Celebrating Greyhounds

The Magazine

Fall 1996 Volume 1, Number 2

Inside

Home Alone
Who Will Care for My Pets?
The Chase – Play or Prey
Spooks

A Magazine for Greyhound Adopters, Owners & Friends

From The Editor:

Our observant readers were driven to distraction when they couldn't find the ending of *Captain Cook's Greyhounds.* It was underneath the photo. The missing half-sentence is "and thus ended the journey of the *Endeavour*'s Greyhounds."

We are publishing Patricia Gail Burnham's *The Christmas Rescue Greyhound* in its entirety. Ms Burnham reports that the story is often cut to fit the space available. Here you will find her favorite, uncut version, and we will be sure no lines are left out! Contrary to popular belief, *The Christmas Rescue Greyhound* is not a fanciful tale. It is the story of a real Greyhound and Ms. Burnham's thoughts about what he must have been thinking during *his* rescue ordeal.

Estate Planning, Prey Drive, and Separation Anxiety are major topics in this issue and issues to come. Some of it may be disconcerting, but it is in keeping with a Greyhound Project Inc's objective to provide useful information.

We have more information on two of our contributors. Ann E. Kenny (we apologize for misspelling her name in the last issue) and her husband, Norman Smith, volunteer for Greyhound Friends Northwest of Issaquah, Washington and have fostered over 35 dogs. Ann was previously deeply involved with Greyhound Pets Inc., in Idaho. Her articles have appeared in regional newsletters, in *Speaking of Greyhounds*, on-line in *A Breed Apart*, and in the Greyhound Club of America newsletter. They live in Bellevue, Washington with their three Greyhounds and a rescued Whippet named Flash.

Attorney Janet Barrick lives in Grasonville, MD with her seven Whippets and two retired Greyhounds. Janet specializes in dog law and corporate law. We are fortunate to have such a rare breed of attorney keeping us informed.

CG welcomes two more regular contributors to the magazine. Helane Graustark, who wrote about Kody, her Greyhound with the severe thunderstorm phobia, brings us her medical expertise. Helane is a physician's assistant and is quite knowledgeable in the health field — human and animal — and is an excellent feature writer as well.

Starting in the next issue, Bruce Skinner, creator and editor of the award-winning E-Zine, *A Breed Apart,* will keep us informed about popular resources on the Internet.

Marcia Herman

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Cover Photo:

Magic, Wiley and Blue. All three greyhounds were adopted by Robert and Debra Mazanec from the now closed Wisconsin Dells Greyhound Park Adoption Program. They live in Mazomanic, Wisconsin where they camp and hike with the family.

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The Greyhound Project does not necessarily agree with materials published. All articles and columns are written to guide, inform, and entertain via education. Please consult a professional if your greyhound has health or behavior problems. Although we take great care to ensure accuracy, we cannot be liable for omissions, misprints, or factual errors.

Your Questions Answered

by Joan Dillon

The following is written in response to a number of requests for information about Greyhound ear tattoos and how to interpret them.

Ear tattoos are unique to American racing Greyhounds and are used to provide positive identification of all Greyhounds registered with the National Greyhound Association (NGA) in Abilene, Kansas.

Greyhound puppies are tattooed in both ears at two to three months of age. The litter identification number assigned by the NGA is tattooed in the left ear of each pup in the litter.

The tattoo in the right ear indicates the month and year of birth and consists of the number 1 through 12 for the month followed by the last digit of the year of birth. For example, 103 would indicate that the Greyhound was born in October of 1993 while 64 would indicate June of 1994. Although the numbers repeat after 10 years, it is easy to tell the difference between a 2 year old and a 12 year old dog.

Following these numbers is a letter of the alphabet beginning with A and continuing until all pups in the litter have been tattooed. These letters do not indicate birth order but the order in which the pups were tattooed. Some breeders assign the A and B letters to those pups that are their favorites or that show the most early promise.

Thus, Greyhounds in the same litter will all have the same left ear tattoo and the same right ear tattoo, the only exception being the letters differentiating between the pups in the litter.

Other countries have different tattooing systems. For instance, Irish dogs are tattooed with a series of letters rather than numbers. All imported dogs that raced in the United States are on record with the NGA.

Another question which has been raised is why Greyhounds sometimes "faint" when being given a bath.

If you are bathing a Greyhound and he or she suddenly turns to rubber and collapses in your arms, this is not a normal occurrence. The reason that this is happening is because the water is too warm. In bathing a Greyhound, the water should feel slightly cool to the touch in order to be just about right for your Greyhound.

Send Greyhound-related questions to Joan Dillon, P.O. Box 173, Holbrook, Massachusetts 02343.

5,000 Years— For A Single Purpose

© Stuart McLean

Imagine a dog, a regular dog, in fact: imagine a mutt. Imagine this mutt is a very happy go lucky, average sized male who possesses instincts and traits handed down to him by ten different breeds of his family tree. He has a good temperament, our imaginary mutt: he is friend to both animal and man. His behaviour is generally good: he comes when he's called.

When out for a walk with this mutt, or a game of chase-the-ball his behaviour is predictable and safe. If you're out at the park with the mutt and you lose sight of him, there is no need for worry. One shrill whistle will bring him running back to you from behind whatever tree or bush he was investigating.

The point is this: he's safe. He's safe because we know what makes him tick, we know what he will do, and when he will do it. He shares the common behaviours and physical limitations of almost every dog you have ever seen throughout your whole life; you know exactly what to expect from him.

Now, just for fun, let's do some genetic engineering to this imaginary mutt. The first thing we'll change is his personality; alter his patterns of thought and reactions with instinctive behaviours that most dogs do not have. From now on, imagine our mutt has the uncanny ability to perform hunting tasks. Then again, almost all dogs have hunting ability, don't they? Well, let's enhance our mutt's abilities beyond those of most dogs. Let's imagine our mutt enjoys the benefit of, oh, let's say five thousand years of single purpose breeding; the purpose being pursuit and capture. Hunting.

Let's change him even further. Let's give this mutt the physical enhancements he would need to fully exploit his new instincts. First, we'll change his vision, giving him larger eyes so that he can spot his prey even if it's a kilometre away. We'll make his vision sharp and clear so that he can tirelessly scan the horizon, looking for targets.

Now, in order for our mutt to be able to catch what he spots so far away, we'll give him great speed. Imagine that we can recreate his heart and lungs to be larger and stronger, and alter his skeletal frame and musculature to be more efficient, powerful, aerodynamic. With this new body design, our newly enhanced mutt can go from a standstill to sixty kilometres-per-hour in about three seconds. We will also add to his great speed the power of agility, giving him the ability to corner and change directions at high speed, so he can easily capture what he chases.

Let's summarize our changes. Our mutt has single mindedness now, and determination to hunt; he possesses instinct centuries old. Our mutt also has the physical ability to back up this powerful instinct; he can hold his own with the fastest land animals in the world, and he can spot prey with the proficiency of an eagle.

What else does he need? What other changes should we make to this mutt to compliment intelligence for the chase. Imagine that this mutt has the instinctive intelligence to go around fences, bushes, walls and buildings to catch what he sees. He no longer just stops and barks like a fool when something comes between him and his target.

Finally, there is one last change we should give our imaginary canine creation. He should have the power of camouflage. He will possess a calm demeanour and a tranquil, loving attitude. It will not be obvious that he has such great powers.

Wow! We've imagined quite a super dog! All he needs is a name. Maybe "Feline Terminatorus"? Or "Squirrel's Nightmarous"? Then again, in keeping with his personality, something low key would be more appropriate; let's just call him "Greyhound."

Now — when you take this re-created animal out to run and play, will you forget his new abilities? Will you allow his powers of calm tranquillity to lull you into believing he's just a dog? Will you let him off the lead in an area that's un-

(Continued on page 3)

Ivy Melody surveys the wide open spaces. Photo courtesy of Carmen Lukner, Auston, Texas.

(5,000 years *Continued from page 2)*

familiar to both of you, or unsafe? An area where the sight of another dog, cat, bird, squirrel or white piece of floating trash could send him streaking at sixty kilometres an hour across a traffic-filled road?

He would appear out of nowhere, instantly; a driver would have no chance to even attempt to hit the brake.

Will you expect this "Greyhound" to stop, or come to you, when he can't hear you calling out over the thunder of his own legs striking the ground in full sprint? Would you expect him to respond to your panicky shouts when the only thing he can hear is his huge heart pounding, the panting of his own breath, and the relentless howl of centuries of instinct?

Your answer should be "no." A Greyhound is a specialized animal possessing physical ability and instincts beyond normal dogs. A responsible owner must never forget that.

The "mutt" in this article is a metaphor; our final imaginary product, the Greyhound, is real. You own one, and I own one.

My adopted Greyhound is Voodoo. Voodoo is without doubt the best friend I have ever had. I love him, and I know him very well.

I know that he doesn't understand that a car (his second greatest love in the world) can kill him. I know that if I let him off the lead to run (his first love) in an unsafe or unfamiliar park or meadow, he could be a kilometre away and totally lost in less than a minute, and never hear me calling. I know that even though he hasn't shown aggression toward, or a desire to chase a "Whizmo" look-alike for over 8 months — he could at any time. After all, he's from the track, his programming is to pursue and capture.

I love this breed and I love Voodoo. It's because of this love that when I am out with Voodoo, I never take my eyes off him. I never let him run free unless I have carefully scouted the park in advance and know everything in it and around it; I also learn the safest, best time to go there.

As adopters, we all know these rules, and have been warned by our adoption representatives. Did you pay close attention? Do you understand fully what this wonderful breed is physically capable of?

To all the new adopters, I would like to say: listen to the advice! Bond with your dog — know your dog. Don't be in a rush to watch him run for the first time. I know it's tempting to just unhook them and watch them fly! Please don't throw caution to the wind.

To all the long term adopters, I would like to ask:Has your friend's power of tranquillity ever lulled you?

Love them, enjoy them; don't risk them. Please.

From Greyhound Club of Canada newsletter, Vol. 4, Issue 1, February, 1996

"Hunter" Gardner Saves Owner from Fire

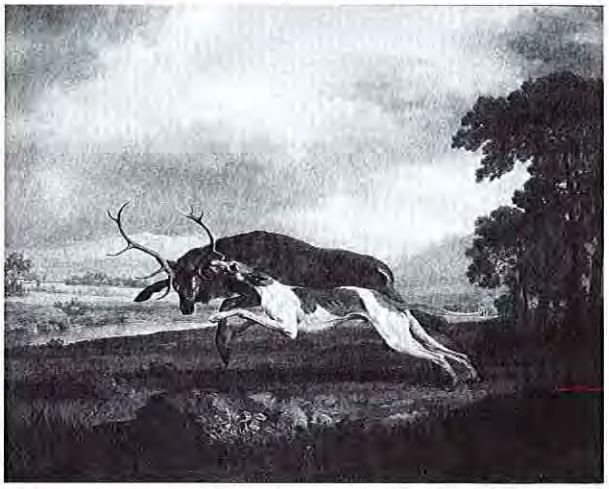
Hunter, a retired racing Greyhound who raced at the Daytona Beach racetrack, saved his mistress' life last June. Jimmie Gardner was walking her five-year-old GPA greyhound when he kept worrying about something under the mobile home she was housesitting. Jimmie dismissed it as a small animal that had gotten underneath. She had taken Hunter out several times during the day and he had repeatedly returned to that spot. At bedtime, they went for the same walk. This time, Jimmie decided she'd better check on that terribly interesting spot.

Sure enough, something was underneath their home. It was no small animal. Instead, she saw a smoldering fire. Within six minutes, the fire took hold and caused $20,000 worth of smoke and flame damage. Thanks to Hunter, there were no injuries or deaths. Hunter is truly Jimmie's ***Hero Hound.***

Condensed from *The Orlando Sentinel*

Trouble On The Trail

by Laurel E. Drew



A Hound Attacking a Stag, by George Stubbs, A.R.A. (British, 1724-1806) signed and dated 1769, oil on canvas.

Were the early Greyhound immigrants to the United States any different from ours? Were they the staid and serious dogs proper to explorers? Did they live up to the reputations of the generals, captains, and other leaders with whom they lived?

In a word, nope! Greyhounds seem to have gotten into just as much trouble back in the historical days as they do now.

They were usually brought along by our supposedly intrepid explorers to help with the hunting, intimidate the Indians or anyone else they met, and be useful good companions. Greyhounds, being the clever, willful dogs that we know and love, also managed to get into a good bit of trouble, some of it quite serious. Oh, they did add to the pot at times by catching rabbits or other game, and they were the lovable handsome dogs that we favor, but they have evidently always been counter surfers, even when there wasn't a counter.

For instance, there was Dan. Dan was one of two Greyhounds belonging to an overlander who was traveling to the Black Hills of South Dakota during the gold run of 1874. John E. Baur's book *Dogs On the Frontier* tells the story of how Dan became an able thief, robbing food from all over the travelers' camp and sharing it with his mate despite being well cuffed for his efforts. A fellow camp member stated that they made the rounds of the camp together begging scraps from everyone. Dan never stole anything while watched, but if vigilance was relaxed, he would "...attempt to take the food right out of your plate!" And, he was so quick that he was rarely caught. Once, however, he was taught a lesson. Someone wrapped meat in a porcupine hide and left it in a tent. "Then the men pretended not to see him, turning their eyes in another direction. Dan saw his chance, and the next moment had leapt for the loot. Instantaneously, a howl filled the air! Dan's nose was full of quills, and he hurried back to his master's tent to have them extracted." Whether this lesson had the desired permanent effect or not is not mentioned.

In another documented instance, a Greyhound, which was traveling with the Melchior Diaz expedition from New Mexico to the Pacific, was caught trying to steal a sheep from the expedition's commissary. In this case, the consequences were far more grave. Captain Diaz angrily cast a spear at the dog but misjudged — and the agile Greyhound probably did a good job of ducking as well. The spear struck a rock and broke, and since the Captain was riding forward, probably at a pretty good pace if he was pursuing a Greyhound, the broken staff was driven back into his groin, killing him. Nothing is said of what happened to the dog!

Many of the Greyhounds found on the frontier were more useful than this, and some found a sort of fame either for their deeds or in the reflected light of their master's glory.

Greyhounds seem to have been present at many noteworthy events in our history and to have graced the homes of both the great and the humble with equal dignity. As we celebrate Greyhounds, we must be sure to celebrate their history with others as well as their presence in our homes.

I hope to bring more of their deeds and misdeeds to light in future issues of *Celebrating Greyhounds* along with short biographies of some of the famous coursing and racing dogs of history.

Update On The Prozac Pup

by Helane Graustark

Kody, the Prozac Pup, in a less stressed moment. Photo courtesy of Helane Graustark.

In the last issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds,* I discussed the diagnosis and treatment plan of my severely thunder-phobic boy, Dakota (Kody). As you may recall, Kody's fear of thunderstorms escalated to where he was escaping from the house, jumping my six-foot stockade fence, and running miles out of sheer terror. A visit to the Behavior Clinic at Tufts Veterinary Hospital and a consultation with Dr. Nicholas Dodman, yielded a trial of medication which would hopefully control Kody's phobia and his drastic attempts to escape.

Kody was put onto Prozac, which was to be used throughout all of the thunderstorm season. He was also prescribed Xanax, a fast-acting benzodiazepene (a tranquilizer) in the Valium family to use during the actual storms. A behavior modification program was outlined, which has been difficult if not impossible to follow, since you really need a large window of time in which to carry out the program without any storms interrupting the progress. Here in New England that is an impossibility during the summer months.

I wish I could report a more positive outcome; the improvement has not been as significant as I had hoped. The night after seeing Dr. Dodman, Kody attempted to jump through a window in the midst of a severe storm. This occurred despite a large dose of Xanax. After several trials of Xanax, and after waiting an adequate amount of time for the Prozac to take effect (four to six weeks), I found that even a megadose of Xanax wasn't relieving his panic response. I spoke with Dr. Dodman, who suggested stopping the Xanax and using Inderal (Propranolol), a beta blocker. This medication slows the heart rate, drops the blood pressure, and lowers the "fight or flight response" that Kody experiences during a storm. He is given 40mg of Inderal at least one hour before a storm when possible. This seems to eliminate his more violent behavior, although he continues to pant, salivate, drool and hyperventilate as he did before treatment began. He is bonding more strongly to me during storms, and remains by my side instead of running through the house frantically.

However, last week, while loading Kody into the car as a storm began, Kody tried to jump through the six-inch opening in the rear window... So we obviously have a ways to go!

Once the thunderstorm season ends, it will be time to begin an intensive desensitization program with the thunder tapes, playing the tapes daily at an increasingly louder volume. I hope this program will help lessen the severity of his reaction to storms next year. I've also been fortunate to find a friend who is able to keep him in her grooming parlor on days when storms are predicted, so I know he will be safe while I'm at work. I still listen to three weather forecasts a day and watch Kody like a hawk as soon as a cloud appears in the sky. I confess to being disappointed that we haven't found the ultimate cure as of yet, but we'll continue to work on it in the upcoming months. I have to say this: Kody certainly keeps life interesting!

Helane Graustark with Kody, Robyn, Geisha and Arielle (Ruby not pictured).

CG Readers Speak Out

I think that Volume 1, Number 1 of *Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine* is not only a treasure, but a collector's piece. As the owner of four greyhounds, at the moment, I thank you for it and offer you my heartfelt congratulations.

All best wishes,
Roger A. Caras
President, ASPCA

***

I'd like to pass along a tip for Halloween. Having a greyhound makes this tip even more valuable. For your readers who have a storm door that allows for screens in the summer or glass in the winter on the top half, just leave that space empty on Halloween night. Candy and treats can be passed through very easily and the dogs can't accidentally escape into the confusion of the evening. I also put the little latch lock on to prevent the children from opening the door from the outside in their enthusiasm. It's a win/win situation for all!

We've done this for the past seven years and each year someone new sees it and can't believe how simple a solution it is. I'd love to say it's an original thought, but I learned it from the lady down my street with the terrier during our first Halloween in the neighborhood.

Dale H. Walker
Bronxsville, NY

***

Let me first say Thank You for including me in/on your recent mailing. I think that the magazine has been long overdue and everyone I've talked to has given it rave reviews. Keep up the good work.

Bob Trapp
GPA Nat'l Corresponding Secretary

I think your book review [*Greyhounds* by Coile] was "on the mark." I, too, enjoyed this book, for all the reasons that you cite, and I think it is a welcome addition to my library. My only criticisms would have to be a concern about the suggestion to allow a Greyhound off-lead in other than an enclosed area. We advocate that the only safe Greyhound is one on a leash, or in a secure, fenced area. While the author carefully pointed out numerous possible dangers that one should be aware of before unleashing a Greyhound, the unexpected can occur, with perhaps tragic results. Additionally, while a responsible owner would go through the suggested safety checks, not all owners fall in that category. The only other flaw in the book (for me) was the positioning of the "How-to" sections. If they had been placed at the end of the respective chapters, they would not have interfered with the flow of the given chapters.

Lynda Seed
Executive Director
Adopt-a-Greyhound of Central Canada, Inc.

***

Celebrating Greyhounds is filled with informative, well-written articles, many of which will be of benefit to owners of other breeds as well as Greyhounds. I'm going to pass along the thunderstorm phobia article to my daughter whose Golden Retriever is petrified of storms.

We had two Greyhounds before Dave, 10 and Kissy, 7, both males who had to be put down due to illness in old age. So I really related to the "When Is It Time To Say Good-bye" article. It is such a hard decision to make.

We've been involved with Greyhounds and Greyhound Pets of America for ten years and consider ourselves fairly well informed but learned many new things from reading *Celebrating Greyhounds*.

Pam and Larry Stephenson
Fort Pierce, FL

***

I am a lover/owner/breeder of Scottish Deerhounds and know that many things that apply to Greyhounds also apply to Deerhounds. An article on the hazards of medications, and especially anesthesia, for all the sighthounds might be interesting and informative in a future issue.

Many years ago, a male Deerhound of mine, full-grown, broke his front leg. He had to be anesthetized so they could pin his leg, and my very knowledgeable vet had him under with the dosage they would use on a fifteen-pound dog. I assume it is because the sighthounds have no body fat to absorb some of the medications.

Barbara T. Birdsall
New Canaan, CT

Mrs. Birdsall--we agree with your suggested topics and will cover them in future issues. Thank you for the article ideas.

***

We have found *Speaking of Greyhounds* so helpful, particularly in relation to the separation anxiety and behaviour patterns of Greyhounds. We have put together different sections which seem to be particularly relevant in this area and when there is a problem as well as talking it through, we also send a copy of this information to the family concerned.

And now *Celebrating Greyhounds* — thank you so much for this — the interest, help, and also plea-

(Continued on page 7)

In Praise Of The Much Maligned Muzzle

by Stef Brandon

My vet and his staff have always been helpful with greyhound adoption. Occasionally, I bring a few greyhounds available for adoption to Cromwell Kennels where they stay until I can place them. As I unload my car, the staff there — all dog professionals — often say, "Oh it's too bad they have to wear those awful muzzles. They make the dogs look so mean." Even professionals in the field are occasionally unaware how friendly a muzzle can be.

For greyhounds, the muzzle is part of their gear. They wear them as easily as we wear eye glasses or hard hats. The open, plastic, basket muzzle is comfortable and safe for your dog even for fairly long periods of time. The plastic is lightweight and does not rust, unlike those older, nasty, wire muzzles you sometimes see on racing greyhounds. Its design allows the dog to breathe and to drink easily. Should the dog become ill while wearing the plastic basket muzzle, it even permits the dog to vomit without choking, something many other muzzles don't allow.

No dog should wear a muzzle 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, and no dog should wear a muzzle when a snout or other head irritation is present. However, using the basket muzzle with your dog can solve many day-to-day problems. When you are introducing your greyhound to new animals or small children, it's safer for your pet to wear its muzzle until you see how things go. Should your dog get a hot spot or other wound or cut, the muzzle can keep the dog from irritating the sore spot by licking and biting. Ever used those awkward Elizabethan collars? The muzzle is a great improvement on them. On a trip to the vet's, it's not a bad idea to muzzle your greyhound. The tension in the vet's waiting room does not always bring out the best in pets, and none of us wants our mighty greyhound in a scrap with someone else's kitty or miniature schnauzer. When your greyhound exercises with his buddies, all the canines should be muzzled. Even friendly play can get aggressive. My husband and I ALWAYS muzzle our five when they are in the yard. While they can usually be contained inside the house, they can lose control and hurt one another in the yard in a frenzy chasing after squirrels and birds.

And the muzzle is a great training tool. When our dogs steal something they are not supposed to have, we muzzle them for a short period. Or if they are snarling and snapping at one another, again the muzzle. A greyhound owner friend of mine says that putting the muzzle on her bitch Tansy gives the dog "something to think about". In training, the muzzle helps to show who's boss.

In fact, my husband and I joke about marketing the plastic basket muzzle to fit many breeds—we can't imagine why everyone does not appreciate its usefulness. If you'd like to get one of these plastic, basket muzzles you can write the National Greyhound Assn., Greyhound supplies, PO Box 543, Abilene Kansas 67410 (phone: 913-263-4660). Ask for the All Weather Plastic Kennel Muzzle. They cost $6.90 each--this includes shipping. Send your order prepaid, and they will ship your muzzle UPS. I think you'll find it a handy training tool.

Stef Brandon lives in Connecticut with her husband Peter and their five greyhounds. Stef is active with We Adopt Greyhounds, Inc.

(CG Readers *Continued from page 6)*
sure gained from reading this and *Speaking of Greyhounds* is immeasurable.

With best wishes in your work for these beautiful creatures.

Christine Mason
Canine Friends
Pershore, England

Ms. Mason — we concur that separation anxiety and behavior issues are most important when living with Greyhounds. We will do lots of articles on these and other Greyhound-related subjects.

CG thanks these writers and all the others who have written. Although we could not print all the letters or even these in their entirety, please know we appreciate your comments and compliments and hope you write to us in the future!

Greyhound Gas and Proper Weight

by Ann E. Kenny

Is the dreaded Greyhound Gas a problem in your home?

Are you embarrassed to have friends come over for fear they won't ever want to come again? If so, then it's time for action. First, be sure that you are feeding your dog quality food. Look at the label and make sure that it doesn't have any soybean product in it. Many dogs have difficulties with soybeans and greyhounds seem particularly sensitive. Second, be sure you are not giving your dog too many unhealthy treats (biscuits with lots of sugar or fatty table scraps). Not only will these treats contribute to unhealthy weight gain, they can aggravate a gas problem. Third, try adding one to two tablespoons per day of plain, low or non-fat yogurt to their food. The acidophilus in the yogurt helps stabilize the bacteria in their digestive system.

If the above steps haven't eliminated the problem, try adding an enzyme product to their food. We have had great success with a product called K-Zyme (sources listed below). The manufacturer has also been getting lots of positive feedback from greyhound owners regarding the product. This particular enzyme product is liver-flavored (our dogs love it), contains extra vitamins and minerals, and requires only one teaspoon. per day. Gas is no longer a problem with our three dogs and their stools are somewhat smaller because the enzyme helps them better digest their food.

Because they digest their food more effectively, weight gain can be expected. This is great if you have a dog who has a hard time keeping weight on (like Fritz). On the other hand, if your dog gains weight easily (like Ginger and Vox) you will need to reduce the amount of food you give your dog. We also give K-Zyme to all our foster dogs and find that it really helps them make the transition more quickly to regular dog food. (Our dogs get a tablespoon of yogurt per day as well.)

Another product recently came on the market which is the doggy equivalent of Beano. It's called CurTail. We haven't tried it, but it should also work to control gas. See below.

What is the proper weight for a greyhound?

All the literature I've read suggests that the best weight to maintain is one where you can still see one or two of the backbone ridges and one or two ribs. Anything heavier is simply unhealthy for the dog's heart and its muscular-skeletal system. The dog should feel muscular and not flabby when you give it a hug. If you feel flab on the dog's chest and the dog's stomach is no longer tightly tucked, then it's time to exercise your dog more and feed it less food. Substitute vegetables such as raw carrots, blanched asparagus or green beans for a tasty, no-fat treat instead of biscuits. Some dogs also love fruit such as grapes or apples and appear to tolerate them very well (no diarrhea or added gas).

Do not, however, place a highly active dog on diet or senior food without first checking with your veterinarian. We tried this with Ginger, our five-year-old female greyhound, and the results were disastrous. She very quickly became lethargic, had a hard time keeping up with the rest of our dogs, and a torn muscle in her groin refused to heal. Fortunately, I had read a review of senior foods in the magazine *Good Dog* which found that their test dog declined significantly on senior food (May/June, 1996). They concluded that active dogs (and greyhounds are certainly more active than the vast majority of dogs) need more calories than the average diet or senior food provides. As soon as I read this article, I put Ginger back on regular dog food (we use the Nature's Recipe brand) and within 12 hours she was significantly improved. Within two days she was back to normal and her torn muscle hasn't been a problem since. The moral here is: just feed an overweight greyhound slightly less (1/2 cup or so) of his regular food and exercise him more and soon he will be a healthy weight. Finally, if you have more than one dog, be sure the dog on the diet doesn't sneak food from the other dogs' bowls when your back is turned!

Sources for K-Zyme, 5 pound canister, also available in tablet from:

- J-B Wholesale Pet Supplies, Inc:1-800-526-0388
- K-V Vet Supply: 1-800- 423-8211. They also carry Curtail.
- Omaha Vaccine Company: 1-800-367-1444. They also sell CurTail.

S P O O K S !

by Ann Smith

One of the most common statements made by adopters is, "My Greyhound is petrified of everything. He must have been severely abused." This is true in some cases, but it may be a case of being "spooky" in racing industry terms.

Just because a Greyhound exhibits these fears does not necessarily mean that he was abused. Timidity in racing Greyhounds is usually hereditary. You see, Greyhound breeders only breed for speed and not for behavioral deficiencies. Many times this trait does not affect his performance on the track.

Most of the time a spook can get over these fears and build his confidence to the point of being a well-adjusted family pet but it will take a lot of time and patience on the part of the adopter or foster-care provider.

The worst thing you can do is try to push yourself on him. You will just scare him further and you may never to earn his trust. He must be the one to make the first move.

There are two successful approaches that I use when working with spooks.

If he is the type who cannot even be approached in your fenced-in back yard, try standing with your back turned to the dog. Do not make eye contact. His curiosity will get the best of him and in time, he will sneak up behind you and sniff you to get your scent. Do not make any sudden moves or he will flee. Just stand perfectly still until he loses interest.

Don't expect this to happen instantly. It may take several days. You may still be able to handle the dog, but you may also notice that he will cringe when you reach for him.

During the next session, again, stand with your back turned to the dog, but this time place your hands behind you. Your Greyhound will try to sniff your hands. If he doesn't flee, try to touch the dog by just jiggling your fingers. Don't reach for him. If he still doesn't move, you can then try to pat him on the head all without making eye contact. Talk to him reassuringly. He really wants to be friends, but his fear overpowers his need to be loved.

Shadow was a classic spook before patience and practice built her confidence. Photo courtesy of Lisa Harrod, Arlington, Massachusetts.

Once he allows you to pet him, you will be on your way to having a wonderful, loyal friend. You can now face him directly. He may still not want to make eye contact, but that will come with time. All that is left now is plenty of love and affection. Once he gains his confidence, his fear of loud noises and other people will slowly diminish.

My other approach is to be alone in a room with your Greyhound. Make sure that he is not cornered. He needs to feel that he can escape if he gets frightened. Approach your Greyhound on your hands and knees. You will not be so intimidating if you are at his eye level. If he backs away, stop. Once he settles down, reach out to him slowly, leaving your hand limp. He will most likely try to sniff it. There is a good chance that he may even give your hand a lick. Remain like that until your Greyhound appears comfortable and relaxed. If your greyhound likes any special treats, offer it to him now. Remember, talk softly to him all the time you are working with him. If your Greyhound is lying down, sit next to him, but act like you are ignoring him. If he is uncomfortable with this, he will get up and move. If not, try stroking his back gently. He'll probably twitch when you touch him but will soon settle down and allow you to pet him. Once you've reached this point, it will be all down hill from there on. He now realizes that you mean him no harm. Another point I'd like to make is that it is very rare that a spook will try to bite. Their fearful nature causes them to be very submissive.

The practices that I have explained are for extreme "spooks." There are various levels of timidity ranging from mild to extreme. If you consider your Greyhound to be mildly timid, them all it will take is time and patience for your Greyhound to come out of his shell.

Ann Smith was an Assistant Trainer at the Raynham Track in Massachusetts. She placed many of the dogs she trained when they finished racing and helped many adopter with advice on caring for their hounds.

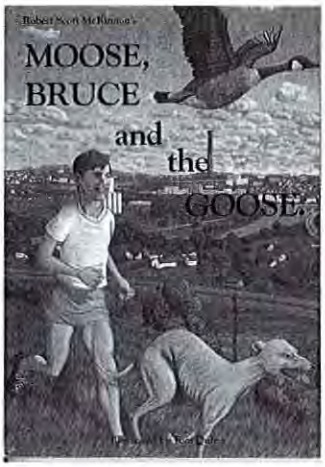
Book Review

A Tale about a Greyhound, a Teenager and a Goose

by Joan Dillon

Moose, Bruce and the Goose

by Robert Scott McKinnon
Revised edition 1996 (paperback)
First published 1969 (hard cover)
Available from:
National Greyhound Association
Abilene, Kansas
$10 (includes shipping)
Major credit cards accepted



Moose is a "mottled gray" greyhound pup, born into the wild and left alone when his mother and sisters are rescued by a local rancher.

Bruce is a teenager who has aspirations of becoming a high school track star.

DeGaule is a Canada Goose who had been the leader of his flock until wounded by a bullet fired illegally from a rifle.

This unlikely cast of characters combine in a delightful story that will appeal to youngsters from the middle grades on up to high school. Even adults will find themselves chuckling at some of the situations that this unlikely trio gets into.

Meeting at a Montana greyhound track where Moose and DeGaule totally disrupt the outcome of a race, they accompany Bruce home only to disrupt his mother's bridge party. The action proceeds at a fast pace as the dog and the goose help Bruce train for the high school track team. At one point, DeGaulle returns to the wild only to return with 5,000 friends just before the state track championship which is decided by a most unusual photo finish. This book is an absolute delight from beginning to end. Highly recommended.

Robert Scott McKinnon is a retired high school English teacher whose family raised greyhounds for many years. Residing in Great Falls, Montana, he is also the author of *The Yellowstone: A Journey Home* which Disney is planning to make into a movie.

The book is illustrated by Tom Quinn, a well known artist from Spokane, Washngton, who, in addition to illustrations, has painted murals on the sides of a number of buildings, etc. in the Spokane area.

Fleas Bite the Dust With New Generation of Products

by Marcia Herman

Today's fleas had better watch out because the chemicals used to erradicate them are getting safer for our Greyhounds (and cats) and more deadly to the fleas.

A future issue of *CG* will reprint "Flea products: How dangerous are they?" by Ross Becker from the July/August issue of *Good Dog! Magazine.* In case you must tackle a flea problem right now, I am listing here products that are relatively safe. If you need the article now, please call them at 1-800-968-1738. They sell back issues.

Relatively Safe Flea Products

Methoprene (Precor®) is a first generation of Insect Growth Regulator.

Pyriproxyfen (Nylar® or Biolar™) are third generation Insect Growth Regulators.

All IGR's require an adulticide to control fleas.

Lufenuron (Program™) is an insect development inhibitor. The flea must bite the dog for it to work. It makes the fleas eggs sterile.

Nematodes (Bio Flea Halt® and Interrupt®) seek out insect larvae and kill them. These are for outdoor use.

Imidacloprid (Advantage™) is even considered safe on foods.

Fipronyl (Frontline™), approved in May, works on ticks, too.

Sodium Polyborate is a safe envionmental flea killer when used properly. Fleabusters/Rx For Fleas uses this. **Please: Do not use Borax or boric acid. This has been touted as safe in the past but can cause renal failure and other problems if ingested.**

Unraveling Your Greyhound's Mysterious Past

by Lynda Adame

Pedigrees

To find out the five generation lineage of your ex-racer: Send a letter and $15.00 check to: NGA Pedigree Service, Box 543 Abilene, KS 67410

In the text of the letter include the tattoo numbers found in your dog's ears, its sex, color, and racing name if you know it. In return, the NGA will send you a nice pedigree.

You can also call the NGA and (for free) find out the names of both the sire and dam of your Greyhound, its birthdate, its racing name, as well as who the owner was. (913) 263-4660. You can also contact the NGA at nga@JC.NET

Pedigree Reading Tips

ISB stands for Irish Stud Book. Vol. xxxx refers to the volume of the NGA's registry (year of the volume) book. An * next to a dogs name indicates that this dog was imported into America at some point.

Galley Books/Racing Lines

If you are interested in your dog's actual racing record, you can do some investigative work and obtain copies of his actual racing record.

If you know the track your dog retired from, contact the racing secretary of that track and ask if they produce a Galley Book. Galley Books are compilations of racing records for a specific period of time. The dogs are listed alphabetically, and the race info for each dog during that time period is listed. Some tracks (Derby Lane, Florida) actually bind their yearly Galley Books and offer them for sale to the general public. Other tracks only keep the records handy for a short period of time (two years) and will copy the info on your dog from their records and mail you whatever they find. Some tracks have video departments and (if you know the dates of the races) you can get a video of your dog running. You may need to do some real investigative work though, because dogs are often run at multiple tracks during their careers. The racing secretaries can help you narrow down the choices of other tracks you may need to contact.

WARNING

If you do not know which track your dog retired from, check with your adoption group before you proceed with contacting the dog's registered owner.

Many dogs are willingly given up for adoption by their trainer or owner, but there ARE dogs that are supposed to be put down at the end of their careers (*per* the owners instructions) and are instead, spirited away to adoption groups by caring trainers/kennel help. You stand the chance of getting these caring people in legal trouble if you contact an owner and begin asking questions about a dog that they believe is dead. All that being said, you can always contact the dogs owner/trainer and possibly get information that way.

Preparing for the Unexpected

Are you ready for a personal emergency?

Editor's note:

Please see the feature article starting on page 12 and Lisa LoSardo's letter on page 15 for an example of what can happen to your pets if you are unprepared.

When Monica Joyce of New York died unexpectedly on April 1, 1996, she left several cats and mixed breed dogs in addition to her Greyhounds. The tragedy triggered a series of events which resulted in the feature article, *Who Will Care For My Pets?* by Attorney Janet Barrick.

The Police Department let neighbors care for the cats and non-Greyhound dogs. All seven Greyhounds were declared "valuable property" of the estate and were given the dubious honor of having "market value," even though they were all spayed or neutered. They were confiscated and taken to the Animal Control Shelter until it was legal to release them to non-relatives. Unfortunately, Monica had no blood relatives in this country and her only brother in Sweden couldn't be located for many days. This caused the dogs to be literally trapped in the shelter, despite transfer papers which showed that the dogs were indeed to be returned to the original adoption group. In this case, the paperwork was meaningless.

Fortunately, the shelter released the dogs at the appropriate time to Lisa LoSardo of LIGHT, Inc. of East Meadow, Long Island. and to George Alvarez of WAG, Inc of Cheshire, Connecticut.

Who Will Care For My Pets?

© 1996 by Attorney Janet Barrick

Vapor and Sophie, a couple of worried looking hounds. Photo by Gini Foster, Framingham, Mass.

My debut article for *Celebrating Greyhounds* addresses how a pet owner can arrange for the care of his or her pets when the owner dies or should the owner become temporarily or permanently disabled or incapacitated. Seems like an appropriate topic for an October issue. Maybe those Halloween spirits that cast about are troubled because they failed to make adequate provisions for their pets.

Since the days of haunted mansions, the law has regarded pets as tangible personal property, the same classification that includes such impersonal things as your broom, your flashlight, or your lawn mower. Traditionally, a person would not consider bequesting a sum of money to things, and the law would not allow it. How can a person leave tangible personal property to an object that is itself tangible personal property?

Where there is a testamentary will, however, there is a way; and caring pet owners have found legal solutions to ensure that their animals will be provided for in the future. Generally, this is done by bequesting the pets in a will as gifts to family members or friends. In order to ease the financial burden on the person receiving the pet, the testator (the person who made the will) also leaves the beneficiary a sum of money for the care of the pets. If you decide to do this, be sure that the beneficiary is aware of your plans and has a copy of your will. You should also feel confident that the beneficiary is trustworthy and will carry out the responsibility of caring for your pets. In most states, once the gifts of the pets and money are made, there is no control mechanism for your lawyer or the court to make sure that the pets are cared for, or that the money is applied to caring for the pets.

What about in the case of married couples? When one spouse dies, generally his or her personal property (the residuary estate) becomes the property of the surviving spouse, whether by will or by the laws of intestate succession (inheritance when there is no will). It is hoped that the surviving spouse will want to continue to keep the deceased's pets; if not, then the will of the spouse who owns the pets should name a differ person to receive the animals. Also, remember to plan for the unlikely circumstance in which a husband and wife would die together. Both of their wills should name a contingent party to receive the pets in the event of their simultaneous deaths.

Keep in mind that some of your pets may be ancient at the time of your death. In your will you may want to request that the beneficiary act according to your personal philosophy. For example, "Should any of my pets become infirm with a terminal illness, please do not allow them to live in pain or without dignity." If you have multiple pets, you may also want to request in your will that the beneficiary find homes for as many as necessary, and ask that the beneficiary transfer a portion of any money to these adopting homes for the the pets' care. Note that I'm using the word, "request"; you cannot truly control what the recipient does.

Fortunately, the law is beginning to reflect the importance of pets to our society, and there is an exciting change underway. Eighteen states have recently adopted the new Model Probate Code of Law. The Model Probate Code of Law was written by committees of lawyers who are members of the American Bar Association. It is a huge compilation of "the best of" the law that apply to wills, estates and trusts. Eighteen forward-thinking states have now adopted provisions of the model code.

For the first time, the residents of those 18 states can now create TRUSTS for their pets in their wills! Black's Law Dictionary uses five pages to define a "trust". I'll try to

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(Who Will Care *Continued from page 12)*
keep it to a sentence or two. A trust is an arrangement in which legal title to something of value is transferred to one party (called a "trustee") who manages and administers that something for the benefit of a second party (called a "beneficiary"). So the new law allows pet owners to name a trustee who will care for their pets, and the pets are now the beneficiaries of the trust!

This is exciting and important for a couple reasons! Suddenly pets have achieved a new status under the law. They are no longer grouped (at least in these 18 states) along with brooms, flashlights and lawn-mowers. They are in their own class! Every trustee who manages a trust has a moral and legal obligation that is called "a fiduciary obligation." A trustee is legally held to the highest standard of fair dealing in regard to the funds entrusted to him or her. The obligation is owed to the beneficiary. And, as you just learned, the beneficiary is your pet! Better yet, every trustee is answerable to the courts for how the money is used.

Let's look at representative state code. Colorado has adopted the new Model Probate Code. Part 9, section 15-11-901 (2) covers trusts for pets. I will quote it in pieces, and I'll interrupt at the end of each piece to translate what you have just read.

"(2) Trust for pets. Subject to this subsection (2) and subsection (3) of this section, a trust for the care of designated domestic or pet animals and the animals' offspring in gestation is valid. For purposes of this subsection (2), the determination of the "animals' offspring in gestation" is made at the time the designated domestic or pet animals become present beneficiaries of the trust. Unless the trust instrument provides for an earlier termination, the trust terminates when no living animal is covered by the trust."

Translation: You may establish a trust for your pet and any litter your pet may be carrying at the time of your death, and the trust will last through the lifetimes of your pet and its litter.

Chase and his pal Kercy. Making provisions for pets is as important to many owners as making provisions for their children. Photo courtesy of Susan and Larry Allen, Texas.

"A governing instrument shall be liberally construed to bring the transfer within this subsection (2), to presume against the merely precatory or honorary nature of the disposition, and to carry out the general intent of the transferor. Extrinsic evidence is admissible in determining the transferor's intent."

Translation: The court will do everything it can to make sure that the trust is binding and carries out your intent. The court will look at all the evidence, if necessary, to reach a decision that it was your intent to set up a trust for your pets. "Any trust under this subsection (2) shall be an exception to any statutory or common law rule against perpetuities."

Translation: The "rule against perpetuities" doesn't apply. Thank goodness. The rule against perpetuities has caused law students and lawyers nightmares for centuries. Basically, the rule requires that a trust be written so that there will be a beneficiary of the trust within 21 years (give or take, depending on the state) from the date of death of a named living person, whose life is referred to as the measuring life. Otherwise, the trust is not valid. Remember Body Heat, the 1981 movie starring Kathleen Turner? The plot was about a woman who secretly altered her rich husband's will, causing the trust that was set up in the will to violate the rule against perpetuities. Then she murdered her husband. Because the trust appeared invalid, the kid who was the beneficiary of the trust got nothing, and the widow got it all.

"(3) Additional provisions applicable to [...] trusts for pets. In addition to the provisions of subsection (1) or (2) of this section, a trust [...] is subject to the following provisions: (a) Except as expressly provided otherwise in the trust instrument, no portion of the principal or income may be converted to the use of the trustee, other than reasonable trustee fees and expenses of administration, or to any use other than for the trust's purposes or for the benefit of a covered animal or animals. (b) Upon termination, the trustee shall transfer the unexpended trust property in the following order: (I) As directed in the trust instru-

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Claudia Presto and The Greyhound Gang host greyhounds in their way to permanent homes. Photo courtesy of Claudia Preston, Kanab, Utah.

(Who Will Care *Continued from page 13)*

ment; [...]"

[I deleted a few phrases here, so that we can focus on the main issues.]

Translation: The Colorado law says that the trustee cannot use the money for any reason except for the benefit of the pets, unless the person who set up the trust says so in the will. After the death of the pets, any remaining money gets turned over to whomever you designate in the trust.

" (d) The intended use of the principal or income can be enforced by an individual designated for that purpose in the trust instrument, by the person having custody of an animal for which care is provided by the trust instrument, by a remainder beneficiary, or, if none, by an individual appointed by a court upon application to it by an individual."

Translation: You can name another party to monitor the trustee's handling of the money, or the beneficiary of the rest of your property in your will can monitor the trustee, or the court will appoint someone to monitor the trustee. Or, if you set up the trust so that one person controls the money, and a different person has custody of your pets, then the person having custody of your pets can be the individual you appoint to monitor the trustee of the money.

[I've deleted some language here.]

" (g) If no trustee is designated or no designated trustee is willing or able to serve, a court shall name a trustee. A court may order the transfer of the property to another trustee, if required to assure that the intended use is carried out and if no successor trustee is designated in the trust instrument or if no designated successor trustee agrees to serve or is able to serve. A court may also make such other orders and determinations as shall be advisable to carry out the intent of the transferor and the purpose of this section. "

Translation: You can (if you want) set up the trust and let the court decide who shall handle the money. You would need to decide who would have custody of your pets.

OK, so you've done all you can to ensure your pets' well-being after you die. Now let's look at what you can do to make sure your pets are given proper care should you become temporarily or permanently disabled. The best plan is to have a Power of Attorney in case you should become incapacitated or disabled. (By the way, you could have two or three Powers of Attorney: a health care and custody decision authority regarding your personal well-being; a financial decision authority for your household and/or business management, and a welfare authority for your pets.)

A Power of Attorney is a document that grants another person (someone you trust, usually a close family member or friend) the power to act on your behalf. The person to whom you give the authority is your Agent. The person does not have to be an attorney at law, but the Agent is also referred to as an "attorney-in-fact".

Normally a Power of Attorney that you grant to someone ends when you die or when you become incapacitated. This seems impractical — the power becomes no good just when it's needed the most. So most states have now created a special kind of Power of Attorney, known as a "Durable" Power of Attorney, that is written so that it remains effective even if you become incapacitated or incompetent. But all powers of attorney cease when a person dies. (That's why you need the will.)

We've now progressed from a Power of Attorney to a Durable Power of Attorney. Now we'll add another word: A "Springing" Durable Power of Attorney. Generally a Power of Attorney becomes effective the moment it's signed. Would you want this? Probably not — you would want to keep control over your health care decisions, financial affairs and pets for so long as you are able. So most states have allowed their residents to create a Durable Power of Attorney that "springs" into action only when something (an incapacity or disability) happens. This is the best there is at the moment. The only hitch

(Continued on page 15)

"Normally a Power of Attorney that you grant to someone ends when you die or when you become incapacitated. This seems impractical—the power becomes no good just when it's needed the most."

(Who Will Care *Continued from page 14)*
is that when something does happen, the person who is your Agent and Attorney-In-Fact has to be able to prove that you are incapacitated or disabled in order to be able to show that the Power is then in effect. So the document (the Springing Durable Power of Attorney) itself should describe and define what incapacity and disability means.

You should hire a professional to take care of these matters. If you decide that you are going to write your will or power, please do not attempt to use the legal terminology that I have talked about here. Keep the language very simple. Because if you use the legal terms incorrectly, what you intended to accomplish may not be what the court interprets and applies.

An Open Letter To All

from Lisa LoSardo

Long Island Greyhound Transfer

I think estate planning is a key issue for animal owners and I'm pleased that your magazine is addressing this important topic!

This letter might encourage people to have the foresight to plan for the pets in the case of death. I cannot imagine *my* hounds surviving what Monica Joyce's hounds went through.

When the police took Monica's hounds to the shelter the day she died, I knew it was important to get the hounds out of there ASAP. The dogs were depressed, shell shocked (it is very noisy in pounds/shelters and this is very disturbing to all animals but really seems to affect the greyhounds tremendously), *separated* from the life they once knew as well as from the people/pets they once lived with.

In Monica's situation, her dogs were not kenneled right next to each other. They were put side by side when possible, but in Mac's case, he was in the far corner and the closest friend he had was Cuba who was two cages down. Ten-year-old Momma's health was failing and she was a big concern for all of us who saw her and were involved with this case. Momma rejected her food; and the pound purchased IAMS especially for her to encourage her to eat! The dogs were on cement; no soft bedding. They were lying in their own feces and urine, although I was told the cages were hosed out daily. When I left each day I found a tick on me; and the greyhounds were covered with fleas and ticks.

My concern was for the dogs' depression, so I visited them daily to give them some hope. In terms of estate planning, had Monica designated her hounds to a particular individual, the Greyhounds would have been spared the mandatory ten-day stay at the pound. The shelter actually allowed LIGHT and WAG to "bail" them out on the eve of the ninth day.

Fortunately there is a happy ending for all but one of these dogs. All are doing fantastically well and are spoiled rotten either here on Long Island, in Connecticut, or Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, Zac did not survive the trauma, and it appears that he may have had a pre-existing condition that might have been accelerated by the whole ordeal.

Please encourage people to plan ahead. As scary as it sounds to us, we must think of the care for our "dependent" pets in our absence. It is something that I did (at 30 years old) immediately following this whole horrible situation.

Celebrating Greyhounds

Order your 1997 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar now!

Available through many local Greyhound adoption groups, the 1997 calendar features 13 months and 33 adopted Greyhounds from around the country. If you can't find the calendar locally, you can buy them through The Greyhound Project, Inc., 261 Robbins Street, Milton, MA 02168 for $12 plus $2 shipping. Please let us know the Greyhound adoption group you want to receive the proceeds.

Home Alone

Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine

newsletter, *Your Dog*

You're hustling to get the kids ready for school and get to work on time. Before flying out the door, you make sure Fritz has water, dry food, and a non-splintering chewbone. You even turn on the radio — easy listening. Maybe today will be different.

Alas, you come home to find the water, food and bone untouched. Instead, Fritz has gnawed off a piece of door frame and shredded a sofa cushion.

Separation Anxiety

Dogs are great companions because they become so attached to people. But the attachment sometimes backfires in the form of separation anxiety. Fortunately, most dogs do not become anxious when left alone. "A well-balanced dog realizes that its owners have departed and curls up for a snooze," says Dr. Nicholas Dodman, Director of the Behavior Clinic at Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine.

However, dogs that do exhibit separation anxiety behaviors — excessive barking, household destruction, and inappropriate elimination — are not acting out of spite of anger. They are simply distressed by separation from "their people." Most dogs live to please — an important fact to remember as you try to help your dog overcome separation anxiety.

"Normal" Anxiety

Certain anxieties in dogs are normal. For example, when you bring a new puppy home, it usually cries for a few nights as it adjusts to life away from litter mates. During the critical learning period from about seven weeks to four months, puppies — like human infants — need almost constant attention as they seek a secure position in your family's "pack." But over time, you should leave your dog alone for increasing periods of time so it doesn't form unhealthy attachments to you or other family members.

Why My Dog?

Separation anxiety most often occurs in dogs that become very attached to their owners. While genetics may play a role, most experts believe certain early experiences lead dogs to form intense bonds with people and therefore become vulnerable to separation anxiety.

For example, puppies deprived of human contact during the critical learning period are at risk of developing separation anxiety. "You can't treat a 7-week-old puppy like a lawn tractor and park it while you go to work," cautions Dr. Dodman.

But there's a flip side: a dog that spends almost all of its time with people is also likely to feel distress when suddenly left alone. Either extreme — too much or too little contact with people — can cause separation anxiety in a dog.

In well-behaved adult dogs, separation anxiety may develop if an owner suddenly changes routine — for example, by returning to work after a period of unemployment. Occasionally, an otherwise well-adjusted dog develops separation anxiety in connection with a fearful incident that occurred when it was home alone. If a dog, terrified of thunder, is home alone during a severe electrical storm, it may thereafter associate being alone with thunder and become anxious whenever its owner leaves.

Older dogs that have stayed home alone without incident for years may also unexpectedly display signs of separation anxiety. Almost invariably in these cases an underlying medical problem is the cause; ill dogs often seek out the comfort of their owners. If separation anxiety occurs in your elderly dog, consult your veterinarian.

There are times when a dog with separation anxiety seems to be possessed. Jasmine. Photo courtesy of Virginia Schultz, Thornton, Colorado.

Signs

Within minutes of its owner's departure, a dog with separation anxiety starts to whimper or bark.

After vocalization fails to bring back its owner, the dog may try to escape — chewing moldings, breaking screens, even shattering windows. In extreme cases, dogs may urinate or defecate in the house because they are simply beside themselves with anxiety.

A rarer manifestation of separation anxiety is self-mutilation such as lick granuloma. Dogs groom themselves because it feels good, but some highly anxious dogs turn grooming into a licking obsession which can lead to skin ulcerations.

Your dog may not display these extreme behaviors, but it may show subtle subclinical signs of separation

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(Home Alone *Continued from page 16*)
anxiety. Some animals, for example, won't eat or drink during their owner's absence.

Treatment Options

Successful treatment requires patience, consistency, and praise. "Praise is an important part of treatment, because dogs inherently want to please," says Dr. Dodman. Positive reinforcement gives your dog the confidence to tolerate longer periods alone. Conversely, punishing a dog for separation anxiety behaviors that occurred earlier makes the dog more anxious because it doesn't connect the punishment with the undesirable behavior.

Rather than reversing the specific "bad" behaviors, treatment for separation anxiety focuses on reducing the dog's panic level just before and after the owner's departure. Because dog behavior is relatively complex, treatment usually entails a combination of methods: behavior modifying desensitization (gradually increasing the dog's exposure to situations that produce anxiety) and counter-conditioning (training the dog to expect pleasure not panic, when left alone). In difficult cases, anti-anxiety medications — "pharmacological shoehorns" as Dr. Dodman calls them — may facilitate behavioral treatment.

Repetition

The rituals surrounding departure and return trigger an emotional roller coaster in dogs with separation anxiety. Therefore, owners must try to help their dogs cope calmly with the inevitable comings and goings. Those capable of "tough love" may want to try the "20-20" technique. (Soft-hearted owners may want to modify this to the "5-5" technique.) Completely ignore your dog for twenty minutes before you leave and twenty minutes after you return. "Nothing generates anxiety in a dog more than you spending five minutes cooing promises that you'll be right back," cautions Dr. Dodman.

Desensitize your dog to pre-departure cues (such as picking up a briefcase or applying hand lotion). Presenting these cues randomly may calm your dog as it becomes accustomed to the sights, sounds and smells associated with people leaving. Present a pre-departure stimulus — jangling keys, for example — but instead of leaving, sit down. "The dog eventually learns that the keys don't necessarily mean anything, and therefore the dog doesn't get into a panic state," explains Dr. Dodman. But don't expect immediate results. You may have to put on your coat or grab your hat up to 20 to 30 times daily for a while.

Next, simulate leaving with "gradual departures." Begin by simply walking to the door. Once your dog tolerates this routine, open the door. When opening the door no longer bothers your dog, step outside for a few seconds. Increase separation time only when the dog shows no sign of anxiety during the previous step. It may take several weeks of patient work on your part before your dog is comfortable with 15 minutes of solitude.

Under no circumstances should you allow the dog to reach a full-blown panic during these graduated-departure exercises. You can't try to desensitize your dog over the weekend and then leave it alone all day during the following week. "That's like desensitizing someone to fear of heights while at the same time dangling them periodically from the top of the Empire State Building." says Dr. Dodman. Therefore, working families may have to spend some vacation time on these exercises.

Juvie, short for Juvenile Delinquent, can find some creative ways to get into trouble when he's home alone. Photo courtesy of Gay and Jim Holst, Silver Springs, Nevada.

ANTI-ANXIETY MEDICATION

Although not a panacea, medication can be a valuable ally in treating separation anxiety. Veterinarians sometimes prescribe drugs, including tranquilizers, hormones, and tricyclic antidepressants such as amitriptyline, in conjunction with behavior therapy. At the proper dosage, tricyclics reorganize the brain's electrochemical connections with realatively few side effects and without sedation.

Dogs usually stay on medication for several weeks — long enough to subside anxiety while they undergo behavior modification.

Veterinarians are careful to bring dogs up to the proper dosage — and wean them off — gradually. But the first few times you administer anti-anxiety medication at home, you should stay with your dog to watch for side effects.

Pleasant Expectations

As your dog becomes desensitized, start training it to be more independent even when you are together. Using a light lead, gently lead the dog to its bed, praising it and rewarding it with a food treat. Or tell the dog to sit and stay as you move progressively further away until it stays without anxiety in a room by itself. Use praise and food reats to reinforce the message that

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such "detachment" is pleasurable.

"Environmental enrichment" may help an anxious dog get past the critical first half-hour alone). Give the dog long-lasting goodies to distract it from your departure and absence. Instead of feeling anxious when left alone, the dog now anticipates a snack. Scatter treats twenty minutes before departure; then sneak out the door so your dog doesn't see you leave.

In addition to traditional beef knucklebones, you might try leaving hollow, hard-rubber chew toys stuffed with peanut butter, or drilled-out molar bones jammed with cheese spread. Your dog will have hours of challenging and tasty "work." (Of course, it helps if the dog doesn't use the Persian rug as replacement!) You can prepare these treats in advance and keep them refrigerated until you need them..

Speaking of edibles, many veterinarians recommend a low-protein diet for adult "home alone" cannons. Input (food) should balance output (exercise). And feeding high-energy chow to a dog that stays inside all day is like putting jet fuel in a lawnmower. (Remember, always check with your veterinarian before changing your dog's diet.) Also, most dogs need at least twenty to thirty minutes of aerobic exercise every day. A tired dog is usually a calm dog.

Crate Training

Desensitization and counter-

(Continued on page 19)

I Am Flexed Up

by Lori Lazetera

Flexi Leashes. This self-retracting Flex-leash has been sold by the millions to pet owners everywhere. Every time I see one I cringe. Why? Because people, being as creative as they are, have been able to use the Flexi-Leash for more than the purpose in which it is intended. I cite the following examples:

The Oblivi Flexi. This is when people pay absolutely no attention to where their dogs are when they are attached to the leash. They don't keep the leash short, with the brake on, when there are crowds and other dogs around (most of which are using Oblivi Flexis, too). Trying to untangle a bunch of dogs without getting major rope burn from the leashes is next to impossible! The other type of Oblivi Flexi was demonstrated by a woman living in the condominiums near where I live. She was walking a terrier mix who looked like a living Fuller Brush. The leash was fully extended, with the dog standing right out in the center of the road. The woman was talking to someone. I had to swerve around the dog to avoid hitting him!

The Tie-a-Flexi. Ever check the cord on a Flexi? It is very thin. Yet people seem to think it is an ideal tie-out rope for their dogs. I was at a dog show where a woman was walking a small Fox Terrier on a Flexi. She decided to park the dog while she went shopping. The leash was fully extended, and she tied the dog up to a post at the pavilion. The dog was tied in a major thoroughfare where there were a lot of people and their dogs. The dog became frantic and began running around. Of course she became tangled up with a few other dogs, managed to slip her collar and took off after her owner. My worst nightmare is someone tying up a strong dog like a Rottweiler with a Flexi. Rottweillers were used at some point in their history as draft dogs. Will a Flexi hold them? Not!

The Invisi Flexi. Another woman down near the condos was walking her English pointer on a Flexi. I saw it in her hand. The most remarkable thing about this Flexi was the fact that the dog was at least 200 feet away from her. He was getting ready to dive off a small bridge into the brook. Has anyone ever seen a Flexi extend this far?

The Flexi Leash is a wonderful tool for your dog if used correctly. It's "reason to be" is for exercise in a yard or field. It is really not the best leash for a basic walk. As for tying out your Greyhound, well, please don't. It's very bad for a Greyhound's neck if the hound decides to chase something and it forgets what it's attached to!

THE 30-MINUTE THRESHOLD

Preliminary signs of separation anxiety in dogs, such as panting and pacing, often begin as owners prepare to leave. More overt (and destructive) behaviors usually begin minutes after the owner's departure. "The first 30 minutes are the most important," notes Dr. Nicholas Dodman, director of the Behavior Clinic at Tufts University School of Veterinary medicine. If a dog calmly passes that threshold, it will generally remain calm.

So running home at lunchtime will not stave off your dog's separation anxiety. Odds are the destructive behavior has already occurred. In fact, if you go home briefly at noon, you subject your dog to another nerve-wracking separation.

Doggie Daycare

by Judy Koehler

I became a dog owner after retiring from the corporate world and I entered this new adventure with a greyhound puppy. There are certainly pros and cons to having a puppy as your first, but one thing I will say is that it requires energy and stamina.

This puppy was coming into a home with no children and no dogs, so one of the challenges I faced was socialization. I was able to exercise my dog on frequent occasions with friends who had greyhounds; but many of them worked, and the exercise periods were catch as catch can. One of the major problems I had with the puppy was that seeing people or another dog was such an event that the puppy was out of control.

I read an article in the newspaper about a new concept called "doggie daycare." This is *not* a kennel environment for the dog. The concept is to allow the dog to "play," in a controlled situation, with other dogs. I was looking for help with socialization, but can you imagine what a lifesaver this is for people who work and still want to own a dog. I discovered "Linda's Doggie Playland and Hotel" in Westborough, Massachusetts, and the life of my puppy was changed forever.

The facility is wonderful. There are two very large fenced areas with small dogs on one side and larger dogs on the other play area. Weather permitting, the dogs are in the supervised play yards from 8:00 am until Noon, and then again from 2:00 pm until 6:00 pm. Prior to being accepted, your dog must go through an interview process. The dog is put into the play area under supervision with several other dogs to ensure there is *no* aggressive behavior. The daycare is *not* geared to change the behavior of an aggressive or "alpha" dog.

I send my dog two to three times a week for the afternoon session. What a difference this has made in her behavior! She no longer goes berserk when company comes to the house. We had a luncheon the other day with two other dogs in the house along with the luncheon guests, and after the first five minutes of excited greetings, all the dogs laid around quietly on the floor. I was truly amazed. It was so out of character that I actually took pictures. I have repeated this exercise twice with the same results. My husband has even commented on the change in the dog's behavior, and believe me this is significant since he has never been a fan of having a dog.

With more demands on our time, and less time to devote to our pets, this new concept will be a life line. This certainly is not a panacea; however, it is part of the answer for young and/or active animals that must have interaction. I am convinced that doggie daycare, along with obedience training, will give you a great pet.

Judy Koehler formerly lived in Hopkinton, Massachusetts with her greyhound, Savannah. Savannah,who is now an adolescent, now romps on the beach and in the surf in Vero Beach, Florida.

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conditioning are effective, but they can be time consuming. Until you can make the time for these approaches, crate training is an expedient stopgap. Some people consider crate training inhumane "imprisonment." But many dogs, when properly acclimated, actually feel safe and happy in crates during the workday. (Your dog's ancestors probably dug dens for shelter and puppy rearing.)

If a dog is not properly acclimated to the crate, however, this "halfway house" may aggravate an anxiety problem. During acclimation, keep the crate door open at all times. Give the dog a chance to associate the crate with pleasurable experiences like play, food, and praise. Never use the crate as punishment, and never shut the door until the dog is completely comfortable inside. And be sure to attend to your dog's exercise needs when you get home.

Remember: dogs that misbehave when home alone are not malicious. Your dog is trainable and has an innate desire to please you. While you can't overcome separation anxiety overnight, with some patience (and perhaps professional help), odds are you and your dog will get your relationship back on track.

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Interview With a Pet-sitter

by Jody Frederick

Reality requires that, at times, we leave our greyhounds to the care of others. Anyone who has a clingy, "Velcro-dog" like mine can appreciate the importance of finding a reliable, trustworthy pet-sitter, someone on whom you can rely to give TLC as well as basic care. The purpose of pet-sitting is to keep the dog's environment as close as possible to when you are home.

Recently, I had to go on a two-day business trip. Rather than leave my Grey, Duffy, alone for most of the day and make him wait until my husband came home from work to take him for his daily walk I decided to hire a local pet-sitter (Robin Fry of Robin's Companion Animal Home Care) to do this task. Because I was very impressed with Robin's services, I decided to interview her and pass on her knowledge of the business to you.

A reliable pet-sitter should:

1. have at least some basic knowledge and/or training in veterinary care. This is critical because a trained pet-sitter can recognize subtle signs of illness or distress in the animal that might otherwise go unnoticed until the owner returns. The pet-sitter should be interested in updating his/her knowledge and willing to take suggestions and heed instructions carefully.
2. be fastidious about and concerned with the transmission of bacteria, viruses and parasites. Reliable pet-sitters take precautions and do not simply go from appointment to appointment. Precautions include doing a surgical scrub between clients, treating every condition as if it were contagious, and refusing to take on clients whose animals have contagious conditions (i.e., feline distemper or parvovirus) because of the risk to the other animals with which the pet-sitter will have contact.
3. have access to emergency veterinary services and leave detailed notes (similar to nursing notes) to tell you exactly what happened while you were gone — what might seem like nothing, can be significant. This also shows that the pet-sitter cares about the animal.
4. should be bonded and insured, should empathize with the animal and its family and treat animals with respect. The individual should be happy to help you find other accommodations if it turns out that she/he cannot or does not feel able to handle your pet and should be familiar with other pet sitter and boarding kennels in your area.
5. be veterinary-endorsed. If the pet-sitter has pets of her own, ask for her veterinarian's name and find out what kind of care she gives her own animals.
6. give you a list of references. A pet-sitter who refuses to give references for "confidentiality issues" is a "red flag." Follow up on those references.
7. be knowledgable about Greyhounds. Be sure to explain the importance of *never* allowing a Greyhound off-lead and explaining about the "chase" instinct, for instance

A trustworthy pet sitter can be a good alternative to kenneling. Photo courtesy of Ralph Arnoldi, Newton, Mass.

What a reliable pet-sitter should ask you.

1. What is your dog's normal feeding and elimination schedule? What brand of food does your dog eat?
2. What is your dog's normal walking route? How does your dog react to other dogs? Cats? People? (Greyhound specific: small animals?)
3. How does your dog behave when you are away?
4. Are there any health concerns and/or problems that your dog has? Any medications? When was your dog last vaccinated? What diseases was your dog vaccinated for?
5. Does your dog have a favourite toy? Favourite place to sleep? What makes your dog tick?

Other tips to keep in mind

Ask family, friends and colleagues for referrals. Interview more than one person for the job. Ask lots of questions and make sure you're satisfied with the answers. Don't assume that the most expensive person is the best. AVOID people who seem to be overly concerned with profits! Follow your gut instincts — if you suspect something is awry, investigate further or look elsewhere. Compassion is not usually something that can be feigned forever — a truly caring person will make it known through the quality of care and the little extras that s/he will do "just because."

Jody Frederick lives in Canada with her two Greyhounds, Duffy and Amy.

The Christmas Rescue Greyhound

(The Uncut Version)

by Patricia Gail Burnham

The man came with the leash that meant he would get out of his cage. For months he had been inside the big green building, living in a tiled kennel. Twice a day he was taken to an indoor exercise room and jogged, and he welcomed the chance to stretch his stiffened muscles, even though they just trotted in circles bounded by the outer wall. Then he would be fed and left to lie in his kennel and dream.

What does an old racing Greyhound dream of? He dreamt of speed, of big paddocks where he could run freely, and even of the track. Of being led out in the bright lights at night, being paraded before the grandstand, and then led to the starting boxes. Some dogs fought going into the boxes but he never did. He knew that the boxes were the next step before a race and he went in calmly and crouched down, nose against the bars. Intent. Waiting. Waiting for the phantom rabbit to appear on his left. Waiting for the gate to spring open, as it always had. Waiting for his chance to run.

His intelligence and concentration had made him a good starter, often breaking first and giving him a chance to move over to the rail, to run the shortest way around. Then it was up to his speed and courage to do the rest, sprinting through the glare of the artificial lights, and meeting the roar of the crowd. He often won his races. Not that he was the fastest dog. But he handled himself well and with his quick starts he often beat dogs that were actually faster. He would take his early lead and the speedsters would pass him in the middle run, only to have him come back strong at the end. As he grew older, that strong finish was often enough to upset younger dogs, to let him beat some highly ranked competition.

Not that he knew that. He only knew that they were all chasing the white thing up on the rail and that he had to be first, no matter how great the strain was on his body or how much effort it took. That once a week his world came down to the yellow track and the speeding lure. That the roar of his own blood in his ears was loud enough to shut out the roar of the crowd, and then he was free to run to the outer limits of his ability. And he lived for it. For four years he lived for it.

One day a stranger came into the kennel. His trainer talked to the strange man, and then took several dogs out of their kennels and put leashes on them. Next it was his turn as his kennel was opened and he was leashed up and led outside to a closed truck. He was used to being moved from track to track, although this truck smelled strange, but he wasn't really worried until two days later when he was unloaded and taken into the big green building. There he had a veterinarian's exam, just as if he were going to race, but there was not a race track in sight. There was also no warm kennel with soft wood shavings for bedding, just the hard tiled run and stainless steel gates. The place didn't smell right. It smelled a lot like a veterinary hospital. So he would dream of the track, and the farm where he was a puppy. New people in uniforms came to feed him and to walk him. He was grateful for that and tried to show them so by smiling to greet them, but that seemed to make them nervous. And there was never any place to run. That was harder on the younger dogs around him. He was on the long side of five years old and rest was beginning to appeal to him. He no longer had their fierce energy levels to burn off in a blaze of speed. But still he would have liked to run. And he would have loved something soft to lie on. He had given up trying to dig a nest in the fiberglass "resting bench." He shifted position often to relieve the pressure of his lean body on the unyielding surface. So he was glad when the man came with a leash and stopped at his gate.

He automatically made the turn toward the exercise arena and was surprised when the man pulled on his lead and turned him to the left. Down

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(Christmas Rescue *Continued from page 21)*
a hall toward the outside and for the first time in two months he stood in the open air, confused and disoriented as he was loaded into yet one more truck. This one smelled of frightened dogs, and sick dogs and even dead dogs. Soon he was packed shoulder to shoulder with other dogs from inside the building and dark descended on them as the doors were shut. As the truck started to move he dimly heard sounds that reminded him of the track. It was people cheering, and other dogs barking. On the drive he could smell something that was new to him, the sharp tang of salt in the sea air, and he could hear overhead the high pitched cry of what sounded a little like a rabbit, but was actually a sea gull. He had seen an occasional sea gull in Arizona on the track infield, but he had never seen the ocean they came from. In less than an hour the truck stopped at yet another kennel. But this one was more normal looking, with outdoor chain link runs and lots of dogs. Dogs in the hundreds.

He noticed that a photographer was taking his picture which seemed a little odd. The only time people pointed cameras at him in the past was after he had won a race. Yet another vet examined him, and he was taken to one of the kennel runs. Soon he had several kennel mates and it was nice to be able to touch another dog. To have someone to play with to relieve the boredom of confinement.

The days passed and lots of people came by his kennel and looked at him and his kennel mates. That was a novelty. The public doesn't wander through a racing kennel. Children would stick their fingers through the mesh and the younger dogs would rush over to nuzzle them. Sometimes dogs would be taken out on leash into groups of these visiting people. One by one the other Greyhounds left. But he was still there, patient and accepting. When he was alone in his

Helping hands. Photo courtesy of Maryann Moore, St. Louis, Missouri.

kennel they gave him a Doberman bitch for company. She was bossy but he didn't mind.

It was a rainy day and the crowd was thinning out when he noticed a woman standing back and watching him for a long time. Finally she came up to the gate and said, "Hi there." He turned his head, and slowly moved toward her, testing the scent on her extended hand. And when he got close enough she reached up and scratched behind his ears, and he thought he would stay there for a while. She was talking to him in a pleasant croon. The words made no sense but the tone did. He was close enough to smell her breath. Then the Doberman pushed him aside and put on her usual exuberant greeting display.

He moved across the kennel and lay down. The woman backed away from the fence until the Doberman lost interest. Then she came back and caught his eye, speaking to him from across the run. From somewhere far in the back of his mind it seemed like a good idea to get up and move across to her once more. He liked her hands and voice, and he was sorry to see her turn to leave. He knew from the sunlight that it was almost closing time, that soon all the visitors would leave and that he would be fed, if he could keep the Doberman out of his food bowl. Then they would be left alone for the night.

What he didn't know was that he was the last Greyhound that was left from a shipment of retired racing dogs that had been sold to a research lab. That during the long months in the strange green building, people he had never seen had been protesting and walking picket lines, and fighting to keep him and his kennel mates from being used for medical research. That there had been a plan to saw through his thigh bone, and then try a new treatment on the gap in the bone. That eight weeks later he would have been killed so the bone could be tested. But that hadn't happened. The protests had worked. The dogs had been handed over to a rescue group and taken to the Humane Society while new homes were sought for them. And he was the last one. Kept far longer than dogs are normally kept for adoption, his time was finally running short. Nobody seemed to want a five year old, undemonstrative dog. After all there were hundreds of younger, pure bred dogs of popular breeds available for adoption in the surrounding kennels. He didn't know that his time was running out. That, in fact it had been running out all his life.

But then the woman came back with one of the workers and was pointing at the kennel. "No, not the Doberman. That one. The brindle Greyhound. Why is there a 'Hold' sign on the kennel ?" And the answer came back: "Oh that sign isn't for him. It is for the Doberman. It is the last day for the other dog."

"No, it isn't. I'll take him."

They disappeared into the office for a little while, and when they

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(Christmas Rescue *Continued from page 22)*
came back the worker had a rope lead and an old plastic collar that was rather tight. The woman had a handful of papers and took his lead in her free hand. The Doberman made one last attempt to beat him out of the kennel gate and join in the fun. Then he followed the woman with the kind voice past the office and outside into the early evening.

He had never ridden in the back seat of a car, and couldn't see any reason why he should not move up front with her, but she held him by the collar and told him to stay there so after a few attempts he lay quiet. He had never been in a vehicle that he could see out of before, and the trees and houses flying by fascinated him. He was running without running.

In a little while they stopped and she helped him out of the car and into a room that smelled of leather, and dog food, and a whole lot of different animals. His nose was almost drunk. But she tried on several collars and finally chose a smooth leather one and a leash that smelled good, and possibly edible. She left the plastic collar behind, taking him back to the car with a bag of dog food tucked under her arm, and small sack that smelled suspiciously like flea powder. Still it was good to be out of the kennel.

When she stopped in a big grassy area and laid him down and flea powdered the living daylights out of him he didn't mind. She had gentle hands. Afterwards they walked together through the twilight of the park and he delighted in the feel of damp grass under his feet. And still she talked to him. He began to keep an ear turned towards her and occasionally looked behind him to see if she was still on the other end of the leash.

It was easier this time getting into the back seat of the car. The next ride was a short one that led to the biggest surprise of all. Because she took him into the house, and he had never been inside a house, a place

Happiness is a nap on the bed. Pinto. Photo courtey of Lt. Col. James Rainey, Alabama.

where people lived. A kennel for people. His innate savoir fair stood him in good stead at this startling turn of events. He was trying very hard to pretend that he had been doing this all his life, but little things gave him away, like not knowing how to climb stairs. She had to help him the first few times.

After a light dinner, they watched television for a while. That is she watched television and he watched her. He knew what television was because the racing kennels often played television or a radio to calm the dogs. What he wasn't expecting was that she would spread out a blanket on the carpet and indicate that he was to lie on it, right there in the room with her. What he also was not expecting was that there was a tree in the room with them. He had never seen a pine tree, and more importantly never smelled one, and it made him back up and sneeze. He had also never seen a tree with shiny things hanging all over it, but when he tried to pick one off it she said, "No, leave the tree alone." And he was too worried about displeasing her to persist.

Now the cat was another matter. He had smelled cat fur as soon as he had walked through the door, and later when the smoke colored Persian had sauntered into the room and frozen at the sight of him, he bounded to his feet. Only to have the woman give a warning, "No. That is my cat." And make him lie down again. It was hard being in the same room with the cat without being allowed to chase it, so after a couple of hours he started to pretend that the cat did not exist, that he could not see it. In his mind he turned the cat into an invisible cat. He decided that if the woman kept trees and cats in her house, that she might even decide to keep him there too, and that co-existing was a small price to pay.

The first night he slept on the rug next to her bed. It was almost a week before he worked up the nerve to creep up onto the bed. When he finally did, he bounded onto the bed in a rush, and fell in a heap on the left-hand pillow, hugging the bed like an abalone on a rock. And when his racing heart had slowed, he very carefully reached out his chin until it could rest on her shoulder, and he fell asleep dreaming. And for once he didn't dream of race tracks and the laboratory and endless closed trucks taking him to unknown destinations. He dreamed of green parks, and car rides, and infuriating cats. And of having just one owner and being able to sleep close enough to breathe her scent, to know she was still there. That she would always be there. It was a dream he had never dared to dream before.

Author's Note: This was written the day that nineteen Greyhounds were released from Letterman Army Research Facility at the Presidio in San Francisco. I had taken my dogs down to picket the Presidio several times but had meetings at work that Tuesday and couldn't be there to greet the

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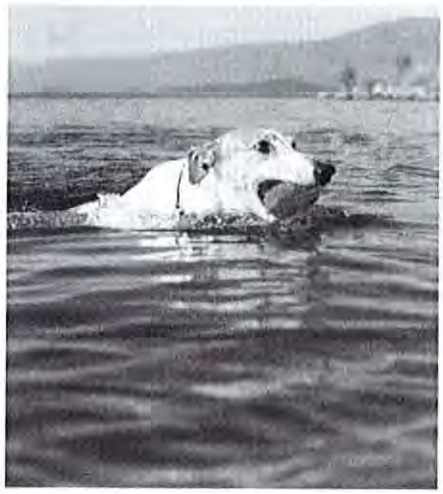
The Mystery of Fetch-and-Retrieve

By Wendy Cassetta



Manx understands retrieve as he imitates a Labrador Retriever. Photo courtesy of Beth Christian, Polson, Montana.

Teaching a greyhound to fetch and retrieve ranks right up there with teaching a greyhound to sit. Most people think both of these "tricks" are impossible. They really are not that difficult. I have three greyhounds who sit on command, and three who fetch and retrieve very well. Like most breeds, not every dog can perform every trick, but here are some helpful hints to teach your greyhound to fetch and bring it back.

I always start small and work my way up. Most greyhounds love to steal their human companions' belongings and carry them around in their mouths. I got the idea of teaching one greyhound (Falcon) to fetch and retrieve when he kept taking a small pillow off my couch and dropping it at my feet. (He also sat.) I would put the pillow back; he would wait until I turned my back, then steal the pillow again and bring it to me. Another greyhound (Katie) would do the same thing, only with my son's underwear. She would take it out of the clean laundry basket, bring it to me, and drop it at my feet. Still another greyhound (Kindalia) would take his sheepskin security blanket, carry it around in his mouth until he saw me, then he would drop it at my feet and lay down in front of me.

It was not in my game plan to let these greyhounds carry my personal belongings around in their mouth, so I purchased a variety of dog toys including two shearling stuffed dog toys that squeak. I wanted to limit the area in which I was training my greyhounds, so I decided to work with them in the house before trying my experiment outside. I blocked off the living room so they had a 16 ft. by 18 ft. area to move around without getting away from me. I started with Falcon since he seemed to be the most interested in the game. I would squeak the toy to get his attention, throw it past his line of vision and say, "Go get it." Falcon then proceeded to pick the toy up in his mouth. I would then say, "Come Falcon," and when he did as I said, I would reward him with a small treat. It did not take him very long to figure out that bringing back the toy meant a reward, and we all know how well greyhounds respond to food.

I spent several weeks fetching with Falcon in the living room. My next step was to open up the living room and expand the retrieving area. I would throw the toy down the hall or into the kitchen and, using the same command and reward system, Falcon soon figured out that no matter where the toy went, if he brought it back, he got a treat. We then went out in the back yard. I have a one-acre area completely fenced in, so the toy did not go very far and neither did Falcon. To my surprise, our fetch and retrieve activity worked four out of five times. The times it did not work were due to distraction. If a bird flew into the yard, or the kids were being noisy on the swing-set, it would throw Falcon off, and he would ignore the toy. When I had his undivided attention, though, no matter what I threw, he would go after it and bring it back in exchange for a treat.

It did not take long for me to teach Katie and Kindalia the same routine and, within a few weeks, I had three greyhounds who would fetch and retrieve fairly routinely. The nice part was they stopped stealing stuff out of my house. Kindalia even started playing with a tennis ball that he loves to bring into the house. I also watch them playing soccer with my 13 year old shepherd/husky, "BJ", in the backyard.

The wonderful thing about greyhounds, and what makes it so easy to teach them tricks, is their playful nature. They are big puppies who want to romp and play all day long. They also have an incredible desire to please. They are very "people-oriented" and respond very well to verbal commands from their "parents." Unfortunately, not all greyhounds grasp the concept of fetch and retrieve. My five-year old, Raphael, still does not understand what the big deal is. I throw a toy and he lays down looking at me as if to say, "You threw it, you go get it." He will not even chase the bugs outside. Raphael is a real couch potato. He sometimes follows the other greyhounds back and forth in their fetch-and-retrieve activities but has yet to try to get the toy away from them. The point is, there are no guarantees that your greyhound will become an expert at fetch and retrieve, but you never know until you try and it can certainly be a lot of fun for both of you without

(Continued on page 26)

Good Dog! ® Test Labs Report

Skin-eze can stop your dog's ssscratching!

by Ross Becker

Is your dog tormented by constant scratching? Tired of the expense and frustration of the on-again, off-again cortisone cycle?

We've been testing a new product for several months now, with great success. It's called Skin-eze(TM), and it's a mix of herbs and spices that can stop the scratching and chewing that make your dog crazy.

When we were based in Charleston, South Carolina, Chops and Katie had many reasons for scratching, although we never really knew which one(s) was the culprit. There was pollen in the spring, summer and fall from the beautiful flowers and trees. There were gnats much of the time, and, all year round, mosquitoes swarmed in from the lovely salt marsh across the street. Not to mention the fleas.

Chops would roll around to scratch her back. Or she would have me start at the top of her head and gradually move her body under my hand until I had scratched every inch of her back. Katie became known as Stevie Wonderdog, because she would back up against a protrusion on a chair and rock back and forth, her head rolling in pleasure. Things got so bad that the dogs would even try scratching their backs on prickly bushes in the yard! Ouch.

At the height of it all, the late-night scratching and chewing would keep us up either with the bed shaking or the tags rattling outside the bedroom door. Even putting the dogs in their crates didn't let us sleep. Scratching on top of a metal crate pan is not a pleasant sound.

We turned to our favorite veterinarian, Dr. Stan Gorlitsky of the Shem Creek Animal Hospital. Dr. Stan invented Hairballs Away for cats (now called Feline Fiber), which has been sold in pet stores and Wal-Marts across the U.S. Dr. Stan is an expert at veterinary acupuncture, homeopathics, and herbs.

It turns out that he already had a solution. The product is called Skin-eze, and it's a natural food supplement containing Chinese herbs and spices. The first version of Skin-eze that we tested was in the form of vile-tasting, large tablets. The only way to get the dogs to eat them was to cover the tablets with canned cat food and let them lick the whole concoction off a spoon. Even then, the dogs would sometimes spit out the pill.

But the results were miraculous. Within a day after starting Skin-eze, our dogs would stop scratching and chewing. And as long they were on Skin-eze, they stopped ripping themselves raw. They were calm and happy, and didn't chew or scratch at all. Katie's skin, which was bright pink, turned white overnight. It was the most amazing thing to see. Where there was a mosquito bite, you could see just a little dot of red. All around it was pale white skin. And the bites didn't bother her!

You could see the relief written on the dogs' faces. They slept quietly for the first time in months, and we slept, too. The dogs were allowed back on the bed, and everyone was happy.

We had some of our other testers try Skin-eze. Becki Reynolds, whose five Miniature Schnauzers were covered with fleas while testing a certain ineffective flea product for us, also found fast relief. In particular, Max, her oldest, interrupted his non-stop chewing and scratching. Months of agony stopped overnight.

Sandra Hill-Cowan in Coconut Grove, Florida, also tried Skin-eze at our suggestion. Her Bull Terrier was a different dog when taking Skin-eze.

The only drawback we found was that the dogs didn't like the flavor and didn't want to take the pill. We suggested that Dr. Stan add some flavor that would mask the bitter taste.

So he came up with a new version of Skin-eze, which uses dried cheese and whey (a sweetener from milk) as flavorings. Our dogs love it as a chewable treat, or you can break up the pills and hide them in canned food. You can also crumble the pills, mix the powder with warm water, and make a thin gravy to pour over your dog's food. When we gave it a try, our dogs scarfed down dinner like never before. And, a few hours later, their scratching stopped. (Tougher cases may take several weeks.)

What are the magic ingredients? Reading the label proves to be an exercise in unintelligibility. Some of the Oriental herbs and spices are listed using their Chinese names, and others by their scientific names. We pinned the busy Dr. Stan down long enough to get him to translate all of the ingredi-

(Continued on page 26)

Sunshine with a little itch. Photo courtest of Pam Lawless, Spring Valley, California.

(Skin-eze *Continued from page 25)*
ents.

Skin-eze contains Tang-kuei, which is Angelica root. It's an herb in the parsley family, whose roots and fruits are used in flavoring. Then there's Arctium, which is fruit of the Great Burdock. Burdock is a weedy plant with purplish flowers surrounded by pricklies.

Probably the most interesting ingredient is cicada. This is actually cicada moltings – the outer shell of the noisy insects of summer nights.

Then there's calamus gum, which is from the dragonsblood plant. Other ingredients include salvia, which is a scarlet-rooted plant, Chinese foxglove root, sophora root (bitter root), and extracts from the well-known yellow-blooming forsythia. There's also some licorice root, kochia seeds (from the broom cypress tree), stem of Schizonepeta tenuifolia, and siler, which is Ledebouirella seseloites. All are ingredients listed in the Chinese Herbal Medicine Materia Medica book, a practicing herbalist's guide to Chinese herbs.

Obviously, there's no guarantee that Skin-eze will be a complete solution for your dog's problem. You'll still need to deal with the fleas and whatever else is causing your dog to scratch and chew. But Skin-eze can bring some much-needed relief to your dog, providing the break needed to let his body heal. It brought about peace and quiet and happy dogs in our house. Dr. Stan has used it successfully on thousands of dogs, including such notorious scratchers as Shar-peis, West Highland White Terriers, and French Bulldogs.

When we did this review, we asked Dr. Stan where our readers could buy Skin-eze. He was only selling it from his vet practice, and suggested that we handle it for him through our 800 number. Although this presented a conflict dilemma for us, we decided that it was more important to get the product out to help dogs. So, Skin-eze is not yet sold in stores, but you can order it by mail from our sister company, Good Communications, Inc. The tasty chewable tablets are $23.95 for 100 tablets, including Priority Mail postage. Call 1-800-968-1738 to order with any major credit card And your satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Ed. note: My Greyhound, Tucker, had terrible skin problems due to allergies this Spring and Summer. I was desperate and ordered Skin-eze. After taking four of the tablets in the evening, his skin turned from red and oozing to white and healthy just overnight!

(Christmas Rescue *Continued from page 23)*
dogs. Susan Netboy of Sighthound Rescue phoned me to say that they were about to be released and I sat down and wrote the Rescue Dog in a couple of hours. On the next weekend Sheila Grant and I visited the Marin Humane Society where most of the dogs had been taken to await adoption. We walked and photographed them and the result was an article with their pictures called, "The Faces of Medical Research."

The laboratory described in the story is LERH the Lettermen Army Research Facility at the Presidio. But the adoption described is that is of my first Greyhound, Traveler. I found him sharing a kennel with the pushy Doberman at the Sacramento Humane Society, and took him home to meet my old Persian, Smokey. That was back in 1970. He was an incredibly intelligent and gentlemanly dog who sold me on Greyhounds. He was a middle-aged dog when I adopted him but he lived another nine years with me.

(Fetch *Continued from page 24)*
expending a great deal of money.

If you decide to try this little experiment with your greyhound, let me know how you do.

Wendy Cassetta is General Director of GPA/Central New Hampshire.

Pack Behavior

by Lilian Barber

Stubby, Sunshine and Angel are normally inseparable, and they are also their own pack. Photo courtest of Kim Ownes, Chappells, South Carolina.

This column was extremely difficult to write but it contains a message I hope will be heeded. The story is not very pretty but it is true. It happened in my house and concerns my own much-loved IGs. I should have followed my own advice; in the future I shall. A warning about this appears in both my books on the IG.

I was alone that day. As I had done almost every day for years, I herded my eight IG house-girls into the utility room and went shopping. I was gone for about 45 minutes.

Ordinarily, there's a lot of anticipatory barking as my car approaches. This time the dogs seemed unusually quiet. When I opened the back door only the two youngsters came to greet me instead of the normal mass enthusiasm. I was not aware that anything was amiss until I walked into the utility room and saw the entire area was awash with blood.

I did not have to look far to see the source. My beloved Domino was lying in the middle of the floor with her throat ripped open. So much blood covered her body that it was impossible to see how badly she had been hurt. Four-year-old Rivet, my largest and strongest bitch, was standing over her splattered in crimson, her teeth and jaws dripping.

At first I thought Domino was dead. I don't really know what I thought and in what order. Some of what happened is still blanked out from my mind. I remember grabbing Rivet by the neck and throwing her into the deep sink, which I filled with cold water while I chased the dogs outside. Then I plucked Rivet from the sink and sent her out to join them. I don't know what kept me from strangling her with my bare hands. The blood on her was all Domino's.

I lined a crate with towels and gently placed Domino into it. She was still breathing and her eyes were open but glassy. My head was about to explode. I think I vomited. I looked at her and told myself she would make it through the night. My vet is wonderful and can fix anything.

Since Domino was deaf I couldn't tell if she knew I was talking to her.

I couldn't trust myself to drive to the veterinary clinic or be coherent once I got there, so my husband took Domino. I cleaned blood from the floor and cabinets and waited for him to come home. I finally let the other dogs back in and examined them. All had Domino's blood on them except the two youngest — a 5 month-old and a 1 year-old — that looked as if they had not been involved at all.

I knew full well that Domino would be coming back only to be buried on "paw hill," the little cemetery on the rise behind our yard. The vet said she had a punctured lung as well as a gash in her throat so deep the windpipe could be seen.

Domino was 15 years and 2 months old. She had been failing during the past year. What I believe was a minor stroke caused her to be somewhat disoriented during her last few months. She probably awoke from one of her lengthy naps and staggered as she got up, enough to set off a latent aggressive streak in Rivet and her followers.

As I write, I keep looking around at the dog bed behind me, expecting to see a little white ghost in it. Even at 15-plus, Domino would growl the other dogs off when they tried to get into the bed with her, and none of them use it even now, three months later. A part of me is as empty as the bed.

I actually started to grieve for Dommie while she was still alive. She began to show her age and gradually ceased being the bright (we called her Phido Beta Kappa), indomitable, inimitable dog she had been for the first 12 or 13 years of her life. When she reached 15 I began to seriously try to prepare myself for the inevitable, but I was not ready for the end the

(Continued on page 28)

Crash demonstrates a little friendly dominance. Crash and Flame. Photo courtesy of Donn and Tina Tyler, Tacoma, Washington.

(Pack Behavior *Continued from page 27)*
way it came. Domino could have lived a little longer.

I wrote about this incident because many IG owners would never dream their normally sweet and loving little dogs are capable of such an act. However, this was not an isolated incident of a group of IGs attacking a weaker one. I've seen it happen before, with my dogs and others'.

The attacks do not always end in tragedy or even bloodshed, but when the numbers reach three or more the predilection is there. A close friend experienced several episodes of her two younger bitches attacking her 16 year-old. Other IG breeders have also experienced instances of pack behavior, some ending in death or serious injury to the victim. It has nothing to do with the dogs "turning mean" nor does it occur only among males.

Dogs are pack animals. Pack behavior is normal and natural, especially for hounds. In nature the pack's needs and welfare supersede the individual's. A weak, old, ill or injured member can seriously impede pack activities or, if left behind, alert predators and endanger the pack. In the wild, the weak cannot fend for themselves. Anthropopathizing, we might see a pack attacking and killing a weak member as an act of mercy.

One or two dogs generally accept their human master as alpha (leader), but when we keep several dogs in our homes we change the rules. We may be able to modify instinctive behavior but we cannot completely alter or eliminate it. We can only attempt to keep it under control and be ever-vigilant.

My older bitches were a pack for a long time without serious incident. Domino had been their leader for many years but had handed that responsibility to a younger, stronger member. Everything had been peaceful, even the transfer of power. Domino had been respected by the pack as leader emeritus.

Tragically, I let myself fall under the spell of "it can't happen here." I hope my story helps avert a tragedy in your pack.

Reprinted from ***Pure-Bred Dogs/American Kennel Gazette,*** *August 1994. Lilian Barber, Italian Greyhounds*

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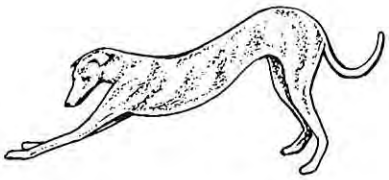

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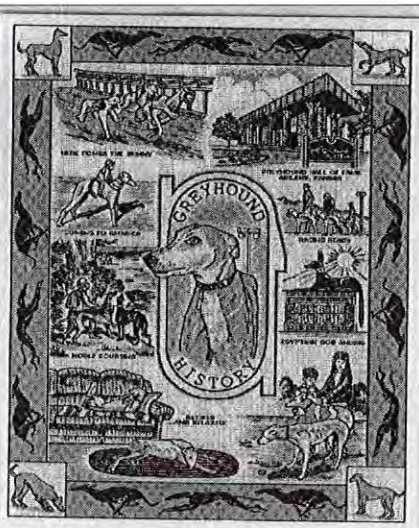

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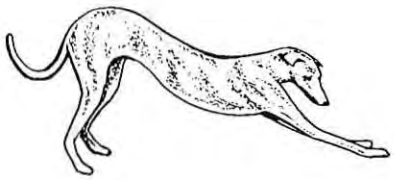

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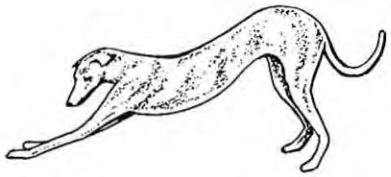

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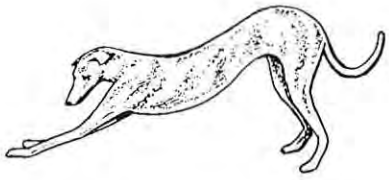

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Boomer looking for treats. *Boomer* lives in Yarmouth, Maine with Lauren Emery and *Bernie*, another Greyhound. Photo courtesy of Lauren Emery.