



cg magazine

celebrating greyhounds

Summer 2013

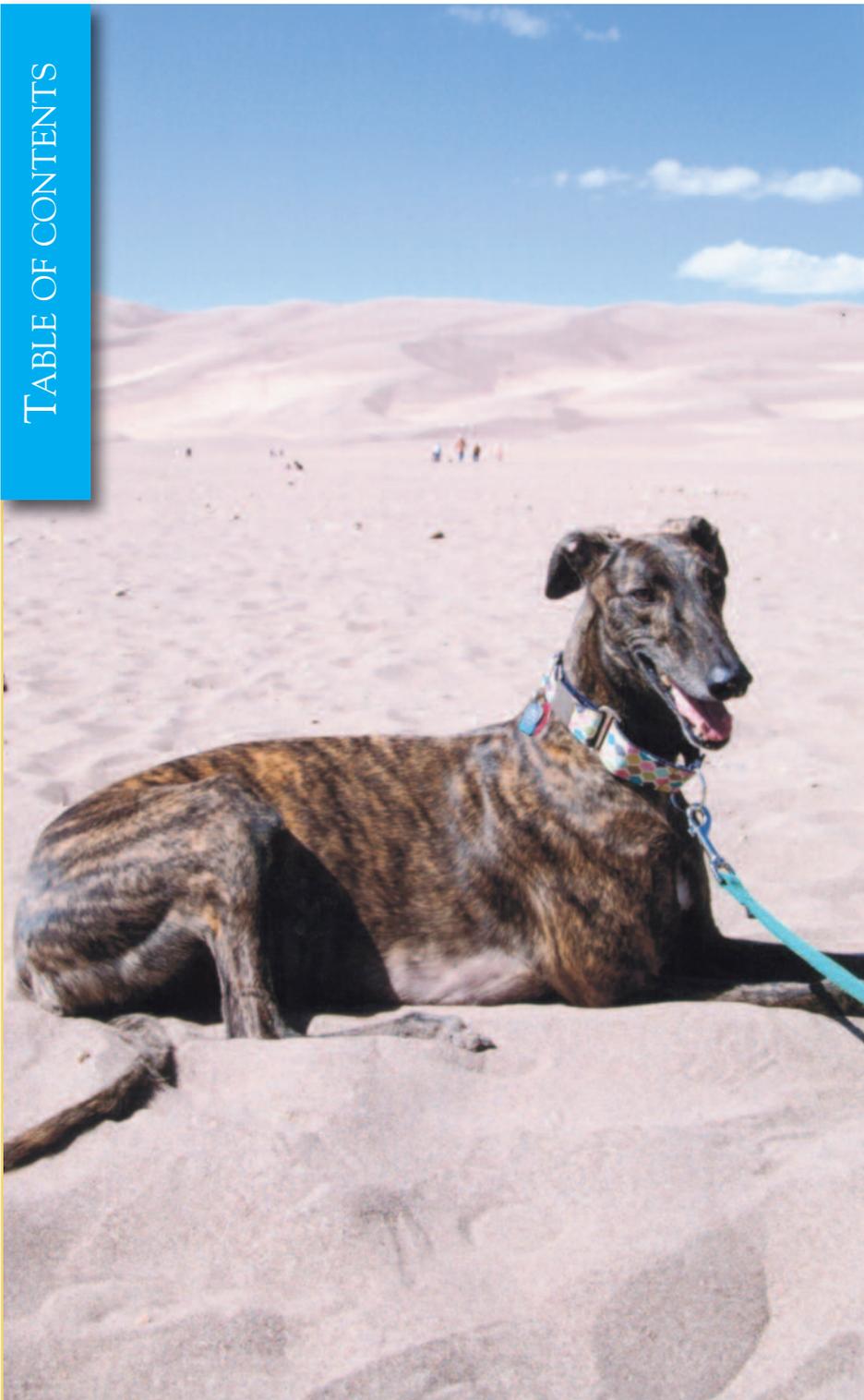
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Lost Dog Found!

Thyroid Testing

Let's Go!
Enjoy Summer with your
Greyhound



Moon, adopted by Jonathan and Suzanne Birkholz of Katy, Texas.

Front Cover Credit:

Taylor was adopted by Cyndi Rennick from Greyhound Rescue & Adoption of Tampa (Fla.), Inc.

Back Cover Credit:

Reese, adopted by Will Shumaker of Tampa, Fla.

cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters,
Owners, and Friends
Vol. 18; No. 2 Summer 2013

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The *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* that you hold in your hands is our last print issue. Postage and printing costs have increased steadily over the years; our subscription base has not. The Greyhound Project intends to convert CG into an online publication. Please visit our website (www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine) to read more about that change and what it means for you. But first, let me tell you about another change: After 13 and a half years of being a part of the editorial staff of this publication — including almost 12 years as Editor-in-Chief — I am leaving the staff of CG.

As I say goodbye to CG and to you, I have such gratitude for everyone who has contributed to the success of this publication during my tenure. Please indulge me for a moment while I call you out:

To Marcia Herman, CG's founding Editor-in-Chief, who accepted my offer to volunteer as a copy editor in 2000 and, a couple years later, took a chance on me when she was looking for her replacement — thank you for giving me this opportunity, and for reminding me that "Greyhound" should always be capitalized.

To CG's all-volunteer editorial staff, past and present — Professional publications should be so lucky to have such talented editors. Nobody would ever guess that you are volunteers. Winning the Dog Writers Association of America Maxwell Award for Best Single Breed Magazine — nine times — and the Pro Plan President's Award from the DWAA for being "the best of the best" would have been impossible without your dedication and hard work. You're the best, every single one of you. (And did I mention that they are all *volunteers!*)

To the Greyhound Project, who publishes CG — Thank you for trusting me with this publication and for letting me publish the content I wanted. I never, ever took this freedom for granted.

To Ruthann Cassidy, our talented designer — I have so enjoyed working with you all these years. Every three months, when I got your e-mail attaching the draft of the first layout, it was like receiving the best gift ever.

To CG's regular contributors and advisors — Thank you for helping CG stay true to its identity. In a community that changes as much as Greyhound adoption has over the years, it's been great to know I could depend on you.

To everyone who wrote an article, drew a picture, or took a photograph of their dog and sent it to CG — thank you for sharing your talents and your love of Greyhounds with us. Whether or not your work appeared in our pages, I looked at it. The community of Greyhound owners is vibrant, creative, and passionate. Receiving your contributions and sharing them in CG's pages has been a privilege. Without you, there would be no magazine. It's that simple.

To everyone who ever subscribed to CG, and to every individual or adoption group who recommended CG to a friend, gave a gift subscription, renewed a subscription after receiving a gift subscription or a free issue, put copies of CG on the table at their meet-and-greets or annual picnics, distributed subscription cards, invited me to talk about CG at an event, or paid for an advertisement in CG — thank you for enabling us to keep CG in print for all these years. I enjoyed meeting and talking with you, and engaging in our dialogue online and by letter. I hope you'll be engaged and delighted by CG's new, online presence.

Like most everyone else who works with CG, I have a full-time day job. I've done my work as Editor-in-Chief on evenings and weekends (and, truth be told, the occasional weekday when I thought I wouldn't get caught) — time most of us spend with our dogs and families. Because of that, I'd like to close by expressing my deepest appreciation for the patience of my Greyhounds past (Herman, Hattie, Hannah, Fred, Pearl) and present (Jethro, Jerry, Siryn). You spent so many hours curled up on your beds, keeping me company as I sat at the computer, and waiting for me to finish.

I'm done now. Let's go.



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The magazine's purpose is to provide information about Greyhounds as a breed. Recognizing that there are differing points of view on issues such as racing, breeding, and adoption policies, to mention a few, the magazine does not advocate a position on these issues. It will publish articles and reader letters regarding these issues if deemed appropriate. Unless otherwise stated, The Greyhound Project, Inc. does not necessarily agree with materials published herein. Ideas and opinions are those of the writers. No authentication or approval is implied by the editors or publishers, who assume no liability for information contained herein. *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* reserves the right to refuse publication, to edit or modify any material, and hold such material for an indeterminate period. If your Greyhound is ill, please see a veterinarian.

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Daisy, adopted by Jan Naumer of Sedona, Ariz.

Loving Again

I was so happy to read in the latest issue of CG that you have added another Greyhound to your family (Editorial Comments, Winter 2013 CG). Once you have a Greyhound who snuggles I think it would be hard to live without one. I really enjoyed this issue and the wonderful articles people wrote about adopting after loss. I think the greatest compliment you can give to a beloved hound that has been lost is to open your heart and home to another hound looking for a family. It will never be the same but it will be wonderful nonetheless.

Jan Brinegar
Via E-Mail

CG Magazine has a vital and growing community on Facebook, with 4000 members and counting! Lindsay Hocker, our intrepid Facebook administrator, asked our Facebook friends when they first heard about CG and what they like about it. Here's a sampling of their responses:

I learned about CG Magazine from a fellow greyhound adopter. I love the informative articles-- providing medical information, and the articles that give me a clue into my sweet Greyhound's past at the track. And of course all the amazing photos! — *Maud Carol Markson Goldfield*

All of it, no pro, no anti, just info, stories, and pics revolving around mainly the NGA breed dogs. It's GREYT...— *Les Mutchie*

When we adopted our first hound, I saw CG at a meet-and-greet. I've been a subscriber ever since. Once we've all read the magazine cover to cover, I take the issue to my vet's office hoping someone will decide to adopt. Good PR! — *Lynn McCraney*

While searching the Internet about Greyhounds I came across the magazine website. It is the only magazine I subscribe to these days. I love everything about CG Magazine and always have the latest two or three issues on our meet-and-greet table. The pictures on the front always get people's attention.— *Linda Murphy*

Heard about it from my Greyhound group in Sarasota Florida. I think it was in 2000. I love everything about it. I was just reading a back issue about how you wish you could attract more subscribers. I tell all of my Greyhound friends about it and am amazed when a person who has owned a Greyhound for many years has never heard about it! — *Pam Driggs*

Thank you for your letters and photographs. Future correspondence about CG Magazine may be sent to us via our Facebook site (www.facebook.com/cgmagazine) or directed to The Greyhound Project, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701. ■



The bald hind end of your Greyhound could be a sign of low thyroid production. Boca Chica and Bindy, adopted by Paula Brown of Monroe, Mich. *Barb Camahan*

The Thyroid — To Test or Not to Test?

By Jim Bader, DVM, CVCP

The Greyhound is not just another dog. For example, some normal laboratory values for Greyhounds fall outside the range considered normal for other dogs. Examples include creatinine, which indicates kidney function, and hematocrit, which measures red blood cell levels and is a test for anemia. Another area of interest — and controversy — is thyroid function in Greyhounds. When is low truly low?

The thyroid gland is made up of two lobes that lie on either side of the neck just behind the larynx. The thyroid gland is not easily felt unless it is enlarged. In a Greyhound, the thyroid is about three inches long, a little less than one inch wide, and about a quarter-inch thick. It sits between some muscles and the trachea.

The thyroid gland's sole function is to produce thyroid hormone. This may be in the form of thyroxine (T4) or triiodothyroxine (T3), which is the active form of thyroid hormone. Mostly, the thyroid produces T4, and it uses iodine — pulled from circulating blood — to accomplish this. (This is why an animal who eats a low-iodine diet may experience goiter — an enlarged thyroid gland.) The thyroid gland, through a negative feedback system, releases the T4 into the bloodstream. The T4 enters the cell; all cells respond to T4, converting it to T3, which then stimulates the cell to do its work.

Thyroid hormone acts on the individual cell to increase protein production as well as to break down carbohydrates and fats. Protein production is important in cell healing and in the production of external cell proteins such as hair. Thyroid hormone is one of the hormones that stimulate bone marrow to create red blood cells. Thyroid hormone also acts on the heart to increase heart rate and the strength with which the heart pumps the blood.

The negative feedback system the thyroid gland uses to produce T4 works as follows. T4 production is influenced by the pituitary gland, which produces thyroid stimulating hormone (TSH), which, in turn, controls T4 production. The higher the level of TSH, the more T4 the thyroid produces. As T4 levels increase, the pituitary produces less TSH, and as a result, T4 production decreases. As T4 production decreases, TSH levels increase, and the cycle will continue. When considering thyroid testing, it is important to understand this process.

Low thyroid production (hypothyroidism) can affect many body systems and produce a multitude of symptoms. These include unexplained weight gain, hair loss, skin diseases, lethargy, and/or depressed attitude.

The weight gain usually occurs with no increase in food intake, and, in fact, appetite and food intake may be decreased. The hair loss is often noticed after a seasonal shed, or it happens gradually over the course of a few months. The hair loss is usually symmetrical; for example, the flank on both sides is bald. The tail may become a “rat tail,” with no hair growth at all. This hair loss should not be confused with “kennel rub” or baldness of the hind legs, which is related more to environment than a hormonal condition.

Other skin diseases may include a chronic, non-responsive ear infection as well as chronic and recurring skin infections.

Reduced energy or general depression can be another symptom of low thyroid levels. A dog might be even less willing than a typical Greyhound to leave the couch or might tire more quickly on walks. In addition, there are some who believe the fearful Greyhound has low thyroid levels, though nothing has been

proven in this area, and without a large, controlled study, it likely will remain a theory only.

When these symptoms present themselves, standard blood work is normally performed before thyroid levels are checked. This is to rule out other health conditions. This blood work includes a complete blood count (CBC) and a chemistry profile. In cases of low thyroid function, the CBC might reveal a slight anemia (taking into account what normal levels are for a Greyhound); the chemistry profile when might indicate elevated an cholesterol and triglycerides as a result of inadequate fat metabolism.

There is some controversy about testing Greyhound thyroid function at all, for several reasons. First, the normal lab values are for all dogs, not Greyhounds in particular. And as we know, Greyhound lab values can often fall outside the normal range. In addition, some laboratories cannot assess Greyhound thyroid hormone accurately simply because the test they use is unable to detect the Greyhound thyroid hormone. Because of this, Greyhounds can often initially have a low result but actually have normal levels — for a Greyhound. In other words, there is a false positive result.

To ensure an accurate result when testing a Greyhound’s thyroid function, a complete thyroid profile should be performed; T4, T3, and TSH levels should be measured (rather than simply T4, which is the usual initial screening test used). This paints a more complete picture of thyroid function.

But the question remains: If T4 levels are low, but TSH levels fall within normal range (keeping in mind the negative feedback system), is this Greyhound truly hypothyroid? This is where the art of medicine comes into play. If the dog has clinical signs of low thyroid levels, but all other tests are normal, the owner and veterinarian may consider thyroid supplementation — but only after the potential side effects are discussed.

Another consideration is that the bodies of some dogs (not Greyhounds in particular) do not convert T4 to T3. These dogs have normal T4 and TSH levels, but they have no T3 levels. These dogs usually need to be supplemented with T3.

The “gold standard” for thyroid testing is Michigan State University’s Diagnostic Center for Population and Animal Health. The test is accurate for all dogs, and a full profile of all the thyroid hormones — including TSH — is provided. And for a small fee, the endocrinologists at MSU will provide interpretation of the results as well.

If a Greyhound is diagnosed as hypothyroid, synthetic T4 is administered orally twice daily. The initial dose is based on the Greyhound’s weight. Thyroid levels are then retested every four to six weeks, with the blood sample obtained four to eight hours after a pill is given. Several adjustments in dosage may be needed to assure the Greyhound is in the normal range with supplementation.

The Greyhound owner should also be on the lookout for side effects of thyroid supplementation and, if present, consult with the veterinarian. If the Greyhound’s supplementation is too high, he might experience increased thirst, appetite, heart rate, aggressiveness, or nervousness. In addition, he might lose weight (more than what he might have gained when his thyroid levels were low). The Greyhound owner should not stop or adjust the oral T4 dosage without consulting the prescribing veterinarian first.

Thyroid testing in Greyhounds warrants further research. Questions remain related to what is normal for a Greyhound and whether certain laboratory tests accurately detect Greyhound thyroid hormone, especially T4. If there is any doubt about a test result, a second sample should be submitted to a different laboratory. This may add costs, but they are well worth an accurate diagnosis. Remember, only when all other tests are normal should hypothyroidism be considered. If this is the first diagnosis, but the testing is inaccurate, this may mask an undiagnosed condition that will be left untreated as a result. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.



Jennifer Bachelor's Greyhound Seven is featured in *Pain and Gain*, a Paramount Pictures release in theaters now. Jennifer is kneeling at the right, with director Michael Bay behind her. Anthony Mackie, one of the film's stars, is in the center of the three men standing on the track.

Seven Becomes a Star — Filming *Pain and Gain*

By Jennifer Bachelor

On a Monday morning last March my friend, Stefanie, my two Greyhounds, Seven and Riley and I found ourselves driving to Miami from Atlanta. A day and a half earlier, I received a phone call from someone who knew of an animal talent agent searching for a trained Greyhound who could work off leash. My ex-racers are trained for obedience and agility. The mutual contact had seen me compete with Riley in the Purina Incredible Dog Challenge a year earlier and thought I might be interested in the job. I told her I was interested, but there was no way I could drive 10 hours to Miami and be ready for filming on Tuesday.

Phil, the animal talent agent, called me within a half hour. He was obviously desperate. He needed a Greyhound to be carried, to run to an actor and look “emotional,” and to run loose down a street. His biggest concern, of course, was the street scene. That was no problem for my Greyhounds. Either could run down a street to me or to a target. The other requests also sounded doable.

It sounded as though this was a major movie. The director was Michael Bay. Although his name was familiar, it was not until I looked him up that I learned he had directed *Transformers*, *Pearl Harbor*, and *Armageddon*. Mark Wahlberg (my heartthrob when I was a teen some 20 years ago) and Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson were also mentioned. I decided we had to do it. I arranged for time off from my job, and off we went.

Stefanie, the hounds, and I arrived late Monday night. Phil was worried the dogs would be tired from their travels and be less than their best the next day. I assured him that they rest very well while traveling in large crates.

On Tuesday morning it was a little weird to be meeting a strange man in our hotel parking lot and following his white cargo van to a supposed movie set. As a joke, but just in case, I posted a photo of Phil's van and license plate to Facebook so my friends and family would know who was responsible for our disappearance if we never came back. As it turned out, Phil was legitimate and soon we were on a movie set at Flagler Greyhound Track in Miami.

I decided to use Seven for the movie. Both of my Greyhounds are well trained, but Riley was recovering from a punctured joint and I was restricting her activity at the time. In addition, Seven was better at looking "emotional."

Seven, nearly 4 years old, raced at Jefferson County Kennel Club in Monticello, Florida. I adopted her from Southeastern Greyhound Adoption about a year and a half prior because she was extremely food motivated and had a very high prey drive. Such dogs are easiest for me to train and can be very competitive in agility and obedience. Seven had already started her agility career and was doing well.

One surprising aspect of our "acting" experience was how little preparation we were given. All we knew about the first shoot was that Seven would be running to an actor and needed to look emotional. Fortunately, the actor, Jeff Owings, was eager and arrived early, so we were able to work with him before filming. Seven's screen name was "Tasty Reuben," so we worked on her responding to Jeff saying "Reuben."

Phil was worried that Seven would grow tired or bored, and would stop eating treats. I knew better. Seven could work all day and has a bottomless pit for a stomach. Seven was outfitted with a fancy mint green collar with fake diamonds. It even had a tag with her stage name and a Miami phone number. (No, I have never called it.)

We were eventually called over to the back of the track. I quickly learned to be



Seven sits patiently while awaiting a command off screen.

ready for anything (heat, no shade, nowhere for Seven to lie down). I had packed a bag with the essentials (treats, water, bowl, peanut butter, baby wipes, brush, poop bags), but inevitably I would need something more. I was grateful that Stefanie fetched mats, fans, and anything else I requested, checking on Riley, and taking pictures with her phone.

We met director Michael Bay, who loves dogs. Seven licked his face when he knelt down. He and the make-up artist applied fake blood to Seven, who thought it was a tasty treat, since it is made with something sugary and is safe to ingest.

Seven needed to do a stand-stay on the racetrack and then run to Jeff when he called out "Reuben." I was glad we had practiced earlier. We decided I would stand by the actor so Seven would not turn and look back at me. Phil led her out to the track, placed her in a stay, and walked out of the scene each time. We put a little peanut butter on Jeff's hands so Seven would lick them and appear "emotional." Seven was perfect, repeating this scene over and over in the hot Florida sun while the crew shot from every angle. I eventually asked for an umbrella so I could shade Seven between takes, and it was brought to me immediately.

Filming this scene was complete just as I was about to ask that we stop, as Seven was hot and needed to cool down. She had done

very well, breaking only one stay out of many, and she had worked hard — and consistently — in the heat. Only Stefanie, Phil, and I knew how lucky Michael Bay was to have her there.

Seven had to be cooled down and the fake blood scrubbed off. Four or five people bathed her. I thought she would be tired after working in the sun, but she was fresh as a daisy and ready to do it all again.

The next scene called for Anthony Mackie to carry Seven down the track. At the time, I did not know who Anthony was and had not had time to watch any of his movies. Anthony met Seven and teased that she was a big girl and a lot for him to carry. He called us Phat Georgia girls, which Stefanie and I learned later was a compliment. In reality, Anthony was lucky that Seven weighs just 51 pounds.

Once Seven was dry, Michael Bay wanted her outfitted in a racing silk (with the number 7, appropriately) for a quick photo session. Michael wanted her to sit, but I said it would not be true to the racing Greyhound and would look better if she were standing. He was fine with that. Since Phil had handled Seven for the last scene, he was quick to keep his hands on her or the leash. I am sure he wanted credit, but she is my hound and I trained her. As I was standing her up for photos, he kept trying to move her around until



Makeup! Fake blood is applied to Seven for her next scene.



Finished with the scene requiring the fake blood, Seven receives a quick bath.

I said “Phil, I’ve got this.” Anthony later told me that was when he knew I was “cool.”

Next, we did the scene with Anthony carrying Seven. I gave him some meatballs to put in his pocket to give to Seven. Phil intercepted Seven again and handled her for the

scene. I kept quiet since it did not require any training of Seven.

The scene was repeated numerous times, and Seven was a good sport about it. In fact, she looked very relaxed in Anthony’s arms. It is amazing how a 30-second clip might take an hour to film simply because they want to film it from a distance, up close, and at different angles. They would focus on the actor’s face and then repeat the scene so they could get a close up of Seven. Then it is all pieced together for a brief scene.

We were wrapped for the day when Stefanie and I learned we were needed again on Friday rather than Thursday. This was a preview of how scheduling would be going forward. I only had given

my boss 36 hours’ notice about my escapade and although Stefanie was starting a new job the following week, she had promised her old employer that she would be back to work her last day on Friday. In the end, neither of us made it to work on Friday.

Fortunately, we were both able to connect remotely from our laptops and work from the hotel for two days. We took Riley and Seven for long walks and even took a short trip to the beach. It was not easy to park an extended cargo van at South Beach, but I did it!

Our plan was to drive back to Atlanta after filming on Friday, so we were disappointed to learn that we were not needed on set until noon. We drove to an apartment complex on Bay Harbor Island and many hours later, we were finally called to the set. The scene involved Anthony Mackie presenting Tasty Reuben to his girlfriend, played by Rebel Wilson. Anthony was to walk Seven down the sidewalk into the pool area and exchange dialogue with Rebel. Seven had trouble looking natural with Anthony and kept looking for me so I had to position myself up ahead in the direction they were moving.

By this time, it was nearing late afternoon. The sun was disappearing quickly, so they kept moving Rebel’s patio chair further back, off the patio and into the grass to keep her in the sun.

When that scene wrapped, we moved onto a very brief scene of Anthony and Rebel embracing with Seven sitting at a patio table. There were no spoken lines. Seven tired of her sit- stay in the chair and jumped onto the table. I moved in to correct her, but Michael liked Seven’s ad-libbing, so we let her be.

It was late afternoon, and Stefanie and I were still planning on making the 10-hour drive home that night. Michael wanted Seven to stay for the next scene, which was taking place in one of the apartments. Unfortunately, after waiting for several hours, we were released from the set without Seven being used again. Stefanie and I drove that night and arrived home around 7:00 a.m.

Six weeks later, my sister and I headed back to Miami to shoot stage scenes. The hotel was much better this time. Though not fancy, our extended-stay room had more space and a small kitchen, and it was less than a mile from where we would be filming.

I thought the stage would be at a movie studio, but it was actually a convention cen-



Seven executes a stand-stay at the Flagler track before Jennifer calls her.



Seven checks out the film crew at the Flagler track.

ter that I believe used to be a Home Depot. The movie sets were built inside the building. Unfortunately, it was hot and the air conditioner made too much noise, so cool air was pumped in from portable air conditioning units outside.

We were given a rare preview of what Seven would need to do in her next scene, and they allowed us to take her into the room. The scene called for her to be on a weight bench. I pictured something similar to what I see at the gym and wondered how we would get Seven to look comfortable or natural on something like that.

The weight bench was laughable and the smallest I had ever seen. Seven could not even jump up onto it because there was not enough room with the bench press bar in the way. Being an agility dog, she is quite capable of getting up on new equipment and trying new things, but she had to be placed onto the bench. Then all she could do was stand on it. We looked for other options in the room and found that she could lie down in the chair in the corner.

Meanwhile, my sister was taking care of Riley and making friends with the assistants of Mark Wahlberg and The Rock. We got a

chance to talk with The Rock. He came in and asked Denise if he could pet Riley. I brought Seven over and he chatted with me about Greyhounds for several minutes. He was super nice and very genuine. Unfortunately, we never had a scene with him.

For the most part, Mark Wahlberg kept to himself. He often had earphones on and appeared in deep concentration.

Also on the set was Michael Rispoli. He is rarely the leading man, but he has appeared in many movies and TV shows. He was very friendly and asked lots of questions about Riley and Seven. He was covered in fake blood the first two days, so when he came on set looking sharp on the third day, I jumped for a photo opportunity. I was thoroughly impressed when he said, "This is Seven and Riley, right?" I could not believe he remembered their names.

Hours passed, and it was finally time for Seven to work. She was eager for something to do. We returned to the room and much to my relief, Michael Bay said he wanted Seven in the chair rather than on the weight bench. Michael Rispoli and Mark Wahlberg would circle the room with Seven in the background. Rispoli warned me that he would be throwing an egg roll into the trash can right next to Seven's chair.

At one point, both Michaels left the room. Mark Wahlberg and I were alone . . . and I did not say a word. I wish I had said, "Hi. I am Jen. This is our first movie and I am so excited that we get to work with you." It was important to me that I was professional and not a crazy fan, but I think I could have at least said that. But the moment passed and the Michaels returned.

In the scene, Wahlberg and Rispoli walk down the hallway and into the room, circling the weight bench with Seven in the background. Rispoli took a bite of an egg roll and dropped it in the trash can as he passed by. The cameraman followed the actors so I hid in the bathroom doorway, then switched to the hallway so I could keep my eye on Seven while staying out of the camera's view. Between takes, I came in to give treats to Seven for her stay and removed the egg roll from the trash.

After we finished that shot, Bay told me he wanted Tasty Reuben to run into the



Anthony Mackie as Adrian Doorbal in *Pain and Gain*, directed by Michael Bay from Paramount Pictures. (c) 2013 Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.



Rebel Wilson as Robin Peck in *Pain and Gain*, directed by Michael Bay from Paramount Pictures. (c) 2013 Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.

bathroom, turn around, and look scared. The bathroom was small so he left me with a cameraman to figure out the details. We had not been prepped for this scene, so I had to figure it out in just a few minutes. I practiced having Seven run to a target and lie down on the bath mat. Once the cameraman was ready to film, I had Seven repeat the routine. As soon as she was down, I left the room, which gave her a nice head turn and an alert, concerned expression.

Our day ended at 8:30 p.m. Ten-hour days were typical and consisted of a lot of waiting. I would walk the hounds outside with a crew

member and his two-way radio standing by to wave us back in should Bay call for the Greyhound. Denise and I chatted with assistants, extras, Michael Rispoli, and Anthony Mackie. We watched the filming from monitors, ate the awesome food, and sat in the actors' chairs to pass the time.

The next day, we arrived at 10:30 a.m. as scheduled and were finally needed at 4:30 p.m. It did not matter to Denise and me. We much preferred spending time on set rather than sitting in our hotel rooms.

The next scene was one that I wished we had had time to prep for, and it turned out we

were fortunate that Seven already knew how to target. We were brought back into the room with the weight bench, but this time Rispoli was lying in a huge pool of fake blood with a large weight plate on his head. The tiny room was packed with crew members. Bay told me that Mark would circle the body and squat down to look at the mess. Seven would trot in and lick blood off the weight plate. Mark would then shoo her away.

Mark walked in and stood with his back to Seven and me. Bay gave him a few instructions and Mark began to get into position.

"Um, hey," I said. "Can you say hi to my dog and give her a treat?" Mark turned around and said sure. He greeted Seven briefly and gave her a treat. (Mark was not rude. He was simply busy, and he was trying to get into character.)

We entered this crowded room and it was expected that Seven would be licking a specific target in the next five minutes. And she did it!

Phil set her target and pointed it out to Seven. I simply released her to the edible fake blood at the right moment. Seven trotted straight in to lick her specified target and Mark gently scolded her and told her to go away. Seven responded immediately and came back to me. We repeated the scene a couple of times, and Seven started to lose interest. She stopped going to the target because the edible fake blood was not very high value and this strange man was pushing her away.

Luckily, I had overheard something about "licking" the day before so I had come prepared; I had grabbed some peanut butter from the hotel and had it in my cooler of treats. I offered the peanut butter, and Bay liked the idea. We showed Seven that the target had just become high value, and her enthusiasm was renewed. I released her one more time and she licked her target, but this time, she ignored Mark. She was not about to let him separate her from the peanut butter. He stepped in to pick up the weight plate she was licking. In the end, Bay had two variations of the scene from which to choose.

After the scene, I walked by and tapped on Mark's chair and thanked him for not scolding Seven too harshly in that scene.

"No problem," he said.



Jennifer Bachelor and Seven rub elbows with Anthony Mackie, one of the stars of *Pain and Gain*.

That would be the last of my interactions with Mark.

Anthony Mackie was the opposite. He was so friendly and took time to chat with my sister, Tonya (the American Humane Association representative), and me.

The American Humane Association (AHA) is an organization, funded by donations, that supervises animals being used in film. If all the animals are handled appropriately, they will allow the credits to show the message “No animals were harmed in the making of this film.” If the movie uses a lot of animals, the production company wants the AHA seal of approval so the film has an independent opinion should animal rights groups take issue with the movie.

We wrapped at 7:00 p.m. Earlier in the day, Anthony had a scene in which he shouted, “Where is my dog?” He must have shouted it a hundred times. So as Denise and I left, I said to him: “Your dog is in the van.” He invited Tonya, Denise, and me to dinner. He

promised to text after he was wrapped.

Denise and I returned to the hotel to clean up. Sure enough, he texted us around 9:00 p.m. He picked us up at our hotel and took us to a very nice seafood restaurant. Dinner was great and it was fun to hear how Anthony grew up, his family, and where he went to school. He told us that he was not given an assistant for the movie. When shooting does not wrap until 8:00 or 9:00 each night, it is hard to run errands and take care of personal business. Since Seven had me, Denise, Phil, and Tonya at her beck and call, I offered up our services and told him that Seven would not mind sharing her entourage – which he appreciated.

We arrived on set the next morning for our last day of filming on this trip. Unfortunately, they scratched the scene of Seven running down the street. The production was running out of time and it was a lot of work to shut down a street for a 10-second scene. As Greyhound people know, you do

not turn a Greyhound loose on a street and hope everything will turn out OK. However, this would have been a very easy scene for Seven. She has excellent recalls from all the training we do on a daily basis, and I had trained her to run to a distant target so they could film her running away from the camera as well. However, they opted to create her escape scene on a stage that looked like the side of a house complete with bushes. This was easy. I showed Seven that I had a steak. Phil walked her through the stage and around the corner, and then he let go of her. I did not even call her. She raced around the corner and exploded through the fake bushes. Bay was pleased. Once this scene was over, we were wrapped for the day and Denise, the hounds, and I headed home the next morning.

On our third and final trip to Miami, my husband, Stephen, came with us. The purpose of this trip was to reshoot one brief scene of Anthony walking Tasty Reuben down the sidewalk to the pool area. Too much light had been lost on the day of the original shoot, so this segment of the scene had to be redone. I was hoping we had not driven 10 hours to reshoot a 10-second scene.

Sure enough, we got word that Michael Bay wanted us back at the stage. I was excited that Seven was going to be placed in the background of another scene or two and that Stephen would have a chance to see where we did all our indoor filming.

Back at the stage, I made sure the girls were in view so Bay did not forget about us. Eventually, Seven and I were called to the stage bedroom. I learned that Seven would be on the bed for a couple of romantic scenes. Rebel Wilson was already there, so we chatted a little about Greyhounds. I had her give Seven a few treats. Anthony came in and we all sat on the bed talking while the crew adjusted the lighting and cameras.

At this writing, I have not seen the finished film, *Pain and Gain*. From what I can gather, Seven’s scenes up to this point were critical to the plot and unlikely to be cut. The next two scenes serve to establish Tasty Reuben as a pet in Anthony and Rebel’s home, but they might not make it into the final version of the movie.



Jennifer Bachelor's teenage dream comes true as she poses for a quick photo with Mark Wahlberg.

In the first scene, Seven is lying on the foot of the bed when Anthony and Rebel start rolling around. Since Seven is supposed to look like a relaxed pet, I worked on having her lie flat in the spare moments before shooting. After a minute or so, Seven would sit up. During the rolling around, Anthony's feet end up in Seven's ears and she cannot figure out what is going on. I thought it was very funny and I hope it makes it into the movie.

For the second scene, I changed Seven's position at the foot of the bed. In this scene, Anthony kicks Tasty Reuben off the bed. To accomplish this, I called Seven off the bed at the right moment.

This was the last day of filming for the entire movie, so when we finished this scene, Anthony was completely done. The crew

broke out in applause. Bay came over and gave him a hug, as did other members of the crew. They spent a few minutes thanking Anthony for all his work.

When the hoopla was over, Bay looked at me and said we were done, too. Silence . . . no one said a word. So I shouted: "Well, then everyone needs to clap for us!" The crew applauded and Bay, who had sat back down on the set's couch, stood and thanked us for our work and for driving all the way from Atlanta. I asked him if I could keep Tasty Reuben's collar. "Absolutely," he said.

I left the set and found Stephen and Riley. As I was filling out my time sheet, Bar Paly, a model from Israel, asked if she could pet Riley. Bar plays the girlfriend of Mark Wahlberg's character. Stephen said yes, of course, so Bar rubbed Riley's ears and called

her "monkey." Bar was very sweet. We both took photos with her.

Later that night, we met Anthony again for pizza and drinks at the Fox Hole. I cannot say enough nice things about Anthony Mackie. He paid us so much attention and really made me and everyone I brought to the shoot feel special. At one point, I looked at the AHA rep and said, "Why is he hanging out with us?" We still do not know, but we appreciated it.

Stephen and I finally returned to our hotel at 2:00 a.m.

This was truly a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I was so lucky to have the chance to work with good actors and a well-known director, and for my Greyhound to have a name in the movie and a part that appears crucial to the storyline. I hope Seven is listed in the credits. It was exhausting and at times challenging to keep up with my "real" life, but I would do it again in a heartbeat. ■

Jennifer Bachelor lives with her family (including Greyhounds Seven and Riley) in Acworth, Ga. Seven did indeed receive a cast credit for Pain and Gain.



Treibball is a new competitive sport that requires the dog, with communication from the handler, to push large exercise balls into a goal.

Try Treibball!

By Anne Houben

Treibball (pronounced “Try-ball”) is a herding sport from Germany. It is fairly new, but lately it is getting more popular all over Europe and the United States. A combination of obedience and herding that emphasizes communication and teamwork, it requires the dog and handler to work together to drive a large exercise ball into a goal.

During a competition, the handler and the dog are on a field with several balls. The handler directs the dog to a ball on the field, and then directs the dog to drive it to the goal (usually the space between two pylons). Next, the handler and dog repeat the process with another ball on the field. The game is complete when the dog has driven all 8 balls into the goal within 10 minutes.

My Greyhound, Spriet, is 10 years old. Last year, I was looking for something fun to do with her. We had already done obedience, and I thought she might like a bit more action. I considered agility, but Spriet’s health issues ruled



Spriet gets a little help with her first push.



Spriet is led around the ball as she is introduced to the *Come By* command.

that out. I found information about Treibball on a local dog trainer's website. I did some more research and learned that Treibball is suitable for dogs of any age, size, or fitness level. I thought we might give it a try.

I was a bit hesitant at first. Herding is usually something for dogs like Border Collies. How would I ever train my Greyhound to push an exercise ball? She knows a few tricks and she is pretty eager to learn, but still I had my doubts.

The first time she saw the ball she was a bit hesitant, too. We started slow. I laid a treat under the ball so that as soon as she smelled the treat and gently pushed the ball, she received a reward. At first she ignored the ball. Then she began to hit it with her paw. Eventually, she used her nose to push it. As soon as she knew she needed to push with her nose, I began using the command *Push*. Before too long, she learned that *Push* meant pushing the ball with her nose. Now when I give her the command *Push*, she puts her nose against the ball and starts pushing it until it moves.



Spriet has the *Come By* command down and executes it at full speed.



Nearing the end of a training session, Spriet is tired and easily distracted.

Later, she learned some more new commands. *Come by* means she needs to run one round around the ball. She also learned to walk halfway around the ball and to stop at 12 o'clock, in order to push the ball in a straight line towards me. Then she also learned to go left and right. These commands

will help to lead her into the right direction, so she knows how to push the ball to the goal.

It amazed me how fast she learned. It took a while to learn *Push*, but as soon as she got it she wanted to push, push, and push. The trainer said she'd never seen a Treibballing

Greyhound before. Usually people think only herding dogs can do something like that. Spriet proved Greyhounds can do it, too!

In total we went to 12 training sessions (8 basic, 4 advanced) that each took 45 minutes. At the end of each lesson Spriet was very tired, (mentally more than physically). We are not currently competing. There are very few Treibball competitions in the Netherlands, and Spriet still needs to learn to follow my commands from a distance. If you search for "Spriet Treibball" on YouTube, you will see a few videos from Spriet's initial training; the improvements she made between her first, second, and fourth training sessions are apparent.

To some people, directing a dog to push a big exercise ball might look ridiculous. But I know Spriet enjoys it and I know she made big improvements. As long as Spriet enjoys it, we keep practicing. I bought two 26" gymnastics balls so we can easily train in our backyard.

If you want to try Treibball with your Greyhound, buy an exercise ball and try it out. See if your dog is willing to stand next to it and eventually touch it. Then you can continue to teach your dog the other commands. ■

Anne Houben and Spriet live in The Netherlands. For more information about Treibball, visit the website of the American Treibball Association (www.americantreibballassociation.org/).



At a local sheepherding seminar, JD tries working the sheep. *Becky Canfield*

Greyhounds and Sheepherding

By Joanne Johnson

When a friend told me she had taken her Rhodesian Ridgeback to a sheepherding seminar to let him try herding, I thought it sounded like fun. I hadn't heard of any sheepherding Greyhounds, but if a Ridgeback could do it, why not a Greyhound? My Greyhounds, JD and Streak, were obedience-trained and under pretty good voice-control most of the time. I was able to call JD off a raccoon in mid-chase in the backyard and called Streak off the neighbor's cat once. Maybe I could keep them under control around sheep, too.



I am always up for a challenge and love to try new things with my Greyhounds. My Greyhounds have both Rally Obedience Excellent and Canine Good Citizen titles. They are trained for Agility and Competition Obedience. I also did Flyball with one of my Greyhound competitors and taught another to read six flash cards with commands and to perform the appropriate response. We also do pet therapy and my dogs perform at Renaissance festivals with the Hounds of East Fairhaven. I believe that Greyhounds are wonderful, smart, versatile dogs who are capable of anything. I am always willing to challenge my dogs, and so far they have not let me down.

I called my friend Becky to see if she wanted to bring her Greyhound Stormy along for fun and moral support at the sheep-herding seminar. Then I eagerly called the ranch that offered the sessions and signed up the dogs up for the next seminar. It was \$30 to attend with the dogs to let them try herding sheep. They even offered duck-herding for smaller dogs. They signed us up for the class without asking my dogs' breeds. I decided not to offer that information, which I later discovered was a good thing.

We arrived at the farm on a chilly morning with muzzles in hand. The Greyhounds got a polite but unenthusiastic greeting from one of the trainers. She told us Greyhounds would not be allowed to take the class. We

replied that we brought muzzles for the dogs to wear, but that didn't win her over. As we were getting ready to head home, another trainer told us he would be willing to give the Greyhounds a shot. He would work with us; however, if he thought the dogs were a danger to the sheep, we would be asked to leave. Apparently terrified sheep can go through fences, so just preventing the dogs from biting with muzzles wasn't quite enough. We had to prevent the dogs from panicking the sheep, too. Who knew?

Our trainer explained sheepherding first. When you see a dog herding sheep, it is in a state of prey drive. It takes a dog with a high-prey drive to herd sheep, but the dog has to be very controlled, which is the hard part for Greyhounds. They are bred to chase and not look to a human for direction because that would slow them down. They are bred to be totally focused on the prey or lure and ignore the distraction of humans cheering them on at the racetrack. Most sheepherding dogs are bred to be very responsive to people and look to them for direction, but they are also bred for the same high-prey drive as the Greyhounds. So did that mean that our Greyhound's genes brought them at least 50 percent of what they needed to herd? I hoped that was the case.

Each dog would be put in a small corral with three sheep. Each dog would drag a long line behind so the trainer or owner could be

able to pull it off sheep, if necessary. The small area was supposed to keep the dog and sheep from getting far away so we could stay in control of the dog. The corral looked awfully big to me. We were given heavy gloves to prevent rope burn when we grabbed the long line. The goal was not to have the dog chasing the sheep around the pen but to have the dog moving the sheep at a controlled walk or trot from one area to the other. The dogs were supposed to use the predator stare and crouched body position to hold the sheep still or to move the sheep as a group. They only actually touched the sheep if necessary to get them to move. Most work was done quietly and slowly from a little distance to avoid scaring the sheep too much. If a sheep broke away from the herd, then the dog could run to get it and bring it back. I was relieved to hear that the sheep who worked with the new dogs were allowed to grow very long coats that offered protection if the dog actually tried to bite them.

The trainer also had a staff that was used to tap or push the dogs back to give the sheep room. He did not hit the dogs with this; rather he just put it in front of them, slowing a dog or pushing it back off the sheep a bit.

He also tapped their chests a little to remind them that we were there, which helped get their attention back on us when they got too focused on the sheep. He was an expert at it and was very careful and gentle.



Streak moves one sheep back to the herd. *Becky Canfield*



Success! Streak has the sheep back together. Joanne, JD, and a Sheltie waiting its turn are impressed. *Becky Canfield*



The sheep is back with the herd, and Streak stops chasing on command. *Becky Canfield*



Joanne and Streak try herding on their own. *Becky Canfield*

While we had our seminar, advanced dogs were moving sheep around in a huge field near us, accompanied by their owners and other trainers. They were amazing! Our dogs were pretty excited to see that. The pen of ducks for the tiny dogs to herd was also next to us, which caused a little excitement. So far, the Greyhounds had maintained their

dignity and ours, but we hadn't got in the pen with the sheep yet.

By the time I actually got into the pen with JD, I was thinking I probably should have listened to the first trainer. My heart was pounding. Would JD listen? I wasn't sure I liked the way he was looking at the sheep. How do dogs automatically know what ani-

mals are prey anyway? The sheep looked huge up close. Would the sheep hurt the dogs? JD raced at 76 pounds and Streak raced at 92 pounds. Would it even be possible to stop them with a rope when they took off after the sheep?

Initially JD was a little too excited and did take off after the sheep. They scattered in



JD displays what the herding dog should *not* do. As the frightened sheep attempts to jump over the fence, Joanne reaches down to grab the long line to slow JD down. *Becky Canfield*

terror and the trainer used the rope to bring him up short a few times. A few taps from the staff later, he was under control. JD seemed to figure out the game. He started moving the sheep around at a walk or trot. I actually saw my Greyhound crouch down and assume a low stalking position like a real herding dog. He was doing it! My friend's Greyhound, Stormy, took to it right away, too. She was definitely too excited at first, but slowed and was under control by the end of her first turn herding.

Streak was my more sensitive, typical Greyhound. He wasn't quite as good at herding. He would get excited about the moving sheep and then start chasing. When we tried to slow him down, he stopped completely and wouldn't look at the sheep. He was always my good boy and it only took one correction to stop him from doing something permanently. It took a lot of coaxing to get him to try to move the sheep again once he thought he had done the wrong thing. He ended up getting the hang of it and seemed to really enjoy it.

We rotated turns with each dog in the corral with the trainer and his owner, while the other owners and trainers watched from outside in another safely fenced area. I think

each dog got four turns. Each turn lasted quite a while so the Greyhounds were worn out by the time we finished, even with all the rests in between.

To our delight and surprise, the trainer said that our Greyhounds had potential and that he would like to work with them and teach them to herd. He had never heard of any Greyhounds doing it before but was up for the challenge and seemed excited about it.

Herding isn't cheap and the farm was nearly an hour away from my house, so it would have been a very expensive hobby. JD was the better of my two dogs, but he had just turned ten. I figured he might be a little old to start a new sport, even though he was still lure coursing and had the energy of a 5-year-old. We did plan to at least do it again for fun. A few months later JD was diagnosed with bone cancer, so we retired him from all dog sports. Shortly after I lost JD, Streak came down with the same disease, so we never actually made it out to the farm to herd again.



After a day of herding, the exhausted JD and Streak take a break, while trainer Jon Tholkes of Red Creek Farm and a few worried sheep look on. *Joanne Johnson*

I now have two more Greyhounds. I got Miles as a puppy and adopted Moose when he retired from the track at 4-and-a-half years old. Miles has been doing obedience and agility and is getting to the point that I think we might try herding with him. Moose is like Streak and very easy to correct, even though he hasn't had all the training of the other dogs. We are looking forward to trying herding again soon. If you ever get the opportunity to try it with your Greyhounds, give it a shot. They may surprise you. ■

Joanne Johnson has owned Greyhounds since 2001. She is a core member of the adoption group Greyhound Crossroads and has fostered more than 250 Greyhounds over the years. She lives in Greenville, S.C. with Greyhounds Miles Per Hour (Miles) and Kickin Kevin (Moose), and Italian Greyhound Logos Pearly Gates (Pinky).



Jenny, Sandy, and Doug in front of their Galena, Illinois store, Don't 4 Get About Me.

Greyhound in Galena

By Jenny DuBrock

Eagerly anticipating the first signs of spring after a long, harsh winter is a yearly ritual for this Midwesterner. I like to think the same is true for my Greyhound, Sandy. During the summer, our retail store, Don't 4 Get About Me, located in the tourist town of Galena, Illinois is in full swing. Sandy knows that warm weather and road trips to the shop will bring a few of her favorite summer pastimes.

A 2006 adoptee from the Dairyland Greyhound Park in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Sandy quickly became part of the family. On vacations, we search for a unique souvenir to bring home for her that reminds us of our trip, such as a manatee-shaped squeaker toy from Florida. It did not take long for my husband, Doug, and me to realize that other people do the same for their pets. It inspired us to open a retail store with this gift theme in 2011.

Sandy's interest is piqued when the suitcases come out. I ask, "Do you want to go to Galena?" Her ears stand at attention as her white-tipped helicopter tail circles wildly. She will not leave my side until she is in the car and we are on our way.

Sandy is employed as our one-dog welcoming committee (and official treat tester). Although this couch potato will lie on her bed in the back of the shop most of the day, she will quickly get up to greet customers. She stands at a perfect height for people of all ages to pet her and delights in the attention she receives.



Jenny with her new furry friends at the store's Quad Cities Greyhound Adoption meet-and-greet.

Sandy is our advocate for Greyhound adoption awareness. We talk with customers about the sweet and gentle disposition of this special breed, and Sandy is a perfect Exhibit A. There is also an instant connection with other Greyhound owners as eyes light up and dog-centered conversations flow after this shared bond is discovered. And Sandy was the reason we invited Quad Cities Greyhound Adoption to host a meet-and-greet at our store.

But a visit to Galena is not all work and no play. Off the clock, Sandy embraces the summer fun this small, historic community has to offer. Throughout the day, Doug and I alternate taking Sandy for long walks around town. She is energized from the activity on the main street bustling with visitors or by the fresh air on long winding paths overlooking the town. Walks are almost always interrupted by someone asking, "Is that a Greyhound?" Depending on her mood, Sandy takes a leisurely pace or will march one step ahead of me. Sometimes we take her to Chestnut Mountain, a popular ski resort in the winter and a picturesque area in the summer that provides beautiful views of the Mississippi River. Sandy enjoys this dog-

friendly spot with its wide open spaces, grass covered hills, and warm breezes.

Before Galena, I did not think of Sandy as much of an outdoor type, but she proved me wrong. We have been camping a few times in the luxury of my in-laws' motor home. Under the stars, Sandy rests, warmed by the camp fire, followed by sleep on her soft bed in air conditioned comfort at night. Early in the morning, she trots through the fresh dew covering the ground, pausing often to take in scents and sounds that are unfamiliar in her urban area back home.

Sandy's favorite activity in Galena is taking a boat ride on the nearby Mississippi River. Nerves got the best of me at first. I wondered how she would walk on the dock into the pontoon, or how she would react to being on the water. But once again, she surprised me. Boat rides are no problem for my girl with the skinny sea legs. Preparing Sandy for the boat is similar to getting a child ready, as I pack her bed, food, water, bowls, snacks, toys, and life jacket. But once we are on board, it is pure relaxation. The majority of the time, Sandy sleeps to the steady hum of the motor and gentle rocking waves. The rest of the ride, Sandy walks with ease around the

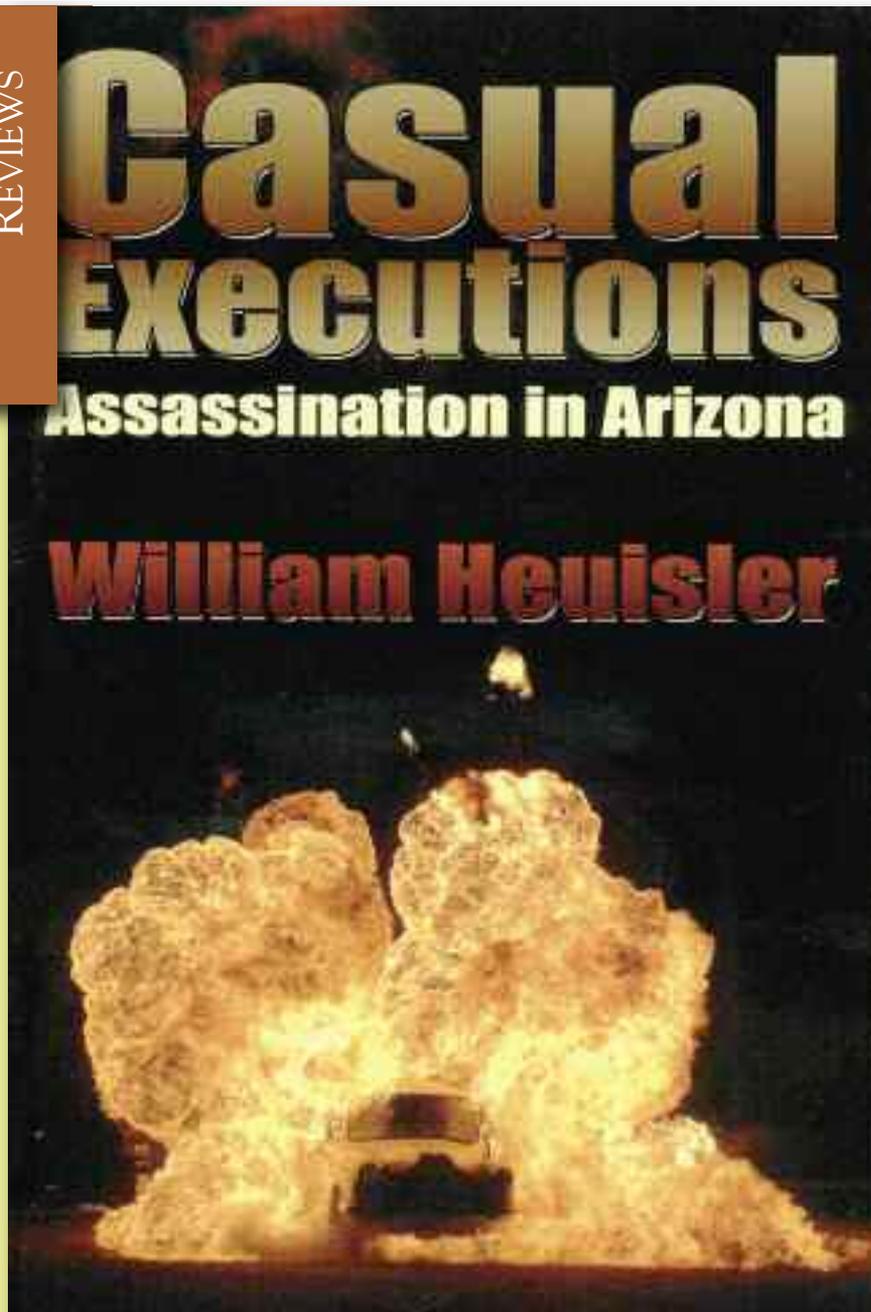
moving boat, standing tall to feel the summer wind on her black and white fur.

After our time in Galena, Sandy sleeps in the car most of the way home, resting peacefully on a plush pad in her kennel. Sometimes I think I see a faint smile form on her face as I imagine her dreaming of the Mississippi River, summer sun, new friends, and her next visit to Galena. ■

Jenny DuBrock lives in Chicago, Ill. with her family and her Greyhound, Sandy. She and her husband, Doug, are owners of the retail store Don't 4 Get About Me (www.dont4getaboutme.com) on Main Street in Galena, Ill.



Cruising along the Mississippi River.



Casual Executions

By Bill Leenerts

Casual Executions: Assassination in Arizona
By William Heuisler
BookSurge Publishing (2008)
ISBN 978-1-4392-1464-0

If you're looking for a sedate, quiet, relaxing read this is not it. *Casual Executions* is a nonstop, action-filled thrill ride. A word of caution: Don't begin this book unless you can spare an afternoon. It revolves around organized crime and Greyhound racing in Arizona in the 1970s.

This "fact-inspired novel" is based on a notorious event in Arizona history. On June 2, 1976, Arizona Republic reporter Don Bolles, to whom this book is dedicated, was to meet a mob informant at a hotel in downtown Phoenix. The informant never showed. When Bolles returned to his car a remote-controlled bomb went off. Bolles was not killed instantly. Witnesses at the scene reported him saying: "They finally got me. The Mafia. Emprise. Find John (Harvey Adamson)" (www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Bolles). Emprise Corporation was a Buffalo, N.Y.-based company (now defunct) with ownership interests in several dog and horse racetracks, as well as a Las Vegas casino. John Harvey Adamson, a small-time criminal (and racing-Greyhound owner), was the informant with whom Bolles was scheduled to meet.

In response to the killing of one of their own, reporters from across the county descended on Phoenix and formed the Arizona Project. The Arizona Project was a collaborative effort by approximately 40 reporters who represented 23 newspapers. Due to the reporters' efforts, Max Dunlap, John Adamson, and James Robison were

eventually convicted of the crime. The man who many believe ordered the “hit,” millionaire Kemper Marley, was never charged. Bolles reported a conflict of interest that caused Marley to be removed from his seat on the Arizona Racing Commission, which regulates horse and Greyhound racing. Marley, a liquor distributor, had been selling liquor to Emprise for about 30 years. Dunlap, an associate of Marley’s, paid Adamson and Robison to plant and detonate the bomb.

If you are interested in learning more about the Arizona Project, watch for the upcoming movie. Directed by Ben Affleck, its working title is *Arizona*.

The author of *Casual Executions*, William Heuisler, investigated some aspects of Bolles’ murder. A former Marine and Tucson policeman, and the director of an Arizona investigative agency, Heuisler was chief investigator for the governor of Arizona in the late 1980s.

Now before you dismiss *Casual Executions* as a dry historical essay, let me assure you that while somewhat based on actual events, this book is a work of fiction. If you like the world of private investigators, hit men, Mafia crime bosses, corrupt politicians, and inept police, get ready to wrap the warm blanket of familiarity around you and settle in for a good time.

Let’s meet our hero Cormac “Mack” Robertson, a 6’ 3”, hard-drinking, ex-cop-turned- private investigator. He’s hired by Grace Faber to investigate the hit-and-run death of her mother Viola. Grace Faber, a newspaper reporter for the *Arizona Republic*, is frustrated by the reluctance of the police to solve her mother’s death. Ace Collins, editor of the *Arizona Republic*, is Grace’s lewd boss. Why does he want to quell her story? What other secrets might he be hiding? We also meet Bruno Malatesta, the stereotypical crime boss now retired to Arizona . . . or is he? Bruno’s daughter is Chickie Malatesta. Chickie and Mack are friends with benefits. Fooling around with a Mafia Don’s daughter — talk about playing with fire! Last but not least is hit man Vinnie Romano, aka “The Monster.” Vinnie got his nickname not from his methods, but from his looks. Vinnie’s face, once handsome, was burned and disfig-

ured in an arson job of his gone wrong. Vinnie sees Mack as an obstacle to his obsession with Chickie.

As Mack begins to research the seemingly simple hit-and-run case, he is drawn into the world of money-laundering, Greyhound racing, politics, and cover-ups. Mack and his trusty .45 refuse to let a few attempts on his life get in the way of discovering the truth.

This book is full of violence, car chases, shoot-outs and arson. The author portrays the hit-and-run accident with such horrific detail you would think you had witnessed it. There are also several graphic sex scenes that could give a Southern belle a case of the vapors. This is not a book for children or the faint of heart. Another fair warning: *Casual Executions* contains descriptions of Greyhound abuse that are deeply disturbing.

Author William Heuisler has been involved with Greyhound rescue for more than 20 years. His familiarity with Greyhounds and his descriptions of them show a deep appreciation for the breed, and his experiences as an investigator bring realism to the story. I would definitely recommend it. ■

Bill Leenerts lives in Louisville, Ky. with his wife Pat and adopted Greyhounds Susie and Jack. They all volunteer with Shamrock Greyhound Placement (www.greyhoundsofshamrock.org). Bill and Pat have been involved with Greyhound adoption since 1982.



Kendall, adopted by Barb Carnaham of Hatboro, Pa.



Shades of Grey

By Shannon Forrest

Shannon Forrest's Greyhound, Wagner, doesn't know he's blue.

Henry Ford purportedly told customers that a new automobile could be obtained in any color as long as it was black. With one exception, the same can be said of Greyhounds. Technically, nature creates them in only two base colors: black and red. At first, the only option is to combine the two colors into red brindle. Once the original color is determined, additional chromosomes can alter the coat into a wide variety of patterns and combinations.

Those colors recognized by the National Greyhound Association (NGA) are depicted on the official color chart. Of the 18 colors depicted, blue seems to evoke the most discussion. Using the term blue as a descriptor is somewhat misleading, because the human eye sees the color as gray. Dogs with the characteristic gray hue are categorized as solid blue or blue variant. A Greyhound is considered variant when the blue is combined with fawn or brindle. Continuous coats and those with small patches of white visible on the front torso or feet are denoted as solid blue. The unique appearance is technically not a true color. Blue indicates that the primary color was genetically diluted. Solid blue dogs begin as black. If the base color was originally red, the dilution effect creates blue fawn. Red brindles under the same circumstance become blue brindles.

In the United States, blue Greyhounds are among the most rare. Blue is a recessive characteristic, so a puppy must inherit the trait from the sire and the dam in order for it to appear. Because of the recessive etiology, it has a lower probability of occurrence in the population. However, it is almost impossible to determine exactly how statistically rare the color is. Although all Greyhounds registered with the NGA are required to indicate color on the Bertillon card, not all Greyhounds are registered. To determine the percentage that makes up a single slice of a pie, you need to know the size of the pie to begin with. Further, the NGA does not maintain a database that can be sorted by color. In theory, one could review the stud books from the start of organized racing and compile those statistics. No one has done so.

Instead, the perceived rarity of blue Greyhounds is more commonly based on personal experience. Adoption groups sometimes quote the statistic based on the number encountered within the lifespan of the program. A representative from a long-standing adoption group in Central Florida, for example, said he encounters blue Greyhounds at the rate of about one in 600. Records from the Greyhound Adoption League of Texas indicate that 43 blue dogs were received and adopted since the inception of the organization in 2001. Given a total of 2,200 dogs that passed through the organization during that

time, approximately two percent were blue. A survey of the approximately 900 dogs living at the Orange Park Kennel Club, based in Jacksonville, Florida, in March 2013 revealed six to be blue – roughly less than one percent of the population.

To say that less than three percent of all racing Greyhounds in the United States are born blue or blue variant would be a conservative estimate of the true number. So yes, they are rare. Increasing the number of blue Greyhounds could easily be accomplished through selective breeding. Over the course of several generations, the trait could eventually become dominant. But racing Greyhounds are bred for speed, not color. As a result, the gene pool favors the dominant colors of the fastest dogs.

All Because of Blue

Events that occur infrequently often become the subject of folklore. Blue Greyhounds are no exception. One of the more common beliefs is that the color predestines the dog to be a terrible racer. Assuming that all blue Greyhounds are slow because they are uncommon is not valid. They simply weren't fast first. Hence, they were not selected as the preferred breeding stock in the United States. If Molotov (a successful racer and top sire) had been born blue instead of brindle, the story would be different.

In other parts of the world the color blue appears more frequently and with a greater degree of success. In 2008, the Australian Greyhound Racing Association awarded the title of Greyhound of the Year to a young male named El Galo. The solid blue dog won the coveted Gold Coast Cup and currently ranks seventh in stakes earnings in Australia. El Galo — appropriately called Flash by his owner, Seona Hood — apparently didn't get the message that blue Greyhounds are supposed to be slow.

Temperament is another area of contention. Descriptive terms that surround the blue dogs include quirky, hard-headed, and stubborn. Some even claim them to be “just not right.” Correlating coat color with behavior appears to be an example of spurious tribal knowledge that originated during the early days of Greyhound racing.

Observations regarding the blue dogs were likely embellished as they were passed from trainer to trainer. Over time, the stereotype became entrenched. The narrative fallacy, or the inherent human desire to make sense of the unknown, may be to blame. Those who believed the fallacy might have thought that purportedly strange behavior must be attributable to something. The absence of any overt answers left them with only one hypothesis; the oddity was a result of the blueness. It was a false conclusion but one that seemed to satisfy the curiosity of the originator. Further complicating the issue is the psychological principle of confirmation bias. People tend to believe information consistent with a pre-held notion and dismiss information contrary to what they already believe to be true. In other words, a single story or experience that confirms a person's established impressions is deemed valid, whereas multiple sources of contradictory evidence are dismissed as the exception, or are ignored.

What is the reality? Evidence indicates that problematic behavior transcends color and breed. Additionally, behavioral problems correlated with medical issues are not endemic to the color blue.

Of course, the whole argument hinges on a subjective evaluation to begin with. What is deemed as odd is based on a comparison to what is perceived as normal. Teddy Palmer, founder of Halfway Home Greyhound Adoption, based in Tulsa, Oklahoma has an opinion regarding the myth. She has a unique perspective because of the nature of her program. Teddy provides an adoption conduit for Greyhounds who remain on or have been returned to farms in Oklahoma. Her organization facilitates transportation of Greyhounds between owners and adoption groups. In ten years, she has placed nearly 4,600 dogs. Of those, approximately 150 have been blue. She has also adopted three blue females herself. According to Teddy, “The blues are just like any other Greyhound. They're perfectly normal.”

Can't Get Enough of Blue

Despite the perceptual issues associated with blue dogs, potential adopters seem to yearn for them. Teddy seems to agree. She



Oneco (Oneco Reflex), adopted by Karen Lee and Terri Jacobson of Salem, Ore.

confided, “I was bitten by the blue bug. Once I saw one, I absolutely had to have one.” Supply and demand, however, can lead to other challenges. Occasionally blue retired racers appear for sale online. An asking price beyond a standard adoption fee indicates an attempt to capitalize financially on the high desirability of a blue Greyhound.

For adoption groups, blue dogs can be a blessing or a curse. In one sense multiple applications are inevitable. On the other hand, the motivation of potential adopters may be questionable. Instead of suitability, temperament, or compatibility, color might be driving the adoption decision. A track-based adoption group in Florida revealed that the presence of a blue Greyhound elicits no fewer than 20 inquiries. Another group indicated that a blue can cause disputes to break out among volunteers. Others will not allow a blue Greyhound to go to a first-time adopter.

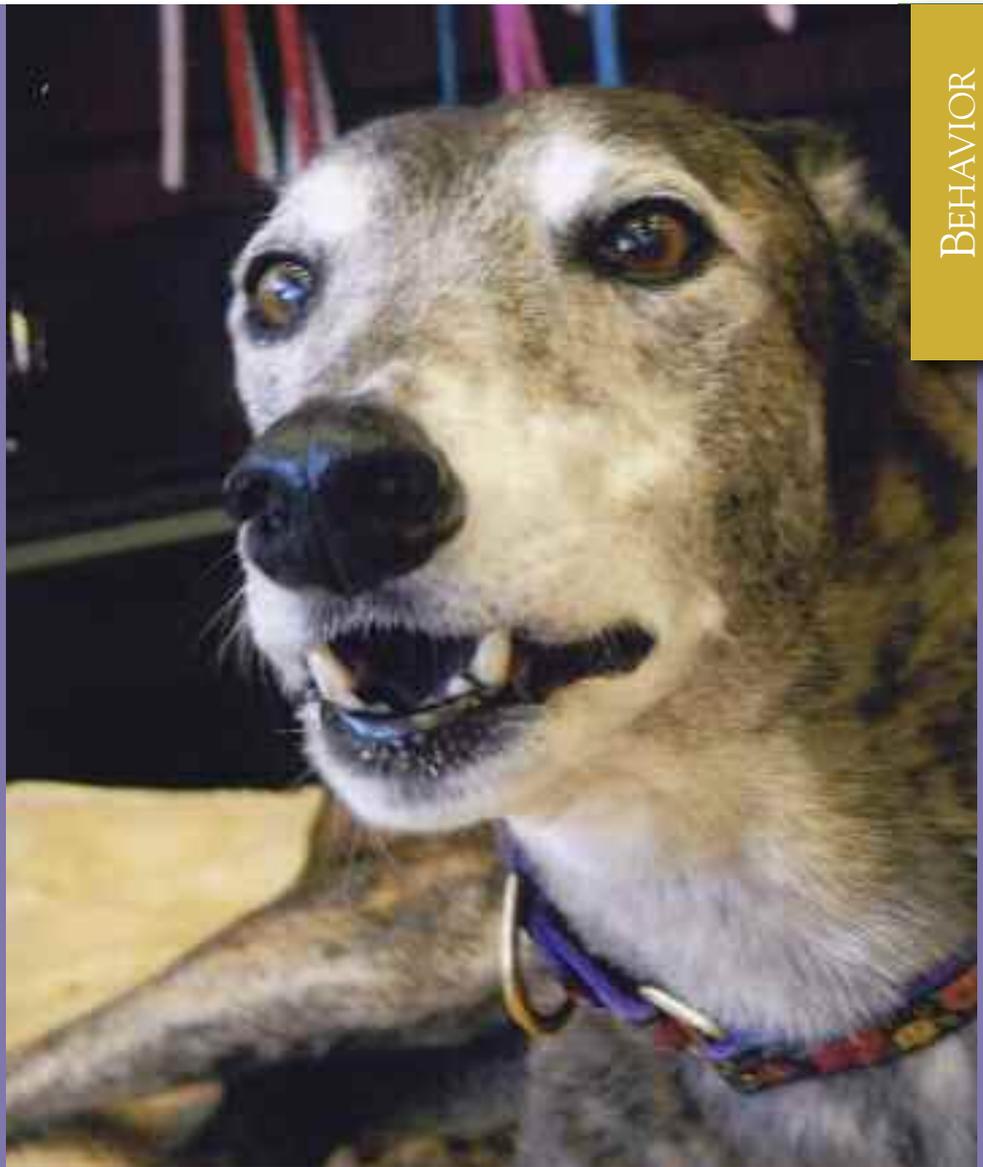
Handling blue dogs internally is a strategy used by some groups. In lieu of placing a

dog on the available list, the group’s director or adoption coordinator identifies a potential candidate in advance. The person is often a long-term volunteer or someone who has fulfilled an important role for the organization. Teddy Palmer discovered that even Greyhound farms have embraced this reward principle. Some will provide blue Greyhounds to adoption groups but with the stipulation that other dogs be taken as well. These include seniors and those with medical needs. It is a powerful bargaining chip but one that ensures Greyhounds who are typically more difficult to adopt get a better chance at a home.

Keeping a blue Greyhound close at hand can benefit an adoption group in a number of ways. Because a blue Greyhound tends to attract attention, it can motivate curious onlookers to initiate contact. In this role the dog serves as a public relations ambassador and provides an opportunity to promote Greyhound awareness and perhaps an adoption.

The best lesson of all comes from the dogs themselves. A blue Greyhound doesn’t know he is blue. And thus, there’s no intrinsic significance attached to it; that’s a human trait. The unconditional love of a Greyhound is color blind. For the sake of the breed, it is important that we return the favor. ■

Shannon Forrest volunteers for Greyhound Adoption League of Texas.



What is your Greyhound trying to tell you? Chase, adopted by Ann and Bob Sumrall of Annapolis, Md. *Joanne Bast*

Why Do Dogs Growl? Should We Stop Them?

By Deb Levasseur, CTB

Has your dog ever growled at you for no apparent reason? “He was lying there wide awake,” you exclaim, “and I was only gently petting him. Why would he growl at me? Doesn’t he love me?”

I am a dog trainer and behavior consultant who has worked with hundreds of retired Greyhounds. I hear about this issue quite often. In this article I will discuss several reasons why dogs may growl and what should be done to resolve this issue.

A growl is a genuine form of canine communication we should appreciate and respect. Dogs are limited in their vocal communications and the growl is the most important of all. Dogs use growling as a communication technique to convey many different emotions. For example, a dog may growl out of fear when a stranger approaches. He may growl at you when he is hurt to protect himself from increased pain. He may growl to guard a bone you are trying to

take away. He may growl when you scoot him off the couch, which he views as his prized possession. He cannot speak to us in our language, so he must use his own.

Often people believe that growling is a frightening and aggressive behavior, but, it is absolutely crucial not to suppress growling! The growl is used as a warning sign. A growl is almost always preceded by more subtle signs that communicate discomfort. We may miss these, but we seldom miss a growl. If a dog growls at you, stop what you are doing immediately or get the dog out of the situation that is making him uncomfortable. Children especially need to understand this.

If you are punished for jumping every time someone startles you, would you stop feeling startled and no longer jump? Of course not. If we forbid our dog to growl, we are asking the dog to go straight to the next step in his communication repertoire, which may be a snap or even a bite. Growling is how your dog indicates his or her current emotional state. Punishing a dog for growling would be similar to disciplining a child for feeling frightened or startled. In addition, if you punish the growl, you may inadvertently increase his fear and anxiety toward the situation that prompted the growl.

If the growling is a new behavior and seemingly happens out of the blue, then a check-up from your veterinarian is in order. A medical reason may be causing these growls. Your dog could have a hormone imbalance, such as a thyroid issue, or a neurological problem. He could be in pain from a bad tooth, or he could have Lyme disease or another medical condition.

Since suppressing our dog's ability to communicate is not an option, if we want to prevent growling, then it is essential to identify its triggers. Once these are identified, you can try one or more of the following solutions:

1. You can prevent the stressful situations from recurring.
2. You could achieve your goal in a way that does not cause a reaction.
3. You could teach him to like — or at least accept — what he previously viewed as unpleasant.
4. You could train a more acceptable canine reaction.

A few training methods you can use to help implement the third and fourth solutions are classical conditioning (creating a pleasant association), desensitization (getting them used to something by starting with something they are comfortable with), and counter-conditioning (teaching them alternative behaviors).

The key to all these methods is always to keep the dog *below* his threshold — the point just before his emotional state changes. Always start at a level that is comfortable and doesn't cause a reaction, then work up slowly from there. If at any point you go over his threshold and he reacts, you will need to take a step back and proceed more slowly. It is imperative that your dog does not learn that growling leads to a positive result. This can be a fine line to walk during the training process. Dogs learn by cause and effect — they do whatever brings them results.

Imagine your dog is lying down somewhere wide awake and relaxed. Your friend pets your dog. The previously content hound reacts by baring his teeth and growling. Why would your dog have this type of reaction if your friend did not hurt, provoke or startle him? If the person was reaching over the dog's head, especially when he is lying down, he may find this intimidating. Never reach over a dog's head for petting, no matter the breed of dog. Instead, pet the dog gently in the center of his chest. Some dogs will become visibly relaxed within seconds with this approach, whereas the same dog might have growled or snapped if approached over his head.

When people get down to the dog's level, it generally decreases social distance and may lead to direct eye contact, which dogs can also find very uncomfortable and even threatening.

Correctly diagnosing any behavioral issues in your dog is more than half the battle. When trying to resolve growling (or any other behavioral issue), in addition to using the methods above, I also recommend keeping a journal of the occurrences. This will allow you to find patterns and help determine the triggers and tolerance thresholds.

When observing your dog for this purpose, make your observations as objectively as possible without including your opinions,

feelings, and interpretations. For more information on these types of observations, you can research ethograms, or catalogs of animal behaviors. If you have difficulty reading and interpreting your dog's behavior or setting up a training program, contact a positive dog trainer in your area. Attending a positive obedience class will also help you learn skills, such as teaching the dog to drop items. This training will help your dog's self-control, manners, and socialization.

Ultimately, dogs are not behaving badly when they growl. Punishing them for it may only exacerbate the behavior. Let's set our dogs up for success by discovering why they are growling and avoiding situations that make them uncomfortable. We need to work with them by clearly defining their triggers and thresholds to create a better outcome.

We need to be able to speak for our dogs by being able to read and interpret their canine body language. Management is important as dogs become very good at things when they practice them. It is vital to prevent the next growl. The situation will usually escalate and become more frequent if left untreated.

Training our dogs and learning more about canine communication is something all pet owners should undertake. It is fun and rewarding, and we owe it to our best friends. And remember, if you are not having fun, neither is your dog. Always ensure your training is enjoyable and positive for everyone involved. ■

Deb Levasseur, Certified Trainer and Canine Behavior Therapist, is the President and Founder of Maritime Greyhound Adoption Program, based in Moncton, New Brunswick.



After slipping out the back door of the home of her new owners, Ellie the Greyhound swam to the island on the left side of this photo. *Kathy Wagner*

Finding Ellie

By Julie Costello

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3

I learned that Ellie was missing from Salem, N.J. around 6:30 in the evening. A shy, 3 year-old, 67-pound, fawn Greyhound, Ellie had only been in her new home about one week. I called her owners right away to see if I could help. After a brief conversation, I learned that the owners, John and Tara, did not have any National Greyhound Adoption Program (NGAP) adopters or volunteers in the immediate area to assist them. So off I went, trying to take advantage of what sunlight was left.

Here is where it got tricky. Ellie is a shy girl. When she escaped, she left the property, entered Keasby's Creek, swam to an island, and then to a neighboring island. She was spotted on the second island about 4 p.m. on Friday, five hours after her escape. The island is huge and impassable, solid with phragmites (reeds), so searching the island was out of the question, especially since nightfall was upon us.

I began immediately to network for boats, waders, aircraft — anything that could get us to the island — and maybe get us a view from above. The future seemed dismal for Ellie. There was almost no way we could get a sighting since deploying volunteers on the island was not possible.

On Friday night, Tom, an NGAP volunteer from Bridgeton, N.J., heard of our plight and offered us his rowboat. At the same time, my husband took off to get a live trap from NGAP. By 11 p.m. we were exhausted with fear, worry, stress, and the uncertainty of how to rescue a lost dog who we were not even sure was still on the island. The owners and I parted ways at nearly midnight with a plan for the next day.



Members of the Salem City Fire Department circle the island in their boat, looking for Ellie. *Julie Costello*



On Monday afternoon, volunteer Glenn rows out to the island to retrieve the humane trap. *Kathy Wagner*



The thick vegetation around the island makes approach a challenge. *Kathy Wagner*



The shallow water and heavy overgrowth require Glenn to walk beside the rowboat as he transports the crate to deeper water, then back to land. *Kathy Wagner*

Saturday August 4

At 8 a.m. we met at a private resident's home close to the island. This allowed easier access to the island by boat. With the trap strapped to the rowboat and John rowing, off we went to set the trap. John identified the last place Ellie was spotted, where he was about 3 feet from her. Shy, scared, and new to her owners, Ellie slipped back into the island's brush, not to be seen again for quite some time.

Sporting hip waders, John and I cleared a spot for the trap around 11 a.m. As I recall, the temperature was headed to the 90s, and the air was already very humid.

After setting the trap I looked down and noticed a snail. It wasn't the usual South Jersey swamp snail, but rather a cute, almost fairytale book snail. I thought to myself, this must be a sign . . . but what does it mean? My heart was telling me the snail was there to tell us that slow and steady wins the race.

With sweat (mixed with a few tears) pouring off us and a desperate prayer to St. Francis, we returned to the boat. From here, John circled the rest of the way around the island in hope of a sighting. Deep down I knew it was doubtful because the heat was mounting. A piece of me was praying she would find a cool spot and wait for dusk. (Little did I know we were in for storms with heavy rains and severe winds.)

Tom helped us out of the boat, which we secured for safekeeping, and by early afternoon we all parted ways once again. We planned for John to row out to the trap to check it as often as he could. Sadly, at the last trap check for the night it remained untouched. As tired as I was, I cannot imagine how exhausted John was. I had to work from 4 to 11 p.m. John and Tara actually came to my workplace to tell me in person that the trap was empty. Trying to lift their spirits, I assured them and made a promise to myself that I would not give up on Ellie.

At this point I couldn't sleep. In spite of my concern about Ellie, I needed to clean, organize and prepare for the 20-some family and friends we were expecting Sunday afternoon for our annual crab and spaghetti fest. At about 1:30 a.m. Greyhound Angels Adoption (GAA) volunteer Kathy and I began feverishly brainstorming ways to res-

cue Ellie. At 3:30 a.m. I called it a night. The sofa was calling my name and I wanted to just snuggle with my Gabby and Gina.

Sunday, August 5

Phone calls between John and me were frequent. Each of us waited for news, wondering if the trap worked.

I had been a new adopter once and could understand John and Tara's pain. Now, even with experience under my belt, I had no answers. This situation was an emotional rollercoaster for all of us. We had no Greyhound guru to turn to, and no documented case of this kind of rescue. I scoured Facebook, rescue stories and message boards, only to find nothing.

At this point I realized people were following my updates online and spreading the word about Ellie. To keep the new network moving quickly, I turned to a new friend, Kathy. She became my first point of contact for updates. It was essential to keep her abreast of breaking news to share with the public so, if needed, we could get volunteers. Kathy posted, cross-posted and shared. People knew of Ellie from Florida to California, Canada to France, and yet at times I still felt alone and solely accountable for Ellie's safe return home. At my darkest moments, though, I turned to my dearest friend Lynne, who always answered my calls. She calmed me down, gave me hope and strength. Without a doubt, Lynne was my rock.

I called a high-school classmate, Todd, who I noticed had been commenting on my Facebook status. I remembered that he been active in the local fire department back when I was young and fun. That phone call landed me Salem's chief of police, John Pelura. At the moment I didn't realize he was the chief, but I knew I worked with his younger brother flipping burgers at Hudock's years ago. John assured me they would see what they could do. Before noon, a crew from the Salem fire department, Fire Chief Kenny Ayars, Police Chief Pelura and I were meeting at the boat "ramp," aka swamp entrance.

A handful of firemen (I wish I remembered their names) took their boat around the island a few times. Nothing. At their sec-

ond go-around, Ken radioed them and said, "One more pass boys." Without anybody saying it out loud, I knew this meant one more pass, then let's call it a day. I had to agree. The denseness of the phragmites made it almost impossible to get on the island to search. We knocked heads about a helicopter, heat sensors, local crop dusters, personal aircraft; nothing gave us much hope because of the lay of the land. If we needed additional resources, John and Kenny assured us they would help, but there was nothing they could do with the current scenario.

A ray of hope appeared: Tony, a GAA volunteer, drove more than an hour to help. The goal? Take the boat out and set up feeding stations at breaks in the cattails in hope of determining whether anything besides waterfowl and deer were out there. Prints wouldn't show up on the reeds, so the plan was to take some black poster board, load it up with flour and place the food in the middle. Surely we had to get something.

It was almost 2 p.m. and my guests at home were beginning to arrive. My phone rang. It was my husband, in a panic.

"Julie, the dog got out! I'm out driving around looking for her. There are people in and out and somebody left the gate open!" I left John and Tony with the general gist of what needed to be done and left to look for Greta, my Chinese Crested. As soon as I got in my car, I called Lynne and broke down.

When I was about halfway home, my husband called back and said his brother and his wife saw Greta on their way to our house. She was down the street with my neighbor, and now she was home.

Still a sweaty mess, I found a way to relax and enjoy my family and friends. The six beers helped, I think. My toddler fell asleep in my lap. At 10 p.m. the phone rang. It was John, and there had been a sighting! He got a call that Ellie had been seen earlier that evening at the Salem port. We needed more details and hoped our phone would ring with more sightings. Good news? Maybe. I wasn't 100 percent sure.

The news meant Ellie had swum back to the mainland. But the area where she was spotted was under lock and key and bordered a deadly river — one she would never sur-



Locked entrance to the Salem port, where Ellie was sighted. *Kathy Wagner*



Greyhound paw prints (mixed with those of a raccoon) in the ground at the Salem port gave volunteers hope that Ellie was in the area. *Kathy Wagner*



Volunteers set up a humane trap and feeding station inside the port area. Ellie's "bed of straw" is barely visible along the back wall. *Kathy Wagner*



A closer view of the straw that may have functioned as a bed for Ellie. *Kathy Wagner*

vive, nor would anybody going in after her. One wrong move and she could be forced into that river, or into traffic if she ran the other way.

I called Joan at NGAP. I had been in touch with Joan a few times, but to be honest, the organization's volunteer base was nil for Salem County. But we did have Tom from Bridgeton — thank goodness. I needed to keep NGAP in the loop as Ellie came from that group. Joan and I spoke about distributing flyers in the area. We decided that was Monday's agenda.

I called John and Tara to get the OK to use their address as home base to meet early to hang flyers. Then I spoke with Kathy and Lynne to coordinate the printing and distributing of flyers. Our flyer gal, Sue from GAA, created a flyer and emailed it to all the volunteers. Kathy left work at midnight, drove home in a thunderstorm, printed the flyer and went to Kinko's at 1:30 a.m. to make copies on fluorescent paper. She returned home around 2. Denise and many other GAA volunteers also printed flyers and purchased plastic sheet protectors.

Monday, Aug. 6

With coordinating volunteers, texting, checking calls and emails, monitoring Facebook in case somebody posted and didn't call, it seemed that most of my life — and the lives of other volunteers involved in the search for Ellie — was put on hold. Except at 10:30 a.m., I had to take my son for some testing to start pre-K in September. After the testing, I gave him my binoculars and told him Ellie's story. Enthralled, he embraced the binoculars like they were a secret weapon and held them firmly to his eyes, looking for Ellie as I drove. By the time I hit John's house in Salem, I thought I had it all: extra sheet protectors, permanent markers, photos of Ellie, stapler, push-pins, tape, pull cans of stinky food, Vienna sausages for a trail, leashes, harness, water, bowl, emergency kit, 24-hour veterinary contacts . . . now I just needed volunteers with flyers.

Help arrived all day long: Denise, Brittany, Trudy, Sal, Kathy, Glenn, Tom — who am I forgetting? John and Tara provided pizza, drinks and munchies. It was a whirlwind. We loaded our cars with flyers and drove around town passing them out to

everybody. Meanwhile, Deidre contacted all the local veterinarians and clinics.

Within hours, the town was blanketed with bright green flyers, and people were asking us questions about Ellie. It was amazing. One awesome volunteer, Glenn, came down with Kathy to offer up his muscles and his knowledge about lost Greyhounds. I sent him back out to the island to retrieve the trap. Now that Ellie was on land, I hoped she would stay here. Better to have the trap within arm's reach than to have it on an island.

By late afternoon, we were spent and had flyer'd everything. Volunteers went home after many hugs and tears. My fellow dog lover and friend Tami came out for some support. We tooled around and looked for Ellie clues. I bumped into another dear friend, Dylan, and wheedled him into scouring the area with me. Lucky for us: Dylan saw paw-prints! These prints gave me hope.

I noticed some straw in the front door of a vacant building. I bet Ellie would like that as a bed, I thought. It is cool, close to the door so she can see out, and would allow her to run into the dark building if spooked... Then my mind wandered. I placed my toddler's leftover lunch on the ground where the prints were (after wiping away the prints to start with a clean slate). Ellie was going to have chicken nuggets and mustard. I placed the same buffet at another spot so we had two feeding stations. As we walked out, I looked back over at the "straw" and realized that it was yellow, heavy-duty extension wire. My eyes were playing tricks on me.

Dusk was upon us and it was time to leave. Besides, I didn't want to invade her zone if this was her safe spot. By this time, we had learned of a couple more sightings on Sunday . . . 7:30 a.m., 1:40 p.m., and 7:30 p.m., all near the Salem port. We couldn't place the trap where she was sighted, but we were able to survey one building and set the food stations. That, plus the flyers, were huge progress. It was time to head home and wait.

Shower. Field calls. Text. Pick up the crab fest aftermath. I was merely going through the motions. I might have indulged in an adult beverage. I lay down on the sofa. The next thing I knew my phone was ringing. It was John and it was 2 a.m. They had a sighting. An officer saw her casually walking



Volunteer Steven Torres (left) with his Greyhound, Jumper, stands with Ellie Mae's owner, John, moments after Ellie's capture. *Julie Costello*

around the port. Another sighting call came in for the same area. Then we learned an officer was following her as she did the unthinkable: she crossed the Delaware River on the Salem-Pennsville Bridge.

This was bad news. We didn't flyer in Pennsville, the river was dangerous and the area was filled with more marsh and phragmites. Ellie would need sure footing, particularly if something spooked her. We agreed to meet at the bridge. We would stay quiet and only let Tara call her as Ellie was more bonded to her. I grabbed sneakers, hat, hoodie, water bottle, and Gabby, my Greyhound. My husband opened one eye and asked what I was doing. I told him there was a sighting and Gabby and I were heading out. He grunted and rolled back over.

In the car, panic set in once again. I called Joan, Glenn, Kathy — no answer. Lynne answered and calmed me down for the drive to Salem. Are we doing the right thing? What are the options? Will we drive her the wrong way? Her safe zone isn't established.

All these thoughts rushed through my head. Lynne tried to pick up my spirits by telling me the magical days are always Days 5 and 6. These are the days when great things happen. Sure, Lynne, whatever, I thought. We would need more than magic to capture Ellie. When I got there, she was nowhere to be found.

At the port, Gabby and I went to the area of the last sightings. I already knew I was staying until sunrise. I was not going to miss the opportunity to see this baby with my own eyes. I got my lantern and headed to the building with the food stations. I could not believe my eyes: the food was gone! I saw mostly raccoon prints, but there were a couple dog prints. Did this mean this is her safe zone? My heart raced. I replenished the stations with Tara's cooked chicken.

My heart continued to race as I realized that if raccoons were eating the food, they could very well be in this pitch-black building with me now! I love Ellie and ghosts are my friends, I told myself. Then I heard a noise and stopped in my tracks.

It was sort of a crinkle. I immediately recalled the electrical extension cord — was it straw?

The next sound I heard was music to my ears: jingling tags! I dropped to the ground, careful to keep my cell phone up and the chicken container within reach. With my head dropped, I searched the darkness for her paws, but could not see them. I ran through the list of dos and don'ts and broke rule No. 1 by making eye contact. And I held it. I quietly called her name, and shook the chicken container. Ellie cocked her head and took a few steps forward. I could see her glowing eyes and there was some excitement in her movement. She stepped back, then forward, then back into the dark and out of the building.

I dialed John to let him know I saw her and she had left the building. They headed off to see if they could catch her at the other side of the port. I stayed at the opposite end of the port, away from the building, hoping she would return.

At the other end of the property, the Tillbury Road entrance, Tara and John scanned the area with one patrol car and two officers.

They saw her.

Tara called Ellie's name through the fence and dropped to the ground. She watched as Ellie almost jumped up from excitement. Then Ellie backed up, took one last long look at her mom and dad as if to say I want to come, but I'm just not ready, and fled.

We regrouped with the officers at about 4 a.m. I suggested that we leave Ellie and allow her to return to the building with the food stations for some nourishment and perhaps a bit of rest before finding a cool, safe spot out of the day's heat.

I sent John and Tara home to get a couple hours of sleep.

Tuesday, Aug. 7

We planned to set the trap after we received clearance from Mike and Chris at the port. Gabby and I sat in the car, watching and waiting. I was dying to see Ellie again to confirm that she was still in the port. With one hand stroking Gabby's soft head and the other scrolling through e-mail and posts, I watched the sun rise over the river.

At 6:30 a.m. my phone rang. It was my husband. He needed to go to work, and I needed to return home. By the time I reached my driveway, I was relaying the latest update to Kathy. Once inside my house, I was afraid to sit down for fear of falling asleep. After a shower and some time with my toddler, I knew I had a break when my husband would be coming home to take our little guy from 10 a.m. to noon. All we could do at this point was wait for word that the port was open so we could set the trap.

I used this chunk of time to kiss my dogs, tend to the chickens, and do some mindless cleaning around the house. At 1:30 p.m. Chris called from the port. We could set up the trap. I called John and we all made our way over.

My little guy and I arrived before John and Tara, so the first thing on my plate was to check the feeding stations from earlier that morning. My heart sank. In broad daylight, I could see from a distance that the chicken was still in the containers. My stomach was in knots. The other feeding station was also untouched. Clearly, Ellie had not returned. How would I break the news to John and Tara? As I exited the building, I



Ellie Mae relaxes at home with her terrier buddy, Moxie. In five days, she dropped 12 pounds, picked up a few minor abrasions and one tick . . . nothing that a checkup, some TLC, a soft bed and loving owners can't cure.

looked over to where I had last seen Ellie. There it was — her straw nest bed. It wasn't extension cord, after all.

When John and Tara arrived, we explained our plan to Chris. We would set the trap and check it every one to two hours. If we caught Ellie, we didn't want her to freak out for too long, and if we caught Ricky Raccoon, we wanted to release him back to his family.

Before I left I decided to check one more feeding station in another alcove. It was a can of cat food and dish of water. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Chris walking toward the gate and waving his arms. At this point, I was not sure if he was swatting mosquitoes or doing some type of exercise. Finally he yelled, "She is over here! Over here! The dog!"

Ellie likes Tara best. Tara and John come out of the building. I am calm but urgent. "Go Tara! She is that way!"

John, my toddler and I do a fast walk behind Tara. I see Ellie and I drop, looking around for John and my little guy. I see John but not my son. For a moment I panic until he emerges from behind a barrel on his hands and knees. See, he does listen to me, I thought.

Heart pounding, I see Ellie at the other end of the port. Under my breath, I coach Tara. "Drop to the ground, drop. Good. Now call her name, real soft, call her."

Ellie heard Tara call her name. She stopped in her tracks, cocked to the side, then turned toward us. Tara stood, called her name, and began running away from Ellie. But Ellie continued to move away from Tara, toward us. She came close to me, then veered off, ... toward the entrance of the port. And the gates were wide open.

She's going out, she's going out, is all that repeated in my head. And out she

went. I glanced over my shoulder and took off running. I had dressed in running clothes, but even the most expensive Nikes are no match for a Greyhound. I have never run so fast in my entire life.

When I reached Front Street and Route 49 I saw a dog going up Front. As it did, traffic going both ways slowed to almost a stop. Everybody pulled to the side as if we were rolling a red carpet down the middle of the road. My heart sank. On the far side of the street was a black Chevy Tahoe or Suburban. I stepped into the street with tears streaming down my face and almost got run over by a green Dodge Ram. It cut in front of me. The driver yelled out:

"You have a lost dog?"

"Yes!" I screamed.

"Some guy caught it and is bringing it back."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! He got her and is coming this way!"

I was able to muster up some thank yous between sobs as he drove off. During this conversation, I kept glancing up the street, looking for Ellie. I saw a guy walking what appeared to be a Greyhound. It hopped into the black Chevy. My first thought: That's Ellie! My second thought: I don't know that dude — he could be stealing her! With the Dodge driver's words echoing in my head, I suppressed my other thoughts.

I ran back to the port to tell John and Tara the great news — we got her! We hugged and cried tears of joy. We stood there, waiting for the mystery angel to appear with Ellie. And we waited . . . and waited. After about 15 minutes, panic set in. I began to convince myself that the person who I saw loading Ellie into his truck was stealing her, was going to put her on Craigslist, was going to try and sell or race her. And then it seemed my fear was confirmed by another car that pulled in front of us. The driver told us she saw our lost dog running over the Salem-Pennsville Bridge. We ran back to our cars to start the search all over. In the middle of the day's heat and with traffic all around, I picked up my little guy and ran to the car.

Seatbelts flying, buckles snapping, sweat dripping, and Niagara Falls flowing down my face, I sped up Front Street and over the bridge — nothing. I went down to the boat club — nothing. Maybe she went down to the base of the bridge, I thought to myself. If she did, I cer-

tainly could not search for her because I was with my child. I needed more people. Frantically, I grabbed for my phone. I was on top of the bridge and I looked to my left.

It was the black Chevy.

Quickly, I turned to pull behind it. Before I put my Trailblazer in park, I digested the sight before my eyes. A big guy. A really big guy I had never met in my entire life, but I knew his name, and I knew who he was: Steven Torres, dad to Jumper.

Jumper is a big, beautiful fawn boy that Steven and his wife had adopted maybe two months previously from GAA. I met Steven's wife on GAA's Facebook group. We made a connection because they lived a few houses down from our first house in Woodstown.

I jumped from my car. As I approached Steven, I saw he was grinning from ear to ear. I threw my arms around him and bawled like a baby. He got Ellie! All I could do was cry hysterically. If ever I needed a big hug and shoulder to cry on, I got it. He was heaven-sent. My knees were weak and my heart about to explode with joy. It was over. We did it. For a moment I couldn't believe it, until I saw Ellie in the back of Tara's car.

Tara kept her in the car with the air conditioning pumping. We waited for John to come so we could share the moment and Ellie could head to the vet clinic. From this point on, everything was pretty much a whirlwind. I remember asking about Ellie's condition and how Steven did it. I remember him telling me about how his Greyhound escaped and how that experience helped us today — and that today was a magical day, Day Five. The same day he captured his hound. Lynne was right. Day Five is pretty magical.

We hugged some more and promised to get together again when the weather cools and Ellie regains her strength. I offered up my house to host. On the way home, an hour or so before supper time, I convinced my son to play a game. His job was to point out the bright green flyers, and my job was to jump out of the car and rip them down. I lasted for an hour or so.

Halfway home I burst into tears. "Mom, why are crying? Are you sad?" asked my guy.

With an upbeat tone I replied, "No, I'm not sad. These are happy tears. Mommy learned a big lesson today. Slow and steady does win the race." ■

LESSONS WE LEARNED

If you are trying to capture a loose Greyhound:

1. Flyer, flyer, flyer the area to generate sightings. Sightings help determine the area and direction to search.
2. Set up a feeding station to help identify the Greyhound's safe zones. Typically, in hot weather, he or she looks for a cool spot, waiting until the early morning or dusk to seek food and water.
3. Set up a humane trap at the safe zone. Placing hot dogs leading up to and into the trap, along with some stinky mackerel, tuna, and/or tripe can help. It's a good idea to place a towel on the bottom of the crate to protect sensitive paws.
4. If you spot the loose hound, don't chase him or her. Since they can reach speeds of 40 mph in three strides, the last thing you want to do is push them out of their comfort zone. A good practice is to drop to the ground and avoid eye contact. A squawker or squeaky toy may help draw them close enough to grab them. Sometimes running in the opposite direction will entice the Greyhound to chase you. Some Greyhounds, when on the run, shift into survival mode in which the only thing they focus on is shelter, food, and water. Even their names and owners are secondary. On the other hand, some Greyhounds will come when called. Every situation and every dog is different.

When the officers saw Tara drop to the ground, calling Ellie's name, and then saw Ellie run the other way, they were flabbergasted. It is hard to fathom why your own dog wouldn't come to you when called. But Greyhounds aren't your typical dog. They are sighthounds, born and bred to seek and run.

Julie Costello volunteers for Greyhound Angels Adoption in Southern N.J.

Hound of History

More ancient ones than I
Have called you blessed,
Mystical creature.
People of the Nile
People of the Gael
People of the Blue, Blue Sea.
They may try, those who would
keep you
Only for the King
Only for the Hunt
Only for the Gold.
I think I understand you,
Noble hound,
Sleek as a whisper,
Fast as a blink.
But I am only here to love,
To care,
To secure.
I cannot keep your image
In storied myths,
Graceful one
I can only scratch your ears.

—Marilyn Mathis

Greyhounds in Art in Italy

Part II

By Henry Townsend



The Arrival of the English Ambassadors, Carpaccio, Accademia

Many of the most beautiful and interesting images of Greyhounds in art are in Italy. Greyhounds are prominently portrayed in Italian art as animals of beauty, as companions to the gods and nobility, and in scenes of daily life. The first part of this article (“Greyhounds in Art in Italy, Part I,” Spring 2013 CG) discussed some of earliest depictions of Greyhounds, before the rise of Rome, in Roman times, in the medieval period, and finally in the Renaissance, in and near Florence. In the second part, we move from the late Renaissance until the late 18th century. We look at Greyhounds in Venice, then just to the west in the Veneto, further west in Lucca, down to Siena, then to Rome and its environs.



St. George Baptizes the Selenites, Carpaccio, San Giorgio Schiavoni



Esther Crowned Before Ahasuerus, Veronese, San Sebastiano

GREYHOUNDS IN VENICE

We know of 32 Greyhounds in Art in Venice, more than in any other Italian city. Many are in their original locations, whether as wall decorations for a palazzo or paintings in a church. Some show Greyhounds in settings that resemble Venice. First we show two by Vittore Carpaccio (c. 1465 – 1525), painted around 1500. The first is from a series illustrating the Legend of St. Ursula, a possibly legendary saint, painted for the Scuola di Sant'Orsola (Ursula), a scuola being a sort of charitable or social club in Venice. The nine paintings are now all in the Accademia gallery in Venice. The background buildings and dress of the people resemble those of Venice at the time, despite nominally being in various other places. Thus, in the first of the series, *The Arrival of the English Ambassadors*, although this event was said to take place in Brittany, the setting by the water, possibly along a canal, is filled with men wearing the crest of another Venetian men's club. In the center section of the painting it is easy to see five Greyhounds but no other dogs.

Another Greyhound painted by Carpaccio appears in his *St. George Baptizes the Selenites*, on the walls of the Scuola degli San Giorgio Schiavoni (1506). St. George was one of the patron saints of Dalmatia, today part of Croatia, across the Adriatic Sea from Venice, while Schiavoni means Slavs in the Venetian dialect. Although many of the people in the painting wear exotic, Eastern dress, the buildings are again Venetian in style, and the prominent white Greyhound was a familiar breed in Venice.

Between 1555 and 1570, Veronese, who painted at least 36 images with Greyhounds, more than any other artist, decorated the interior of San Sebastiano, a 16th century church in Venice. Greyhounds appear there in four paintings and frescoes. (A fresco is a painting applied directly to fresh, wet plaster. A chemical reaction occurs between the plaster and the pigment making the fresco quite durable.) A fresco on the ceiling shows a Greyhound in *Esther Crowned Before Ahasuerus*, a story from the Book of Esther in the Bible. An oil painting, *The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple*, is on the doors of the organ.



The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, Veronese, San Sebastiano



Appearance of the Virgin to St. Dominic, Tiepolo, I Gesuati

The greatest Italian painter of the 18th century was probably Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, whose reputation and fame does not rest entirely upon his status as a frequent painter of Greyhounds, second only to Veronese among Italian painters. A particularly beautiful Tiepolo Greyhound is on the ceiling of the Chiesa Gesuati, a church for the Dominican Order like the one in Florence. The fresco shows the *Appearance of the Virgin to St. Dominic*, painted around 1738. St. Dominic appears in the black and white habit of his order, but the domini canem near him is not black and white, but tan.



Diana and Callisto, Tiepolo, Accademia

Two more Tiepolo Greyhounds appears in his *Diana and Callisto*, painted in the 1720s, also in the Accademia.

Giovanni Battista Tiepolo had a son, Giovanni Domenico, who was less talented than his father but nevertheless left us some Greyhounds. Around 1790, he added frescoes to decorate his Villa Tiepolo, at Zianigo near Venice. Four show Greyhounds: One is rather skinny, two are half-hidden in a crowd, and the fourth is a rarity in Greyhound Art, as it is the sole subject of the painting. The frescoes were removed from the Villa and now are in a museum in Venice devoted to art of the 18th century, the Ca'Rezzonico.



Levriero (Greyhound), Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo, Ca'Rezzonico



Banquet of Abigail and Naballo, Battaglioni and Zugno, Ca'Rezzonico



Adonis and Venus Crying, Pellegrini, Ca'Rezzonico

Most of the Greyhounds in painting are in familiar poses, standing, sitting, or running. *The Banquet of Abigail and Naballo*, by the little known 18th century Venetian painters Francesco Battaglioni and Francesco Zugno, shows a down-dog Greyhound scratching the underside of his head. (Abigail and Naballo are characters in the Bible.)

Also in the Ca'Rezzonico is *Adonis and Venus Crying*, painted in 1720 by Giovanni Antonio Pellegrini (1675-1741). Over the top sentimental, it does include a beautiful Greyhound.



Majolica plate, F.X. Avelli da Rovigo, Museo Correr

In the Correr Museum is a black Greyhound on lovely plate made in 1538 by F. Xanto Avelli da Rovigo. The plate is decorated with *majolica* or in Italian maiolica, a tin-base glaze. Also in the Correr is the *Two Venetian Ladies*, which was only recently discovered to be part of a painting by Carpaccio, as explained in "Greyhounds in California" (Spring 2011, CG).



Villa Capra, "La Rotonda," Palladio, near Vicenza



Greyhound, Lorenzo Rubini, La Rotonda

GREYHOUNDS IN THE VENETO

Andrea Palladio is easily the architect who has had the greatest influence on Western architecture. While he designed at least two churches in Venice, all of his houses are in the Veneto, the area just to the west of Venice. Palladio's designs inspired countless buildings in England and America such as Buckingham Palace, the White House, and Thomas Jefferson's Monticello. But the houses designed by Palladio have a special bonus for us: The interior walls and the ceilings are decorated with frescoes, and most depict Greyhounds.

The most famous house by Palladio is the Villa Capra, "La Rotonda," built in the last part of the 16th century. It has four almost identical facades, each resembling the facade of a temple. A Greyhound with Diana appears three times, not only as a fresco in the central hall, but also as a statue to the left of the entrance stairs and as a statue on the boundary wall on the left. The statues are contemporaneous with the building, while the fresco was painted in the 17th century, all by artists of no great reputation. Although the statue by the stairs of Diana and her Greyhound is badly worn, it is part of one of the most architecturally significant houses in the world.



Villa Barbaro, Palladio, Maser



Diana at Mount Olympus, Veronese, Sala di Olimpio, Villa Barbaro



Door with self-portrait (?), Veronese, Villa Barbaro

Another great villa designed by Palladio is the Villa Barbaro at Maser, which owes its famous beauty not only to its architect but also to Veronese, who frescoed its walls around 1560. It should not be surprising that the Villa Barbaro frescoes depict at least five Greyhounds. Perhaps the most beautiful and the most appealing is on the ceiling of a center room that shows Mount Olympus with a host of gods including Diana, identifiable by a moon in her head. Accompanied by two dogs, she is nose-to-nose with the Greyhound. Another shows a *trompe l'oeil* (French for “deceive the eye”) door with a man, perhaps Veronese himself, dressed for the hunt, accompanied by his Greyhound. A third shows a castle with a driveway in front showing a carriage preceded by three Greyhounds, while another shows a hunting scene with two white Greyhounds.



Driveway with carriage, Veronese, Villa Barbaro



Hunting scene, Veronese, Villa Barbaro



The Dinner of St. Gregory the Great, Veronese, Santuario di Monte Berico, Vicenza

The Villa Emo, the Villa Coronaro, and the Villa Poina are three other wonderful villas by Palladio that have Greyhounds in fresco. Palladio lived in the the largest city in the area, Vicenza, which today boasts many buildings designed by Palladio. Not far from the center is the Santuario di Monte Berico, whose refectory boasts a large painting by Veronese, *The Dinner of St. Gregory the Great*, painted in 1572.



Diana, Villa Reale di Marlia, near Lucca



Adonis, Villa Reale di Marlia

GREYHOUNDS IN LUCCA AND SIENA

In the countryside near Lucca is the Villa Reale di Marlia, a palazzo built in the 15th century with gardens from the second half of the 17th century. Two statues in the garden are especially lovely: one of Diana and the other of Adonis, each accompanied by a Greyhound. The identity of the sculptor is unknown, for the gardens were extensively renovated in the early 19th century by Elisa Bonaparte Baciocchi, the sister of Napoleon.

Enea Silvio Piccolomini, born in 1405, was Pope Pius II from 1458 until his death in 1464. His life is commemorated in a series of ten frescoes in the Piccolomini Library in Siena Cathedral, from about 1505 to 1507. The artist, Bernardino di Betto, was known as Pinturicchio, or Little Painter, because of his short stature. The first fresco, *Enea Silvio Piccolomini leaves for the Council of Basel*, shows the young Piccolomini setting forth on a voyage on a stormy day to Basel. He is shown on a white horse, accompanied by a Greyhound on a leash. Some think that he also appears in the background of the procession of the Chapel of the Magi. The background shows the storm, the first in western art.



Enea Silvio Piccolomini leaves for the Council of Basel, Pinturicchio, Siena Cathedral



Adoration of the Magi, predella of *The Coronation of the Virgin*, Raphael, Vatican Pinacoteca



Diana, Peruzzi, Villa Farnesina



Greyhound and the Estate at Campagnano, Il Campidoglio, Palazzo Chigi

GREYHOUNDS IN AND NEAR ROME

Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483-1520), or Raphael, is on every list of the greatest artists of the Renaissance, along with Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Unaccountably, only Raphael painted a Greyhound, although there is a Greyhound in a tapestry designed by his pupils after his death (See “Greyhounds in Tapestry Part Two,” Winter 2011 CG). The Vatican Pinacoteca or picture gallery contains one of his masterpieces, *The Coronation of the Virgin*, sometimes called the Oddi Altarpiece, painted 1524-30. Three smaller paintings, shown under glass and therefore difficult to photograph, compose its predella, paintings on the same theme shown directly below the main painting. One is the *Adoration of the Magi*, which has a lovely black Greyhound. The Greyhound differs from most Greyhounds depicted in scenes of the Adoration, for it is black, not the white of purity. Like the white Greyhound in the tapestry, this one does not look reverently at Jesus but, as a true Greyhound, just does his own thing.

The powerful Chigi family of Siena built the Villa Farnesina in Rome around 1506-10. Its most important art to most are probably the frescoes on the ground floor by Raphael, but more interesting to us are the frescoes in the main reception room on the first floor (the second floor in American parlance) by the architect, Baldassare Peruzzi. In the cornice of the room between the walls and the ceiling is



Greyhound with Harbor and Country, Il Campidoglio, Palazzo Chigi, Ariccia

Diana. She appears with a moon on her forehead, a bow in her hand and arrows in a quiver, and her hunting dog, a Greyhound. The Greyhound is depicted as a cherished pet, for Diana is shown petting it on the forehead.

The Chigi family must have loved Greyhounds, for their Palazzo Chigi in Ariccia near Rome contains five portraits of their Greyhounds. The painter was the little-known Michaelangelo Pace (1610–70), known as Il Campidoglio. Each painting shows a view of a different Chigi estate in the countryside with a Greyhound in the foreground. The *Greyhound, Hare, and the Castle of Ariccia* appeared in “Greyhounds in Art” (Winter 2009 CG); here are the other four. ■

Henry Townsend travels to Italy as often as possible, most recently to Venice and the Veneto. His Greyhound, Salisbury, recently celebrated his 9th Gotcha Day and his 11th birthday and still keeps pace when dashing around with other Greyhounds. All of the images mentioned in this article may be seen at picasaweb.google.com/greyhounds.in.art/Italy. Anyone who would like to know more may write greyhounds.in.art@gmail.com.



Greyhound and the Estate at Porto Ercole, Il Campidoglio, Palazzo Chigi



Greyhound and the Estate at Formello, Il Campidoglio, Palazzo Chigi



A fake fur throw can make a great pillow cover. Pippa, adopted by Wendi and Don Cowie of Johnstown, Pa.

Caring for Your Greyhound on a Budget

By Mary Renck Jalongo, Ph.D.

Even though many devoted owners of retired racers would spend money on their dogs before themselves, it is hard to ignore the fact that the price of keeping and caring for a pet continues to rise. Multiplied by several Greyhounds, the costs can quickly skyrocket. And even when budget is not a major consideration, it is frustrating to spend money on products that fail to solve a problem. What follows are some ways to contain the costs of responsible Greyhound ownership without sacrificing quality of life for your hounds.

Crate mats. The new padded, velour surface bath mats make excellent crate pads (assuming your Greyhound is not an inveterate fabric shredder). You can purchase them at discount stores in many different colors, they wash well (but cannot be put in the dryer), and they have a slip-resistant backing. Check the different sizes — the large ones usually fit a Greyhound crate. They also can be used on the back seat or in the hatch of a vehicle to protect surfaces and add cushioning.



Nail trimming can be costly. Investment in a cordless rotary grinder can pay off in the long run. Sadie, adopted by Maureen Christensen of Summerset, S.D. Alisha Abernathie

Save on nail clipping. One great advantage of Greyhounds is that they are easy to groom — but not if you (or your dog) have a fear of nail clippers. I fell for that infomercial that showed people trimming dogs' paws with ease using a small nail grinder, but our dogs' nails were so tough that they completely stopped the mechanism from rotating. More power was the solution — a 7.2 volt cordless rotary tool works well on Greyhound nails. It is more maneuverable and does not have the high-pitched whine of some corded models. Realize, however, that you must introduce your dog to a grinder gradually. Begin with the power off, then advance to putting it on the lowest possible setting, and next barely touch it to a nail or two, all the while giving your dog a treat and lavishing him with praise. After trust has been established, gently but firmly isolate each nail as you work on it — this reduces vibration and prevents accidents. Don't wait until the nails are very long and do a marathon session; rather, do a light grinding more frequently. Keep in mind that the grinder produces some heat, so it is preferable to do one round of all the nails and go around again if necessary. Make it a positive experience, and you'll not only save the expense of clipping, but you'll also spare your dog the anxiety associated with the distinctive click of the clippers as well as visits to the veterinarian or groomer. If you already have a rotary tool, a small sanding disk is all that is needed; it will need

to be replaced periodically as the sandpaper grit wears off. Even if you have to purchase a new one, it will pay for itself quickly. The initial cash outlay for mine was \$40. My vet charges \$25 to clip one dog's nails, so I saved \$75 the first time I gave all three of my dogs a pedicure.

Luxurious dog bed cover. Buy a large, heavyweight, machine-washable fake fur throw at a discount store. Usually they are in the sale bin after the holiday season. Stitch around three sides to make a giant pillowcase, and attach medium-duty hook-and-

loop fasteners to the fourth side. Be sure to make the cover several inches larger than the exact outer dimensions of the bed to accommodate the thickness and make it easy to slip on and off for washing. The density of the fake fur makes it softer, more resistant to tearing, and far more fade-resistant than other dog bed replacement covers. A super shaggy one is a cold weather favorite of our Greyhound Rosie because she can snuggle down into it — no need for pajamas! Depending on the measurements, if you buy another throw you probably can make covers for two body pillows that will produce a bolster effect when propped against a wall. Before laundering these covers, be sure to join the fastener strips together so they don't tangle or become ineffective due to the buildup of dog hair in the hooks and loops.

Under-crate carpet protector. Those tough plastic mats that are placed under an office chair to protect the floor are perfect as the base for a dog crate. They are waterproof, and they allow you to slide the crate off for easy cleaning. Since the mat is covered by the crate, it doesn't matter what it looks like — go green and recycle a discolored one from your home office or pick one up at the a recycle center. If you decide to purchase a new one specifically as a base for a crate, be sure to check the size and choose the appropriate type for the flooring on which it will



Tooth brushing can be a chore — even with help. Try an inexpensive battery-operated toothbrush. Will Shumaker



Use the stuffing from old bed pillows to fluff up the dog bed. Whisper, adopted by Suzanne Labbé and Roch Bernier of Granby, Quebec.

sit; mats to be placed on carpet have deeper plastic cleats on the underside than those meant for hard surface flooring.

Save on dental cleanings. Any veterinarian will tell you that dental care is a major factor in prolonging your dog's life, so train your Greyhound to tolerate a battery-operated electric toothbrush. These are more effective and quicker to use than a manual toothbrush. Begin with chicken broth on the bristles and do not switch on the power. After your dog seems comfortable with that, barely touch a couple of teeth near the front and keep building up his tolerance with praise and treats. You will soon graduate to using dog toothpaste (experiment to find a flavor your dog likes). Eventually it will be possible to scrub away, even at the back teeth, by gently lifting your dog's lip from the side. If you are purchasing a new toothbrush (rather than recycling your old, disinfected one), choose the child size because it will allow you to maneuver more easily in your dog's mouth.

A local holistic veterinarian recommended a Danish product made of seaweed, called PlaqueOff, for reducing tartar (available online). It may seem a bit pricey at first (around \$40), but since you need to add only about 1/4 teaspoon in your dog's food each day, a small container lasts quite a while, even in a multiple-dog household. Contrast this with the high cost of dental cleanings performed by your veterinarian, and it is much easier to justify — and easier on your dogs as well. Use it daily as directed, and you'll see impressive results within a couple of months. Regardless of the condition of your dog's teeth, PlaqueOff will keep teeth tartar-free for a longer period of time.

Easy "costume." The nursing homes we visit sometimes request a holiday theme and, if you are not into costumes but think a bandana is too boring, go to a discount store and buy a large baby bib with seasonal decorations to dress up your Greyhound without breaking the bank. Tie it around your dog's

neck and then tie it securely to the collar. This "costume" offers the added benefit of being easy for your dog to tolerate, unlike some extravagant costumes that can be hard to keep on or are downright annoying to the dog.

Gate latch. If you have metal fencing, an old clip from a worn dog leash can work as a double latch system. Just hook it around the hole in the hinge of the gate latch so a long, skinny Greyhound nose cannot lift the latch and decide to go deer coursing (as our Greyhound Rosie once did after a workman failed to replace the clip).

Prevent ear infections. Since I started cleaning my dogs' ears with a cotton swab and a tea tree oil-based product formulated for dogs — followed by R-7 Ear Powder for dogs (and cats) — ear infections are a thing of the past. These preventative steps not only spare our dogs the pain of a full-blown ear infection, but they also spare us the expense of a visit to the veterinarian and the

cost (as well as the side effects) of antibiotics.

Car protector. If you have a sick Greyhound who you need to transport, buy a large, heavy-gauge table cloth and place it, flannel side down, in your vehicle. Tuck it in where possible to keep it in place. A shower curtain can work in a pinch, but does not have the added benefit of the flannel backing.

Bling collar. Fancy collars are fun but can be expensive. Revive a faded martingale by hot gluing some beautiful fabric ribbon to the front portion. Be sure to tuck under an edge on each side and glue it down to prevent fraying. To jazz up a revived (or new) collar, rummage through old costume jewelry, visit the jewelry section of a thrift store, or use jewelry-making supplies from a craft store to kick up the glamour. The collar won't withstand everyday use and water, but if you save it for holidays and meet-and-greets, it will provide sufficient dazzle.

Dog bed insert. If you have ever splurged on a memory foam bed only to have an accident ruin it, or have tried a waterproof liner that your dogs won't go near because it makes a very scary sound, consider a completely different approach for a dog bed insert. I recycled our old bed pillows (each has a quilted waterproof cover that doesn't rustle) and stuffed them inside the cover. The bonus, from our Greyhounds' point of view, is that they can rearrange this bed to suit their tastes.

Step up. After buying an expensive ramp that our dogs won't go near unless there is a person on either side guiding them, I went to the dollar store and purchased a large, molded plastic, one-step stool. Glue a carpet square on top, glue felt furniture glides on the bottom to prevent slippage, and you have a step that is lightweight, doesn't take up half the cargo area of the car, and doesn't clang around and make them nervous while driving. When positioned correctly, it is just high enough to give them a little boost when climbing in and out of vehicles, and the total cost is about \$10; the ramp that didn't work was six times as much.

Grooming expenses. T.J.Maxx recently opened in our rural town and here's what I've found there so far (all at deeply discounted prices): a soft, ergonomic grooming brush; a



There's no need to take your Greyhound to the groomer for a bath — you can do this at home. Mario, adopted by Alan and Roberta Russell of Boise, Idaho.

hair dryer specifically for dogs; an outdoor dog bed; and designer no-tears shampoo for dogs.

Here's how I bathe my dogs. Put a scant tablespoon of shampoo into a clean plastic spray bottle filled with warm water and shake it gently. Spray it on all over your dog and massage it in with a soft rubber-tipped brush or cloth. To rinse, first get all of your equipment ready and then secure the dog to the deck rail with a washable lead. Use a large plastic watering can filled with warm water to gently rinse on top and a bucket of warm water with a plastic drinking cup to rinse the underside of your dog. In colder weather, when you are working indoors, attach a hand-held spray to the shower head with an item called a diverter that enables you to turn it off and on separately from the shower head. When selecting a shower spray, be sure to get one with a long hose so that you can reach underneath your dog; some models also have an on/off switch, which is handy when you are busy scrubbing. If you want to get your dog used to the shower, get in there with him and start the water on very low pressure to avoid a startle response. Buy a shower or bath mat to make your dog less fearful of slip-

ping and to protect the surface from scratching. Do not pour shampoo directly on your dog, because it is too hard to rinse off; use the plastic spray bottle with two tablespoons of shampoo diluted with warm water. In addition to saving money, these more relaxed, home-based approaches to grooming can address the fears of a Greyhound who is nervous about visits to the groomer.

Even if you have a "dogs come first" approach to the household budget (for example, one of my friends paid for her dog's teeth to be scaled and one to be extracted, then waited months to save for dental work she desperately needed for herself), no one feels good about throwing money away. Talk with owners of retired racers to find out what has worked for them, and share with them these ideas as well. ■

Mary and Frank Jalongo have adopted two retired racers from Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption in Altoona, Pa. Both dogs have been registered and insured as therapy dogs.



"Mom, I'm just not feeling fresh." Taylor's pesky problem was remedied by a surgical procedure called vulvoplasty.

Taylor's Vulvoplasty

By Cyndi Rennick

When I first began fostering Taylor, I had two male Greyhounds, Joe and Dodd. Taylor was only 11 months old at the time. We were told by Animal Services that her owner surrendered her and that she came from an AKC Greyhound breeder. She is an absolutely beautiful little girl and is tons of fun. Obviously I fell madly in love with her still-puppy self and adopted her in short order.

One thing I noticed about Taylor from the start was that she didn't urinate very often. Because she had a clean bill of health and a young, healthy bladder, I was not particularly concerned. After she was spayed, I occasionally noticed wet spots where she seemed to be leaking urine. I attributed this to her recent spay surgery, or because she was so easily distracted when she was outside that she was just forgetting to pee.

It was only when she started licking herself almost incessantly that I realized something else must be going on. I remembered reading an article in an Ohio State Greyhound Health and Wellness Program newsletter about urinary issues in female Greyhounds. I searched and found it again. The article details the issue of "recessed vulvas" and lists the symptoms as:

- Irritation and inflammation of the skin that surrounds the vulva (perivulvar dermatitis)
- Frequent urination (pollakiuria)
- Urinary incontinence
- Licking or other signs of irritation around the vulva
- Chronic urinary tract infection (UTI)
- Vaginitis with or without discharge
- Vulvar hyperpigmentation (darkening of the skin)

If you look at a female Greyhound from behind, you might notice that it is sometimes difficult to see their vulva. The newsletter article explains that this is because their hind limb muscles are compressing the area, because there is an excessive amount of skin covering the area, or both. The result is retention of urine and secretions (what I call "leaking"). This predisposes the area to irritation, bacterial growth, infection, and inflammation.

Everything was starting to make sense. Taylor not only had several of the symptoms listed, but it was obvious just by examining her visually that this was what was going on. From my research, I found that recessed vulva causes stinging, itching, chronic infections, inflammation and breakdown of tissue. I guiltily realized that not only had Taylor been uncomfortable for some time, but quite



After surgery, Taylor feels great.

possibly had been in real pain. It certainly explained why she had been holding her urine for so long . . . because it hurt to pee.

I made an appointment with our veterinarian, Dr Kevin Conrad of Sunset Point Animal Hospital. He immediately diagnosed Taylor with recessed vulva. We tried a number of initial treatment options: regular cleaning of the affected area and application of over-the-counter feminine itch cream to help with itching and inflammation; application of antibacterial ointment; and administration of an oral Vitamin C supplement to help neutralize her urine and ease the sting. Despite all of these treatments, her symptoms persisted.

The most successful and definitive treatment for recessed vulva is the surgical removal of excess tissue in a procedure called vulvoplasty, vaginoplasty, or episoplasty. The surgery helps eliminate the excess skin covering the vulva, which is the primary cause of the symptoms. It also helps alleviate the secondary symptoms, such as irritation, secretion, and licking.

My veterinarian was familiar with the surgery and had performed it many times. The surgery is generally successful. Possible complications include swelling (some post-op swelling is normal) or stitches breaking

open due to removal of too much skin. Recovery time is usually short and analgesics and antibiotics may be prescribed. Since the patient is likely to lick the area, a racing muzzle should be kept on until stitches are removed or for approximately 14 days.

Taylor's surgery went well. I took her home the same day. She had a couple of rough days post-op and was obviously very uncomfortable. She was obsessed with getting to her incision site and she would not urinate on her own for the first two days. However, she leaked urine all over whatever surface she was lying on. I covered her dog bed with lots of washables. The Tramadol she received for pain relief for the first couple of days helped her sleep. She also received Rimadyl® for several days for the inflammation and an antibiotic for ten days to ward off infection.

For three weeks, she wore her kennel muzzle at all times except during meals. During the first week, I was on constant vigil; it was exhausting. When she demonstrated her ability to lick her stitches through the muzzle, I put a guard on the muzzle. I took her to work with me every day as I knew that, left to her own devices, she would figure out a way to do some real damage to the incision site. The second and third weeks were better.

She became less and less obsessed with getting to her incision site and every day she seemed a little more comfortable than the day before, especially when she urinated.

A month has passed since Taylor's surgery and the change in her is amazing. I am so happy and excited for her. She pees just like my two boys or like any other dog. Always a spooky and quirky girl, she seems more relaxed overall these days. Knowing what I do now, I would have done the surgery even sooner.

Dr Conrad told me that he was seeing quite an increase of recessed vulva in his practice. He said that he observed it in approximately half of the female Greyhounds he sees. (He sees a large amount of Greyhounds as he vets all the dogs for our adoption group.) Some dogs will develop symptoms, and some won't. As dog owners, it's up to us to notice if our dog is having problems and then take action. When we adopt an animal, it's our job to keep them healthy and happy, to think about how they feel and do the best we can for them. Seriously, how many of us would want to go through life being uncomfortable every time we went to the bathroom? ■

Cyndi Rennick volunteers with Greyhound Rescue & Adoption of Tampa Bay (GREAT).



Gunnar experiences the Disappearing Dog test.

Dog Simple

By Lisa Holthaus

How smart is your dog? After some good natured testing and a recent incident that happened at my house, I got to thinking: What makes an animal smart? Is it their ability to think critically, or a simple response to commands? Do some breeds have an increased capability for learning? Most important: If we have the smarter dog, should we gloat about it to friends?

My husband Jack and I got into a lively discussion one evening with our best friends Susan and Jim. The topic was: How smart are our dogs and what is the best way to assess their aptitude for learning? For the record, Jack and I are the proud owners of Greyhounds Kira, Cooper, Tiger, Sabrina and Gunnar. Susan and Jim, adopted two female Pugs, Katie and Ellie. We love the little girls with their squished-in, cherub-like faces, snorting noses, and chubby bodies.

Susan, who does scientific research with animals, said she knew of several “tests” in which our dogs could participate, as their dogs had, that could be used to gauge how intelligent they were. This was going to be fun, I thought, as I nudged Jack and gave him an assured wink and a nod. Certain that our Greyhounds possessed superior intelligence, I enthusiastically said “Let the games begin!”

First up was the Disappearing Food experiment, which was designed to test a dog’s ability to think critically. In this scenario, we would show each of our dogs a small morsel of food and allow them to sniff it. So there would be

no perceived competition, each dog would be tested one at a time. Once each dog had the opportunity to focus on the treat, it would then be placed on the floor in front of them and after a few seconds, hidden with a towel. The desired response, of course, was that the animal determine that the treat was not gone but merely hidden by the towel; by simply removing the towel, they would find the treat. If they could accomplish that, they would be allowed to eat it as a reward.

One by one we showed our dogs the tasty tidbit, allowed them to sniff it, and placed it on the floor in front of them. Their attention remained rapt. After covering the treat with the towel we began to carefully monitor the results (by that I mean we elected Jim to scribble notes on his cocktail napkin). Individual outcomes were scientifically noted as follows:

Kira: Yawned and gave up immediately. My goodness, does this dog have a pulse? Walked away and laid down on the couch. Wow, she has bad breath. Lisa, do you have parsley you can give her, or is that bay leaves? Oh, I'm not supposed to be writing that down? Sorry. 0 for 1.

Gunnar: Stared intently at the towel. Showed promise by clawing at the towel. Showed that he had an itch by scratching himself. Gave up. 0 for 2.

Tiger: Stared at the towel. Wait, wait I think he's going to do something. Nope. Trotted off to catch something he thought he saw. Another goose egg.

Sabrina: Got upset and ran upstairs. That's not fair. Should we even include her in this? (She is shy.)

Cooper: This dog is sobbing; my God, he's breaking my heart. Someone please give him something to eat. Never mind, I'm lifting the towel for him. No, Lisa, it isn't cheating. What do you mean give you the napkin? 0 for 5.

When pressed, Susan admitted that both of her Pugs were able to find the treat by moving the towel. I was inclined to point out that, as their gorged little bellies rested on the ground, it wasn't that much of a stretch; they could probably see under the towel. I'll bet Jim was lifting the towel for them too, I surmised. But since Susan was my very best friend in the whole wide world, I



Sabrina demonstrates her Sitting and Look at Me skills.

refrained from commenting. I glanced at Jack and scowled.

What was I getting upset over? The results were no reflection of my dogs' lack of intelligence. In fact, they demonstrated their superior intelligence! Yes, that was it. They were so smart that they didn't even try to retrieve the treat. Conditioned to being waited on hand and paw, they deduced that by expending no energy whatsoever, they would get the treats anyway — which of course, they did. Genius.

I would have mentioned this obvious fact to Susan and Jim, but I didn't want to brag.

We moved on to the Disappearing Dog test. Each dog, one at a time, would lay down on the floor (no challenge for a lazy Greyhound). We then placed a towel over the dog's head, then measured how long it would take for the dog to remove the towel. (I'm still not sure how this was considered a test of intelligence but I went along with it anyway.) After we had finished removing the towel from the last dog's head, Jim's recorded outcomes read as follows:

Kira: Out cold. No really, is this dog dead? Of course I'm kidding, Susan. 0 for 1.

Gunnar: He's asleep. I think he's snoring too. Be quiet, I'm trying to hear if he's snoring. At least he's not scratching. 0 for 2.

Tiger: I don't know; he just seems bored by all of this. Yes, I know I can't see his face

under the towel. Of course it's just my opinion. See what you did now? You scared the dog and he ran away. Somebody go get the towel off his head. 0 for 3.

Sabrina: Not present. I saw her peek in here before but she ran back out of the room. I'll put her down as unreceptive to testing. 0 for 4.

Cooper: He's not moving, but I can hear him sobbing under the towel. Oh for goodness sake, do you guys feed this animal? You're darn right I'm giving him another treat. I know nobody likes a fat Greyhound, but come on. 0 for everything.

I concluded that my dogs behaved as they did not because they were of lesser intelligence but rather because they assumed they were in the control group and no action was required. Pure genius.

I asked Susan how her dogs had fared in the second test. Reluctantly, she admitted that Katie and Ellie had passed this one as well. Of course they did, I fumed; with those silly-looking, pushed-in, snorting, fat faces, they probably tore off the towels immediately because they couldn't breathe. I remained silent.

When the evening was over and we said our goodbyes to Susan and Jim, I locked the front door and turned to Jack.

"I cannot *stand* those people," I said curt-

ly. “Why are we friends with them? Did you hear the way Susan was gloating? I hate Pugs.”

As I lay in bed that night wondering where my dogs went wrong, I sat straight up with a sudden realization: We hadn’t tested Sabrina. She was the smart one for sure! I knew I needed to concentrate on socializing Sabrina, so she would have the opportunity to be tested and shine! Yes, that was it!

When we adopted Sabrina, the adoption group told us she was shy, which was like saying the Titanic had seating for six. Two days after our evening with Susan and Jim, I began working with an animal behaviorist to learn how to teach Sabrina to be a more confident dog. I was told we could accomplish this by first teaching her some basic obedience. The behaviorist suggested clicker training. I was told to start with the command *Look at Me*, which would require Sabrina to concentrate on me for a few seconds, hear the click, and then get her reward. I asked why I couldn’t start with something like, oh I don’t know, say, *Find the Treat under the Towel to Outperform our Guests’ Dogs* or maybe *Take the Towel off the Head So We Don’t Look Like Idiots*, but the behaviorist suggested starting with something a little simpler.

She also counseled me about what I needed to do for Sabrina. Sabrina needed consistency, which meant that her training had to occur daily — twice a day, in fact — for 15 to 20 minutes each time. OK, I could do that. That was the easy part. The challenge would be training in an area where the other dogs would not be a distraction. I had no choice but to train in the kitchen, where the rest of the dogs could watch. I crossed my fingers that they would behave themselves. They would get their treats later for good behavior.

As Sabrina waited patiently in the kitchen for her lesson to begin, I ushered Kira, Cooper, Gunnar and Tiger into the adjoining family room. I was reluctant to secure a baby gate in the doorway since our walls sported a fresh coat of paint. After much consideration, I gently leaned the gate against the outside walls to block the entrance.

The open space between the family room and living room posed a bigger challenge.

Occupied by a wall until completion of our recent remodeling project, the open space led from the living room through the foyer and right back into the kitchen. The openings were too big to block off with baby gates and I wasn’t about to try and move a couch. I carefully considered my options. After a flashback of Cooper sobbing beneath his towel, I decided I would let it go and see how long it would take before any of my Greyhounds realized there was another way into the kitchen.

I stood about 10 feet from them and began the clicker training with Sabrina. Kira settled herself on the couch. Cooper, Tiger, and Gunnar stared imploringly at me over the top of the baby gate, Tiger and Gunnar scrambling back and forth. I shook my head as I watched them scurry, knowing that they had easy access to the kitchen if they could only figure it out. As Sabrina and I trained, I could almost hear their thoughts coming from the other room:

Tiger: Sabrina just got a treat. Hey, is that a fly? I’m gonna catch that. Oh darn, now I forgot what I was doing. Oh yes, now I remember. No, no, it’s gone. Hey, is that a fly?

Cooper: Sabrina is getting treats. How come I’m not getting a treat? I haven’t had anything to eat in 15 minutes and I’m starved! Does anybody know when dinner is?

Gunnar: Boy, I have an itch that will not stop. I wish I could scratch it myself but it’s too far back and I don’t think my foot will reach. Cooper, can you get that for me?

Cooper: I’m really hungry and I’m tired, too. Sabrina is getting treats and there’s a gate blocking me and I’m hungry. Did I just hear a car? Maybe it’s takeout. I hope it’s pizza.

Kira: I don’t know you guys.

At that moment Tiger came flying into the kitchen, sliding head first into my legs, looking incredibly pleased with himself. I immediately stopped what I was doing and began showering Tiger with hugs and kisses. After all, hadn’t he just reasoned that he could go from the family room through the living room and foyer and reach the kitchen? Wouldn’t that be considered critical thinking? I glanced over at Cooper and Gunnar who had both given up, but it didn’t matter.

I had a member of Greyhound Mensa on my hands.

I knew I had to document what I had just witnessed. Where on earth did Jack put the cocktail napkins? No, no, forget that, nobody would believe me anyway. What I needed to do was put Tiger back in the family room so he could repeat what he had just done while I videotaped it and streamed it on-line so everyone could witness it for themselves. I had so many thoughts swirling around in my head that I didn’t know what to do first. I ran to get my video camera but when I returned, Tiger was standing by the back door in obvious need of relief. Before I could open the sliding glass door, Tiger tried to run through it and bonked himself on the head. My spirits fell as I quietly held him by the collar so I could open the door before he tried to go through it again.

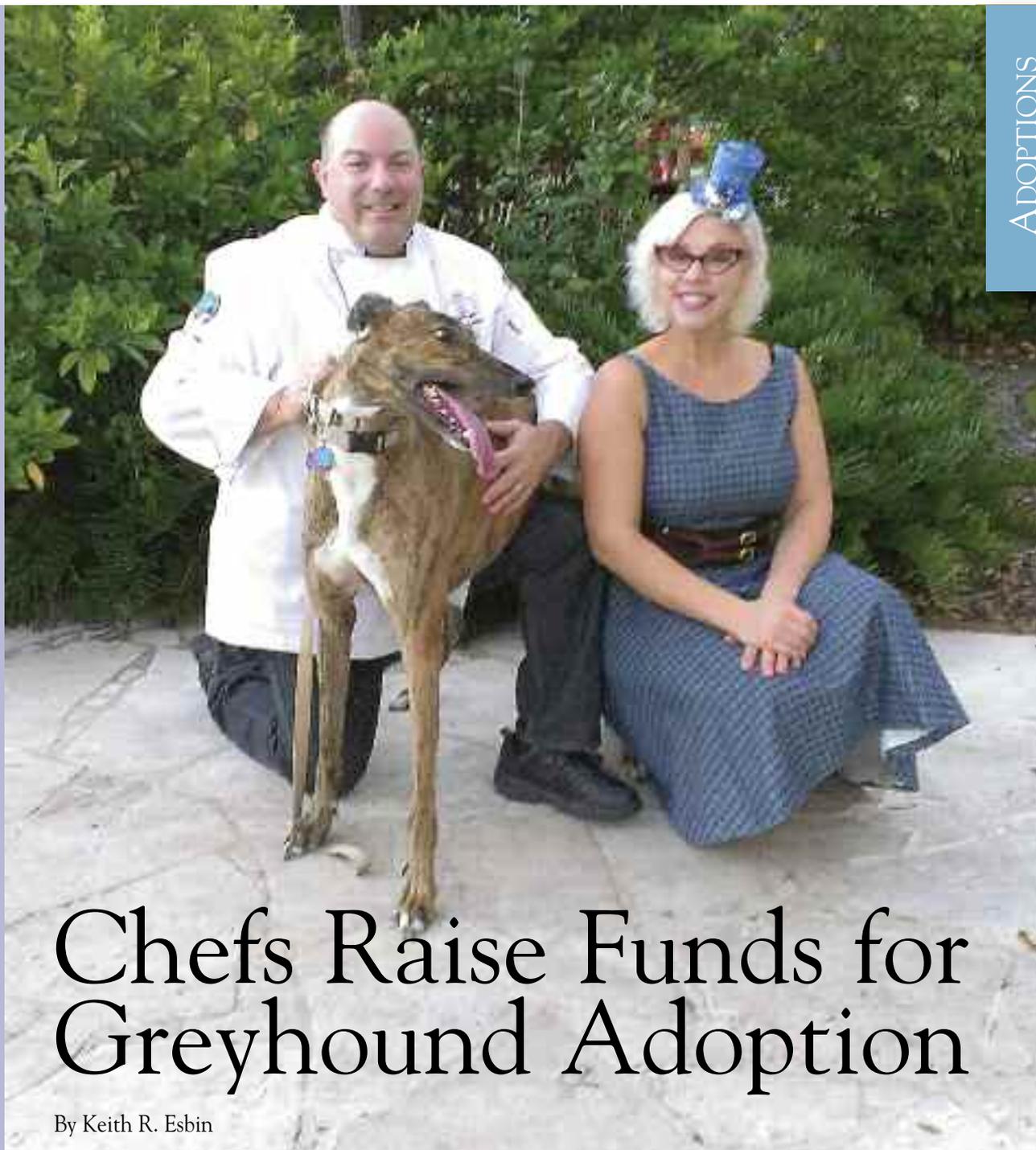
I put the video camera away.

As I watched Tiger dig playfully in his sandbox, I realized that it wasn’t what was in my dogs’ heads that made them outstanding, it was what was in their hearts. They loved me without reason and I loved them the same way. They didn’t need to think critically about it. It came naturally. And that was OK with me. Wasn’t it?

At that moment I turned to Sabrina.

“Come here little girl,” I said. “Mommy wants to show you a pretty towel. And then we’re gonna have some friends over for dinner.” ■

Lisa Holthaus lives in Brick, N.J. with husband Jack and their five Greyhounds. She also blogs on Memoirsofhogansgoat.blogspot.com



Chefs Raise Funds for Greyhound Adoption

By Keith R. Esbin

Chef Keith Esbin, his adopted Greyhound Picasso, and Next Food Network Star finalist Emily Ellyn were all part of the 2nd Annual Greyt Plates fundraiser for GPA/Greater Orlando.

Is your adoption group planning its next fundraiser? What unique talents, interests, and contacts can your volunteers bring to the table? GPA/Greater Orlando was fortunate enough to have some uniquely talented volunteers come forward; their event raised nearly \$20,000 for Greyhound adoption.—Ed.

Next Food Network Star finalist “Retro Rad Diva” Emily Ellyn and “The Greyhound Chef” Keith R. Esbin teamed up for the second annual Greyt Plates to raise money for Greyhound Pets of America/Greater Orlando (GPA/GO). At the Holy Trinity Reception Center in Maitland, Florida, over 300 guests were treated to 20 tasting stations each manned by a top chef from some of Orlando’s top restaurants, country clubs, and theme parks. Attendees enjoyed live music provided by guitarist Mike Petrovich, and had the opportunity to bid on over 200 silent and live auction items.

What was on the menu? Guests enjoyed Red Wine Braised Beef with Roasted Garlic Potato Croquettes by Chef Nicholas Barrington of Arnold Palmer's Bay Hill Lodge, Wild Mushroom Bruschetta on Bavarian Pretzel Crostini by Chef Ed Colleran of Universal Studios Florida, and Roasted Butternut Squash with Sage Butter by Chef Gary Ullmann of Barnies Coffee Kitchens. Emily Ellyn showcased the lost art of canning with a number of tasty treats. Perhaps the most popular and unique item was Chef Esbin's dry rubbed New York Strip Loin that was mesquite smoked for hours, then carved like a prime rib. The Strips were provided by Sysco Central Florida and their Corporate Chef Louis Reyes. Student Volunteers from Leesburg High School and Chefs from the American Culinary Federation Central Florida Chapter also provided support for the event.

The silent and live auctions included something for everyone. Platinum Sponsor Sea World Orlando provided two gift baskets that included not only theme park tickets for four, but passes for Discovery Cove. Other gift baskets included items for pets, foodies, and wine lovers. Esbin, who travels and meets many TV celebrity chefs, provided over two dozen autographed photos and cookbooks from Buddy Valastro, Tom

Colicchio, Cat Cora, Richard Blais, Rick Bayless, and Robert Irvine. Fellow Greyt Plates team member and emcee for the evening was Inga Hammond, formerly a reporter for the Golf Channel and currently with Meister Sports Management. Hammond, owner of retired racing Greyhounds Tiger and Phil, used her contacts in the professional sports world to procure autographed memorabilia from pro golfer Arnold Palmer and former major league baseball players Curt Schilling and Randy Johnson. Hammond's good friends from Silver Sponsor Loudmouth Golf were also on hand and made many donations to the auction.

Other auction items included Emily Ellyn's in-home class on canning, which brought in \$400. The highlight of the live auction was a five-course meal for eight people in their home by "The Greyhound Chef" himself. Bids came from all over the room but eventually came down to a bidding war between two people. The winning bid of \$600 received a large round of applause. The losing bidder then asked Hammond if Esbin would do a second dinner if he matched the winning bid. Without hesitation, Esbin agreed; the room gave him and the bidder a standing ovation.

Esbin created the event as a way to give back and help a breed of dog that doesn't have the same opportunities to find homes like other breeds. "Greyhound puppies are not found in any pet store; you can only get one directly from a breeder. Racers are already at least a year old and full-sized when they come from the track; this is perhaps the biggest deterrent for their adoption."

The almost \$20,000 raised by Greyt Plates 2012 will go to good use. The GPA/GO adoption kennel is the temporary home to almost 50 Greyhounds waiting for the opportunity to be adopted into forever homes. The housing, feeding, and medical expenses for these dogs are offset almost 100% by charitable contributions and fundraisers. ■

Chef Keith Esbin is the Corporate Executive Chef of Bar Harbor Seafood Corporation and Boston Lobster Feast Restaurants, and a long-time adopter of retired racing Greyhounds. The 3rd Annual Greyt Plates is scheduled for Tuesday, December 3rd 2013. For information on how to sponsor, donate, participate, or attend, please contact Chef Keith at Keith@bostonlobsterfeast.com or www.greyhoundpetsorlando.org.



Lula and Oscar, adopted by Cathy Yu of Chicago, Ill.



Alex, adopted by Suzanne Griggs of Richardson, Texas.



Bahia, adopted by Manon B gin of Gatineau, Quebec.



Josie, adopted by Bill and Amy Reynard of Charlotte, N.C

GUILTY

I stand wrongly accused
by family, friends and perfect strangers
of spoiling my Greyhounds.

The charges are read and the following evidence is presented
against me:

- 15 dog beds
- 8 fleece coats
- 3 raincoats
- 2 hand-knit Irish sweaters
- 17 martingale collars
- 10 leashes
- an indeterminate number of stuffed toys
- 1 car purchased so they could ride comfortably to daily
walks, trips to the beach, and Greyhound events
and a house with a fenced yard.

My Greyhounds are offered as witnesses in my defense.
They stand to be admired by the court for their noble lineage.

They permit the jury
to examine their athletic build
to stroke their glossy fur and soft ears
to inspect their scars and minor imperfections
to scratch under their chin and (perhaps) receive a lick.

And when the jury looks into their trusting eyes

I am acquitted.

—Gayle Leader

Saturday, June 1

Macadoodles Bark & Brew Fest
GPA/Springfield, MO
1455 E. Independence
Springfield, Mo.

Beer tasting, background band, pizza, treats for the dogs, raffles. \$10/person for beer tasting. All proceeds go to the hounds. All dog breeds welcome. Contact: Alane Shultz, agreyhound@mchsi.com

Sunday, June 2

GFNJ Annual Spring Picnic
Greyhound Friends of New Jersey
11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Duke Island Park

Old York Road
Bridgewater, N.J.

A special day to celebrate Greyhounds. Greyhounds owners can bring their dogs to spend the day, enjoy each other, buy something new from the many vendors, and have something to eat . . . all to benefit GFNJ in their quest to place more Greyhounds. Games and adoptable Greyhounds available to pre-approved applicants. Contact: Patty Comerford, patty.comerford@yahoo.com; www.greyhoundfriendsnj.org

Sunday, June 2

18th Annual Reunion Picnic
Personalized Greyhounds, Inc.
11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
Adams County Winery
251 Peachtree Road
Orrtanna, Pa.

Picnic includes food vendor, vendors of Greyhound items, games for the hounds, auctions, free wine tasting. Contact: Diane Freundel, (717) 737-2609 or dfreundel.com

Saturday, June 8

Greyhound Picnic
GPA/Greater Northwest
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Kootenai County Fairgrounds
4056 N. Government Way
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

This Greyhound-only event includes raffles, vendors, live and silent auctions, free food, and the opportunity to run your dog against a radar gun . . . win our travelling trophy for fastest dog! Camping available on site for a small fee. Contact: Nancy Slaughter, (509) 448-5188 or (509) 990-5033, nancyslaughter01@comcast.net

Saturday, June 22

4th Annual Dogs in the Park
Friends of Retired Greyhounds
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Mountain Time
E.B. Rains, Jr. Memorial Park
11801 Community Center Drive
Northglenn, Colo.

A 3K walk/run around Webster Lake with dogs of all breeds. Stay after and visit our vendor booths, see the Colorado Disc Dogs, and participate in hourly raffles and demonstrations. Suggested \$25.00 donation to walk. All proceeds benefit Friends of Retired Greyhounds. Contact: Kathy Dawson, (303) 906-2519, kdawson@friendsofretiredgreyhounds.org

Sunday, July 14

The Greyt Walkathon: Bellevue
Greyhound Pets, Inc.
10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.
Bellevue Downtown Park
10201 NE 4th Street
Bellevue, Wash.

Pre-registration required on GPI website. Artist-designed t-shirt and goodie bag, plus a great gathering of adopters and their dogs. Contact: Chris Nooney, (206) 228-8942 or chrisnooney@me.com; Bev Mitchell, (425) 891-1239 or themitchells1004@yahoo.com

Sunday, July 14

The Greyt Walkathon: Vancouver
Greyhound Pets, Inc.
10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.
Town Centre Park Picnic Area
Coquitlam, British Columbia
Pre-registration required on GPI website. Artist-designed t-shirt and goodie bag, plus a great gathering of adopters and their dogs. Contact: Steve Waines and Michelle Buchan, (604) 882-0432 or (604) 808-9337; adopt-a-grey@shaw.ca

Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28

Grapehounds — New York
The Grapehound Wine Tour® in the Finger Lakes of New York
Atwater Estate Vineyards, Burdett, N.Y. (and numerous other locations)
Wine tasting, Greyhound vendors, food, and music at over 20 country wineries throughout a four-day weekend to benefit numerous regional Greyhound adoption groups in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Contact: Larry Bowersox, (717) 669-8723 or grapehound@gmail.com; www.grapehounds.com

Saturday, August 17

Greyhound Picnic and Volunteer Recognition Day
Maritime Greyhound Adoption Program
2:00 to 5:00 p.m.
Mapleton Park Lodge
Moncton, New Brunswick
Our 9th annual picnic! Fun, food, and games for the Greyhounds and their people, in a fenced area. Contact: Deb Levasseur, deblevasseur@rogers.com; www.mgap.ca

Saturday and Sunday, August 17-18

20th Annual Canine Fun Days & Greyhound Reunion
 Greyhound Adoption of Ohio
 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily
 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! New this year: the Olate Dogs, 2012 winners of NBC's hit show America's Got Talent, will perform twice daily. Contact: Sydney McFarland, (440) 543-6256 or Sydney@greyhoundadoptionofoh.org; www.greyhoundadoptionofoh.org/caninefundays.htm

Saturday, September 21

Picnic and Annual Gathering
 Keystone Greyhounds
 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
 Shellsville VFW Parade Picnic Grounds
 343 N. Crawford Road
 Grantville, Pa.

Annual picnic to celebrate our Greyhounds and raise funds for our group. Great food, raffles, live auction, Greyhound games, activities for Keystone Kids and more. Contact: Dianne Shadle, (717) 234-1860 or keystonegreys@verizon.net

Saturday, September 21

Greyhound Gallivantasia
 GREYlong
 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
 Kill Creek Park Beach
 DeSoto, Kan.

A wonderfully fun time for the dogs and their owners. Marvelous venue includes lake, sandy beach, and walking trails. Enjoy your Greyhounds' antics as they dive in the lake. Potluck food, silent auctions, dog collars for sale. Proceeds fund canine cancer studies. Contact: Lori Haberman-Wilson, (913) 851-4382 or greylong3@yahoo.com

Sunday, September 22

Annual Picnic
 Pocono Greyhound Adoption
 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.
 Pocono Township Fire Hall
 Route 611
 Tannersville, Pa.

All Greyhounds and their families are invited to enjoy the vendors, games, and more. Contact: Ralph DiMondo, (570) 856-0377 or info@poconogreyhound.com

Saturday, September 28 (rain date: September 29)

PetsAffair '13 — An Event to Support Rescue and Placement of Racing Greyhounds
 REGAP of Connecticut
 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
 105 Fairwood Road
 Bethany, Conn.

Silent auction, tag sale, pet-a-cures, basket giveaways, Greyt Luck Contest, pet photos, meet-and-greets, picnic and cookout, bake sale for canines and humans, and much more. Proceeds directly support the care of the dogs: food, veterinary costs, and kennel maintenance. Contact: Eileen McCaughern, (203) 393-1673 or info@regapct.com; www.regapct.com/petsaffair.html

Sunday, September 29

Annual Fundraiser and Reunion Celebration
 Greyhound Connection
 11:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
 Felicita Park
 742 Clarence Lane
 Escondido, Calif.

This Greyhound-only event is a fun-filled day with food, live DJ, raffles, vendors, live and silent auctions, contests, Adoption Corral, and chance to reunite with our Greyhound community. Contact: Wally Lacey, (619) 286-4739 or greys@greyhoundconnection.org; www.greyhoundconnection.org



Sweetcorn, adopted by Alissa and Drew Bogner of Erlanger, Ky.



2013 *Greyhound Adoption of Ohio's*
CANINE FUN DAYS
& Greyhound Reunion



TWO FUN-FILLED DAYS FOR DOGS & THEIR PEOPLE
 August 17th & 18th • Saturday 10am-5pm • Sunday 10am-5pm
 The Cleveland Metroparks Polo Field
 Corner of Route 87 & Chagrin River Road
 Moreland Hills, Ohio 44022

FOR YOUR DOG
 Lure & Straight Coursing
 Fun Agility Course
 Swimming
 Dock Diving
 Doggie Games
 Fun Dog Show

FOR YOU
 Demonstrations
 Games
 Raffles
 Greyt Vendors
 Greyt Food
 Rescue Lane (all breeds)

Events Open for All Dogs to Try • Dog-Friendly Hotels Nearby • Rain or Shine • Tented Event
For more info visit www.GreyhoundAdoptionofOH.org or call 800.269.1148

Woody the Greyhound

The winner of our raffle will adopt him!

Woody is a simply gorgeous, unique, larger than life-sized, wooden, carousel greyhound! Woody is 43 inches high and 52 inches long and weighs about 75#. His estimated value is \$5000.

For info or tickets:
www.GreyhoundAdoptionofOH.org
 RJRJP@aol.com or 800.269.1148

GAO will arrange to transport Woody to his new home!



See Woody at Canine Fun Days & Greyhound Reunion (see above).

Drawing will be held at GAO Holiday Brunch - 12/8/2013 "Winner need NOT be present"

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Summer issue: March 1st

Fall issue: June 1st

Winter issue: September 1st

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We're not so very expressive;
more English in our reserve than our little Italian
cousins.

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We sense your needs, maybe before you do.

We can tell it all with a lean, a single kiss, or a
wet nose against your hand.

You'll know we love you.

—Jeffrey S. Long



Lucy, adopted by Tristan and Emily Adler of Edmond, Okla. *Emily Adler*



Brady (Blazing Courage) 2002 - 2013

Brady, featured in "A Week at Dog Camp" (Summer 2007 CG), lost his brief battle with osteosarcoma in January 2013. Brady was the gamest of Greyhounds. Whether it was obedience, agility, chasing his favorite ball, lure coursing, or going for a jog, he was up for anything. Brady lived his life with a zest and enthusiasm that was contagious. Owned by CG copy editor Susan Tanona, he was very much loved and will be missed by all who were charmed by his happy outlook on life.

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.

Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine
The Greyhound Project
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