Summer Travel with Your Greyhound
Front Cover Credit:
Five-year old Emilio knows to obey all traffic signs. Adopted by John Spaulding and Marilyn Mathis of Dallas, Texas, his trip to Big Bend National Park is chronicled in “Watch Out for that Cactus!” in this issue. Photo by John Spaulding.

Back Cover Credit:
Wine casks and Greyhounds can both be found at the Grapehounds Wine Tour® event in upstate New York. Read more about this and other wine-tasting events to benefit Greyhound adoption in this issue. Photo by Balance Photography.

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seizures. She used her canine abilities to rouse him or seek other help. Jetta Sue was a survivor herself; she overcame illness, a dog attack, and even cancer, but this all took its toll. She had been experiencing some difficulty with her neck and spine from an earlier accident. When medication could no longer maintain her quality of life, Bill and Helen performed the greatest act of kindness. Jetta Sue’s job here on earth was finished; her special qualities are needed elsewhere. Forever in Bill and Helen’s hearts Jetta Sue will remain, for that is where they keep their most precious things.

Pearl (Jammie Pearl) 1999-2012
Adopted and loved by Cindy Hanson, Pearl was mentioned in the Editorial Comments column in numerous issues of CG (including this one). A Florida stakes racer and Texas brood mama, she came to Minnesota to live with Cindy in 2007. Smiler, sneak, yarn thief, interior decorator, indiscriminate sniffer, shoe collector, secret keeper, defender of the back yard, and mattress colonist, Pearl approached her career as a pet as she probably did every previous stage of her life — with curiosity, confidence, and smarts. A champion cuddler, she loved sleeping under the covers, forehead pressed against Cindy’s arm. A photograph of Pearl provided by the farmers who raised and kept her until she could be placed for adoption shows a long, low-slung black brindle girl with a barely perceptible lump on her right flank. Though an early biopsy indicated this plasmacytoma was benign, it grew in both mass and malignance over the years, eventually invading her kidneys, liver, spleen, and heart. She was a fabulous companion, and she is missed.

Heli (Heli Lass) 2000-2012
When she was four, Heli was adopted by Eva Sharpe shortly after Eva had a stroke. Heli was her constant companion, allowing Eva to have another year of independence. Heli then shared her life with Eva’s granddaughter and her pack, where she divided her time between visiting Eva, pets-as-therapy visits, appearances at events, and roaming on her many beds. Towards the end of her life Heli went blind, but this didn’t slow her down at all and she still enjoyed events, often in her stroller. Prior to her life with Eva she was a successful racer whose career ended as a result of a terrible leg injury. Heli was a small dog with a big heart, who made a huge impression on everyone she met. She is no doubt at the Bridge, tossing softies in the air, waiting impatiently for the rest of us to catch up and play with her. She was pictured in “On the Wrong End of the Muzzle” (Fall 2006 CG).

Jetta Sue (Jae’s Jetta) 2001-2012
Adopted and loved by Bill and Helen Coleman, Jetta Sue was featured in “Jetta Sue Roo, a True Heart Dog” (Spring 2012 CG). Jetta Sue devoted her life to keeping Bill safe and alive. Despite what the doctors told them, Bill has survived nine years beyond any expectation. When he was at his worst, Jetta Sue maintained her watch, alerting him to dangerously low blood sugar, impending heart episodes, and even

Startime (Hi Tech Startime) 1999-2011
Startime “owned” anything in her possession and granted herself first right of refusal on any toy or bed. Throughout her life she maintained her obsession with stuffed animals, expensive comforters, and all things edible. Her mantra was leap first and then look, necessitating frequent emergency visits to the veterinarian. Although she could never be determined, Shannon Forrest and family suspect she resigned from a racing career because she wanted to pursue other interests. She was fast when she wanted to be and loved to run. Her indomitable spirit could not beat osteosarcoma however. Startime appeared in “Come Fly With Me” (Summer 2009 CG). She was a capable co-pilot, trusted friend, sous chef, and pack leader. Run free baby girl, with a bed that needs no fluffing and a beach with no leashes!

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

By Cindy Hanson

Though the appointment is for 6:00, I arrive 90 minutes early because I know.

“Can I see her?”

The receptionist directs me to the visiting area and tells me to wait in a cubicle. Following the paw print stickers on the floor, I pass the cashier’s desk, the lab, the ICU, and find myself in a darkened hallway lined with cubicles. Seeing that they are all occupied, I sink to the floor, rest my back up against a brick wall, and sigh.

A young woman — probably a volunteer — brings out my dog. Pearl wobbles to my side. This isn’t right. All of the cubicles are full. She can’t lay on the floor. Can I go get a dog bed from the car? No, there’s no time. I can’t leave her. I put my arms around her, gathering her legs like the stems of fresh-cut flowers – so thin, so frail – and settle her awkwardly in my lap. Pearl doesn’t like to sit in my lap. This isn’t right. She begins to pant a little. I move my purse close to her and place her front paws on top of it. She lays her head on her paws and exhales. I feel her body relax.

I look around me. Cubicles filled with hushed conversation to my left; miscellaneous equipment to my right. Directly across from us, next to what appears to be an incubator, is a display case containing a skeleton of what is almost certainly a Greyhound. The nameplate on the glass reads: “Skinny.”

The last few weeks have felt increasingly desperate. Why is she losing weight? Maybe she’ll eat this. What else can I give her? What else can I try? Maybe she’s just nauseated. What can I do? There must be something. Anything.

Our veterinarian doesn’t know what’s wrong. The bloodwork is normal. X-rays are clear. He can’t find any masses. What else can I do? He tells me that an ultrasound would tell us more, but since it likely wouldn’t change our course of treatment, he doesn’t recommend it.

“But at least I would know whether I am helping her get better or just providing comfort care,” I tell him.

“I suspect,” he says, “that you are at the comfort care stage at this point.”

And so I find myself at the University, sitting in a hallway with Pearl in my lap, hoping for answers that will help me know what to do.

The veterinarian and her student approach and kneel next to me to review the results of the ultrasound. It tells us what we — I — need to know. The veterinarian takes Pearl back to ICU to place the catheter. The student takes me to the Comfort Room to wait for her.

“She’s a sweet girl,” she whispers. I can’t respond.

Pearl’s passing is peaceful and quick.

In the month since then, the boys and I have been getting out and about more, taking longer walks through parks and on trails that I haven’t visited in at least a couple of years. We’re planning at least one big road trip this summer — to Mountain Hounds, in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Maybe we’ll even go camping this year.

Enough time has passed now that I can think of Pearl without tears. She was a great dog, and I have lots of wonderful memories. The articles in this issue feature Greyhounds and their people having all kinds of fun. They inspire me to spend quality time with Jethro and Jerry — who, for the most part, waited patiently while Pearl was in declining health — and make some new memories.

I hope these stories will inspire you, too.
On Therapy Dogs

Celebrating Greyhounds, besides being a delight to wander through the photographs, is also quite a trip through the demeanor of Greyhounds. Each time I start such a journey I am amazed at the Greyhound personality and demeanor. I think what really does it for me as I read the articles is that, as a former owner (and lover) of a retired racing Greyhound, I know the accuracy of the stories. There’s no question in my mind about the qualities exhibited by Greyhounds in therapy modes, regardless of the settings. I know firsthand the quality consistently exhibited by Greyhounds, no matter where or when. Gentle, relatively calm, sensitive, aware, serene, intrepid, curious, obedient, affectionate . . . depending on the time of day and what’s on the menu and where the ice cream or peanut butter is they certainly are in a class by themselves.

Arne Haber
Via E-Mail

Zeke is our three-legged Greyhound. He was pictured in the Spring 2009 issue of CG (“Your Letters”). He hasn’t slowed down much but he is a therapy dog in the Animal Assisted Therapy Dog program at OSF St. Anthony Hospital in Rockford, Illinois. Zeke and I trained in obedience before we were evaluated. We did not make the program on our first try but they told us what we need to work on to become a great working team. Zeke was not yet 2 years old at our first evaluation, and they said we needed to control his exuberance. We passed the next evaluation and went on to complete a three-day training course. Zeke and I have now been in the volunteer program at the hospital for over a year and visit the patients and waiting rooms two to three times a month. Zeke has had requests for visits from patients, and the staff at the hospital love having him visit. Zeke has received thank you cards from patients and their families. He knows when visit day is here as he gets his full spa treatment in preparation for the visit. Zeke has a volunteer badge that he wears on his collar. We are in a therapy program with 42 dogs and 37 handlers. Last December we volunteered to visit on Christmas Day and Zeke wore his red bell collar to make the visit happy and cheerful for patients. When they ask for Christmas Day next year, Zeke and I will be there with bells on.

Mikki Razor and Jim Richardson
Pecatonica, Ill.
On Tattoos

I read with much dismay this photo caption, which accompanied “Greyhound Ear Tattoos” (Winter 2011 CG): “As the tattooer prongs press the ear, the pup will sometimes yelp or struggle; either way, the discomfort is short-lived.” As a long-time CG subscriber, I am aware that this magazine does not take a stand on Greyhound racing. Regardless, it is a flippant caption, as it is dismissive of the dogs’ ability to experience fear, pain, and suffering. Language like this sends the message that your staff lacks compassion toward the animals that grace the pages of your magazine. Furthermore, it does not reflect the name of your magazine. How are you “Celebrating Greyhounds” when you are trivializing the yelping, struggling, and discomfort they bear? In the future, I urge you not only to choose your printed words more wisely but also to revisit your commitment to a magazine that is designed to celebrate the breed. One of the first rules of marketing is to know your audience. Judging by the photos you print in each issue, a large segment of your readership is comprised of people who dedicate themselves to ensuring the comfort and well-being of their retired racing Greyhounds. Unlike the “short-lived” discomfort of being tattooed, this bond is enduring.

Kristine Barr
Via E-Mail

I signed up for this magazine because it was about the Greyhounds. I adopt the rescues. The has-beens and the unwanted. Your article on the tattooing of Greyhound puppies angered me to the point your rag went into the recycle bin. This is not something to be dissected and reported in a detached tone. Those were puppies. Imprinted for life. Shame on you and shame on the industry.

Nancy Weller
Via E-Mail

The goal of the photo essay was to educate readers about how their retired racers received their ear tattoos. We do not believe that yelping, struggling, and discomfort are evidence of deep-seated trauma; anyone who has nicked a dog’s nail during a trimming can vouch for this. We also understand and acknowledge that one’s feelings about Greyhound racing are likely to influence one’s assessment about the industry’s practice of tattooing its athletes with identification numbers. The detached tone of the photo captions was purposeful; we think readers should make up their own minds about the content of the images.—Ed.

Sticky Pages

I love your magazine; love to read it in bed. When I receive it, it is soiled through the mail handling. I would appreciate if you could wrap it prior to sending it out.

Maria Kauffman

The additional cost associated with shrink-wrapping the magazine or mailing it in an envelope is significant and would be passed on to you in the form of a much higher subscription rate. Trust us; the magazine is always clean when we put it in the mail. If it arrives in your mailbox soiled, contact your local post office. —Ed.

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

We regret that we cannot publish every letter and photo.
Your Dog’s Best Health, by Nancy Kay, DVM, is a guide book on “reasonable things” to expect from your veterinarian. The book outlines important questions and concerns you should pose to your veterinarian concerning your pet in sickness and in health. The chapters discuss various aspects of care perspectives of which any dog owner should be aware.

The first chapter concerns the relationship between the pet owner and the veterinarian. Dr. Kay discusses the differences between a veterinarian who communicates paternalistically and one who provides relationship-centered care. The paternalistic veterinarian does not listen well to the client’s needs and desires, directs what he feels is best for the pet, and expects the client to follow his wishes. The relationship-centered veterinarian takes time to listen to the client, and he involves the client in the decision-making process. This veterinarian asks the client for feedback and questions, allowing time for the client and the veterinarian to make a joint decision on how best to proceed with the care of the pet.

The next few chapters discuss 24-hour care, treatment options, written estimates, and access to the back rooms of the hospital. The chapter on 24-hour care provides options for those who live in areas where there is no 24-hour clinic. The options include: the owner providing home care during the evening hours (with specific guidelines concerning when to alert the veterinarian); the veterinarian visiting the office several times during the night to check on the pet; or the veterinarian taking the patient home with him. These options assure the client that the patient is not left alone. The book does not, however, state that if the veterinarian agrees to take the pet home, he must have the owner’s written permission. This is an important consideration. Once the animal leaves the hospital, if there is no written permission, some insurance coverage is voided. (If you explore this option with your veterinarian, have him or her check on the rules before you expect him to take your
The remaining chapters help readers become fully informed about decisions they might need to make about a pet's care. For example, is it not better to be in the back room during the ultrasound so you can see the lesion on your Greyhound's kidney, instead of relying on the veterinarian's description? What is your financial commitment will be for diagnosis and treatment of your Greyhound? And finally, are you and your veterinarian discussing all treatment options — along with their associated costs and benefits? As the pet owner, you have the right to make an informed decision about which treatment option to pursue.

The book includes chapters on vaccinations and diets. The chapter on vaccinations discusses the importance of asking questions, rather than blindly following vaccination protocols. Important questions include: Does my pet really need that vaccine if he is never exposed to a particular disease? Is it necessary to vaccinate as often as might be recommended? Will an annual physical suffice? The author also discusses diets: raw diets, commercial food, and feeding the same food all the time as opposed to providing a variety of food sources. Dr. Kay concludes that readers should discuss these issues with a relationship-centered veterinarian.

Dr. Kay also discusses the value of Internet research and e-mail communication with your veterinarian. She provides valuable guidance on how to search credible websites for information, and how to approach your veterinarian with the results of your research. Check with your veterinarian before using e-mail; he or she may check e-mail only once or twice a day, so immediate responses may not be forthcoming. Dr. Kay suggests that the pet owner think of e-mail as being similar to a letter sent through the postal service; the response is dependent upon when the letter is read, not when it is mailed.

The chapters on visiting your dog in the hospital highlight situations the reader may not have considered. Do you know your veterinarian's policies on visitation? Can you be present during euthanasia? These are difficult issues that many pet owners do not wish to consider, but you do not want to be surprised by a policy you did not expect. If your pet is in the hospital for three days and all you can do is call for updates, will that satisfy you? Would you like to check if you see any improvement in your pet's condition? Visits during long hospital stays are a must, just like seeing the kidney on the ultrasound. Visits to a pet at the clinic should respect the hours of visitation, clinic limitations on the number of visitors at one time, and the visit's impact on the hospital staff and veterinarian. If you want to speak with the veterinarian, arrange that time in advance of your visit.

Of course, Dr. Kay offers a discussion of euthanasia. This decision is personal, and a veterinarian's policy should not interfere with your wishes for your pet.

The final chapter discusses what your veterinarian expects of you. This list includes cell phone use, punctuality, and behavior of your dog. If you are seeking a second opinion, make sure the records have been faxed ahead of time, or bring a copy. Do you know the names of all your pet's medications? Finally, if your Greyhound is sick, make sure the person who makes the decision on medical treatment and payment is present or readily available. This will save time and expedite treatment.

Your Dog's Best Health is a wonderfully written and informative book. Dr. Kay instructs the pet owner how to interact with the veterinarian and how to work with him or her to obtain the best treatment for his or her pet. It provides guidelines on expectations for care, treatment, and communication. It is a very easy read; I completed the book the first time in less than an hour, and have read it twice since. It helps me remember how I, as a veterinarian, need to interact with my clients and patients. Fortunately, most of the recommendations in the book are ones I already try to follow. I recommend this book not only to any Greyhound owner, but to every pet owner, veterinarian, technician, and hospital employee.

Dr. Bader is a CG regular contributor.
Pancreatitis is almost as frustrating for doctors to deal with as it is for dog owners. It's one of those diagnoses that is incredibly difficult to make before it's too late. The symptoms are vague, and the current tests are hard to perform, unreliable, or both. That's why it's so important that researchers continue to hunt for a simple and effective way to diagnose pancreatitis. It's not an easy task.

Diagnostic tests are evaluated on two criteria: sensitivity and specificity. The sensitivity of a test measures how good it is at detecting dogs that have the condition it's looking for. A diagnostic test for pancreatitis with a sensitivity of 85% would correctly identify 85 out of every 100 dogs with pancreatitis as having the disease. In contrast, the specificity of a test measures how well it identifies dogs who don't have the condition of interest. A diagnostic test for pancreatitis with a specificity of 90% would correctly identify 90 out of every 100 healthy dogs as not having pancreatitis.

The thing is, the usefulness of a test depends on not just sensitivity and specificity but how common a condition is in the population where the test is being used. After all, in the vet's office, you don't know if any dog has pancreatitis or not — that's what you're trying to find out. However, if you know how common pancreatitis is, and the
sensitivity and specificity of the test you’re using, you can determine its positive predictive value — the likelihood that any positive test you get is actually accurate. That’s important because you don’t want to treat a dog for pancreatitis if you don’t need to, but you do want to intervene if it will help. A positive predictive value of 85 tells you that 85 out of every 100 dogs who test positive are actually sick — a much more valuable statistic for the clinician than the sensitivity. In fact, it turns out that the positive predictive value is actually far more dependent on the specificity of the test than the sensitivity in most circumstances.

All of that explains why, with the help of support from the AKC Canine Health Foundation, researchers from the University of California, Davis recently set out to investigate the sensitivity and specificity of a new blood test for pancreatitis and compare it to several other blood tests that might be useful in detecting the disease. The developers of the test, known as the Spec cPL, had determined its sensitivity as 63.6%, but they hadn’t figured out how specific it was — which meant it was difficult to tell how accurate any positive results might be. One previous study had investigated the same question, but more data was clearly needed.

They got it. The scientists found that the Spec cPL was relatively sensitive and specific, depending on the specific cut off values used for the tests. There was a tradeoff, as there often is, found when they chose different cut off levels — increasing the sensitivity of the test came at the expense of specificity, and vice versa. However, Spec cPL clearly provided better diagnostic results than any of the other tests they tried, giving hope that it might one day ease the diagnosis of canine pancreatitis. Further research is still needed, particularly as the study contained few dogs with healthy pancreases, which could affect the calculated specificities. Still, this research moves us one step closer to a reliable blood test for canine pancreatitis — a safer, easier way to start treatment and improve the quality of dogs’ lives.

This work was funded by AKC Canine Health Foundation Grant 1227-A.

**Scientific publication:**

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Mama Cressy (Flying Crestline) and Vaz (Flying Vasquez), adopted by Jeff and Shelley Lake of Paola, Kan.
If only photographs could talk! I wish I knew the story behind the Greyhound in these images. It appears to have been a beloved family pet. My brother passed these photographs along to me, knowing my love of Greyhounds. The photos are from his wife's family on the maternal side. The family's name was Chapman, and they lived in Virginia. The photographer was Hugh Morrison, who lived from 1851 to 1950. He had a photography studio in Woodstock, Virginia. The youngest child pictured is his son, Frank Morrison. Frank is my sister-in-law's grandfather. —Sarah Dougherty
Are We There Yet?
Plan Your Next Road Trip Around a Greyhound Event

Canine Fun Days and Greyhound Reunion
Moreland Hills, Ohio
August 18-19, 2012

Canine Fun Days and Greyhound Reunion has become one of the most popular family events, and the only one of its kind, in Northeast Ohio. Unlike many dog-related events, activities are geared to the family pet and all dogs are welcome to participate in all activities. This year’s Canine Fun Days — the 19th annual — will include lots of fun things to see and do. All events are open to all dogs, from dogs that have never tried them before, to seasoned competitors. A fun and exciting dog show includes our featured class, Best Costume, with $100 and a beautiful silver trophy for the winner. Other classes include Best Buns, Best Trick, Prettiest Eyes, Kissing Contest, Baldest Butt, Dunking for Dogs (hot dogs, that is), and more. More than 20 rescue organizations on Rescue Lane represent all breeds and mixed breeds. Vendor Valley showcases more than 40 vendors from five different states. Our ever popular lure course will be held on both days, along with agility course run-throughs, Run for Fun, dock diving for dogs and more. This event attracts spectators and participants from across Ohio, neighboring states, and Canada. Canine Fun Days is the largest event in Ohio where families can bring their own pets to participate in a variety of fun activities. For more information visit www.greyhoundadoptionofoh.org/caninefundays.htm — Sydney McFarland

BeachBound Hounds
Myrtle Beach, S.C.
September 27-30, 2012

BeachBound Hounds is a relaxed weekend (always the third or fourth week in September) designed around having fun with your hounds while soaking up the beautiful fall weather of Myrtle Beach. Almost all activities during the event are scheduled on property with the dogs, so those who want that opportunity can stay in one location all weekend. Activities include contests, workshops, seminars, craft classes, a hound skinnydip in the ocean, CGC certification, and many other surprises every year. An annual favorite is the moving Sunrise Memorial held on the beach to pay tribute to companions lost to us in the past year. Live and silent auctions, along with the vendor marketplace, bring shopping excitement. One evening our guests are welcomed to Barefoot Landing, a lovely shopping area with boardwalks surrounding a lake, for shopping, dinner, and visiting with the dogs. The theme for 2012 will take us back to the era of Peace, Love, and a few hundred of our favorite Greyhounds. BBH is the perfect weekend for families who are looking for an event that focuses on activities with your dogs, and is central enough to enable guests to make new Greyhound friends along the way. For more information, visit www.greyhoundcrossroads.com and click on the BeachBound Hounds tab. — Kim Owens
Eight years ago, Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine ran an article that featured descriptions of multi-day Greyhound gatherings across the United States (“Having Wonderful Time . . . Wish You Were Here!” Summer 2004 CG). Though the Greyhound community has changed significantly in the years since then, the desire of Greyhound lovers to get together with like-minded folks has not. We hope you find something in this list of events that inspires you and your Greyhounds to pack up and hit the road. As always, for more information, please consult the websites of the sponsoring organizations and the events calendar (“You’re Invited”) in this and other issues of CG. —Ed.

Greys Reach the Beach
Dewey Beach, Del.
October 5-7, 2012

Always held Columbus Day weekend, 2012 will mark the 18th anniversary of Greys Reach the Beach, the “granddaddy” of Greyhound gatherings. Founded in 1995 when three couples decided to get together for a weekend beach retreat, by 1999 the event had grown large enough that the founders — Judy Dillon, Martha Sherman, and Pat Tyson — asked The Greyhound Project to help coordinate efforts. The event grew quickly each year to a peak of around 3,000 greyhounds in 2005. After nine years coordinating the event, The Greyhound Project stepped back in 2009. Since there is no longer any formal registration, current attendance figures are anyone’s guess. In 2008, the last year of formal registration, there were two or three seminars happening at the same time for much of the weekend, making it impossible to do everything on the schedule. Returning to its roots has resulted in a more relaxed beach weekend with plenty of Greyhound vendors and a few scattered events. Count on lots of Greyhounds and vendors throughout Dewey Beach and spilling over into neighboring Rehoboth Beach, which also features great specialty and outlet shopping. The Atlantic Oceanside Hotel is in the center of the action, but there are many dog-friendly hotels and condominium rentals in the area. Many local businesses welcome the dogs, as the weekend brings a nice boost to the economy at an otherwise quiet time of year. The event’s formal website has been dismantled, but there is an active discussion group at www.greyhoundsreachthebeach.com —Sarah Norton

Take a Bite Out of Canine Cancer!
Fredericksburg, Va.
November 3-4, 2012

Greyhounds ROCK Fredericksburg, a 501(c)3 fundraising charity, was created to raise awareness and funds to support canine cancer research, to honor the dogs that are or have been affected by this disease, and to offer encouragement and education to the people who love them. This annual event in historic Fredericksburg features speakers, a vendor marketplace, raffles, silent and live auctions, educational seminars, a blessing of the hounds, and more. The host hotel is pet friendly and well-behaved dogs are welcome at all activities planned throughout the weekend, including Saturday evening’s Dessert Party and Sunday’s brunch. Because all activities are held indoors, inclement weather is never an issue. For 2012, the guest speaker is world renowned environmentalist, filmmaker, and author Fabien Cousteau, who is continuing his grandfather’s legacy. He will share some of his adventures with us as the Dessert Party. We are also thrilled to have as our Sunday Brunch speaker Jim Nelson, the founder of the online community Tripawds, and the subject of a documentary about the special relationship between Jim and his wife and their dog, Jerry, who was diagnosed with osteosarcoma in 2006. Proceeds from the event are donated to The Ohio State University’s Greyhound Health and Wellness Program. For more information, visit www.greyhoundstock.org —Gale Hollstein
Annual Craft Show & Pet Expo
Westfield, N.J.
November 17-18, 2012

For the past 16 years, Greyhound Friends of New Jersey (GFNJ) has held this two-day fundraising/adoption event, which attracts nearly 100 vendors offering a wide variety of fun, high-quality merchandise for people and pets. At the heart of the event, the Adoption Area is a busy place where pre-approved adopters come from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York to find their new best friend or to add another Greyhound to their pack. A number of dogs come from the foster network including the award-winning Prison Foster Program. Attendees have an opportunity to spend time with the Greyhounds and ask questions of experienced GFNJ volunteers. Most years, 20 or more dogs find their forever homes during this well-attended weekend. While listening to the dulcet music of singer/songwriter Carolyn Messina, guests can shop for jewelry, art, quality crafts, and pet items including leashes and collars, special treats, and coats. They can eat lunch in the Grey Café, take home something sweet from the Bake Sale, and check out the always-popular raffle with 50 or more exciting prizes. Naturally, leashed dogs are invited to the event, where they can have a professional digital photograph taken with Santa. For more information, visit www.greyhoundfriendsofnj.org —Lynn Heiler

Sandy Paws — Greyt Fun in the Sun
Jekyll Island, Ga.
March 7-10, 2013

Sandy Paws, sponsored by Greyhound Guardians, Inc., is an event dedicated to promoting Greyhound adoption. Proceeds of the event provide funding to Greyhound adoption groups and other animal adoption organizations. Over the past nine years, Greyhound Guardians has donated over $115,000 to groups in need. The 2013 event will be the 10th year of Sandy Paws. Activities include seminars, vendors, a group dinner and live auction, presentation of the Guardian Angel award, ice cream social, crowning of the King & Queen, games, nail trimming, and a walk through the historical district of Jekyll Island, a beautiful area that served as a winter retreat for the nation's leading families in the late 19th/early 20th century. For more information, visit www.sandypaws.org —Nancy Eifert

Hound Dog Howliday
Gulf Breeze, Fla.
April 12-14, 2013

For 13 years, GPA/Emerald Coast has hosted Hound Dog Howliday, an annual celebration of Greyhound adoption with a theme that changes every year to make the event fun, exciting, unexpected, and sometimes even a bit silly. The theme of the 2013 event will be Hooray For Howlywood! The event is located at the pet-friendly Bay Beach Quality Inn Resort, where the dogs have complete access to the entire facility, including the hotel’s private beach. Howliday always offers the most interesting speakers, tempting auctions, lots of raffles, prizes, good food, fantastic sunsets, and the chance to catch up with old friends while making some new ones. For more information, visit www.gpaec.com. —Connie McMillan
Greyhounds in Gettysburg (GIG)
Gettysburg, Pa.
April 26-28, 2013

GIG is the annual fundraiser for Triangle Greyhound Society, a small, non-profit organization in Raleigh, North Carolina. Triangle Greyhound Society promotes local Greyhound adoption kennels and educates the public about adoption of retired racing greyhounds. Funds raised at GIG are used to support the local adoption kennels in North Carolina through monetary grants. The event is held on the last full weekend of April in the historic town of Gettysburg. The Outlet Shoppes at Gettysburg provides the location for the event in the parking lot of the Mall. There are two scavenger hunts each day, socials each night, a kickoff barbecue, educational seminars, games, competitions, and of course, shopping. An average of 40 registered vendors offers a huge variety of Greyhound-related products. The fun starts on Friday at 12:00 p.m. Activities begin with seminars, shopping, Greyhound games, and an evening barbeque that includes a free raffle, sponsored by downtown Gettysburg merchants. Afterwards, it’s off to one of two socials, one held at a local restaurant and one at a main hotel downtown. Saturday begins at 10:00 with more shopping, a Greyhound parade down Main Street, educational seminars, vendors, raffles, the ice cream social, and costume contest, with activities wrapping up at 5:00 pm. Evening socials continue at the same locations as Friday night. The event concludes on Sunday with a non-denominational blessing and memorial, and a Speed Run and Fun Run for the hounds. For more information, visit www.trianglegreyhoundsociety/greyhounds-in-gettysburg/ —Kristina Murgas

Mountain Hounds
Gatlinburg, Tenn.
May 30-June 2, 2013

Mountain Hounds is held each year in Gatlinburg, at the base of the Great Smoky Mountains. The park next to our host hotel offers an ideal setting for our outdoor activities, with its open spaces and mountain stream. Greyhound Friends of North Carolina (GFNC) has been sponsoring “The Best Little Event You Will Ever Attend” for eight years. All proceeds are used by GFNC in support of our mission to find homes for retired racing Greyhounds. We offer games for humans and dogs (including non-Greyhounds) on Friday and Saturday as well as the Mountain Hounds Hustle, a fun run for the dogs to clock their speed. Dogs can run off leash in the fenced ball field. We offer a variety of seminars where you will always learn something new. Enjoy BINGO in the evening or take a walk through town and share ice cream with your Greyhound. Reverend Susan leads a Remembrance Service for the dogs we have lost as we celebrate the life we’ve had with them. And, of course, there is shopping. Vendors join us for a day of shopping on Saturday and Gatlinburg has a great craft loop where you will find many local artisans. At Mountain Hounds, you are family. You may arrive knowing just a few people, but you’ll leave knowing many more you’ll call friends. For more information, visit www.gfncmountainhounds.com —Lynda Montgomery
Wine and Greyhounds: 
Organizing a Wine-Tasting Fundraiser

By Larry Bowersox

When Mo-Kan Greyhound Adoption started their Wags, Whiskers and Wine event in a wine store in Independence, Missouri, in 2005, they believed they had a great fundraising idea. The wine shop provided hors d’oeuvres and wine tastings; the adoption group covered its costs with a $20 fee and kept the rest. Even the Greyhounds were welcome.

But by the third year, their partnering merchant unexpectedly doubled their prices and removed most of the group’s profit margin. Mo-Kan’s Shannon Henson told us: “We just couldn’t find a new wine store partner who would help with the work and keep our costs low.” Even raising the registration fee to $30 a person didn’t help.

The Wags, Whiskers and Wine event died of high costs in 2010.

But the outlook is not entirely gloomy. Even with higher costs, Greyhound wine events are popping up like champagne corks.

That same year, Greyhound Pet Adoption Northwest of Portland, Oregon started its Wine Tasting and Yappy Hour. Greyhound Friends for Life of Northern California sells a Pinot Noir wine to benefit Greyhound adoption. Last July, four wineries in the Dallas area held an event to benefit Greyhound Action League of Texas.
In Ohio, Freedom Greyhound Rescue benefits from wine sales at Zoom Dog Cellars. Pups without Partners in Connecticut sponsored its first wine tasting and Greyhound fashion show last August. The same month, Rock Your Pets sponsored the 3Gs (Great Hounds, Great Lakes, Great Wines) event in Coloma, Michigan to benefit the Greyhound Health and Wellness Center. And last October, some attendees of the big Greyhound gathering at Dewey Beach even tried to work in a tour of the Nassau Valley Winery.

The wine tasting fundraising bug has spread outside the Greyhound adoption community, as well; there was a wine tasting benefit for Galgos at the Las Manos Art Gallery in Chicago last August.

This wine and Greyhound thing is catching on.

One unique event that has had a very successful track record so far is the Grapes and Greyhounds event held at Firelands Winery near Sandusky, Ohio, sponsored by North Coast Greyhound Connection (NCGC).

JoAnne Fuchs of NC GC told us how it got started. “We needed a fund-raising event in winter. We couldn’t wait to do a summer event.”

NCGC worked with Firelands, a small winery that saw the event as an opportunity to generate some winter business. The size of the winery meant they could support only 55 guests. It is an event for two hours one afternoon in March, at a winery where dogs are not allowed. JoAnne confided, “Half our attendees didn’t even own Greyhounds.”

The winery sold juices as well as wines. Other big successes included having an informal format with guests standing around chatting, rather than a more formal sit-down event. People also loved the introduction of the chocolate dipping fountain at last year’s event.

“It was the silent auction which put us over the top,” JoAnne recounts. “We made more money off the great silent auction items we solicited and sold than all the wine tasting fees!”

The biggest critical factor in a successful wine event seems to be having a motivated host winery. If you bring them clients who buy wine by the case, they are not as worried about tasting fees, and they will always invite you back.

When we started The Grapehound Wine Tour® event in 2006 in the Finger Lakes region of New York, we felt if we could bring hundreds of new customers to the Finger Lakes wineries, the winery owners would love and support the event.

It took a lot of talking to get the first wineries on board. While they were interested in the idea of new out-of-state customers, the idea of having dogs in their tasting rooms threw them for a loop. “We can’t have a lot of dogs barking; it will bother the other customers. And won’t they mess up the winery grounds?”

They were skeptical.

Six years later, both the Seneca Lake wineries and our winery partners in Virginia consider this event an important showcase for the wineries, and their visitors look forward to seeing the elegant Greyhounds touring the grounds that weekend every year. The dogs are well-behaved, and the wineries were surprised to see how clean we Greyhound folks keep their grounds.

After starting a second Grapehounds event in Leesburg, Virginia, in 2010, Susan Mitchell, manager at Lost Creek Winery, said, “We were shocked at how clean our grounds were when the event was over!”

Keeping costs low is critical for all wine events, including Grapehounds. We pay each winery only $1 for a tasting fee, and we told them our Greyhound people love the event.
and buy wine by the case. “That’s how you will make your money.” This can be a tough sell in a market where wine tasting fees can range upwards of $20 per person.

Yet after the first year, every winery wants us back.

And the other wine tasters who bump into our elegant hounds for four days at approximately 24 popular wineries make Grapehounds-New York and Grapehounds-Virginia two of the largest three-day meet-and-greets in the country.

Yet if we wanted to have a sustainable, national event, we had another battle to fight. We needed affordable hotels where people could stay with their Greyhounds to make ours a destination event.

Some of the hotels in Ithaca, New York did not allow pets. Undaunted, we went to their sales directors and asked them to discount their rates and waive pet fees. Most of them did. Some hotels in Ithaca still have a no-pets policy but welcome our Greyhounds every year, a tribute to the manners of our Greyhound community.

When Greyhounds in Need of Adoption (GiNA) in Ontario, Canada started its Greyt Wines event last August, it faced similar challenges. “We needed to find a winery that had reasonable costs and would allow our Greyhounds,” said Jenn Christianson, one of the organizers.

“Everything in Canada costs more, so we needed to garner support for the event from other area Greyhound groups. We even share the proceeds with them,” Christianson said. GiNA is looking forward to its second Greyt Wines event this August.

This policy of sharing the proceeds has been a critical tenet of the Grapehound events. We enlist local groups in New York and Virginia to support our event, and then we share the proceeds with them. Some wine events may have failed because — like other special events — there are just not enough members within the sponsoring group to support the event.

The Grapehound Wine Tour® not only shares its proceeds with various adoption groups, but we also share our experiences with any Greyhound group that wants to start a wine event. We are often contacted by such groups, and we work hard to give them our best advice to ensure a successful event. For example, we help them find inexpensive suppliers for wine glasses, provide hotel and winery references for their prospective partners to contact, and make suggestions about event policies.

Rather than seeing other wine events as competition with Grapehounds, we believe that more wine events stimulate more interest in our event. They are also a great fundraising opportunity.

When a Greyhound adoption group wants to start a wine tasting event that raises money to benefit Greyhounds, we say, “What’s not to like!”

Larry Bouversox is founder and coordinator of the Grapehound Wine Tour.

NOTE: Grapes and raisins can be toxic to Greyhounds, especially in large quantities. While Greyhound owners enjoy the beautiful wineries and vineyards, we always remind them to keep their Greyhounds on leash and safe.
Ten Tips for Starting a Greyhound Wine Event

1. Find a great winery venue, and then help the winery understand that your event is not a wedding; you are bringing them customers, not renting a venue. Never pay a rental fee.

2. Make it clear that you want to be tasting wines with your Greyhounds and with other customers; you are running a meet-and-greet, not hosting a wedding reception.

3. Pay the winery only a small tasting fee. They will make a lot of money off the wine sales.

4. Make your event attractive to the winery by working out a date that is during a slow time in their schedule (and does not conflict with other Greyhound events within 400 miles). Do your homework.

5. Keep fees modest and offer a great value for the money; include extras such as vendors, a wine glass, a silent auction, music, and other premiums, but do it your way. Make it fun.

6. Find at least one hotel that will allow Greyhounds, keep rates low, and waive the pet fee. Tell hotel owners, “We will fill up your hotels.” This expands the appeal of your event.

7. In negotiating with wineries, be a businessperson, not a beggar. For example: “If you don’t want our hundreds of wine-buying customers, the winery down the road does.”

8. Plan a silent auction for attendees and visitors; solicit items aggressively. It may raise more money than your registration fees.

9. Network. Encourage everyone to come and have fun; the answer in running your event is always, “Yes, we can do that!”

10. Contact Philadelphia Insurance and insure your event to protect yourself. They offer a $1 million event policy for about $300.
What could you gain by taking your Greyhound on a national parks wilderness trip?

How about a calmer, more trusting, and more responsive dog?

A week-long trip to Big Bend National Park with our two retired racing Greyhounds, 7-year-old Kayla and 5-year-old Emiliano, yielded several pleasant surprises. You never know where your retired racers may have been, but we doubt these dogs had traveled to the high desert.

Big Bend National Park is a treasure in the southwest corner of Texas, where the Rio Grande makes its bend. After being stuck for months in Dallas' record hottest summer, it was delightful for my husband John and me to spend a week in the mile-high Chisos basin in 65°-85°F temperatures. The cabin's fans and nighttime breezes provided fine sleeping weather.

In the Chisos Basin, a Greyhound walk offered a smorgasbord of smells and new plants to discover, from the alien-blossomed century plant to ordinary cactus. From our dogs' reactions, you would think we had driven them to Oz: eyes wide open, noses continually twitching, and looking back at us every few minutes, just making sure it was real.

15 mph? You're kidding, right? Kayla and Emiliano saw no limits on their vacation trip to Big Bend National Park with adopters John Spaulding and Marilyn Mathis.

Watch Out for That Cactus!
Greyhounds Travel to Big Bend National Park

Story by Marilyn Mathis
Photos by John Spaulding
During one such walk, Emiliano alerted. The reason soon emerged: a young black bear, not close at 50 yards, but close enough. We reported the incident to the park employees who were appreciative but unfazed. The bear evidently takes a fairly regular stroll in that ravine.

It was not so simple to divert canine attention at twilight when a skunk scooted right across the dogs' path. A deep bark from our normally insecure male was followed by an all-out lunge from both dogs. With prey brain in full control, no verbal command could dissuade them. Oh, how they wanted to get at that creature, like no black-and-white cat they had ever smelled. Human strength prevailed, and the skunk went on his way.

Relaxing on our porch, Kayla (the mighty hunter) stood up, her nose clearly receiving satellite signals. “Watch her —” I started, as she lifted first one front paw tentatively, then another. Sure enough, up went her front paws on the 3-foot ledge. John called out, “It’s a deer, just down there.” Simultaneously I said, “Kayla, down!” more than once. Although she was leashed and attached to a secure cable, she was safer on the porch level overlooking the valley. The doe bounded away, a beautiful sight. No Greyhounds in pursuit.

This was our third August trip to the park and our first since adopting two Greyhounds four months earlier. We had made our reservation a year ago, before we knew we would have dogs we couldn’t stand to leave behind.

As it turned out, our favorite cottage was also a pet-friendly cabin, one of only three in the park. Check with your state or national park on rules about pets; the requirements for Big Bend include keeping pets leashed and supervised, not leaving them alone for long while in the cabin or crating them during those times. We stuck to the paths in the main park, since no dogs are allowed on the trails, for everyone's safety.

A year is not too far ahead to reserve a national park visit. August is off-season and fairly cool. When you plan your trip, consider whether your Greyhound will enjoy a crowded spring break stay or a calmer time of year.

Before attempting this 1,200-mile adventure, we had to rent an appropriate vehicle. We felt a van would be sufficient to keep our Greyhounds comfortable and provide room for our gear. Unfortunately, we had more adventure than we planned from our rented vehicle.

Half-way there, we spent the night in a pet-friendly Midland hotel. A travel tip you may have overlooked: When selecting a hotel, check the elevator floor. This one was polished like oiled glass. We wished we had brought a wee mat. Your hound may be fine, as Emiliano was, or like Kayla, sliding like an amateur skater.

Accommodations were fine otherwise, including a handy park across the street. As we prepared to head out the next morning, John seemed to take a long time getting the car. The Greyhounds ran to the window, their usual vantage point, and both began to whine and pace when they couldn’t see him. Another travel tip: In that pet-friendly hotel, can your Greyhound look out a window to see what happened to you after you have left the room?

John reappeared and announced the van’s tire-pressure light had come on. We expected to get a tire repair, at most a replacement, but were told we needed all four tires replaced. It was a Monday morning. The
store’s computers were down. Lines busy, voicemails left. No authorization. At one point, it was suggested that we switch vans, but that wasn’t an option. John had meticulously packed and secured the van to make it Greyhound-comfortable and safe. For example, our dogs found the plush space created behind the front seats perfect for sleeping most of the trip.

Being Greyhounds, they accepted their temporary status as tire company mascots and never complained about the detour. They lounged in the carpeted lobby for a couple of hours, courtesy of the dog-loving service manager.

We left Midland with its groves of oil pumpers in a much safer vehicle. A blowout doesn’t bear thinking of. Many parts of our trip would have no cell phone service. Another tip: Even if your rental company says they inspect the cars, check the tires, the brakes, and the oil.

The flat landscape began turning into hills, and we felt our ears pop as we coiled up a mountain. We reached the park entrance with daylight to spare, and were in the Chisos Basin in another hour. We picked up our key and welcomed our dogs to their temporary home.

The first thing we noticed was the silence. Gone were the air conditioners, road noise, sirens and the rest of the humming urban undertone. Eyes wide and eager, Kayla grinned for all she was worth and Emiliano began to relax a little. There was no whining or teeth-chattering for a change. They touched noses to check in with each other. It was a treat to see them settle into the sounds of nature: the whirr of hummingbirds, the wind in the trees, and the whisk of roadrunners and lizards scurrying about their small errands.

The Roosevelt Stone Cottages were built in the park in 1940 by the Civilian Conservation Corps. White Austin stone forms the walls, trimmed in bright blue with dark wood. Our cottage afforded a covered concrete porch, with a 3-foot ledge barring the scenic trails ahead. John blocked it at the open end with baby gates and metal chairs, then secured cables around the stone pillars and attached them to Kayla and Emiliano’s collars so they could safely roam the full

Kayla, the mighty huntress, spots a deer on the trail below in Big Bend National Park.

Emiliano and Kayla consider the possibilities for roaming in the park.
The author relaxes with Kayla (front) and Emiliano on the spacious porch of a pet-friendly cottage in Big Bend National Park. She and John adopted the two in May 2011.

length or bask on their pads. Soon, they began to treat the porch as just another room. We were facing the premier view in the park, The Window, a conjunction of mountain peaks and mesas that shifts color throughout the day, blooming at sunset.

If you don’t mind driving, west Texas is a whole other country. In past stays at Big Bend, we’ve traveled to other towns in the area. I had even scouted out pet-friendly restaurants, but we decided to take that road another time. When we weren’t exploring new civilizations with the dogs, we stayed on the porch — reading, writing, painting, enjoying our coffee or a glass of wine.

When the western sun began to warm the porch, the dogs opted for a nap in the cooler cabin. When we ventured to the lodge for a meal, they relaxed in their crates. One morning we took them along and ordered omelets on the restaurant’s pet-friendly patio with the hounds at our feet. The park staff’s dog-friendly attitude made this experience even better. They were committed not only to us having the best possible vacation, but also ensuring our dogs were safe and comfortable. Was it possible to take dogs along on one of the area tours? No, because it included a trail walk. However, the staff offered to design a special auto tour just for us. We and our dogs were welcomed back for a return visit anytime.

Greyhounds make great impressions.

Twice in Midland, we were asked if they were show dogs, and they were a hit with everyone in Big Bend, with the possible exception of the skunk. A staff member nearly adopted them. We had no misbehaviors, in or out of the cabin.

What the dogs think is always subject to question, but their pleasure was evident to us by their wide eyes, the prancing eagerness for walks and how they inhaled, opening their lips wide to capture every scent molecule. They have never been calmer on a car trip. On the way back, 12 hours total, with food and potty stops, they slept or lounged silently with only one yelp. We suspect someone’s ear was accidentally stepped on.

And when we got home? They cavorted, leaped and sniffed every inch of the house, returning to us eagerly with each inspection, using every charm they possessed to say thank you, there’s no place like home. “Wow, we went through all that together, and we all came home. Home!” That’s an important concept for an adopted animal. Since then, they have been even more exemplary in the car. As seasoned travelers, they respond to us the first time more often. In general, they seem happier.

We took some chances. We are new to the Greyhound world. We had driven the dogs only 30 miles from home in the back seat of our cars. John has great driving skills but had not driven a van lately. We had never taken them to a hotel room. With the drought, we didn’t know exactly what to expect. Would the cables and gates work? Would everything fit? Would the dogs like it? Would they mind their manners? Would they have plenty of places to walk? Not knowing the future provides an element of discovery, but this is not the same as fear. If Greyhounds will be part of your national parks adventure, then look to the staff and rangers to give you the boundaries and tips for making it a safe, happy experience.

What will they tell their canine buddies at the next Greyhound meet-and-greet? Maybe just, “Hey, bro, watch out for that cactus when you lift your leg.”

**National and State Park Pet Tips:**

- Check with your favorite park for specific rules, but in general, pets must be leashed or physically restrained at all times. Pet leashes may be no longer than 6 feet. In addition, pets may not be left unattended when tied or physically confined.
- As much as possible, know your environment and the setup that will work best for your Greyhounds. It will be too late once you get there to regret not bringing an expen, extra pads or cables.
- Some parks allow dogs on some trails. Some do not, so make sure you know and follow your park’s rules.
- Rules may vary for different sections of the park. Can your Greyhound come with you to the ranger talk? Does your state or national park allow pets on its restaurant patio?
- Reserve your spot early. A year is not too far ahead, particularly to get your favorite view and most Greyhound-friendly cabin.
- When you plan your wilderness park trip, consider the season. Spring break might be convenient, but would your Greyhound enjoy a calmer time?
- For the specifics, go to www.nps.gov, then search “rules for pets.” Naturally when you plan your trip, you’ll also want to phone the friendly folks at your chosen park. For state parks, select the park first, then check the web site or call for pet rules and fees.
TRAVELING WITH YOUR GREYHOUNDS

Your vehicle
- If your car isn’t large enough to accommodate your Greyhounds and travel gear, borrow or rent a vehicle. Know the size inside and out. Take photos. Take special note of any camping or recreational equipment.
- How will your dogs ride? Will they have enough room to stand up, turn around and lie down on a cross-country trip? Will they need extra padding?
- Even if your rental company checks the vehicle, take the time to check brakes, tires, and oil before the trip. It’s worth the cost of a checkup — and if anything is seriously wrong, the rental company should make it right.
- Are your pets used to the vehicle? If it’s just for this trip, have them get in and out a few times. Drive them around the neighborhood for several minutes.

Finally, are your Greyhounds ready for a long trip? Take shorter trips with them ahead of time, even an overnight trip, if possible.
- Bring whatever you think your pups may need during the trip, including first-aid supplies, food, water, treats, bowls and all important documents.

The Long Run
You need a break and so will your dogs. Some rest stops offer canine stops, complete with a decorative fireplug. Or simply locate a patch of grass or shrubs in public areas. Be a model Greyhound owner and clean up after them.

Hotels and Restaurants
- Several websites offer lists of pet-friendly hotels and restaurants. Always follow up, however. One listed restaurant only allowed service dogs. Another only allowed dogs on its patio during “slow” times.
- Pet-friendly hotels are a boon to travelers. Fees vary. Ask if there is a convenient place to walk your Greyhound. How large are the rooms that permit pets?
- Bring a mat or towel into the hotel to give your dog traction on slick hotel floors (this includes elevators).
- Does your room have a window overlooking the first floor? When you disappear through the hotel hallway door, will your hound panic if she can’t see you outside?

Always ask. The answer might be yes.

When in doubt, ask. The staff at Big Bend National Park was dedicated to a safe and happy vacation for us and our Greyhounds.

Marilyn Mathis is a writer in Dallas, Texas. She has received international awards for her business writing and has been published in Self Magazine and local newspapers. She and her husband John Spaulding are proud adopters of the two Greyhounds in this article.
At meet-and-greets we often tout Greyhounds as being 40 mile-per-hour couch potatoes that require little exercise. Like most Greyhound owners, I love that Evie Petunia takes retirement seriously. She is content to snuggle on the couch while we watch a movie. And if we skip a walk one day, she is as mellow as ever.

Because of this reputation, people often are surprised when they hear that I take Evie hiking and trail running. I joke that I adopted the “all-terrain model” of Greyhound. But in all seriousness, Evie Petunia is a great trail hound and my favorite hiking buddy. We hike year round (I add snowshoes if the trail conditions call for it, thought it has to be really cold for Evie to wear her boots). Sometimes we hike just the two of us (our mama-Petunia bonding time); at other times, we hike with friends and their dogs. When sundown is late, we’ll hike after work at one of the trails or parks near our house.

In this article, I'll provide information to consider before hiking with your Greyhounds while sharing my experiences hiking with Evie Petunia and my foster hounds.
Not every Greyhound is meant for hiking or would enjoy hiking. If your hound has a prior racing injury or other medical issues, talk to your veterinarian before taking her hiking. I’ve fostered dogs with racing injuries who were cleared to hike, but not jog. And I fostered a tripod who loved her walks and short jaunts through the park, but did not have the balance or stamina for tough terrain or long hikes. One friend’s Greyhound has arthritis in a back knee, so he doesn’t hike. Another friend’s Greyhound — well, she’s just too lazy to hike. She’ll stop midway through a one mile walk and refuse to budge! She stays home with a peanut butter Kong® when her parents come hiking with Evie Petunia and me.

If your Greyhound is in good health, enjoys exercise, and likes being outdoors, he may love hiking. Evie loves new places, new smells (she is far more active sniffing on hikes than on neighborhood walks), and being in nature.

Living in Colorado Springs, I am lucky enough to have over a dozen parks and trailheads within a twenty minute drive of my house. The amount of time I have, the difficulty of the trail, the weather, and the crowds all factor into my choice of hike. Start short and easy with your hound and build up to longer, tougher hikes if your hound is up for it. The longest hike Evie has done with me is a seven-mile hike. It is a hilly, strenuous route. Evie loves it, but sleeps on the ride home. When I do longer hikes, Evie stays home. I want to make sure that I don’t push her too far and keep it fun for her. Some shorter hikes can be deceptively hard if the terrain is rough or steep. I took Evie on one hike where we encountered a lot of rocks up a steep hill. It felt like we were climbing a rock staircase. I wasn’t sure how Evie would do and even considered turning around when we got to the rocky portion. Turns out my Greyhound is part goat and she jumped and pranced up the rocks with ease — I was slowing her down!

Since Greyhounds are heat-sensitive, I choose shaded hikes for warmer days. We also try to hike in the morning before it gets too hot. I’ve had some success putting a “cool coat” on Evie on warm days. The light color helps reflect heat away from her black fur and the moisture results in evaporative cooling. (Bring extra water for re-wetting the cool coat.) Some of the hikes near me have creeks, waterfalls, or reservoirs. If it is safe to let your dog in the water, splashing is a great way for your hound to cool down. Your Greyhound may be interested in drinking
some of this water. Consult your veterinarian about the risk of giardia or other parasites in the water in your area. I personally accept this risk and let Evie drink from streams, but have a low threshold for taking her to the veterinarian if she presents with diarrhea.

Popular hikes are often very crowded on holiday weekends or in good weather. Consider saving these locations for the winter or weekdays. I love talking about Greyhounds as much as the next Greyhound owner, but when I’m hiking for exercise, I don’t want to get stopped every quarter mile to chat. On the flip side, I once took Evie and a foster to Garden of the Gods during Memorial Day weekend and gave out numerous Colorado Greyhound Adoption business cards. It was a mobile meet-and-greet.

Once you’ve chosen your hike, it is time to gather your gear. The length of your hike, the weather, and your distance from the car will determine the supplies you need. Hiking gear to consider:

**Water.** I always have a dog bowl and a jug of water in the car for Evie. For short hikes on cool days, I don’t always carry additional water. Most of the time I offer Evie water throughout our hikes. My friend’s Lab has learned to drink water that she sprays from her hydration pack or water bottle. We tried this with Evie; she ended up with a wet face and nothing to drink. I bring a collapsible water bowl that I fill for her from my hydration pack or water bottles.

**Snacks.** Your Greyhound will need fuel only on longer, strenuous hikes. But it is always nice to offer a couple treats during the hike. You can buy high-calorie treats designed for active dogs, but I usually just pack a resealable zipper storage bag of Evie’s regular treats. If I plan to picnic during my hike, I’ll bring Evie a rawhide to chew while we’re stopped.

**Coat.** In cold weather, your Greyhound will need a coat. Depending on the intensity of the hike, your hound may be comfortable in a lighter coat than you’d expect. On one cool morning hike, I was debating putting a light coat on Evie. At the trail head she was shivering, so I put on her coat. Within a quarter of a mile she was panting and the coat was in my pack. Turns out those were shivers of excitement, not cold.

**Pack.** Evie has a doggie pack that I purchased at an outdoor outfitter. A pack is not necessary, but having Evie share the gear-carrying responsibilities was appealing to me — especially when it comes to packing out her waste. My veterinarian says that most dogs can comfortably carry one-quarter of their body weight, but 15 pounds seems like an awful lot for my little lady. I keep Evie’s pack pretty light. She carries up to a liter of water, treats, her collapsible bowl, and poop bags. If I worry her pack is getting too heavy, I’ll carry the water and have her carry some of my lightweight items.

**First aid kit.** Supplies in canine and human first aid kits are similar enough that in an emergency on the trail, Evie and I can share the mini first aid kit I carry in my pack. However, I have a full canine first aid kit in my car. My Greyhound group, Colorado Greyhound Adoption, sells a well-stocked canine first aid kit on their website. You can also purchase them at pet stores and outdoor outfitters.

**Martingale or harness and leash.** If you normally use a martingale, that should be fine on a hike. If your Greyhound has slipped a martingale or tends to pull, it may be safer to hike him on a harness. As we all know, we must keep our sighthounds on leash. However, there are times (such as on steep, rough terrain) when it is safer to have your hound more than six feet from you while hiking. In these situations I connect two six foot leashes, giving Evie up to 12 feet of leash.

**Poop bags.** Be courteous and scoop when your hound poops on the trail.

You’ve picked your hike and packed your gear. Now it is time to set off on the trail with your dog! During your hike you’ll likely encounter other hikers and their dogs. Some dogs may be off leash. If your hound is apprehensive of dogs approaching her, be prepared to tell the other owners that you’d rather their dog not greet your hound. I’ve found that most dogs are more interested in hiking that greeting Evie, but if they approach, she’ll make friends on the trail.

Be aware of trail use rules. Some parks and trails allow mountain bikes, horses, and (less common) motorbikes. Some trails I use are popular with mountain bikers. When they announce they are coming, Evie and I move as far off the path as we can safely go. There is one trail that I only hike on weekdays because it is too crowded with bikes on the weekend. I realized it wasn’t relaxing for me when I had to get Evie out of the way every five minutes. Evie considers horses to be large dogs, but for her safety and respect for the horses and their riders, I do not allow her to approach or greet them. For our safety, I choose not to hike anywhere that allows motorbikes or motorcycles on the trails.

When I hike with my friend and her crazy Lab, we don’t see much wildlife. For some strange reason his excited barks and stick-throwing seem to scare them off. When it is just Evie and me, we often encounter animals living in their natural habitat. We’ve seen deer, foxes, ground squirrels, and (Evie’s favorite) rabbits. Evie usually ignores deer, happily wags her tail at foxes, and lunges at ground squirrels and rabbits. Never allow your Greyhound to chase or get too close to wildlife. It is dangerous for both animals.

For me, hiking is part of living in Colorado and hiking with Evie Petunia is one of the benefits of dog ownership. I love her company and have more fun with her by my side. I hope you find as much enjoyment hiking with your Greyhound.

Happy trails! —

Rachel Jervis lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado with Evie Petunia the Greyhound and Clover the grey cat. Rachel and Evie volunteer with Colorado Greyhound Adoption. At press time, Rachel had fostered twenty-two Greyhounds; twenty-one of whom were adopted by loving families and one who is stuck with Rachel. In addition to volunteering with CGA, Rachel enjoys hiking, running, cooking, and spoiling her pets.
I have not traveled much in my life, and when I have it was only for a few days. When I had the opportunity to take a two-week-long vacation I jumped at the chance. I was under a lot of stress. Living with two ill parents can be mentally draining. I knew I wanted to get away, just Sylvie and me. I wanted to get out of the South and to a pet-friendly city no further away than a two-day drive. I wanted to see and do things I had never done before. I wanted to see the mountains. October was enchanting because the weather is pleasant and suitable for a Greyhound, and it is such a beautiful time of the year. After some researching online and talking to people I chose Santa Fe and Taos, New Mexico and Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Planning the trip took seven months. I began by contacting the chamber of commerce for each city to obtain travel information. When I found something appealing, I visited the website to see if it was pet friendly. I looked for nearby walking trails that were dog friendly and short since Greyhounds are not geared for endurance. I researched incidences of bear and mountain lion attacks, and researched the cities for violent crime. I researched weather patterns and monitored them weekly. Finally, I located veterinarians in each city.

I bought a first-aid kit for Sylvie. Flagyl and Benadryl were added to the kit in case Sylvie experienced extra stress. Not knowing what the terrain would be like out west, I borrowed doggie boots from a friend.

My brother-in-law, a mechanic, checked over 2001 Ford Explorer Sport SUV. I had an XM radio installed, and I bought a GPS unit. I spent weeks looking for hiking clothes at a reasonable price, particularly ones I could continue to wear once the trip was over.

Planning my driving route was easy. I just made a big circle using I-40 West going across Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and into New Mexico: I-25 North driving into Colorado Springs: I-70 East from Colorado to St. Louis, Missouri: and I-55 South back to Marion, Arkansas.

The most challenging part of planning the trip was arranging hotel accommodations in five cities: Oklahoma City, Santa Fe, Taos, Colorado Springs, and Topeka. I pored over reviews on websites like Trip Advisor to help me decide where Sylvie and I would stay. It took two to three weeks to find hotels in those cities that were decent, reasonably priced, and would allow a large dog with a low pet fee or none at all. Most pet-friendly hotels would only allow dogs less than 25 pounds, which I did not understand since smaller dogs can be as destructive as large
dogs and are usually the yapping ones. Several hotels charged a pet fee up to $150. Some hotels charged a nightly fee. Other hotels did not want you to leave your dog unattended, all of which I translated as “We don’t want dogs here.” Several hotels asked me if Sylvie was a barker. “No,” I replied. “She’s very quiet.” That worked in my favor. I was relieved when I found places that charged a onetime pet fee of either $10 or $25. I even found a bed and breakfast in Santa Fe that allowed Sylvie to stay with no pet fee.

Half of my friends, family, acquaintances, and coworkers thought that I lost my mind for planning such a big road trip with Sylvie as my only companion. The other half thought it was really cool. Either way, the trip was a rare opportunity. If I waited for someone to travel with me then the trip would not be possible. Besides, I was ready for some serious solitude.

The big day arrived on October 7, 2011. It was a beautiful, sunny day. My SUV was fully packed with snacks, drinks, clothes for temperatures ranging between 33F and 75F, emergency supplies for my vehicle, and Sylvie’s belongings. I carried enough supplies to last two weeks. Poor Sylvie had only a small, square section (one-half of the rear cargo space) to rest, but it was just the right size for her. Sylvie handled the nine-hour drive on the first day quite well. She never cried or became carsick. She just quietly kept her head up and looked out the window. Every two hours I would stop for potty breaks and to refill my gas tank.

When we reached our hotel in Oklahoma City, I ate my words. Sylvie barked every time I left the room, which was only a few minutes at time. I was utterly surprised. She has always been a quiet dog. However, I remembered that this was her first time away from home, and she was in a strange environment with different smells. Therefore, she was stressed. When I left to make a brief trip to Wal-Mart, I told the hotel desk clerk that I would be back shortly and hopefully Sylvie would not cause too great a disturbance. When I came back, I was relieved that she had quieted and was not destructive in my absence. She ate all her food that night and slept soundly.

An hour after we left Oklahoma City we encountered ominous-looking clouds. I thought of the infamous Oklahoma tornadoes. We were in the middle of nowhere on I-40. I finally came across a trading post and ran inside. The staff was tracking the oncoming storm. Though not tornadic, it was a severe thunderstorm. I asked if I could bring Sylvie in the store because I did not want to leave her in my vehicle during a severe storm.

They told me no, only service dogs were allowed.

I pressed even more. “She’s a registered therapy dog,” I said. “Would you consider that? She won’t bother anything or anybody.”

The lady hesitated, but asked me if I had Sylvie’s registry card available. I showed it to her, and she allowed me to bring Sylvie inside. As soon as we entered the store, the storm broke out. As promised, Sylvie never
the outdoor patio, kiva fireplace, and the steam room that kept my sinuses moisturized and prevented my muscles from getting sore after hiking the Kasha Katuwe Tent Rocks.

Getting Sylvie to potty was a challenge. The problem? No grass! I had to walk her at least a half mile or more until I could find grass, because she would not potty on the gravel. If she happened to find a strip of dirt that was two feet wide, she would potty on that. Sylvie rested nicely at the bed-and-breakfast and appeared to remain calm when I went on my own excursions (I kept those at a minimum). I am guessing that she was comfortable because she was in a home environment rather than a hotel.

Santa Fe was very pet friendly. I took Sylvie to the Palace of the Governors and the Plaza, where she was welcomed in almost all of the shops. She was a polite guest and received much attention from the shop owners and customers. The art galleries on the famous Canyon Road allowed Sylvie to enter as well. I was astonished; that would not happen back home. Everywhere we went, she was fawned over and I was asked many questions about Greyhounds. Owning a Greyhound is definitely not for the shy.

When Sylvie began to tire, we returned to our lodging.

We took a short hike in the Santa Fe National Forest, where the mountain was topped with snow and the elevation was 9,000 feet. I talked to a local resident on the trail. While we were walking and talking, I frequently had to stop to catch my breath. Though I had not acclimated to the elevation, Sylvie’s breathing was unaffected. My main concern was encountering a mountain lion. My walking partner had just told me that she had not sighted a mountain lion in 19 years when we suddenly saw large paw prints in the snow. A sense of dread came over me. I hoped the cat was not near. Luckily, we did not see it.

On our last full day in Santa Fe, we drove to the Jemez Mountains to see the Jemez Falls. I saw plenty of forest-fire damage that reached to the roadway while driving up the mountains. The hike on the Jemez Trail was short. The light shining through the forest trees was beautiful. It was not long before I could hear the waterfall. Sylvie followed my
lead through the rocks with ease, but suddenly stopped and wanted to turn back. I realized she did not like the sound of the waterfall. I tied her to a large branch nearby so that I could take a closer look and shoot some photographs. Sylvie waited patiently.

Santa Fe was mesmerizing: the arts and culture, the people, the food (especially the chili powder-sprinkled truffles), the landscape, and the outdoor activities were amazing. But it was time to travel on. We took the High Road to Taos, New Mexico. Because we stopped at many small art and weaving shops and missionary churches along the way, this 90-mile drive took six hours.

The highlight of this drive was our visit to El Santuario de Chimayo, a shrine that is known as a place of miracles. There were no signs prohibiting dogs from entering the church grounds or buildings, so I took Sylvie with me. No one protested her presence, and I enjoyed the beautiful carvings, mosaics, and paintings throughout the site. The only place I did not take Sylvie was the church sanctuary. We did not go past the foyer, but I did peep through the doors to get a quick glimpse of the small sanctuary.

Taos, New Mexico is beautiful and quaint. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains and Carson National Forest were delightful. Taos is as colorful atmospherically as Santa Fe. One thing that Sylvie and I both liked about our hotel in Taos was the grass outside our door. Sylvie pottied without hesitation. I did not take Sylvie many places in Taos because of my own planned outings, but I found the town of 5,500 as pet friendly as Santa Fe. The Indians at Taos Pueblo told me I could have brought Sylvie with me, but I do not think she would have appreciated the stray dogs walking around.

There are two main roads in Taos, and both are two lanes. Later, I decided that we would take a stroll downtown. Again, Sylvie was allowed to enter all of the shops and galleries and was a superb guest.

I was astonished by the general friendliness of the people in the small town of Taos as well. At one point when Sylvie and I needed to cross the street, cars from both directions stopped and allowed us to proceed — even though there was no traffic signal. While we continued along the sidewalk, another car stopped in the middle of the road to take a photo of Sylvie walking with her stuffed bear, backing up traffic. All I could do was laugh.

In Taos, Sylvie’s appetite began to wane, and I was concerned. She would only eat two cups of food per day — if that much. She was still drinking and behaving normally. I stopped at a restaurant with a patio during one of our walks downtown. I told my server about Sylvie’s appetite. She said that it was a combination of the stress of traveling and the altitude: There is a huge difference between 250 feet above sea level in Memphis and 7,500-8,000 feet in New Mexico. To my surprise, the kind server asked the cook to prepare a plate of baked chicken and steamed rice for Sylvie. Sylvie was grateful and ate the whole plate while I digested my first Elk burger.

I had been concerned about whether Sylvie would experience separation anxiety on the trip. She did really well until the last day in Taos. I had been gone between two to three hours on a horseback ride in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, and visits to the Rio Grande Canyon and the Earthship Community. As I entered the hotel room I saw she had pulled a few pieces of clothing out of my suitcase, ripped a sheet of paper, and scratched the door. That may not sound

![Sylvie and Paula visited Garden of the Gods, a public park in Colorado Springs, Colo.](image-url)
like much, but she has never displayed this type of behavior. I stayed with her the remainder of the day.

The last major stop was Colorado Springs. When I unpacked, I became aware of an unavoidable reality: Sylvie was tired and ready to go home. By this time we had been away from home eight days and were staying in our fourth city. Every time I stepped outside the door, she began to bark. I tried not to be selfish. I had spent months planning for this trip and wanted to see many things, but I had to be fair to Sylvie, and I did not want to be ousted from the hotel. I decided that I would eat dinner — pizza and leftovers — with Sylvie for the remainder of the visit. I also shortened our stay by two days, eliminated my own planned activities, and focused on a few things I planned for the two of us.

We went to Garden of the Gods, Seven Falls and Manitou Cliff Dwellings, and visited the town of Manitou Springs. Garden of the Gods was a really cool place to visit with snow-capped Pike's Peak as a lovely backdrop. The red rocks and sand were a high contrast to the evergreen landscape. I took Sylvie on the paved trail which, though short, was awesome. As always, Sylvie received constant attention from adults and kids alike. She absorbed the attention like a sponge.

Seven Falls is a small attraction where seven waterfalls flow into one. I took Sylvie to one of the platforms to get a view from above. Just like at the Jemez Falls in New Mexico, she attempted to turn back. We returned to ground level, where she seemed happier. Her preference was to visit the gift shops.

Manitou Cliff Dwellings is a reproduction of an ancient Anasazi Indian cliff dwelling. The Anasazi originally built their cliff homes in the Four Corners region. The Manitou Cliffs are as red as the rocks at Garden of the Gods. Sylvie wandered curiously from room to room.

When we left the Manitou Cliff Dwellings, I was determined to take the 20-mile drive up to Pike's Peak. Unfortunately, the road was closed due to snow at higher elevations. What would we do next? We drove into the bohemian town of Manitou Springs, which was like a time warp into the 1990s Grunge era.

Sylvie was excited when we left Colorado. She seemed to know that we were going home. She happily trotted around the hotel room and could not jump into the SUV fast enough. For two hours she would periodically stand up in the cargo area, look around and smile.

Driving through Kansas on I-70, it did not take me long to understand why Kansas is often regarded as the Windy State. It felt like my Explorer could be whisked away at any moment. Miles and miles of fields dotted with the occasional small oil well or windmill farm. Thank goodness for cell phones and satellite radio.

Topeka, Kansas was our final overnight stop. By this time, unloading the Explorer was becoming quite cumbersome, especially since it was now crammed with souvenirs in addition to our belongings. Sylvie was not enthused about stopping another night. Again, she began barking whenever I left the room. I could not even eat my breakfast in the breakfast area. I appreciated of the hotel’s patience; they understood it had been a long trip and that Sylvie was more than ready to go home. I loaded the SUV and left as quickly as possible.
At last we were on our final stretch of the drive. We had been away 12 days, and we had at last a nine- to 10-hour drive before we would arrive home in Marion, Arkansas. I was tired and ready to get Sylvie home, but not ready for my vacation to end. There were so many more things I wanted to see and do. The Missouri landscape was a welcome sight. Periodically, I checked my rearview mirror to see what Sylvie was doing. Her head was erect every time. I suppose she did not want to miss anything and was anticipating her sanctuary.

Sylvie was so cute when we arrived home. We walked through the door to find my mom, dad, sister, and brother-in-law waiting in the living room. Sylvie did not know whom to greet first. She turned circles trying to decide. She was so excited to see the rest of her family again.

Mom was not thrilled that Sylvie had lost weight on the trip. She did not mention or notice the weight I had lost, but I ate like a pig while Sylvie barely ate for over a week. I explained that the locals out West said Sylvie was experiencing a combination of stress and altitude. It took three months for Sylvie’s appetite to return to normal. Typically Sylvie is a nibbler, but during those three months she acted as if she could not eat enough. I am pleased to say that she is back at her pre-trip weight.

Traveling with Sylvie was an experience of a lifetime filled with many memories of beauty and tranquility. We traveled 3,000 miles together. I returned home a different person with a new outlook on life and my future. Except for the last few days, I think Sylvie enjoyed the trip. She was quite curious about all the new sights and scents and was always receptive of attention. Would I take this kind of road trip again? You bet I would. Would Sylvie? Only if the trip were shorter.

Paula Pilgrim lives with Sylvie in Marion, Arkansas.

The Bridge

My wife and I know a lot of people who’ve adopted retired racing Greyhounds. When the hounds are near death their owners will often talk to them, saying, “I’ll meet you at the bridge,” which connects our world with the next.

Maybe hounds aren’t allowed to get into heaven unescorted.

It’s a touching story but I don’t believe a word of it. Still, I know that’s what I’ll tell Nikkie.

—Arthur Winfield Knight

Pearl, adopted by Cindy Hanson of St. Paul, Minn. Praveen Mutalik
Katy (Cookin With Katy) has begun participating in DockDog, a sport in which dogs jump from a dock into a body of water.

Katy, Dock Dog

By Barbara Darby

Katy (Cookin With Katy) is a 6 year-old Greyhound we started fostering in 2009. I met her during an adoption day open house in Warner, New Hampshire while I was photographing the foster dogs. Katy came home with me that day as a foster dog and soon joined our Labrador Retrievers as part of our family.

Our Labs compete in DockDogs, a sport in which dogs jump off a dock into a body of water. Depending on the nature of the competition, they may be judged for distance and/or height. There are 3 divisions in DockDogs: Big Air, in which the dog runs and leaps off the 40-foot dock and is judged on the length of the jump; Speed Retrieve, in which the dogs start at the 20-foot mark on the dock, leap into the water, and swim to a decoy duck (the time it takes to reach the duck and take it in their mouth is recorded); and Extreme Vertical, in which dogs are judged on the height of their jumps. All dogs at least 6 months of age — and handlers at least 7 years of age — are welcome
to compete in DockDog competitions, from the beginner team to experienced.

About 2 years ago, while we were practicing with our Labs for an upcoming DockDog competition at the pond near our house, Katy jumped in to chase toys in the water. At first it took her a while to catch on to swimming. We kept a long leash on her, so we were able to help her when she started sinking a little. Soon, she learned how to swim forward, rather than paddling at the air with her front legs high and her hind end sinking. Katy continued to swim with the Labs, always jumping farther into the water than they could reach and trying to swim faster to beat them to the toys. She became a fairly good retriever, always excited for the next toy to be thrown. She began joining the Labs in all their trips to the pond to swim. Not long after Katy learned to swim we took her to a DockDog competition. People saw Katy at the competition and thought she was just

Katy demonstrated a talent for jumping into water when she began participating in practices with her housemates. Here, she jumps into a local pond with Dylan the Lab.

Katy participates in a practice run with Maddie the Lab as a surprised crowd watches.
along for the ride. No one believed that the Greyhound would swim. We entered her in the competition and took her to practice on the dock. (It can be very difficult to teach any dog to jump off the 40-foot dock. The water is usually clear and most dogs are not used to seeing through the water into which they are jumping. The 40-foot long pool also has a 2-3 foot drop off into the water, which can be stressful to many dogs.) We started Katy slowly, allowing her to jump without a running start after a toy we threw into the water. Katy had a several opportunities to practice jumping from the dock prior to her first timed and judged jump. Being a sighthound, she immediately chased the toy and jumped into the water. It took a bit to teach her to climb back up the carpeted ramp out of the pool, but Katy had no problem jumping in and retrieving the toy.

Katy's jumps at her first competition ranged between 8 and 11 feet. We were all shocked that Katy would jump off the dock, especially seeing other "new" teams that day that wouldn't jump. She quickly became talk of the competition and it was announced prior to the next round that a Greyhound would be jumping again.

Katy has competed in four DockDog competitions to date. On occasion she does hesitate to jump, especially if it is a colder day. (Although she seems to be a natural at swimming, we have to watch her closely as she tends to get very cold. Despite shivering, she won't give up on chasing toys in the water. We have to quickly dry her off with towels and cover her with blankets after she swims.) At each event, people are completely amazed that a Greyhound will swim, never mind jump into the water. The announcers and officials at the events always discuss Katy and how she is the only Greyhound they have seen jump. She amazes people everywhere she goes.

Katy usually runs to the edge of the dock, stops, and jumps from a standstill after her toy is thrown into the water. She always retrieves the toy and carries it back
For Katy, training time at the local pond is also play time with the family.

Go, Katy!

up the ramp with her. We hope to train her to run the length of the dock and then jump, as she will be able to go much farther. In time, she will build more confidence. For now, she is enjoying her frequent swims at local ponds to compete with our other dogs. Katy also spends time camping with us in the summer at the beach, where she loves to swim in the ocean.

Barbara Darby lives with husband Jack, Katy, and the Labs in Webster, N.H.
just three months old and competed in 110 races as Crimson Princess before retiring to become Weeks’ constant companion before the Greyhound died. Bev, who was sired by Hall of Famer Molotov bred to Tampa Treat, raced as DB’s Discovery at Birmingham, Alabama, and Melbourne, Florida. Chief, who raced under the name Chief Racin Wolf, won 119 races and Weeks hailed him the winner of “This Greyhound Will Eat Anything” contests.

“I entered my Greyhounds in the Fast Friends Kiosk to pay tribute to my dogs’ racing history, whether they raced a little, a lot, or had a stellar career,” Weeks said. “It also showcases their ‘second’ career as ambassador for Greyhound adoption, a service or companion dog in nursing homes or hospitals, or just the dog that keeps squirrels out of the yard. Whatever their contribution has been, it is worth celebrating by placing them in the Fast Friends Kiosk.”

Information listed on Fast Friends includes the retired Greyhound’s pet name, race name if it differs, a photograph of the honoree, the pet owner’s name or names, the adoption date if desired, and a paragraph of up to 200 words in which the owner may pay homage to the pet.

Anyone interested in having a Greyhound listed on Fast Friends can do so by simply visiting the Hall of Fame website or by contacting Lounsbury at the Hall of Fame, (800) 932-7881 or info@greyhoundhalloffame.com. To support the Greyhound Hall of Fame’s efforts, the suggested contribution is $25 per entry and $10 for each additional friend if entered within 30 days.

—Greyhound Hall of Fame
**VISIT CELEBRATING GREYHOUNDS MAGAZINE ON FACEBOOK!**

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine now has over 3,000 Facebook fans from at least 20 countries. The purpose of the site is to connect Greyhound-adoring subscribers (and non-subscribers) to each other and with some of our content, including magazine covers. Fans have been sharing their thoughts on the magazine and photos of their Greyhounds. Some of the comments we receive on the site will be selected for publication in CG. To join or check it out, go to www.facebook.com/cgmagazine. To those who have joined — please invite others, and keep the feedback and fan pictures coming!

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

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

**MOVING? NEED TO RENEW?**

Don’t miss a single issue of Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine! Please send your renewals and address changes well in advance to CG Magazine, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701. Address changes may also be sent to Betsy, our subscriptions manager, at subscriptions@adopt-a-greyhound.org. Subscriptions may be renewed online at www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine.

Colton, Kali, and Tarik, adopted by Lisa and David Pierce of Brookshire, Texas.

Lucy Sue, adopted by Marsha and Jack Williams of Findlay, Ohio.
If you are traveling to the annual Greyhounds Reach the Beach gathering at Dewey Beach in Delaware this fall, you might want to see some Greyhounds in art along the way. This article explores several museums that, depending on your route to Dewey Beach, could become part of your trip, and it discusses some of the most beautiful and interesting examples that you can see.

In Baltimore, two paintings illustrate a 17th century religious controversy about art in churches; a painting in Richmond, Virginia depicts no fewer than 17 Greyhounds, all known by name; while in Washington, a painting shows a Greyhound present at the invention of painting.

The Walters Art Museum, Baltimore

Every reader of CG has, perhaps unwittingly, longed for a wine decanter made of gilded silver with jewels and enamel that can move itself down the table. The Walters has one, an automaton showing Diana, goddess of the hunt, riding a stag accompanied by several hunting dogs, one of which is a Greyhound. Simply remove the head of the stag, fill the body with wine, wind it up with a key in its base, and it will travel down the table on its concealed wheels. The head may be used as a drinking cup. It was made in the 17th century by the workshop of Joachim Fries, a German goldsmith, or it may be an early 19th century English imitation. The reason for the disproportionately small size of the Greyhound is probably just artistic license (Fig. 1).
A painting, Archdukes Albert and Isabella Visiting a Collector’s Cabinet, by 17th century Flemish painters Jan Brueghel the Elder and Hieronymus Francken II, shows a visit by the nobles to a private art collection, where a Greyhound, four other dogs, and two monkeys are present. The uncollared dogs quietly behave themselves, while the monkeys and donkeys depicted in the painting behind them are busily destroying the art collection. The Archdukes were the Hapsburg rulers of the Spanish Netherlands, the southern and Catholic part of what are now the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, and northeastern France. The northern part was Protestant, and the painting-within-the-painting can be read as an allegorical attack on the Iconoclasts, Protestants who viewed religious art in churches as a violation of the second commandment against graven images and who therefore removed and sometimes destroyed that art (Fig. 2).
A statue, Tom, The Algerian Greyhound, is by the 19th century French sculptor Antoine-Louis Barye. Tom was first modeled in 1869, then cast in bronze in 1889. This rare breed, originally from North Africa, is known as a Sloughi today. It has a strong resemblance to our Greyhounds, but with a less deep chest (Fig. 3).

Visitors who would like to play Where’s Waldo? with Greyhounds might look in the Treasury for a watch with Diana, and in two paintings, one by Jan Brueghel the Younger featuring Diana, and the other by Maerten Van Heemskerck.

The Baltimore Museum of Art
The Interior of the Old Church at Delft, by Hendrick Van Vliet, is one of many 17th century Dutch paintings of a Greyhound in a church. Delft was a city in the Protestant Netherlands. The work of the Iconoclasts can be seen in the relatively bare, unadorned interior of this church, originally Catholic but Protestant by the 17th century. Van Vliet painted at least eight other church interiors with Greyhounds, including that of the Old Church, where he was buried. Churches at the time, particularly in the Protestant north, were centers of everyday life, and people would meet there for nonreligious purposes. Accordingly, it would not be surprising for a man out walking with his dog to stroll into a church to meet a friend (Fig. 4).

A wonderful painting, Entry into the Ark, by 16th century Italian painter Jacopo Bassano, shows two Greyhounds prominently positioned among other pairs of animals about to board Noah’s ark before the flood. Although Bassano studied in Venice, he principally worked in his birthplace, the nearby town of
Bassano del Grappa, whence he took his name. Although artistically sophisticated, his scenes are realistically placed in contemporary rural surroundings, and the people depicted are often peasants. We should not be surprised that while Greyhounds — the companions of aristocrats — appear in at least six of his works, more plebeian breeds appear far more often (Fig. 5).

It is easy to find Greyhound and Hare, a somewhat grisly bronze statue of about 1870 by Barye. It is anatomically detailed, possibly modeled after his own dog, for he owned a Greyhound (Fig. 6).

The Baltimore Museum of Art is home to the crystal hood ornament designed by Rene Lalique (“Greyhounds in Art,” Winter 2009 CG). There is also a quite beautiful, large metal wall sculpture, Diana the Huntress with a Greyhound, made by the American William Diederich around 1935.
The Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond

John Frederick Herring Sr. was perhaps second only to Sir Edwin Landseer as a painter of animals in 19th century Britain. (See Eos in “Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their Greyhounds,” Spring 2010 CG). While paintings of horses or their aristocratic owners are common, few commemorate trainers. One rare example is Herring’s portrait of the Scottish racehorse trainer Thomas Dawson, painted in 1842, shown here with his family and their Greyhound, charmingly named Grace Darling, after a young heroine of that time (Fig 7).

The sport of hare coursing in England was first regulated in the 16th century during the reign of Elizabeth I. After letting a hare loose with a head start, two Greyhounds, or sometimes other sighthounds, would be “slipped,” using a special leash called a slip that released the two dogs simultaneously. The name for the leash dates from before 1599 when Shakespeare wrote in Henry V, “I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips.” The winner was determined on points awarded for speed, dexterity, and, of course, whether the hare was eventually caught. Some thought that coursing was a more humane sport than foxhunting.
because more often than not, the hare would escape. The first coursing club was formed at Swaffham in Norfolk in 1776 (not far from the area featured in “The Greyhound: Pubs in an English County,” Spring 2012 CG). Membership in coursing clubs was limited to aristocrats, as was still the custom in 1844 when British painter Richard Ansdell painted *The Caledonian Coursing Meeting near the Castle of Ardrossan, the Isle of Arran in the Distance*, on loan to Richmond by the Yale Center for British Art. Ardrossan is in Scotland, and the Caledonian was second in prestige only to the Waterloo Cup coursing meetings. The painting was given as the first prize at the Caledonian meeting the following year. We know the names of 17 Greyhounds and 58 people — including 15 members of the nobility — in the painting, because there is an engraving at the museum with a key to identify them. For connoisseurs of Greyhounds in art, the painting is noteworthy, not only because of its size — more than five feet tall and ten feet wide — but also for its detailed depiction of so many Greyhounds (Fig. 8).
In much less formalized “rough” coursing, a few men or just one man would hunt whatever hares they might find in the countryside. In A Sportsman Talking to His Beater after Coursing (ca. 1830-1840), attributed to William Pringle, one gentleman is seen with his beater. The beater would use his stick and the five smaller dogs, a Terrier and four Spaniels, to drive the hares out of cover, whereupon the two Greyhounds would chase them down. Both forms of coursing and foxhunting have been illegal in Britain since 2005. Coursing continues in Ireland, Spain, and parts of the United States (Fig. 9).

The bronze statue Spanish Greyhound was made in 1844 by another 19th century French sculptor, Pierre-Jules Mène. Mène in his day was considered the equal of Barye as a leading animalier, or artist of animals, but today he is far less well-known, possibly because many second-rate copies of his works have been made. While similar in appearance and temperament to our Greyhounds, the 19th century Spanish Greyhounds, or Galgos, were only distantly related (Fig. 10).
Daphne Choosing Diana as Her Ideal, a 17th century French tapestry, illustrates a myth from the Roman poet Ovid in which Daphne, a Greek nymph, rejects love and chooses to be like Diana, goddess of the hunt. Daphne, the second woman from the left, points to Diana in the distance to the right. There are two Greyhounds in the tapestry, one to the right of the nymphs, the other running with Diana (Fig. 11).

The Interior of the Church of St. Laurens in Rotterdam is another 17th century painting of a Protestant church in the Netherlands, this from around 1647 by the Dutch painter Anthonie De Lorme. A small, light red fawn dog that may be a Greyhound appears on the right, while to the left, a black-and-white Greyhound lifts his leg near a wall. A plaque next to the painting says the images of dogs in churches were meant as moral messages that people, unlike this dog, should respect the church and its message of salvation (Fig. 12).
The National Gallery of Art, Washington

Duccio di Buoninsegna, one of the most important and influential Italian artists before the Renaissance, was born and worked in Siena. His greatest work was his Maestà (Italian for majesty), which shows Mary sitting on a throne with Jesus, surrounded by angels and saints. It was commissioned for the main altar of the Cathedral of Siena in 1308. The altarpiece is made up of four large main paintings and 43 smaller panels, one of which is now in Washington. It shows The Nativity with the Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, with a tiny white Greyhound at the bottom. Duccio and this painting are important in the history of art because they led the way away from the traditional conventions of
Byzantine painting. While the realism and the individuality of the people and the animals are new, and Duccio broke new ground with his elegant, softly flowing style, the size of the figures is still hieratic; that is, their size as painted is in proportion to their importance, so the figure of Mary, the patron saint of Siena, is larger than the figures near her, and the Greyhound is smaller than life-size (Fig. 13).

Giovanni Bellini, the most famous of a family of painters who worked in Venice in the 15th and early 16th centuries, created *An Episode from the Life of Publius Cornelius Scipio* in 1506 for the palace of a noble Venetian family, the Coronaro. It is 41 inches high by almost 11 feet wide. The ancestors of the Coronaro included this Roman consul and general who served in the Second Carthaginian or Punic War. After capturing New Carthage in Spain, Scipio was given as a prize a beautiful young woman, whom he returned to her parents, adding the ransom paid by them to her dowry. Underlining the high-minded action of the general, the Greyhound at his feet was understood as a symbol of a virtuous ruler. Although Bellini is famous because of his rich colors and beautiful landscapes, this late work is atypical, almost monochrome, with a reddish background (Fig. 14).

Another painting based on a Roman hero, *The Triumph of Camillus*, commemorates a triumphal parade held in honor of the soldier who led the Roman Republic in wars in the 4th century BCE. It is by Biagio di Antonio, with the assistance of his workshop. It dates from around 1470-1475, and was probably painted for a wealthy Florentine family who wanted to associate their city with ancient Rome. No fewer than four Greyhounds can be found in the procession, perhaps a record number in a painting on a theme other than hunting (Fig. 15).

Another parade can be seen at the top of *The Adoration of the Magi*, painted at about the same time by the Sienese artist Benvenuto de Giovanni. Siena, like many Italian cities, had an elaborate procession to celebrate the Epiphany, the feast in honor of the visit of the Magi. The three Magi are here seen twice, once at the top where they form a procession leaving the city gate, and second in the main body of the painting as they pay homage to Jesus. While a white Greyhound is clearly part of the procession, upon close inspection, the white dog to the right with a golden muzzle on his nose is not a Greyhound (Fig. 16).
Earthenware with tin glazes, majolica (or maiolica in Italian) reached its zenith in central Italian cities during the Italian Renaissance. A plate, probably made in Faenza in 1532 for a noble family, shows a coat of arms with two Greyhounds, which were often used in Italian heraldry. A Greyhound was a particularly appropriate animal on a coat of arms, for it was an emblem of nobility (Fig. 17).

Bronze medals depicting an individual’s image, a coat of arms, or to commemorate an event were often given to friends and political allies in Renaissance Italy. A medal was made in 1551 for the 16-year-old Ippolita Gonzaga. It depicts Ippolita as Diana With Hunting Dogs in a Landscape, and was made by Leone Leoni, a Milanese Italian sculptor who not only produced bronze portraits in the round but was also the greatest medalist of the 16th century (Fig. 18).

Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, a 17th century painter from near Bologna, had a severe squint, and in that less politically correct age was known as Guercino, which is Italian for squint. His Self-Portrait before a painting of “Amor Fidele” shows him in front of a painting whose Latin title means “faithful love.” Readers of CG may not regard Cupid, the god of love, as the perfect symbol of fidelity, and surely very few of us regard an image of a snake eating his own tail as a sign of unity and wholeness, but we do join the Italians of the 17th century in regarding a Greyhound as faithful and loyal (Fig. 19).

People in the late 18th century in Britain who saw The Corinthian Maid, painted by the artist Joseph Wright about 1783-1784, would have been familiar with the myth about the origins of art that is the subject of this painting. The young woman was the daughter of a potter who lived in Corinth, a city in ancient Greece. Her boyfriend was about to go on a trip to foreign lands with a spear and his Greyhound, and in order to remember him she traced the outline of his face from its shadow cast on a wall. She was thus the first painter, according to the myth, and her father’s use of the outline to make an earthenware bust made him the first sculptor. In the 18th century, it was considered improper to refer to an artist by his first name, so in order to distinguish him from another painter named Richard Wright, in a review he was called Wright of Derby (pronounced “Darby”), as he is often known today (Fig. 20).

Josiah Wedgwood (1730-1795), who commissioned the painting by Wright, founded the company of his name, which operated the first pottery factory. Its success was in part due to the low reliefs used to decorate its wares, like the outline traced by the Corinthian maid. The vase in the lower right serves as a reference to the two potters, the father of the maid and Wedgwood. In other versions of this myth as told in art and poetry, there is no Greyhound. It
seems possible that Wedgwood, rising in society but hardly a member of the upper class, asked for this symbol of aristocracy to be included.

Greyhounds are prominent in paintings by Cuyp, Dossi, Oudry, and Watteau, shown previously in “Greyhounds in Art” (Winter 2009 CG). Our friends are not hard to find in paintings by Berchem, Hobbema, Larciani, van der Heyden, and Richard Wilson. Andirons by Caffieri have Greyhounds in gilded bronze. Greyhounds can also be found in paintings by Joli, Savery, and Solario.

Henry Townsend has been collecting images of Greyhounds in art for almost seven years, finding them on the Internet, in the library of the National Gallery of Art, and in museums in America and Europe. He now has over 1200. Retired racer Salisbury moved in with Henry and his wife Jessica over eight years ago. He is now ten years old and still more than keeps up with the other Greyhounds who meet every Sunday morning near his home in Washington, D.C. All the Greyhounds in art mention in this article may be seen at picasa web.google.com/greyhounds.in.art/BRW.
Thursday through Sunday, May 31–June 3
Mountain Hounds 2012 – The Best Little Event You Will Ever Attend
Greyhound Friends of North Carolina
Gatlinburg, Tenn.
Weekend retreat for humans and hounds includes vending, catered picnic, games, seminars, and more. Come enjoy the Tennessee mountains and the company of fellow Greyhound owners. Non-Greyhounds welcome. Contact: Lynda Montgomery (General Info), gfncgreyhound@bellsouth.net; Laurie Certo (Vending), lcerto5696@aol.com; www.gfncmountainhounds.com

Saturday, July 14
Greyhound Lovers’ Picnic
First State Greyhound Rescue
 Noon to 4:00 p.m.
Oley Fairgrounds
26 Jefferson Street
Oley, Pa.
All Greyhounds and their human friends are invited for food (donation), Greyhound/people games, raffles, vendors, wading pools, meet the fosters, and more. Contact: Christopher Guth, (484) 638-2113 or rickyrock@entermail.net; www.firstgreys.org

Saturday and Sunday, August 4 & 5
Greyt Wines
Greyhounds in Need of Adoption (GINA), Greyhound Lovers of Hamilton Wentworth (GLOHW), and Greyhound Supporters & Adoption (GSNCR)
4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Sunday
Beamsville, Ontario, Canada
Founded in 2011 to celebrate GINA’s 10th anniversary, the second edition of Greyt Wines brings GLOHW and GSNCR into the organizing committee. Contact: Greyt Wines Committee, greytwines@meetgina.ca

Saturday and Sunday, August 18 & 19
Canine Fun Days and Greyhound Reunion
Greyhound Adoption of Ohio
10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. each day
Cleveland Metroparks Polo Field
Moreland Hills, Ohio
Fun and activities for dogs and their people; lure coursing, straight racing, dock diving, agility, costume contests, vendors, demonstrations, and more! Contact: Sydney McFarland, (440) 543-6256 or (269) 873-6279 or Sydney.mcfarland@gmail.com; www.GreyhoundAdoptionofOH.org/caninefundays.htm

Saturday, September 8
11th Annual Picnic
GPA/Indianapolis
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Boone County 4-H Fairgrounds
1300 E 100 South
Lebanon, Ind.
Picnic features a silent auction, straw draw, vendors, contests, games, and a catered lunch (available through pre-registration only). Pre-registration $5/person; $10/person day of event. Children 6 and under admitted free. Contact: Sharon Murphy, (317) 839-6436 or Sharon_Murphy@gpaindy.org

Sunday, June 3
Greyhound BBQ and Fundraiser
Greyhound Trust & Alliance
The Dogwood Centre
4424 Victoria Road South
Puslinch, Ontario, Canada
A fun-filled day supporting Greyhound families and their retired racing Greyhounds, and an opportunity for Ontario Greyhound adoption groups to support and reconnect with their adoption families and their Greyhounds. Contact: Tina Kelly, greytbbq@gmail.com; www.greytbbq.webs.com/

Saturday, September 15
Greyhound Gallivantasia
GREYlong
10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Kill Creek Park Beach
DeSoto, Kan.
A wonderfully fun time for dogs and their owners. Marvelous venue includes lake, sandy beach, and walking trails. Enjoy your Greyhounds’ antics as they dive in the lake. Potluck, silent auctions, and dog collars for sale. Money raised funds canine cancer research. Contact: Lori Haberman-Wilson, (913) 851-4382 or greylong3@yahoo.com
Marketplace

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Deadlines:
Spring issue: December 1st • Summer issue: March 1st
Fall issue: June 1st • Winter issue: September 1st
seizures. She used her canine abilities to rouse him or seek other help. Jetta Sue was a survivor herself; she overcame illness, a dog attack, and even cancer, but this all took its toll. She had been experiencing some difficulty with her neck and spine from an earlier accident. When medication could no longer maintain her quality of life, Bill and Helen performed the greatest act of kindness. Jetta Sue’s job here on earth was finished; her special qualities are needed elsewhere. Forever in Bill and Helen’s hearts Jetta Sue will remain, for that is where they keep their most precious things.

Pearl (Jammin Pearl) 1999-2012
Adopted and loved by Cindy Hanson, Pearl was mentioned in the Editorial Comments column in numerous issues of CG (including this one). A Florida stakes racer and Texas brood mama, she came to Minnesota to live with Cindy in 2007. Smiler, sneak, yarn thief, interior decorator, indiscriminate sniffer, shoe collector, secret keeper, defender of the back yard, and mattress colonist, Pearl approached her career as a pet as she probably did every previous stage of her life — with curiosity, confidence, and smarts. A champion cuddler, she loved sleeping under the covers, forehead pressed against Cindy’s arm. A photograph of Pearl provided by the farmers who raised and kept her until she could be placed for adoption shows a long, low-slung black brindle girl with a barely perceptible lump on her right flank. Though an early biopsy indicated this plasmacytoma was benign, it grew in both mass and malignance over the years, eventually invading her kidneys, liver, spleen, and heart. She was a fabulous companion, and she is missed.

Heli (Heli Lass) 2000-2012
When she was four, Heli was adopted by Eva Sharpe shortly after Eva had a stroke. Heli was her constant companion, allowing Eva to have another year of independence. Heli then shared her life with Eva’s granddaughter and her pack, where she divided her time between visiting Eva, pets-as-therapy visits, appearances at events, and roaming on her many beds. Towards the end of her life Heli went blind, but this didn’t slow her down at all and she still enjoyed events, often in her stroller. Prior to her life with Eva she was a successful racer whose career ended as a result of a terrible leg injury. Heli was a small dog with a big heart, who made a huge impression on everyone she met. She is no doubt at the Bridge, tossing softies in the air, waiting impatiently for the rest of us to catch up and play with her. She was pictured in “On the Wrong End of the Muzzle” (Fall 2006 CG).

Startime (Hi Tech Startime) 1999-2011
Startime “owned” anything in her possession and granted herself first right of refusal on any toy or bed. Throughout her life she maintained her obsession with stuffed animals, expensive comforters, and all things edible. Her mantra was leap first and then look, necessitating frequent emergency visits to the veterinarian. Always helpful, she commonly used her skills as a first-rate digger to submerge herself in a hole to “towel off” from a bath. She lived on her terms and annunciated schedule deviations by incessantly pacing or sternly yodeling. Although it can never be determined, Shannon Forrest and family suspect she resigned from a racing career because she wanted to pursue other interests. She was fast when she wanted to be and loved to run. Her indomitable spirit could not beat osteosarcoma however. Startime appeared in “Come Fly With Me” (Summer 2009 CG). She was a capable co-pilot, trusted friend, sous chef, and pack leader. Run free baby girl, with a bed that needs no fluffing and a beach with no leashes!

Jetta Sue (Jae’s Jetta) 2001-2012
Adopted and loved by Bill and Helen Coleman, Jetta Sue was featured in “Jetta Sue Roo, a True Heart Dog” (Spring 2012 CG). Jetta Sue devoted her life to keeping Bill safe and alive. Despite what the doctors told them, Bill has survived nine years beyond any expectation. When he was at his worst, Jetta Sue maintained her watch, alerting him to dangerously low blood sugar, impending heart episodes, and even