I was told that Dr. Blackburn had removed a 17-pound tumor from an older Labrador Retriever. The surgery was a success in part because Richy and his "happy tail" were there to donate his blood. Richy Rich was the hero hound of the day. ■

*Bill and Irene Becker live with Richy, Tipper, and Happy in Bartlett, Tenn.*



Jessie, adopted by Steve and Kristin Hudak of Milwaukee, Wis.

# Re-establishing the Bottom Line: Options for Treating Perivulvar Dermatitis

By Rodger Barr, DVM

**P**erivulvar dermatitis is the painful, chronic skin condition also known as vulvar fold dermatitis, or crotch rot. It is difficult to resolve conservatively by non-surgical methods. If conservative treatment is successful, perivulvar dermatitis requires a lifetime of management. Episioplasty is the surgical procedure designed to permanently correct the cause of the problem.

My goal is to educate owners of retired female racing Greyhounds with perivulvar dermatitis. I hope to provide the knowledge and understanding necessary to help make the decision whether or not to proceed with surgery. Some cases require surgery and some do not. The goal is to resolve the problem satisfactorily while, at the same time, sparing the patient any unnecessary pain or suffering.

Perivulvar dermatitis takes place with the presence of deep folds surrounding the vulva. As a result, a moist dermatitis occurs which is very red and inflamed, and most commonly characterized by excessive licking. Other breeds develop this condition due to obesity; not so with the Greyhound. Female Greyhounds are given testosterone to prevent cycling during training and racing. This produces an underdeveloped juvenile vulva that is so small it is



recessed, making the structure prone to excessive moisture and inflammation.

If you have a female who licks herself constantly, what should you do? Take her to a veterinarian who is well versed in Greyhound issues. If you want to explore the affected region yourself, do so with caution. This area can be very painful. Even though we know your beloved Greyhound adores you, be forewarned that pain can result in an unexpected and uncharacteristic regrettable reaction. Do not hesitate to use a muzzle on your dog. Just glancing at the area rarely reveals the problem; you must gently pry the vulva out of its recessed location and observe the surrounding tissue. The area can be examined with your dog standing or while on her side, with someone restraining her. Move slowly — if it's too painful, stop. If you get a good look, and the tissue is fire engine red with ulcerations and an odor, it's likely that surgery is the correct choice. If the area is inflamed but not ulcerated, you may have a chance at success with the conservative approach. The more recessed the vulva, the more likely surgery will be necessary. If a concomitant condition of hypoestrogen incontinence exists, this must also be managed in order to obtain optimum results.

When treating this problem medically, the first step is to break the vicious cycle of inflammation, irritation and subsequent licking, with the use of a BiteNot® collar or a similar device ("The BiteNot® Collar," Winter 2007 CG). Greyhounds don't tolerate Elizabethan cone collars as well, even though the effect can be the same. The BiteNot® collar prevents access to areas on the animal's trunk only, not limbs. It is like a neck brace and it prevents the neck flexibility necessary to lick the perivulvar region. With the collar in place, the next goal is to reduce inflammation.

There are many options available, but in my experience the use of a product called Neo-Predef® powder works quite well. This product comes in a puffer bottle allowing application without actually touching the sensitive tissue. Neo-Predef® contains an anti-inflammatory, an antibiotic, and a local anesthetic. As a powder, it also tends to dry the area. Prior to applying the powder, it usually helps to gently cleanse the area with

either hydrogen peroxide (3%) or warm water with a disinfectant soap, as long as it is rinsed well. Do not allow your dog to lick the product as this will prevent the area from healing and cause excessive thirst.

Twice daily cleansing and medicating may also resolve the condition, but the problem will most certainly return with a vengeance if you stop treatment all together. Some animals require more treatment than others, but suffice it to say that a minimum of two to three treatments per week will be necessary to maintain your good results. Systemic antibiotics can help in severe cases. If you initially try the conservative approach, but decide that this is just not for you, surgery can still be performed. Surgery frees you from lifetime management of this condition.

Surgery is your best option if you don't choose to manage a chronic problem for the life of your Greyhound, or if your pet is one who has a severe case. Episioplasty is the removal of an elliptical shaped portion of skin above the diseased vulva — making certain to remove as much diseased skin as possible — and the subsequent reconnecting of the new skin edges with sutures or surgical staples. This procedure serves to lift the recessed vulva out of its pocket of tissue and into the fresh air so that moisture no longer accumu-

lates. Post-operatively, you must prevent your dog's self-mutilation by using one of the aforementioned neck devices. Recovery is usually uneventful. The results are often excellent, and this procedure tends to resolve the problem completely and forever. ■

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*Dr. Rodger Barr graduated from the University of Minnesota College of Veterinary Medicine in 1975, and began his love affair with Greyhounds the same year. He has presented seminars to breeders and veterinarians on the subject of sighthounds and their medical and surgical peculiarities since the late 1970s. He placed his first Greyhound in 1976 and has been active in Greyhound adoption ever since through GPA (as a member of their original Board of Directors) and most recently through Northern Lights Greyhound Adoption (as founder and current president). He has bred, owned, trained, and raced Greyhounds for over 25 years, and has tried to show the racing industry by example the correct way to manage the Greyhound retirement issue. He is the founder of Foley Boulevard Animal Hospital and has been caring for Greyhounds for over 25 years. He lives in Hudson, Wis. with his wife Donna, who adopted that first Greyhound he placed in 1976. Rodger and Donna share their home with several Greyhounds and one French Bulldog.*



Pixie, adopted by Tim and Terry Mead of Lutz, Fla.



After full careers on the racetrack and the lure coursing field, Junior settles down for a much deserved rest.

# Junior's Second Retirement

By Phil Fitz

*In Summer 2003, CG readers followed 7-year-old Junior to his first lure coursing competition in "Junior's Story: A Senior's First Meet." We thought we'd check in to see how Junior is doing now.—Ed.*

Junior has retired twice. After 470 races in five years, he retired from the Florida racing circuit. More recently he retired from the lure course.

Junior and I met on Labor Day, 1999. *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* featured an article about how we met and discovered Junior had a second career in lure coursing.

The second career in lure coursing was short compared to his stint as a racing dog. This was not because he did not enjoy it or excel at it; he did both. We discontinued coursing for a variety of reasons, primarily because of the absence of venues in the Fort Lauderdale area. Even though the long trips were fretful, Junior genuinely enjoyed the competition and the coursing action. However, traveling to Central Florida where there never were sighthounds in his age group began to feel like an exercise in futility.

Junior was 7 years old when he started lure coursing. In the eight years we have been together, he has been a healthy, robust, active Greyhound. Still, lure coursing was more difficult than racing at this stage in his life. Tweaked muscles and tendons occurred in nearly every heat on the coursing field. Eventually, he settled into retirement wonderfully. Even afterwards, we continued to run at least a couple of miles together each morning. For the last two



years, I have tried my best to restrict his running. This has not been easy, but I have been reasonably successful.

Now at age 13, almost four years into his second retirement, Junior has been reluctant to continue our morning frolics. I used to call them workouts when we ran each morning. Recently, he has absolutely refused to go. He has become a full-blown couch potato, the sort of Greyhound I have read and heard reports about. I have always believed that Junior was a rather special Greyhound; until now, he has never slept around. He has followed my every step and all my activities, each and every day. Last month, he stopped. Lethargy has taken over. He has begun to stagger when walking. It appears that he will never run again. I don't mean that he will never race or course; that ended four years ago. I mean he will never engage in that beautiful canter of his, with that handsome smile on his face.

After reading Cindy Hanson's editorial comments in the Summer 2007 issue of *CG* about her first Greyhound, Herman, I had Junior examined by our veterinarian. He

diagnosed Junior as having the symptoms of myasthenia gravis, a disorder characterized by muscle weakness. This condition is caused by impairment in the transition of nerve impulses to muscles, resulting in weakness. It is due to a defect in the immune system in which the body produces antibodies against its own muscle receptors, preventing proper signal transmission. The condition is aggravated by activity and relieved by rest.

I often think that I have prepared myself for the end of our time together, but I would not bet on it. Of course I ponder and worry what the next few months or the next year will bring. Watching him deteriorate and seeing his discomfort increase will be a difficult experience until the end of his life.

These times remind me of a story often told by comedian Flip Wilson. In this story, the millionaire Dale Carnegie returns to his estate after a short business trip to Europe. He finds the groundskeeper intoxicated and sprawled on the lawn with an empty bottle of gin in his hand. Mr. Carnegie approaches his trusty groundskeeper of 20 years and asks, with total concern in his voice:

"What's happening, Max?"

After a long pause, Max replies: "Nuttin's happening!" After a moment, he explains: "Except the dawg died."

Carnegie responds: "What? Fido is dead? What happened? How?"

The groundskeeper replies: "Well, boss, your wife ran off with her tennis instructor. When your mother was told, she had a heart attack. The same day, the gardener was burning leaves and debris. The wind blew the flames onto the stable. One horse did not get out of the burning stable and died. Fido ate the burnt horse meat, got sick, and died."

He pauses again. "Other than that, nuttin's happening!"

There are plenty of trying times that surround us. Everyone must deal with their own trials in their own ways. Somehow, we manage to handle them – one way or another. ■

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*Phil Fitz is a retired high school teacher and coach from New York who currently resides in Sunrise, Fla.*



Junior in action.





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

# In Case of Emergency

By Relaela Sindelar

**B**ut our road is usually deserted...

*We don't know what got into him — he never runs loose!*

*No, I didn't use a leash, she's always gone straight from the car into the house before...*

These are the sad tales heard over and over by veterinarians who practice emergency medicine. Day after day, they meet pets who were “not the type to run into the street.” Seattle-area veterinarian Carrie LaJeunesse, who has been in emergency and critical care medicine for the majority of her 25-year career, estimates that pet injuries and death caused by vehicles are the one emergency she encounters on a regular basis.

Certainly we Greyhound owners tend to be more cautious, knowing our breed's prey drive, sudden bursts of speed, and lack of vehicle savvy. Yet it's never the “normal routine” that seems to cause the problem. As any emergency caregiver will tell you, in 99% of the cases, a dog's encounter with a car was a unique circumstance — often one that could have been entirely prevented with a little foresight.

“Never, ever trust your dog off leash in an area that is not secure,” warns Dr. LaJeunesse. “No matter how old the dog, no matter how brief the time off leash, it's that one chance in a hundred that a cat or a bird will catch its eye, or your dog will be feeling a little more playful, and in seconds it darts away only to meet an oncoming vehicle that neither of you heard or saw.”

Next in line for preventable emergencies? Pancreatitis. Never heard of it? You're not alone.

This frequent, yet typically avoidable emergency is not something pet owners will recognize right away — either in terms of cause or resulting symptoms. My husband and I learned the hard way when one fateful Thanksgiving



weekend George, our German Shorthaired Pointer, sneaked into the kitchen long after dinner and pulled the turkey carcass down from the countertop. We caught him in plenty of time to remove everything bad from his mouth, but we had no idea that the small bit of fat he'd ingested in the process was enough to nearly take his life.

The next day, when George wasn't acting his normal goofy self, it seemed to be nothing more than an upset tummy. Finally by nightfall, led by little more than intuition, we took him to the emergency clinic. There Dr. LaJeunesse used her own more knowledgeable brand of intuition to diagnose George with pancreatitis, and began immediate treatment. When the blood test results came back the next day, it proved that her intuition was spot on — George was within hours of going into complete pancreatic failure, all over a bit of turkey fat.

Given the abundance of special treats around the holidays, veterinarians often refer to pancreatitis as the Thanksgiving or holiday disease. Yet countless times Dr. LaJeunesse has witnessed the awful grief of a family who was "only giving Rex a special treat" at other times of the year. "It was his birthday, so we dribbled a tiny bit of bacon fat over his kibble this morning." Or "we've given him table scraps all his life, why would it suddenly kill him?"

Cooked fat is one of the dog's worst enemies. Says Dr. LaJeunesse, "while your pet may well go all his lifetime getting the occasional table scrap, the truth is you are playing a game of Russian Roulette." Pancreatitis may appear to be nothing more than an upset tummy until it's too late. It can be mild to severe, self-limiting to fatal. And its progression is terribly, unbelievably fast.

To avoid it? Keep your dog away from all forms of cooked fat. It's as easy as that.

### Emergency Awareness

If you've never been in an emergency situation with your dog, you may not know what to expect. Even if you have been through a crisis, there may be some important issues that you never really understood. Dr. LaJeunesse shared the following topics to help pet owners be better prepared for an emergency situation:

### The Power of Pain

Pain is terribly powerful. A pet in agony, particularly one who has just been hit by a car, is often blinded to its surroundings. He will strike out at everything around him — including good Samaritans who are attempting to save his life. "I can't tell you how many times a person came in, dropped off their dog, and ran back out the door to get emergency attention for a severe bite that had been inflicted by their own dog, because that dog was in such pain," said Dr. LaJeunesse.

Devoted family pets with no record of snapping have been known to bite their owner's hand, sometimes with rather alarming ferocity, when all the owner was trying to do was carry their beloved pet to the car for the trip to the emergency clinic. No matter what you may think, be prepared for the worst. Keep a muzzle or sturdy blanket handy, if for no other reason than emergencies.

### Triage Clinics

When you first arrive at the emergency clinic, your pet is in pain, you are frightened and terribly worried. Yet you breathe a sigh of relief to see that the waiting room is empty, knowing that your pet will have the veterinarians' full attention immediately. Instead you hear, "We need to ask you to wait." What? "I'm sorry, we are a triage clinic." Usually there's no time to explain anything further, as they rush back out of the waiting room.

Triage means there are no appointments taken. Instead, patients get an initial evaluation and then must wait to be seen by the doctors according to the severity of their condition. This is the same method used in all human emergency rooms.

For the person holding a suffering pet, even the initial emergency evaluation might feel far too abrupt. How can they possibly



Amy (Crystal Amy), adopted by Diane and Tom Ward of Leesburg, Va. *Bev Hollis Photo*

assess your pet's condition in mere moments, when you've watched everything that has led up to that moment? It's hard to imagine that there might be far worse emergency cases going on. Yet initial evaluations are typically performed by staff who are extremely emergency-savvy. It's their job to recognize subtleties and signs that most pet owners are not

trained to observe in order to assess your dog's current status in light of other emergencies occurring at the same time.

"Most people understand the policy, but it can still be frustrating to wait two or more hours to have your dog's laceration evaluated, because the doctors are working on other animals," explains Dr. LaJeunesse.



Peso/Sadie, adopted by the Hammond family. *Linda S. Dupie*

If you're asked to wait, it simply means that there are more serious and life-threatening emergencies being attended. Do your best to remain patient and calm, remembering that your dog will likely take his cues from your behavior. Trust the veterinarians. They have the experience and skills to recognize the severity of various emergencies. They are best able to judge life-or-death situations.

Most importantly, be assured that the care they are focusing on someone else's pet is the very same level of attention your pet will receive when your turn comes around.

### Waiting for Blood Results

If you've been in an emergency with your dog, you probably already know the timeline involved for thorough blood tests. Simple screenings can usually be done on site, but sometimes an emergency situation is due to an underlying factor that doesn't always show up in a simple blood screening. When your pet is in a crisis, a 24-hour lab result may seem like forever.

To better understand the process, each day in the Puget Sound region of Washington State, an average of 1,000 blood samples are collected from animal clinics and hospitals all around the area, and transported to the main blood lab. Within a six- to eight-hour window of time, the lab batches the specimens together, performs testing, provides analysis, and reports individual results back to each and every veterinarian. The sheer numbers and diversity of requested tests take time.

Why doesn't every clinic have its own blood testing equipment? Quite frankly, it's because of the expense. The machine required to test and analyze results is a complex, costly device. Even at the emergency clinic, where a blood-testing machine is typically available, the veterinarians will often send the samples to the main testing lab out of house (except in extreme emergencies) to keep the cost of the emergency as affordable to the pet owner as possible.

### Emergency Preparation

Accidents are just that — unexpected situations with often life-threatening results. The best way to handle them is to avoid them. When that's not possible, your level of



advance preparation can be the critical factor in your pet's survival.

It's important to collect and maintain an emergency kit for your pet. This is even more critical for pet owners in a rural area, living more than an hour away from veterinary care. This kit is something that should travel with you; better yet, maintain one kit for the home, and keep a second kit in your car.

Buy a book that covers basic dog health-care. Read it, or at least browse through and put sticky notes on the vital pages so that you can quickly turn to those pages in an emergency.

Assemble a list of emergency phone numbers, including your veterinarian, an emergency after-hours clinic, and the ASPCA's Animal Poison Control Center at 1-888-426-4435 (be aware that there are consultation fees associated with the provided services from ASPCA, given that they are familiar with how different species respond to poisons and how best to manage these emergencies.)

Know *exactly* where the nearest emergency veterinary clinic or hospital is located. For added assurance, drive there yourself in advance to familiarize yourself with its location and best route to get there. If you live in a larger city, search out alternate driving routes to avoid traffic delays at busy times of day, as even a ten-minute delay can jeopardize a pet's survival in an emergency situation.

Have your pet fitted with a current identity tag, and include the word REWARD on

the tag to further encourage your dog's return. If your rescue group hasn't already done so, have your veterinarian or local animal shelter insert a microchip under your dog's skin to provide immediate electronic identification should your dog arrive at an emergency clinic before you, or without you if it was running loose. Keep both identity tags and registered microchip contact information up to date.

When possible, if you are en route to a clinic with your dog in an emergency situation, call the clinic to let them know you are on your way. As calmly and concisely as possible, give them your dog's breed, age, size, emergency problem, and estimated time of your arrival. Do this only if you can call safely and legally — getting into an auto accident on top of your pet's existing emergency is the last thing you need.

Most importantly, think ahead. Imagine all possibilities and be prepared for them. When a crisis occurs, get to the veterinarian or emergency clinic immediately. The tail wags and kisses you receive when it's all over will tell you that you did the right thing. ■

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*Relaena Sindelar lives in Seattle with her husband and two Greyhounds, Holly and Patrick. Her love of dogs, enthusiasm for learning, and passion for writing have resulted in a variety of articles on dog-related websites, newsletters, and magazines over the past nine years.*

## In-Home First-Aid Kit for Your Dog

Assemble these items and keep them ready in case of emergency with your dog. If you can't find the items at your local pet store, check with your veterinarian. Be sure to check for expiration dates on products, and replace them as needed. Store the kit in a safe place, away from pets and children. If possible, maintain one kit for home, and one in your car.

- Latex gloves
- Roll bandages, such as gauze wrap that stretches and clings
- Gauze sponges (a variety of sizes, both large and small)
- Gauze rolls, 2-inch width
- Adhesive tape
- Sterile pads, hypo-allergenic and non-adhesive
- Materials to make a splint, such as wood or sticks
- Small scissors and grooming clippers or razor
- Water-based sterile lubricant
- Over-the-counter antibiotic ointment (external use)
- Hydrogen peroxide 3% (check expiration date)
- Rubbing alcohol (isopropyl)
- Epsom salts
- Sterile eye lubricant and saline eye wash
- Glucose paste or corn starch
- Styptic powder or pencil
- Pediatric rectal thermometer (digital is okay)
- Baby-dose syringe or eye dropper
- Expired credit card to scrape away stingers
- Petroleum jelly
- Needle-nose pliers
- Pen-light or pocket flashlight
- Clean cloth
- Nylon leash and a muzzle (cage muzzles are best, soft collapsible ones are easy to carry... be sure it fits your pet)
- A towel and a compact thermal blanket (or a regular blanket if thermal is not available)
- A copy of your pet's emergency phone numbers



Boca Chica, adopted by Paula Brown of Monroe, Mich. Barb Carnahan



Jim McIntosh and Greyhounds Fonzie and Penelope make a sightseeing stop at Devil's Elbow, Mo., along Historic Route 66.

# Traveling with Greyhounds on Historic Route 66

Story and Photos by James E. McIntosh, Ph.D.

In May 2007 my wife Carla and I rented an RV, loaded up our Greyhounds, and headed for Chicago, Illinois to begin a 23-day journey down Historic Route 66. We traveled through eight states on good, bad, and terrible roads as we made our way to Los Angeles, California, where the highway ends. A trip of this magnitude was not inexpensive, and it required a great deal of preparation. Several challenges awaited us along the way, but the experiences we had and the memories we have are worth all we put into this trip.

A journey down Route 66 offers individuals with an adventurous spirit an exciting journey through remnants of America's early love affair with the automobile. This legendary highway is also known as The Mother Road, The Main Street of America, and the Will Rogers Memorial Highway. Route 66 was commissioned in 1926 and decommissioned in 1985 after development of the Interstate Highway System. It was subsequently removed from all road maps, but portions of it have been designated a National Scenic Byway and are returning to maps as "Historic Route 66." Additionally, most segments of the highway are marked with brown and white "Historic Route 66" road signs. Former mom-and-pop establishments such as motels, restaurants, and gasoline stations are being preserved and rehabilitated with the help of U.S. Government Cost-share Grants. These are provided by a 1999 Act of Congress that established the Route 66 Corridor Preservation Program.

We scheduled our Route 66 trip as a celebration of my June 2006 retirement from a 34-year teaching and research career. During the initial discussions, Carla suggested that we take our Greyhounds with us. We usually leave Penelope and Fonzarelli (7 and 7-and-a-half years old, respectively) at Camp Greyhound in Dallas, an excellent boarding and day care facility for Greyhounds and



Italian Greyhounds. This time we decided that having them with us would make our adventure much more enjoyable. Equally important, we wouldn't be separated from them for three-and-a-half weeks.

It was clear, however, that the only way we could do this would be to rent an RV. My research turned up Cruise America, a national RV rental agency that has an outlet close to our home. I knew that we would have nationwide travel assistance from this company if we encountered any mechanical problems. This was an important consideration since we would be traveling over 6,000 miles with two large dogs.

We examined two models, a 25 ft. standard (designed for a family of five) and a 30 ft. large (designed for a family of seven). It was obvious that even though we were only a family of four, Penelope and Fonzie being the kids, the 30 ft. RV was the better option for us as it offered more space for all of us to live comfortably for the length of time we would be on the road.

While I educated myself about the highway and investigated RV rentals, Carla prepared an extensive travel schedule and menus for each day we would be away from home.

The RV had a linoleum floor that would not give our Greyhounds secure footing, so I purchased some inexpensive indoor/outdoor carpeting to lay over it. On the morning we picked up the RV, Carla began loading it with all the essentials of home (food, dishes, kitchen utensils, towels, and bedding) while I installed the carpet. Penelope quickly jumped inside and made herself at home, not the least bit concerned that she was very much in the way. Fonzie had to be coaxed inside a short time later. I went out to close up the RV after it was readied for the next day's early departure and found Penelope sitting in the cab looking out the window. She wanted to be sure she wasn't left behind.

It was fortunate that we took our trip in May because we had no problem making reservations at RV parks while we were on the road. This would not have been the case if we had travelled during the summer vacation months.

Further preparations included obtaining the appropriate maps, atlases, and descriptive



The author's wife Carla poses with Greyhounds Fonzie and Penelope in front of a restored 1932 Standard Oil gas station in Odell, Ill.

books to enable us to navigate the various remnants of the old highway. These included Jerry McClanahan's *EZ66 Guide for Route 66 Travelers* (the premier guide for Route 66 travelers), Jerry McClanahan and Jim Ross's *Here It Is! Route 66 The Map Series* (individual state fold-out maps), and David Wickline's *Images of 66* (an excellent photographic guide to literally everything on Route 66). Various state and city maps were also quite useful. A newly published set of books, *Route 66 Atlas and Guidebook*, was not

available when we took our trip. These books use Global Positioning System (GPS) waypoints and should be considered by future Route 66 travelers.

Although my pre-trip research dealt mostly with Route 66 and RVs, I also made an inquiry on the Greytalk forum for recommendations from other Greyhound owners who had traveled with their hounds. I received many very good suggestions and consequently made sure we took the following items with us: current health records



Let's go! After the RV was loaded, Penelope jumped into the cab . . . even though the departure wouldn't be until morning.



Carla studies the next day's route, while Penelope helps . . . sort of.

(provided by our veterinarian); dog tags with cell phone numbers (Penelope and Fonzie's read, "I'm traveling," and listed both of our cell phone numbers); a baby gate (for any unforeseen need); muzzles, harnesses, extra leashes, and collars; and a large (double) ex-pen. When there was a grassy area next to our hook-up site, we set up the ex-pen so that the dogs had access into and out of the RV. We carried a laptop computer for downloading photos from our digital cameras and to

locate local Greyhound adoption groups if the need arose (most RV parks where we stayed had free wireless Internet access). Finally, we carried "Lost Dog" posters for each of our dogs, just in case.

Both the table and sofa in the RV convert into small beds, so we gave up use of these in order to provide comfortable sleeping and travel space for the hounds. We put their blankets and sleeping pads on the two beds to help them adjust to the new environ-

ment. We placed orthopedic pads on the floor between the beds. Space limitations did not permit us to feed them on raised dishes as we do at home, so they enjoyed the luxury of being fed while they sat on their beds. Feeding wasn't as simple as placing a bowl of kibble in front of them, because they each have a special diet; Penelope has kidney problems, and Fonzie has inflammatory bowel disease. Thus, in a very small kitchen, we had to coordinate preparing our food as well as two separate dog meals.

This was our first experience with RV travel, so the concept of having a generator was new to me. I knew we would have an electrical hook-up each night so I didn't think we would use the generator. However, having the ability to generate our own electricity turned out to be a real blessing because it enabled us to keep the coach cool whenever we could not take the dogs with us (when we stopped at grocery stores, restaurants, tourist attractions, and hundreds of photo opportunities). It also provided a vital element of safety. If the RV engine had broken down on the long, lonely, section of Route 66 that crosses the Mojave Desert, we would not have been able to keep the dogs cool without the generator.

The challenges we encountered along the way were not overwhelming. At the RV park just outside Chicago, we discovered that our RV had a rear (outside) flat tire. Cruise America prohibits renters from changing tires, so they sent someone to replace it early the following morning. Navigating in and out of some gasoline stations tested my driving skills. I quickly learned to appreciate the backup alarm on this RV. Traveling along some extremely bad sections of Route 66 was nerve wracking and, in one case, very unpleasant for all four of us.

Our trip officially began in Chicago next to Lake Michigan where East Jackson Drive begins at Lakeshore Drive. As we drove through downtown Chicago during the lunch hour, Penelope and Fonzarelli used their elevated position to watch — and bark at — all the pedestrians right outside the window. When we drove into the next RV park in Illinois, they started barking and became very excited. We immediately saw the reason for the excitement: Two cotton-





Penelope and Fonzie bed down for the night.

tail rabbits in the grass a few yards from our assigned hook-up site. We observed our Greyhounds' first encounter with these small, furry, wild creatures. We both noticed that their senses were heightened and they became very tense and focused. This response was very different from when they see cats during daily walks at home (neither dog is cat-tolerant).

In Staunton, Illinois we were visiting with Rich Henry of Henry's Rabbit Ranch when both dogs suddenly jumped into the cab of the RV and began barking excitedly. They had just discovered the domestic four-footed inhabitants of the ranch inside a chain link enclosure just a few feet from the RV. Their excitement escalated when Rich brought out his favorite rabbit to perform for us inside his store.

At one point along an Illinois section of the old highway, a coyote ran across the road in front of us. Both dogs spotted him through the windshield and gave chase down the length of the RV, barking at him through the

side and back windows as we drove by.

During our daytime travels, we made frequent stops so the dogs could stretch their legs, sniff everything in sight, and relieve themselves. The historic Chain of Rocks Bridge provided an excellent exercise opportunity. This bridge used to carry Route 66 traffic across the Mississippi River into St. Louis, Missouri, but it is open only to foot and bicycle traffic now. We walked the dogs from the Missouri side across the bridge to the Illinois side of the river and then back to our RV in St. Louis. Of course, stops such as this enabled them to leave their mark along the entire length of Route 66.

Our first night in Oklahoma was spent at the Grand Lake O' the Cherokees RV Park. Before our departure the next morning, we walked Penelope and Fonzie down to the lake. Carp were spawning in the shallows right next to the grassy edge of the lake. The splashing and wallowing of these huge fish naturally caught the dogs' attention and provided them some brief entertainment.

Most of the RV parks in which we stayed were well kept, and we didn't worry about walking the dogs to the "pet walk" area. However, one small park in Texas was not much more than a mowed field with hook-ups. We quickly discovered that the dogs couldn't walk here because of an abundance of grass burs. This was our only encounter with these painful barbed seeds. They were a problem we hadn't considered, even for the tough pads on our Greyhounds' feet.

In Holbrook, Arizona I told the owner of the Wigwam Motel that we would love to return and spend a night in one of his famous tepee-style motel units when we didn't have the RV or Greyhounds. He quickly replied that our dogs would always be welcome to stay with us in a tepee. If it had been later in the day, we would have parked the RV and taken him up on his offer.

Arizona's Meteor Crater RV Park, halfway between Winslow and Flagstaff, had two large, fenced exercise areas. We found this arrangement only at one other RV park,



An ex-pen allows the dogs access into and out of the RV.



Where to next? Fonzie and Penelope ride shotgun with Jim.

but on a much smaller scale. Penelope and Fonzie thoroughly enjoyed their newfound freedom in these areas. They kicked up their heels and clouds of desert dust, jumping and running around like a couple of kids just released from school for recess.

The Oatman Highway west of Kingman, Arizona twists and winds its way up and over Sitgreaves Pass, and then provides hair-raising switchbacks down the west side of the

pass. This alignment of Route 66 offers spectacular views and a real appreciation of what early travelers had to contend with. On the other hand, it was very difficult to navigate with a 30 ft. RV. Anyone considering an RV trip on Route 66 should be aware of this (McClanahan's *EZ66 Guide* advises large RV's to take I-40 instead). The dogs frequently enjoyed standing in the aisle so they could look out the windshield, but on this

stretch of road, standing was not an option.

We stopped for lunch in Topock, Arizona before entering California. We gave the dogs a chance for a cool dip in Topock Marsh off the Colorado River. Penelope eagerly waded in at a boat ramp, but Fonzie refused to even get his feet wet.

While we were walking around the restored California mining town of Calico, a cat darted out from under an old building. This caused Penelope and Fonzie to react in their typical aggressive manner, barking and straining at their leashes. Their behavior prompted a light-hearted joking request from the site Rangers to borrow both dogs for a day to help them reduce the feral cat population. We were told that these cats prey on Chukars, beautiful birds that are non-native relatives of the grouse. The proprietor of a gift shop in Calico was so impressed with our Greyhounds' calm, quiet behavior (in the absence of feral cats) that she invited us to bring them in if we wanted to browse her shop.

The worst section of road we drove was a 12- to 13-mile stretch west of Ludlow, California. McClanahan's *EZ66 Guide* advised taking I-40 due to the very rough pavement travelers would encounter. We decided to go for it, but could only travel about 5 to 10 mph to avoid destroying the RV and our nerves (I believe both sustained some damage). Penelope and Fonzie weren't sure how to handle this extremely bumpy road. Their soft beds definitely were an asset as they bounced along with us. We almost aborted this segment at the halfway point to get on the parallel running I-40. Our desire to drive as much of the historic road as possible kept us on track.

Our trip ended in Santa Monica, California at both the official and unofficial terminal points of Route 66. The official end is at the busy intersection of Olympic Boulevard and Lincoln Boulevard. The unofficial end is a few blocks away at the junction of Santa Monica Boulevard with Ocean Avenue, close to Santa Monica Pier. Palisades Park runs along Ocean Boulevard, and where Santa Monica Boulevard ends there is a memorial marker in the park dedicating Route 66 as the Will Rogers Memorial Highway. We tried to locate a place to park



the RV in order to walk the dogs in this beautiful oceanside park and celebrate the successful completion of our journey. We circled the area several times but were unable to find a spot large enough to accommodate the RV.

Over the course of the trip, Penelope's separation anxiety was evident. Whenever I got out of the driver's seat to take pictures or go into a store or restaurant, she would climb into the cab and watch my every move. Occasionally I had to go around to the back of the RV, and I could hear her galloping through the coach. When I walked by the rear window she would be staring at me, completely ignoring Carla's reprimand to get off the bed. She also kept a close eye on me out of the rear side window whenever I filled up the gas tank. At one point we tried using the baby gate to keep her from jumping on the bed, but that didn't stop her. We discontinued this practice because I became concerned that she might catch her foot in the gate as she jumped over it onto the bed, breaking her leg. Penelope and Fonzie watched intently through the windshield whenever we both exited the cab. They were always hopeful we were going to take them for a walk.

We were delighted with the reception our Greyhounds received from the people we met along Route 66. Most of them had never seen Greyhounds. Everyone thought both dogs were beautiful, graceful, and very laid-back animals. We used these opportunities to



Jim, Fonzie, and Penelope stretch their legs and create a photo opportunity along Route 66 in New Mexico.



Penelope and Fonzie kick up their heels at the dog exercise area at Meteor Crater RV Park in Flagstaff, Ariz.





Penelope happily wades in the Colorado River backwater at Topock Marsh, while Fonzie demonstrates that he wants no part of it.



Penelope stands on the bed and ignores instructions to get down.

discuss the benefits and joys of Greyhound adoption. When we described our hounds as 45 mph couch potatoes, smiles always appeared on people's faces. Many RV travelers are accompanied by small dogs, so the sheer size of Penelope and Fonzie (90 lbs each) attracted attention from the RV crowd. Penelope is a shy girl, but Fonzie is our goodwill ambassador and he instantly made strangers feel at ease. Just like Will Rogers, whose life and career were intimately linked to Route 66, Fonzie has never met a person he didn't like.

In keeping with the lyrics of Bobby Troup's 1946 hit song, *Route 66*, we definitely got our "kicks on Route 66." The trip was nostalgic for me because when I was a boy, my family took several summer vacations to southern California via Route 66. Some sections of the old highway have reproductions of the old Burma-Shave® roadside signs. For those who never traveled when these Burma-Shave® advertisements adorned America's roadsides, they consisted of six 10" x 36" red signs with white lettering. Each sign was

spaced 10 to 20 yards apart such that travelers had to wait a few seconds to read the next line of the jingle. Burma-Shave® was usually the last sign.

These nostalgic signs prompted me to create my own jingle as we rolled down the highway:

WHEN TRAVELING DOWN  
ROUTE 66  
WITH GREYHOUNDS YOU  
WILL GET  
MORE KICKS  
BURMA-SHAVE®.

Neither Penelope nor Fonzie enjoys traveling in our Honda minivan, so we were surprised that they turned out to be such wonderful long-distance travelers. Both dogs either slept or enjoyed their elevated position to watch the activity along the highway. They slept well at night; Penelope wanted to go out only one night (she frequently needs out during the night at home). I got dressed and took her for a moonlight walk in the RV park. Fortunately no four-footed, furry critter was prowling around; otherwise she would



certainly have awakened everyone in the park.

Penelope and Fonzie adapted quite well to living for such a long time in their mobile house. Thus, I was curious how they would react to their return home. As we drove down our alley late the evening of the final day, I rolled down the windows of the cab. Both dogs perked up and seemed to sense that they were close to home. Fonzie began to roo and bark, and Penelope emitted her excited whine. They bounced around with excitement until they were finally allowed to exit the RV in our gated driveway. Their first priority, of course, was to conduct a thorough examination of the house and backyard. They promptly discovered that a neighbor's cat had adopted their backyard.

The next day we unloaded and cleaned the RV. After I removed the carpet, Penelope got back inside and refused to leave. Perhaps she thought we were preparing to go on another road trip and did not want to be left behind. I had to coax her out with a treat.

The entire trip was slightly more than 6,200 miles and took us 23 days (which included traveling from Dallas to Chicago, a two-day roundtrip from Los Angeles to San Jose, and then traveling from Los Angeles back to Dallas). With numerous turnarounds and several miles of backtracking, our trip down Route 66 was about 2,500 miles (the main alignment is generally listed as 2,448 miles long).

This was quite a journey for us and our Greyhounds. Penelope and Fonzie put up with all kinds of roads, numerous photo stops (some rather abrupt), lots of turning around and backtracking, cold weather, hot weather, dust, rain, and thunderstorms (Penelope is thunderphobic). They accomplished this with their characteristic delightful temperament and enthusiasm for adventure. They are now full-fledged Route 66 Road Warriors and truly earned their *I Traveled Route 66* patches.

We were not able to drive some of the older stretches of the highway and missed

seeing some of the Route 66 attractions because we travelled in a large RV. We don't regret these sacrifices. They were made so that our special Greyhounds could share this adventure with us. The trade-off was more than offset by having them along. We were able to share our lives with them in a way that couldn't be done at home. We got to observe their reactions to many new experiences that could only have occurred on this trip. The trip was very much a success because we were able to live and travel with them on this very unique, very long road. ■

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*James E. McIntosh, Ph.D. is Professor Emeritus of Biomedical Sciences, Baylor College of Dentistry, Texas A&M Health Science Center in Dallas. He does volunteer work for Greyhounds Unlimited in the Dallas area. Carla works for a legal support services company in Dallas.*



The dogs relaxed on the road, undisturbed by the sound of passing traffic.



Jack Cady and his Greyhound Jordan came in fourth at the Humane Society of Greater Kansas City's annual Dog-N-Jog.

# Running with Your Greyhound

By Jack Cady

Is it possible to train a Greyhound to be a good running partner? At first consideration, the answer to this question would seem obvious given the natural propensity of Greyhounds to run. People run with dogs all the time. In fact, I recently read an article in *Runner's World* magazine about a man who ran a marathon with his Border Collie by his side. The last 24 miles or so, he ran with the dog unleashed.

Of course, as Greyhound enthusiasts, we all know that traits common to most dogs don't necessarily apply to Greyhounds. The fact is, running with my dog was one of the things I was most interested in doing. However, in my research of the breed prior to adopting, this is one point that kept coming back as a negative. I had heard and read all of the same things that I'm sure you have:

They are just big couch potatoes.

They are great running all-out for 30 seconds, but take them on a one-mile walk and you may have to carry them back.

In other words, they are not known for their endurance.

Even with this potential drawback, we decided to adopt a retired racer. The issue now became how to take a purely anaerobic creature (fast over short distances) and turn it into an aerobic one (slower over long distances).

As a physical therapist and marathon runner, I have a business in which I specialize in working with runners. I looked at the challenge of turning the best sprinter in the dog world into a distance runner in much the same way I look at training humans. Based on my experience, here are some suggestions for turning your couch potato into your running buddy:



## Help your Greyhound gradually increase his aerobic capacity.

Much like the human sprinter, a Greyhound's most well-developed source of energy comes from the anaerobic system. That is the means by which we produce energy without the need for oxygen. It is great for short bursts of very intense work, such as running 550 yards around a track in 30 seconds. Our anaerobic capacity is very short lived, however. To sustain a run of longer distance, one needs to rely on the aerobic system.

Just like humans new to distance running, Greyhounds need to develop their aerobic capacity gradually. A good way to do this is to start with a combination of running and walking. You might start by running for two minutes, then walking for three, and repeating this sequence for a total of 20 minutes. Over the course of a few weeks, adjust the walk/run time ratio to increase the run time and decrease the walk time.

After his initial break-in period, my dog Jordan quickly progressed to running three miles comfortably. He did have a tendency to spend the first mile out in front of me, the second by my side, and the third lagging behind. We eventually built up to the point that he could run six to seven miles, but he seemed to be most comfortable going three and four miles. His aerobic improvement became evident five months later when we added a second Greyhound to the mix. As I began running with the two, Jordan led the way, as it took Flower a few weeks to adapt to the distance. Initially, she needed a few walk and pant breaks.

## Take care of their paws.

Retired racers have spent their careers running on a soft mixture of dirt and sand that is frequently groomed. Their paw pads are very soft, so you obviously can't expect them to take off on a five-mile run on asphalt and concrete any more than you would try to do that yourself, barefoot. To toughen up the pads, we started by taking walks and throwing in one-quarter to one-half mile runs for about the first two to three weeks.

Check your dog's paws after every run and treat with pad moisturizer if needed. Protecta-Pad® (Tomlyn Products) has worked well for us. In addition, you can mix Tuf-Foot® (Bonaseptic Co.) and alcohol in a

spray bottle and apply it to the dog's paws, as some in the racing industry do.

## Consider purchasing special equipment as needed.

One necessity that I feel makes the experience more enjoyable is a hands-free leash. Arm swing is a very important component in an efficient running stride, and holding a leash in your hand is definitely going to adversely affect that swing.

If you buy a hands-free leash, get a good one. My first hands-free leash was just a long leash with a buckle that attached around my waist. It was fine until one day when we were leaving the yard and I turned my back to close the gate. Jordan spotted a squirrel across the street. The buckle snapped like it wasn't even there and Jordan covered about 300 feet in the time it took the squirrel to cover 20 feet. They met at the base of a tree with the squirrel narrowly avoiding disaster. After gathering Jordan as he stared up into the tree, I ordered a Z-Hands Free Leash™ from Larz Pet Gear ([www.larzpetgear.com](http://www.larzpetgear.com)). It has been a blessing. In fact, the company has worked with me to customize the length and style to accommodate two dogs. My wife says it looks a little like I'm being pulled in a chariot as they run side by side with me trailing behind. It certainly adds to my enjoyment of running with dogs.

## Be aware of the elements.

Greyhounds don't do well with in extreme temperatures. On one particularly hot day, Jordan came to a complete stop half a mile into a run. He stopped dead in his tracks and would not take even one more step. When I turned back, he broke into a run again since we were heading home. We have had less trouble with cold since running generates heat.

One concern may be your Greyhound's ears. To protect them, one method is to cut the toe out of a tube sock and pull it over the dog's head to cover the ears. I have not actually tried this myself, so I can't say how the dog would react, but I have seen it done.

## Stay attuned to your dog.

Pay attention to him and watch for any signs of distress. He loves nothing more than running, and being with you. Now, if you

combine the two, he would probably run through broken glass without complaint. I can tell you from experience that this is true. Jordan's most serious running-related injury was a cut between his paw pads. It was significant enough to require stitches. Watch for limping, excessive panting or shivering, or any other behaviors that would be out of the ordinary.

## Above all, keep it fun.

It is probably best to look at these runs as "fun runs" for both you and your dog. Let him do what he wants to do. If he wants to stop and "smell the roses," let him. Don't look at these runs with your dog as training runs for you. If you have personal goals either for speed or distance, best to accomplish those without the dog. You will both be happier.

Of course, I can't speak for all Greyhounds, but the two that I have worked with have taken to slowing down to my pedestrian pace without complaint. If you go about it with some common sense and consideration, and help your dog adapt gradually, just about any Greyhound can become a wonderful running partner.

Good luck, and enjoy your run. ■

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*Jack Cady has been a runner for over 20 years, has coached cross-country and is a veteran of 16 marathons. He is the founder of Stride Mechanics, LLC, a company that presents educational seminars for runners, coaches, and physical therapists. He lives and runs in Blue Springs, Mo. with his family and Greyhounds.*





A walk organized by Greyhound Adventure in Minute Man National Historical Park, Lexington, Mass.

# Greyhound Adventures: A Greyhound Walking Group Becomes Much More

By Jennifer Saker Photographs by George Giunta, Jr.

A casual Sunday morning stroll through the woods among friends and their Greyhounds has turned into quite an adventure. What started as a small group of walkers has grown to weekly walks averaging more than 30 Greyhounds and their owners. Greyhound Adventures & Networking Group of Greater Boston, Inc. is an all-volunteer group whose mission is to create opportunities to network with the Greyhound community and raise awareness of the Greyhound as a companion animal.

Greyhound Adventures' board consists of Melissa Cook, a marketing director; Barbara Redmond, a psychiatric nurse; myself, Jennifer Saker, a government services representative; and, of course, our five hounds: Avalanche, Safari, Klem, Rock Star, and Quiet Man. Our primary mission is to provide a fun environment for Greyhounds and their owners in which to network and socialize. That was the purpose two-and-a-half years ago, when we expanded beyond simple, informal walks to become an official group, with the power to reach out within the Greyhound community, and beyond to those who might not yet know the joys of Greyhound ownership.

Our most prominent activity is our weekly expeditions during which members walk their dogs together, and both hounds and humans have the opportunity to socialize. The walks are held every Sunday at different locations in the





Greyhound Adventures holds the Jingle Bell Walk every December in Boston, Mass.

Greater Boston area and around Massachusetts. Walk locations range from state and national parks to beaches and city streets, and it is a challenge to count the number of dogs who attend each week. This sight always creates quite a stir, and on every walk we encounter folks who stop us to ask questions about the breed. Comments often heard are, “I can’t believe how quiet they all are,” “I can’t believe how well they get along with each other,” “They are so beautiful!” and “What kind of dog is that?” For many folks, this is their first encounter with a Greyhound. We have had people join us who didn’t even own a Greyhound yet and who just wanted to learn more about the breed. Spunky Argus’s parents were houndless the first time they joined us. They not only adopted Argus shortly thereafter, but they recently added a new hound, Penny, to their pack. This is just one example of the impact our walks have had on spreading the word about Greyhounds.

The dogs also love the camaraderie of other Greyhounds. For some “only child” dogs, it is the only canine interaction they

have all week. For newly adopted dogs, it is the first time they have seen a Greyhound since coming into their new home — and the excitement is uncontrollable. Our group consists of new and veteran adopters, and the roster of walkers changes each week. It is a wonderful forum for sharing stories, seeking advice, networking, and making friends. Each dog walks at a different pace, and when

a walker stops to pick up poop (we are a very responsible group), they may find themselves walking next to someone else and new stories are shared. The walks always end with cookie time and a group photo. Many dogs do not want to get back into the car and leave their friends behind for a whole week. It begins all over again the following Sunday when the owner rustles their backpacks and their dogs



The walks give Greyhounds a chance to socialize, as Geraldine and Katie illustrate.





Greyhound Adventures on a walk at Castle Island, South Boston, Mass.



Greyhound Adventures visits Hopkinton State Park, Hopkinton, Mass.

know it's adventure time.

Greyhound Adventures is non-political. We do not take a formal stance on racing and we support all Greyhound adoption groups. Our members' dogs come from virtually every group in Massachusetts, including the two tracks. We are an organization to which folks can turn, in addition to their own adoption

group, for post-adoption support and advice. We promote adoption by posting links to all Massachusetts adoption groups and by publicizing their events on our website. We provide information about Greyhound Adventures to all the adoption groups to hand out to new adopters. We realize that adoption groups already have an incredible

responsibility in taking care of their dogs, and we can act as another resource to help the dogs and their owners once they are settled into their new homes.

We advocate safety and wellness and provide information on how to prevent dogs from getting lost. The big push to reinforce safety is due to the numerous lost-dog search-



es in which our members have participated over the last few years. While we try to prevent lost dogs, we realize it can happen to anyone. We have a contingency plan in place and a list of dedicated volunteers who will jump in and help out as soon as a dog is reported missing. We have placed eight “lost-dog bins” throughout Massachusetts so the volunteer who is closest to a reported missing hound can quickly be on the scene with lost-dog flyer supplies. We also have links to information and flyer templates on our website to help owners get started on their own. This information is included in the packets we provide to adoption groups.

One of the most rewarding aspects of being involved in this group is seeing the progress of individual hounds. Among the three of us who founded the group, we each have a “problem” dog who reacts aggressively to non-Greyhounds. While walking in public places can sometimes be challenging with our guys, it is beneficial to work with them and try to curb their behavior and properly socialize them. We also have a few “mules” in the group: dogs who simply refuse to walk. However, once they are in a pack on a Sunday adventure, they miraculously start walking and begin to enjoy themselves. Bo is one hound who comes to mind who occasionally still needs to be carried back to the parking lot (all 75 pounds of him). We also have some city dogs living in country dogs’ bodies. Take Louise, for instance, a frisky Irish girl who’d rather be out chasing squirrels all day than pounding pavement. Her equally active Mom and Dad join us every Sunday to give Louise the exercise she needs (often jogging up ahead and looping back to us slower folks), and let her sniff out the squirrels of suburbia. We also have the super-shy pups: Sonie, Royal, and Faye. What a joy it is to see them slowly come out of their shells, sniff a few noses, and maybe even let another human besides Mom or Dad give them a quick pat. The socialization skills the walks provide have proven invaluable to many different types of Greyhounds.

Greyhound Adventures started as a few friends and Greyhounds casually walking together, usually followed by making plans for the next time to meet up. The group grew and ideas for Greyhound Adventures brewed.



Cookie time!



Greyhounds cool off on a Greyhound Adventures walk at Great Brook Farm State Park, Carlisle, Mass.





The hounds and people of Greyhound Adventures head for home.

Then a logo and website were created and our contact list grew quickly. Walks that used to average about ten Greyhounds now average 30 or more. Last year we also received our 501(c) nonprofit status, which allows our group to receive tax-deductible donations.

With our growth, our expenses have increased. All donations go directly into ex-

cuting our mission. Insurance, permits, walk supplies, promotional materials, lost-dog kits, and website hosting are just a few of the expenses incurred in running Greyhound Adventures. As board members, we meet quarterly or more frequently (of course all five of our hounds are always present, usually leaving the three board members sitting on the

floor). We send out weekly e-mails to more than 200 members with walk reminders, links to photos, and upcoming events. We have also attended many Greyhound functions, including speaking at the North American Greyhound Adoption Conference in Manchester, New Hampshire, in 2007. Beyond the walks and some speaking engagements, we have held doggie ice cream socials, holiday parties, picnics at outdoor concerts, and two annual events: Greyhound Planet Day and the Jingle Bell Walk. These last two events are held annually in conjunction with another walking group in Massachusetts, Trail Bound Hounds. During Greyhound Planet Week, we hold a special hike and picnic to promote and celebrate our Greyhound friends around the globe. Each December we hold the Jingle Bell Walk in Boston to honor dogs who have passed away during the year and raise money in their names for the Morris Animal Foundation.

We all have full-time jobs to help support our Greyhound habit, but I think we are in agreement that this is our first love. This is what brings us the most joy: helping the hounds, having fun doing it, and making new friends, one adventure at a time. We believe that if the dogs have fun, the people have fun and perhaps have learned a thing or two from one another. And if even one person we encounter on an adventure becomes interested in learning more about adopting a Greyhound, then our mission has been accomplished.

To find out more about Greyhound Adventures, view pictures from our walks, and find links to great information, please visit us at [www.greyhoundadventures.org](http://www.greyhoundadventures.org). If you are interested in starting a walking club or a similar group in your area and would like more information on how to proceed, contact Melissa, Barbara, or Jennifer at [info@greyhoundadventures.org](mailto:info@greyhoundadventures.org). ■

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*Jennifer Saker is vice president of Greyhound Adventures & Networking Group of Greater Boston, Inc. She resides in Framingham, Mass. with her Greyhound, JR's Quiet Man. Photographer George Giunta, Jr. resides in Needham, Mass. and is owned by his Greyhound, Kelsey.*





Greyhounds make their way into adoption with the assistance of a GUR. Kansas Rusty is the closest dog; Cletus is the black one. The fawn in the back is the alpha female and the white female is the quiet one.

# Ride Along on a GUR

Story and photos by John Hendrickson

**T**he term GUR (Greyhound Underground Railroad) refers to a quickly assembled and loosely connected band of volunteers who transport Greyhounds, relay style, from one part of the country to another. A single trip is divided into short segments that are handled by different drivers. Some of the longer GURs require overnight stays at either a volunteer's home or a hotel. Each trip has different volunteers most of the time.

Transporting Greyhounds from places where they are not wanted to places where they are has always been a challenge, particularly west of the Mississippi where the country is less populated and distances are greater. I consider this section of the country to be my backyard (he says with much exaggeration). My home is near Las Vegas and, fortunately, I love to drive. The GURs in which I have been involved were often not relays, but single legs that were occasionally broken up by overnight hotel stays. When a long GUR is forming back East and the coordinator is having trouble filling all of the legs, I use a visit to relatives in Indiana as an excuse to get closer to the area so I can participate in the transport.

I've had more recent and longer GURs than the trip described here, but somehow this one stands out in my mind. In April 2005, I drove from Indiana to Alabama to pick up four retired racers. The dogs were destined for an adoption group in Albuquerque, New Mexico that already had homes waiting for them. I had contacted this group



If you see this van, chances are good that it's full of Greyhounds and a GUR is in progress.

before and offered to transport Greyhounds as needed. That's why I found myself at the kennels of Mobile Greyhound Park one Friday morning around 7:30. They call this area "The Pit" since the kennels are located in a depression on the side of a hill. It's a little difficult to find.

With the seats removed, my van easily holds four Greyhounds. I had covered the floor with disposable pillows and blankets. (My feeling is that a comfortable hound is usually a quiet hound.) We loaded the dogs into the van, muzzles on. That's a normal precaution, since one or more of them may have space issues. They are quite capable of

eating and drinking while wearing muzzles. There were two males and two females, all with distinct personalities. I got to know each of them pretty well by the end of the journey.

About an hour into the trip, a commotion broke out behind me. The alpha female was letting the other female know that she was getting too close. This was a minor deal and we continued on our way. Kansas Rusty, a big red brindle male, liked to visit me as we drove along. He was Mr. Personality and I enjoyed having him around. He would offend the Alpha Queen every so often and pretend that he didn't hear her grumbling at

him. *You talkin' to me?* All of them would visit me as we traveled, including the Alpha Queen.

An accident on a bridge in Mississippi and Friday rush hour traffic on the beltway around Dallas slowed us down. We arrived in Amarillo late in the evening. I walked the dogs near a convenience store. We had made two or three potty stops earlier, so I was used to handling four Greyhounds at a time. It wasn't easy, but it was manageable since they were leash-trained, as all racing Greyhounds are. (That said, I'll have cages the next time I transport four Greyhounds.)

It was time for a nap to knock out the drowsiness, so I dozed off behind the wheel while we were still parked near the store. About ten minutes later, I was rudely awakened by Rusty, dragging his muzzle across my face. *OK, driver, let's get going!* That was the end of the nap. It didn't matter, since I only needed a few minutes to become alert. Off we went.

We approached Albuquerque before dawn. I turned on the inside light to double-check the directions to our destination. I had just walked the Greyhounds on a potty stop, and a couple of them were still standing. Suddenly, three of the four dogs were barking at the top of their lungs. The tinted side windows of the van had become a perfect mirror; there they stood, shoulder to shoulder, bark-



Jack, adopted by Jeff and Patty Erdman of Robertsville, Mo.



ing at the strange Greyhounds only inches from their noses. Cletus, the smart one, was resting on the floor; he looked up at them as if they were nuts. He seemed to know that nobody could be outside those windows while we were in motion, and he didn't seem to care. The clamor stopped when I turned off the light.

We arrived at our destination shortly after sunrise. The dogs were turned loose in a large fenced area to do their business. I had two cups of great coffee with the woman who ran the adoption group that was taking the dogs, and then I was off to continue my trip. I looped back to pick up five Dachshunds near Austin, Texas for a lady in California and a couple of female Greyhounds, maybe Lurchers, in Kansas who had failed at coyote hunting and were in danger of being put down. I dropped the Greyhounds off with an adoption group in Phoenix, Arizona and handed off the Dachshunds (not rescues) to their new owner in Barstow, California. After an overnight stay in Barstow, I headed back towards Las Vegas.

You can find pictures of this trip and others at [www.bluegreyhound.com](http://www.bluegreyhound.com). The most recent GURs are on the last pages of the site. I like to haul all sighthound breeds so you'll see Greyhounds along with Borzoi, Galgos, and Lurchers. I have another website at [www.houndtalk.com](http://www.houndtalk.com) with a forum dedicated to sighthound transportation and GURs. You'll find links there to GUR lists where you can either volunteer to transport or request help with transportation.

This trip was a bit more complicated than usual, but it demonstrates that anybody can easily transport Greyhounds a hundred or two hundred miles. How about volunteering to take a leg the next time a GUR is passing through your area? I would like to see hundreds of drivers all over the country so that states with a surplus of Greyhounds, such as Florida, could be hooked up with the West Coast, where there are millions of potential adopters. I may be naïve, but I see way stations comprised of adoption groups and volunteer homes along several east-to-west interstates, starting with I-10 or I-40. Each would be only a potty stop apart (less than 200 miles) so that new and inexperienced drivers wouldn't have to take the dogs out on



Lance, adopted by Carol Sahlfeld of Dallas, Texas.

risky breaks. Each way station would have dog facilities for short breaks and the occasional overnight stay. Way stations would also have backups when the primary way station is temporarily unavailable. Food and paperwork would be sent with each Greyhound. The dogs could be transported any distance and either direction along these routes, although the prevailing direction would be east to west.

This "way station" idea might just be possible with enough organization and effort. Do I see hands being raised? (I may be pushing it here.)

By the way, I've never taken compensation for trip expenses, even though it's been offered many times. How can you take money from an orphanage? Transportation is my small contribution to these beautiful and deserving animals. When you arrive in Santa

Cruz, California in the fog at 1:00 a.m. to deliver two Greyhounds to their forever home, you feel an incredible sense of satisfaction. There will be no marching band to greet you, but there will be somebody at that location who is very grateful you took the time and effort to bring their dogs to them.

If you're driving down the highway one day and see a silver van with a white Greyhound decal in the back window, give the driver a wave. He might just be transporting some of the sweetest creatures who ever walked this planet. It's been a pleasure for me to help move them along on the journey to their forever homes. ■

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*John Hendrickson and his wife Ruth live in Henderson, Nev. with their Greyhounds Bengal and Panda. John is the administrator of the forums at [www.houndtalk.com](http://www.houndtalk.com).*



Can these leashes be safer? Chester and Sophie, adopted by Chris and Dave Hanson of Clifton Park, N.Y.

# Keeping your Greyhound Safe on Walks

By Jon Fishback and Jennifer Saker

## Leash Modification

Story and Photos by Jon Fishback

Have you ever had a problem holding on to a slick nylon leash? To make the hand loop (Figure 1) seem secure, you might put it over your wrist, then wrap the lead around your hand. This can be painful when the leash is pulled too tight, and it is not secure at all if you inadvertently open your hand. You could put a lark's head knot in the hand loop and try to secure it to your wrist, but the lark's head may come open, because the nylon is slippery.

One solution is the buckle tightener (Figure 2), which you can buy at any good fabric store. Use the 1-inch size, which is the width of the lead provided by many adoption groups. This lead has the thickness that works best with the buckle. Very heavy leads or those made of a different material, such as leather, may not fit the buckle.

Simply rip the threads that create the hand loop of the lead, opening the loop as shown. Thread the nylon strapping through the buckle tightener (Figure 3) with the point of the tightener facing the far end.

Secure the short loose end by sewing it down. The result (Figure 4) is a hand loop that can be pulled up tight on the wrist without coming loose, thus freeing both hands when necessary. It is virtually impossible to drop the lead when the loop is pulled tight around the wrist.

As you can see (Figure 5), if you release the lead, it will continue to be safely attached to your wrist. ■



# The Carabiner

Story by Jennifer Saker  
Photos by George Giunta Jr.

Safety is a top priority for us at Greyhound Adventures. We've seen dogs slip collars, bolt from open car doors, leashes come unclipped, and people drop leashes. We have searched for many lost dogs and have some easy ways to prevent this from happening. While we realize accidents can happen to anyone, there are a few easy tips to keep your Greyhound safe and prevent him or her from getting away from you. Our own dogs wear seat belt harnesses while riding in the car. Not only does this help to prevent a dog from getting thrown from the car in an accident, but it lets you open the car door and leash your dog while he's still secure

in the car. We also advocate wrapping leashes around your wrist. These hounds can be a lot stronger and faster than you may realize and can pull a leash very easily right out of your hand, especially if they see something they really want, like that yummy squirrel! We also check to make sure collars and harnesses fit securely. They also need to be re-checked periodically for wear and tear and re-tightening.

One of the easiest ways to add security to your leash is to attach a simple carabiner, a D-shaped ring with a spring catch often used in rock climbing. These inexpensive gadgets are available at hardware or outdoor stores. If a leash catches on something and comes unclipped, or if the hardware fails, the carabiner is an added line of defense to keep your dog attached to his leash. There is also a locking version, as pictured, which is even better. Just make sure the clips are facing the opposite direction from one another so if one gets caught on something, the other will remain in place.

These are quick and easy steps you can take to keep your hound safe. Pass them along! ■

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*Jon P. Fishback volunteers with GPA/Northwest as photographer and placement representative. Jennifer Saker is vice president of Greyhound Adventures & Networking Group of Greater Boston, Inc. She lives in Framingham, Mass. with her Greyhound JR's Quiet Man.*



The carabiner is an added line of defense for the leash fastener.



A traditional carabiner (top) and a locking carabiner (bottom).

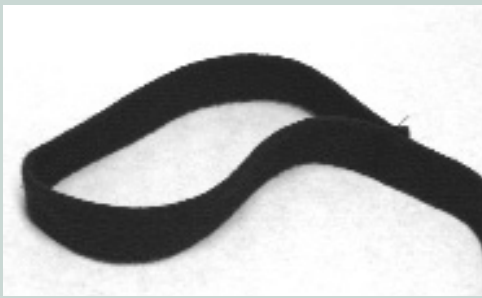


Figure 1. The hand loop on a traditional nylon leash.



Figure 2. The buckle tightener.



Figure 3. After opening the loop, thread the end of the strap through the buckle.



Figure 4. Secure the short loose end and create a new loop.



Figure 5. The result is a secure hand loop.



Suzanne Lipson reclines with Greymate Cooper during the photo shoot for Southeastern Greyhound Adoption's 2008 Greymates calendar.

# For The Greyhounds: Southern Women Bare It All

By Patti Peterson

Shortly after taking on the tough volunteer job of Fundraising Chairman for Southeastern Greyhound Adoption (SEGA) in June 2006, I was approached half-jokingly by our organization's president, John Parker, with an idea. He proposed doing a nude calendar similar to one put together by the Rylstone Women's Institute in North Yorkshire, England. The goals of the calendar would be to raise public awareness of Greyhounds as a fabulous breed, promote adoption, and raise funds for SEGA's adoption program.

My initial reaction was *No* — and not just *No*, but *Hell, No!* However, the more I thought about it the more the idea appealed to me in a way no other fundraising venture had prior to that time. I decided I would look into it and see just what these women did that was extraordinary enough to garner them a stint on *The Tonight Show*, inspire a feature film (*Calendar Girls*), and raise thousands of dollars for leukemia research. The self-published Alternate Women's Institute Calendar, as it had been named, was officially released on April 12, 1999. It was an instant sensation, with the first printing selling out in a week. Ten thousand more copies were produced during a massive second printing; they were sold out in just three more weeks. Word spread quickly about the calendar, and the international press soon jumped on the story. By December 1999, just nine months after its launch, the calendar had sold



88,000 copies, and raised some \$550,000 for leukemia research. After reading that history and those statistics, I was quite intrigued.

I then did some research on the ladies who produced a similar calendar in an effort to save the Aiken Area Council on Aging program in Aiken, South Carolina, which was in grave danger due to a loss of funding. The not-for-profit Aiken Area Council on Aging (AACOA) is a lifeline for many of Aiken's older adults and their families. In addition to being the only provider of coordinated public transportation services for the elderly, it provides a host of other essential services, including home-delivered meals, respite care for Alzheimer's patients, counseling, and home care programs.

A group of Aiken's women saw the need and decided to try to help the AACOA. They determined that it was going to take more than its annual fundraiser to get the council on its feet and they were willing to reveal a bit of themselves to save it. As a result, 26 church-going Southern belles over the age of 60 took on the cause by taking off their clothes and creating the tasteful and picturesque "Still Magnolias" calendar.

As in the *Calendar Girls* movie, the release of the "Still Magnolias" calendar caused quite a stir in the small Southern town of Aiken which, no doubt, fueled sales as they met their initial goal of \$100,000 for the council and then some.

Knowing the great success of these two groups, I figured we had nothing to lose. Even if the calendar sales were a fraction of those sold by these groups, I imagined how many Greyhounds SEGA could help send on their way to their forever homes. I called John and told him I'd coordinate the project. It was worth a shot.

The fun began. I first set out to find a location. Where on earth in the Atlanta metro area would we find a setting beautiful enough for this undertaking, one whose owners wouldn't mind a bunch of naked women milling about the property for a few weekends? I could think of no place better than Summer Wind Farm. It is a beautiful 62-acre parcel with gently rolling pastures, horses, barns, trees, a pool — just scads of places in which we could shoot our calendar. Not



Patti Peterson's Greyhound Remi looks on as Andy the horse urges Patti to get ready for the shot.

coincidentally, it is also the homestead of John Parker. My mind raced at the possibilities. I approached John with this proposal. Of course, he was all for it. The stipulation I provided to him was that he had to vacate the premises during the photo shoot. No men allowed! He reluctantly agreed.

The next task was to find a photographer. I knew someone who taught photography classes through her local photography club. I had seen some of her work and knew she would be perfect for this project. I asked and she didn't even hesitate before exclaiming, "Of course I'll do it." I was thrilled.

I then proceeded to solicit the ladies (so to speak). This, I have to say, was the most difficult part. First, it was very difficult to ask

another woman to take her clothes off for this project, even for a good cause. And at times I was asking total strangers. Second, it was difficult to find women who didn't have issues doing such a thing due to work, family, or any number of other reasons. Needless to say, I asked quite a few women. It was a bit discouraging, as I didn't know if I would find twelve women who would commit to the project. That feeling prevailed until the very end, in fact, as a few of the women came and went. It was like a revolving door at times.

Other volunteers came on board: A SEGA volunteer who used to sell cosmetics agreed to be our hair and make-up person. Another SEGA volunteer, a graphic designer, offered to put it all together. We were all set.



Apparently the photo shoot was exhausting for Lori St. Onge's Beloki, one of the dogs who appears on September's page.

We communicated through a Google group and discussed our goals and expectations, the calendar's general theme, themes for each of our shots, accessories we would use, and shoot dates. Getting twelve women in one place at one time for one photo shoot was impossible, so we scheduled two dates.

We decided the final images would be in black and white (very forgiving, as we all know), with only the Greyhounds in color. This, we determined, would highlight the Greyhounds, which was the purpose of the calendar.

We did our first photo shoot on Sunday, June 10, 2007 — some 11 months after initial discussions began about the calendar. Eight ladies were scheduled that day, including myself. The first shot was of Laura Parker astride her horse, Fella, with one of her Greyhounds, Tuck, standing beside her. The sun was rising just across the trees and the

lighting was superb. It was so beautiful that I actually got goose bumps during the shoot. I was overwhelmed with emotion. *We are onto something good here*, I thought, *something very good*. That feeling intensified as the day progressed and we meandered our way around the farm to shoot the next lady and her Greyhound, and then the next. By the end of the day, we were all just thrilled with what we had accomplished.

As we gathered around, sipping wine and munching on snacks, we were able to view the photographs taken that day from a laptop one of the ladies had the foresight to bring along. It was a wonderful way to immediately pick and choose which images we thought should be in the calendar.

Our graphic designer went to work. It didn't take her long to get the first proofs out to the group. This, of course, really excited the remaining four women, whose photo

shoot was scheduled in July. They were very impressed and excited, and could hardly wait their turn.

Between the first and second shoot, two ladies had to drop out. I had to find two more participants at the very last minute. I did, but then another dropped out the day before the shoot. *Will it ever end?* I asked myself. Finally, I found one last lady to join us the next day. In fact, she is the eldest of the group at 65 years of age (the ages of the models range from 31 to 65).

Everyone scheduled during the last photo shoot arrived that morning ready to work. We had one retake to accomplish plus five new shots. We finished by noon with some awesome pictures to our credit.

Again, our graphic designer went to work. The resulting calendar reflects the love and gratitude each of the ladies has for her Greyhound. Each model chose her own



“scene,” which reflects her own personality. All Greyhounds in the photographs were actually in the shot when the picture was taken, which also makes it quite unique. My own shot (December) is my Greyhound Remi touching nose to nose with Summer Wind Flyer, one of the horses owned by the Parkers. It really happened that way; I am quite proud and absolutely love it.

We sent the calendar to the printer and a few weeks later, 30 cases of calendars were delivered to my home. It was wall-to-wall boxes, but the excitement of having our work in print made up for the temporary lack of floor space in my home. The printer shrink-wrapped each calendar to ensure its safety during the mailing process, and provided cardboard envelopes to ensure safe delivery.

We created a website ([www.greymates.org](http://www.greymates.org)) to process calendar orders. It also hosts a Blog so the Calendar Girls could post about their experiences. Before the calendar was available, we posted a sneak preview to the site to increase interest in the project.

In October 2007, we were ready to launch the calendar to Southeastern Greyhound Club (of which SEGA is the adoption offshoot) and adopters at our annual fundraiser, Greyfest. For the big announcement, each Calendar Girl wore an elegant black dress or pantsuit. Their Greyhounds were beautifully attired in their best bejeweled collars and black ties. Poster-sized placards of various calendar pages were placed on easels, carefully hidden behind white cloths awaiting the Big Reveal.

John Parker had the honors of introducing each of the Calendar Girls and their Greymates, much to the surprise and amusement of the crowd of over 200. (We kept this huge project a secret during its 14-month lifespan, which was no small task.) During the Big Reveal the placards were unveiled to give the crowd a hint of what they could expect in the calendar. We sold about 150 calendars that day.

By this time, we had moved into marketing and sales mode. Each of the Calendar Girls sold calendars, and I marketed the calendar to every Greyhound magazine, newsletter, and Internet discussion list I knew of, as well as adoption groups in the United States,

Canada, United Kingdom, and Australia. Business on our website was brisk.

We were featured on a local television station as one of our Calendar Girls pitched the calendar to her Rotary Club members during a luncheon meeting. We were featured in a lovely article by the pet columnist of the *Atlanta Journal Constitution* in the Living section of a Sunday morning edition. We couldn't have asked for better publicity or placement of that article. Any press is good press, and our local sales figures grew quickly.

By February 2008, we sold over 1,200 calendars with gross revenues over \$19,000. The majority of the sales were face to face; only 500 were mailed. Of those that were mailed, 382 (76%) were mailed to females and 118 (24%) were mailed to males. Six (1.2%) were mailed to Australia, fifteen (3.0%) were mailed to Canada, and six (1.2%) were mailed to the UK. One hundred fifty-seven (31%) were mailed in the Atlanta metro area. The remaining 343 were mailed to folks in Alaska, Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida,

Iowa, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, North Carolina, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, and Wisconsin.

All of us who were involved in this huge undertaking are extremely proud of our efforts. We have received loads of positive feedback from Greyhound lovers around the world, some of which can be viewed on our website by selecting “Buzz.” We set out to produce a tasteful and picturesque calendar, raise awareness for Greyhound adoption, and raise funds for our adoption program, Southeastern Greyhound Adoption. We feel that we accomplished our mission. ■

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*Patti Peterson is Events Chair and Pet Therapy Coordinator for SEGC-Southeastern Greyhound Adoption, based in Atlanta, Ga.*



Leopard, adopted by Kathy Madej of Anchorage, Alaska.



Greyhounds and volunteers from GAP/Western Australia responded to an invitation from Crowded House to have the dogs make an appearance at their concert.

# A Crowded Stage: Greyhounds Hit the Stage with Crowded House

By Kerry Vernon

*Last Fall, the Australian pop group Crowded House (“Don’t Dream It’s Over,” “Something So Strong”) invited Greyhound adoption groups in Australia and New Zealand to bring Greyhounds on stage during its concerts to promote Greyhound adoption. Kerry Vernon, Manager of Greyhounds as Pets/Western Australia, kept a blog about her experience.—Ed.*

**A**fter being on holiday for a couple of weeks with no e-mail access, I hit Bangkok and decided to check for messages. Imagine my surprise when I read that Crowded House, on their New Zealand tour, had allowed a bunch of Greyhounds to run on stage before the encore. According to representatives of Greyhounds as Pets/New Zealand, Crowded House was thrilled with the response and extended the invitation to all of the Greyhounds as Pets (GAP) groups in Australia, saying they wanted to support GAP initiatives here.

The e-mails were flying around about how our group could get in on the act. I was in the apartment in Bangkok doing a dance and singing, and couldn’t wait to get home to try to sort it out!



When I arrived home, I was disappointed that I hadn't received any communication about this offer directly from Crowded House. On Tuesday I e-mailed the band and said that Greyhounds as Pets in Perth would be thrilled to be involved in organizing Greyhound participation for their Supreme Court Gardens shows on November 16 and 17. I heard back from them on Wednesday. By Thursday, we were in Supreme Court checking out the stage.

The idea to bring Greyhounds on stage during the concert originated with Nick Seymour, the band's bass player. He had been concerned that the Perth venue was outdoors and that the noise might be too much for the dogs, which is why they hadn't initially contacted our group. They were pleased to receive my e-mail offering to get involved. After seeing the setup, I assured the producers that the noise would be very unlikely to disturb the dogs; we would be back stage and about as far behind the stage and speakers as we could get.

That afternoon, we e-mailed a few of the adopters we felt had Greyhounds who wouldn't mind the concert atmosphere, and whose owners might enjoy the event as well. We had been asked to get about ten dogs for each night. The plan was that the dogs would be released on one side of the stage and caught on the other side. At the other venues, they had dragged a fluffy toy on a rope across the stage to encourage the dogs to come out. It sounded easy enough and had worked in New Zealand, Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia. Despite that, we were full of nervous energy, stressing about all of the "what ifs" that could go wrong. Given the timing of the concert, the lack of advance notice, and the restrictions on the band about when they could make noise (given the outdoor venue), we were also not going to be able to have a rehearsal.

On Friday night at 8:30, our little band of GAP dogs and volunteers entered the Supreme Court Gardens back entry only to be met by a security guard who did not know anything about the dogs and refused to let us in. He finally contacted the person we had been told to ask for, and all was OK. We headed off to our backstage dressing room area to wait.

Crowded House came on stage at 8:45 and their show was great.

The staff that assisted us was wonderful. We were allowed to have any food and drink we wanted. They supplied passes so we could go in and out to see the performance. They all kept coming over to pat the dogs and thank us for being there.

The time came for us to get ready. We had to carry almost all of the dogs up the stairs, as they were steep and tall and metal, and really not to the dogs' liking.

The catchers went to one side of the stage, and the releasers to the other side. We took the leads off the dogs. The band left the stage, the crowd roared, and we moved into position.

I was crouched down next to a big amplifier when the word came to release the hounds. They were not keen to start with, but then I'm Smokin' saw the toy on the rope and trotted off to investigate. Most of the other dogs followed, turned around, came back, and milled about on stage. The band came back on, and we called the dogs to the other side.

It had worked! We collected the dogs behind the stage and carried them down the stairs breathing a great sigh of relief.

After Crowded House finished, we went into the crowd to hand out brochures. When we returned backstage, we were invited to have drinks with the members of Australian bands Bob Evans and Augie March, as well as Crowded House.

I'll admit I was a bit embarrassed by the

"adoring fan" persona and so wanted to just stand back and observe. But Nick Seymour approached us and was so enthusiastic in his thanks for us coming. I had to say to him that the opportunity for us was just wonderful as it was generating exposure that we wouldn't be able to buy, speaking with a new audience, and that the support of Crowded House gave us a big boost in credibility and "cool factor."

The guys were most concerned that all the dogs were OK and not stressed and that the noise hadn't been too much. Their genuine concern was really impressive; they were quite mesmerized by the dogs. When Oliver started howling at a passing ambulance, everyone was thoroughly delighted.

Our appearance on the second night was without incident. Again, the response from Crowded House and the other bands was terrific. In all honesty, I was so impressed by their willingness to stop and talk with us, ask questions about the dogs and what we did, and even to initiate conversation with us in general. Everyone we encountered was fantastic, so helpful, friendly, and genuine.

Within days after the concert, we began receiving phone calls and e-mails from people who were at the concert and interested in adopting or receiving more information.

The whole experience far surpassed anything I could have imagined; it was a bit surreal. ■

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*Kerry Vernon is Manager of Greyhounds as Pets/Western Australia.*



The four-legged guests got their own dressing room.



Do these look like Greyhounds to you? Andrew Trube, Anthony Farrell, and Nick Pencis are Greyhounds, a funk/rock/soul band based in Austin, Texas.

# Accidental Activists: The Band Called Greyhounds

By Yvonne Zipter

If you've ever felt that adopting a Greyhound changed your life, imagine how Andrew Trube feels — just naming his band “Greyhounds” has changed his! The band — a trio that combines funk, Southern rock, and blues in the hands of Trube on guitar and vocals, Anthony Farrell on keyboards and vocals, and Nick Pencis on drums — had been looking for an easy-to-remember, uncomplicated name for their band when Trube and one of the other band members, sitting in a coffee shop, heard a performer there who was singing a song about Greyhounds.

“I thought that would be a great name,” Trube says. “It’s pretty simple. Greyhound. It’s a dog, it’s a bus, it’s a drink.”

It’s true that the band is always — like a Greyhound — on the run, with as many as 223 performances in 45 states and Canada in a single year. They are sometimes affectionately known as “The Hounds” or “The Dogs.” But it genuinely was just a coincidence that the name became theirs.

If they didn’t have any bona fide connection to Greyhounds-the-animals dogs at the start, they do now. For instance, the newsletter that they send to their fans with their tour dates is now decorated with pictures of people’s Greyhounds that they find on line — sometimes wearing costumes, sometimes not. “Greyhounds,” Trube astutely points out, “have a lot of personality in their features, a lot of times.”

But more important, the members of the band have found themselves accidental activists for Greyhound adoption, with links to Greyhound adoption agencies often appended to the end of e-mail messages to fans. It is not uncommon for the band to showcase Greyhound adoption literature at the merchandise table when they perform. They’ve even done a benefit concert for the local adoption group in Trube’s hometown.

“Greyhounds are great dogs,” Trube says. He meets people who have adopted them everywhere they tour, and they love to share their stories with the band. “We played a festival in Minnesota, and there was a woman there with three Greyhounds, and there are three of us in the band. During our show at the festival, we let the dogs run around on stage while we were playing, and we had our pictures taken with them.”

“At the very beginning of the group, we picked the name just because it’s a kind of generic name and can mean a lot of different things. But then, through [choosing that name], we’ve gotten to know a lot about the whole adoption process. It’s funny how that worked out.”

Thanked for the work he’s done on behalf of Greyhound adoption, even though that was in no way his intention when they selected the band’s name, Trube says, “It’s a good cause. Because of our name, we fell into it. It just seems to be apropos.”

Trube currently doesn’t have any pets, but eventually wants a Greyhound. For now, pet-less, Trube mentions again that Greyhounds are great dogs: “I want to adopt one day. I’m on the road so much right now, it would be unfair to the animal. If I ever get a dog, though, it will be a Greyhound.”

To find out more about Greyhounds and their music, visit their website ([www.greyhoundsmusic.com/index.asp](http://www.greyhoundsmusic.com/index.asp)), where you can hear their music, sign up to be on their mailing list, and check their tour dates to find out where they’ll be playing next. ■

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*Yvonne Zipter is the editor of The Skinny: Newsletter of Greyhounds Only, where this article previously appeared.*





Recent Hall of Fame inductee Molotov appeared on the cover of the March 2000 issue of *The Greyhound Review*. *Greyhound Hall of Fame*

If you have adopted a Greyhound dog since 1998, you may well have a son or daughter of Molotov, one of the most prolific and successful sires ever bred. Molotov sired more than 7,600 pups by 2006. He held the number one spot in the U.S. sire standings for five consecutive years (1999 to 2003). He was inducted into the Greyhound Hall of Fame in October 2007.

Molotov was born in December 1994 and was the brindle son of HB's Commander (also a Hall of Fame dog) and Mystic Rose. He was bred, owned, and raced by the Ryan Farms Kennel of Abilene, Kansas and was trained by Danny Bossio.

At the Abilene Greyhound Park, Molotov broke the track record when he was just a pup. He would go on to race at Denver's Mile High Kennel Club track. His first outing there was in June 1996 when he won the Great Expectations Stake Race for young pups. As he worked his way quickly up the grades, he won his only race in Grade D by 15 lengths, in Grade C by 19 lengths, and in Grade B by 15 lengths. In his D and C grade races, he broke the track records. He won his first Grade A with a come-from-behind effort. He ran a total of only six races and won each one, the last by a 12-length margin. Shortly after that triumph, Molotov broke a leg and had to be retired, much to everyone's disappointment.

The one good thing that came out of his injury was his early retirement to stud. He rapidly became the most popular sire in the country. In just three years, he reached the number one position in the sire standings and remained there a year longer than his highly respected sire, HB's Commander. The only dog to beat this record was Rocker Mac — an ancestor of Molotov.

Some of the outstanding pups sired by Molotov include littermates Craigie Whisper

and Craigie Whistler; Deuce's Wild (an American Derby Winner); littermates Need Some Money and Iwantthattrophy; Iceman, Rooftop Cindy, Odd Hazel, Greys Marquis, and Kiowa Big Molly. One of the highlights of Molotov's career was having produced all eight finalists in the 2003 Great American Futurity and five of the finalists in the 2001 Derby Lane Sprint Classic.

So what was Molotov like? According to his owners, he loved biscuits as treats and was a very loving, happy, and sweet dog. He inherited his loving temperament from his mom, Mystic Rose, who lived to the ripe old

age of 15 or 16. He was known as Monroe around the kennels and at home. Molotov often ran loose on the farm where he was a benevolent king. He followed Don Ryan around like a shadow, just hanging out with his buddy. Molotov died in 2006 at the age of 12. He is much missed on the farm.

If you check the website [www.Greyhound-data.com](http://www.Greyhound-data.com) you may find your dog there, and you can check his pedigree to see if he's related to Molotov. ■

*Laurel E. Drew is a CG regular contributor.*

# Molotov, Most Popular Sire Ever

By Laurel E. Drew



Janet Dayton's Greyhound Pearl demonstrates the skill that earned her an agility title.

# The Dog I Have

By Janet Dayton

"Why is she out there with a Greyhound?" a fellow exhibitor said with disbelief to my sister. My Greyhound Sailor and I are in the novice obedience ring at the Ashtabula Kennel Club's trial in Madison, Ohio. This question is conveyed to me in a variety of ways, but the sentiment is the same: *Greyhounds can't*.

When I adopted Sailor from Ohio Greyhound Placement I envisioned him retired on the couch and going for daily walks. As a novice dog owner I had no idea what was out there for a dog and handler to do. My obedience instructor suggested, and then encouraged, me to enter an obedience match for fun in Medina, Ohio. We did and I was hooked.

That first experience in a competition ring was just the start of a journey with my dogs I continue today. My Greyhounds, Pearl and Sailor, have earned American Kennel Club (AKC) titles in obedience, rally, agility, and tracking. They have also earned the AKC's Canine Good Citizen (CGC) certificate, are certified therapy dogs and participate in canine drill teams. Who says Greyhounds can't?

Training and competing with my dogs is interesting, and sometimes challenging. Greyhounds are independent and creative thinkers. Through motivation, education, patience, and humor my dogs and I are successful. *They can!*

Motivation is a key ingredient for success. I find what my dogs will work for and then I exploit that desire. My dogs love to eat and food is a great motivator. Sailor will work for green beans and Pearl will work for just a taste of canned cat food. The command, *Go find breakfast*, sets Sailor's nose to ground when we track. Tuna fudge, baby food, and garlic hotdogs are all good choices. It just might be worth working for if it smells great.

Food, toys, and clickers (a small device used to click or "mark" a desired behavior) are not permitted in AKC performance rings. Praise, both verbal and physical, is another motivator I use. I ignore the behaviors I don't want



and praise those I do. I throw my hands into the air and say, "Yeah, Sai!" With a smile on his face Sailor bounces off my chest and dances at my feet. What could be better than that? Happy talk and an energetic demeanor help make us successful.

Jealousy works as a motivator because each dog would rather be working with me than sitting in the crate. During agility training when Sailor starts to zoom around, I ignore him and pay attention to Pearl. Pearl would much rather be tracking with me than watching Sailor track. Once it is her turn, Pearl is really ready to work.

Not only do I motivate my dogs, I motivate myself. Getting up early on the weekends to go tracking is hard sometimes, especially when it is rainy or cold. But once I'm out in the field working with my dogs and enjoying our time together, I don't think about lost sleep. Evening training classes can be tiresome after a day of work, but I look forward to being with my willing and eager partners. Setting goals and working toward them encourages me to keep going. Attaining goals keeps me asking what is next or what else can we do?

Education is another component to our success. Training and competing with my dogs is a team effort, and it is my job to prepare us for competition. We are partners in the activities in which we participate. It is my job to know the rules and regulations of the events we enter. (All of the AKC regulations can be downloaded at [www.AKC.org](http://www.AKC.org) or sent via mail for a small fee upon request.) It is also my job to train wisely. I am willing to make the effort and do the leg work to find a reputable trainer. For agility classes I travel over an hour for a specific trainer. Knowing my Greyhounds' temperaments and breed traits, strengths and weaknesses, likes and dislikes, and limits helps me make decisions about training and showing. My dogs do not like repetition. During one agility training session, my instructor asked me to send Pearl over the teeter numerous times. Pearl shut down. I learned a lesson about limits. Ultimately, it is my responsibility whether my dogs and I succeed or fail.

We would not have success without patience. Sailor is the first dog I have owned and trained. I have made mistakes, yet he is



Sailor has fun in the agility ring . . . because he can.

still happy to be with me. He has been a willing and forgiving partner. It took Sailor and me many tries to earn the CD (companion dog) title. Frustration and a give-it-up attitude could have derailed us, but by allowing myself to fail and learn we persevered. Pearl has her own unique challenges. Pearl is tall (29 inches at the withers) and came with an improperly healed broken femur. I had her well over a year before I found out about her broken leg. It took her a couple of months to learn how to do a straight upright sit. She could hold a straight sit for a few moments during heeling patterns, but could not sit for the required one-minute stay in the CD exercises. At one point I gave up pursuing the CD title with Pearl. With patience and practice I taught her to sit over onto her hip. Learning to "down" on the table in agility is not easy for Pearl because of her length. She had to learn how to approach the table and maneuver herself to lay down on it diagonally. This took time and patience.

Perhaps the most important key to our success is humor. If I cannot find the joy and fun in what I do with my dogs, then it is time for me to stop training and competing. My dogs have never signed up for a class or sent in an entry fee. It is up to me to keep it fun and worthwhile. How can I be angry with Sailor when he blows past me on a recall

exercise to stand in the shade on a very hot July day? All I can do is smile as Pearl bows to our tracking judges.

The bond I have with my Greyhounds is enhanced because of the time we spend together. My retired racers may have retired from the track, but they have not retired to the couch. Sailor earned his last title at almost 13 years old and he did it with a smile. Now, 9-year-old Pearl and I are investigating dog dancing through Canine Freestyle Federation.

What is my sister's reply to the disbelieving exhibitor? "That is the dog she has." Not only is a Greyhound the dog I have, a Greyhound is the breed I want. There is an element of satisfaction when observers, owners of other breeds, and even judges compliment me on the upbeat, eager, and happy attitudes my dogs possess.

*Greyhounds can* — and this is way more fun than the couch. ■

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*Janet Dayton and her dogs promote Greyhound adoption and conduct meet-and-greets every time they enter an event. She encourages others to participate with their dogs no matter what the breed.*

## Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8

Greyhound America 2008  
Race the Wind Greyhound Adoption, Inc.  
Sterl Hall  
Abilene, Kan.  
Event begins with registration at noon Thursday and ends Sunday morning with a farewell breakfast at the Greyhound Hall of Fame. Guest speakers, fun run for the hounds, Greyhound fellowship, raffles, auction, return of favorite activities, a lot of rooing, and much more. Vendors invited. Contact: Carolea Dick, (316) 772-7351 or carolea@cox.net

## Saturday, June 7

A Round for the Hounds Golf Tournament  
Virginia Greyhound Adoption  
9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
Fawn Lake Country Club  
Spotsylvania, Va.  
VAGA's third annual golf tournament will award trophies to the first, second, and third place finishers. Shoot a hole in one on the designated hole and win a car. Silent auction and raffle. Contact: Ted Vranken, (540) 972-9199 or (703) 501-2165; Gpaw51@comcast.net

## Sunday, June 8

Eleventh Annual Picnic  
National Greyhound Adoption Program South Jersey Volunteers  
11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.  
Evergreen Woods Campground  
Pomona, N.J.  
Fun on the beach with Greyhounds! Paddle boats, too. \$15 donation/person. Contact: Merci Riccardi, (609) 652-5816 or mercibar1@aol.com

## Friday through Sunday, June 13-15

Greyhound Adoption Expo  
Racing Owners Assisting Racers, Inc. (ROAR, Inc.)  
Wonderland Greyhound Park, Revere, Mass. (Friday, Noon to 9:00 p.m.)  
Raynham Greyhound Park, Raynham, Mass. (Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.)  
Borderland State Park, Easton/Sharon, Mass. (Sunday, 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.)  
Educational, fun time with your Greyhounds.

Greyhounds are allowed at all activities. Fun run, Back on Track parade, meet the trainers, pet person volunteer work in an active racing kennel, Greyhound games, Greyhound Fashion Show with prizes, book signings, raffles, silent auction, vendors, speakers, walk in the park on Sunday. Contact: Linda Jensen, (860) 655-4905 or register@greyhoundadoptionexpo.com; www.greyhoundadoptionexpo.com

## Saturday, June 14

Greyhound Gala  
Greyhound Friends of New Jersey  
7:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.  
Concordia at Monroe  
Middlesex County, N.J.  
A great evening of dinner, open bar (wine and beer), and music. \$50/person. Awesome raffle prizes. Visit www.greyhoundfriendsnj.org for more information. Contact: Maria Lutz, (732) 521-8330 or flutz11331@aol.com

## Sunday, June 15

Rescued Racers Festival  
Rescued Racers  
Noon to 5:00 p.m.  
Tiemeyer Park  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Annual festival with vendors, silent auction, live auction, food, raffles, and more. Everyone welcome, but Greyhounds only, please. Contact: Leann Zalasky, (314) 423-4126 or gdogladly@yahoo.com

## Saturday, June 21

GreyFest  
GPA/Minnesota  
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.  
Spoooner Park  
Little Canada, Minn. (10 min. north of St. Paul)  
A fundraiser to help support placement of retired racing Greyhounds. Great food, lots of fun, fantastic raffle prizes for every age and interest, shopping, games, contests, and lots of Greyhounds! Rain or shine. Contact: Barbara Gates Schaben, (612) 825-7505, bgates@cuningham.com

## Saturday, June 21

Summer Blast  
Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption  
10:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.  
American Legion Park  
Holidaysburg, Pa.  
As usual, lots of fun games for Greyhounds and their people, silent auction, Chinese raffle, vendors, and food. Contacts: Kay McNelis, (814) 942-3145, or Peg O'Brien, (814) 943-1475; www.monicasheart.com

## Saturday, June 21

Fourth Annual Wags, Whiskers and Wine Tasting  
GPA/MoKan  
5:30 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.  
Happy Hour  
Independence, Mo.  
You and your hounds can enjoy good friends, good ambiance, and great wines as the Happy Hour staff shares their vast knowledge of the grape. Add heavy hors d'oeuvres and a heavy dose of MoKan fun and you're in for a treat of an evening. \$25/person; all breeds welcome. Contact: Shannon Henson, (816) 560-1969 or shannon@gpamokan.org; www.gpamokan.org

## Saturday and Sunday, June 21 & 22

Greyt Reunion and Open House  
Maine Greyhound Placement Service  
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.  
249 Old Belgrade Road  
Augusta, Me.  
Kennel tours, vendors, raffles, silent auction, doggy spa, Sara's Kitchen with great food, games, tours of the new onsite clinic, and more. Other dog breeds welcome. Please leash all dogs. Contact: Sue Sprague, (207) 963-7807 or snsnpups@downeast.net

## Friday through Sunday, July 18-20

Greyhound Festival of the Bluegrass  
Shamrock Greyhound Placement  
Noon Friday through noon Sunday  
Clarion Hotel and Conference Center  
Louisville, Ky.  
Registration fee includes admission to the event, speakers, vendors, games, live auctions. All meals included with fee. Each attending family receives a registration bag filled with lots of goodies. Contact: Jennifer Watkins, (502) 241-3140 or Jennifer@greyhoundsofshamrock.org; www.greyhoundsofshamrock.org



**Saturday, August 9**

Annual Reunion  
Midwest Greyhound Adoption  
11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
DuPage County Fairgrounds  
2015 W. Manchester Rd.  
Wheaton, Ill.

Join us for our annual reunion, which will be at a different venue this year. Loads of fun and excitement for humans and hounds. Dog contests, raffles, Blessing of the Hounds, live and silent auctions, nail trimming, vendors, food, and much more. A fun-filled day for all! Contact: Jerrie Ingersoll, (708) 343-6595 or jerimelpk@aol.com

**Saturday, August 16**

G3 – Greyt Hounds, Great Lakes, Great Wines!  
3G-3 Greyhound Friends  
10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
Jollay Orchards  
Coloma, Mich.

Raffles, auction, wine tasting, hayrides, fun run, games. All proceeds benefit Dr. C. Guillermo Couto's Greyhound Health and Wellness Program at The Ohio State University. Dr. Couto will speak at this event. Contact: Susan Bandsma, (269) 468-6613 or info@rockyourpets.com; Judi Hildebrand, (419) 244-3365 or judihildebrand@yahoo.com

**Saturday, September 13**

2008 Greyt Greyhound Gathering (G3)  
GPA/MoKan  
8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.  
Camp Shawnee  
Parkville, Mo.

Join us for a day of games, agility and obedience training, a Fun Run, shopping, great speakers, silent auction, donation drawings and more. Ask anyone who has ever attended — this event never disappoints! \$15/person (\$20 after August 23); all breeds welcome. Contact: Shannon Henson, (816) 560-1969 or shannon@gpamokan.org; www.gpamokan.org

**Saturday, September 20**

RooFest  
GPA/Greater Northwest  
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.  
Frontier Park  
21800 Meridian S.  
Graham, Wash.

Our big fundraising event with silent and live auctions, raffles, vendors, food, doggie games, and Greyhounds looking for homes. Contact: Julie Van Sickle, (253) 927-5043 or julies\_kids@yahoo.com

**Saturday, September 20**

Fall Picnic  
Grateful Greyhounds  
11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.  
Belmont State Park  
Southern State Parkway, Exit 38 (42 miles from Manhattan)  
Lots of great stuff and food; see old friends and make new ones. Everyone welcome; greyhounds only, please. Contact: Lisa Sallie, (516) 735-5070 or greyhoundsvivor@optonline.net.

**Saturday and Sunday, September 20 & 21**

Annual Fall Open House  
Greyhound Friends, Inc.  
Noon to 5:00 p.m. both days  
167 Saddle Hill Road  
Hopkinton, Mass.  
Join us for our annual spring open house. Good food, great company (lots of visiting adopted Greyhounds), shopping for humans and hounds, silent auction and raffle, nail trimming, and the Not Quite Westminster Dog Show. Let your Greyhound run in the fenced field. The Greyhounds in the kennel waiting for homes always love visitors, so please stop by. Everyone is welcome with their hounds. Contact: Louise Coleman, ghfriend@greyhound.org

**Sunday, September 21**

Annual Reunion Picnic  
GPA/Indianapolis  
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.  
Boone County 4-H Fairgrounds  
Lebanon, Ind.  
A pitch-in style picnic with attendees asked to bring a covered dish to share. Hamburgers and hot dogs provided. Silent auction, many vendors, contests, and games. \$8/person, with children age 6 and under admitted free. Contact: Sharon Murphy, (317) 839-6436 or Sharon\_Murphy@gpaindy.org

**Sunday, September 28**

Greyhound Homecoming  
Make Peace With Animals  
1:00 to 4:00 p.m.  
Valley Road Picnic Site  
Valley Road  
Hopewell Township, N.J.  
Vegetarian potluck buffet, animal blessing and memorial service, tick disease testing, vendors. Contact: JoAnn Fotheringham, (609) 448-1742, Jofother@aol.com

**Thursday through Sunday, October 9-12**

Greyhounds Reach the Beach  
Dewey Beach and Rehoboth Beach, Del.  
Always held Columbus Day weekend, Greyhounds Reach the Beach (aka "Dewey") is the granddaddy of Greyhound gatherings. Thousands of hounds and humans attend from near and far, and 2008 will mark the event's 14th anniversary. Registration is now open at www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/dewey, where you will also find the event schedule.

**Sunday through Monday, November 30-December 8**

Cruising for Greyhounds 2008  
Greyhound Rescue and Adoptions of Tampa, Inc. (GREAT)  
Eastern Caribbean – Bahamas, US Virgin Islands and St. Maarten  
Depart from the Port of Miami on November 30 and set sail for seven days and nights aboard the Carnival Valor. Unfortunately we can't bring dogs, but we earn a donation for every trip booked. Participating groups will also be able to raise funds for their own adoption efforts. Contact: Kelly Faircloth, (813) 971-4732 or GREATinfo@great-greyhound.org

2008

*Greyhound Adoption of Ohio's*  
**CANINE FUN DAYS**  
*& Greyhound Reunion*



**TWO FUN-FILLED DAYS FOR DOGS AND THEIR PEOPLE!**

*August 16th & 17th - Saturday 11-5 • Sunday 10-5  
 Sunday 10am - Blessing of the Animals & Breakfast!*

The Cleveland Metroparks Polo Field - Corner of Rt. 87 & Chagrin River Road • Moreland Hills, Ohio 44022  
 Dog-friendly hotels nearby • Tented event - Rain or shine  
 For more info: [www.GreyhoundAdoptionofOH.org](http://www.GreyhoundAdoptionofOH.org)  
 Email: [RJRJLP@AOL.com](mailto:RJRJLP@AOL.com) Phone: 1-800-269-1148

Admission is \$5/Adults - \$3/12 years & Under (Events are extra)  
 Pre-Register your Greyhound on-line and get a greyt goody bag!

In addition to our special guest, Soaring Cindy, we have lots of fun things to see and do! Events are open for all dogs regardless of experience, so don't be afraid to try it!

**STUFF FOR YOUR DOG**

Lure Coursing • Straight Coursing • Agility Course  
 The Maze • Dog Swimming Pool • Wiener Dog Races  
 Basset Hound Races • Little Dog Races • Dock Diving

**A FUN DOG SHOW - CANINE CONTESTS**

Best Costume - \$100 1st prize & a silver trophy!  
 Kissing Contest • Best Trick • Prettiest Eyes • Best Buns  
 Dunking for Dogs • Baldest Butt • Tail wagging & more.

**STUFF TO DO**

Watch great demonstrations - Sheep herding, Police dogs, Search & Rescue, Frisbee, Obedience, and more! Eat great food! Participate in games & raffles! Shop our vendors for greyt greyhound stuff! Meet greyhounds awaiting homes!



LURE COURSING



RESCUE LANE



BEST COSTUME



DOCK DIVING





# CAYUGA LAKE WINE TRAIL

## Greyhound Gathering

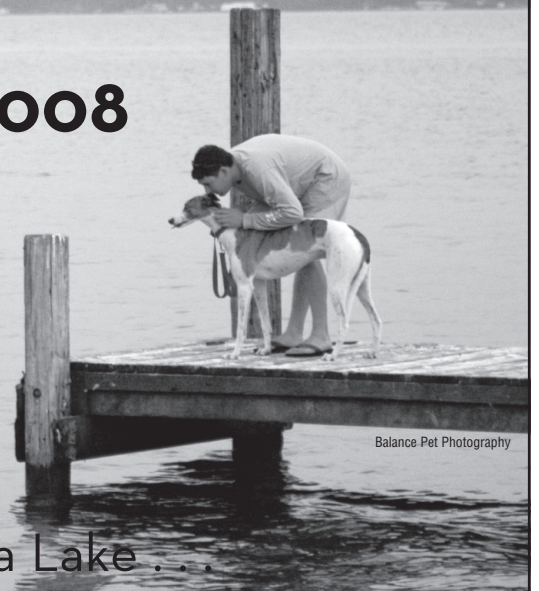
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### **Cher (CC Cher) 1998-2007**

Adopted by Jim and Nancy Wallace of South St. Paul, Minn., Cher was featured on p. 44 of the Winter 2002 issue of CG. In 2001, Jim and Nancy had just lost their Great Dane and had no plans to get another dog. They visited St. Croix Meadows in Hudson, Wis. as the track was closing, and they adopted two Greyhounds. It is with a heavy heart that they say goodbye to their beautiful Cher; such a sweet girl. They miss her, but they are glad she was part of their lives. They are grateful to Dr. Rodger Barr and the staff of Foley Boulevard Animal Hospital for their kindness and help with Cher's issues, both large and small.



### **Flash (Kmax Flashlite) 1999-2008**

The story of how Craig and Ady Cerreta of University Park, Fla. adopted Flash and his sisters appeared in the Winter 2007 issue of CG. He was a proud dog, their protector, the man. A handsome dog, Flash photographed beautifully; he appeared with Craig in his marketing materials, and stood for the camera as if to say "look at me." Flash had a joy for life and reminded Ady of his mother. Like Brandy, he loved to toss his stuffies, especially the balls that scream when dropped. He was extremely smart. If you knocked on the door you'd think he was going to eat you alive but once inside, he would kiss and nit you. He was a cuddly love bug who loved to spoon. He never begged for treats. Confident, he laid on his bed and knew that Craig and Ady would bring him his treat after serving the others who were begging. He was a huge presence and has taken a big piece of their hearts.



### **Junior (Junior Say Ow) 1994-2008**

Adopted and loved by Phil Fitz of Sunrise, Fla., Junior and his second career in lure coursing were featured in "Junior's Story: A Senior's First Meet" (Summer 2003 CG) and in the current issue. Junior died exactly 25 days before his 14th birthday. Before beginning his lure coursing career, he participated in 470 professional dog races. He was successful in both activities. Junior reflected his breed's joy of running. The injuries he sustained in both careers caused the last days of his life to be difficult. He fought hard to live just as he did in all his competitive events. Though Junior is gone, he lives forever in the hearts of those who knew him.



### **Pirate (All Pro Pirate) 1994-2007**

Pirate was Jim Amos and Marcia Greer's heart dog, having charmed his way into their lives while living at Bel Rea Institute of Animal Technology where Marcia was studying to be a veterinary technician in 1998. A relinquishment returned to Colorado's Recycled Racers, Pirate was placed as a blood donor at Alameda East Veterinary Hospital. Alameda East sent him to Bel Rea for a stint as a teaching aide, where he barked all day in his kennel. Marcia started walking him frequently and soon took him home for weekends, then for seven weeks between blood donations, then for good in 1998. He never caused a minute of trouble. A big, gentle, white boy with a brindle eye patch, chronic happy tail, and the sweetest demeanor ever, he welcomed and mentored the hounds that followed him home (and who are pictured with him on p. 8 of the Summer 2007 issue of CG). After a diagnosis of osteosarcoma, Pirate made his way to the Bridge on the snowy Winter Solstice, surrounded by his family at home.



### **Sailor CD RA OA OAJ CGC 1994-2007**

Featured in "The Dog I Have" in this issue, Sailor bounced into the lives of Elliot, Lois, and Janet Dayton in March 1996. From the neighborhood to the metro parks and beyond, Sailor must have walked at least 7,000 miles during his almost 12 years with them. Forever the gentleman, Sailor matched his pace to Elliot's (in his eighties) on their much anticipated morning walks. Over the years, Sailor and Janet competed in many AKC performance events. As a novice dog owner and trainer, Janet could not have asked for a more forgiving and enthusiastic partner. At age 13 he was still running through the agility jump uprights with a smile. A typical Greyhound, Sailor was a master nest builder, hole digger, and chowhound. A joyful spirit and happy every day, Sailor was forever young. Teacher, ambassador, clown, companion, and friend. Play hard, eat much, and rest well, Goofy. Janet will meet you at the Bridge.

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

*r Line*

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