

CELEBRATING GREYHOUNDS

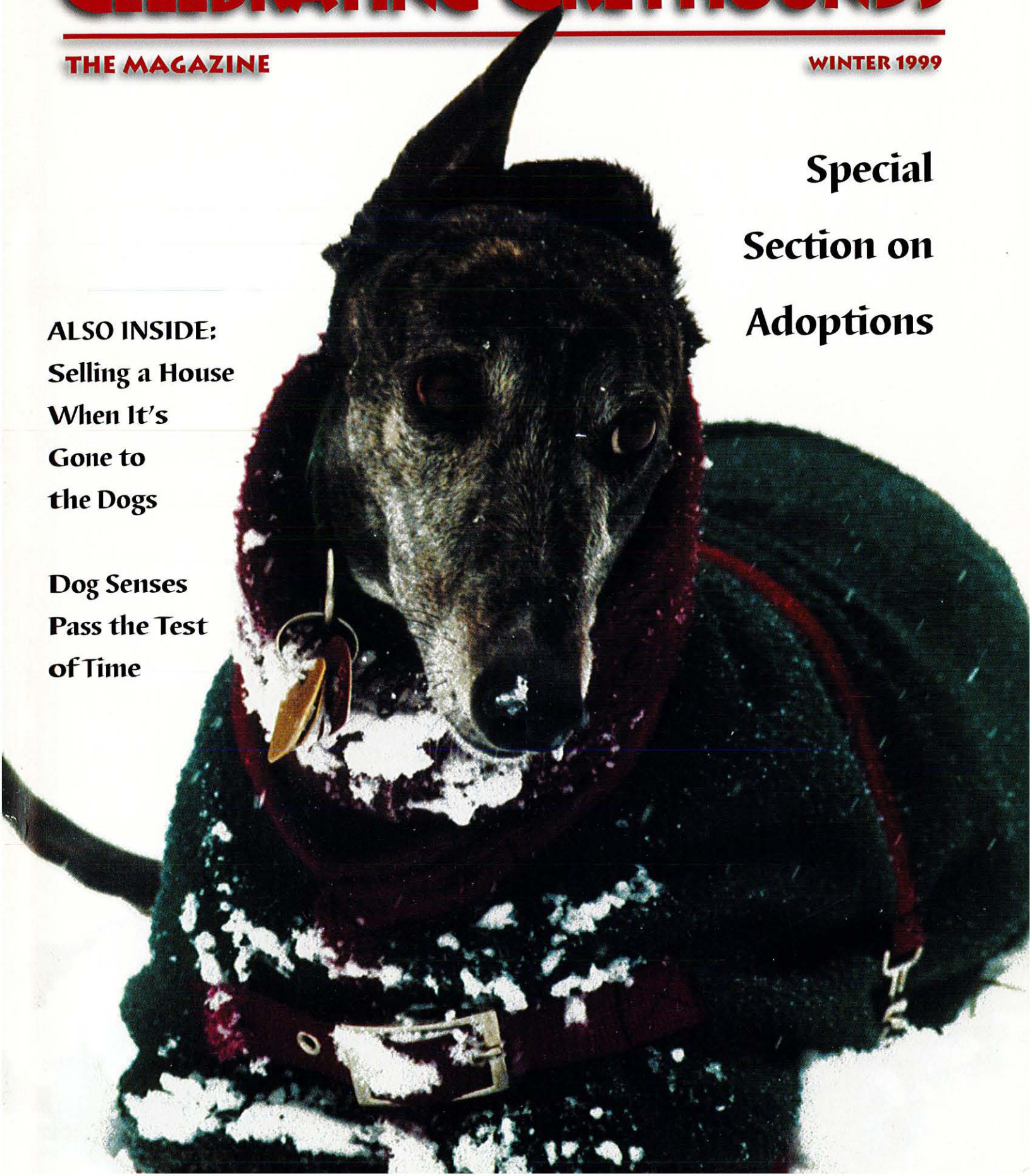
THE MAGAZINE

WINTER 1999

Special
Section on
Adoptions

ALSO INSIDE:
Selling a House
When It's
Gone to
the Dogs

Dog Senses
Pass the Test
of Time



The 1999 GPA National

Conference Highlights



Greater Orlando GPA Chapter President Lisa Nolet opens the festivities with a brief welcome to all.

The GPA (Greyhound Pets of America) name and logo adorn many adoption groups across the nation. GPA chapters dot the United States and are found literally in all corners—from Washington state, to Florida, to New Hampshire, and west to California, and many places in between. The GPA 1-800 call takers refer callers to their nearest adoption agencies, whether or not they are GPA chapters. Each year all chapters and sub-chapters have the opportunity to meet in one place to deal with GPA business on a national level.



Greyhound Project President Joan Belle Isle addresses the Wine and Cheese Party attendees on Friday Night.

This last September, the Greater Orlando Chapter of GPA hosted the National Conference. This year's conference featured a Wine and Cheese Party—hosted by The Greyhound Project, the Dancing Greyhounds, and various speakers including Cynthia Branigan.



Cynthia Branigan, author of many articles and two Greyhound books and the founder of Make Peace with Animals, addresses the GPA Sunday breakfast attendees.



Safire and Pasta practice their bows. Apparently Safire has other things on her mind.

The purpose of the magazine is to provide information about Greyhounds as a breed. Recognizing that there are differing points of view on issues such as racing, breeding, and adoption policies, to mention a few, the magazine does not advocate a position on these issues. It will publish articles and reader letters regarding these issues if deemed appropriate.

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COVER

Charmane is a reserved, elegant six-year-old who was adopted through WAG (We Adopt Greyhounds) in Connecticut. She lives in South Windsor with the Chidree family, which includes another Greyhound, Bob.

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CG READERS SPEAK OUT

About Animal Communications

Thank you for including the piece on animal communication in the Summer 1999 issue. It is refreshing that you have allowed something not of the mainstream to be presented. I myself am a Reiki practitioner. Reiki is an alternative healing method. My work is done on animals, and communication enters into it. We are entering an age in which we need to open our minds to the endless possibilities that exist and that are inherent in all of us. Because we do not understand something should not make it taboo. As Greyhound owners, we of all people should understand the spirituality in all living things. Our hounds are the embodiment of this.

LAURIE A. RHODES
THE "BERRY" BEST NATURAL PET BAKERY
VIA THE INTERNET

Thank you for the most excellent use of my photo in the Animal Communications article on page 25 of the Summer 1999 issue of *CG*. I've sent some more for possible use in a future issue as well. Once again these deal with animal emotions that mirror our own, or do I have that backwards? My Greyhound, Snip (the brindle) and Barbara Celli's, Cinnamon, seem to evoke that quite well.

That also was a great article you wrote in the editorial comments column about the throat situation. I think, all too often, if there is not a scientific explanation for a situation, people will dismiss it without further thought. I see that as narrow-mindedness. Perhaps some of the great things about life itself need to remain unexplained.

WILL SHUMAKER
TAMPA, FLORIDA

About Arby and Rosie

Since our recent article on Greyhounds in Nursing Homes, both Arby and Rosy have left their nursing home "jobs" and have been adopted into family situations. After discussion with representatives of both nursing homes, it seems that coordinating care between the shifts became the main problem. There were not enough workers who had the time to give the dogs extra attention during non-visiting hours, and with personnel changing so often during the day, the dogs had no ONE family to bond with. It was ironic that the dogs came back to Monica's Heart within a month of each other.

I am still confident that Greyhounds can be a wonderful addition to the nursing home, but I am of the opinion that they should be owned

by someone who is there on a very regular basis—perhaps an activities director or another staff member at the home. In this way, the dog can go to work with this person, visit the residents and workers, but go home to a comfortable, constant home situation.

Rosy is with a family that includes another Greyhound, and Arby lives with a young couple.

Kudos to those who have had success with a "live-in" Greyhound in a nursing home situation. Although these two situations didn't work out, we have heard of many that are successful.

KAY MCNELIS
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA
MONICA'S HEART GREYHOUND ADOPTION

About *CG's* New Look

I really like the new *CG* look. Our fall issue arrived yesterday. The cover is stunning. All the covers were good, but the full-page cover photo is very dramatic. It just demands attention! The inside format is very readable; the Table of Contents is compact, making it easier to check out first thing, the larger headlines are helpful, the bigger photos and graphics are eye-catching, and the full-color adoption/rescue section was beautifully done. (I love the dark-blue background and the large white type.) All in all, this was the best *CG* I have seen. It will be very difficult to improve on this issue!

MARY BAUER
NORTHERN LIGHTS GREYHOUND ADOPTION
VIA THE INTERNET

About Chasing Squirrels



Happy and Katie (and friend).

Please renew my subscription to *Celebrating Greyhounds*. It is a very interesting and informative magazine. I am the proud owner of four wonderful Greyhounds (ages 10, 9, 5 1/2, and 4). The youngest is currently recovering from a badly broken leg (he was chasing a squirrel, slipped on the wet grass, and ran into a fence pole at about 30 mph). He is doing fine and the vet is especially pleased at his recovery considering the severity of the break.

Thanks again for this great magazine.

SUSAN SPRAGUE
WINTER HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS

I got the latest issue yesterday and I have to say, it looks fabulous! More colour, better paper stock, sharper images, and the design is clean and neat. Of course all the editorials are splendid too!

Keep up the greyt work... as a communicator of all things Greyhound, *Celebrating Greyhounds* is tops!

SANDRA HALL
MADISON PRESS BOOKS
TORONTO, ONTARIO

All I can say is "greyt job!" I just finished reading my latest edition of *Celebrating Greyhounds*, and I am so impressed by the changes. The photo quality was great, the stories and articles were as well written and informative as ever. I always eagerly await the latest issues of *CG*, and have always been well rewarded. My biggest disappointment is that I stay up half the night reading it and then realize I'll have to wait another four months for the next issue! The new series by Kathleen Gilley is wonderful also. I was thrilled to meet her at the Adopt-a-Greyhound event in Canada and to find that she is sharing her knowledge in print! I can't say enough about the improvements you have made to this magazine, though I had no complaints before. Keep up the great work, and thanks to all who dedicate so much time and effort in producing this great resource.

KAREN HISCOCK
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA

Thanks to all for the input on CG's direction. The mail was overwhelmingly in favor of our new look. Our next mission is to find out what you, the readers, want to read more about. Please write to the editorial office in Hamden, Connecticut and let us know. —Ed.

About Hungarian Greyhounds from a Hungarian Subscriber

Thank you for sending me the magazine! I really loved it, so I would like to subscribe!

I sent it back to Hungary to my friend (a veterinarian from Budapest) who said that the article about the colors is very good and it can help in the future a lot.

In Hungary we have racing but just for fun. The dogs can spend all their lifetime with their families and nobody thinks to give them shots when they are two-to-three-years-old. We breed them (lovely colors!) and love them. I think (what I know of two Hungarian clubs) that to be a Greyhound in Hungary is a great life!

About Understanding our Greyhounds



We read every issue from cover to cover, and are grateful to have folks like you who truly understand the unique relationship that Greyhound owners have with their beloved Greyhounds. God bless you! Enclosed are photos of the love of my life, Sasha. He has his own room in the house with his own futon bed.

DONNA COHEN
BRONX, NEW YORK

My boyfriend—who is American—really likes these dogs. He has an Irish Wolfhound, but after reading your magazine we started to think about adopting a Greyhound here. I miss my girls so much. But they are back in Hungary!

So I will visit the website and read everything about adopting a Greyhound. But I don't know how I can take him or her home if I would like to. So first we have to decide whose

dog it is. Everything will be easier after we get married. The Greyhound needs all its family!

So I am waiting for the next magazine and I would like to ask, is it possible to get earlier series too? And how much is it? I would like to have some more! Thank you very much.

I'm sorry about bad English grammar, but I hope you could read it. If you can send them back, I can send some photos of my Hungarian dogs and some stories, but these

CG READERS SPEAK OUT

are the only photos here about them. But I really would like to introduce some happy young Greyhound girls from my country to your happy American Greyhounds!

ZSUZSANNA PALLAGI
BARBOURVILLE, VIRGINIA

Zsuzsanna asks a lot of questions that other readers have asked, so here goes.... Getting back issues is hard to answer because we sell them out fairly quickly. We have no issues prior to 1999. As for returning photos, yes, we do if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, but we really prefer to keep them long term. We'd love to see photos of your Hungarian Greyhounds. —Ed.

Complaint Department

Shame on *Celebrating Greyhounds* for printing such an article as "Waterloo—A Coursing Pilgrimage: Part One," Summer 1999. Coursing is not fun when they use live hares. What barbaric cruelty. I'm ashamed that fellow Greyhound owners have such little respect for animal life. Please don't glorify man's inhumanity towards wildlife.

Let us hope the bill presented to Parliament, which would outlaw hunting with hounds, hare coursing, and fox hunting, will eventually pass.

Correction from the Summer Issue:

Sally, the Greyhound pictured on the front cover of *CG* Summer 1999, resides in St. Louis, Michigan and was adopted through Hav-a-Heart Greyhound Rescue and Adoption in St. Louis, Michigan, not Missouri.

If you continue to publish articles about abuse to animals I will not renew my subscription to *CG*.

ELIZABETH JONES
COLUMBIA, MARYLAND

I am writing to express my dismay at the article in the Summer 1999 edition of *Celebrating Greyhounds* entitled "Waterloo—A Coursing Pilgrimage." Writing about the history of the Greyhound is one thing, but you describe "Coursing," which is still practiced today. In my opinion the practice is a cruel and inhumane "blood sport." I believe that every animal has a right to a cruelty-free life. This includes the rabbit pictured in your article that will be ripped to death in the name of sport.

I am a board member of a Greyhound adoption group and I like to present pictures of the dogs resting on a couch, not participating in a "blood sport." The two dogs in the picture look mean and blood-thirsty and in no way help me in trying to present the breed as a gentle family member one might want to live with their children.

I realize your magazine does not necessarily agree with materials published, but you also state that your magazine is for adopters, owners, and friends. You say you will publish articles you deem appropriate. In my opinion presenting this sport is a form of advocating it and I believe it is inappropriate.

DIANE HENNING
MENDON, MASSACHUSETTS

The editor believes that the Waterloo article (co-written by a Georgia GPA adoption chapter officer John Parker) is not

intended to be an article to show to potential adopters nor is it intended to advocate a blood sport. Rather, the Waterloo event just "is." CG simultaneously received an unsolicited article by Megan Robertson titled "What Are We Telling Our Adopters?" which tackles head-on the subject of high prey drive in some pet Greyhounds. She very persuasively suggests that Greyhounds are hunters, not couch potatoes, and should be treated as such. Please look for it in the adoption section of this issue. As for the hares at the Waterloo event, the article states that estates like Altcar are the few places where English hares are actually protected. Off the estates, the farmers consider hares to be pests and shoot them on sight.—Ed.

About Danny, Cancer, and the Morris Foundation Cancer Fund

Our Danny was diagnosed with transitional cell carcinoma in his right nostril. I am sending our donation to Morris Foundation with information concerning Danny's condition, and am encouraging three of our friends also with Greyhounds who have cancer to do the same.

I hate to cut my magazine since we save each issue so I am sending an address label. If it's a problem, just let us know.

MARTHA WARD
ORLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

Thank you for your letters (up to 300 words) and photographs. Letters may be edited for brevity or clarity. Please send letters and photos by mail to the editorial office. Please include your e-mail address.



Questions Answered

A reader answers a question about Dream's sneezing and wheezing: Nose worms perhaps?

I am writing in response to your letter from Rebecca Lister inquiring about sneezing and wheezing in Greyhounds.

We have an adopted track dog, Leia, who also had suffered from symptoms similar to Ms. Lister's dog, Dream. She would sneeze and cough pretty much on the same days my wife and I had problems with airborne pollens. Her symptoms improved with antihistamines, so we assumed she too was suffering from seasonal allergies.

On really bad days, Leia would also have a blood tinged nasal discharge and occasionally wheeze. Our astute veterinarian had heard of Greyhound kennel and track dogs having a fairly high prevalence of a nasal parasite, *C. böehmi*, originally found in fox populations, but rare in domestic dogs. Leia's stool was tested and found positive for eggs of the parasite. She was on medication for six weeks and is now free of symptoms, and her stool is clear of the eggs.

Articles about this parasite suggest that symptoms are rare, but if they exist, suggests a more serious infection. Any other dog in the household should also be tested even if symptom-free.

LARRY DIANA
DALLAS, TEXAS

A: It does indeed. According to Dr. Candy Lewis in an article in Offtrack Greyhound GPA/CA (year and date unknown) titled "The Little Known Nose Worm," Capillaria böehmi is often misdiagnosed as whip worm when a fecal sample is tested. This parasite is not mentioned in the seven veterinary texts the editor checked and is apparently relatively unknown to most of the veterinary community. If your Greyhound has consistent nose problems, check for this odd parasite whose life cycle starts in the nose and ends in the stools.

Q: Why is CG Magazine produced only four times a year?

A: Although we have a circulation of almost 4,000 paid subscribers and a larger pass-along readership, CG is actually produced by volunteers whose names appear in the masthead. The article procurement, the writing, the editing, and the myriad of other tasks such as correspondence are all done by volunteers. Handling checks, subscriptions, single copy distribution, and advertising are also done by volunteers. So unless we have a full-time, paid staff (not possible), it would be physically impossible to be a monthly or bimonthly publication, much as we'd like to be. Sorry.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

This issue brings with it the moment many adoption volunteers have been waiting for—the reincarnation of material designed specifically for the adoption volunteer. As promised in the fall issue, each adoption group will receive two free copies of *CG Magazine*. We want to be sure that at least two people in every adoption group get the material and will share it with others in their group.

Those of you who have been doing adoptions before pre-1998 know that the Greyhound Project produced a newsletter from 1993 to 1998 called *Speaking of Greyhounds*. This newsletter—edited and assembled by Greyhound Project president Joan Belle Isle—dealt with matters of interest to the “adoption professional,” so to speak. It fell by the wayside due to lack of time as the magazine and other projects took up more and more time. Well, *SOG* is essentially back, but as a part of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*.

This issue presents an overview of the racing industry in the United States and describes bits of what happens to Greyhounds in Mexico. Some of you may remember Lynda Adame's 1996 touching portrayal of a trip to the track in Mexico, in an article originally titled “Twelve Less Dogs.” The reprisal, called “Twelve Fewer Dogs,” deals with the raw emotions and heartbreak of bringing those Greyhounds to the United States, of being brought back to health, and adopted out. More importantly she talks about the creation of a pet kennel in a place where life is extremely difficult for humans, let alone the track Greyhounds there. The triumph of building that pet kennel against incredible odds is inspirational.

Other articles in this issue follow the usual topical format. This summer, one of my own dogs (Tucker, six-and-a-half-years-old) had a terrible bout with Vestibular Disease. Naturally, I had to get an article (or two) about the subject because I had heard of other dogs with this problem. The only difference between Tucker and the others is that he was not the usual 10- to 12-year-old dog. Maybe it was a stroke. Whatever the cause, he is better now than he had been in the two years prior to the incident. It was a very long, difficult disease to work with, but it was worth it. After seven weeks, he is coming back! I hope he will give you the will to cope. Tuckers photos are included so you can tell what Greyhounds looks like during the course of the disease. Please see “House Calls” and “Dog Senses Pass the Test of Time.”

On a final note, in the last issue I asked for your reactions to our new look. I am pleased to report that many of you did indeed contact me. The reaction was favorable 99 to 1. Now: your next mission, should you choose to accept it as they used to say in the old *Mission: Impossible* TV series, is to tell us what topics/subjects you would like to see more of, less of, or stay about the same.

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season and especially for a Happy New Year as we turn the calendar (*Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar*, of course) over to the year 2000.

Marcia Herman



Reviewed by Lauren Emery

\$7.99

By Nancy Baer
and Steve Duno

New York, NY
Harper Paperbacks, 1996

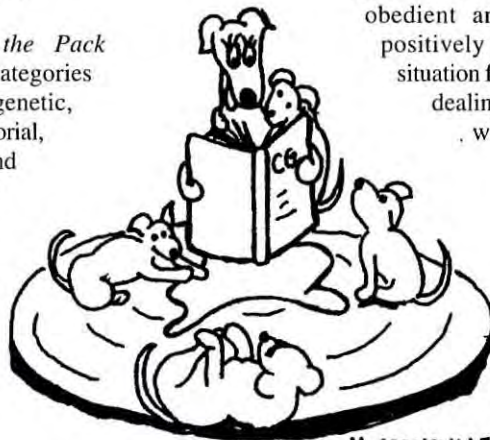
Leader of the Pack

Leader of the Pack is an excellent resource for those who are involved in Greyhound adoption and who deal with behavioral issues. It is a “must-read” for anyone dealing with an aggressive or dominant dog. Dogs who growl, snarl, snap at, or bite family members or strangers may end up being returned to the placement group or even euthanized. In many instances aggressiveness or dominant behavior can be eliminated if the adopters assume leadership behavior.

Each chapter opens with a vignette of wolf pack behavior and an explanation of how it relates to the instincts of their canine cousins. The dog remains instinctively loyal to an autocratic leader, as does the wolf, but the dog belongs to a pack of humans. The wolf/dog analogies make it easy to understand why a dominant dog should not:

- be fed before the owners
- sleep on the couch or bed
- go out doors first or pull on lead
- jump up on people
- play tug games

Leader of the Pack explains five categories of aggression: genetic, fear based, territorial, competitive, and possessive. The authors stress the need for basic obedience training as a foundation for establishing leadership with



M. CARNEVALE

a dominant dog. Their recommendations for further behavioral modification are outlined step-by-step in their book and are non-confrontational and easy to follow. Dominant dogs train their owners to give them what they want. Greyhounds as a breed are not known for human aggression. By making a dog the center of attention, we communicate to the dog that he or she is dominant because only a leader would be the center of attention. The dog perceives that it has the authority to discipline other pack members, i.e., family members, in an aggressive manner.

The authors of *Leader of the Pack* acknowledge that many owners of dogs who exhibit aggressiveness are in denial or are ignorant of the consequences of this behavior. If you or anyone you know has a dog that is allowed to share the couch or bed and growls when approached, the advice dispensed in this book is greatly needed, especially before the dog’s aggression escalates. As the dog perceives the owner becoming more of a leader, the dog will become more secure, confident, and obedient and will interact more positively with people: a win-win situation for all. Even if you are not dealing with dominance issues with your dog, you will learn a lot about the psychology of dog behavior from reading this practical, easy to read book. ❖

Lauren Emery is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.

CALLING ALL WRITERS

If you are a writer and have a story or even a idea, *Celebrating Greyhounds* would be glad to hear from you.

To Submit an Article: Please send articles, slides/photos, artwork, questions for columnists, and all other materials to the editor at the address below. Writer’s Guidelines are available on request. Please enclose SASE if you want materials returned, although we prefer to keep submissions long-term for future issues. While we will take great care with your materials, we take no responsibility for loss or damage. **Article Deadlines:** Spring issue – December 1; Summer issue – March 1; Fall issue – June 1; Winter issue – September 1.

Editorial: Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine, P.O. Box 185751, Hamden, CT 06518-0751.

Molly and Sarah Put Smiles Back On Depressed Owner

I hope this article will help anyone who has come through a near death experience and found it difficult to feel like the same person they once were. Depression can be one of the most difficult challenges to conquer. Who would have ever thought having Greyhounds as part of our family would have made the difference in overcoming depression and looking forward to each and every day? You couldn't buy this kind of therapy.

My husband Bob suffered a major heart attack that resulted in open-heart surgery about four years ago. The situation was serious; he went into cardiac arrest twice before the doctors were able to operate. The trauma was severe. We are thankful the surgery was successful. However, dealing with his own mortality and the trauma resulted in severe depression. Here was Bob—a 51-year-old retired fire captain who was able to accomplish almost everything he wanted to do—suddenly placed

under so many restrictions and fearful of dying. Life was not fun anymore. Bob and I have a close and happy marriage and what affected him also affected me. We desperately needed something in our lives to get back on "track," if you'll pardon the pun.

Bob works part-time doing home insurance inspections. He came home one day and said, "Hon, I was at this house today and the owner had a Greyhound. I was so surprised at how affectionate and friendly this dog was." The look on Bob's face was one of interest at that point.

About two weeks later Bob came home and said, "You know, hon, I ran into another Greyhound today at someone's house. The owner was working in his garage and his Greyhound was right by his side." The look of enthusiasm and smile on Bob's face was one I had not seen in quite some time. It was enough to tell me there was a message here.

The following week we went to a Grey-

hound adoption kennel called Second Chance for Greyhounds in Bonita Springs, Florida. We knew we were there to pick out a Greyhound but, in fact, Molly picked us out. Molly was a three-year-old tan brindle who obviously did not race up to par at the track. What a personality! It was a love affair from the start. We walked with her, played with her, hugged her, and hated to leave her. We finally took her home three weeks later.

Anyone who has adopted a Greyhound, or knows someone who has, knows how addictive they can be. This August we adopted our second Greyhound, Sarah. Sarah had previously been adopted by someone who didn't want to keep her. She went to Second Chance for Greyhounds. As luck would have it, I was at the Greyhound kennel that day and saw Sarah. Sad-eyed and scared as she was, we bonded instantly. I, of course, took her home to meet Bob and Molly, and now she is also part of our family.

It was fate that I was at the kennel that day because we have since discovered through their ear tattoos that Molly and Sarah are littermates. We adopted two Greyhounds at different times under different circumstances and they turned out to be sisters. I'm told this is a one in a million chance that this would happen.

Three months ago Bob underwent surgery again. This time he had to have two vertebrae fused in his neck. It was a tough operation and he had to wear a very restrictive collar for four weeks. In Florida's 96-degree temperatures, this was not fun. I'm convinced he got through this difficult time because of Molly and Sarah. They were by his side the whole time, comforting him. They kept him happy and smiling once again.

Sometimes it's difficult to describe the love, loyalty, and affection these Greyhounds can give you. It is hard to imagine their human traits unless you can experience them. Bob is happy again and smiles a lot now. He feels useful again and both Molly and Sarah have helped him find a real purpose in life. After all, he has to take care of these two little people who depend on him so much. In return he gets a whole lot of love back. Molly and Sarah are truly the best thing that ever happened to us. ❖

Annette, Bob, Molly, and Sarah Callahan reside in Cape Coral, Florida.



Kinto Nebo—Poor Racer, Good Mom

Kinto Nebo was inducted into the Hall of Fame on October 6, 1979, the first bitch ever nominated solely on the strength of her production record. She was whelped January 18, 1956 and died at age 12, leaving a record of winning children and grandchildren that may never be equaled.

The strange part of Kinto Nebo's story is that she never did well on the track and was turned down by O.K. Duke, Jr., one of the top breeders of the day, because of her poor racing career and shyness. Mr. Duke would regret this decision. Part of Kinto Nebo's trouble on the track was a trick toe that would dislocate when she was running. She was pulled from training and tried in coursing, but that, too, was beyond her abilities, as the toe would give out in the turns.

Kinto Nebo came from a great line of racers with Johnny Leonard and Mixed Harmony, both Hall of Fame dogs, in her pedigree, and behind them were several Irish and English imports with Waterloo Cup winners behind them. She had a lovely pedigree, but she couldn't run.

So, this short-legged, stockily-built brindle

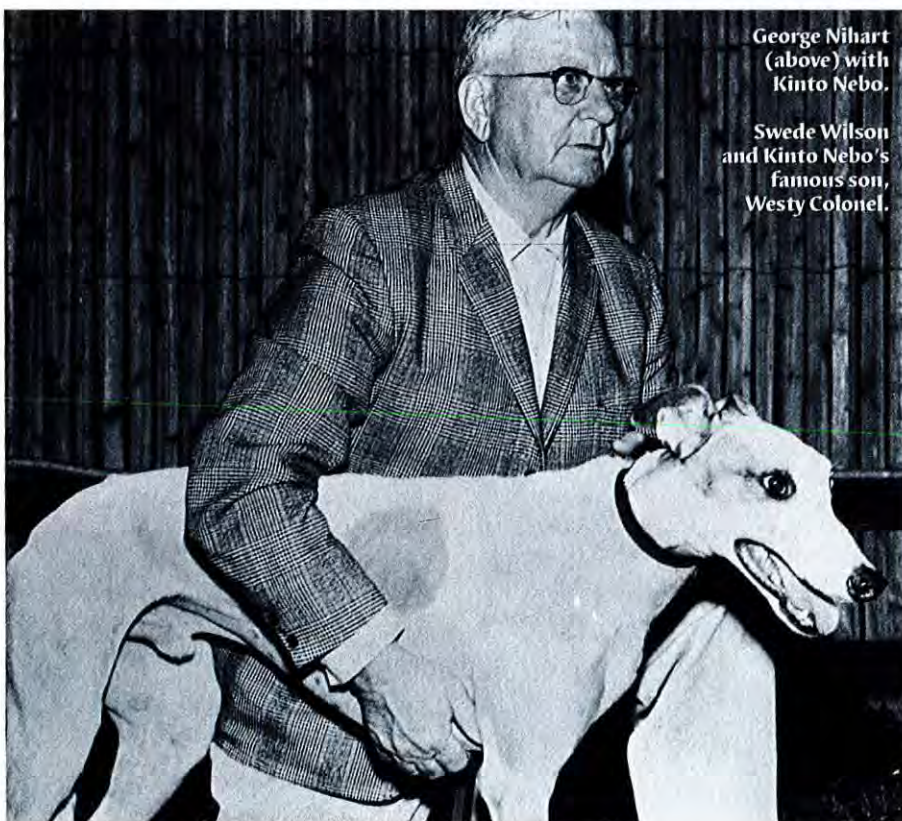
bitch was retired to the brood box. And was she ever a winner there! By the time she was inducted into the Hall of Fame, nearly one-third of all Greyhounds racing had her in their pedigrees. She produced dogs that show up time and again in the pedigrees of dogs that I've researched, and she was the dam of another Hall of Famer—Westy Whizzer. Westy Whizzer was, in fact, the fourth direct generation of this line to be inducted into the Hall of Fame. Both of his parents (Kinto Nebo and Tell You Why) were Hall of Fame dogs.

Bred to Tommy A. for her first litter, she



George Nihart (above) with Kinto Nebo.

Swede Wilson and Kinto Nebo's famous son, Westy Colonel.



produced six pups, and after watching them being schooled, O.K. Duke bought three of the pups for \$400 each. At the time, he was also offered Kinto Nebo, and that is when he turned her down. After breaking the pups in at the Miami track, he realized that he'd really missed a bet in not buying Kinto Nebo. He tried to do so, but she was already sold, and the new owner had heard about those pups. He wasn't selling!

George Nihart was the man who bought Kinto Nebo—for \$250—and it was the best investment he ever made. Those first pups, owned by Duke, began racing shortly after that, and it was obvious that they had class. Raced, Rallied, and Purled all made Grade A. Purled went on to be ranked sixth on the all-time Brood Matron Standings. Kinto Nebo, holds the number one spot.

The Niharts lived in Westmoreland, Kansas, hence the 'Westy' prefix to their dogs' names. Mrs. Nihart stated that Kinto Nebo, now known as Candy, weighed about 60 to 65 pounds, and she wasn't a bit shy or spooky. Kinto Nebo settled in with the Niharts and lived out her life in their home, producing litter after litter of outstanding pups.

The best-known of her first generation pups are the ones who have strongly produced on their own and done some major winning. They are the bitches: Purled, Abated, Westy Kinto, Westy Lass, and Westy Blubber. These girls produced 31 Greyhounds that can also be listed amongst the greats of racing. They include Policed, Lorded, Caprioled, Cap Perfecta, Higher and Higher, Kithed, Friend Westy, and Highway Robber. It is almost certain that one or another of these dogs will show up in your dog's pedigree. And if not these, try the offspring of Rallied, Westy Whizzer, or Westy Colonel, the males in her first generation. Westy Whizzer alone produced Carry On, Sand Cut, Western Ghost, Big Whizzer (sire of Downing), Whizzer Ben, and the Whiz Kids (winningest litter of all time). In this litter were A. Whiz, B. Whiz, C. Whiz, and so on.

During her career, Kinto Nebo produced seven litters of pups, and every litter included dogs that ran Grade A. More importantly, she produced pups in five litters who have themselves bred on very successfully. Quite a record for a chunky bitch with a trick toe! ❖

Laurel Drew is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.

Azor: A Fictional Tale

Story by Joan Dillon;
Artwork by Michele Carnevale

It was cold... bitter cold. Standing at the top of a snow-covered hill, Azor shivered. If only that rabbit hadn't crossed his path he would now be snuggled up by the fire at his master's feet. With the scarcity of rations at Valley Forge there was no way he could pass up the chance of a rabbit dinner even if the rabbit did turn out to be a rather scrawny one.

His hunger satisfied Azor looked around. His keen sighthound eyes spotted the curving track of the Schuylkill in the distance. He knew that if he followed the river he would get back to Valley Forge. His master, the Baron von Steuben, must be looking for him by now.

A chill breeze caused Azor to shiver again. The light snow had changed to sleet and the Greyhound's short fur was no protection against its stinging pellets. Eyes fixed on the distant river Azor plodded toward it.

The snow got deeper with each step he took and soon Azor's slender legs were bloody from its frozen crust. Exhausted, he could go no further. Lifting his muzzle to the sky Azor howled his frustration.

AROOOOOoooooooooooo.

The howl rose and fell in the cold crisp air.

Once again Azor howled... AROOOooo... then silence.

A short distance away ten-year-old Betsy Allen stopped dead in her tracks. Caught by surprise her 12-year-old brother Seth crashed into her sending both of them tumbling to the ground in a cloud of white.

"Ouch! Watch where you're going." Shaking the snowflakes from her blonde braids, Betsy's cornflower blue eyes shot sparks at her older brother.

"If you hadn't stopped right in front of me I wouldn't have run into you." Seth, a sturdy lad with auburn hair, green eyes and freckles was clearly annoyed with his younger sister.

"You made me tip over the load of wood. Now help me put it back on the sled."

"Didn't you hear the w-w-wolf?" stammered Betsy.

"No wolves around here, sis. If there were, the soldiers would have eaten them by now."

AROOOooo... the howl came again.

"Well, did you hear it that time?" Tears of frustration clouded Betsy's eyes. "I told you I heard a wolf."

"And I told you it can't be a wolf... a dog maybe." Trying to be brave, Seth added, "Come on Bets, we've still a ways to go." To be on the safe side, however, he picked up a good-sized branch to carry.

They had gone only a short distance when Seth turned to urge Betsy to hurry up. In doing so, he tripped over something and landed sitting... next to a pile of... *fur*?

Startled, Seth lifted his branch like a club. Then, dropping it, he knelt in the snow.

"Gee sis, it's a dog—an a w f u l s k i n n y one—and



he's in bad shape."

"Is he dead?"

asked Betsy joining her brother and gently stroking the still form.

"I don't think so." Seth felt for a heartbeat and found it... barely. "He will be if we don't get him home fast."

Seth emptied the sled of wood and returned for the unconscious dog. "Give me a hand sis, help me get him on the sled."



Betsy hesitated. "Mom won't like it if we come home without the wood."

"I'll go back for it later. Now give me a hand cause this dog is heavier than he looks."

Between the two of them they got the unconscious dog on the sled. Then with Seth pulling, and Betsy holding onto the dog to keep him from sliding off, they headed home.

"What on earth?"

Heather Allen pushed back a lock of grey-tinged auburn hair as she surveyed the scene outside her window. Seth and Betsy had returned, but instead of the expected load of wood, they seemed to be struggling with some sort of animal. Grabbing her shawl off the peg next to the door Heather hurried out to see what was going on.

"Betsy, I can't carry him by myself. He's too heavy. You take the back end and I'll take..."

"Who's too heavy? What are you up to and where is the wood I sent you after hours ago?" Heather's identical green eyes met Seth's.

He stammered, "I-I-I'm sorry, Mom. I'll go back for the wood, but we couldn't leave the dog to die."

"We knew you could save him, Mom," Betsy added with a cherubic grin. Then, more seriously, "You *can* save him, can't you, Mom?"

Getting her first good look at the dog Heather gasped, "My goodness, it's a Greyhound! I've seen pictures of them, but never thought to see one in the Colonies."

Stripping off her shawl Heather spread it on the ground. "Help me get him on the shawl; we can use it as a stretcher." Between them they carried Azor inside and lay him



down on a rug before the fire.

While rubbing the dog dry Heather noticed his fine leather collar. Looking closer she could see a name burned into the leather—A-Z-O-R.

“Azor is it?” she exclaimed. “I wonder if that is your name or your owner’s. ’Tis a fine collar you have in any event so your owner must be somebody important.”

Hearing his name, Azor stirred.

“Ah, so you’ve decided to stay in the land of the living have you? Seth, bring me a mug of broth from the stew pot. Betsy, get me a spoon.”

Azor heard the voices of the woman and her children, but couldn’t make out what they were saying. Next he felt his head being gently raised as soft fingers coaxed his mouth open. A drop of something warm was put on his tongue and trickled down his throat. Instinctively he swallowed. After several spoonfuls, Azor drifted off to sleep.

“Is he going to get well, Mom?” asked Betsy.

“It’s out of our hands now,” Heather responded. “Seth, keep an eye on the dog and if he wakes, try to get some more broth into him. For tonight you can have your stew by the fire.”

Seth took a spoonful of stew and hesitated. It felt like he was being watched. Sure enough, Azor’s eyes were open. Taking a small piece of meat between his thumb and forefinger Seth held it out to the dog.

Azor sniffed... it smelled good. Raising his head he gently took the piece of meat into his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue. Finishing that piece Azor looked hopefully at the boy. His eyes pleaded for more.

“Want another piece, fella?”

Azor obligingly opened his mouth. Yum, that tasted even better! Satisfied for the time being Azor stretched out and was soon fast asleep.

“Can we keep him, Mom?” Seth pleaded.

“Please, Mom,” chimed in Betsy.

“You don’t understand, children,” Heather replied gently. “The dog is a Greyhound. They are valuable dogs and he must

belong to somebody very important. Tomorrow we will make inquiries and see if we can find his owner.” She turned to her son. “Now, Seth, since your father had to go to Valley Forge to deliver the boots he made for General Washington, I need you and Betsy to help me with the chores.”

Later, after checking on Azor, the three of them went upstairs to bed.

During the night the storm picked up again. The wind coupled with heat rising from the chimney caused snow on top of the chimney to melt and fall down inside.

Swoooooosh! Hsssssst... The snow hit the banked fire causing sparks to fly in all directions. One spark lodged in a crack between the floorboards and began to smolder.

Sensing something was wrong, Azor opened his eyes. Orange fingers of flame hungrily licked at the floorboards nearest the fireplace. He struggled to his feet. The woman and her children... he had to warn them. Looking around, his keen eyes fell on the stairway... they must be up there.

In his weakened condition it was like climbing a mountain. Struggling over the top step he glanced below. The room was fast becoming an inferno.

Entering the first room he came to, Azor gave a loud bark... WOOF!

“What the... cough, cough... Azor?” Choking on smoke, Seth saw the Grey-

hound silhouetted against an orange reflection from the stairway and came instantly awake. Running into Betsy’s room, he shook her awake crying, “Betsy, get up, the house is on fire!”

Azor headed for Heather’s room and pawed at her until she awoke. Sitting up groggily, Heather smelled the smoke... “Oh my God, the children!”

Before she could get to the doorway Seth and Betsy ran into the room. Her relief was short-lived when Seth blurted out, “Mom, the stairway’s on fire... w-w-we’re trapped.”

Thinking quickly, Heather closed the door and stuffed a blanket under it. Then she opened the window, glanced at the children and looked down.

“Seth, come over here. I’ll lower you from the window. It will be about a five-foot drop to the ground, but the snow will cushion your fall. Betsy, I’m going to do the same with you. Run across the road to Uncle John’s and have him come quick with a ladder. If I have to, I’ll jump, but I don’t want to leave Azor.”

With the children gone, Heather huddled on the floor next to the open window. Holding tightly to the trembling Azor, she tried to reassure him that help was on the way.

A crackling sound drew Heather’s gaze to the door. It now glowed a brilliant orange and the blanket was smoking.

There wasn’t much time.

A scraping of a ladder against the outside wall and a man’s form appeared at the window. “Heather, where are you?” It was her brother, John.

Seeing the glow of flames, John urged Heather to hurry, but she insisted he take Azor down the ladder first. She lifted the dog up to the windowsill where John could reach him. Then, with smoke billowing behind her, Heather climbed over the windowsill and, holding tightly to the ladder, slowly followed John and Azor to the ground.

With a mighty roar and a shower of sparks the roof collapsed on the rooms below.

The sound crashed around their ears.

Watching the destruction of their home, Betsy clutched Heather’s hand, crying uncontrollably. Seth manfully tried to appear stoic as he stood, holding Azor by the collar, but tears rolled down his face unchecked.

Trying to comfort the tearful children Heather murmured, “Azor saved our lives. If we don’t find his owner he will always have a home with us.”

Drew Allen, his business with General Washington completed, chose to ride along with a scouting patrol that was going his way. Also accompanying the patrol was Baron von Steuben. The Baron, a Prussian



army officer, had come to Valley Forge to train American troops. This morning, however, he was looking for his missing Greyhound, but feared that he would find the dog's lifeless body if he found him at all.

"Rider approaching," called out one of the scouts.

"It's John Campbell, my brother-in-law," said Drew. "Something must be wrong."

"Drew," John blurted out on seeing him, "there was a fire last night and your house was destroyed."



"Fire?" The blood drained from Drew's face as he voiced his worst fears, "Heather and the kids?"

"They're fine, but if it hadn't been for that Greyhound... I hate to think what might have happened."

"Greyhound?" queried the Baron.

"Yeah, the dog warned them about the fire in time for them to escape."

"But we don't own a Greyhound," stated a bewildered Drew.

"Guess you do now," John replied. "That dog's a real hero!"

"Hmmm." The Baron pondered, fingering his chin uncertainly. "I wonder... could it be my Azor?"

Heather placed the stew pot in her growing pile of items salvaged from the rubble. Pausing, she looked up to see a party of horsemen approaching. Recognizing Drew and John in the group she went to meet them.

Dismounting, Drew gathered Heather in his arms and held her close as he surveyed the rubble that had been his home. "It's a miracle that you and the kids are alive," he murmured shakily.

"The miracle has a name," she replied. "It's Azor. We would have burned to death in our sleep if he hadn't awakened us. The Greyhound is a hero and I've already told the children that we will keep him if his owner can't be found."

"I'm afraid this gentleman may have a prior claim," Drew said, indicating the Baron. "He is the Baron von Steuben and he is looking for his missing Greyhound."

"Azor?" asked Heather.

"The same," replied Drew. "Where are the children now?"

"In the barn milking the cow and gathering eggs. Azor is with them. Do you want to tell them or should I?"

A door slammed. This was followed by cries of delight as Seth and Betsy spotted their father. They ran to meet him, Azor trailing along behind.

Upon seeing the Greyhound, the Baron slid from his saddle and crouched down in the snow. "Azor, my friend, come here to

me." The Greyhound's ears went up and then, with a joyful yelp, he ran to his master, tail wagging furiously.

Seth looked at Betsy. Understanding and disappointment showed on their faces.

Walking up to the Baron, Seth said. "I guess Azor must be your dog, sir. We found him and brought him home and then he saved us from the fire. Would you consider selling him? I could work and save up the money to buy him."

Facing Seth, the Baron stated gently, "Azor and I have traveled all the way from Prussia together. He is my friend and one doesn't sell a friend, but I will be happy to bring him for a visit whenever I am in the area." Then, sensing the impatience of the mounted patrol, the Baron added, "Now, Azor, say goodbye to your new friends. We must get back to Valley Forge."

After mounting his horse, the Baron turned to Drew. "The troops need to be kept busy until the new campaign starts in the spring. I will send some carpenters to rebuild your house... consider it a present from Azor."

Azor hesitated as the patrol moved out, torn between his master and the children. He started to follow the Baron and then stopped, glancing back at Seth for reassurance.

Drew and Heather exchanged knowing glances.

"It's okay, Azor."

Seth spoke softly, his voice breaking with emotion. "Go... go with your master."

The Greyhound pawed the ground and whined. For a long moment his expressive brown eyes lingered on Seth then, making his choice, Azor ran after the horsemen. ❖

Author's Note

My special thanks to Michael Maguire who has been both friend and mentor during my transition from article writing and non fiction to fiction. Without his encouragement this story might never have been written.

There really was a Baron von Steuben who trained American troops at Valley Forge. The Baron also owned a Greyhound named Azor. All events portrayed in this story, however, are fictitious. The REAL Baron von Steuben was a Prussian military officer who spoke very limited English. He usually communicated in French or by means of translators.

The Baron, his favorite greyhound Azor, and several aides sailed for the Colonies from France in 1777 on a military ship disguised as a merchantman. After landing at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the Baron and his entourage traveled over land to Boston where they were detained for five weeks while awaiting orders from Congress. It was in Boston that the Baron's landlady, a Mrs. Downe, assessed a charge for Azor much to his displeasure. Duponceau, one of the Baron's aides, commented that he couldn't understand why the Baron objected since Azor ate as much as any of them. From Boston, the Baron's party traveled to Valley Forge by a roundabout route as Rhode Island, New York City and Philadelphia were under the control of the British. Details of Azor at Valley Forge are sketchy at best.

Following the Revolutionary War the Baron and Azor stayed in America. Azor apparently was long-lived as a letter written by the Baron in 1786 mentioned that he had been ill and confined to his room, alone except for Azor.

Joan Dillon is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.





by Patricia Gail Burnham

The Dogs of the Tournament of Roses

On January first when we watch the floral extravaganza of the Rose Parade, few people know that it had its beginnings as an event created to display the hounds and horses of the Valley Hunt Club. In the days before electronic entertainment, people had to devise their own recreation activities. What better way to spend a day than riding through the Southern California countryside on a fast horse in pursuit of fast prey and faster dogs?

In 1886, Charles Holder assembled a pack of Greyhounds and trained them to chase fox, jackrabbits, and coyotes. The hunters rode in pursuit of the hounds in the style of English fox hunting, although with Greyhounds doing the running, the pace was quite a bit faster than English foxhunters were used to.

Mr. Holder urged the formation of a foxhunting club in Pasadena. The resulting Valley Hunt Club was organized in 1888. It was to be "composed of ladies and gentle-

men for out-of-door exercise" and "social enjoyment and hunting wild game." There were twenty-five original members.

Females, Greyhounds, and Foxhounds Welcomed

It is unusual for clubs of this period to include female members. As late as 1922 women were not allowed at the banquet events of the Greyhound Club of America. Perhaps it was the regard in which frontier

women were held that made an exception in this case. The early photos show groups in which the women are generally holding the dogs and an occasional jackrabbit, while the men on their horses form a line behind them. I don't know if folks dressed up for these photos, but the jackets and ties on the men and the street-length, fitted dresses on the ladies look as though they would make hunting a little uncomfortable. The Greyhounds appear to be mostly red or fawn in color. Blacks, brindles, and white dogs are quite noticeably absent from the photos.

So where did they get all their Greyhounds? Greyhound coursing was a popular sport in California in the late 1800s. Most of it centered around San Francisco and Merced, but kennel clubs were periodically opened in the Los Angeles area to host coursing. By 1896, Greyhound coursers in the Midwest states were complaining about their best Greyhounds being bought and shipped to the Golden State. In addition to the American dogs, the wealthy gaming gentlemen of San Francisco imported English coursing winners to improve their stock.

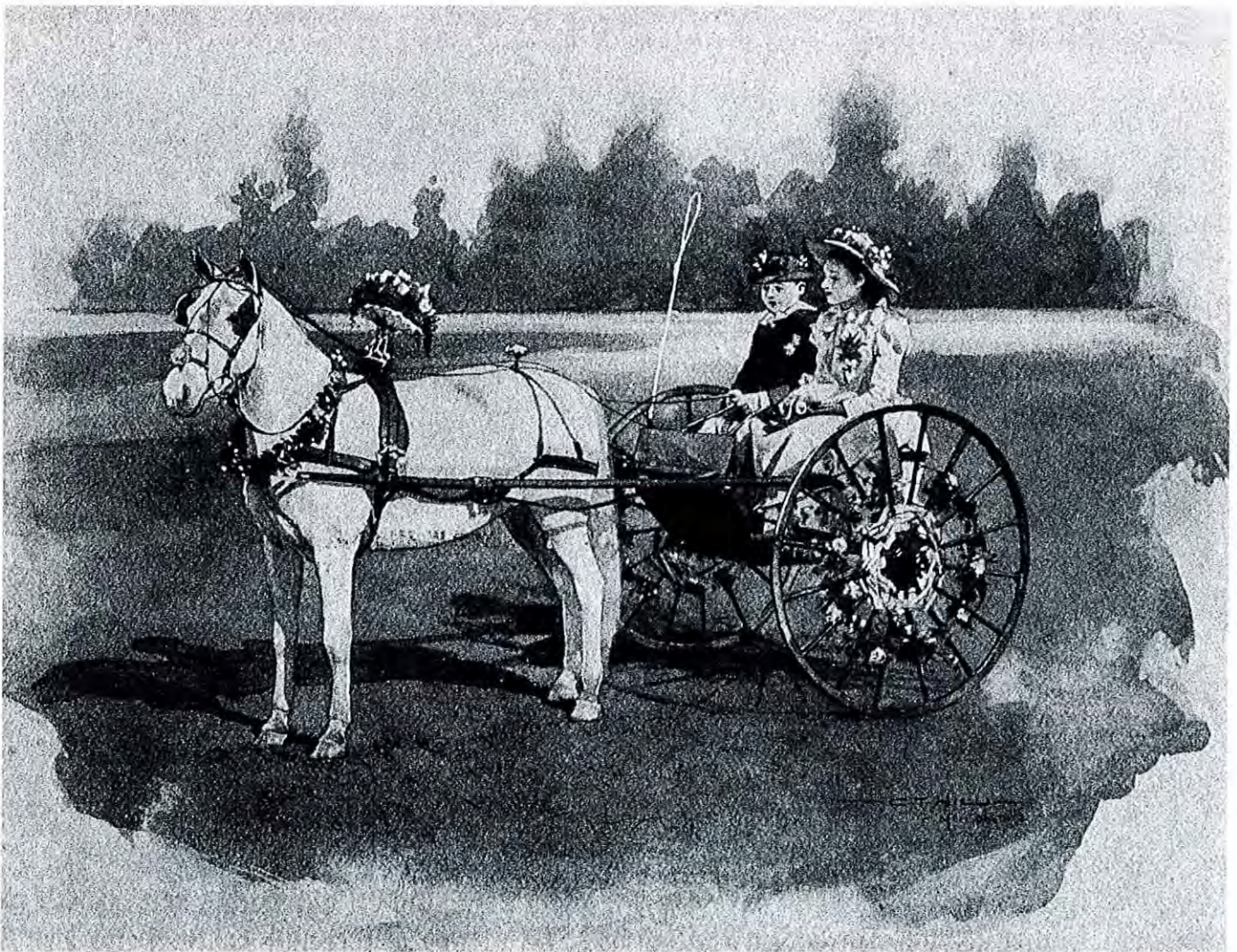
Foxhounds were added to the Valley Hunt Club's dogs when Dr. F. L. Roland presented the club with several couples of American Foxhounds that he had obtained from the Rose Tree Hunt Club of Philadelphia. They proved so popular that by 1891 the Southern California Kennel Club had more than 15 packs of Foxhounds entered.

Spring Comes Early in California

In 1888 a blizzard put most of the nation into deep freeze. Entire herds of cattle died on the central plains and residents of the East Coast had their share of hardships. Pasadena, with a population of fewer than 5,000 people, had its usually balmy winter with the sun shining over miles of orange groves. In 1889 Mr. Holder was elected to the presidency of the Valley Hunt Club, and he and Dr. Roland proposed that the club show off their hounds and horses at a "beautiful fete to celebrate the ripening of the orange." The date they picked was January 1, 1890, partly to show the rest of the country that spring came early in California. We don't call the resulting event the Orange parade because

Dr. Roland's wife had recently returned from the Festival of Roses in Nice, France, and thought it would be nice to have a similar event at home: the Pasadena Festival of Roses.

Mr. Holder not only proposed the first parade, but he wrote an account of one of the early parades that appeared in the March 1893 issue of *St. Nicholas* magazine. While it was published in 1893, the illustrations are from the first parade in 1890. The first festivals were divided into the parade itself and an assortment of following sporting events. The parades were made up of flower-decorated horses and carriages, with their accompanying Greyhounds and Foxhounds. The sporting events that followed covered a wide range of activities, but did not include football. One of the early parade winners was a two-wheeled, flower-filled cart pulled by an elegant pair of ponies that were driven in tandem with flowers woven into their harness. In the photo a red Greyhound is standing nonchalantly in front of them, while Dr. Roland is riding alongside, wearing his best suit and bowler hat, and with a flower-bedecked saddle pad.



Floats, Various Races, and Special Events

What may be the earliest float consisted of a surrey with a figure of a Greyhound lying on top of its roof. The dog looks like it is woven out of tumbleweed branches, much like the woven reindeer that have recently become popular decorations at Christmas.

In 1957, Union Oil entered a float called Auld Lang Syne that was a replica of one of the 1893 winners. It consisted of a "hand-some four-seated buckboard, drawn by four milk white steeds." More than 2,000 roses covered the buckboard, and other flowers made the banners, plumes, and saddlecloths for the horses. It was followed by two outriders also on flower-bedecked white horses.

After the parade came the special events. First was the tournament itself in which mounted riders tried to spear small brass rings on a lance. There was also the Quintain in which mounted riders threw spears at a target. These are the events that gave the Tournament its name. Then followed a steeplechase race in which horses raced over a series of flower-decorated hurdles.

Then, according to a Mr. Holder's contemporary account, came a race between a

pair of Greyhounds and "Daisy, the fastest race horse in Pasadena." The Greyhounds were Mouse and her grandson Junior, who appeared bedecked with a huge collar of red geraniums (the color of the club to which she belonged). The racehorse was given a running start (from a standing start the race would be no race at all as the smaller dogs can easily out-accelerate the horse). As the horse passed the starting line, Mouse and her grandson were released and they dash away amid a chorus of cheers and shouts. The horse skims along like a bird, but close beside her are the two dogs, moving like machines. Around the course they go, Junior ahead, barking and thinking it great sport, while old Mouse hangs at the quarter, looking up every few moments to see why Daisy does not go faster. Louder grow the shouts as the competitors pass around the great circle. Boys and girls crowd upon the track and the cry goes up that the dogs are ahead. A moment later, horse and dogs come rushing across the line, the latter well in advance. As everyone knows that the fastest horse cannot run away from a Greyhound, the defeat of Daisy is considered no disgrace.

Whether Mouse will take part in another tournament is a question, since she now has

a family of young Mice, as a little neighbor calls the tan-and-mouse colored puppies, which promise to run in some of the tournaments of the future, no doubt greatly to the credit of their mother.

While the dogs were being congratulated and the kennel of Foxhounds beneath the grandstand was howling and baying a welcome, the open space within the track was cleared for the polo teams, and for an hour they gave an exciting exhibition of their manly sport.

Then came the "Slow Race" in which the winner was the LAST burro to cross the finish line under the urging of his youthful rider. There were races for farmer boys upon ranch horses and races by little girls on flower-decorated ponies. There was a tug of war between rival teams from nearby towns.

The parade was a success from the first and grew rapidly. Competition for awards among the local gentlemen was fierce. By 1895, there were seven parade entries by a single owner. His various entries included carriages drawn by everything from a single horse to a six-horse team. That year was illustrated by a lovely Brougham and a smartly matched pair of buckskin horses entered by Thaddeus Lowe.



THE HURDLE RACE BETWEEN HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

It is curious to note that while artwork of the early parades picture Spanish vaqueiros, the early photographs of the same parades show horses in English tack and carriages that could be straight from London. The myth was of the Spanish West. The reality was America in the 1890s.

The Parade Becomes a National Event

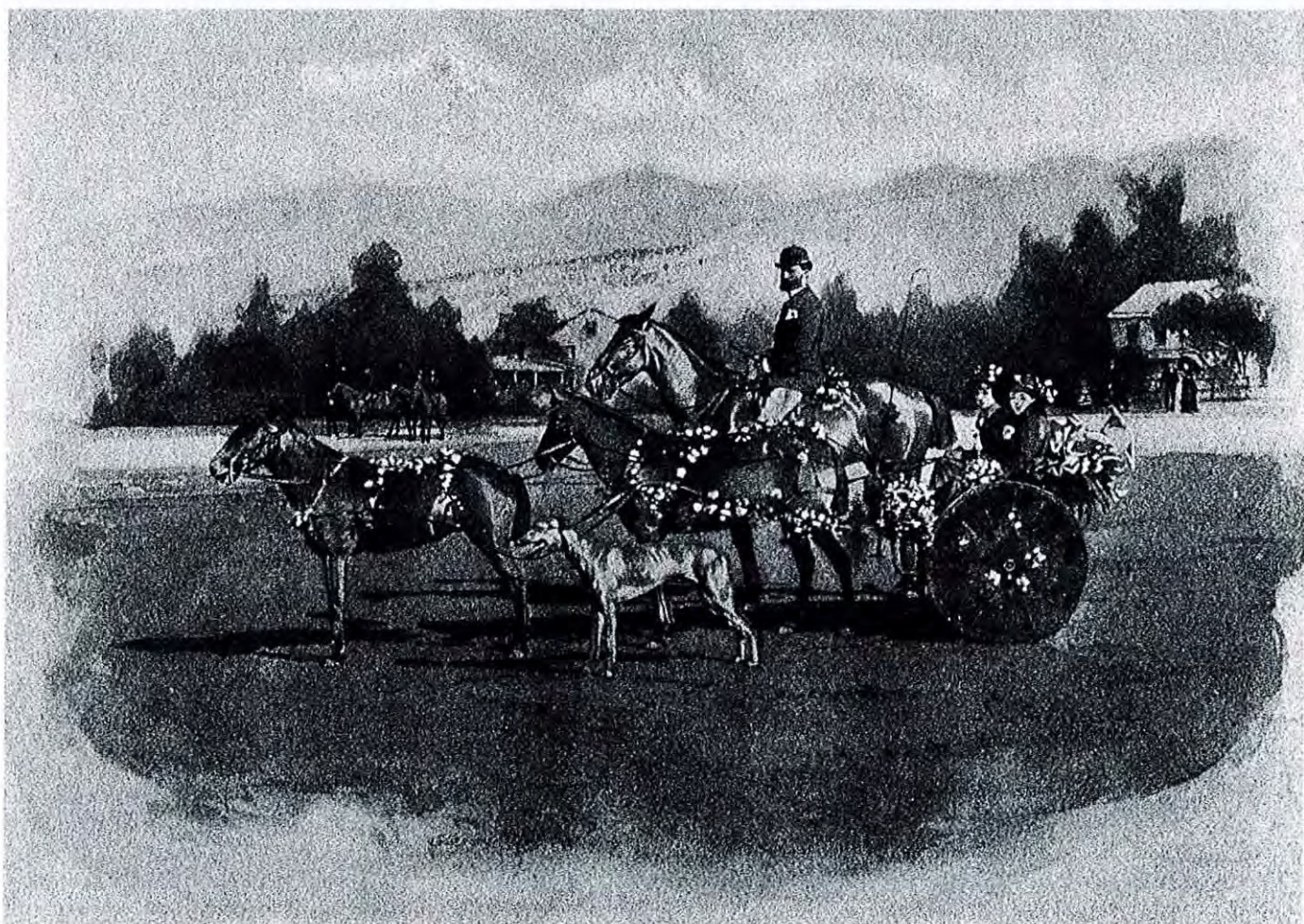
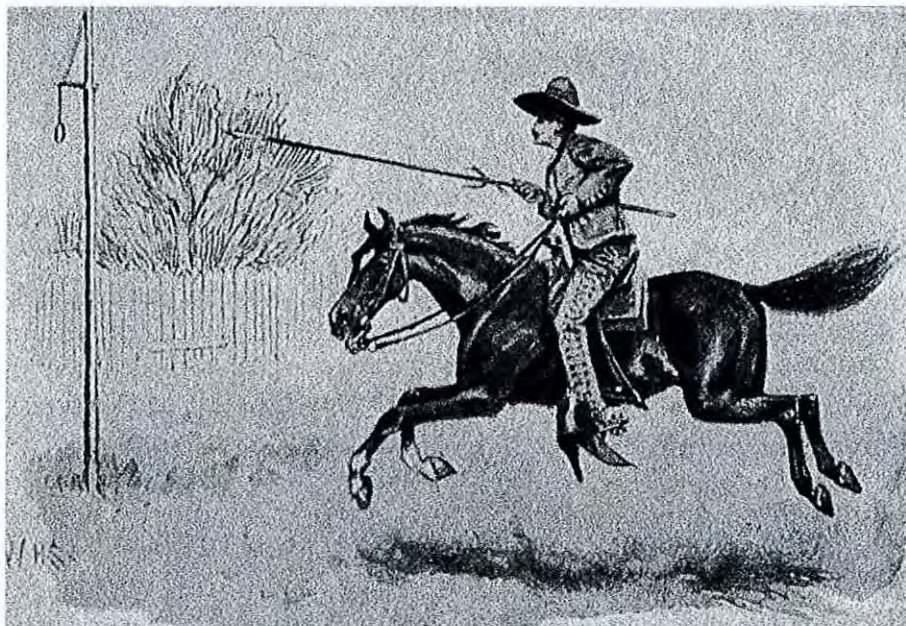
The growth of the parade, combined with a serious rainstorm in 1895, convinced the Valley Hunt Club that they should get back to their social and hunting events. They turned the parade over to the newly formed Tournament of Roses Association. The Valley Hunt Club is still an active social group although their hunting years are long behind them. They often have a carriage entry, and through the years an occasional nostalgic Greyhound has appeared in the parade as a reminder of how it all started.

So how did we get football? The first football game was played in 1902. The Michigan team demolished Stanford 40-0. That score was so depressing that the games were discontinued. From 1904 through 1915, the main attraction was chariot racing inspired by the best seller, *Ben Hur* (the book, not the movie). Chariot racing with

four-horse teams is a sport that makes football look like a ladies' ice cream social. But after a few close calls, the chariot racing was discontinued in favor of the resumption of football in 1916. By this time the Tournament of Roses was being filmed and

had become a nationwide event. It is amazing what can happen when a few dozen people set out to show off their horses and hounds. ❖

Patricia Gail Burnham is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.





Story and photos
by Patricia Gail
Burnham

Sheena and Spode Face Tumors

...while Kira waits
patiently at home

The Kira series started in CG Magazine in 1996. The story began with the conception of the litter whelped by Ms. Burnham's AKC Greyhound, Sheena. Kira was the tiniest pup of the litter and she became a major focal point of the family and the story. This series describes a variety of everyday events that happened to Kira, her family, and her friends. This is part II of the series.

My friend Betty Lou called with a question. She had requested blood panels for Sheena's relatives, Spode and Lancelot, who were eleven and nine years old. It is a good idea to have a blood panel run each year on old dogs as the panel can identify problems before they

are serious. Spode's panel showed elevated liver values while Lancelot's showed a low white count. The liver values were of more concern and the vet wanted to run a test for Cushing's Disease.

My heart turned cold. Elevated liver values and a test for Cushing's Disease were the first steps we had taken when Sheena's mother died. Annie's autopsy revealed an adrenal carcinoma. And Star Traveler had shown elevated liver values before he had been diagnosed with liver carcinomas. We had tried to diagnose his illness for more than six months, finally identifying the liver tumors by means of an abdominal ultrasound just two weeks before he died.

Since the ultrasound had shown what

was wrong with Traveler, I suggested that Betty Lou take Spode to Dr. Barrett for an abdominal ultrasound to look at her liver. And since Sheena had shown raised liver values when the puppies were born, I said that she also needed an ultrasound and we could make appointments for the same day.

One bright August morning we met at the veterinary hospital. Spode's ultrasound was done first and then it was time for Sheena and me. Some people just drop their dogs off to have ultrasounds performed, but I find it helpful to watch ultrasounds. Seeing what the problem is gives me more information than just hearing about it. Star Traveler's ultrasound showed the entire liver white with tumors. Healthy liver is black on an ultrasound.

A technician shaved Sheena's abdomen. I collected the brindle hair and put it in a plastic bag, unwilling to let them just sweep it away and discard it. I had never seen a large area of a brindle dog shaved before. As the hair was shaved away what emerged was black and white striped skin, brindle skin underneath her brindle hair.

Dr. Barrett came in with a student who was going to watch the procedure. As a result, we got a narrated tour of Sheena's insides. Her liver was nice and black. And then on the black liver a white spot appeared and Dr. Barrett stopped talking and started to take still pictures. The white spot was round and about the size of a golf ball, and it shouldn't be there. Dr. Barrett recommended doing a needle biopsy. I had talked him into doing a needle biopsy on Traveler without anesthetic, but this time he wanted to anaesthetize Sheena for the biopsy.

When I met Betty Lou out front and asked how her ultrasound had gone, it turned out that her ultrasound had not shown a distinct tumor like Sheena's had, but showed a small spot on her liver and a fringed gall bladder. Spode was scheduled for a Cushing's syndrome test. In order to do the Cushing's test she had to spend the day at the vet's office and stay calm. Spode had parvovirus as a four-month-old puppy and had to spend several days hooked up to intravenous tubes at a vet's office. It saved her life, but afterwards she absolutely hated veterinarians. So, to keep her calm, Betty Lou moved into a spare exam room with blankets and a radio and camped out with Spode, napping through the day while they tested her. Spode stayed calm. The test was successful and she didn't have Cushing's Disease.

The doctor recommended doing a needle biopsy of the small spot on Spode's liver. Sheena's biopsy was first and the night before I was in a fit of anxiety, fearful that she would die under the anesthesia. I even cast her paw stones.

I make rectangular memorial stepping stones for my dogs with their names and paw prints and decorative ceramic items imbedded in the concrete. Sheena's had a tile that said, "A woman's place is in control" and a heart with a red number ten on it. She also had a tile that said, "I'm the boss," and one with a verse about friendship.

I made two paw stones, one that said Sheena and one that said Mom. The Sheena paw stone has all four of Sheena's paw prints on it while the Mom paw stone has one of Sheena's paw prints and a paw print from each of the puppies down the side. That night, as the paw stones were drying on the patio, the puppies ran across them to leave additional faint paw prints of their own.

I dropped off Sheena at the vet's office in the morning and spent the day worrying about the anesthesia, but she met me that night, bright-eyed and ready to go home. When the biopsy results came back, the diagnosis was a hepatoma. A hepatoma is an adenoma of the liver. Adenomas are considered benign tumors because they don't spread to other parts of the body, but they will kill you nonetheless. They can grow to football size and will kill you in the process. The question was, did I want to risk liver surgery to remove the adenoma?

Next, Spode went in for her biopsy and the diagnosis was another adenoma. Spode's liver values were much higher than Sheena's, but neither dog was showing any symptoms. They both seemed perfectly healthy except for their blood values and the biopsy results. It is hard to decide to operate on an apparently healthy dog. Spode went in for surgery in October.

Dr. Carla Salida, who had done Sheena's C-section, would be doing the surgery. When Spode's tumor was exposed, it was wrapped around vital organs. Carla tried to find a way to remove it and finally said, "I can't do it." So she closed Spode's abdomen and sent her home. Dr. Barrett said that she could live from two months to two years.



Spode stayed in the house for the next month to heal. I work near Betty Lou's house so I would visit Spode at lunch to let her out. I was amazed at the size of the incision. She had been cut from breastbone to crotch. The skin was rolled and fastened with what looked like a blanket hemstitch. It was a very impressive incision. Spode was feeling fairly sorry for herself for the first week. At the back of my mind, while I watched

her, was the decision of did I want to put Sheena through this?

Sheena didn't look or act sick. She played hard, slept harder, and dreamed with her usual intensity. Sheena has always been one of the most active dreaming dogs I have ever known. Her dreams start with twitches of her lips, which work their way up her face and down her neck to her body. Everything on her body moves. Her closed eyes jerk and her powerful legs kick as she runs in her sleep in pursuit of phantom prey. Often the chases end with her satisfied lip smacking. It is quite a performance.

Kira, on the other hand, doesn't seem to dream at all. She sleeps snuggled quietly with her head on my shoulder and her heart against my heart. When the nights grow colder, she figured out that it was warmer to curl up against the back of my knees, completely under the covers.

Most Greyhounds don't like to sleep under the covers. They overheat and wake up panting. But Sheena and Kira are exceptions. Sheena had slept for her entire life curled up under the covers in my arms. She practices the fixed-stare technique of asking to have the covers raised so that she could slide underneath. If she leaves the bed during the night, I wake up in the dark with her face inches from mine, willing me to wake up and lift the covers for her.

Kira has a much more direct approach for getting the covers lifted. Kira is extremely foot oriented. As a tiny puppy she had waved her front legs violently when I had carried her to Sheena to nurse. Now as a youngster she uses her front feet to get attention, tapping on me with her toenails. Before I realized what she was doing, she had taught me to respond to being tapped in the shoulder blade with a toenail by



covering her up. It was one of the neatest pieces of owner training that I have seen. She taught me that the quickest way to stop her tapping was to cover her up. So, I might as well do it at the first tap, instead of waiting for the tenth. Telling her to stop tapping was useless. She just waits and then starts again. She had a perfect grasp of the two basics of animal training: inevitability and repetition. It is easier to cover her, than to get her to stop the tapping any other way.

Once under the covers, she likes to increase her salt intake by licking my skin salt. Here, again, she has her own style. Most dogs are straight-forward lickers who wash their human with simple slurps. When Kira wants me to get up in the morning she washes my face with enthusiastic normal dog licks. Her morning greeting is very much like Sheena's.

But when Kira is after salt she puts her tongue gently on my arm and lets it lay there for a minute for a long taste before she

retrieves it to start another lick. It is very seductive. After decades of dog licks, her technique stands out from the pack. For folks who may be horrified at the thought of dog kisses, interspecies immunity makes it safer to kiss dogs than to kiss people.

One of the Greyhound rescue organizations used to sell a T-shirt with the message, "Alors. Je Suis Embrasse Ma Levrier, Sur La Bouche," which translates into, "Warning, I kiss my dog on the lips." Most of my dogs know the word "kiss." Visitors who playfully say, "Do you want a kiss?" are likely to get kissed before they realize what is happening. In Sheena's case, it is a good idea to keep one's mouth closed, since she has been known to French-kiss people, which can be quite a surprise.

On Dog Lovers

Dog lovers are a special breed. I pulled into a service station with the puppy pack along, and a middle-aged man at the next pump looked at my passengers and the

bumper sticker that said, "I love Greyhounds." He then asked, "Do you love dogs?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Actually, that is a test. It is a way to tell whether a person really loves dogs. If you say, 'Do you love dogs?' and the person does, they will answer yes without hesitation. But a person who doesn't love dogs will qualify their answer. They will say something like, 'Of course I like dogs,' or 'Doesn't everybody like dogs?' Try it. It never fails." I haven't tried his question on anyone yet, but I also never forgot it. It was my most memorable gasoline stop.

The truth is, a fraction of the human race considers dogs to be dirty or dangerous animals and not fit for human companionship, and we will never understand those people. Because, to people who value dogs, they are highly-evolved social beings with virtues that most people should envy. They are loving, intelligent, and in some cases, beautiful creatures who have evolved over millions of years and have been selected over thousands of years to be our companions.

Dogs are undervalued because we are used to them. We see them everywhere and familiarity breeds contempt. If we found a species of their sophistication on Mars, it would be the news of the century. It would be a shoo-in for the Nobel Prize. As it is, we slaughter them thoughtlessly. It is not one of mankind's finer moments.

In the language of native Americans, dogs belong to what are called, "Other bloods." These are the creatures who share the world with man. And they have strengths of their own that we lack. Hawks and eagles have the power of flight and have better eyesight than we do. Bison and bears have greater strength. Wolves and dogs are faster runners than we are, can see better in the dark, and have a sense of smell that we, in our scent-blind state, can barely comprehend.

The Kiowa identify things that happened long ago by saying that they happened, "When dogs could talk." But this is a misnomer because dogs talk now. They talk with their eyes and their tongues, with their tails, and their speaking paws.

Kira is the most paw-oriented dog I had ever met. When she was less than a week old and I was carrying her in to nurse, she would flail wildly with her front legs. And now when she wants something, she taps me with her left paw. Usually what she wants is to be covered up, but she will also tap for a particularly wonderful treat, or to make me pay attention to her when I have been sorting through photos or papers for too long. Greyhounds are indeed "Other bloods." And those of us who appreciate them have contact with a larger world than the limited one of mankind alone.

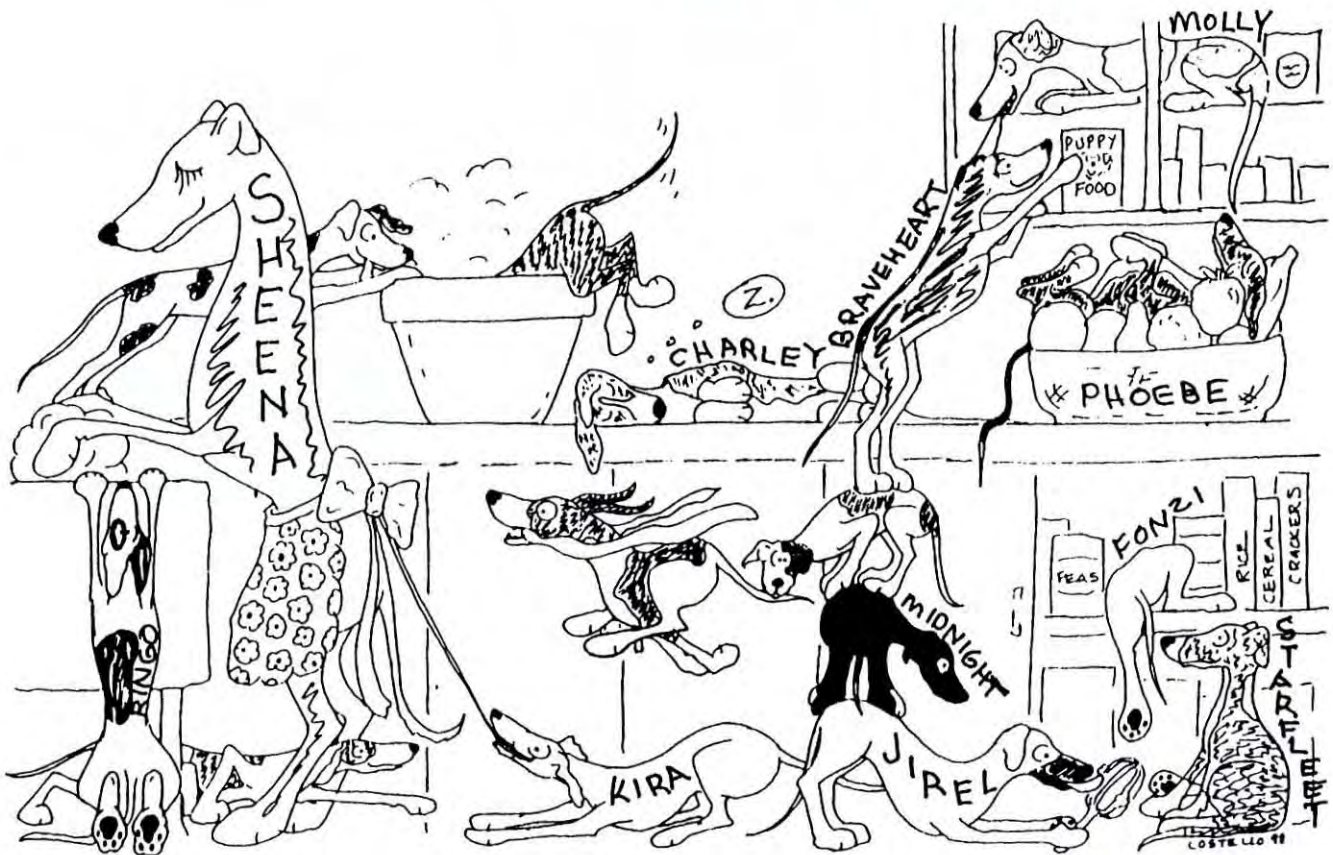
To add to her range of expressions, Kira learned to smile. Actually, she might have been smiling all along, but I didn't learn to recognize it until she was seven months old. Partly this was because her smile was unusual. Not all dogs smile, but the smilers usually do it by lifting their lips all around their mouth to expose their teeth.

Smiling is a genetic trait in a happy dog who is greeting someone. It lifts its lips to show all its teeth. Subordinate wolves do this when they greet their pack leader. Smiling is basically a subordinate grin. Sheena's sister is a big time smiler and I warn people who are about to meet her that she will smile at them and that it is not a snarl or threat. It can be a little shocking to meet a big, fast-moving dog that is displaying all its teeth.

I was playing tag with Kira one day when she lifted her head, pointed her muzzle at me and lifted just the lips in the very front to expose her pearly white incisors. I suddenly realized that she was smiling. I had never seen a dog smile without lifting the side lips to expose all the teeth. Once I had learned to watch for her little grin, it was easy to spot, mainly because she would always point her incisors directly at me before lifting the lips to show them off. It is the smallest toothy grin in the world. ♦

Patricia Gail Burnham is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.

A kiss for mom from Kira.



Selling a House When It's Gone to the Dogs



Story by Jody Frederick;
Photo by Loretta Nickolaus

When their people move, pets may become worried. Here, Jazz, owned by Barbara Folkins of California, is clearly puzzled by what is happening around her.

"The kinfolk said, Californ-y is the place you ought to be So we loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly... Hills, that is, Swimming pools... Movie stars."

bottom, our home was ready for its first big test. You often do not see the flaws of your own home because you become accustomed to its appearance, warts, and all! What traces of our dogs had we overlooked? To test the waters before the first open house, we asked friends and neighbors to walk through and give us their honest opinions about our home. Using this feedback, we fixed two oversights: we moved the tangle of leashes hanging on a hook out of sight and into the closet, and removed our rather menacing BEWARE OF DOGS sign on the front door. Next, our real estate agent advertised an open house for real estate agents only. It passed the white glove test and was finally ready for public showings.

Given our agent's concern about minimizing the presence of our dogs for each showing, we evacuated the dogs and all of their belongings each time buyers wanted to see the house. In the listing, we requested 24-hours notice for each visit. We developed a sequence of steps to prepare for each showing:

Activity

Tidy the house
Burn incense or candles to mask odors
Mop the linoleum and tile to erase muddy paw prints
Spray the yard with deodorizer
Move the dogs, along with their beds and feeding dishes to the minivan
Spray air freshener throughout the house to kill any odors the incense or spray might have missed

During each showing, we decided to spend time doing something special with our pets. We took them for walks in exciting new locations, visited drive-thrus for ice cream cone treats, took them for long car rides in the country, or arranged for play sessions with other Greyhounds. During an otherwise busy time, this forced us to spend quality time with our dogs. These outings also managed to ease our own anxiety regarding the business transaction element of selling our home.

I couldn't believe that one of my lifelong dreams was about to become reality! The lure of sunshine and lucrative software jobs had finally coaxed my husband and me to leave behind eight months of winter and all of the hockey we could stomach. Yes, we decided to move from Canada's wintry north to Southern California. After the initial excitement wore off, the reality of the gargantuan task of moving 3,000 miles from home hit us. The first assignment involved selling our 1,500 square foot condominium. We share our lives with two graceful, well-behaved, quiet ex-racing Greyhounds and a zany, clownish standard Poodle. Despite how much they add to our lives, three dogs in a small home is not generally seen as a selling feature.

First, we phoned several real estate brokerage firms to inquire about agents who specialized in our neighborhood and housing type. Next, we created a short list and phoned each agent to ask how he/she felt about trying to sell a house that three large dogs call home. Those who hesitated or implied that it was going to be a difficult task were not considered. The agent we selected had a "nothing is impossible" attitude, was a dog owner herself, and (bonus points) indicated that she had heard of and supported the movement to adopt ex-racing dogs. She was honest in stating that our situation was not ideal because to some buyers, the thought of buying a home previously inhabited by dogs is a turn-off. Our task: To minimize, or erase, the culture of dogs so prevalent in our home.

In addition to the usual sale preparation suggestions, our agent gave us very specific feedback about how prospective buyers would view our home. First, we removed the wall-to-wall carpeting from the living room, dining room, hallway, and staircase. Over the years, the carpet had become worn and was, ahem, soiled in places. Second, we reduced the number of dog beds from what must be a record setting 14, to a seemingly very meager three. Third, we moved the dog crate that doubled as a night table from the master bedroom to the basement. Next, we paid careful attention to our yard. Not only were we meticulous about cleaning up droppings, we also used a product called Baby-One™. This is a non-toxic industrial deodorizer that eliminates the scent of urine, leaving a fresh baby powder scent in its place. Finally, we put away the majority of our Greyhound adoption paraphernalia, including our beautiful photographs and posters. The agent did suggest that we display the pair of life-size alabaster Greyhound statues that sit on our fireplace hearth because she felt they added a stately and dignified touch to our home. Apparently, the Greyhound's regal appearance is appreciated even by those not familiar with the breed!

After a thorough cleaning from top to

Time Remaining

1 hour
45 minutes
30 minutes
20 minutes
15 minutes
10 minutes

Nuggets of Wisdom:

- Expect the unexpected.
- Keep cleaning supplies available at all times.
- Do not underestimate the amount of stress that your dogs are feeling regardless of their calm outward appearance.
- Do not expect a white poodle to remain white.
- Travel with emergency first aid supplies.
- Plan your trip route carefully and share your itinerary with others.
- Make friends with lots of Greyhound owners who live in convenient locations across North America.
- Travel in a vehicle with air conditioning. It is a necessity, not a luxury, during summer excursions across the Midwest.
- Promote Greyhounds as “medium-sized dogs, when collapsed.” Give demonstrations if necessary.
- Learn to laugh in the face of flea infestation. “Welcome to life on the beach,” as one wise Southern Californian said.
- Acquaint yourself with a vet clinic in your new city before you move.
- Don’t forget to pack your sense of humor!

Despite our city’s slow real-estate market, we sold our home within three weeks. We even received many compliments from prospective buyers regarding our home, indicating that we had indeed accomplished our agent’s goal! I like to think that the Greyhounds played a large part in the race to sell our home. After all, do they ever do anything slowly?

Moving is stressful... It is natural to feel stressed during this time. With all of the planning that must be done, it is easy to overlook your dog’s needs. Greyhounds do not ask for much from their adoptive families, but they do thrive on routine. Moving is bound to disturb your dog’s sleeping, feeding, and exercise patterns. In addition, animals are very aware of their owner’s moods and can sense when things are askew in the pack. The stress of a move can expedite illness in your pet. It can also destabilize the pack order, making it much more likely for dogfights or aggressive behavior to ensue. Keep a careful eye on your dogs and monitor how they react to each other during periods of high stress.

When you are feeling stressed, try to remember how confused and upset your dog must be. Every family member, human and canine alike, deserves a little extra pampering during the hectic experience of moving to a new home. ❖

Jody Frederick is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.

Traveling 3,000 Miles with a Canine Crew

After selling our home, we were faced with our next challenge: transporting our dogs from Ottawa, Canada to San Diego, California, a distance of more than 3,000 miles (5,000 km) spanning four time zones! Because of the dangerous summer heat, we decided not to ship our dogs by air and instead gave them the road trip of their lives. Nothing had prepared us for the ups and downs of this trip, so I will share the highlights and lowlights, along with my newfound wisdom. Here are excerpts from my trip diary:

July 21: Moving company arrives and packs up all of our belongings into boxes. Dogs spend the day in the neighbor’s basement so that they are safely out of the way. Stressful experience for the dogs, despite our good intentions.

July 22: Moving company returns to load all of the boxes and furniture into a huge transport truck, which will make stops in Chicago, Santa Fe, and Los Angeles before finally arriving at our new home. Dogs spend another day in neighbor’s basement. More stress for them.

July 23: Closing date of house sale. Full impact of stress on the dogs is realized. Duffy has a major diarrhea episode in the middle of the night. All things formerly white (floor, wall, dog bed, and poodle) are now stained (you can use your imagination regarding color). Luckily, the majority of the mess is on the linoleum, but we have no cleaning supplies except for one roll of toilet paper and a half-gallon of white vinegar. After a very late start to the road trip, we arrive safely in Alvinston, Ontario where we spend the night at our in-law’s house. Duffy’s head is accidentally slammed shut in the van door.

Distance: 695 km; Time Zone: Eastern

July 24: Cross into the USA at Port Huron, Michigan. Customs Officer asks no questions about the dogs, even though we have their paperwork ready. Smooth sailing through Michigan, but we are stopped in Chicago traffic for more than one hour. Four-car pile-up happens immediately in front of us. We spend the night in Kenosha, Wisconsin at a fellow Greyhound owner’s home. We first met Katie Traxel and her Greyhounds, Mowser and Penguin back in 1995. **Distance: 707 km; Time Zone: Central**

July 25: Day off for much needed rest and relaxation. Do some sightseeing in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Fill up on cheese curds and custard!

July 26: We drive from Kenosha, Wisconsin to Omaha, Nebraska. We stay at a motor lodge in Omaha. **Distance: 839 km; Time Zone: Central**

July 27: During a rest stop in Kearney, Nebraska, an elderly driver backs into our van. Luckily, no damage! Arrive in Denver, Colorado, where we are staying with another Greyhound family, Stephanie and Dave Russell of nearby Louisville, Colorado. Within ten minutes of being released in the Russell’s backyard for a potty break, Duffy catches a nail in the wooden steps of the deck and rips it off. Blood everywhere. VetWrap to the rescue. **Distance: 893 km; Time Zone: Mountain**

July 28: Day off for rest and relaxation. Do sightseeing in Denver and Estes Park, Colorado. Several large mudslides reported on I-70 West, the highway we need to take the next day.

July 29: I-70 is reported closed because of the mudslides. We plan an alternate route through the mountains. Very scenic, but also very time-consuming. Most beautiful scenery through Utah’s canyon lands makes up for our longest day of driving. After 12 hours in the van, the dogs are very restless. Stop at Cedar City, Utah and stay in a motel that is shared by a motorcycle gang. Luckily, they love dogs! **Distance: 1,053 km; Time Zone: Mountain**

July 30: Pass through Las Vegas, Nevada and overcome our temptation to try our luck at the casinos. Finally arrive in San Diego, California and are anxious to see our new home. After walking through, we discover fleas on our legs, at least 20. House is infested with fleas after having been vacant for three weeks. Although we’d planned on staying at the new house, the fleas make it impossible to do so. Search frantically for a hotel in a tourist city on a Friday night. Finally find an available room at the San Diego Hilton. They have a size restriction of “medium” dogs only. We figure that Greyhounds, when curled up, are medium and take our chances. **Distance: 850 km; Time Zone: Pacific**

July 31: Pick the fleas off of the dogs. Although our dogs have been given Program™, the pill that inhibits flea reproduction, we think that they need added protection from the fleas that are already taking up residence on them. Visit a San Diego vet clinic to beg for Advantage™, a product that kills adult fleas.

Our first Greyhound died when she was days shy of 13, a respectable age for a Greyhound. I knew almost immediately that I wanted to write something about her, but at the time, I did not know why. I had never been moved to write about the death of a pet before, even though four dogs and five cats from our family preceded Shane to animal heaven. As I reflected on her death, I discovered why I needed to write about Shane: Shane changed my life in a profound way. What she taught me explains why I grieve and why deep expressions of grief are indeed appropriate for lost pets, even though people sometimes scoff at such mourning.

by Stef Brandon

What Shane Taught Me



A remark in the February 1997 issue of *Your Dog*, the newsletter of Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine—a journal I highly recommend, by the way—reports, “Although grief is a normal response to the loss of a pet, some people feel guilty or confused about the intensity of their emotional response—especially if others trivialize the loss with comments such as, ‘It was only a dog.’” Most authorities agree that grief for the loss of an animal should be acknowledged and respected, but articles on the subject are often short on the “why’s.” My first Greyhound, Shane, taught me why. Among other lessons, Shane taught me to know another species, to respect our environment, and to admire the beauty of a harsh natural world.

First, Shane taught me what it’s like to be a dog. To know her I had to see life through her eyes. The experience was exhilarating. Only

someone who has loved a pet greatly will understand what I am about to say, but I came to know Shane intimately, to truly understand her emotional needs as well as her physical ones. Such understanding seemed miraculous. Subtle changes in her activity level, like resting just a little more than usual, meant depression. She loved running more than life, it seemed, so when she became a little inactive, off we went to the ballpark, and she was perky again.

Thanks to Shane I am now more sensitive to the body language of dogs at my adoption group's retirement kennel as well. A retiree there, Mohican Akin, was a crate wetter, and deemed unadoptable. I had the idea that he wet his crate because he was depressed. Upon returning to his crate, he would barely nibble at the biscuit, turn slowly toward the back of his crate, and lie sideways looking off into the distance without making eye contact with me. Last September, he came to live with us, and I quickly learned that my suspicions were correct. Once quite happy in a "real" home, he became very active and playful. What's more, he has been relatively easy to housebreak, having soiled his blanket only on his first night here. Shane taught me both that dogs have an inner life and more profoundly, that it is possible to understand this life.

In bringing me out of my isolation from the other animals on the planet, Shane raised my consciousness about our environmental responsibilities. While I might have recycled waste prior to owning Shane because it's "the right thing to do," now I do it more happily. In addition, I eat much less meat and worry lots more about the treatment of animals farmed for food. I buy the more expensive eggs and chicken if they claim to be free range and I read labels and try to avoid those manufacturers on the PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) hit list.

Now I also contribute pretty regularly to various pet rescue groups and have come to feel affection for all breeds of dogs and cats, where I used to feel mainly indifference. Since taking Shane in—almost 11 years ago—I have adopted a number of Greyhounds. Is this nobility? Hardly, it's not even very generous. I loved Shane deeply and have loved those who have followed her. It's not hard to do things to protect those we love. By letting me love her and know her, Shane instilled all these behaviors in me.

Finally, Shane taught me that there is something profoundly beautiful about the purity of the natural world, about its innocent motives, and its lack of deception. There is no mystery why animals kill one another brutally; they do to survive. First,

they must eat. However, unlike man, they do not kill more than they can eat or that won't be finished by some other species. Nature's nice like that. And second, animals must perpetuate their species. Their power struggles revolve exclusively around jockeying for the best food or the most fertile mate, never in pursuit of more nuclear weapons or oil.

Undeniably, there is a harshness in the natural world, but its simplicity is magnificent. Towards the end of her life, for apparently no reason, Shane, who was failing, would stand back from her bowl at dinnertime and bark meanly at the other dogs who were all busy eating. But we who fed them knew why Shane barked. Dogs do not take special care of their frail or elderly members. In the wild, to do so would mean certain death when fleeing a predator, and so our dogs were not indulgent of Shane who ate more slowly and did not have the energy of a young dog. Were we not there, they'd surely have gotten her food as soon as they were done with their own. Knowing this, Shane always tried to put up a good offensive front before they could attack. In the wild, Shane would have died long before her 13 years. Domesticated, Shane taught us some lessons of the wild and helped us understand the purity of nature.

A year after we adopted Shane, the adoption group we'd adopted her from sent us a questionnaire. In one response, I remember writing, "Shane's the perfect dog who always does the right thing." Shane enriched my life in a way I did not think possible. I will always be grateful and different because of her.

My vet, who understands these same truths about animals, once told me this story. Called in the middle of the night to attend to a dog who'd been hit by a car, he agreed to meet the owner in 15 minutes at the animal hospital. He hurried over, opened up, turned on the lights, readied his emergency equipment and waited, and waited, and waited. The people never showed up or even phoned. "A dog would never do that to you," he quipped. That may be an exaggeration.

A good meal en-route or a good chase after an appealing chipmunk might have deterred the loyal dog, but he would have shown up eventually. Those pets who have learned the ingrained habit of love wait at our doors, listen for our cars, lie at our feet. We know their affection and are grateful for it. So is it appropriate to grieve deeply for those creatures who teach us so much, who give pleasure daily? I'd say so. ♦

Stef Brandon is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.

Your Best Photos Wanted for CG Magazine

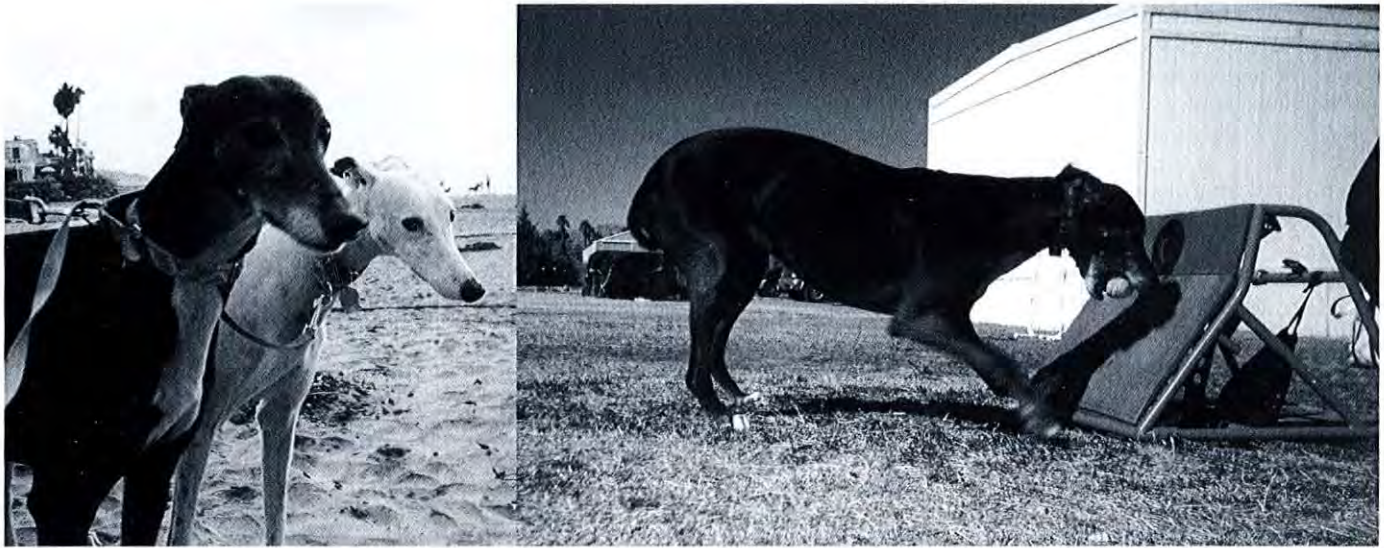
Is your Greyhound a cover dog? Does your Greyhound do wild and wooly things at home or in public? Does he like to pose for the camera? Do you have a flair for taking sharp photos with uncluttered backgrounds? Then your Greyhound's photos may be just what *CG Magazine* is looking for—and the sharper the better!

The *CG* editor is making a plea to all of the talented photographers among our readers to send photos or slides of your Greyhounds doing wonderful things in their everyday lives. Hint: vertical photos are "front cover" material now that we use the full cover for photos.

We are especially interested in seeing your Greyhound doing everyday things or going to interesting places. We are interested in poignant material as well as photos of your Greyhounds just being elegant. The editorial address is *CG Magazine*, P.O. Box 185751, Hamden, CT 06518-0751.

Want to See an Article in CG or Want to Write One?

CG is always interested in new articles or article ideas as well as in reprinting quality articles from adoption group newsletters. If you spot one, please send it to us along with the source and the address. If you are interested in a particular topic, tell us. If you would like to write an article, please contact the editor for writer's guidelines. Please send a SASE if you would like guidelines via regular mail. Writer's guidelines can be sent via e-mail.



Stealth (GPA's Blixen) takes a break from flyball and home-visits to spend a day at the beach with Dana and Allie. Stealth practices his tennis ball snatching technique.

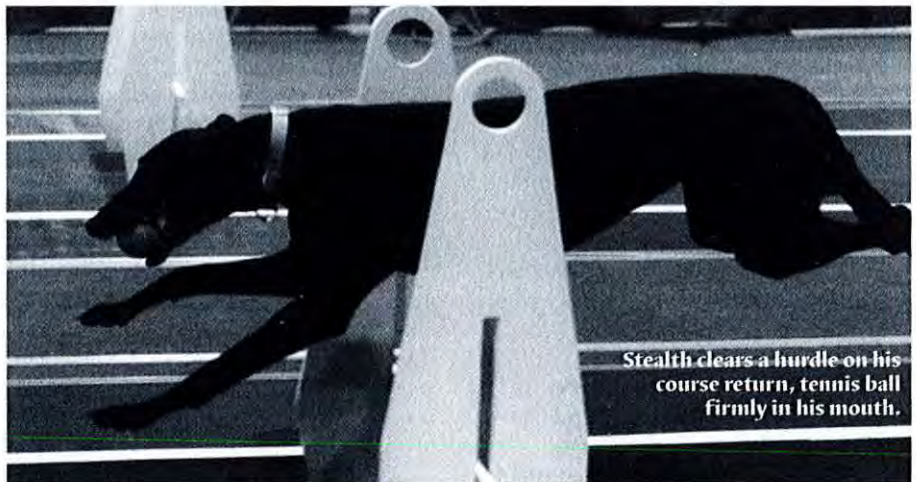
Stealth, My Flyball Greyhound

Stealth has always been obsessed with tennis balls. From the time I adopted him six years ago, his big joy in life has been to chase and retrieve tennis balls. Most Greyhounds love stuffed animals. Not Stealth. He much prefers any type of ball.

As a placement representative for Greyhound Pets of America/California Adoption Center, Stealth and I make many home visits. I warn the people we visit that if there's a tennis ball hidden somewhere in their yard, Stealth will find it. Sure enough, as the people laugh at the idea of a Greyhound finding a hidden tennis ball, Stealth will appear with the tennis ball in his mouth!

How Stealth Became the only Flyball Greyhound in Las Vegas

Some people at my firm were involved in the "Flying Colors" flyball team. After meeting Stealth at work and seeing his ball obsession, they suggested he had the makings of a great flyball dog. Since Greyhounds are fast studies, Stealth caught on quickly. And since all the practices and tournaments were in fenced-in areas, I felt



Stealth clears a hurdle on his course return, tennis ball firmly in his mouth.

this was a safe sport for us to pursue.

Flyball involves relay teams made up of four people and their four dogs. The course is 102 feet from start to finish, with eight-to-16-inch hurdles along the way. The first dog in the relay lineup jumps the hurdles while he races to the end of the course, presses a springboard box to release a tennis ball, snatches the ball, then races back

over the hurdles to his owner. As soon as the first dog completes the round trip, the second dog is released. A dog and a team will be penalized if the dog drops the ball at any time while in the lane or does not successfully complete any of the hurdle jumps. The first team to have all four dogs finish the course without error wins the heat.

Flyball requires patience, endurance, and

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DANA K. PROVOST

consistency on the part of both the owner and the dog. As you may have already guessed, it also takes speed; the faster each dog completes the course, the better the overall team time will be. No problem for a Greyhound, you're probably thinking. Wrong. Greyhounds are long; the turns are tight (not a naturally winning combination).

Flyball is a game all dogs and their owners can enjoy; however, some breeds come to the game more naturally than others. Border Collies, for example, are often called the perfect flyball dog. The characteristics inherent in this working breed, plus the Border's ability to turn quickly and sharply, enhance the breed's ability to excel at the sport.

Even though Greyhounds are potentially 45-mile-an-hour athletes, they're long dogs. The turn required at the box is a tight one—for a long-bodied, long-legged Greyhound; it's a *very* tight one. It's also not a natural thing for them to do.

I found that if I didn't catch Stealth's eye and get him focused as he was turning off the box, he would take such a wide sweep that he couldn't make the hurdles coming back. But all the time and hard work Stealth and I have put into flyball have paid off. Three days before his ninth birthday, and at his first tournament, Stealth, the Greyhound, landed the title of *Flyball Dog Excellent* and immediately ranked as the fifth flyball Greyhound in North America.

Stealth is the hero of our Flying Colors flyball team—he's the first dog on the team to have placed fifth in a breed classification.

Another Way to Get Close to your Dog

Flyball demands almost as much of the owners as it does from the dogs. Our enthusiasm and energy drive our dogs. The sport is great fun for the dogs; a wonderful opportunity for people to have a good time with their dogs, and just as important, flyball brings an owner and his dog closer.

When Stealth is playing flyball, he's doing something he loves and I'm sharing that time with him. Flyball exercise keeps him in shape and in good health. Best of all, it's one more thing we can do together. I'm very proud of my boy, Stealth, the flyball Greyhound. ❖

Dana Provost lives in Las Vegas, Nevada with Greyhounds, Stealth—9-1/2 yrs., Allie—8-1/2 yrs., Monet—4 yrs. (the newest addition to the family); Kitti, the cat, and Patches, a 14-year-old schnauzer/whippet mix.



Monet, our newest addition, Allie, with Patches, are doing what they like to do best—being 45-mile-an-hour couch potatoes.

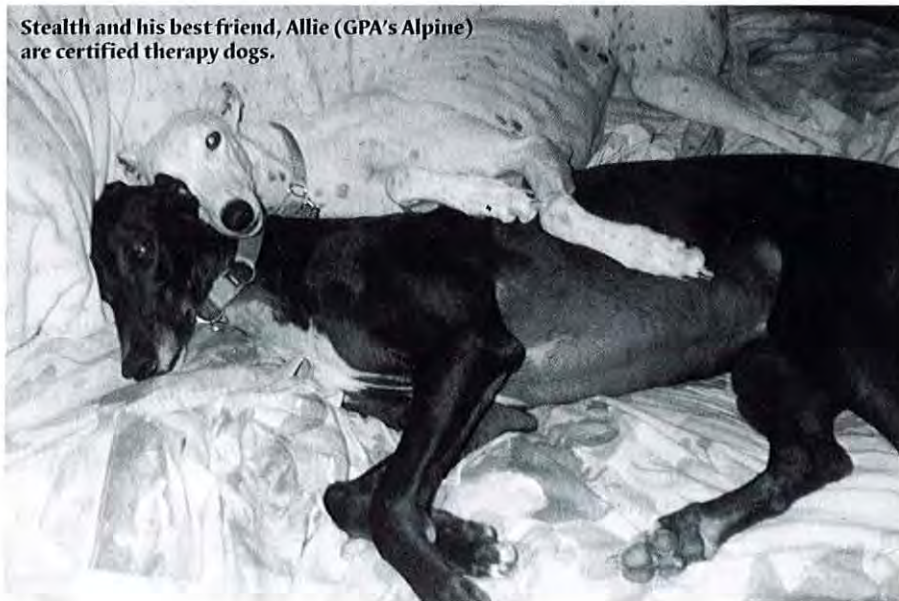
Only five Greyhounds are listed with the North American Flyball Association (NAFA).

The North American Flyball Association governs the game of flyball in North America. NAFA was formed in the early-'80s in response to the popularity of the game. Flyball was reputed to have begun in the late 1970s in California when Herbert Wagner, who invented the first tennis ball launcher, demonstrated the sport for Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*.

Flyball races are fast-paced action with plenty of excitement for the dogs, their owners, and spectators, too. Many teams run all four dogs through the course in less than 20 seconds. The record so far, according to NAFA, is 16.5 seconds! All dogs, including mixed breeds, are eligible to compete and earn titles in NAFA-sanctioned tournaments.

If you'd like to learn more about the game or to inquire about teams in your area, contact NAFA at 1400 W. Devon Ave., #512, Chicago, IL 60660. You can also log on to www.flyball.org/About_US/about_us.html.

Stealth and his best friend, Allie (GPA's Alpine) are certified therapy dogs.



Racetracks are a business. Shown here is the Multnomah Greyhound Park in the state of Washington.



Who's on First?

The Greyhound Racing Industry Explained

Story by Joan Belle Isle;
photos by Marcia Herman

A few years ago while with a group of Greyhound placement people, the discussion turned to track closings and the extraordinary number of surplus dogs that they produce. Many of these people have been placing retired racing Greyhounds for a long time, but the discussion revealed a real lack of understanding of the structure of the Greyhound racing world. The term "Greyhound racing industry" was frequently used to refer to what is really a fairly complex and fragmented set of activities connected only by the dogs. Assumptions about who did what contributed to the obvious frustration in identifying the responsible party in various situations. So here is a brief overview of the business of Greyhound racing that may help sort out "who's on first."

According to Webster's, a pari-mutuel is a betting pool where those who bet on the first three places share the total amount bet minus the percentage designated for purses, the state, and track management. In racing parlance the total amount bet is referred to as the handle and the amount returned to the winning bettors is called the payout. A pari-mutuel business is part of the gaming industry where the primary source of revenue consists of wagering dollars. Although this discussion is about the way the business works in the U.S., Greyhound racing takes place around the world. In addition to the U.S., Greyhound racing can be found in Australia, Great Britain, Ireland, Mexico, and Spain. Attempts have also been made to establish Greyhound racing in Macao and other countries.

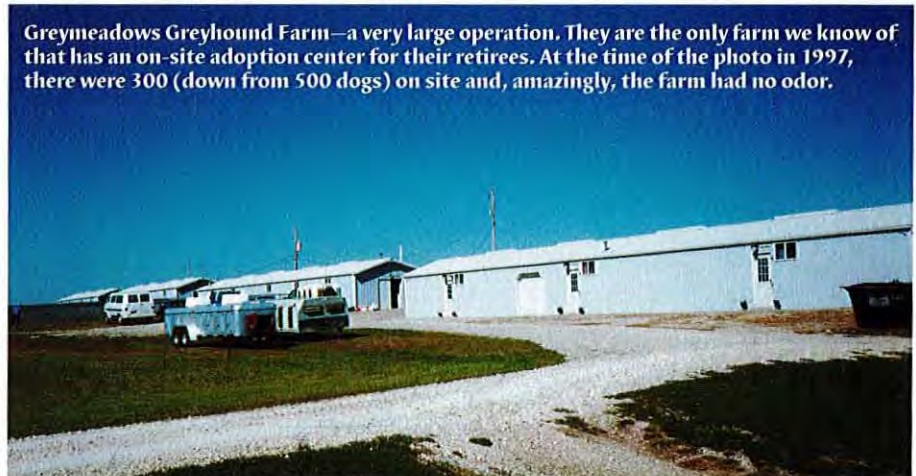
All of the breeding, training, and moving of Greyhounds around the country is ultimately intended to supply dogs to race at one of the 49 Greyhound racetracks located in 15 states and Mexico. Greyhound racing is legal in two states that do not currently have operating Greyhound tracks as well. Although large national or multinational corporations like Delaware North based in the U.S. and the Wimbley Group based in the United Kingdom own some tracks, local business people own many of the U.S. tracks. In one case, Greentrack in Eutaw, Alabama, is owned jointly by the employees and the county.

Regardless of ownership, Greyhound racetracks are local business enterprises controlled by state, county, and local laws and regulations. Unlike most other types of businesses, racetracks depend on the

individual states to specifically authorize their operation and, in most states, the authorization must be renewed on a regular basis. A state or county authorizes a fixed number of "racing days" for a track. The track must hold races for exactly the number of "racing days" specified. How the "racing days" are scheduled can be at the discretion of the track. For example, a track that is granted 120 racing days can hold races once a day for 120 days over the course of a year, or can hold racing twice a day for 60 days, or some combination that totals 120 racing sessions.

How Tracks Operate

One half of the tracks operate for only part of the year. The shortest racing season is two weeks at Anthony Downs in Kansas. Originally, seasonal tracks operated in pairs. When one closed the other opened. A track in New England might run during the summer, while a track in Florida would run the winter months. In some places this schedule sharing still operates. But more recently, seasonal tracks tend to be the end of the line. Typically when a seasonal track closes, 250 or more dogs are surplus—not good enough to move



Greymeadows Greyhound Farm—a very large operation. They are the only farm we know of that has an on-site adoption center for their retirees. At the time of the photo in 1997, there were 300 (down from 500 dogs) on site and, amazingly, the farm had no odor.

According to the current track calendar published by the National Greyhound Association in *The Greyhound Review*, 48 Greyhound racetracks operate in the U.S. The forty-ninth track is located in Caliente, Mexico. Of the 48 Greyhound racetracks, 16—almost 33 percent—are located in the state of Florida. Almost 60 percent of all of the tracks in the U.S. are located along the East Coast.

on to another booking at another track and of no interest to their owners. In the space of a month in the fall, Shoreline and Belmont close in New England at the same time that Ebro, Greentrack, Melbourne, and several others close in Florida.

The tracks provide the location where the races are held and the staff that operate and maintain the facility, including handling

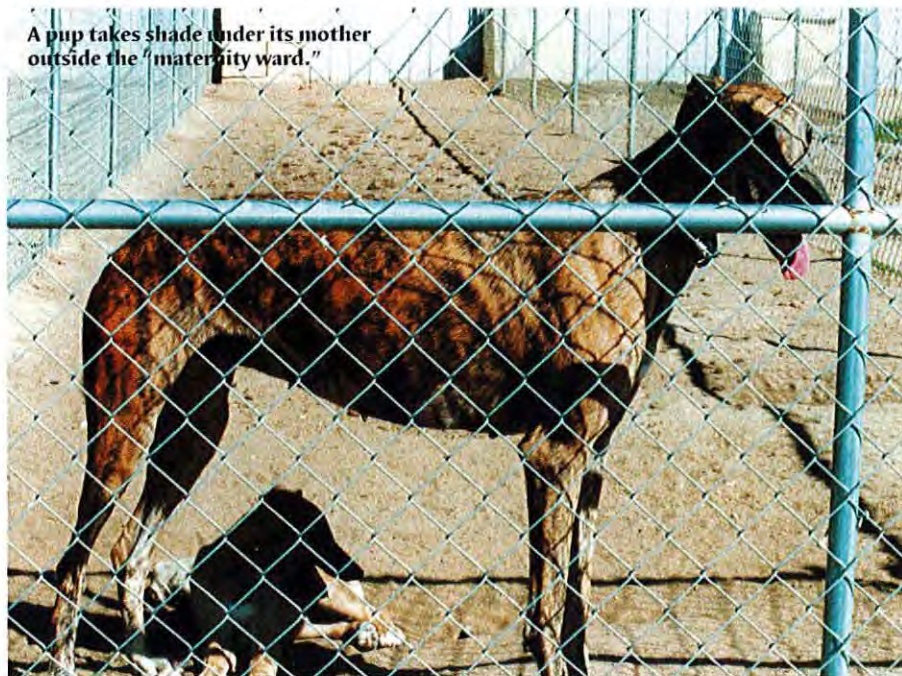


A Greyhound farm in Iowa. Note the variety of building sizes and the variety of Greyhound sizes. They house pups from two months of age up.

betting and payout. They contract with racing kennels to provide a specified number of qualified Greyhounds for each race during the racing season. They may also lease the kennel space in a racing compound at the track to racing kennels.

The tracks do not own or operate Greyhound racing kennels. Their control over the kennels is limited to whatever may be specified in the terms of the kennel booking agreement and kennel lease. The terms will vary

tracks to fund and operate an on-site adoption program as a condition for granting racing dates; other states have only minimal regulations that may not be enforced at all. No matter the regulations that may apply to active racing dogs at a track, those protections do not generally extend to dogs off the racing roster or outside of the track. In some states Greyhounds are classified as agricultural animals exempt from the animal welfare laws commonly applied the other breeds of dogs.



A pup takes shade under its mother outside the "maternity ward."

from track to track. Historically, the tracks have taken a hands-off position relative to the racing kennels operations and have only been interested that the number of dogs for which they have contracted are available for the races. There have been long standing disputes between some tracks and the "dogmen" over racing conditions, purse distribution, and a variety of other issues. The track's leverage in controlling racing kennels is the cancellation of bookings, which effectively puts the racing kennel out of business.

Regulations and Revenues

The regulations that govern the conduct of racing and provide for the welfare of racing Greyhounds vary widely from state to state. Those regulations are generally administered by state or county racing commissions, which are typically political appointments. The actual language of the statutes and regulations notwithstanding, the enforcement of animal welfare codes is inconsistent and variable at best. Some states, like Wisconsin, require

The track revenues from betting are apportioned according to state pari-mutuel laws. Other track income from concessions and non-wagering sources are not included. The laws typically designate the percentage of the total amount bet, known as the handle, that goes to bettors, the purses for the first four placing dogs, the track, and the state. Some states allow Greyhound racetracks to simulcast Greyhound and horse racing from other tracks. Simulcasting lets bettors wager on races in other locations as well as the ones taking place locally. To keep tracks from becoming no more than betting parlors, the states usually require that live racing take place at the track as well. Depending on the state, simulcasting income is typically handled under a different set of rules than those that apply to local wagering.

This is a bit oversimplified and the structure will vary from state to state. The salient point is that the "revenue" is the money bet and can vary from day to day and week to week. Over the past decade as states around

the country have approved various alternative gaming activities like casinos, Greyhound racetracks have faced increasingly stiff competition. Since 1993, twelve Greyhound tracks in the U.S. have closed; two have reopened as seasonal tracks. The two new tracks that opened in the past decade, Camptown in Frontenac, Kansas, and Shoreline Star in Bridgeport, Connecticut, both failed after a single season although Shoreline is attempting a revival as a seasonal track. Everywhere in the country, track revenue has decreased significantly.

The AGTOA

The American Greyhound Track Owners Association (AGTOA) is essentially a trade group composed of many, but not all, of the tracks in the U.S. Its primary purpose is improving dog tracks as business enterprises. According to the AGTOA site on the Internet, "The American Greyhound Track Operators Association (AGTOA) formed in April 1946, is a non-profit corporation composed of the owners and operators of 48 of the 49 Greyhound tracks located throughout the United States. Membership is open to all lawfully licensed Greyhound racetracks, whether they be individuals, partnerships, or corporations." Recent changes implemented to attract and retain member tracks changed the membership fee structure. Originally the fee for membership was based on a percentage of revenue so the more profitable tracks paid more for membership than less profitable ones. Membership is now a flat fee regardless of the track's revenue.

Owning, Breeding, Leasing, Training

The average Greyhound racetrack needs 800 to 1,000 active race dogs to fill the typical racing schedule. Between 12 and 18 races consisting of eight dogs each is the typical session, or card. Tracks schedule one or more sessions each day during the racing season. Some year-round tracks cut back on the number of sessions at some times during the year and some seasonal tracks compress as many sessions as possible into a short period of time. Normally a Greyhound races every third or fourth day, but there are cases where the rotation is shorter.

Owners of racing Greyhounds are the source of the dogs needed by the tracks. The Greyhound owner is the titular or registered owner of the dog. Because of favorable state and federal tax laws, ownership of racing Greyhounds, like thoroughbred racehorses, can be syndicated to investors who are not

involved directly with the dogs in any way. It is the owner, or his/her designee, who arranges for breeding, training, and leasing of the dogs to a racing kennel. The terms of the lease or the owner's other instructions determine how the dog is to be handled at the end of its racing career. A lease can be for the racing life of the dog or can be limited to a specific track or period of time.

An owner can also be the breeder of the dogs. Breeders can breed their own Greyhounds and/or provide the facilities for the mating of other people's dogs. The breeder can also provide housing and care of the breeding stock, care of the bitch through whelping, and early care of the puppies. Greyhound breeders can be found in nearly every state in the country, but the largest concentrations are found in Florida, Texas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arizona, and Colorado where there are large parcels of open land and an agrarian environment. In many cases, especially among the larger most successful breeders, Greyhounds are the family business that has been passed from generation to generation.

After the puppies have developed and grown, they begin more formal training. They are usually moved to a farm that is equipped with a training track and that specializes the early training and development of racing Greyhounds in preparation for the track. When the dogs are between 18 months and two years old, they are moved to a track racing kennel where their training continues with trainers working for racing kennels at the track. Racing kennels at higher level tracks usually have one or two assistant trainers as well. The trainer is the person who works most closely with the dogs on a day-to-day basis.

The racing kennel is the kennel with which the track contracts to provide dogs for racing and which contracts with dog owners for a supply of dogs to fill their track commitment. It is essentially the middleman in Greyhound racing. A racing kennel can be operated by an owner/breeder/trainer using his/her own dogs, dogs leased from other owners, or a combination. Racing kennels are paid a percentage of the money bet on races in which they have dogs entered, based on where the dog finishes. Generally, it is only the first four placing dogs that earn purse money. The exceptions are stakes finals and very rare tracks that pay a "leadout" fee for other finishing dogs. The owner of the dog receives a percentage of the purse earned, and the racing kennel

retains the balance out of which the expenses for maintaining the dogs are paid. At lower grade tracks owners may only be paid on purses from Grade A and B races. Because the "purses" are a percentage of the money bet on the race, the actual amount earned by even a successful dog is unpredictable.

The racing kennel operator decides when a dog is no longer suitable to race at the track at which he/she has a booking. In many, but certainly not all cases, the dog's owner also gives the kennel operator the authority to decide what happens to the dog at that point. If a dog cannot compete successfully at one track, it is not unusual for it to be moved to a lower grade track where it can continue to race. In some cases the dog is moved to a booking controlled by the original racing kennel operator. In others, the dog is re-leased to a different kennel. If a dog is moved several times during its racing life, an owner may lose track of where the dog is or who has control over it.

One of the most confusing aspects of the racing world is that the same people or company can perform all roles described above, or they can be filled by three or more separate entities.

hounds recognized for racing in the U.S. Use of the registry is limited to members or registered non-members. Both types of membership require application and character references. Both members and non-members pay litter and individual registration fees to register the dogs. The fee schedules are different for the two classes of members, but the status of the owner has no effect of the registration of the dogs.

Membership is open to anyone interested enough to want to join. According to the fee schedule published in *The Greyhound Review*, the official publication of the NGA, application for membership costs \$100 and annual dues are \$70. Breeding, owning, and/or training Greyhounds is not a prerequisite for membership. Alternatively, membership in the NGA is not required to work directly or indirectly with the Greyhounds at breeding farms or at Greyhound racetracks, including owning or operating a racing kennel.

In order to race on tracks in the U.S., a Greyhound must be registered with the NGA. The NGA will cross-register Greyhounds from Bord Na gCon (Ireland), the National Coursing Club of England, and the Australian and New Zealand Greyhound Associations.

At Greymeadows Farm, runs vary in length, depending on the ages of the hounds using them. The elders have their own huts and penned areas.



The NGA

The National Greyhound Association (NGA) is primarily a registry for racing Greyhounds similar to the American Kennel Club (AKC) for purebred dogs. Membership is voluntary and is not required to register dogs. The NGA is the only registry for Grey-

Its members, through a 15-member Board of Directors, govern the NGA. Each Director represents and is elected from a geographic district consisting of a number of states. The Directors meet quarterly and the minutes of the proceedings are published in *The Greyhound Review*. A small full-time

staff in Abilene, Kansas manages the day-to-day operations.

Although compliance with some of the policies adopted by the NGA—policies on issues related to ownership, breeding, training, and caring for racing Greyhounds—is voluntary, requirements for responsible care and owner responsibility for the welfare of their dogs have been made part of the organization's by-laws. The real leverage that the organization has is the denial or revocation of membership and the associated litter registration privilege based on the by-laws and other rules of conduct adopted by the membership of the organization. The NGA has taken disciplinary action an

average of six to eight times a year. Members have been expelled from the organization permanently.

Over the past several years, membership in the NGA has declined as the economic pressure on Greyhound racing has increased and some of the older members of the profession have retired. From a high around 7,000 members a decade ago, the current membership is now approximately 3,400.

Less frequently mentioned, Greyhound owner and breeder associations exist in a number of states where Greyhounds are bred or raced. Texas, Florida, Iowa, Oregon, Massachusetts, and other states have such associations. Among the purposes of these groups

are advocating favorable legislation and business regulations for owners and breeders.

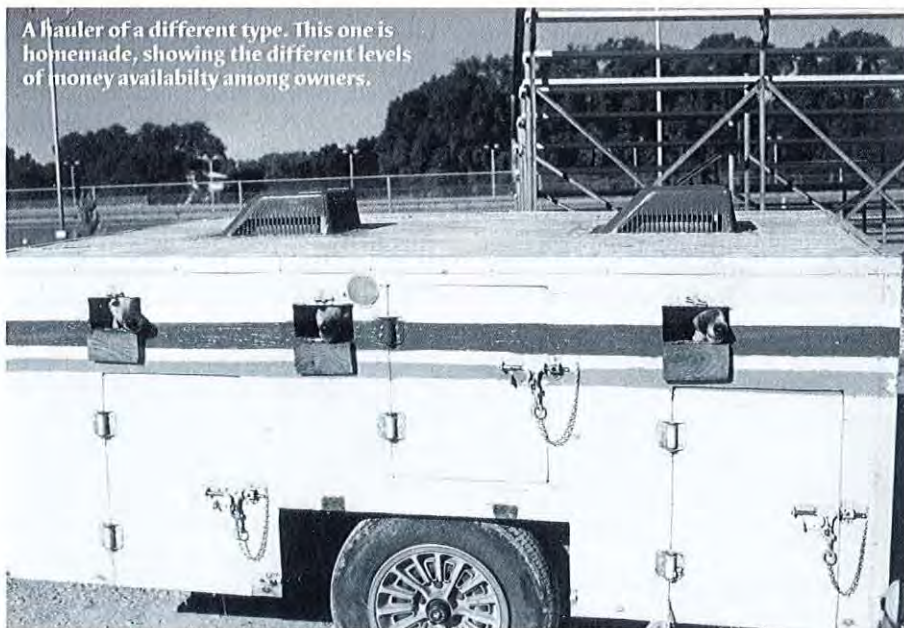
The AGC

The American Greyhound Council (AGC) is a nonprofit organization formed in 1987 for the purpose of "providing for the welfare of the racing Greyhound and for the betterment of the Greyhound racing industry." Five members of the AGC come from the NGA and five come from the AGTOA. A small deduction from purses for each race and matching funds from participating tracks fund the AGC.

The AGC funds the Greyhound Pets of America (GPA) 800 adoption referral telephone number, a Greyhound farm inspection program, veterinary symposiums, and a direct grant program to adoption groups, among other activities. Important research into the causes of Alabama Rot conducted at Kansas State University, the nutrition and athletic performance research conducted at Florida State University at Gainesville, and publication of the book *Care of the Racing Greyhound* are among the work supported by the AGC.

In many respects all of this is an oversimplification of a very complicated, fragmented "industry." The frustration we all feel from time to time in effecting change and improving the welfare of the dogs is obviously complicated by the structure of the environment. Hopefully this helps clarify the major elements and gives people a starting place to effectively focus their efforts. ♦

Joan Belle Isle is president of The Greyhound Project and resides in Massachusetts with her Greyhounds Gwen and Hal.



A hauler of a different type. This one is homemade, showing the different levels of money availability among owners.



The schooling track at the NGA. Note the louvered haulers in the background.

The starting boxes at the Agua Caliente, Mexico racetrack.



Story by Lynda Adame; Photos by Jim Jeffers

Twelve Fewer Dogs

Has anyone ever told you about rescuing Greyhounds? Not just adopting them out, but actually rescuing them on a Saturday from a sure death on Monday?

Have they ever told you about getting up while it is still dark outside? Earlier than they have ever gotten up before? What about the hour-long drive just to connect up with

the seven other volunteers? Tired-eyed and shivering in the cold air, they meet to plan out the next 14 hours. The smell of coffee drifts among them—each person holds a huge steaming cup.

Have they told you about the three-hour drive south? How excitement and nervousness rise with the sun? How their palms

begin to sweat and their hearts race as they cross the international border? Armed guards in dark sunglasses wave them through. They drive the narrow twisting streets—the patchwork of Tijuana life passing just outside the window. Finally they reach Caliente, the place of so many horror stories. The sienna-colored racetrack towers above a small

grouping of dog kennels that seem to crouch submissively.

Have they told you that the smell is what hits them first? The stink of urine and feces is nauseating so early in the morning. As they approach the cinderblock kennels, the dogs begin to howl and bark as if on cue. Some of the volunteers struggle to communicate with the kennel help, while others gather at the end of the building to stare at the long-abandoned line of rabbit hutches. Just beyond the track tote board, camels, zebras, and lions can be



"Whatcha doing, Dad?" Destiny a couple of months after her surgery to repair her broken hock. Destiny is looking for cats.



Emily/Destiny on rescue day.



DAN SULLIVAN PHOTOS

The Twelfth Dog

by Joyce McRorie

Trips to Calienté are always full of unpredictable events and Saturday, January 13th, was no exception. We had made arrangements to meet Bruna Palmatier of Operation Greyhound in the track parking lot. She was facilitating our contact this time, and had arranged for the dogs both groups would be picking up.

After a few wrong turns by some of us, a mix-up about the dogs, and a few assorted delays, we loaded our eleven charges into three vehicles and were just about to start off when one of the kennel workers carried out Emily. She is a beautiful, little-faced, red brindle girl, all of 22 months. Her right leg hung below his arms, swinging as he walked toward us. Leaving a dog like this behind would be very difficult for anyone, but those of you who know little Ruthie and crazy Andy, know that for Tom and me, it is impossible. Needless to say, Emily was loaded into the Suburban and transported to All Care Animal Referral for surgery.

The dogs from Calienté join those we trucked in on Friday from Colorado. These dogs came from a dog farm that was going out of business. It will take quite a few weeks for them to recover from their experiences. In the meantime, dogs were transported from the farm to Devon's garage for shots and Karen's backyard for baths. Actually, we are getting quite good at this procedure. More and more people are helping out as foster homes, dog bathers, transporters, and the like, and that makes the task much easier.

Thanks to the efforts of some 20 people, we now have 12 dogs in foster care and 21 on the farm.

By the way, Emily's leg was repaired on Tuesday, and she is currently staying with Dan Sullivan and his girls, Bambi and Tinker Bell. That tail never stopped wagging from the time she was picked up at the hospital to the time she met Dan and his dogs.

Joyce McRorie is President of the GPA (Greyhound Pets of America) — CA/Orange County and Greater Los Angeles area Chapter and is Executive Secretary for the GPA National Board.

Editor's note: Dan Sullivan officially adopted Emily in September, 1995 and renamed her Destiny. She joined Bambi and Tinker Bell. Sadly, Tinker Bell passed away November, 1998.

seen roaming around. It is a surreal experience. Will they be allowed to take dogs back with them? "No," says the man in charge, "no dogs today." The volunteers have come too far to leave empty handed. Quiet huddled conversations begin. Voices become louder, sentences punctuated by sharp rapid arm movements. After what seems an eternity, the gates yawn open, and the trucks are allowed in.

What about the feeling they get as the dogs are finally led out? Did they tell you about that? How special each dog seems? One walks just like Tice... one is the color of Remi... one wags his tail as much as Cody. The group of volunteers has come for nine dogs. Can they take more? Do they have room? Yes, two more. Load them up.

Have you heard about the "nice" dog handler? The shy one that idly pets his dogs, calming them? How he walks up at the last minute carrying a small red-brindle female? Just one more, he pleads with his eyes. This one is hurt badly. A horribly swollen rear leg—a broken hock. The man, clutching the



Agua Caliente Track view from the inside.



Turnout pens for pet kennels. Females are on the left side of the barrier; males are on the right.

tiny dog to his chest, is not budging. The volunteers look at the dog's exquisite face, and her amber-colored eyes hold theirs in a steady gaze. Yes... they will take this dog also. They'll worry about the cost of the surgery later. It is the third broken hock they have taken, in as many months. The handler beams. "Gracias," he says quietly.

Have they told you about re-crossing the border? How they wonder if the dogs at Calienté don't actually live better than some of the residents of that city? It is a three-hour drive home. The female with the broken hock cries steadily for an hour, then mercifully falls asleep. The dogs are unloaded, medicated, cat tested, and bathed. The volunteers are wet and hungry. Their backs ache. The foster parents arrive, and the dogs leave one by one.

Have they told you that they won't reach home until 6 p.m. that night? Dead tired, but still glowing with the quiet pleasure they felt as each dog was lead away to start its new life? How they fondly greet their own Greyhounds? Such lucky dogs... such very lucky dogs.

Has anyone ever told you that 12 fewer dogs will die this Monday? ♦

Lynda Adame is an active volunteer for GPA-CA/OC-GLA and runs the Greyhound-1e-mail list in her "spare" time. She is also a regular contributor to CG Magazine.



Inside the Calienté pet kennel with kennel worker José.

Trust and Cooperation Bring Change

It was sunset. I distinctly remember that. I was driving down the 405 freeway, exhausted after my first rescue trip to the Greyhound track, when I was visited by my muse. A story about the day's events began to take shape in my mind and I quickly reached for a pen and paper. I spent the next five minutes navigating the freeway, writing the story in my lap, and crying. "Twelve Fewer Dogs" is the result of that overwhelming urge to put feelings to paper.

Agua Calienté, the Greyhound track in Tijuana Mexico, has a sordid past and a well deserved reputation as the "end of the line" for dogs that have raced there. Although things are not perfect at the track today, I am pleased to report that much has changed in the last four years.

Our first visits to the track were characterized by a lack of trust. The track personnel were suspicious of our adoption group and we did not trust the track personnel. They had jobs and a life style to protect and we had dogs to rescue. We were seemingly at odds with one another. A risk was taken, however, and from that risk a relationship was forged between the adoption group I work with (Greyhound Pets of America Orange County/Greater Los Angeles area—GPA OC/GLA) and the Calienté track. We knew going into this that we could not affect change in that track from a legal standpoint. Calienté exists beyond the borders of the United States, which puts it outside the realm of U.S. jurisdiction. Although the dogs running there are American-bred Greyhounds, registered with the National Greyhound Association (NGA), we knew we would probably have little influence from that angle either.

For the first two years, individual kennel operators would call us on a Friday and expect that we would pick the amassed retirees up on Sunday. Not only did we have to drum up foster homes for each trip, but also we found ourselves going down for 15 to 35 dogs one weekend and two dogs the next weekend. The scramble began to take its toll on the volunteers. There had to be a better way to handle and coordinate these runs.

You cannot help but see the poverty of Tijuana as we continued our pick-up trips to the track. And as we got to know the individual kennel workers, we realized that these were hardworking men, who made little money. They were polite and worked beyond the communication barrier to connect with the volunteers whenever we were there. GPA OC/GLA decided to start an ongoing drive to collect discarded clothing and offer it to the kennel workers at Calienté. This attempt, on our part, to connect on a human level seemed to open a door between the kennel and the adoption group. This gave us hope that we could implement some form of positive change through cooperation and mutual respect.

The idea of a pet kennel was born early one morning two and a half years ago. Tom McRorie had led yet another run to pick up dogs at Calienté. As the Greyhounds were being loaded into the trucks, Tom and Carlos Duran, the track manager, struck up a conversation about a better way to move dogs from the track to adoption groups. From that conversation, the concept of the Calienté Pet Kennel was born. Tom and Carlos' vision of the pet kennel was a separate building, located on track property, where retiring dogs could be held until an adoption group could pick them up. This would be a non-denominational kennel, a place where any adoption group that the track agreed to work with could pick up dogs for their program. Carlos, enthusiastic about the idea, approached the owner of the track and approval was given. The track contacted a local architect and plans were drawn up for a new kennel to be built within track walls that could house up to 44 retiring Greyhounds. Carlos agreed to supply the manpower to build and staff the new kennel, and GPA OC/GLA agreed to supply the funding as well as food for the dogs. On October 11, 1997, the first Greyhounds went to stay at the pet kennel and the dream became a reality.

Some of the adoption groups that pull dogs from the pet kennel supply kibble and wet food as they can. As this cooperative effort has gone on and proven beneficial, the race kennels themselves are sending extra food over to the pet kennel along with their retiring dogs. This is a very positive change and it has come about through a spirit of cooperation and trust. The dogs in the pet kennel clearly have benefited from the cooperation of track and adoption, and we are getting dogs that are cleaner and fatter each time we make a pickup. Carlos hopes that one day every dog that leaves Calienté will go through the pet kennel. We share that hope.

Unfortunately, not all Greyhounds and Dachshunds get along as well as this pair. Twiggy the Greyhound and Sadie the Mini-Dachshund love to play with each other. Two other Mini-Dachshunds and another Greyhound, Hannah, also reside with their humans, Randy and Cookie Jenkins of Rosamond, California.

by Megan Robertson



Why Don't We Talk About What Our Dogs Really Are?

We take them lure coursing, and they go crazy. We take them to run with other Greyhounds, and occasionally they “pack” on a seemingly random dog. It’s incredibly ugly and violent. We tell the non-initiated, with pride, that they are one of the oldest breeds. We love their speed and grace. We say, with pride, that they are sighthounds because they hunt by sight, not smell, like big clumsy scenthounds.

Why do we pretend that “hunting” doesn’t mean killing? Do we think they run, catch up to the prey, and wait until a human arrives to do the dirty deed? A hunting dog runs, catches, and kills. Not all Greyhounds will kill, but a lot of them do, if given the chance.

Last Sunday Valentino and I went to the yearly reunion picnic of his rescue group. We look forward to this every year. Old friends, and new friends, things to buy, food to eat, and hundreds of dogs, what excitement! We volunteered for the first two hours at the foster booth, watching the dogs and introducing them to people. I love doing this; I could talk about these dogs all day.

Next to the foster pen was a small group of people and somehow a Greyhound got a hold of a Dachshund. What in the world was a Dachshund doing at a Greyhound picnic? A Greyhound owner brought it. Didn’t anyone tell them that Greyhounds hunt? *Kill*? Or was

it this bizarre denial we seem to have about our dogs? This thing we like to gloss over and ignore? Low prey drive, high prey drive, shy, aggressive, sick, all of the dogs in the foster pen wanted in on the *killing* along with most of the Greyhounds that were within hearing range of the Dachshund’s screams. I actually heard someone say when asked why all the dogs in the foster pen went berserk, that “they were fresh off the track and therefore a bit keener to be involved.” What garbage! Misleading and dangerous garbage.

Why do we deny the most fundamental part of their nature? I understand some of it. I fought for weeks to forgive Valentino when he killed my mom’s cat. It was hard to pet him, hard to give him affection, hard not to think of him as a monster. My mom had two dislocated thumbs, 34 stitches in her hands, and the cat that I’d given her 13 years before, to keep her company when I moved to Europe, was dead. And then I realized that I needed to accept what he was, not forgive him. He is what he is. Accepting that the kindest, most gentle, loving dog I have ever known is also a very enthusiastic and efficient killer has been hard. His fierceness, determination, and a very primal “wildness” when it comes to prey are now all things about him that I respect, if not always love.

Why don’t we talk about this? Why don’t

we tell prospective adopters about this? Why don’t we write about it in our books? Are we afraid to scare away the prospective owners? Are we afraid that fewer dogs will be adopted? I did a lot of research before I got Val, and still was unprepared for this side of him. I wrote a story about Valentino that was published in *Celebrating Greyhounds* and *A Breed Apart*. It had all the good and all the bad in the first paragraph, and the newsletter of his local rescue group left it out! Too ugly to talk about? How many cats would still be alive if we talked about it? Would Cassidy still be alive? How many dogs are returned to rescue groups when they unexpectedly kill a cat? Would they be returned if we talked about it and the owners were prepared?

If we talked about it, a woman at the picnic wouldn’t have gotten her arm chewed up trying to pull the dogs apart, and a Greyhound and a Dachshund wouldn’t have been hurt. If we talked about it, no one in his or her right mind would bring a small dog to a picnic, and if they thought they could, they shouldn’t be a Greyhound owner. We will not understand our dogs if we are not honest about what they are. We cannot care for and love them the way they deserve if we do not understand them. ❖

Megan Robertson and Valentino reside in Auburn, Washington.

Seniors Citizens and Adopted Greyhounds Live Happily Ever After

Ace, Tiara, Dream, Bridget, and Lady would tell you if they could. Retired racing Greyhounds can lead rewarding lives with senior citizens. To see these dogs so bonded with their adopters speaks volumes. The fastest breed of dog in the world coupled with people who are well past their prime may seem an unlikely match, but just because people are eligible for senior citizen discounts doesn't disqualify them from owning dogs or restrict them to teacup poodles.

I have yet to see a profile of the perfect Greyhound adopter. All age groups have their pluses and minuses. On the minus side, young adults' lives aren't settled and dogs may not fit in with their life changes. Families with children may find they are too busy to attend to their dogs or may not provide adequate supervision with young children and dogs. Many middle-aged couples work long hours, and some divorce and move to living quarters that won't allow dogs. Seniors may encounter health problems or may not out-live their dogs.

Adoption groups are becoming familiar with the need to take in retired racers that, through no fault of their own, have lost their homes after having been placed in any of the previously mentioned situations. Greyhounds placed in seemingly perfect homes may end up back in the adoption system again. Fortunately some people recognize the joys of adopting older Greyhounds. One motorized wheelchair-bound senior adopter adopted her little black Greyhound girl many years ago when she was married. Due to deteriorating health she eventually had to go to a nursing home and was able to take her beloved dog, KC, with her. After the woman died, this sweet older Greyhound was adopted by one of the nurses.

One advantage of having seniors adopt Greyhounds is that they are unlikely to be gone from home working 40 to 60 hours per week. Nor will they be gone for hours chauffeuring the kids to baseball, ballet, and birthday parties. Many seniors have spent a good part of their lives with dogs and understand

the basic responsibilities involved. They have more time—quality time—for their pets. Dogs don't discriminate by age. A dog will bond just as easily to a 70-year-old as it will to a 30-year-old. For many seniors, a dog is a reason to get up in the morning. Dogs can help them get needed exercise and can greatly enrich their lives. I enjoy having seniors and their Greyhounds participate in our adoption demos as their presence makes it clear that one doesn't have to be an Olympic athlete to adopt a Greyhound. Over the years I've met a number of special seniors who have adopted Greyhounds. Some of their stories follow.

Edith Dyer and Tiara



Edith Dyer was the first senior adopter I met. At age 73 she adopted her Greyhound. Her husband just died and her male Doberman had significant health problems. She saw a TV segment on adopting Greyhounds and went with her daughter and granddaughter to the REGAP (Retired Greyhounds As Pets) kennel at the Seabrook track. She was shocked at the number of Greyhounds needing homes and would have had an impossible time selecting one, but the little fawn female who nuzzled her granddaughter won her heart. Her Greyhound Tiara lived happily with her Doberman until he died six months later. Edith was convinced that retired racing dogs could make great pets and made a cardboard sign

that said, "Adopt a Greyhound" and taped it in the window of her car. She would occasionally show up at our adoption demos and took Tiara to the State House in Maine to show support for a bill to ban Greyhound racing.

Although her house is on 10 acres of property she hasn't fenced in an area for her dog, preferring to snap on the leash and walk her dog several times a day. Her cats Jasmine and Gabriel like to tag along. Even in the icy winters Edith and Tiara bundle up—Edith wears the boots with cleats—to enjoy the beauties of nature when they go out. She describes Greyhounds as wonderful, intelligent, sensitive dogs and can talk at length on the virtues of retired racers. If her back is bothering her she can tell Tiara to go easy and this intuitive dog responds. They have been almost constant companions for nine years. Edith is now 82 and Tiara is ten-and-a-half.

Dr. Bill Wyatt and Ace



Six years ago, after his elderly Beagle died, Dr. Bill Wyatt looked at dogs in animal shelters and found their pleading faces overwhelming. He saw a notice for an adoption demo I was doing for Maine Greyhound Placement Service (MGPS) and was so impressed with the gentle dispositions of the group of demo dogs in the small store, he made an appointment to go to the adoption

STORY AND PHOTOS BY LAUREN EMERY

kennel the next day. Bill was 67-years-old at the time. Ace, a handsome brindle Greyhound, settled into the Wyatt's home and took Beagle's place in the doctor's office where he often gets attention from dog-loving patients.

Bill has gradually cut back his medical practice to two days a week, leaving more time for them to do errands together and to share an afternoon nap snuggled on the bed. (At night, Ace settles for the couch as the doctor's wife gets the spot in the bed, but he visits a few times a night to check on his master.) Ace has loved the fenced-in area that was put up for him a while ago and runs with the dogs that live next door with the Wyatt's son and daughter-in-law.

Over the years we have watched Ace's face turn as white as his adopter's hair because both regularly help out at our demos. It's always a treat to have them attend, as Bill's dry sense of humor spices up things. He is now 73 and Ace is nine-and-a-half. According to the doctor, Greyhounds make great pets for seniors because they are so in tune with people and are loving and undemanding. He and Ace seem to communicate by ESP because they know each other's routines so well.

Elmina Sewall, Ashana, Dream, and Bridget



When Elmina Sewall describes Greyhounds as "the perfect dogs," this is a very high complement indeed. She brought home her first dog as a teenager and over her 88 years has shared her life with countless breeds. She had a special interest in Pug

dogs and bred and judged them, placing one with the Duke and Dutchess of Windsor. She has had up to 20 dogs at a time! For 17 years she served as president of the West Kennebunk Animal Shelter that now bears her name. The Greyhound bug didn't bite Elmina until she was in her early eighties. Five-and-a-half years after one of our demos, she

read a feature in her local paper on the plight of retired racing Greyhounds and their need for homes and called MGPS. Elmina had a small mixed-breed female from the local animal shelter when she adopted her first Greyhound, Ashana, a red fawn female. Two years later, Bridget, another red fawn girl, joined her pack, and two months later, Dream, a brindle female, was adopted. Elmina even tried to give a chance to a "Free to a good home" Greyhound she saw advertised in the newspaper, but found it extremely aggressive. Watching her three retired racers run in their mowed, fenced-in meadow, chasing flying birds, was a joy to behold. The best part was seeing them run back to their mistress, out of breath and exuberant.

A year ago Elmina broke her hip and now walks with a cane. This has cramped this vibrant octogenarian's style, as she is no longer able to walk around the meadow with her dogs or take them for walks in the woods. Fortunately she has staff that love her dogs and give them exercise and care. Elmina thinks Greyhounds are great pets for seniors because they are quiet and easy to manage, despite their size. Her girls are nice companions for her as she reads and does her paperwork. Her first Greyhound Ashana and her little mixed-breed dog, Jessie, recently died. Greyhounds Bridget and Dream look very happy and healthy in this special home.

Don and Edith Bailey and Lady

Don and Edith Bailey heard that retired Greyhounds make good pets. When the last of their three Siberian Huskies died, the Baileys managed to find their way to the MGPS adoption kennel. Their daughter knew her



dog-loving parents would adopt a Greyhound. Our kennel manager told them they would need to set up an appointment to discuss adopting a Greyhound. They observed many Greyhounds in the turnout pen, but a small, shiny, black female with a white bib and toe tips caught their eyes. When they returned for their appointment they were shown five suitable dogs, but this little Lady Onyx was the one they would go home with. That was over a year ago.

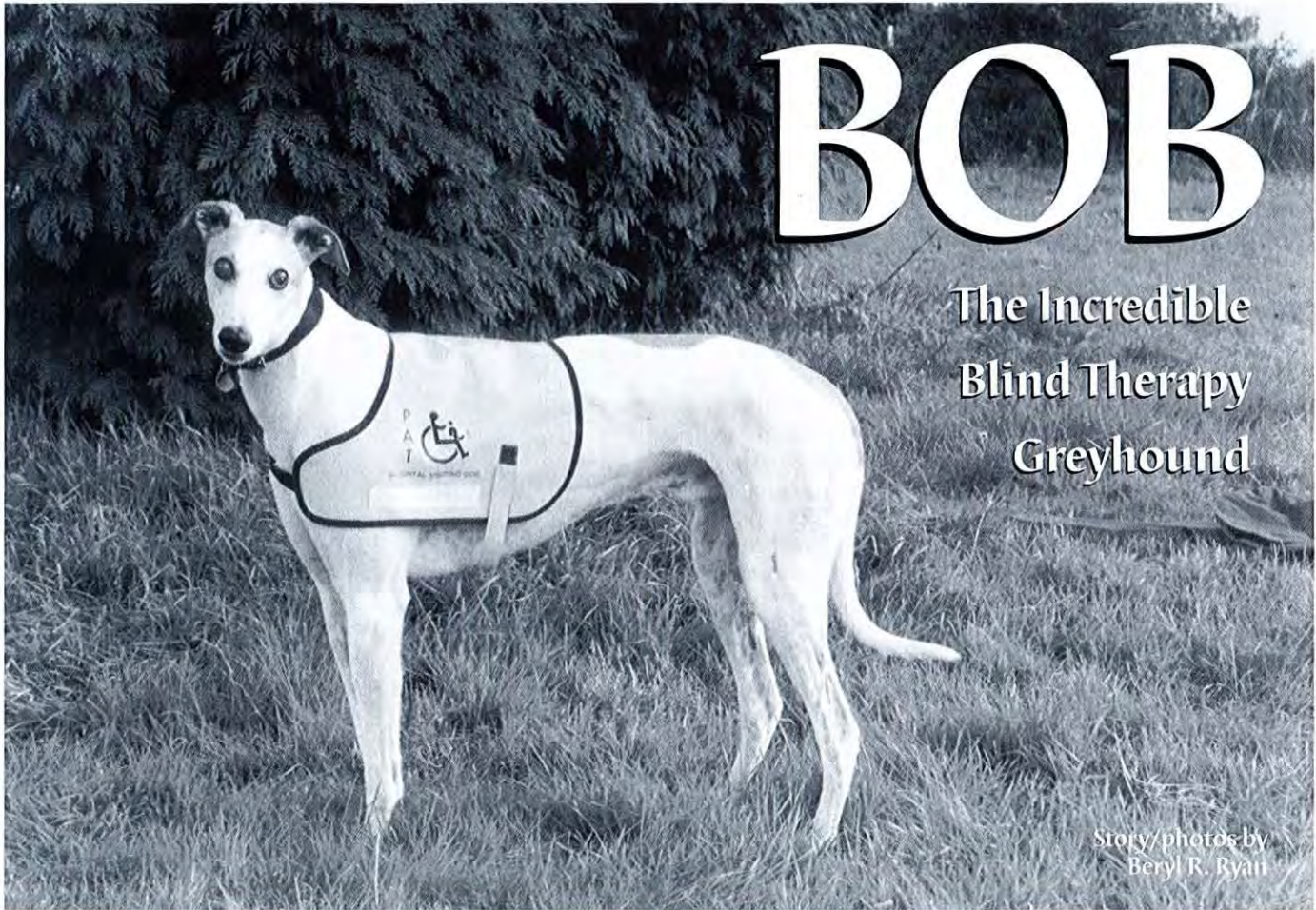
Don is now 84-years-old, Edith is 79, and Lady is almost four. Lady rapidly became friendly with Smokey, the deaf cat, and the two of them dash back and forth inside together. She has her favorite toys that she knows by name and runs around with them in her mouth. A retired baker, Don still likes getting up early and takes Lady for her first leash-walk of the day. They use a harness on her to minimize pulling. The Baileys appreciate that Lady helps them get the exercise they need and enjoy. Both Don and Edith are in love with Greyhounds and think they are intelligent, gentle, quiet, and easy-to-manage dogs. They often help at our adoption demos with their gorgeous little girl and have an "Adopt a Greyhound" bumper sticker on their station wagon.

For many active seniors I've met, dogs have been and continue to be an integral part of their lives. Many of us can't imagine our lives without dogs. Looking in the crystal ball 15, 20, and 25 years from now, I see friends, acquaintances, and myself with a few more wrinkles and sags, surrounded by our canine companions. ❖

Lauren Emery is a frequent contributor to CG Magazine.

BOB

The Incredible Blind Therapy Greyhound



Story/photos by
Beryl R. Ryan

Bob is a large Irish dog, born in September 1994. His racing name was Cobblers Arrow, and he raced as a two-year-old but was taken off the track with a minor injury in the spring of 1997. Bob was then placed into a private home. Six months later his owners asked Greyhound Rescue West of England to rehome him. They no

longer wanted him because he had gone blind. They said that it had happened suddenly whilst out walking, causing Bob to run round in circles in panic. When I collected him, I found a very subdued, withdrawn dog shut into an area too small for him to lie stretched out. At this time Bob had been blind just two weeks. He fell down the steps as we left his home but

jumped into my van without difficulty when I tapped the floor.

Once home I took a proper look at Bob and realized that he was underweight and scouring—had a bad case of diarrhea. I led him around the bungalow warning him to “mind” doors and furniture and took him outside around the garden two or three times during the evening. Our other dogs—an elderly Greyhound and a Weimaraner—accepted the newcomer.

At bedtime, I left him on his blanket in the sitting room and was amazed to be awakened by his cold nose on my face in the early hours. He had negotiated the doors and hall and made his way to the far side of the bed in my room at the end of my house. He let me know that he needed to go outside. I could hardly believe that he had managed to find me in a strange place. Within 24 hours the withdrawn dog I had collected had metamorphosed into a confident outgoing one that was first to the door to greet a visitor and able to find his way round without hesitation.

The veterinary expert diagnosed that Bob was suffering from retinal atrophy and had no vision at all. “Blind as a bat” was his comment. Bob has lived with us and our



Some of Bob's Greyhound Family: Sixteen-year-old Sandy; Bob; Five-year-old Tiggy; Three-year-old Saul. Sandy, Tiggy, and Saul were each rescued either from a pound, the street, or tied to a tree.



Bob lives a normal life. He loves meeting people and does a wonderful PR job for rescued Greyhounds. His gentle calm approach elicits a response from even the most disturbed or withdrawn. He makes contact where other dogs fail and is an exceedingly popular Pets as Therapy (P.A.T.) dog. P.A.T. dogs are registered and make visits to hospitals, nursing homes, and anywhere that someone may benefit from the company of a dog for a while. We believe that he is the only blind P.A.T. dog in the country.

Bob attends dog-training classes and joins in all the exercises with his sighted peers. The only concession made to his blindness is the use of tape recorded sound to enable him to locate where to go when I send him away from me.

other rescued Greyhounds (five, currently) for nearly two years now. The other dogs seem to make no allowances for his blindness. If he bumps into one he gets a warning growl. On just one occasion I saw our dominant bitch put herself between Bob and a newly arrived youngster who was pestering him and give the newcomer a warning nip. Bob's achievements and ability to cope with, what to a sighthound is a major disability still surprise us. If anything is moved Bob only needs warning. Once he has an accurate map of our overgrown garden in his mind, he never walks into anything. When the shrubs were trimmed back, he took a while to realize it and still left the original gaps for a few days.

Bob walks so confidently that people don't realize that he is blind. On the lead, he keeps it just taut. Off the lead in a safe place, when called to heel, he walks with his shoulder leaning against my leg. In open fields, he stays within six to eight feet of me and relies on me to warn him of any dangers. Somehow he seems to be aware when he approaches the boundary hedges. He slows down and works his way along them to find the gate.

Nothing seems to shake his calm confidence. Even when caught up in an elderly friend's walking frame (walker), he just waited quietly till he was helped out. Now he knows about walking frames and backs out of the way if he hears one coming. If Bob becomes aware that his path is blocked, he barks for assistance and guidance.

I hoped that losing his sight might mean that Bob's other senses would become more acute but there has been no improvement in his very poor sense of smell. He cannot locate dropped food or treats even when they

are right under his nose. He relies almost entirely on his sensitive ears. He negotiates steps and stairs with my help and warning: "Up" for a step up and "Step" for one down. He even walks over slats and checks for the gaps with his nose when told to "mind." The games he plays are dependent on hearing. We play hunt the biscuit; I tap the floor where it is and he follows the sound. We play tag as I dodge about outside, calling his name as he tries to catch me. The only toy he is interested in is a homemade one designed to suit his needs. It is very simple but effective. It is just a plastic soda bottle with a few dried peas in it, padded with rag, and knotted into an old sock. The peas rattle and the bottle crackles when mouthed.

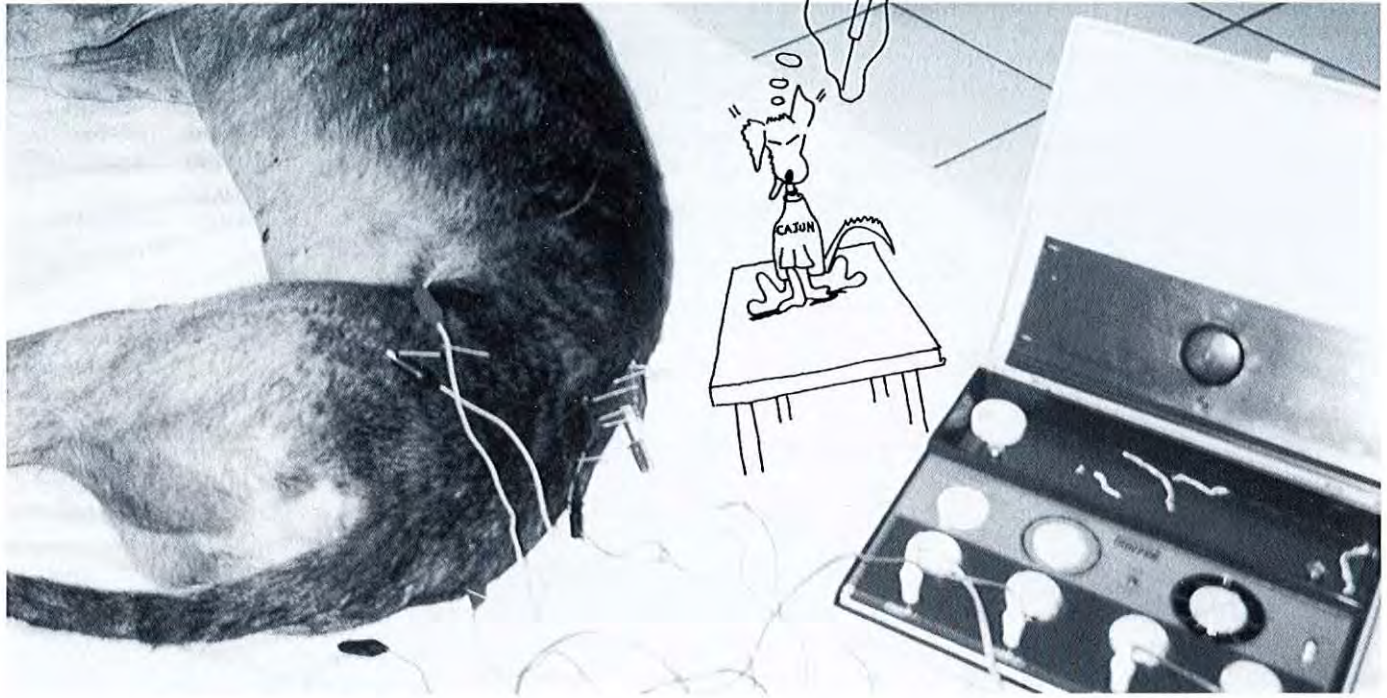
Far from being a protected pampered pet,

We are very proud of him at the moment because he has just passed the Kennel Club's Good Citizen Dog Gold Test and is the first blind dog to do so.

People feel sorry for Bob and suggest that he must be difficult to care for. Far from it. Bob is so good-natured and well-behaved that he is the least trouble of all the dogs. Bob copes so efficiently with his blindness that even I tend to forget that he has a disability. If Bob had not lost his sight, he may well have been put back on the racetrack and I would not have had the privilege of knowing him nor would he be making the contribution to society that he now makes. ❖

Beryl R. Ryan and Bob reside in Redditch, Worcester, England with the rest of their Greyhound family.





Using Acupuncture To Make Your Greyhound Feel Younger

Last year, my 12-year-old Greyhound, Cajun, began having back problems. He has difficulty getting up and sometimes one of his hind legs collapses. He either sits down unexpectedly or falls down completely, upsetting both him and me. After consultation, my veterinarian put Cajun on anti-inflammatory medication that has helped and also recommended we try acupuncture.

Acupuncture is something I knew little about—only that it involved needles and I hate needles! So I did some research.

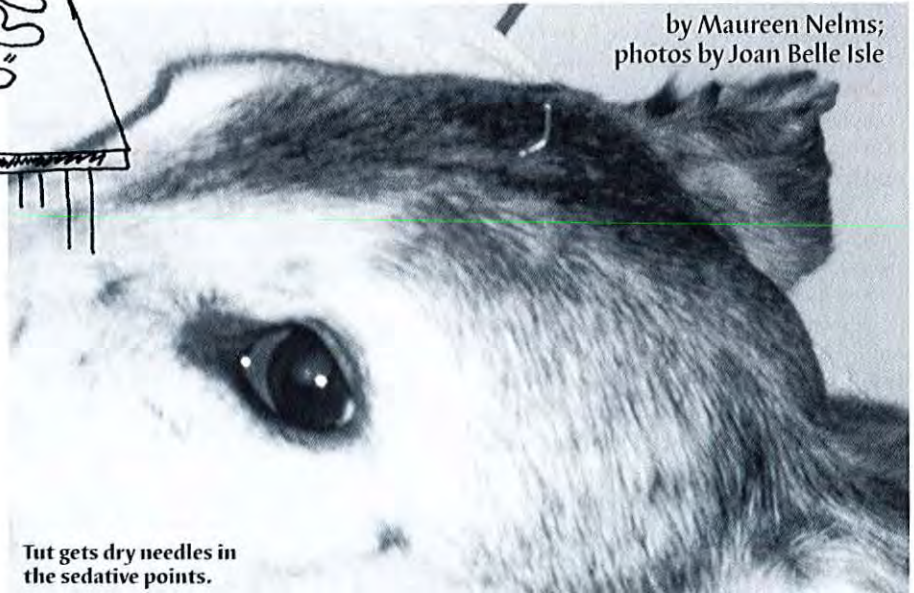
Doctors of traditional Chinese medicine have been using acupuncture on humans for 2,500 years. The Chinese view the skin as an interface between the internal and external environment. The acupuncture points are exit and entry points for the internal and external energy—Qi or chi, pronounced “chee.” Acupuncture points are a means of

balancing the energies.

Veterinary acupuncture has been used for only about 25 years in western cultures. Controlling or eradicating pain is what acupuncture does best.

It also has therapeutic value in a wide variety of animal diseases, particularly in stimulat-

ing the body’s defense system. Conditions that respond well to acupuncture include lameness caused by muscular rheumatism, muscle spasm, spinal trauma, and mild cases of disc protrusion. Seventy to ninety percent of cases of back pain respond to acupuncture. You see improvement in function although acupuncture does not alter the disease (such as arthritis, prolapsed disc,



by Maureen Nelms;
photos by Joan Belle Isle

Tut gets dry needles in the sedative points.

and the like). Acupuncture can't help all conditions. It usually cannot help in severe cases of spinal damage, terminal cancers, and advanced kidney or liver disease.

Acupuncture therapy works by stimulating the relevant reflex points in the skin and muscles. Acupuncture points have electrical properties distinguishing them from surrounding skin. These electrical properties relate to specific organs, regions, or functions in the body. The electrical properties of the acupuncture points change when there is disease.

Initially the veterinary acupuncturist examines your dog completely, looking for signs of disease. The veterinarian checks the pulse, color and coating on the tongue, any smell in the ears, or discharge in the eyes, as well as general health and appearance. Even though our veterinarian usually comes to our house, Cajun displayed anxiety during the first treatments (which may have been because I did) although being at home did help.

There are several types of acupuncture: dry needling, electro-needling, point injection, and aquapuncture. Our veterinarian decided to use electro-needling with Cajun.

Over the years, experts have refined acupuncture needles from crude instruments of bamboo, flint, or porcelain to the extremely fine, stainless steel needles we use today.

For the standard dry needling technique, the veterinarian inserts the needles at the appropriate acupuncture points in two stages using a push-twirl technique. The first stage penetrates the skin and the second stage places the needle at the correct depth in the tissue. Muscular areas generally have the needle inserted at a 90 degree angle deep into the muscle, while bony areas have the needles placed perpendicularly to the body over bony areas and, once the needle has pierced the skin, it is advanced subcutaneously under the skin. When correctly inserted, the muscles grip the needles.

In electro-needling, the veterinarian inserts the needles in the same manner used for dry needling and then connects electrical outputs to these needles from an electro-stimulator. These electrodes deliver an electrical stimulus to the acupuncture points. Electro-needling provides stimulation for an hour or more after the session is over. Needles remain inserted for 10 to 30 minutes for chronic conditions such as arthritis. If the



needles fall out, they are generally not reinserted because the relaxation of the muscle indicates sufficient stimulation of that point. Point injection (often using vitamin B12) and aquapuncture (water) both involve injections at the acupuncture points.

Dogs with an acute disease should receive acupuncture every one to three days, and in chronic cases, every three to seven days. Massage by owners over the acupuncture points in between treatments shortens the recovery time. Your vet can show you how to do this.

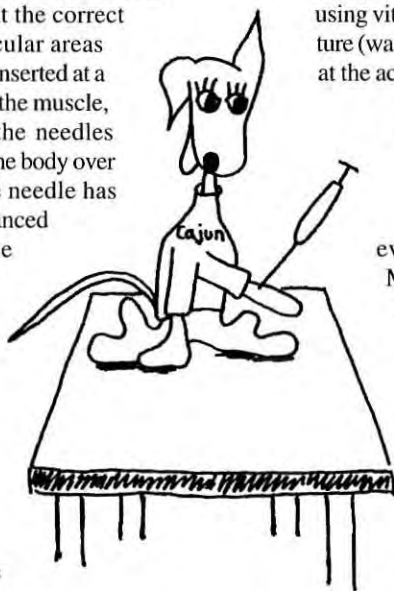
Because Cajun's case is chronic, he began getting treatments of electro-acupuncture weekly. He also started a vitamin regimen (500 mg vitamin C twice a day and 400 IU vitamin E once a day). Although I saw no improvement in Cajun's hind end during the first month, I noticed an

overall improvement in his general health and well being. He had more energy, ate better, and slept less.

Initially, Cajun sometimes cried when the vet inserted the needles, particularly when the needles went into the bony area over his dewclaws. The vet would massage these areas gently before reinserting the needle. The first few times the vet gave Cajun his treatments, the first needle she inserted was one on the very top of his head. The point on the head is a sedative point and helps the dog relax. However, Cajun needed this point stimulated only for the first few treatments because after that, he knew what was coming and he looked forward to it. He would totally relax the minute he saw the vet walk through the door. We almost didn't need to do the treatment.

Cajun continued his treatments for almost three months, having them from once a week, to once every second week, to every third week. His hind end did not improve sufficiently for me to stop his medication, but the therapeutic benefits of those treatments are still being felt. Cajun will be 13 in October and we're still trying to figure out how to get him to slow down. ❖

Maureen Nelms is a regular contributor to CG Magazine.



Nisba was a lovely older dog who passed away in May, 1999 at age nine. Dogs her age may benefit from Anipryl if they become afflicted with CDS



by Maria Borowski

New Medications for Older Dogs: Anipryl and Rimadyl

My first dog was not a Greyhound, but a rescued Terrier mix. She was a great dog, and in many ways responsible for the love and respect that I developed for all canines. Although I have so many great memories of spending time with her, I also remember how painful it was for both of us when she got older. As she aged, she seemed to be more confused more than before, and she sometimes had accidents in the house. Perhaps, most painful, was the fact that there were times when she didn't recognize me. Although it was sad, my family and I assumed that these behaviors were all part of the aging process, and normal for a dog of 11 or 12.

These changes may be the symptoms of a brain disorder called Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome (CDS). CDS is an age-related condition that occurs in senior dogs, and is manifested through a deterioration of cognitive abilities. Symptoms of CDS include wandering aimlessly, confusion, failure to recognize familiar people, and a loss of

housetraining. A study performed at the University of California revealed that CDS might be fairly prevalent—62 percent of dogs aged 11 to 16 showed signs of at least one category of CDS.

Anipryl

As grim as this sounds, there is one FDA-approved medication for CDS. Pfizer's animal health division developed Anipryl (selegiline hydrochloride) and was approved for use in 1998. This drug is also approved for the treatment of an endocrine disorder called Cushing's Disease, which also occurs in older dogs. Approved for two disorders, this new drug is definitely getting more press for its indication for CDS.

Anipryl helps to prevent the symptoms of CDS by lowering levels of a brain chemical, monoamine oxidase, type B (MAOB). MAOB is an enzyme that breaks down neurotransmitters, such as dopamine, that help the brain function normally. When there is too much MAOB, the neurotransmitters

get broken down before they can do their job. Although the cause of CDS is not known, one theory maintains that as dogs age, the production of MAOB in their brain increases, resulting in lower than normal levels of dopamine. These decreased dopamine levels are believed to contribute to the development of CDS. Anipryl helps to restore the levels of dopamine by inhibiting the production of MAOB. Less MAOB in the brain means less dopamine breaks down before it can do its job.

In clinical studies 69 percent of dogs who received Anipryl displayed some level of improvement in their CDS symptoms after one month of treatment, whereas only 52 percent of dogs that received a placebo showed any improvement. Some of the most common side effects in these clinical studies included vomiting, diarrhea, restlessness, and hyperactivity. Anipryl is currently available as tablets, in five dosage strengths. Because of the strengths available, most dogs can be controlled on just one pill a day.

Although the evidence from clinical studies sounds convincing, I still had some questions regarding how the drug really works. I asked my veterinarian (and fellow Greyhound owner), Dr. Jill Hopfenbeck, for her opinion on this drug. Dr. Hopfenbeck states, "Anipryl (selegiline) is a fairly new drug that is labeled for two uses: as a treatment for Cushing's Disease—a serious endocrine disorder and also as a treatment for something called Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome—or senility. Cushing's Disease, also known as Hyperadrenocorticism, is a fairly common disease of older dogs, although I must say that I've never seen a Greyhound with this disease. Anipryl is a new form of treatment for Cushing's Disease, and the veterinary profession has not yet decided if this drug is superior to the older treatment using Lysodren. If your dog is diagnosed with Cushing's Disease, you should talk with your veterinarian about the pros and cons of each treatment before making a decision. Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome is sort of a new buzz word for senility, and anyone who has had an older dog who has exhibited loss of housebreaking, aimless wandering, disturbed sleep-wake cycles, or less recognition of familiar people or situations will recognize it. I have never treated a Greyhound with this drug for this purpose, but I would not hesitate to try it if one of my client's (or my own) Greyhounds was exhibiting these symptoms. I have tried it in several non-Greyhounds with mixed success, and it seems to have relatively few side effects. If this drug is suggested by your veterinarian, be aware that it is available as a generic as selegiline as well as by the brand name Anipryl."

Rimadyl

Another product from Pfizer Animal Health is Rimadyl. It is designed to alleviate the symptoms of another medical problem common in older dogs, arthritis. Arthritis is a chronic condition that results in pain and inflammation of the joints. Arthritis, also known as osteoarthritis, affects one in every five adult dogs. That's more than eight million dogs in the United States. The signs and symptoms of arthritis may not be apparent right away. Because arthritis is a chronic condition, the symptoms usually appear over time. Some signs of arthritis include tiring easily during long walks, limping, appearing stiff after activity, being reluctant to climb steps or jump up, and rising slowly from a resting position. Hip or elbow dysplasia present the same signs, but arthritis can also occur in many other joints. My 10-year-old Greyhound has arthritis in her toes, as evidenced by some swelling in the toe joints, a very common

place for Greyhounds to get arthritis.

An option for long-term pain relief from arthritis is Rimadyl, also known as carprofen. This is a non-steroidal, anti-inflammatory drug (NSAID) that relieves the pain and inflammation of arthritis. Ibuprofen, the active ingredient in Advil and Motrin, and aspirin are both NSAIDs. The FDA approved Rimadyl over two years ago, and currently over one million dogs have been successfully treated with it. Like other NSAIDs, the exact mechanism of how Rimadyl works is unknown but we do know that it effectively relieves the pain and inflammation that is associated with osteoarthritis. In clinical studies with Rimadyl the most common side effects included vomiting, diarrhea, and changes in appetite. Rimadyl is available as caplets or chewable tablets.

Dr. Hopfenbeck says, "Rimadyl is fairly new and extremely useful drug for the treatment of pain in dogs. While it is labeled for use in arthritic pain, it is also used fairly frequently by veterinarians to control other types of pain, such as dental and post-surgical. While NSAIDs are some of the most frequently prescribed drugs, they are not without side effects, some of which may be more significant for the Greyhound. Like all drugs in this class, Rimadyl may have gastrointestinal (GI), kidney, and liver side effects. The manufacturer recommends that Rimadyl be given with food as it helps cut down on stomach upset, which is the most common side effect. Like all drugs in this class, overdose can cause life-threatening gastric ulcers, so keep this and all medications out of reach of long Greyhound noses and children's hands, as well. Liver and kidney side effects are potentially more insidious. When the manufacturer first introduced Rimadyl a couple of years ago, there were reports of acute liver toxicity occurring in a low number of dogs. It seemed at the time

that Labrador retrievers were most prone to this problem, but it was unclear whether this was just because more Labs were arthritic, and therefore taking the drug, or because they had some special sensitivity. Many older Greyhounds have underlying mild (or not-so-mild) chronic kidney disease, and this class of drugs is known to be possibly toxic to already compromised kidneys. Because of this, I generally recommend a blood chemistry profile and urinalysis before embarking on long-term use of Rimadyl in any of my patients, Greyhound or not. If the dog is taking Rimadyl on a daily basis, I like to monitor these tests every three to six months to be sure that no problems are developing. Given all of these caveats, Rimadyl is a very useful drug, and improves the lives of many older, arthritic dogs. While Greyhounds are not prone to hip problems as are many large breed dogs, many Greyhounds have arthritis secondary to old racing injuries, toe arthritis, and back pain, which can be at least partly alleviated by the use of non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs. You should work with your veterinarian to determine which therapies are best for your individual dog."

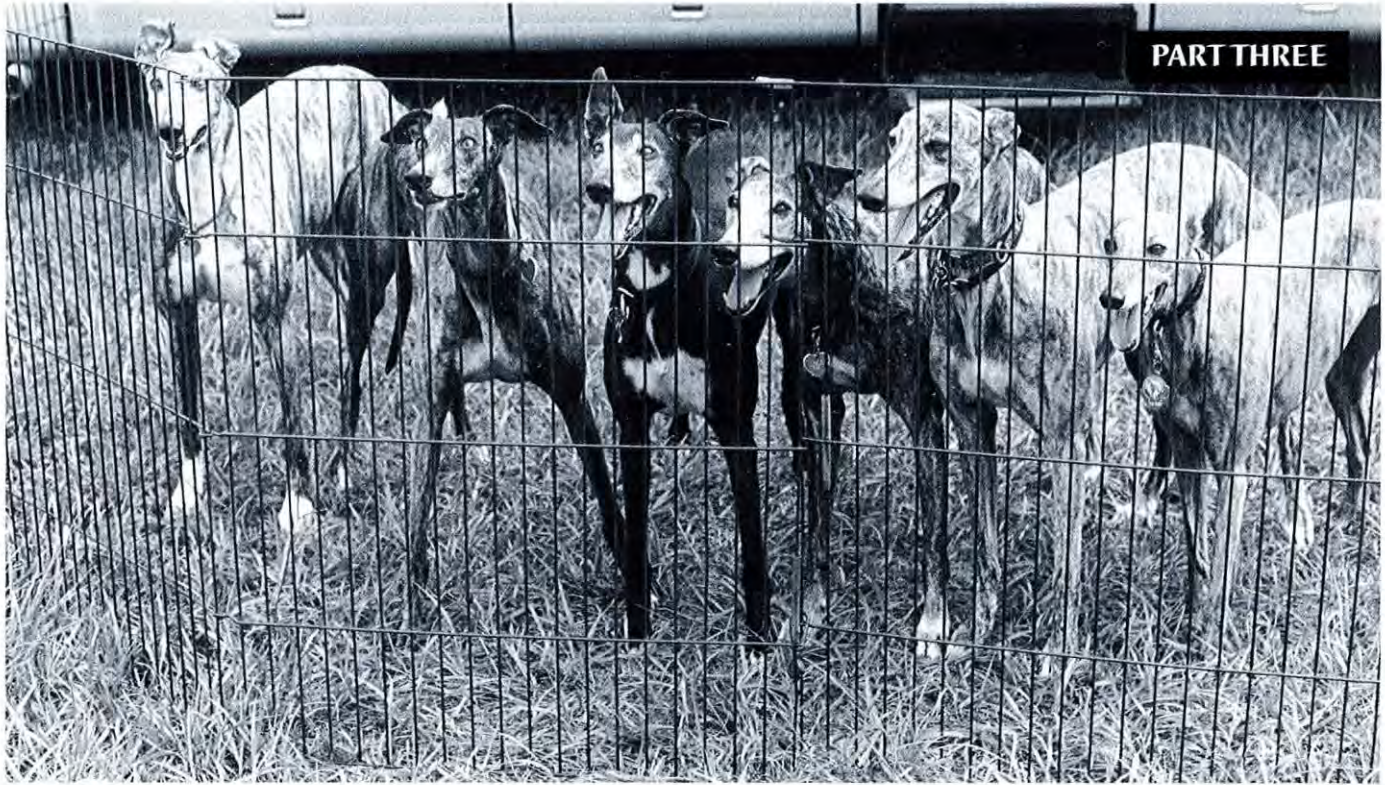
You know your dogs best, and therefore you will most likely be the first one to notice changes in their behavior. It is important to talk to your vet about these changes so that you can determine whether your pup might be a candidate for one of these therapies. For more information about Anipryl, call the toll free number, 1-888-ANIPRYL, or visit the website, www.anipryl.com. For more information about Rimadyl, call 1-800-720-DOGS, or visit the Rimadyl website, www.rimadyl.com. ♦

Maria Borowski is a regular contributor to CG Magazine. Jill Hopfenbeck, DVM, is a small-animal practitioner in Sutton, Massachusetts. She currently has two Greyhounds, Daisy and Demi, who enjoy supervising her clinic.



Six-year-old Chapin (SMA's Sookie) didn't seem to need any Rimadyl the day she exercised with Suzanne Palmer in Atlanta, Georgia in the summer of 1997.

SUZANNE M. PALMER



Story by Kathleen
Gilley; Photos by
Marcia Herman

Correcting Unwanted Behavior

The neck scruff is what mama dog did to baby dog when he got too rough with his brothers and sisters or wouldn't lighten up on her when she asked nicely. All dogs seem to instinctively understand this as a disciplinary method.

The scruff is the loose skin on the back of the neck, located between the withers and the ears. One grasps the skin, not the dog, with two fingers and a thumb (more if the breed is other than a Greyhound), and shakes the skin, not the dog, four times. Since the head does not move, there is no chance of "shaken baby" syndrome. You are not allowed to pinch and if you have those long fake fingernails, do not use this method at all, unless you promise to wear gloves.

The neck scruff is to be accompanied by evil-sounding threats, made firmly, but not loudly. Eye contact is essential, as in "Listen up! This is your mother speaking!" Hissing and growling at the "scruffee" is permitted and highly recommended.

Your list of "or-else" consequences must be dire, but not believable by nosy-body bystanders. If, for example, you live in Florida, Louisiana, or on the Texas coast, you must not threaten to feed him to the "gators." You may advise him in a most ominous tone that you know his name and you know where he lives. I have spoken with mine about being cinnamon-sugared and served for breakfast, forced to sleep on their own bed, or horror of horrors, being walked across a patch of wet grass.

This method of discipline is to be used only on those with whom you have an intimate relationship. (On the other hand, it is very useful in the turnout pen where everyone is muzzled.) A dog that disagrees with your idea of the chain of command will express this with his pearly whites. Overly sensitive dogs will throw themselves on the ground or simply open their mouths and emit a glass-shattering shriek.

Neck scruffing is good for play that's too

rough with another family member or one of your own prized appendages. It works for getting caught with one's nose where it ought not to be. I like it for anything that someone doesn't take my word for the second time. Repetitive guest molestation, eyeing the cat box, uncalled for slurpy licking at 2 a.m., or drinking from an unauthorized container can all be handled with a civilized neck scruffing.

Neck scruffing should not be used on a squealer or anyone that runs from you. This is neither a pain nor a fright tool. It should be moderately humiliating, embarrassing, and distressing to his dignity.

Aromatherapy

For aromatherapy, you will need a plastic bottle—ideally the size of the average antacid container. It needs to have a flip-top cap. Fill it one-half to one-third full with paper towels, cotton balls, toilet paper, or nose blowers.

Add a small amount of noxious-smelling liquid. None should leak out when your bottle is turned upside down. The fumes must be offensive to your dog but not toxic. Some possibilities are perfumes, after shaves, colognes, toilet water (not that kind), vinegar, Pepto-Bismol, calamine lotion, or those mouthwashes that give you medicine breath.

This method was originally designed for a lady in a wheelchair who was concerned about being greeted with excessive exuberance by her son's dogs. He would come home, let them in from the yard, and they would go bananas, vying for her affection. Armed with her aromatherapy bottle, she could keep them at bay (like garlic to a vampire) until they settled down and could behave more civilly.

The next use came when a lady complained that her dog lifted his leg on only one side of her favorite chair. We hung three plastic bags over the arm, at six-inch intervals, each with its own offensive-smelling contents. It solved the problem by desecrating his sacred place.

Another dog chose only a certain corner of the breakfast nook to leave a puddle. Aromatic land mines were placed on the perimeter and fortunately no other site appealed as a substitute.

Note: There are scads of commercial preparations available at pet supply stores or in catalogs. Non-staining repellents exist to keep dogs off the furniture, out of your garden, or to prevent nose graffiti on glass doors or full length mirrors.

Double-sided Tape, Balloons, Mousetrap/Clapper, and Non-Skid Strips

Double-sided tape at least one-inch wide is an excellent deterrent to the counter surfer. You know how Greyhounds are sensitive to stuff on the bottom of their feet. They should find your use of this technique quite disgusting.

Many obedience instructors also recommend an early-warning defense system consisting of a series of shake cans tied together with thread. Using thread insures that when the cans that are set along the edge of the counter are disturbed and come dominoing down, your hound cannot get tangled.

Balloons can make a nice addition to your disciplinary repertoire, if you do not have a sound-shy dog. Booby-trap your garbage can. (There are things in most garbage that could kill him.) Using a small mousetrap baited with a balloon and thoroughly covered by a protective layer of garbage or newspaper will discourage your family recycler.

If he gets on the sofa or a chair that you do not want him on, place the balloon(s) underneath the seat cushion(s), or lay them on top, under a light blanket. Ditto the bed, if you or your significant other think three or more is a crowd or that your dog sneaks up there during the day. I understand the crackle of two-liter soda bottles (sans caps so the air can escape when he puts his weight upon them) can be equally annoying to him. Be sure to remove before guests arrive.

Here is an excellent way to solve long nails and gouge marks if you have a hound who

scratches on the door or beside it. Unlike other methods, this is not designed to stop him. For some, this is his way of communicating his need to "go outside." It is designed only to protect the wood or glass. We all know that respecting privacy is not one of a Greyhound's stronger suits. There have been reports that this method allowed the taking of one's shower with the door closed.

At the nearest hardware or home improvement store, purchase strips of the material mounted on stairs to make them non-skid. They come in sizes from stair-step



The neck scruff is a kinder way to deal with a dog that jumps on people than the old-fashioned "kneeing" method. Kneeing may be harmful to the dog. Opposite page: The Dancing Greyhounds—the world's best-behaved dogs (most of the time). From left to right: Pasta, Chey, Chubby, Sweet, Safire (all owned by the Kathleen and Gil Gilly), and Sage, who sometimes comes from Georgia to perform with the Gillys. Sage belongs to Marlene Stachowiak, a dog trainer from Martinez, Georgia.



Squirting the jumping dog with water is an alternative to the neck scruff. This technique works to eliminate many other unwanted behaviors—even excessive barking.



Once your dog is a polite member of the family, it can be trained to do fun things. Shown here are Gil Gilley with Pasta and Safire who joined their family starting in late 1998. When they retired from racing, they became part of the Dancing Greyhounds and were performing within three months of their arrival.

wide to designer kind that can be stuck to the shower floor. They have a self-adhesive backing and black sand-like finish. These non-skid strips really do a beautiful job of keeping nails smooth and short. ❖

This article concludes the three-part series on training your newly adopted Greyhound. Kathleen Gilley and her husband Gil have been on the road for several years traveling to events in order to show everyone just how smart and trainable Greyhounds are. The Dancing Greyhounds Drill team puts on quite a show at Greyhound and other charitable events. They can be reached at ghdance@aol.com. Be sure to see them when they are in your area.

Keep in mind the following rules for extinguishing unwanted behavior:

1. What you do must not cause pain or fear. He must accept and understand your actions. If he runs, you cannot catch him. If you do, you will be sorry. Most important, the connection between his displeasing behavior and your unpleasant reaction to that behavior will be lost.
2. A method should be used consistently and the unwanted behavior should cease within two weeks at the most. If it does not, the method is not the appropriate one for the job or for the particular temperament of your dog.
3. Solve your problems; don't put up with them. Sooner or later they will come back to haunt you or hurt him. As a popular T-shirt says, "Don't complain, train!"

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Michele Carnevale's Matt is an "over 12" gentleman whose eye shows normal aging with the open pupil.



MICHELE CARNEVALE

Dog Senses Pass the Test of Time

by D. Caroline Coile, Ph.D.

I was visiting a friend and awoke to a terrible situation. Her old Greyhound had suddenly—overnight—lost his ability to stand or for that matter, even sit up. My friend was crying as she demonstrated the dog's pitiful attempt to orient itself, with his head swaying and eyes darting from side to side. She said she knew it was a stroke and feared the only choice would be euthanasia. But she was wrong.

Her Greyhound was exhibiting the classic signs of what is commonly called "old dog vestibular syndrome"—more properly, idiopathic vestibular syndrome. It's not a stroke, but it's one of the more dramatic sensory changes older dogs can experience. Nor is it the only sensory change associated with age. Changes in the visual, auditory, olfactory, and tactile senses are well documented in humans, and we are beginning to understand their implications in dogs as well. Understanding what constitutes normal signs of aging can help owners decide when a pet is undergoing abnormal changes that may need veterinary attention. Even so, the symptoms of vestibular disturbance can be so dramatic and disturbing that no owner could be blamed for fearing the worst.

About 40 percent of all cases of idiopathic vestibular syndrome occur in older dogs.¹ The symptoms usually have a sudden onset, peaking within 24 hours. The dog will show a loss of balance, marked disorientation, incoordi-

nation, tilted head, and nystagmus—eyes that dart from side to side or in a rotary manner. Many dogs exhibit nausea and vomiting at first. The nystagmus disappears after a few days, and the dog gradually makes a full recovery in about three to six weeks. Meanwhile special care must be taken to prevent the dog from hurting itself and to keep it eating. No treatment can hasten the recovery, but medications can make the dog more comfortable while convalescing. The prognosis is generally excellent, although some dogs will have a residual head tilt and a few will have a recurrence of the condition.²

But what went wrong? The vestibular sense is one of the least known of the senses. It, along with visual and tactile information, allows an animal to balance. It also is important in stabilizing eye position and in allowing smooth vision during head movements. The structures responsible for vestibular sensation are located in the inner ear adjacent to the cochlea. They consist of three semi-circular canals; each oriented in a different plane, and two otoliths, one with a horizontal patch of hair cells and the other with a vertical patch. Hair cells in the semi-circular canals and otoliths are disrupted by movement of fluid when the head is moved; movement of the hair cells results in a nerve impulse that then travels via the same cranial nerve as auditory information to the brain stem. From there information travels to the cerebellum, a part of the brain involved in

making smooth, coordinated movements.

In older humans, the number of hair cells within the vestibular structures and the number of nerve fibers leading from these structures are both reduced. No similar data exist for dogs, but even though such changes are likely to occur in dogs, they would not explain the dramatic symptoms and subsequent recovery seen in idiopathic vestibular syndrome. Idiopathic means that a condition arises spontaneously from an unknown source. Not all cases of vestibular disease are idiopathic; some are due to infection and inflammation (usually of the inner ear), tumors (though infrequent), or drug toxicity (most often from aminoglycoside antibiotics), and for these the prognosis may be less favorable. For this reason, a complete veterinary exam, including radiographs, otoscopic examination, and possibly more sophisticated neurological tests should be undertaken in all dogs with vestibular dysfunction.

Loss of Hearing

Infection and inflammation of the ear can also result in hearing loss, although these are not the major cause of hearing loss in older dogs. Like humans, older dogs experience a gradual loss of hearing that cannot be accounted for by hereditary, disease, or injury—a condition known as *presbycusis*.

Presbycusis seems to be common in older dogs, although no widespread study has been conducted to establish how prevalent it is. In

one comparison of dogs of various ages, older dogs showed diminished hearing as measured both subjectively and objectively (BAER), with noticeable differences by age eight to ten years, and more profound losses (total deafness) after age 15.³ Owners may not notice the initial stages of hearing loss, so that it often seems to them their dog has suddenly lost its hearing. This is most true when the dog also experiences a loss of vision (especially a sudden loss) and the dog is no longer able to compensate for its hearing loss.

Presbycusis probably arises from a combination of changes in the auditory system. In humans, changes resulting in greater resistance to displacement occur in the tympanic membrane (ear drum) and ossicles (hammer, anvil, and stirrup), dampening the effects of sound waves even before they reach the cochlea. These same changes very likely occur in the dog, but have not been specifically reported. Changes in the older dog's ear may include atrophy of the organ of Corti (the structure containing the sensory hair cells), thickening of the basilar membrane (in which the sensory hair cells are embedded), degeneration of the stria vascularis (which supplies blood to the cochlea), and losses of spiral ganglion neurons (which form an intermediate link carrying nerve impulses from the hair cells to the auditory nerve fibers leading to the brain).^{4,5}

Dogs that were only hearing impaired (as opposed to totally deaf) have the largest losses in the upper and lower basal ganglion areas,

with some saving of the middle areas, suggestive of initial hearing losses of high and low frequencies. These sensorineural losses are thought to be more significant than the conductive losses (tympanic membrane and ossicles) in the dog. Humans with prebycusis can often be helped by means of hearing aids, and the same technology could theoretically help some dogs; however, canine compliance is far more difficult to attain! Dogs are sensitive to objects in their ear canal and skilled at vigorous head shaking and ear scratching, repeatedly dislodging the hearing aid unless they can be trained to accept it.

Although no known way of slowing hearing loss is known, avoidance of loud noises can help circumvent additional hearing loss due to noise damage. Continuous or repeated exposure to noise results in losses of sensitivity to frequencies first in the middle hearing range, progressing to higher and lower frequency hearing losses. Because presbycusis tends to first result instead in losses in high or low frequencies, the concurrent effects of noise-induced hearing loss can lead to total deafness over all frequencies at a much higher rate of progression. Cumulative effects of trauma, infection, or drug toxicity can further accelerate hearing loss.

Dark Shadows: Eye Diseases

Although hearing loss is probably more widespread in older dogs, visual loss can be more noticeable to the owner and can result

from an even greater variety of causes. Eye and vision problems are a result of long-term, untreated or partially managed eye disease (such as pannus or keratoconjunctivitis), the occurrence of later-onset eye disease (such as senile cataracts or PRA), and the ocular effects of age-related systemic disease (such as hypertension).

Older dogs often develop *tumors around the lid margins* that may abrade the cornea and lead to ulceration. The lids may also turn in on the eye as a result of shrinkage of the eye itself, which can in turn result from long standing inflammation within the eye (uveitis). The cornea tends to thicken slightly with age and may often become inflamed, dry, ulcerated, or accumulate deposits of calcium leading to opacification. Dry eye, or keratoconjunctivitis, can appear in middle to old age. Suspect it (among other things) if your Greyhound develops a mucous discharge, or if the surface of the cornea appears dull rather than glistening. Treatment used to consist of constantly putting drops in the eye for lubrication, and most people found this difficult, so that corneal damage eventually resulted. Newer treatments are not as labor intensive and are more effective.

Greyhounds seem to be somewhat predisposed to *Pannus* (also known as chronic superficial keratitis), a chronic inflammation of the cornea. It first appears as a reddish area around the rim of the cornea, usually of both eyes. The pigmented area gradually expands toward the center of the cornea, leaving the affected areas covered with a brownish surface. Without treatment, the cornea will become opaque and the dog blind. Pannus may be yet another autoimmune disease, in which a triggering factor (which seems to be ultraviolet light) causes the body to destroy its own corneal cells. Treatment consists of avoiding ultraviolet light (even fitting the dog with sunglasses) and instilling immunosuppressive drugs into the eyes.

The pupil tends to become slightly smaller with age, but in some dogs *degeneration of the iris sphincter* muscles controlling the pupil may result in dilated pupils with sluggish or incomplete responses to light.⁶ At the same time, some lens or retinal diseases can cause the pupil to dilate in an automatic effort to let more light into the eye. Owners will often notice this because the larger pupil allows for more tapetal reflection. The tapetum is the layer of light reflective cells that is responsible for the eye glow you see when shining a light in your dogs eyes at night. One reason you notice this more at night is because the pupils are wider at night; when they are wider in daylight it is indicative of a problem. Some problems of the retina or tapetum itself can also result in the tapetum

Eileen McCaughern's Duke has one good eye and one blind eye from an inoperable cataract. He functions just fine.



MARCIA HERMAN



MICHELE CARNEVALE

Matt's nose appears to be bothering him a bit. His sense of smell probably isn't as keen as it used to be.

being hyper-reflective. The color of the tapetum, by the way, varies from dog to dog and is not indicative of a particular disorder or even mood, as is sometimes thought.

The most widespread sign of aging in the human eye (usually apparent by about the age of 40 years) is a reduced ability to focus the lens upon near objects. This condition, termed *presbyopia*, is due to the thickening and hardening of the lens and the inability of the tiny muscles controlling lens shape to do their job. Dogs are probably not adversely affected by this condition because in a sense their lens and lens muscles are already like that of an older person; they can perhaps be considered congenitally presbyopic.

The lens is the site of several age-related ocular problems. The lens is actually derived from tissues not unlike skin tissue; like the skin, new tissue is added throughout life. Unlike skin, there is no place for the old tissue to go. So new layers build up on the outside of the lens, compressing the older lens tissue in the center until it eventually begins to harden and loses some of its clarity. This condition, termed *nuclear sclerosis*, is generally seen in dogs starting around seven or eight years of age and is a normal result of aging. It does not seem to interfere with vision to any marked degree, although some owners report their dogs with advanced sclerosis have some difficulty visualizing near objects.

Nuclear sclerosis differs from *cataracts* in that cataract formation involves opacification of the outer layers of the lens as well

as the nucleus. The exact etiology of these changes is at yet unknown, but they may be associated with changes in the chemical makeup of the lens fiber, allowing free-radical formation. The formation of free-radicals is enhanced by exposure to ultra-violet (UV) light, and considerable evidence in humans points to the increased cataract formation in people who spend a lot of time outdoors without UV protection for their eyes. Cataract formation may also be seen in dogs with diabetes mellitus; in this case progression is rapid and blindness is common. For simple age-related cataracts, progress is usually slow and steady. Owners may first notice loss of near vision, followed by loss of distance vision, until at some point the dog's vision may become so compromised that removal of the lens is the best treatment.

Not all dogs with cataracts are good candidates for removal. The possibility of concurrent retinal or neurological disease must be evaluated, as it is of little use to remove a lens if the retina or optic nerve is not functioning. The presence of cataracts may induce *uveitis*, an inflammation of parts of the interior lining of the eye, which should be brought under control before any surgery. Even inactive uveitis (in which the eye shows no overt signs of inflammation but does show signs of repeated previous bouts of inflammation) may suggest that surgery is a poor option because such eyes can react to surgery with a heightened inflammatory response.

Uveitis or cataracts may in turn increase

a dog's susceptibility to *lens luxation or subluxation*, which is when the lens becomes fully or partially displaced (respectively) from its normal position. This may occur because enzymes created in response to inflammation of uveitis weaken the lens supporting fibers or because contraction of the hardened lens in long-standing cataracts can cause the supporting fibers to rupture. A displaced lens can, in turn, increase the likelihood of glaucoma, a painful and potentially blinding disorder. In fact, the symptoms of glaucoma are most often the reason that owners are alerted to the presence of a displaced lens. These lenses may need to be removed as quickly as possible before causing further damage.

Even when the lens is replaced and the same amount of light reaches the retina as in a young dog, it is unlikely that older dogs can see as well as younger ones. In humans the sensitivity to light is reduced and the recovery of sensitivity after exposure to bright light is delayed due to changes in the chemical composition of the photoreceptors within the *retina* and presumably, other neural changes.⁷ These changes have not been studied in the dog, but are probably similar. The retinal photoreceptor cells may also be damaged by exposure to UV light in many species. The short wavelength (SW) cones (those most sensitive to blue light) are most adversely affected. In humans significant losses of SW cone sensitivity occur in patients in which artificial lens implants following cataract removal did not contain UV filtration.

Most severe retinal degenerations, such as those associated with Progressive Retinal Atrophy (PRA) and Sudden Acquired Retinal Degeneration (SARD) occur by middle age, although a few occur later in life. Still, by eight years of age the majority of dogs show some degree of retinal degeneration,⁸ but these changes are mostly in the periphery of the retina and do not affect central vision.

Uncharted Waters: Smells and Sounds

Far less is known about the effects of aging on the other sensory systems, even in humans. Limited data in humans suggest that pain perception seems to be little changed with age, although tactile sensitivity seems to be slightly diminished. Older dogs may seem to be more sensitive to pain, however, because of arthritic changes that render normally innocuous actions noxious.

The chemical senses seem to age quite differently from the other senses. Unlike visual or auditory receptors, the olfactory and gustatory receptors have the ability to recover after damage, and in fact regularly regenerate throughout life. Nonetheless, in

older humans, loss of the ability to smell is well known and poses several problems, including the inability to smell toxic gas, spoiled food, and even the components of food necessary for full taste appreciation. Dogs go through life with such an advanced sense of smell that it is difficult for people to become aware when that sense becomes diminished. Despite the importance of the dog's olfactory sense in various areas, including law enforcement and contraband detection, no controlled studies of age-related olfactory ability have been published. If dogs experience similar deficits in the ability to detect and identify odors that humans seem to they may no longer be reliable at some tasks requiring acute olfactory sensitivity and discrimination.

In a comparison of the olfactory system of dogs ranging from 10 to 19 years of age, degenerative changes were apparent in dogs over 14 years of age, and pronounced in dogs over 17 years of age. These changes included a decrease in the number of olfactory cells as well as the cilia on each cell, and deposits of lipofuscin—a substance typically found in many tissues of aged animals. Changes were also found in the olfactory bulb of the brain.⁹

Some research points to the possibility that degenerative changes of the olfactory epithelium may be due not to inevitable effects of aging, but to accumulated effects of environmental insults that in time overwhelm the ability of the olfactory epithelium to regenerate. Possible contributors in loss of smell include viral insult, the cumulative exposure to toxic fumes, head trauma, and calcification of the cribriform plate through which the olfactory nerves must pass on their way to the brain.¹⁰

Old dogs, as well as old humans, sometimes have great difficulty retaining a good appetite. In fact, many older people report having a less acute sense of taste, but these differences may be due to changes in their sense of smell rather than taste. In sharp contrast to the other senses, the existing data suggest that the sense of taste changes very little with age. Anatomical studies in several species have found only slight deterioration of taste receptor number or structure.¹¹ This may be because the taste receptors are constantly being replaced throughout life (and their turnover rate remains the same even in old age) so that the individual receptors are never old. This is not to say that taste remains exactly the same, however. Neural recordings from taste nerves indicate slightly diminished sensitivities to several tastes in other species,¹² and no doubt dogs experience some slight diminution of taste as well. Older dogs may have great difficulty keeping their weight up

in part due to decreased appetite. Offering foods with stronger tastes may aid in recovering the dog's interest in eating.

These studies don't tell the entire story. Once sensory information reaches the brain, it must be processed for perception to occur. Just as in humans, dogs may experience changes in their brains with age that adversely affect their ability to process sensory information and act upon it. In a large study of the aging canine brain, plaque formation (actually amyloid deposits) was found in all parts of the brain examined in older dogs. Before the age of ten years none of the dogs had this plaque formation, but by 13 years of age over one-third had plaques; by age 15 almost two-thirds had plaques; and by 18 years of age almost three-fourths had plaques.¹³ The plaques have been implicated in decreased information processing in humans, but their effect is not well quantified so their significance in dogs is not yet understood.

The aging dog, especially the very old dog, needs special understanding from its family. With its sensory input dwindling, it may become confused, irritable, frightened, or depressed. It can be more easily startled and even snap in self-defense before realizing that somebody has approached it. It can fall down stairs, bump into objects, or step into traffic when it never would have done so as a youngster.

In general, however, the news is good about the state of the senses in old dogs, and Greyhounds in particular. Yes, degenerative changes and losses of sensitivity and acuity occur in the senses to varying degrees, but barring pathological processes (of which Greyhounds have comparatively few), pronounced changes do not occur until "old old age," that is, well into the teen years. By this time, most dogs (that is, those fortunate enough to make it to ripe old age) are living and enjoying a life of leisure with doting humans willing to make whatever provisions necessary to compensate for any sensory dysfunction.

That's what happened to my friend's Greyhound. She waited on him hand and foot while he gradually regained his sense of balance. He had one more episode (I suspected he was just reminding her to keep waiting on him) and lived the rest of this life extra pampered and with no more reminders of his bout with old dog vestibular disease. ❖

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The Mysterious Vestibular Diseases

Vestibular diseases are a group of conditions that cause problems with balance and the ability to determine which way is up. The organs that tell us if we are standing up straight or leaning to one side are housed in the inner ear. Inside the bones of the skull, beyond the eardrum and the middle ear, are a complex set of tubes called the semicircular ducts. There are three ducts on each side of the head, each duct forming a loop like a basket handle, and each loop is bent in a different direction. Fluid inside these ducts moves whenever our heads move, and tiny hair-like receptors send messages about the direction of the fluid waves to the brain via the Vestibulocochlear nerve also called Cranial nerve VIII. Right next door to the semicircular ducts are the maculae, tiny areas where receptors sense the pressure of gravity on the fluid. This is how you know which way is up.

Vestibular diseases can be central nervous system problems; problems in the brain itself, such as tumors, loss of blood supply due to a stroke or aneurysm, or trauma to the head that affects the brain. Alternatively, they can be peripheral problems somewhere along the nerves from the brain to the vestibular organs of the semicircular ducts and the maculae, or disease in those organs themselves. Because of their location in the inner ear, these structures are susceptible to problems that affect the ear. This can include infections that penetrate the eardrum and get into the inner ear, either from the outer ear canal or via the Eustachian tubes that connect the ear with the throat.

Miscellaneous but fairly uncommon causes of peripheral vestibular disease in dogs include:

- tumors of the tissues of the inner ear
- otitis interna, which is infection of the inner ear with bacteria or fungal organisms
- exposure to ototoxic drugs (drugs that can hurt the receptor cells of the inner ear) at toxic levels, which can cause degeneration of both vestibular and auditory receptors in the ear; examples are aminoglycoside antibiotics such as gentamicin or amikacin.

Ultimately, any disease that affects any of the working parts of the vestibular system can cause clinical signs that would be described as vestibular disease. There are

also congenital (inherited) vestibular syndromes described in the *German Shepherd*, *Doberman*, *Cocker Spaniel*, *Smooth Fox Terrier*, and *Akita*. These dogs show signs of balance problems, inability to walk properly, or head tilt within weeks of birth and often have hearing disability as well.

Perhaps the most common vestibular dis-



Tucker Herman shown seven weeks after his vestibular incident. The head tilt may be permanent.

ease seen in dogs is Idiopathic Vestibular Disease (idiopathic means “of unknown causation” or more simply “we have no idea why this happens”). This form of vestibular disease is seen in older dogs. The onset is usually sudden, with severe balance problems, a head tilt, disorientation, circling, and often rapid, uncontrolled movement of the eyes. This can be very alarming, particularly in an older dog who may already be experiencing health problems. As the name implies, the cause of this form of vestibular disease is unknown, as is which part of the whole balance system is diseased, but it is usually self-limiting and resolves on its own without treatment within one to three

weeks. Dramamine can help to lessen the nausea associated with this disease. These dogs need lots of TLC while they are recovering, as they may be unable to walk on their own initially.

Interestingly, hypothyroidism has been implicated by some as a cause of vestibular disease and facial paralysis, in the absence of other signs of low thyroid levels. Unfortunately treatment with supplemental thyroid hormone is extremely variable and does not seem to impact on the recovery of most dogs with IVD.

Another category of balance problems is called Central Vestibular Disease, implying that the part of the brain that receives information from the vestibulo-cochlear nerve is affected. The signs can be similar to Idiopathic Vestibular Disease, with head tilt, disorientation, uncontrolled eye movement, and circling. However, there is often evidence of other dysfunction as well, such as facial paralysis, altered mental states, and loss of motor control to one or more limbs. These other signs of disability give some indication which part of the brain is affected.

Signs of disease associated with tumor growth in the brain are usually slow to appear and progress, as opposed to the sudden onset of clinical signs in victims of strokes or trauma. Treatment of CVD relies upon diagnosis of the cause, which may require extensive testing, including a CT scan (computed tomography—computer-enhanced x-ray that allows the brain to be viewed in multiple thin slices like a loaf of bread.) to look for bleeding or tumor growth in the brain. (Magnetic Resonance Imaging—MRI, another diagnostic tool, is not commonly used in dogs with signs of vestibular disease.)

Animals who suffer stroke or head trauma that affects the vestibular system often regain a significant portion of normal function with time, either because the area affected heals, or because the brain is able to adapt to the change and “reprogram” itself. ❖

Julia Carter is a regular contributor to CG Magazine and is a veterinarian at the Shakespeare Veterinary Hospital in Stratford, Connecticut.

Quick Hound Toys

GUTLESS FLEECE TOYS

It seems like every hound loves those faux fleece toys—you know, the ones shaped like little people. The first problem with those is that they can cost \$8-\$12 each. Yikes! A yard of faux fleece at a fabric store is around \$8. With that yard, you can make 10-20 toys, depending upon the shape you choose. The second problem is that the manufacturers put stuffing in them. We have one hound who can remove all stuffing within 30 seconds. What a mess! The hounds have just as much fun with the “gutless” version.

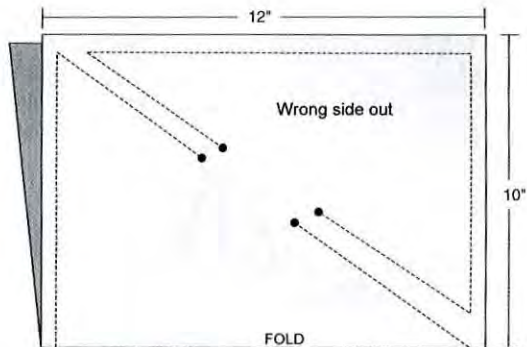
Material Needed for 10 to 20 Fleece Toys

- One yard of faux fleece (We like the color oatmeal, but any color will work.)

Instructions

For the maximum number of toys per yard and the quickest production time:

1. Cut the fleece into 12" x 20" rectangles.
2. Fold each piece (wrong side out) with right sides together and sew as indicated in drawing above.
3. Cut between the stitch lines that run diagonally across the piece.
4. Turn right side out and stitch the hole shut.



FOR SOMETHING EXTRA-SPECIAL

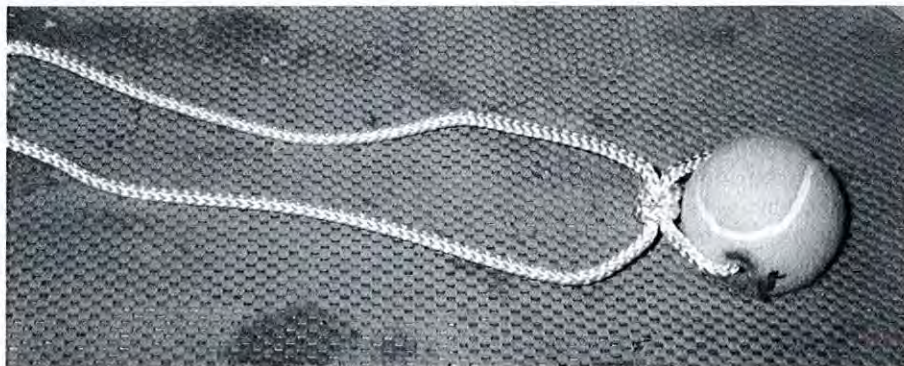
The hounds are happy with the triangles. However, sometimes you want something special, perhaps as a gift. We've done hearts, initials, bones, and gingerbread men.

Instructions

1. Place two pieces of fleece with right sides together.
2. With a marker or pencil, draw the shape on the wrong side of the fleece. If you're doing initials, be sure to mirror the letter so it will be correct when you turn it inside out.
3. Stitch along the pencil line, leaving a small hole to turn the toy right side out.
4. Turn right side out and stitch the hole closed.

TOSS BALL

Some hounds love chasing after items tossed for them. Here's one that's easy on your throwing arm and a blast for a hound. They take just a few minutes to make and are very inexpensive.



Materials Needed for Three Toss Balls

- Nine feet of rope
- Can of three tennis balls

Instructions

1. Place one tennis ball in a clamp or vise.
2. Use a drill with a large drill bit to drill a hole through the tennis ball (one hole on each side).
3. Thread the rope through the holes.
4. Tie a simple knot very near the ball.
5. Knot or burn the ends of the rope to prevent fraying.
6. Tie a second knot near the ends of the rope. ❖

Jack and Amy Corrigan—Greyhound Manor Crafts, P.O. Box 206, New Berlinville, PA 19545; (610) 367-9551—are regular contributors to CG Magazine.



Greyhound Santa

One German Santa legend refers to him as “the watcher of the woods.” He would watch over children who entered the woods, keeping them from getting lost and safe from harm. All year long he would make presents, which he would pack into his sack at Christmas-time and deliver to the children. This Greyhound Santa is a derivative of the German watcher of the woods and is dressed in a nature theme.

Materials Needed

- Bit of aluminum foil for head base
- 3 small blocks of polymer clay (such as Sculpey, Fimo or Primo) for the head
- 1 small block of black polymer clay (such as Sculpey, Fimo or Primo) for the nose and mouth
- Wooden base made of an 8" square of wood and a 14" long 1-inch dowel (broom handle)
- Large piece of poster board
- Doll eyeglasses
- Assorted velvet, satin, brocade, ribbon and faux fur scraps for cloaks and hat and matching buttons
- Bit of stuffing for arms
- Scrap of leather, suede, or canvas to make into satchel
- Twig for a walking stick
- Assorted Christmas greenery, ornaments, or mini dog toys to put in sack
- Hot-glue gun and glue sticks

Step 1: Make the Head

Use a piece of aluminum foil wadded into a basic head shape for the core of the head, as shown in the photo. Soften two and a half blocks of polymer clay and form them over the core. Be sure to provide at least two inches of neck beyond the core. This is necessary to attach to the dowel.



For brindle (as shown):

Form the head with the base color, add the stripes afterward, pressing them into the head to flatten them.

Make sure the opening for the neck is big enough to allow the dowel to be inserted. (Use a scrap piece of dowel as a guide if necessary.) Add the ears using as much of the remaining one half block of polymer clay as necessary. Using the black, make a nose and lips. Apply to head. Place on baking sheet and bake 20 minutes at 275 degrees.

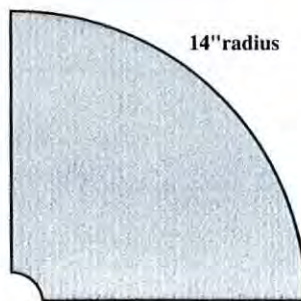
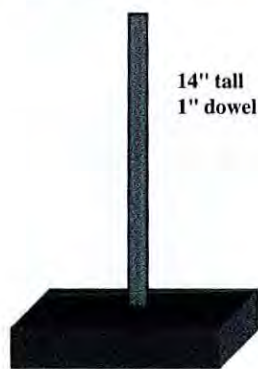
Step 2: Make the Base

The base is an 8" square with a 14" dowel attached to it. The connection point won't show, so you can screw and glue the dowel to the base. We like to drill a 1/4" deep, 1-inch hole and glue the dowel into place, but that requires a drill press. As long as the dowel is connected to the base square, you're fine. It doesn't even have to be too sturdy because of later steps. The square will show, so paint or stain as you'd like.

Step 3: Form Body Cone and Cover

On a piece of poster board, draw a quarter circle with a 14" radius. Cut out the shape. Cut a second curve about one

inch in to allow for dowel. Cover the poster board with the fabric for the inner gown. Be sure to leave an extra 1/2" to allow for folding the fabric around the edges of the poster board. We affix the fabric to the poster board using fusible web (like Ultra Bond). However, glue will also work. Affix the fabric and fold extra around edges. Affix the folded edges to the back of the poster board.



Step 4: Attach Body Cone and Head to Base

Roll the covered poster board to form a cone. Place over dowel and squish to get the right sized cone. Hot-glue the overlapping edges. Hot-glue the bottom of cone to wooden base. Hot-glue head to top of dowel. *Your Santa will have more personality if you slightly tilt the head.*

Step 5: Adorn Inner Gown

Add a strip of ribbon down front of inner gown. Adorn with buttons or bows. Hot glue a piece of trim to the bottom of the cone.



Step 6: Make Inner Cloak and Arms

Use mitten-like fabric to make the arms and hands. Woolens work well for this. Use a piece 10" x 4". Fold it in half lengthwise and stitch a basic hotdog shape, leaving an opening for turning right side out. Trim around the seams and turn right side out. Stuff the arms and stitch the hole closed.



Arms - 10" long

Hem three sides of the fabric to be used for the inner cloak. (Use a big rectangle. The longer the rectangle, the longer the inner cloak.) Make a fold that allows the arms to be inserted and stitch the fourth side. Fold the arms and cloak around the body cone and stitch the hands together.

Add a bit of glue near the back of the cloak to affix it to the cone.

Step 7: Construct Outer Cape and Hat

Construct an outer cape. The inside of the cape shows, so satin lining makes it look better. They also look great with faux fur edging. Draw a shape with rounded edges



and cut pieces of the cape fabric and satin. Fold a long, thin piece of faux fur and stitch all of them together at once. Turn the cape right side out and attach around the neck. This hides where the neck meets the cone. Use decorative buttons here.

The hat is a simple triangle folded and stitched. It looks best when edged with faux fur. Add an optional faux fur yo-yo (small circle of fabric drawn into a ball shape) to the end of the hat. Attach the doll glasses (if you're using them) with a bit of glue. Attach the hat with glue.

Step 8: Construct Satchel

Use bits of leather to make a simple satchel with a long strap. Canvas will also work. Sew three sides to form the satchel. Add the straps.

Step 9: Attach Satchel and Walking Stick

Use a few stitches to attach the walking stick to one of the hands. Add some glue for extra assurance. Attach the satchel to the base with a bit of glue. Drape the strap over an arm or let it drop loose. Fill the satchel with dog toys. ❖



Morris Animal Foundation Canine Cancer Studies: Fundraiser Update

A year, a decade, a century, a millennium... all end in a one-second crescendo. Mind boggling! It is a time for remembering, and it is a time for predictions and resolutions.

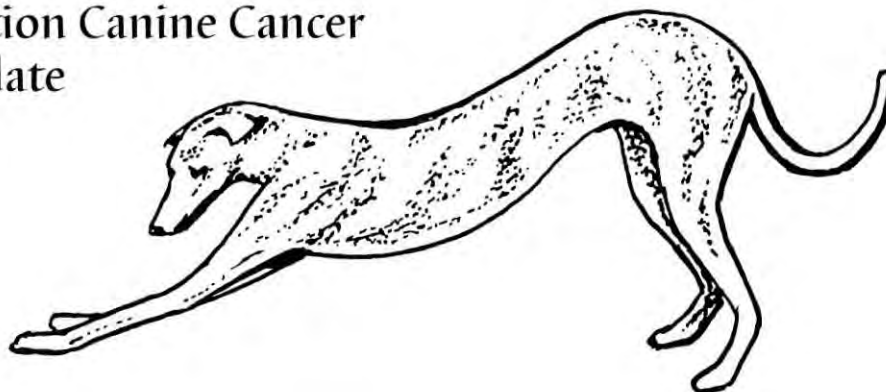
For all of us fortunate enough to have adopted a Greyhound, no doubt some of our fondest memories include the antics and expressions of our long-legged, dewy-eyed friends. For too many of us, however, those memories are tinged with the pain of losing our canine companions to cancer. Sadly, we must predict the statistics will not change in the next year. Cancer will continue to be the leading cause of disease-related death in dogs.

Nevertheless, we at The Greyhound Project are predicting that in this next decade, there will be treatments, there will be cures, and there will be long and healthy lives following a cancer diagnosis. Further, we are predicting that you will be a significant part of the reason that cancer will be brought under control.

How can we make these predictions? Well, that is where the resolution part comes in! You probably remember that two years ago the folks at The Greyhound Project resolved to do something about canine cancer. We learned that Morris Animal Foundation sponsors humane animal health studies, including studies of melanoma, leukemia, lymphoma, oral melanoma, osteosarcoma, and genetics, as well as chemotherapy and other drug therapies that may lead to earlier diagnosis, more effective treatments, and maybe even cancer cures. We made a one-year pledge to match up to \$2,500 in donations to this foundation's cancer studies. You met the challenge and together we raised \$6,656.

In March 1999, we renewed our resolve by initiating a second year-long pledge, this time to match up to \$3,500 in donations. In less than six months, we were well over half way to our goal of raising at least \$7,000 and confident that you too shared our hope to beat this disease. However, as with all New Year's resolutions, resolve without action will get us nowhere.

So, if you haven't done so already, here is the action you need to take. Just send a check to Morris Animal Foundation and specify that your donation is to go to "Canine Cancer - The Greyhound Project



Account." The foundation will notify us and we'll match your donation up to a total of \$3,500. The address is Morris Animal Foundation, Canine Cancer - The Greyhound Project Account, 45 Inverness Drive East, Englewood CO 80112.

Free to Adopters of Senior or Special Needs Greyhounds

Do you know someone who has adopted

a special needs Greyhound? If so, tell this Greyhound lover that he or she is eligible to receive a free copy of *CG Magazine*. All an adopter needs to do is send a note to the editor at the address on page six in the masthead and tell her about that special needs Greyhound. The special needs Greyhound is one who is at least seven years old or has a special medical problem. ❖

Dear *CG Magazine*,

What a wonderful surprise when I opened the Fall 1999 issue of *CG* and found a photo of our Sophie on page 23! I believe I sent this to you for one of your previous calendars and had actually forgotten that I had. What a thrill to see our girl!

In May of this year Sophie lost her left front leg to osteosarcoma. No longer can she assume that pose when eating her Frosty Paws. She needs a little assistance now. She is completing her chemotherapy and doing well. We are praying we will have some quality time together. During her convalescence we found some "creative" uses for Vet Wrap and thought we'd share them with you (photo enclosed).

We also want to lend our support to the Morris Animal Foundation. Through research they have funded a canine cancer diet (Hill's n/d) that is now available for Sophie and others suffering from other forms of cancer. While the search for a cure continues, there is hope for its victims today through this and other research.

Thanks again for bringing a smile to our faces by letting us see "our girl" on "all fours."

We love your magazine and especially appreciate the medical issues that are addressed.

CAROL WEINHOLD
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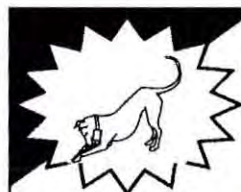
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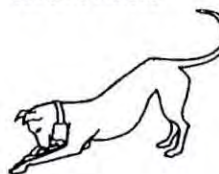
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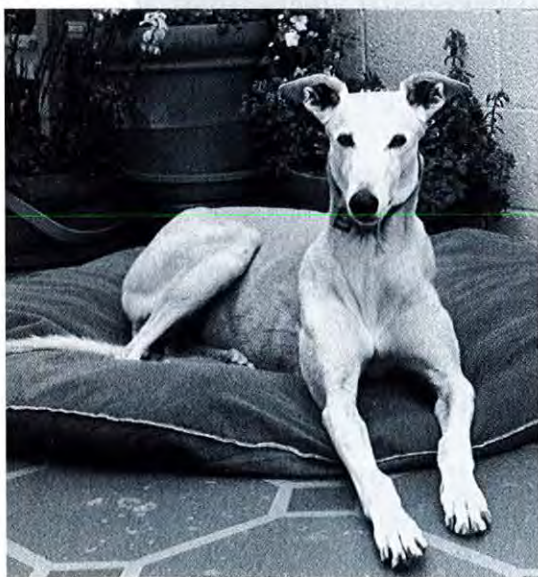
In Memoriam



Cinnamon

August 1, 1990 - May 5, 1999.

At eight years of age, Cinnamon succumbed to cirrhosis of the liver. She had been pictured in *Celebrating Greyhounds*, Summer 1996 on page 4, in the Winter 1998 issue on page 11, and also with her housemate, Poco, in the 1996 Winter issue on page 2. She was much loved and will be deeply missed. She was adopted at two years of age from Operation Greyhound, El Cajun, California by Patti Ness and Robert Banks of Redondo Beach, California. We picture her here one last time. Thank you for gracing our pages so many times, Cinnamon.



**Sunday, December 4
2nd Annual South Jersey Christmas Party**

11 a.m. - 4 p.m.
National Greyhound Adoption Program
4-H building, Route 50
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For information, contact Merci Riccardi at (609) 266-7818.

**Saturday - Sunday, December 11 - 12
Apalachee Coursing Club ASFA Trials**

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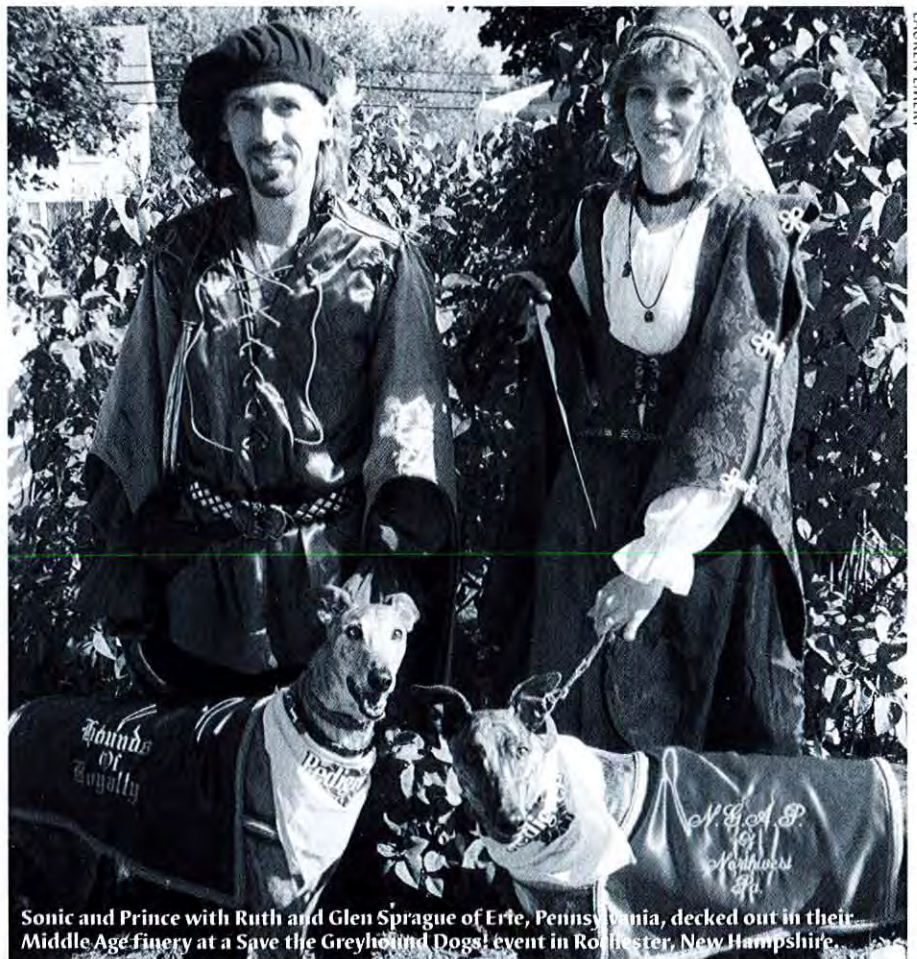
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Arizona Renaissance Festival
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The Greyhound Guild
Route 60, about ten miles east of Apache Junction, Arizona (Phoenix area)

For the fifth year, the Greyhound Guild will be promoting Greyhound adoption at the Arizona Renaissance Festival. If you find yourself in the Phoenix area, please come and visit us at our Guild House and meet our most noble hounds. For information visit: <http://fly.to/greyhoundguild>; greyhoundguild@altavista.net; or contact our Guild Mistress, Marsha Roe, at gr8hound@yahoo.com or (602) 493-1063.

**Saturday, March 11
7th Annual Houndfest**

11 a.m. - 4 p.m.
Greyhound Pets Inc.
PAWS-A-BILITY, Tukwila, Washington
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LAUREN EMERY

Sonic and Prince with Ruth and Glen Sprague of Erte, Pennsylvania, decked out in their Middle Age finery at a Save the Greyhound Dogs! event in Rochester, New Hampshire.

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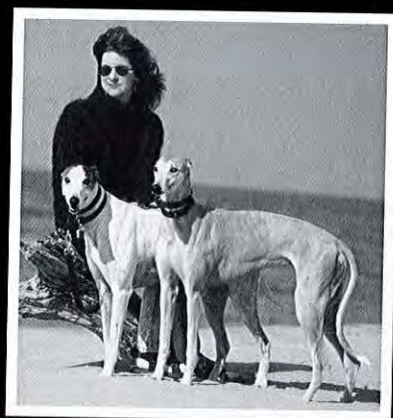
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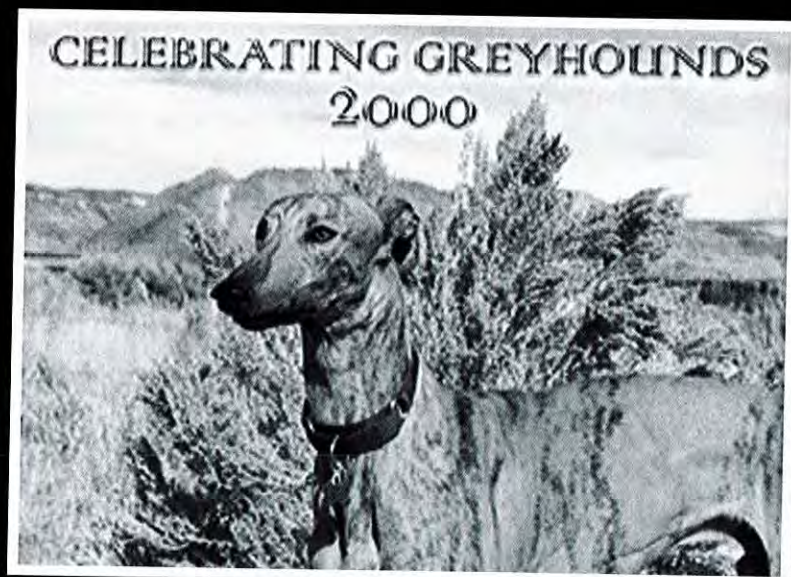
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This calendar is dedicated to all of the volunteers and Greyhound owners who are committed to finding homes for surplus racing Greyhounds—Greyhounds who cannot compete on the race track.

The 2000 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar will be available in August. Look for it at your local Greyhound adoption group's fall and winter events. If you cannot find the calendars through your local group, they can be ordered for \$12 plus \$2 shipping from The Greyhound Project, Inc., 295 Tremont Street, Newton, MA 02458.





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