Celebrating Greyhounds

The Magazine

Winter 1998 Vol 3, No.4

Inside

Greyhounds in the Show Ring
The Nose Knows
More Causes of Diarrhea,
Famous Greyhounds
and more...

ISSN 1093-0892

A Magazine for Greyhound Adopters, Owners & Friends

$5.50

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Coming soon....
The Colorful Greyhound: The Genetics of Color; Ways of Communicating With Your Greyhound; Dental Care; Grooming; Pack Dynamics; and an array of articles on care and feeding; crafts, book and product reviews, and more.

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Cover Photo: Annie and Angel are ready to celebrate Christmas, open presents and give thanks for another year. The girls were adopted from REGAP of Connecticut by Christine and Keith Pederson of Lincroft, New Jersey.

Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine (ISSN 1093-0892) is a quarterly publication made possible through the cooperative efforts of individuals and greyhound adoption organizations and is published under the auspices of the non-profit corporation, The Greyhound Project, Inc., 261 Robbins St., Milton, MA 02186. Phone (617) 333-6655.

PUBLICATION POLICY
The purpose of the magazine is to provide information about greyhounds as a breed. Recognizing that there are differing points of view on issues such as racing, breeding, and adoption policies, to mention a few, the magazine does not advocate a position on these issues. It will publish articles and reader letters regarding these issues if deemed appropriate. Such publication does not reflect agreement with or endorsement of such articles or letters by The Greyhound Project, Inc. or *Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine.*

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EDITORIAL INFORMATION
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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
$20 (US) per year (North America);
$25 (US) per year (World)

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DEADLINES
Summer issue: March 1; Fall issue: June 1;Winter issue: September 1; Spring issue: December 1

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Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine is printed at The Digital Pressroom, Boston, Massachusetts on 100% recycled paper.

Your Questions Answered

Q: Are Greyhounds Really Couch Potatoes?

Abigail in fast forward. Photo courtesy of Richard Askeland.

Ruth, Sadie and Davie passed Advanced Couch Potato with flying colors. Photo courtesy of Cara Brockhoff.

.... asks Richard Askeland of Syracuse, New York

Abigail entered our lives in January, 1995, usually one of the coldest months in central New York. Diminutive and on the retiring side, she didn't appear to be a dog that had a keen interest in running. Her racing career ended at two years of age — no doubt precipitated by a previously diagnosed heart murmur. A year later, our veterinarian, Dr. Stokes-Cawley, detected via x-rays, kidney atrophy possibly caused by the side effect of drugs used to curtail heat periods in racing bitches.

Our foster contact, Marilyn Bean, told us that Abigail enjoyed an occasional romp with her Greyhounds; but, for the most part, Abigail was on the shy, side.

With all this, we thought we'd have a dog that would content itself with lolling about the house and yard, perhaps trotting or cantering here and there. Open running or full extension gallops seemed out of the question given the confines of our small yard.

Surprise! Within two days at our home Abigail had taken over the backyard. Seconds after being let outside, she vaulted off the back concrete pad, eyes ablaze, mouth agape, heading for the rear fence. Suddenly, she'd reverse field and backtrack. Sometimes she'd bank so low that her abdomen would nearly touch the ground. Her romps have etched a perfectly cambered racing oval on the ground around the coneflowers and autumn olive. She performs her running "catch me if you can" rituals primarily in mid-morning and late afternoon.

But our 35-by 50-foot backyard seemed too confining and so we looked for a more appropriate space for Abigail to unwind.

For a year or so, we had no problem finding Little League fields and enclosed parkland in which to exercise. However, the recent posting of nearly all such spaces in the last two years has prohibited open running.

I'm wondering what strategies other greyhound owners and clubs use to exercise their dogs? Is it possible to subsidize Little League ventures with the provision that all areas used would be policed? In heavy-snow areas, could indoor horse barns, or exercise rings, arenas be used? There is a definite need for exercise areas, especially for those greyhound owners who don't have sufficiently-sized yards.

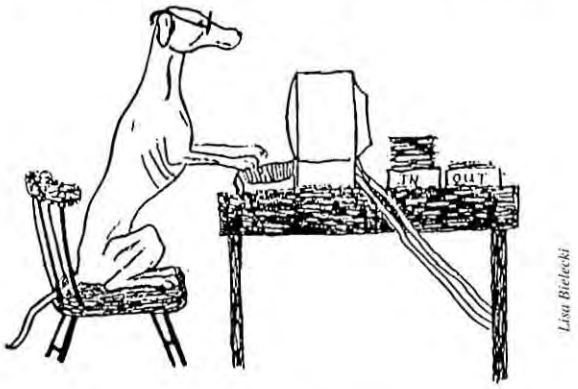
Perhaps the editors and readers of *Celebrating Greyhounds* could feature strategies other individuals/groups use to provide room for the "born to run" Greyhound.

A: Even the Greyhound who has a condition which prevents racing enjoys a romp every now and then. As long as the owner keeps the activity within reasonable levels recommended by the veterinarian, well-planned exercise is a plus.

If any readers have solutions to the problem of where to exercise Greyhounds, please write to the editor. We would like to do a series on exercising and play groups. – *Ed.*

❖

CG Readers Speak Out



Lisa Bielecki

Looking Ahead....

Your magazine continues to be very helpful and informative and much appreciated. Keep up the good work!

Would you address the issue of hypothyroidism in altered Greyhounds and the ways it manifests itself in behavior and muscle-wasting and the importance of a "well-dog" blood test as a baseline for future reference for symptoms? Thank you.

Barbara MacHale
Convent Station
New Jersey

Enclosed please find a check for a two-year subscription to *Celebrating Greyhounds.*

I have two Greyhounds and there is a possibility that one may have bone cancer. I would be extremely interested in any information/back issues of the magazine pertaining to this subject. If anything is available, please notify or send me. I will gladly pay for your time/back issues. Thank you very much.

Kristen Bernier
Hudson, Mass.

Both subjects are "in the works." We haven't published anything on bone cancer to date, though – Ed.

About Articles From Past Issues....

Many thanks for the issue on older Greyhounds. We acquired Gracie, now ten, from Daytona where she raced and then was kept for breeding. She's a sweetheart and quite a character. Both Gracie and Ricky came through L.I.G.H.T. on Long Island. We fanatics don't want to miss an issue!

Jean Perry
Bayport, New York

Flame loves to run and doesn't mind the snow. Crash, the fawn, doesn't want to walk in the snow. Here, I made a set of Corrigans' Crafts' knee boots (love 'em) and sent Flame out to play. After a hard run, we lost two of them and gained holes in the bottom of two, but I consider the boots a wonderful success. (See photo above.)

Tina Tyler
Tacoma, Washington

Speak Out **Continued on next page**

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Please send correspondence for "Your Questions Answered," "House Calls," and letters for "CG Readers Speak Out" to the editor at the address above. The editor will try to respond to correspondence but cannot answer or acknowledge every letter. E-mail correspondence appreciated. Please enclose a self-addressed long stamped envelope if you require a mailed response.

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Writers Guidelines are available from the editor via e-mail or regular mail (please enclose an SASE) to all interested in submitting articles to *CG*. We also welcome article ideas and articles to reprint from newsletters and other sources.

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We welcome all sharp, clear, photographs. Photographs become the property of The Greyhound Project unless you wish them to be returned. If so, please supply a self-addressed stamped envelope. Digital photos and scans from the Internet are not useable. Send to the editor.

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Back Issues

All 1998 back issues are available. Fall is $5.50. The others are $4.50. Sorry, issues prior to 1998 are sold out. To verify availability, contact Subscription Manager Joan Dillon at joandillon@usa.net or write her at the Holbrook address.

Group Relations

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For other information contact Joan Belle Isle, 295 Tremont St., Newton, MA 02158. E-mail joanb2@IX.netcom.com or call (617) 527-8843.

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The Greyhound Project, 261 Robbins St., Milton, MA 02186. Phone: (617) 333-6655

***Speak Out* Cont. from previous page**

A "Thank You" and a Suggestion....

I would like to thank you for honoring my Greyhound Rocky as a "Hero Hound." Everybody who has seen the article is very impressed by the quality of your magazine. I know that I look forward to receiving my copy and read and re-read it several times. It is so informative and interesting to us Greyhounds lovers. It is a real bonus to have this resource when a question arises about this wonderful breed.

How about having some kind of pen pal section?

Joyce Adams
110 Woodruff Street
Johnstown, PA 15905

We have no plans to do so, but we are including your address if anyone would like to get the ball rolling. – Ed.

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine is so good. I practically consider it my "Bible." I can't tell you how many times I have used articles as a reference for some of my Greyhound contacts.

Quite often the Greyhound clients who come to the veterinary hospital where I work will have a specific question or concern. Almost always I can go back to my magazines and bring out a relevant article.

I am now the veterinary technician at Pepperell Veterinary Hospital and considered "The Greyhound Link." The doctors I work for appreciate the extra little info we can give our clients.

So far the articles we've given out for reference are: "When Is It Time To Say Good Bye?" by P.G. Burnham; "Separation Anxiety" by Lynda Adame; "Greyhound Gas" by Ann Kenny; "How Safe Is Advantage?" by Joan Dillon; "Common Conditions of Old Greyhounds" by Julia Carter, DVM; "Anesthesia In Greyhounds" by Regina Downey, DVM; "Sharks To The Rescue" by K. and J. Dubuque; "Savanna's Story" by Kim Thornton; and I'm just beginning because there's such a wealth of information!

Looking back, I realized that my first encounter with your magazine came at a very appropriate time for me and my Greyhound Clarke. You see, he was spending what was to be his last summer comfortably out in the back yard with sunshine, no stress, lots of good food, love, and care. "When Is It Time To Say Good Bye?" by P. G. Burnham was the story in the very first issue. It brought tears to my eyes but helped me prepare for those final moments with Clarke. I'll always be grateful.

Liz Guglietti
Lunenburg, Massachusetts

Looking For Early Back Issues....

If anyone is interested in selling two copies of your magazine that are no longer available, I'd like to buy them. I'm looking for Summer 96 and Winter 96.

Ellen Whitbeck
P.O.Box 964
Montery, MA 01245

***Speak Out* Continued on next page**

***Speak Out* Cont. from previous page**

If you have any issues prior to Spring 1997, I would like to have them — even just xeroxed would be fine with me. I have two Greyhounds, and your magazine has become such a wonderful reference material for me! I read each, cover to cover, immediately upon receiving it!

Thanks for all the efforts in putting together such a quality publication. Kudos to Marcia and everyone at *Celebrating Greyhounds* for a job very well done!

Susie H. McQuade
Dallas, Texas

*We are delighted that you enjoy and find **CG** useful. We only have 1998 back issues available. Please refer to the "How To Contact Us" box on the previous page. Sorry, we cannot make copies of entire issues nor of single articles as this would infringe on copyright laws. – Ed.*

Another Look At Collars....

Warm greetings. The Summer 1998 issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds* is an amazing issue. I love all the Greyhound photos and the articles are so enjoyable to read.

I wanted to share my response to the "Collars – What to Wear Where" article. I've been teaching pet dog training for about 7 years now. I'm a member of the Association of Pet Dog Trainers and have been to the past 3 annual educational conferences.

When I read your article I disagreed with a few points and wanted to explain my views in hopes that the information I present may be published in your next issue.

"Pinch collars (see photo to left) – commonly referred to as prong collars – are, if used correctly, effective collars to use on a Greyhound that is phycially strong or just strong willed.... A scrunchie or plastic coated tips may be used to soften the pinch."

In my opinion pinch collars are too harsh to use on Greyhounds. The collar is used to inflict pain when the dog doesn't behave appropriately. When used it causes pain, fear, anxiety. The dog is motivated to perform well to avoid pinches. It's reminiscent of using physical punishment in schools. Children behaved because if they didn't they would receive a wack with a ruler.

Choke collars rely on the same principles of punishment. Training your dog by rewarding it when it performs correctly negates the need for physical corrections with a choke collar.

A "halti" (head collar) is much more humane. It is self correcting the owner can effectively and easily stop the dog from jumping and lunging without using physical force or causing pain or anxiety.

It's too bad you didn't have a photo of a Greyhound wearing a halti. A halti is also much preferable over the "no pull" harness which "applies pressure"– that is, inflicts pain to stop the dog from pulling. A halti does the same job and causes no pain.

Carolyn Stolzenburg
From the Internet

*Thank you for the input. The article's intention was to present information about what kind of collars are available and was not meant to be an article from a training perspective. Because Ms. Stolzenburg's original letter was chock full of good information but was shortened due to its length , we have invited her to write a full-length article for a future issue of **CG** on how to pick and use collars according to the situation. – Ed.*

Donations....

Enclosed is our check to continue our subscription; the balance is a small donation in memory of our beloved Domino whom we lost to cancer in March. We miss him dreadfully and will perhaps, some day, adopt another greyhound when our days of extended travel are over and we're ready for another canine pal to bond (or epoxy) itself to us and cover the rugs with hairs.

Bob and Judy Marak
Exeter, Rhode Island

Please renew my subscription another year for your informative *Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine.*

I hope that you receive a good response for your matching gift program for the canine cancer studies at the Morris Animal Foundation. We've mailed in our donation today.

Roland and Nancy Ann Shores
Willington, Connecticut

Here is my renewal check for *Celebrating Greyhounds.* I love your magazine. The pictures are beautiful and the articles have taught me much. "Alice " (SuperElite), our now eight-year-old dark brindle sweetheart, loves everyone, and everyone who meets her sees how gentle and friendly greyhounds can be. She (and I) have taught many people about the plight of Greyhounds and what wonderful friends they make.

Keep up the great work!

Caroline Rhodes
Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

Enclosed is my renewal for *Celebrating Greyhounds.* I'm so glad to have this magazine available to the "Greyhound-world." I always include a subscription form in every placement package that I give to new adoptive families. *CG* is greyt!

My check is for more than the subscription amount. Please accept the balance as a donation to The Greyhound Project. Keep up the good work.

Judy Dillon
Queen Anne, Maryland

Thanks to you and to all who have contributed to The Greyhound Project. Your donations are used to promote the well-being of Greyhounds via the various projects we sponsor. – Ed.

Please begin my subscription to *Celebrating Greyhounds* Magazine. I have enclosed a personal check. Should

***Speak Out* Continued on page 7**

We appreciate your letters (up to 300 words) and photographs. They may be edited for brevity or clarity. Please send them by mail to the editorial office or, even better, via e-mail to:

greythound@aol.com.

We regret that we cannot publish them all.

Bob:

Making A Career Out Of Being A Hero

Bob may look fierce, but he's really just a humble hero. Photo courtesy of Diana Cognigni.

By Diana Cognigni

To look at Bob sprawled out on the couch in the famous dead cockroach position you would never think he had it in him. However in the last two-and-a-half years Bob has come to the rescue three times.

On a nice warm fall evening we decided to go for a walk in the park with Bob and our other Greyhound, Sandy On our way to the parking lot our paths crossed with a Akita/St.Bernard mix puppy whose owner was having trouble controlling him. We tried to avoid them, but the pup pulled his owner over. Sandy and Bob stood there patiently while the pup smelled them up and down. Then he decided he wanted to play with Sandy and started pulling and jumping on her. She barked and I tried to keep her just out of his way. Well, Bob took a step forward and let out two of the loudest barks I had ever heard him do up till then. Then there was dead silence. He put manners on that pup with two simple barks and saved Sandy from possibly being hurt as the pup outweighed her tremendously.

The second time Bob was my savior. My son was selling his weight bench and accessories. He made arrangements with a man to come and look at them. It turned out I was going to be the only one home at the time. Usually this didn't bother me, but I just had this really bad feeling about it. The man came to the front door and I told him I would meet him at the garage door. Down the steps I went and let the man in. Bob never left my side. This is unusual because Bob loves people and usually goes right over to welcome them. The man was uneasy with Bob and said so, but Bob was at my side to stay. I don't know if Bob felt my uneasiness or didn't like the man, but I am very thankful that he acted the protective way he did.

Just the other day we were settling down as our vacation was drawing to an end. It was a humid night, and we had the fans going. The washer and dryer were also getting a workout, and the TV was on. The house was unusually noisy for us. I just sat down next to Bob on the couch to watch TV when he got up rather quickly and ran to the doorway towards the kitchen. He let out a loud bark. He turned quickly towards me and let out several more of these strong, loud barks. This is not normal for Bob so I knew to come quickly. As I entered the kitchen I could see Sandy choking on her dry food and straining to get it up. By the time I got across the room she had gotten it out. But if she couldn't, she could have been in trouble. I guess that's what Bob was thinking, and he wanted to get help quick. I have had fosters that choke during the first few meals but never my Sandy. This is the second time Bob came to Sandy's rescue.

Bob's personality has many facets. He is serious and goofy, docile and playful, good and bold at times, quiet and talkative. I'm just glad Bob is Bob. He is one in a million, and I wouldn't have him any other way.

❖

Diana volunteers for Plainfield Pets Greyhound Adoption Program in northeastern Pennsylvania. She has fostered many hounds, makes crafts, helps with runs, and does the newsletter. She resides with her husband, Chet; two teenagers, Carla and Chris; Greyhounds Sandy and Bob; felines Tasha and Dizzy; and a few fish.

***Speak Out* Continued from page 5**

this subscription price include a donation to a greyhound adoption group of my choice, I would like to indicate TLC Adoption, Solomon, Kansas, as the recipient.

Brian Lee
Project Manager
World Access Network, Inc.
La Center, Washington

Unfortunately, our subscription price cannot include a donation to an adoption group at this point in time. Subscriptions go towards the cost of printing and mailing ***CG*** *as well as towards the many projects that The Greyhound Project sponsors.*

❖

Site Hounds is on hiatus this issue because of technical problems. Bruce Skinner and *Site Hounds* will return next issue.

A reminder about your subscription....

Some subscriptions are about to expire. To be sure not to miss any issues, renew now, using the coupon on page 3. The Greyhound Project will send <u>one</u> reminder when you receive the last issue of your subscription.

BOOK TALK

by Lauren Emery

The Unicorn Tapestries

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Adolfo Salvatore Cavallo
$25 softcover
$35 hardcover
Harry N. Abrams, Inc
New York
1998

Greyhound adopters who are intrigued with the breed's history will appreciate *The Unicorn Tapestries* primarily from a visual standpoint. This new book produced by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art documents seven extraordinary tapestries exhibited at the Museum's medieval branch, the Cloisters. Created in the Southern Netherlands between 1495 and 1505 these massive majestic tapestries were woven in brilliant colors of wool and silk with silver and gold threads. They have largely survived the ravages of time, including the French Revolution when they were looted during the Reign of Terror by the populist mobs and disappeared for two generations.

Dogs, primarily Greyhounds, appear in six of the seven tapestries, as they are essential to the hunt of the unicorn. One entitled "The Unicorn at Bay" depicts noblemen, hunters, four scent hounds and nine Greyhounds one of which is being gored by the unicorn. The book contains 91 illustrations, including 77 color plates. Two full-page color plates show only Greyhounds with their wide collars bearing monograms and coats of arms. As a Greyhound adopter I was fascinated by the expressiveness of the dogs' faces and the ornate collars. The composition, use of color and detailing in general, rank these tapestries on the same level as fine paintings of the era. Although the Greyhound heads in these 500-year old masterpieces appear blockier than those of our 20th century couch potatoes they still have distinct Greyhound characteristics. A significant amount of the text speculates on the history of the tapestries and their allegorical and symbolic content. It does acknowledge that the unicorn hunt portrayed was the same as a medieval stag or boar hunt where weapons were secondary and the hunt was done "by force of hounds." The hounds were used to chase down the prey and corner it while the deathblow would be delivered by the lord of the hounds.

This 9-inch by 12-inch book would be a beautiful addition to a Greyhound adopter's art library. To more fully appreciate the scale of these medieval tapestries, which are 15 and a half feet high and have a combined width of 86 and a half feet, one can see them displayed at the Cloisters in Upper Manhattan. Due to gallery renovations the tapestries are expected to be in storage until January 5, 1999. For information call the Cloisters at 212 923-3700.

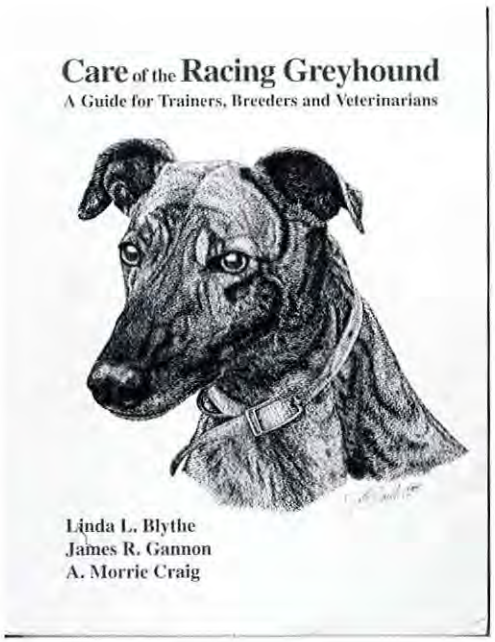
❖

Lauren Emery is a frequent contributor to ***CG.*** *She hails from Maine and and is very active with GPS/Maine. She has two Greyhounds, Bernie and Boomer.*

Reviewed by Kate Bressler

Care of the Racing Greyhound:

A Guide for Trainers, Breeders, and Veterinarians



by Linda L. Blythe DVM, James R. Gannon and A. Morrie Craig

$40 paperback; $60 hardbound.
Available from the NGA
PO Box 543
Abilene, KS 67410
(785) 263-4660.

While the foreword states, "The purpose of this book is to help Greyhound trainers and breeders in the care of their Greyhounds," it is also an invaluable resource to pet owners and to veterinarians who treat adopted Greyhounds.

Published in 1994, *Care of the Racing Greyhound* was commissioned by the American Greyhound Council. Their directive was, "Take the anatomy, physiology, medicine, and surgery as these disciplines relate to the Greyhound and put them into layman's terminology." But make no mistake, this book is heavy on medical vocabulary, and it assumes the reader has a fundamental knowledge of what these terms mean.

Although it leans heavily on the medical side, it has more than enough illustrations and photographs for any pure layman to understand what is being said. For example, there may be a photograph of an injured leg, an x-ray showing the injury and a written explanation of the injury and possible treatments.

The authors (all of whom are working in the field of veterinary medicine) have divided the almost four-hundred page book into three parts.

Part I. Anatomy, Function and Dysfunction of Major Systems In The Greyhound

This section is quite technical. It contains in-depth discussions of each bodily system, down to naming each bone in each foot. There are either photographs or illustrations of most systems to further explain these descriptions.

Every few pages you will find a wonderful piece of information, like the "Three Minute Examination for Muscle Injury." Where with photographs and text you can quickly learn to examine your dog. Later in the book there is a more comprehensive examination, which covers ten pages.

A particularly interesting part of the "Digestive System and Nutrition" subsection contains a detailed clarification of the most common worms and other intestinal parasites.

Part II. Age-Related Care Of The Racing Greyhound

In addition to the wealth of information contained throughout this book, Part II includes 24 pages of four-color photographs and illustrations depicting many of the more common conditions. While some of these photos are extremely graphic to the layman, they show diseases some of us have all heard of (for example, pannus, pneumonia, mange, and happy tail).

Fractures are discussed at great length. If, in the past, you have been baffled by looking at x-rays, you will find these radiographs very easy to read. The radiographs chosen for this book are clear and contain arrows pointing to the part that is being discussed.

Part II closes with individual chapters on metabolic disorders, care of juveniles and geriatric care.

Part III. Therapeutic Medications

Antibiotics, NSAIDs (non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs), corticosteroids, poultices, etc. are outlined. Their effects, use and disadvantages are discussed.

This chapter, more than the other two, has a decidedly medical slant. Pet owners should rely on their veterinarian for advice as to which drugs are appropriate for which symptoms.

Since this book is written specifically about Greyhounds, you won't find a better resource. Although a little on the pricey side, it is well worth every cent. It might even be a good idea for adoption groups to donate one to their veterinarians.

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House Calls

by Julia Carter, DVM

On Pain Management

Question: What is available for pain management for Osteosarcoma?

Kate Bressler, Gladstone, Missouri

There are both FDA labeled and extra-label pain medications for dogs (and other small animals) similar or the same as many of the pain medications used in humans.

Butorphanol tartrate, Demerol, Talwin and Fentanyl are all used for pain management. These are all narcotics, however, which means that their use requires specific extra recording and filing by the administering veterinarian. They are also drugs with known potential for abuse and addiction. As a result, many practitioners are reluctant to send the more potent of these drugs home with their patients, although they may use the drugs regularly in hospital.

Butorphanol (Torbutrol) is available in a pill form with a labeled administration protocol for dogs and may be the narcotic that vets feel most comfortable sending home.

Non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDS)

Non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDS) such as Rimadyl, aspirin, Banamine, and Butazolidin are used much more commonly in veterinary medicine for owner-administration at home. This may be because of a longer history of use in animals, less regulatory paperwork (and less risk of liability), and relative efficacy in small animals. However, many dogs do not tolerate long-term NSAID use, with nausea, vomiting and gastric ulceration the primary side effects.

Steroids

Many animals with painful tumors can gain significant relief in the short-term with the use of steroids such as Prednisone. This is due to the tumor-suppressing effects of steroids as well as the fact that steroids block or prevent formation of many of the inflammatory mediators that stimulate pain receptors. However, it must be recognized that this effect upon the patient will be relatively short-lived and should probably be reserved for terminal patients when used as the only therapy.

Additionally, many owners find the side effects of high doses of steroids difficult to live with.

Acupuncture

Finally, acupuncture can be an effective method of pain relief, particularly for chronic pain, as it acts to block the pain message as it travels to the brain on A delta or C nerve fibers. However, acupuncture also increases local circulation, which may actually increase the rate of tumor growth. As a result, many acupuncturists are hesitant to acupuncture cancer patients in the area of the tumor.

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Do you have a question for Dr. Carter? Please write her at Celebrating Greyhounds, PO. Box 185751, Hamden CT 06518-0751.

The Big "D"

Cancer, Stress — and most of all — Allergies

The ultimate chow-hound. As lady-like as Miss Streakin' Evita is, she can't resist a banana. Photo courtesy of Patti Smith, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

by Patricia Gail Burnham

In the last issue, we covered bacterial, protozoan and viral causes of diarrhea. That leaves cancer, stress, and allergies here as causes of diarrhea.

Cancer and Diarrhea

Fortunately cancer is a fairly rare cause of diarrhea but tumors can attack the digestive system. An endoscopic exam and biopsy may be needed to diagnose them. If they are found early enough they could be removed surgically since there is enough intestine to snip some of it out surgically. The problem is that the tumors are likely to have spread before you realize that there is a problem.

We spent seven months trying to diagnose one of my favorite Greyhound's mysterious and varied symptoms before she liberated a pot roast, took it onto the guest room bed and ate several pounds of beef before tossing the neck bones to the other dogs. They carried them out to where I was mowing the back lawn and when I found them carrying around fresh cow vertebrae I knew something was amiss. I wasn't surprised when Love developed diarrhea but when it didn't clear up in a few days I took her to the vet. He did an endoscopic exam and a biopsy that revealed widespread sarcomas in her digestive tract. An endoscopic exam involves anesthetizing the dog and then running a fiber optic tube into the digestive tract to look at the inside of the dog.

Stress-induced Diarrhea

When we are under stress our bodies produces adrenaline and other chemicals to prepare us for flight or a fight. These can inflame the lining of the intestine. So instead of defecating because we are about to be eaten by a sabre-toothed tiger, now we get diarrhea because there is a final exam looming before us.

Stress affects dogs the same way. My first Collie would respond to training sessions by throwing up. His stress was attacking the upper end of his digestive system. Other dogs respond to stress by irritating the lower end of the digestive system and having diarrhea. Stress produces diarrhea by putting unwelcome hormones and chemicals into the dog's intestine. Stress can also trigger an allergic response. (My training methods now are a lot less stressful for the dogs. Now they want to work and are indignant if they have to watch me work somebody other than them.)

Allergic Inflammation of the Intestine can be Triggered by Stress

Or an allergy can be produced without stress simply by exposure to the allergen. Allergies are what happens when the body produces antibodies to everyday substances or to itself. The body is supposed to be producing anti-

Big D Continued on next page

Big D **Continued from previous page**

bodies against foreign invaders like viruses and bacteria. When it produces antibodies to harmless substances, and those antibodies produce a histamine reaction which causes tissue inflammation, that inflammation is an allergic reaction. Allergies are triggered by exposure to allergen which are either foreign substances like food or pollen, or may be the body's own tissues. When the body is producing antibodies to its own tissues it is called an autoimmune response. (Auto means "self" so it is an immune response to the bodies own self.)

Allergic Reactions can Target Any Part of the Body

When inflammation occurs in the brain, seizures may result. But the skin and the digestive tract are the most common sites for canine allergies. These are the areas where the body comes in contact with the outside world. I know you think of your intestinal tract as being inside you, but actually it is a tube that connects your mouth with your other end. There is daylight on both ends. Nutrients don't really enter your body until they pass through the intestinal wall. Our bodies are like a doughnut with a hole in the center. Food is just on its way through the doughnut hole, and we snatch out nutrients as it passes through.

When the skin is the target of an allergy, a rash occurs. When an allergic reaction targets the intestine, the result is inflammation, diarrhea and sometimes ulceration. This is a subject I have a lot of experience with since my family is riddled with allergies, and my sister nearly died of allergy caused ulcerative colitis. (As a result my mother gave each of us kids a medical textbook on food allergies and their treatment. It has even proved helpful for the dogs.)

A Short Course in Allergies

Allergies are the result of the body's immune system producing antibodies in response to exposure to antigens. Any of the four types of antigens can produce inflammation in the digestive tract with resulting diarrhea. However because of the direct contact between food and the digestive tract food allergies are the most frequent source of intestinal allergies.

Similarly contact allergies usually occur on the skin. Inhalant allergies generally affect lungs first. But while all three of the above have their favorite locations, they can cross over and produce symptoms anywhere in the body. And autoimmune responses can occur anywhere.

Allergic reactions can be caused by a wide variety of exposures. Cinnamon exploring caves on the California coast. Photo courtesy of Robert Banks.

The Antigens can Reach the Body in Four Ways:

1. Antigens can be inhaled (pollen, dust, mites, molds, perfume, smoke.)
2. Antigens can be eaten (food allergies)
3. Antigens may be applied to the skin (contact allergies-dips, shampoos, grass, cosmetics, flea stuff, fabric softeners)
4. Antigens may be the body's own tissues (autoimmune response)

Inhalant Allergies

Inhalant allergies are tough to treat. You can eliminate perfume and smoke exposure, but pollen, dust and molds are everywhere. Human patients go to the extreme of staying indoors with electrostatic air cleaners. With dogs we eliminate the smoke and perfume and then treat the resulting allergies with antihistamines and steroids. The same applies to autoimmune responses. But before you can diagnose an allergy as autoimmune you need to eliminate all the other possible antigens. And it is virtually impossible to eliminate all the possible allergens. I believe that autoimmune response is over diagnosed by vets who lack the persistence to identify the actual allergen. Airborne and contact allergens can be identified by scratch tests.

Food Allergies

Food allergies can only be identified by the use of an elimination diet. So here is the basic elimination diet with credit to Dr. Rowe's "Food Allergy-Its Manifestations and Control and the Elimination Diets." The bad news is that the elimination diets are home cooked. The good news is that they are simple. The basic diet is a half-pound of cooked meat combined with two cups of cooked cereal product. I use cooked lamb and white rice. But if you have a dog that has been fed lamb and rice kibble it may have developed antibodies to lamb and rice and you will need other meat and cereal sources. Rabbit and barley, beef and pasta, chicken and corn meal. For this reason I don't feed my dogs lamb and rice kibbles. I reserve the real lamb and rice for allergy and convalescent meals.

First, I cook the rice according to the package directions. Then I sauté the ground meat and add the cooked rice,

Big D **Continued on page 17**

The Nose Knows

by Lori Lazetera

Half exhibits his venerable nose. Photo courtesy of Will Schumaker, Tampa, Florida.

It's a cold winter day. The dogs and I have cabin fever. Hmmm, let's play a game. I take three paper cups and about nine or ten small dog biscuits into the living room. Each dog will have an opportunity to play a variation on the old "shell game." I place the cups upside down on the floor in a line. I put a biscuit under one of the cups. The dogs are now watching me with extreme intensity. I move the cups around, making sure I don't upset the cups. I tell my Greyhound Feather to find the cookie. She walks over to the cups and snuffles at each one. She takes her paw and hits one of the cups. It falls over and underneath is the dog biscuit. She quickly gobbles it down. My other Greyhound Tauren's turn is next. Tauren, being less patient then Feather, runs over to the cups. He sniffs and promptly crushes the cup that has the biscuit under it. He eats the biscuit and carries off the crumpled cup.

How can Dogs find a Biscuit under a Cup so easily?

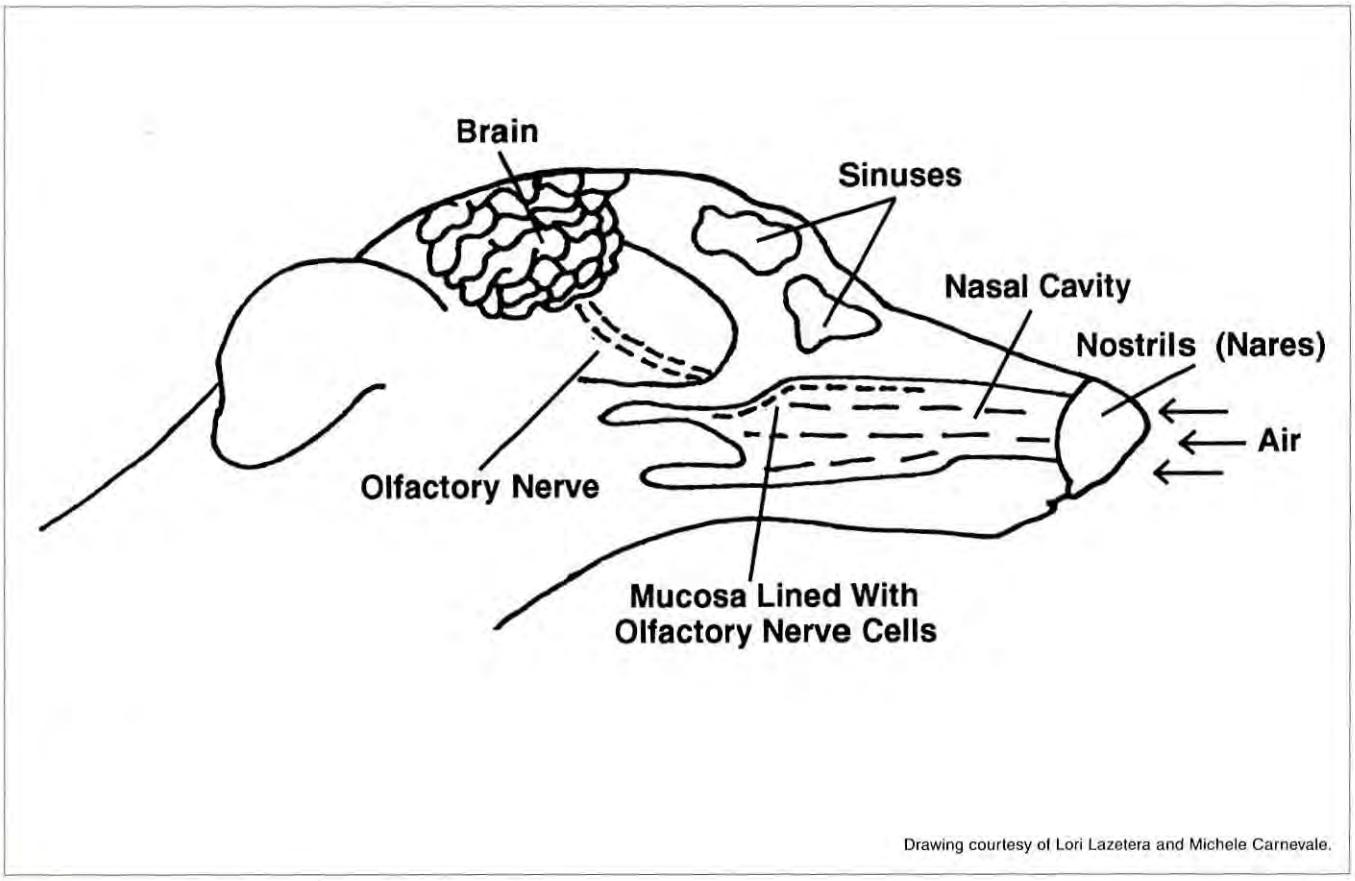
The United States Customs employs dogs to search tourists for illegal fruits and vegetables when they return from trips out of the country. Police and law enforcement agencies use dogs to find lost people, detect drugs and contraband, and even search for the presence of accelerants in cases of suspected arson. There have been reports of dogs who can detect the smell of cancer in an unhealed sore. How can dogs do this? It's their sense of smell.

The Anatomy of the Nose

The dog's nose consists of nares (nostrils) and the nasal cavity, which runs the entire length of the muzzle. The maxillary and frontal sinuses connect with the nasal cavity. The nasal cavity is divided by a mid-line partition into two passages, one for each nostril. At the back, these passages open into the throat behind the soft palate. The nasal cavity itself is lined with a mucus membrane that is richly supplied by blood vessels and nerves. The nose is the only area of the body where nerves come in contact with the outside world. There are a great many more nerve endings in the dog's nose than there are in man. In fact the dog has 220 million olfactory cells versus man's puny five million. They connect with the highly developed olfactory center in the brain. Together these two, the abundant nerve supply and the well-developed center in the brain, account for a dog's scenting ability.

"Smell" is closely associated with "Taste"

The stimulus for "taste" is chemical. The same goes for "smell." In dogs the sense of smell is of paramount importance. Wild dogs use their sense of smell to detect prey species, warn them of danger, and assist them in finding a mate.



Drawing courtesy of Lori Lazetera and Michele Carnevale.

An easy way of describing this entire process is to take a walk with your dog. You and your hound are walking on a quiet country lane. It is fall and it's a beautiful day. There are fallen leaves wherever you look. Your hound is walking sedately beside you. His breathing is natural. He takes in air which then flows in a curved course with its highest point occurring at about the middle of the nose and just below the olfactory area. When he exhales the air flows out.

Catching a Scent

He catches a whiff of something by the process of diffusion. Odorous material continually emits particles of molecular size that spread out and are transported by air. Your hound deliberately inhales sharply. This action causes the air taken in on inhalation to begin to spin creating eddy currents. These eddy currents carry the "smell" to your hound's olfactory area. The nerve cells in this area send messages to the brain via the olfactory nerve. "FOOD" is what the brain registers. He drops his nose and begins to snuffle around. He plunges his head into a pile of leaves. He comes up with an old chicken bone in his mouth. You remove the bone from his mouth quickly.

A Good Scent is a Matter of Taste

A dog's idea of what smells good and what smells good to a human "nose" (a nose is a person in the perfume industry who takes a variety of different scents and combines them together to make a particular fragrance) are completely different matters. Dogs do not respond to odors like flowers because they don't have any real significance to them. Flowers are not a common prey for the average dog. But with odors such as human sweat (butyric acid) a dog's responsiveness is one million times better than our own. Tests have been done to prove this fact.

Counting the number of smells that a dog can identify would be an almost impossible task. It's a dog's sense of smell and the dog's trainability that allows us to utilize them in such areas such as narcotic detection.

The next time you look at your "sighthound" remember his nose is a pretty impressive piece of work as well.

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Nose **Continued on page 17**

Braveheart *Flies* To Arizona

Braveheart leads the tug-'o-war on a stick game. Photo courtesy of Patricia Gail Burnham.

by Patricia Gail Burnham

At Four Months

By the time they were four months old all their shots had been completed and we had made it through the dangerous time when parvo strikes down whole litters. They were a heart-warmingly healthy bunch except for Kira who promptly got sick and threw up when everyone was wormed for the first time. Nobody else minded, but poor Kira was so sick for a couple of hours I felt incredibly guilty for having in effect poisoned her. Her system was not strong enough to withstand even a mild worm medication.

Kira's difficult early start had no effect on her speed or stamina. Since she loved to run, I began to wonder if she would like lure coursing when she grew up. And she could fly. It was joyous to watch her racing-red body circle the yard in the lead, with her sisters and brothers struggling to keep up.

Gradually the weight difference between her and her sisters closed. She was born half their size. By the time her sisters weighed twenty-five pounds, Kira was three-quarters of their size at eighteen pounds. By the time Jirel weighed fifty-one pounds, Kira weighed forty-seven pounds. She might always be a few pounds lighter than her sisters might be, but she won't be two-thirds their size as had looked possible in the beginning. When it came to "Survival of the fittest" Kira was plainly not the fittest. It was a large litter. Sheena was not interested in feeding her. Kira could easily have been pushed aside, chilled, and died. Keeping her alive was more work than the rest of the litter put together.

Was she worth the effort it took to keep her alive? Absolutely! Just winning the fight against death was worth the effort it took. We don't get that many chances to beat death. It is a fight that we lose often enough. To take a puppy that is plainly slated to get pushed aside and die, and help it to win its struggle for life, is one of life's basic triumphs.

But also she was individually worth it. She is graceful and deer-like, spoiled and hot headed. She is absolutely fearless, and constantly affectionate. She has been picked up and hugged all her life. In return she loves to hang her head over my shoulder and pull her chin in toward her chest, hugging me with her neck. When we go for a drive she sits in the back seat and lays her head and neck across my shoulders in the space between my neck and the headrest. It is very companionable.

Time To Walk On a Lead

It was time for the remaining puppies to learn to walk on a lead and begin to see the outside world, so I sewed

up a set of puppy leads which are a wide nylon collar attached to a narrower leash. I would take them to a nearby park in pairs with Sheena. First Kira and Starfleet, then Braveheart and Jirel, and finally Ringo. This way there was a brave puppy in each pair. Kira and Braveheart were the bold ones, while Starfleet, Jirel and Ringo were timid. The Thursday morning group of dog trainers was thrilled to see the puppies. The puppies were not equally thrilled to see them. Their initial reaction was to plant their feet and refuse to move on lead. But I took a pocket full of lamb liver cut into tiny treats and between tugs and treats they gradually learned to walk on leashes.

At first they just walked up and down the parking lot following Sheena's lead. We gradually worked up to a circuit of the park with a stop to investigate the ground squirrel holes. Starfleet discovered that there were ground squirrels living in the storm drain system. He became the first dog I have known that would drag me to every storm drain grating he passed to stare into it in the hopes of spotting small furry rodents.

My sister visited us again and was taken with Braveheart's boldness. She urged me to allow him to go to her twenty-seven- year old daughter Christine.

Braveheart at Six Months

Braveheart was quite a grown up boy at six months. He was a very masculine puppy, fearless, and friendly. The best male greyhounds are gentlemanly and chivalrous. In fact they are better examples of masculinity than a fair number of men. Christine was twenty-seven years old, the same age I had been when my first Greyhound came to live with me. And I thought she could use a good masculine presence in her life. So Braveheart went to Christine.

One June day we drove to San Francisco and he and I flew to Phoenix. He walked into the pandemonium of the San Francisco airport as cool as could be and hung out with me while we waited for our plane. He had truly deserved the name Braveheart as he encountered crowds, noise, traffic, elevators, and new places all without turning a hair. I hadn't seen a dog this calm since my very first Greyhound, who had come to me middle-aged, calm and incredibly wise twenty-five years earlier.

I had arrived with bags full of power tools and had shipped ahead a doggy care package with a bean bag bed and a dog hammock. I installed a dog door and Christine drove me back to the airport to catch the return flight. When I got out of the car I expected Braveheart to try to follow me, but my last view of him showed him lying in the back of the car waiting to drive home with Christine.

There is a little pang that occurs when a puppy leaves with its new owner. After all, I have raised them from baby puppies and I have mothered them and am attached to them. But if I have done my job correctly, if I have first bred a dog with good temperament to a bitch with good temperament and then raised the puppies with a lot of human contact, then they will go away to their new homes without a backward glance at me. Fonzi left the same way, without a backward glance. He greeted me enthusiastically whenever I went to visit him later, but he was perfectly content in his new home. I was the one suffering from the separations.

I took the remaining puppies to their first obedience practice. Kira and Starfleet thought it was great fun, happily heeling and sitting for treats. Starfleet reminded me so much of Star Traveler that I caught myself calling him Traveler during the training. Ringo was nervous about the dozens of new people at the training sessions, but once I got him into the ring he was happy to learn for treats. Jirel flat out wouldn't go near the practice rings. The parking lot was as far as she was planning on going. So I trained her out there for several weeks until she got over her fear of the strange people and dogs. And get over it she did. Now she sits in the car and complains while I am training Starfleet or Ringo because she wants to be the one with me in the ring.

I thought that the puppy adventure was over and that we would just settle down into raising and training the remaining kids. I also thought that I cared as much for Kira as I ever would. I was wrong on both counts.

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Braveheart, although only six months old, has a look of maturity far beyond his age. Photo courtesy of Ms. Burnham.

HALL OF FAME

by Michele Carnevale

Lucky Pilot

and

Johnny Leonard

by Laurel E. Drew

Johnny Leonard with Transport and Jos. M. Lenny. Photo from the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

These two Greyhounds appear in many of the pedigrees of today's Greyhounds, although Lucky Pilot is often in the ninth or tenth generation. Johnny Leonard often appears in the seventh or eighth Generation. Lucky Pilot is the older of the two and was well known in the late 1940s. Johnny Leonard followed him on the track by just a few years.

Lucky Pilot. Photo from the Greyhound Hall of Fame and Laurel Drew.

Lucky Pilot (1944— 1952)

Lucky Pilot was whelped in August of 1944, the son of the great Never Roll and out of the great producing bitch, Dixie By. On both sides of his pedigree he goes back to the Waterloo Cup coursing dogs of England, specifically to Harmonicon, Greentick, and Heavy Weapon although there were others as well. His several times great granddaddy is another Hall of Fame inductee – Mutton Cutlet. He was a bright brindle, and rather small for a male.

In 1945, President Truman put a ban on all types of racing, including Greyhound racing as part of the war effort. It made it hard to buy or sell Greyhounds. About April of 1945, Lucky Pilot along with two of his littermates and four other greyhounds was sold for $1400 to Ray Holmes. Not a bad price ($200 when divided out) for a dog that was to become one of the top runners in the country. Of course, that was still a pretty fair price for an eight-month-old, still-unnamed pup, but that pup would eventually earn more than $30,000 in purses. Holmes recalled many years later that Lucky Pilot had an excellent disposition and that, outside of racing, he was the happiest when riding in the car with Holmes.

When it came to racing, it is obvious that Lucky Pilot loved it. He started with a bang, winning 12 of 14 races and finishing second in the other two. He liked to break on top, beat them all to the turn, and be gone before the opposition realized what was happening. His favored distance was 5/16ths mile. At Wonderland, he set four world records and won 19 of 24 starts. At St. Petersburg in 1947, he ran a series of match races with Flashy Sir who was to become another Hall of Famer. Although Flashy Sir won the eight-dog match race series on points, Lucky Pilot beat Flashy Sir three times straight in other races. Lucky Pilot established himself as the only Greyhound to pose a serious chal-

lenge to this all-time great. When he retired in 1948, Lucky Pilot had a records of 61 wins, 13 seconds and 7 thirds in 92 starts.

Despite injuries and a lack of competition — after all, who wanted to run against a dog that could beat Flashy Sir — he was a top winner. And, at the time of his death in summer of 1952, he was one of the leading sires in the sport. He stood at stud for only three short years yet established bloodlines, especially those from his matings to Butterflies (a spooky fighting bitch from Arizona), that would stand the test of time.

Johnny Leonard

He is, on the other hand, better known for his accomplishments as a sire although he was certainly no slouch on the track. He was a son of Mixed Harmony, another Hall of Famer and Rita Revo who was a direct descendant of the marvelous Fawn Rita. Johnny Leonard also had two crosses of Rural Rube who was the first Greyhound inducted into the Hall of Fame. He also goes back through Mutton Cutlet to some of the greatest coursing blood in England. Johnny was a brindle, born on the Fourth of July in 1951, and was sold to Jack Roche, who named him after one of his grandsons, for a mere $125.

Roche recalls that Johnny Leonard was a really friendly, laid-back hound. He said, "He could be laying on the ground with other dogs fighting. He wouldn't even get up." His grandson, Westy Whizzer had the same sort of attitude and was known as the laziest pup in the kennel although you'd not have known that to see him on the track. Roche adds, "Only thing he [Johnny Leonard] ever did wrong was run wide in the stretch which, if you're out in front far enough doesn't really matter."

During his racing career, Johnny Leonard posted a mark of 58 firsts, 37 seconds and 25 thirds in 150 starts. These included victories in the 1953 Taunton Inaugural and the 1954 Miami Beach Gold Collar Classic. He also raced at Raynham, Portland, and at Phoenix where he also did well, winning 13 of 15 starts. The $10,000 Phoenix Open win enabled Roche to finally purchase the land where he would build the Greyhound farm of his dreams in Oregon.

Where Johnny Leonard really shown, however, was in the breeding pen. He rarely sired a bad litter, and producing future Hall of Famer Kinto Nebo alone would have secured him a claim to fame. She has been ranked as one of the best in the history of the racing breed. Among the top sons that he produced were Solomon Sol, He's Jackie, Johnny's Best, Bob Cousey, Johnny M., and Pretentious. His daughters were equally successful and included Kinto Nebo (of course!), Fleeting Flirt, Lynard, Waggish, Shop Talk, and Dee Mona. Although he produced relatively few pups and never did win a U.S. sire championship, Johnny Leonard's impact on the breed is extremely impressive and earned him a top spot in the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

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Big D **Continued from page 11**

stirring so the rice grains are coated with fat from the meat. Let it cool and it is ready to serve. The basic diet is fed for three weeks and by the end of that time you should see a dramatic improvement in the symptoms. Once the symptoms clear up you know you have a food allergy. Then you get to test for additional foods by adding them to the diet one at a time every two weeks. If the dog stays symptom free for two weeks then you have another acceptable food. If he develops symptoms you discontinue the test food and go back to the basic diet until he is cleared up and ready for another test food.

It could be the Additives

Sometimes what a dog is allergic to is not the basic food, (corn, chicken, beef, etc.) in commercial dog food but the additives of which there are many. Just read the list on your dog food bag. If that is the case, then the dog will stay healthy on any combination of home cooked foods but get sick once you put him back on commercial kibble.

Feeding Dogs to reduce Additive Allergies

Sometimes keeping dogs away from commercial foods will enable them to reduce their antibodies to that antigen to the point where they can tolerate commercial food again. My first dog was an allergic Collie who needed to have his food rotated every six months. For six months I would feed him beef and rice, and for the next six months would feed him beef and kibble. If we didn't change his food source periodically he would start throwing up. So we rotated his food on a six month schedule for twelve years and he stayed healthy. He also had topical allergies to soaps. But, once I learned to wash him monthly in plain water, he lived the last half of his life without skin eczema. As a first dog he fit right into my family and shared our allergies.

Reintroducing Kibble

More recently I kept a Greyhound on home cooked lamb and rice for two years and was then able to reintroduce her to kibble without symptoms. If you keep the antigen away from the dog long enough the antibodies die out and you can reintroduce the food later. But long enough is like six months to several years.

Why Cook for my Dog?

I have had folks say, "Gee, I don't cook for my family, I certainly can't cook for the dog." But cooking for the dog is a lot easier and cheaper than treating the results of an uncontrolled food allergy. Vomiting and diarrhea aren't fun. And while I have only been talking about gastrointestinal allergies here, allergies can also cause inflammation of the skin, bladder, ears, eyes, and lungs, and in the brain they can cause epilepsy.

With autoimmune disorders and inhalant allergies that we can't control the only choice is to treat them with drugs. But with food allergies the best approach is to eliminate the offending foods through the use of the elimination test diet. You can buy a lot of ground lamb and rice for the price of one major vet visit.

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Will He Ever Like Us?

It took time and patience, but Cairo learned the joys of life as a pet. Photo courtesy of Jaye Branhamn.

by Jaye Branhamn

Cairo was no track star!

He was picked up as a stray by animal control, an intact male wandering the streets of Fort Collins, and later transferred for neutering and adoption to GREYHOUNDS AS PETS in Colorado Springs when nobody came forward to claim him. GAP contacted Cairo's breeder through his ear tattoos in an attempt to get some general background but was told to destroy the dog if they wished. He (the breeder) had washed his hands of him and would give no further information regarding his past.

In the meantime I sat on pins and needles waiting anxiously to hear some word from the GAP rep — surely our application for adoption would qualify. I had owned Whippets for twenty years and had successfully taken my present boy to National Top Ten in the Delaney System for his breed in obedience. Plus I worked for a veterinarian. Just the same, you never know.

Finally the call came. Yes, we qualified. When could we come see the dogs? We agreed on a date, loaded up our other three dogs — having assured the rep our eighteen- pound tabby cat, Buster, could remain at home as he was well equipped to fend for himself — and off we set on our big adventure.

Although we were only two hours from Moab, a trip to the nearest adoption organization on the east slope of the Rockies was seven hours away, making us somewhat isolated from other adopters. We had purchased the book, *Adopting The Racing Greyhound* and felt sure we were prepared for all the little ups and downs we would face in welcoming our new addition into his new home.

We weren't prepared for his personality, however — or rather, lack thereof.

Cairo was a lonely soul, but it was a long time into our relationship before I understood just how lonely he had been.

I remember turning around in the front seat on our trip home from GAP and looking into dull, wary eyes. Even when I thought he might be looking back, for you could barely distinguish his sunken eyes from his brindled coat, he seemed to stare through me. Mostly he stared at nothing. I could only wonder what might be going through the mind of a street-wise dog who came with a history of abandonment.

Six months passed following the adoption, and he continued to hang out in his crate. He explored the house for short periods of time, but the instant we acknowledged him, he quickly retreated to "his den," where he settled with his rear facing the door.

Sometimes at night he appeared at the living room door, his attention intently focused on the stuffed bears sitting in the old rocker across from us. One afternoon we came in from working in the yard to find the back of his crate neatly lined with those very same bears, each one positioned side by side, sitting as though with obvious purpose to the order in which they were carefully placed.

Although the dogs exercised off leash on a regular basis at a fenced ball

park on the edge of town, the instant we turned Cairo loose, he quickly sprinted toward the far side of the field, and then picked up a working trot which he maintained as he circled the perimeter of park. Was it track conditioning to hug a fence line like that, or was he looking to escape? There was little doubt in our minds: if he ever found a hole, we'd be hard pressed to corral him.

He immediately bonded to Hansonn, the Whippet, (who remains his best friend to this day) but like everything else in his life at the time, including us, he ignored the Bassets. It seemed he would commit to nothing, perhaps waiting a time when he would be discarded back to the streets. Nothing we did created excitement for him. I couldn't remember having ever been around a dog so indifferent, and we began to feel discouraged

Would he ever — simply like us?

A year passed. Then ever so slowly I began noticing slight changes in his presence.

"Don't you think his eyes look bigger and brighter than when we first brought him home?" I began to ask. Perhaps I remembered incorrectly. His dull, flaky coat now glistened and felt soft beneath my hand, but that I attributed to diet.

Other subtle changes become noticeable as well, not always consistent, but hints of a personality trying to emerge. He began to do little things like lift his tail when either of us entered the room. Sometimes it even waved a time a two — his rendition of a wag before disappearing back to his crate.

He began joining us in the living room, lying at our feet for brief periods of time as though testing the water, as long as we remained seated and ignored him. If we touched or addressed him in any way, he retreated to his crate.

We were well into our second summer when one afternoon as I picked up the yard, Hansonn began his customary race across the grass, barking his high pitched yap in Cairo's ear as he passed, a stunt that always ignited anger in the bassets. Cairo's normal response had been to duck his head and yelp as Hansonn quickly closed the gap, perhaps anticipating the imaginary impact from his friend and pack leader. At the very least, his ear had to ring.

On this particular afternoon Cairo dropped his front end with his butt remaining in the air. As Hansonn skimmed past and yapped, Cairo rose to his feet and quickly followed on "brother's" heels at an awkward, disjointed lope around the yard. Their escapade was brief — from one end to the other. Then Cairo abruptly stopped, his tongue hanging as though he'd just finished a mile.

Hansonn was delighted, but no amount of encouragement could prompt "brother" to resume their playful activity. Like always, Cairo ended each new challenge with a quick exit, stage left to the safety of his crate for a moment of quiet contemplation.

I remember his first kiss was awkward, as with all first kisses. It hasn't been that long ago.

> ***"I couldn't remember having ever been around a dog so indifferent..."***

Cairo was born with an overbite that makes me wonder how he ever survived nursing. His nose leather sits at the end of his long upper muzzle surrounded by space, which makes for an unusually cold, wet drippy nose.

I often kneel in front of him, his muscled jowls cupped in my palms while we quietly chat. As customary, I ended my commentary with a hug and soft pat on his side. I was very proud of how far he had come; he was starting to relax and express his likes and dislikes. Perhaps he was taking a chance on the finality of his new-found family and home.

He had learned to tattle on "sister" each time he returned to find her long basset body stretched end to end in his crate. "Obie, get out of Cairo's crate," I would call from the next room. It didn't matter that she had her own roomy crate in which to lounge.

We had been practicing our "sit" and before I could raise from my hug, Cairo swung his neck around, his protruding front teeth clicking against mine, followed by a quick slurpy kiss. I remember tasting salt. I was elated and teary-eyed all at the same time. It was the first indication he had given that I mattered at all.

Now all I need do is bend over and ask.

With all we've been through, two things in particular immediately bring a smile. The first is watching the transformation of this beautiful animal's personality go from "brain dead" to clown in just a few short years; the second is watching as he slowly developes self-confidence.

He came to us having no idea how to play with other dogs. We've shared four summers now, and his latest metamorphosis has been initiating play with people. He had no idea what to make of affection, nor how to express himself as an individual. Although I suspect he will always take his cue from "brother," he now walks with a happy, uplifting prance to his step and mischievous sparkle in his eye. He can barely contain himself long enough to attach the leash when we go on walks, and loves to ride in the car.

We've experienced other hurdles new to us along the way. Situations even experienced dog owners sometimes take for granted. For instance, traveling for the first time with a dog who refused to relieve himself on leash. That made for an interesting and sometimes stressful vacation!

Our road together has been bumpy at times, but very rewarding. My only regret — as with all relationships, someday ours will end with passing.

We'll adopt again.

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The author has written several nonfiction and fiction pieces which have been published in a variety of newspapers and magazines. She has written for the news department of KNCO Radio and spent approximately one year as a correspondent reporter for ***California Horsetrader.***

Early Obedience Greyhounds
And A Voice From The Past

By Patricia Gail Burnham

1946 GCA Brood Matron Class. L to R: Mimi Plumb with CH. TRACERY'S FOLLY, CDX, TRACERY CD (2nd), CH BLUE HERON, WINDHOLME BRIDGET, BREEZY LADY BLISS (1st), Harry T. Peters with WINDHOLME COMMANDO). Judge: Mrs. A. Vogel.

The first Greyhound Companion Dog, Ch. On-Da-Way Skipper CD earned his CD in 1937. He was also reserve winners dog at the 1936 national specialty. His owner and breeder was Ivy Dolan who wrote the Greyhound column for the *American Kennel Club Gazette* for several years in the mid 1930s. Mrs. Dolan lived in Brooklyn, New York and strongly advocated treating Greyhounds as pets, and training them.

"The interest in Greyhounds seems to be very much on the increase. We are so glad because we have really tried hard to reinstate a grand dog, which has been woefully neglected. In all my varied experience with dogs, I have never found a large breed so clean, gentle, and quiet for the house. At the present time, owing to unforeseen circumstances, I am keeping five Greyhounds in my town house. With the exception of an occasional stirring up by one of the family, you would not know of another breed so large that this could be done with, and the family still be able to live there.

"I am still being asked by strangers if the Greyhound is not a hard dog to raise. Always they have the opinion that the breed is delicate. I find them among the healthiest and easiest to keep. In fact, I believe that they will stand more hardships than many other breeds. Recently, a total stranger called me up, and asked me if I could find a home for his dog, making some excuse about the dog not being well, and that he was not able to care for him.

"He said he had seen us at the shows, and thought we might be able to help him out. Well, of course we went right over to see the dog. I have never seen anyone in such a terrible condition. It was heart-breaking. I took him right away, and put him in the care of a friend under my supervision. Upon thorough examination, the veterinarian said he didn't know why the dog was alive. He had a bad case of malnutrition, hookworm, anaemia, and a liver ailment which was undoubtedly the effect of the other things.

"Well, the dog was X-rayed, and the hookworms were gotten rid of. He is being properly fed, and has improved a hundred percent. He feels well, and is putting on weight where before he was only bones. His feet track normally, and he plays like a puppy. He is a nice specimen of an all white dog, two and one half years old, and is beginning to look quite like a Greyhound again. My friend has grown very fond of him and so at last the dog has a good home again.

"I am convinced that there are many breeds which could never stand such a strain on their constitution. Isn't it too bad that any dog should have to? Why do people have dogs if they can't take care of them?"

She says in another column, "I have been asked, many times, about the training of a Greyhound for a pet. He has been trained of late years for only coursing and racing, and so there seems to be a general idea that it would be very hard to teach him anything else. Contrary to that, I have found him to be the most easily trained of any dog.

"There are a few things that must be taken into consideration first, however. The most important is to have patience always, and never speak cross to him. If he doesn't like the tone of your voice, he can run away; and he knows it. Besides you get along much better if you speak gently to him.

"We brought a little strange puppy home the other day from another kennel. He is not quite six months old, and has never lived in the house. Immediately, he decided this was a nice place to live, and made himself quite at home. The first thing he discovered was the girls' room which is full of interesting things that any puppy would love to play with. In a few minutes, out he came triumphantly with a rag doll. This was taken away from him gently, put back, and he was told 'no!' Soon, out he came again, with the same bravado and a bedroom slipper. The same thing was done this time. Next, he tried a Crazy Kat doll, with the same results. This was done about twice, with each toy, after which he did not try again."

"My point is, that unless a dog is too persistent, it is much better to correct him in this manner, than a more severe one. If you are trying your hand at training a Greyhound, just be sure he understands what you want, and never be cross with him.

"Some men have been inclined to ridicule the idea of making a pet of a Greyhound. I want to tell you that there never was a nicer, more gentle pal. I should like some of these people to see the three that I keep with me always. They are in perfect condition, happy and contented.

"Of course, we see that they have a good run every day. But they are never allowed to run loose, except in the summer time when we are in the country. They love to be petted. They love attention, and a nice soft bed to sleep on. Why shouldn't they have it? They will repay you for these kindnesses. They are quiet and dignified, and have a sweet, gentle disposition. I have found that they give me less trouble than any other dog I have ever had.

Morris & Essex. L to R: ON-DAY-WAY SKIPPER (Ch. Treetops Bango of Windholme's Hot Haste) GAMECOCK DON WILLIAM (Ch. Gamecock Duke of Wales x Gamecock Dancing Waters) who won the class, and GAMECOCK'S DON WRIGHT from a previous litter of the same breeding. Many dogs of the 1930's, 40's and 50's appear to be more mature than present day dogs.

"For the benefit of those who do read what I write, I want to say just this, I don't pretend to know all there is to know about Greyhounds, I only tell you about them as I find them, beautiful, alert, intelligent, and lovable. A dog which is companionable indoors as well as out, and one with whom you are proud to be seen.

"It doesn't matter how many dogs you have owned, you still get a thrill when some stranger stops you on the street to inquire what breed your dog is, and to say, 'Isn't your dog beautiful?' This happens, continually, when you are the proud owner of a Greyhound.

"The longer I associate with Greyhounds the better I like them. No one who really knows them can resist their sweet disposition. There are a few people whom I find that have had some unpleasant experiences with them, but in most every case I have diagnosed the trouble as lack of understanding on the part of the owner. The breed is so different from most others that unless the owner makes it his business to understand, there's liable to be trouble. Particularly if he is accustomed to other kinds of dogs.

"I have been experimenting with them in many ways. for instance, I took a dog from a racing stable, last Winter, which had never known anything but stables and tracks. I brought him into the home, and kept him nearly all Winter as a pet. he has never once misbehaved nor been disorderly in any way. He sleeps on a soft bed that I fixed for him, and only once has he had to be told not to get on something else. He just loves it.I took him home, one day, to see his old master, and he was so afraid that I was going to leave him there, that he refused to get out of the car. And this dog has been one of the greatest racing dogs ever imported into this country, having won more than $40,000 in track purses. Doesn't that prove pretty well that the Greyhound is naturally a neat, orderly dog, and so must be well suited for the house?

"I am still urging dog owners to try the Greyhound for a pet. There are so may people who would like to own a large dog if they knew or thought they could keep one in the city. There is not

Early Obedience **Continued page 25**

Racing and Coursing Greyhounds.....
In The Show Ring

1998 Ch. Godspeed Qui Tam, known as Key, was acquired by Terry Fletcher at six months of age from Frank Hormel, a breeder of racing greyhounds in Anthony, Kansas. Mr. Hormel had bred the first greyhound Terry adopted through GPA in Maryland. Key is now a dual champion. Photo courtesy of Terry Fletcher.

Bar-Wick's Speed, shown finishing his championship at the New Brunswick KC Show. His racing name was Champion Speed before he retired at three-and-a-half from the Plainfield, Connecticut, track. Adopted and shown by Barbara Wicklund, Champ also became a States Kennel Club champion. Photo courtesy of Barbara Wicklund.

By Patricia Gail Burnham

Racing Greyhounds are judged by a stop watch. The fastest dog is the best dog. Coursing Greyhounds were judged on a point system determined by the rules of coursing. But Show Greyhounds are judged against a written description of the ideal Greyhound which is called a breed standard. The first dog show was held at Newcastle, England, in June of 1859. It had no class for Greyhounds but in short order Greyhounds started to appear in the show ring.

The Earliest Winners In the Ring Were Coursing Dogs

At the earliest dog shows coursing men acted as judges and the winning dogs were coursing dogs. The red dog Judge, winner of the Waterloo Cup in 1855 won a second prize at a show at the age of ten. The white dog Canaradso, winner of the Waterloo Cup in 1861, won a first as the Islington Show. Lady Sarah, mother of Master M'Grath (who won the Waterloo Cup in 1868,1869 and 1971, was successfully shown at the Dublin show in 1872. And Fleetfoot, a son of Master M'Grath, won at the Dublin Show and the Crystal Palace in 1873.

The Late 1890s

By the late eighteen nineties the coursing judges had been replaced by all around judges and Greyhounds were being kept and conditioned just for shows. These were still coursing bred dogs. Real Jam, born in 1891 and a granddaughter of Misterton, won eighteen first prizes and her Championship at shows. Gradually the show bred dogs began to diverge from their original coursing stock and be bred just for success in the show ring.

Meanwhile the first Greyhounds shown in America were also coursing bred dogs. Champions Memnon, Balkis and Mother Demdike were show winners in the 1880's. All three were British imports. By the 1920's show bred Greyhounds from England were imported to the USA and were mainly shown in the New York area. But while the Greyhound competition in the New York area was dominated by English imports, other areas of the country still had entries of American bred coursing dogs. In 1925 a Greyhound named John O'Groats won Best in Show at the Stockton Kennel Club in California. There was a sizable Greyhound entry that day with names like Sadie

O'Groats, Champaign, Martlow Punch and Scotch Rickie. In 1926 Miss N.C.A.G.A. won the Sporting Group in South Florida. (NCA were the initials of the National Coursing Association.) And Mon Ami won the Sporting Group in New Orleans. In 1936 Kathryn won the group in Oakland, CA to finish her championship.

While New York exhibitors were showing dogs with names like Lansdowne Butcher Boy and Gamecock Duke of Wales, the rest of the country was showing Greyhounds whose show names were Lankey, Wistful, Queen, Flash, Grey, Pedro, Little Worth Lepus, Dusty, Trixie, Willow Wild, Kum Bak, Happy, Dan, Speed, Ruby, Nosey, Ama Leader, Fawnella, Fire Fly, Christo Pinnocchio, and King Dodo. After the stock market crash of 1929 we also get Greyhounds named Depression and Prohibition. The stock market crash caused a dip in show entries and shows became smaller.

Every one a champion. Ch. Morley Sue, F. Ch., CD, LCM2, VCX and her daughters by Ch. Rockets Voyager: Dual Ch. Golightly Runaround Sue, CD, LCM and Dual Ch. Golightly Really Rosie, CD, LCM. Photo by Stacy Pober

The 1930s

In the 1930s San Francisco's Golden Gate Kennel Club invited the racing kennels at Belmont race track to enter some Greyhounds. The racing owners put 100 Greyhounds into the show. Western Kennel World's account reads:

"The Greyhound men brought 100 to the show, not with the idea of winning anything, but just out of their desire to cooperate. One of the 100 was Mrs. Edythe Miles' Damon, a big good looking fellow with a battleship grey coat and a white vest. Damon came out of the show with eleven ribbons pinned on his collar. The judges looked at him a long while before they decided he wasn't the best dog in the show. Two weeks later, Damon repeated this win and took the Variety Group in Oakland under a different set of judges. Later Damon became one of the outstanding stars of the Belmont spring meeting."

In the same article he tells about another racing Greyhound, Gwendolyn. "An idea of what a Greyhound can do for exhibition purposes was furnished at the San Mateo Dog Fancier's Association's recent show at Beresford. One of the most talked about dogs in a show of 500 was Mrs. B.F. Stairley's Gwendolyn, an imported bitch, whelped in Australia in October, 1931. Now, Gwendolyn came here for the Belmont races and like most lady athletes claimed to be speedy, not beautiful. Entered in the San Mateo show, Gwendolyn was judged Best of Breed, an award that carried victory over a dog which had recently carried off the topmost honor" (Best In Show). Gwendolyn's litter brother, Gay Ted, was Best Opposite Sex to his sister. Gwendolyn's sire was Gay Foot and his sire was British Foot. The article says that both sire and grandsire were Waterloo Cup winners. The cover photo accompanying the article shows Gwendolyn to be a white and black bitch.

After their wins, Damon and Gwendolyn went back to racing but in 1936 Ch. Mutual Friend (Fast Friend x Leading Donna) was Best In Show in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mutual Friend was owned by Mrs. H.D. Simms and bred by F.W. Jones. He was two years old when he won Best In Show and was shown quite extensively in the midwest. Prior to the 1940s it was common to show coursing bred (NCA) dogs in all the parts of the country except the New York to Philadelphia region. In that area the Greyhounds shown from 1905 to 1940 were from English import show lines. Gradually the English import show lines spread across the country, first to the West coast and then to points in between. The showing of NCA and later NGA bred dogs became rare.

The Late 1940s

Until the late 1940s you could take a Greyhound to a show judge have him certified as looking purebred, register him with the AKC and show him. A number of AKC Champions have parents listed as unknown x unknown. This practice was replaced with the Indefinite Listing Privilege (ILP) number in the late 1960's. With the ILP number you could compete in performance events only. But with the earlier system you could also show and breed the dog. (And that dog could be a racing bred dog or a dog of unknown ancestry.)

In the mid 1930s the racing track owners required that National Coursing Association (NCA) Greyhounds be registered with the American Kennel Club (AKC). In 1935 AKC Greyhound registrations jumped from one or two a month to hundreds each month. In December of 1934 one Greyhound was registered with the AKC. In December of the following year four hundred and thirty three Greyhounds were registered with the AKC. And that registration rate goes on into the 1940s. When it became

***Racing* Continued page 25**

When Greyhound Bus Had a *Real* Greyhound

by Joan Dillon

Lady Greyhound giving an interview. Photo courtesy of the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

Although the only Greyhounds that Greyhound Lines, Inc. has today are the running Greyhounds that are painted on the sides of its buses, this was not always the case. At one time The Greyhound Corporation (as it was then known) had a living symbol — a real live Greyhound — to help promote the company. Her name was Lady Greyhound and she was of racing stock. Lady Greyhound was born on January 28, 1957 in Clay Center, Kansas. Her sire was Happy Yet and her dam, a bitch by the name of Little Shamrock. She was registered with the National Coursing Association which was the original name of the NGA.

Purchased by The Greyhound Corporation from breeder Roy Lee, Lady Greyhound made her TV debut April 7, 1957. She weighed ten pounds at the time. When full grown she would weigh fifty-eight pounds and her coloring was white with a few "gold" (fawn) patches.

During her career Lady Greyhound officiated at the opening of new bus terminals by biting through a special ribbon made of dog biscuits. She traveled throughout the United States creating good public relations for The Greyhound Corporation and averaged about 25,000 miles a year. Sporting a specially made tiara, collar and coat which spelled out "Go Greyhound," Lady Greyhound made many TV appearances and starred on the shows of Art Linkletter, Steve Allen, Jack Benny, Gary Moore and Ed Murrow; she even visited the White House. In addition to her public relations work, Lady Greyhound performed a great deal of charity work including visits to hospitals and nursing homes.

During her career, many titles and honors were bestowed upon Lady Greyhound some of which were:

Queen of National Dog Week

Queen of National Cat Week (She was made an honorary cat for the occasion.)

Queen of National Transportation Week

Bachelor of Animal Letters from Moravian College

Symbol for World Animal Day

Founder of National Be Kind to Dog Owners Week

Lady-in-Waiting to Mrs. America

Mother Dog of the Year for 1960 (Bred to another greyhound, she had 9 puppies.)

American Humane Society Award

Pet Division Director, The Easter Seal Campaign

For nine years Lady Greyhound made advertising history as a living symbol of The Greyhound Corporation. In 1966, at the age of nine, Lady Greyhound took a well-deserved retirement and lived out her days as the much-loved pet of her manager and traveling companion Lorraine D'Essen.

Photo courtesy of the Greyhound Hall of Fame

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Early Obedience **Continued from pg. 21**

dog of any size that makes a nicer pet than a Greyhound. He is gentle, quiet and extremely well-mannered. The only thing that must be done with him is to see that he has a run two or three times a week. Anyone with a car or a bicycle can do that easily.

"The new puppy that I spoke of sometime ago is turning out wonderfully well. I have never seen a more lively of more intelligent puppy. His is just nine months old, and at this time he speaks, shakes hands, brings the paper up from downstairs, where it is left by the paper boy, and will carry a package any distance on the street and never drop it.

"The other day, finding his water dish empty, he brought it from the kitchen into the living room, and put it down in front of me. But there I slipped up a bit, and petted him too much, for twice since then, he has tipped the water dish over so that he could bring it to me and both times the dish was already a quarter full. Do they reason ?" That ends Mrs. Plumb's last column.

She then went on to breed and train the first Greyhound Companion dog, Ch. On Da Way Skipper CD (Ch. Trerice Bango of Windholme x Hot Haste). He seems not to have been bred on, but his half sister Tracery CD (Ch. Trerice Bango of Windholme x Windholme Silhouette), and her daughter Ch. Tracery's Folly CDX (sired by Ch. Windholme Blank Check) can be found in the extended pedigrees of most modern AKC Greyhounds.

Tracery CD was the second Greyhound to earn an obedience title. Ch. Tracery's Folly CDX was the second Companion Dog Excellent title holder. They were both owned and trained by Mrs. Charles Plumb.

Tracery was bred to Ch. Windholme Blank Check to produce Ch. Blue Heron and Ch. Tracery's Folly CDX. Ch. Blue Heron was bred to Foxden Flamingo to produce Ch. Foxden Bittern. Bittern was sold to Canyon Crest and through Canyon Crest her bloodline leads to the foundation bitches of both Hewly and Aroi Greyhounds.

Ch. Tracery's Folly CDX was bred to Foxden Flamingo to produce Ch. Folly's Post Time. He was bred to Windholme Bridget to produce Town's Lady who was the most successful brood bitch of her time. Among others, she produced Champions Jennipher Blue, Jocyelyn Blue and Just Breezing who became the foundation of Rudel Kennels and lie behind all the Rudel Champions and their descendants.

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Please see the list of racing-bred champions and a related article on "Lady Greyhound" on the previous page. – Ed.

Racing-bred Champions Include:

1932 Ch. Hero's Trojan (D) (Only Hero x Romp Home)
1932 Ch. Kathryn (B) (King F x Frenchies Favorite)
1934 Ch. Mutual Friend (D (Fast Friend x Leading Donna)
1935 Ch. Range Officer (D) (Galway Ranger x Happy Beauty)
1979 Ch. Chariot Flash (B) (Race Bandit x BJ White Dream)
1988 Ch. Hot Jazz (B) (Share Profit x Snooty Tooty)
1988 Ch. Morley's Sue CD (B) (TNT Tony x Annie Up)
1988 Ch. Tyline's Ino Lucky (D) (Speed Ticket x Ino Blondee)
1988 Ch. Bar-Wick's Speed (D) (Burnt Wood x Diona)
1996 Ch. Carlyn's Charm (B) (Rv Sherman x Sail On Amber)
1998 Ch. Godspeed Qui Tam (B) (Bartie x Jumper Sox)

While it is still fairly rare for a racing-bred Greyhound to be shown to its Championship, there is an area of showing that has seen an enormous increase in participation by ex-racing Greyhounds, and that is the performance events like obedience and agility competition. But that is another story.

Racing **Continued from page 25**

apparent that the NCA was not going to go away as the registering body for racing Greyhounds the dictate to register racing Greyhounds with the AKC was lifted.

It was this AKC vs NCA turf war that led to the AKC a decade and a half long ban on AKC registration of NCA dogs. After the rash of racing registrations ended in the mid 1940s, the AKC refused to grant AKC registration to NCA bred dogs. (The NCA has always refused to grant NCA registration to AKC bred Greyhounds.)

July, 1960

In July 1960 the Greyhound Club of America proposed to the AKC that they again grant AKC registration to NCA bred dogs at the urging of Mrs. Lorraine d' Essen. Mrs. d' Essen was the head of Animal Talent Scouts and owned the mascot of the Greyhound Bus Company. Lady Greyhound was actually a NCA registered bitch named Steverino. Steverino had been bred to the show Champion Rudel's Victor, and the result was a litter of particolor puppies that were both attractive and intelligent. They were also the puppies in the widely published photo of the puppies in socks pinned to a clothesline with their proud mother looking on. Unfortunately the litter could be registered with neither the NCA nor the AKC.

Fortunately the AKC complied with the request of the Greyhound Club of America to reinstate the granting of AKC registration to NCA dogs. AKC registration of racing Greyhounds was possible for all of AKC history except for a decade and a half in the late 1940's & 1950s.

Steverino, a/k/a Lady Greyhound, had many careers during her life. Photo courtesy of the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

Teaching An Old Dog New Tricks

Fun in the Obedience Ring with a Greyhound

Marshall seems to be saying "*Did I do that*? I thought I was just having fun!" Marshall with all his prizes and awards, including the chair. Photo courtesy of Cindy Sisson.

by Cindy Sisson

How on Earth did I get Here?

My dog is off-leash, and we're about to walk into a situation that on a previous occasion sent him playbowing and bouncing out of control. This is fun?

Well, yes, it is for Marshall, whose ear-to-ear grin makes him look — to the casual observer — like he's about to take my arm off at the elbow. We're about to do his least favorite thing, though — heel right up to a wall and do an about turn. Even after two years as my dog, and one year of working with me in obedience, Marshall still doesn't always trust me not to walk him into walls. After all, he's had eight-and-a-half years of taking care of himself, and long ago learned that walking into walls is not a smart thing. He's not quite sure if I'm smart enough to know that. I am a blonde, after all.

The previous time we had a heeling pattern like this at an obedience trial, Marshall hung back on the off-lead heeling as I approached the wall and then was surprised to see me turn around and heel back towards him. Oops! He knew that he was on the wrong side, heading in the wrong direction. What does a Greyhound do in that situation? Easy! Ask for forgiveness with an invitation to play. He added some novel new moves to the traditional heeling moves (fast – right turn – halt–forward – about turn and the like). Improvisational heeling with a Greyhound includes playbowing, pogoing a couple of times for impact, bouncing around while grinning and wagging. Oh, and then return to heel and finish up the heeling pattern if you really have to. Even when you don't qualify, obedience can be fun and entertaining when you're doing it with a Greyhound.

This time, though, he actually stayed with me as we approached the wall, and all the way around. When all was said and done that day, he received 195 out of a possible 200 points. Since this was the third time he qualified, he also earned his Companion Dog title that day, so now he's officially Jim Cruz CD. Even nicer, he placed first in his class, over thirteen other dogs. But best of all, he did it with happiness and bouncing — though, thank goodness, he kept the bounces to between exercises this time. If we never qualified I'd probably still take Marshall to obedience trials because he has a good time in the ring.

So how did we get to this point?

I certainly didn't plan on going into obedience when I got a Greyhound. Lure coursing sounded interesting, and seeing how much Marshall loved to run, I was sure he'd have fun in that sport. The only problem was finding a local group. When I finally got word of a club forming within a couple hours driving distance, it was late spring. In Louisiana, summer means no lure-coursing; it's just too hot and humid. So we needed something to keep us busy for the season. Enter obedience lessons.

Marshall and I had to put up with some good-natured ribbing during that summer from our classmates. Most of the people there had adolescent dogs, many of which were pound puppies. There was a rather striking difference between my quiet gentleman of a dog and these rowdy cut-ups. My classmates thought I was cheating by bringing in a calm seven-year-old dog.

Why Competitive Obedience?

Two things prompted me to start thinking seriously about competitive obedience. The first was seeing how much Marshall loved having something to do. On class nights he would follow me around after dinner, never letting me out of his sight. Any motion towards his leash at the front door was met with wild pogoing and grinning. He came out of his shell more in the two months of obedience lessons than he had in his previous twelve months in our house. He loved having a job and seemed to enjoy life so much more with something to look forward to each week. At the same time lure coursing was looking less and less possible, as months of searching still hadn't turned up a fenced area for free running for conditioning. Most of the trials were at least three hours away, and Marshall was getting a bit old to be starting a sport as physically demanding as coursing.

The second reason that I got serious about competitive obedience was my own interest in training. I teach at a university, but like most college professors, I have not taken a single course in education, pedagogy, or the psychology of learning. The more I got involved in obedience the more I learned about the process of learning and the process of teaching. I love the honesty of dog training. Why should you do this? Because I'll give you a hot dog. And, of course, there have been a few times when I've wanted to put a choke chain on some of my college students, though I've restrained myself.

Graduation Time

About the time we graduated from our beginner's obedience class I sent off an application to the American Kennel Club for Marshall's Indefinite Listing Privilege (ILP). This form allows purebred dogs who are not registered with the AKC to enter AKC-sponsored

performance activities such as obedience trials, lure coursing, agility, and tracking tests. His ILP number came about a month later, in September, right around his eighth birthday. My goal for us in the coming year was to be celebrating a CD by his next birthday. Since all of the dog shows in this area are summer shows, I knew we had almost an entire year to prepare.

That same summer I went to an obedience trial in town. While most dogs in the novice rings were putting in performances that I could almost imagine getting with Marshall (though they could heel off leash as well as on), one pair awed me. This was a man and his golden retriever, and they were clearly having fun together. The two practically danced together on the heeling. I talked with the owner later in the day, mentioning that I had a greyhound that didn't seem to enjoy obedience as much as the man's golden did. The owner said something that has stuck with me ever since: "It's your job, as the trainer to make it fun for your dog. You have to find a way." It's the best dog training advice I've been given, and I've spent most of the past year acting on it.

The Search for Appealing Treats

Since Marshall isn't much interested in food, I've had to search for the treat-of-the-week that he finds interesting. I've used commercial dog biscuits and dog treats of various kinds. I've made dried liver and liver treats. I've given him left-over hamburger, left-over roast beef, day-old baguettes, chicken trimmings, turkey and chicken lunch meat, cheddar and mozzarella cheese, and frozen roasted chicken. My friends at the dog-training club sometimes complain that Marshall eats better than they do.

We can't take food or toys into the obedience ring, so there's one more thing that we worked on to make obedience fun: bouncing and pogoing. Marshall has always pogoed in times of happiness, but it took months to get him to pogo during training. While he liked the idea of going to obedience lessons, he wasn't as thrilled with the actual job of heeling/sitting/finishing. He didn't see any point to bouncing for joy, but I insisted, making him jump up to get his treat when released from each exercise. He eventually realized that it was fun to bounce, and that being given permission to bounce from time to time was something to look forward to. Now pogoing is a reward to him, and it's one that we can take into the obedience ring. This has turned into his most enjoyable and crowd-pleasing antic. As the judge says "Exercise

Teaching **Continued on next page**

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finished" after each exercise, I clap my hands and tell Marshall "Ok." Up he bounces, momentarily eye-to-eye with me, grinning and oh-so-pleased with himself.

Can Greyhounds really succeed in the Obedience Ring these Days?

The cynics would have you believe that obedience rings today look like conformation rings for Golden Retrievers and Border Collies. While I have to agree that a high proportion of the top obedience dogs are Goldens and BCs, there's plenty of room left for those of us with non-traditional breeds, too. In earning his CD this summer, Marshall placed first over quite a few of the more traditional breeds. I've found that people — even judges — are especially impressed when they see a nice performance from a Greyhound. When a Golden performs well, the general consensus is "Well, of course!" But when a Greyhound does well, the response is "Wow! How'd you do that?" One of my fondest memories from this summer's trials is having a judge ask me, after our performance, "Where did you get such a nice working Greyhound?"

I have been amazed at how friendly everyone has been to me at obedience trials — due in part to my being the owner of a Greyhound. Complete strangers come over to talk, either because they have a Greyhound at home themselves, or they know one, or because they've never met one and would like to meet their first. These days at obedience trials there are more people who know Marshall's name than who know mine. Actually, that's the way it is around my neighborhood, too, where I'm probably better known as "Marshall's Mom" than by own name.

But, above and beyond the generally friendly atmosphere of spectators and competitors at obedience trials, there's a special camaraderie of the hound, and especially sighthound people at obedience trials. Our first show was in a rodeo arena filled with 1,400 dogs (mostly showing in conformation). I felt so much more at home when someone I had never met stopped by Marshall's crate and asked when we'd be in the ring, mentioning that she had a greyhound entered in Open. I've found that it's really inspiring to meet people who are actively — and successfully — showing their sighthounds in upper level obedience. Whenever possible I take Marshall to the ringside and tell him to think hard about retrieving and jumping.

So, can my Greyhound do Obedience?

My answer would have to be that all of them can take obedience classes, and that many can do well in competitive obedience. While I would not try to get a CD on a shy, spooky dog, I would definitely take that same dog to obedience classes to try to build its confidence.

On the face of it, Marshall was not an obvious candidate as an obedience dog. He was an older dog (six-years old) when he found his way into the adoption network, and a true rescue dog as well. In fact, his name comes from Marshall, Texas where Greyhound Pets of America bailed him out of the humane society after he was found running by

the side of the road. He was fostered first at a vet clinic for several weeks, and then in a foster home for another four months. When my husband and I adopted him, he was a confident but introverted gentleman of a dog, willing to accept attention but very self-contained. And as a third strike against his obedience career, he has a minor form of epilepsy that manifests itself in seizures similar to panic attacks every few months or so.

While some people claim that old dogs can't learn new tricks, Marshall is living proof that you can. (He has placed in the top three in all his show classes.)

Since he started in obedience at seven-and-a-half, he's learned plenty and was a joy to train. Older dogs have attention spans that last much longer than puppy attention spans and they are past the hormonal surges of adolescence. But also, they have been around people enough to understand how we work. Training a dog can come down to getting him or her to understand what you want, and older dogs have more insight into the kinds of things that people like and don't like. The only disadvantage to Marshall's age is that

Teaching **Continued on next page**

AKC Obedience in a Nutshell

The three main levels of AKC obedience are:

Novice, where dogs pursue their Companion Dog title, or CD; *Open*, where dogs pursue a Companion Dog Excellent title, or CDX; and *Utility*, where dogs pursue a Utility Dog title, or UD

To earn an obedience title, the dog must receive a qualifying score in three separate trials under three different judges. Qualifying requires a score of at least 170 points out of 200, and at least 50% of the points on all the exercises.

Novice (CD): Heel on leash and off, stand for exam, recall, and a 1 minute sit stay and a three minute down-stay.

Open (CDX): Heel off leash, drop on recall, retrieve on flat and over high jump, broad jump, and out of sight sit-stay for three minutes and down- stay for five minutes.

Utility (UD): Signal exercise (heel, stand, stay, down, sit, and recall all on hand signals), scent discrimination (choosing articles scented by the owner out of a pile of identical articles), directed retrieve, moving stand for exam, and directed jumping.

There are additional advanced titles, such as the UDX and OTCh for dogs who have earned their UD. These titles require dogs to continue working in both Open and Utility competing with similarly advanced dogs.

***Teaching* Cont. from previous page**

we may never make it through Utility, but we're definitely both game to try the Open ring and see if we can earn a CDX in the next year or two. We'll keep training for as long as we both have fun.

Marshall's epilepsy has never had any impact on his obedience training or trialing. His seizures have always occurred in quiet, familiar places, so I had little reason to think that he'd ever go into a seizure at an obedience trial. Marshall hasn't had a single seizure during the entire spring and summer of our showing in obedience.

Obedience brought out the Extrovert in Marshall

The very best aspect of obedience, though, is that it has really brought out the extrovert in Marshall. He loves going to trials and showing off in the obedience ring (sometimes to my dismay, when he decides to add in a playbow or bounce to the boring old heeling pattern). While I know that some owners of retired track dogs think that their dogs deserve to be retired, having worked in their previous life, Marshall has convinced me of just the opposite. I found most enlightening about delving into his past that Marshall raced until he was four-and-a-half years old. He spent most of his adult life at a track, racing every four or five days. In spite of the year-and-a-half lay-off from the track when I got him, he still wanted to have a job and be good at it.

Retirement was Boring

Having a job to do has been a true joy to him, one that I see in his face every week as we go to training class, and one that really comes out at trials. It turns out that my quiet, introverted, self-contained boy is a happy, silly, show-off. He loves to be the center of attention. In the ring he has enough fun for an entire class worth of dogs, and I had never seen any of that side of his personality until we started doing obedience. I'm thrilled to have found out about that.

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Want to do Obedience with your Greyhound?

1) Join a dog-training club for camaraderie and support.

2) Get an ILP application from the AKC (you can download one from their web site at www.akc.org).

3) Find out who the AKC superintendents in your area are from people who are actively showing and ask to be included on their mailing list. They'll send you information about upcoming obedience trials and sanctioned matches.

4) Study the rules and regulations of obedience; you can get a free copy from the AKC.

5) Read lots of training books.

6) Go to as many matches as you can. If, as in my area, there aren't many matches, make sure you get your dog out to new places to train.

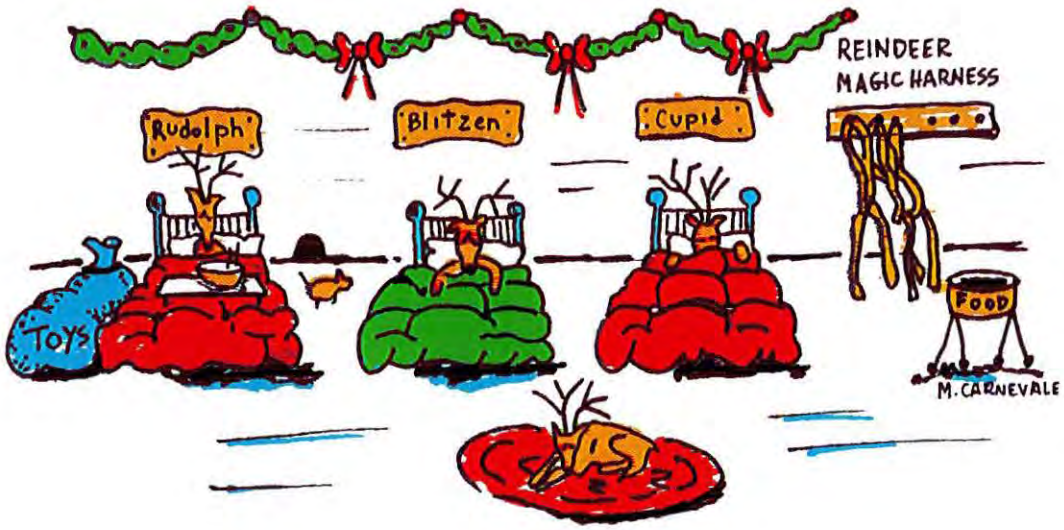
7) Work on being as good a handler as you can so that you don't sabotage your dog's performance.

8) Above all, make sure that both you and your dog are enjoying yourselves.

Cindy Sisson lives in north Louisiana with her husband, Marshall, and three cats. When she's not training her Greyhound, she teaches physics at a branch campus of Louisiana State University.

How the Greyhounds Saved Christmas

© by Joan Dillon



Santa frowned as he looked at the calendar. It was the week before Christmas, but all was definitely not well at Santa's workshop. The dreaded Reindeer Flu had come at the worst possible time. First it was Blitzen, then Cupid, and soon, one after another, all eight reindeer were down with it. Even Rudolph was complaining of chills and cramps. How could he ever deliver all the toys to the good little girls and boys?

Looking up he saw Mrs. Claus approaching holding an envelope. "Sorry to bother you dear," she murmured, "but this just came Special Delivery." Santa sighed, "Won't do any good, I'm afraid. Thanks to the Reindeer Flu there isn't going to be any Christmas this year." Mrs. Claus, in an attempt to lighten Santa's spirits, responded, "Something will happen to save Christmas, dear, you just haven't thought of it yet!" Leaving Santa with his mail she returned to the kitchen.

With a sigh Santa tore open the Special Delivery envelope that Mrs. Claus had given him. As he did, a bunch of photos fell out. Bending over to pick them up, he noticed that all were photos of dogs. Somewhat puzzled he sat down at his desk to read the letter. It was from Holly Anderson who ran an adoption kennel for racing Greyhounds and read as follows:

Dear Santa,

I am writing to you as I need your help. I have eight wonderful Greyhounds in my adoption kennel and no applications. Although I do not place Greyhounds as Christmas gifts, I am enclosing gift certificates which will let people adopt aGreyhound after Christmas. I would very much appreciate it if you would leave one of these certificates and a photo at any home that you feel would be a good home for a former racing Greyhound. You can see from the photos what wonderful dogs these are. They deserve a good home.

Sincerely,
Holly

Suddenly, Santa had an idea. Racing Greyhounds were fast. Perhaps they were even as fast as reindeer. Of course they couldn't fly but a little Christmas magic could take care of that. Excited now he reached for his coat. "I'll be back later dear," he called to Mrs. Claus as he went out, "I may just have a way to save Christmas after all."

As Holly opened the door of the adoption kennel she gasped, "Santa, is it really you?" "Ho, ho, ho," replied Santa, "Yes, it really is. I came in response to your letter." Santa then told Holly about the Reindeer Flu and asked if she would be willing to lend her Greyhounds to pull his sleigh if he found them homes. Astonished at the thought of flying Greyhounds, Holly responded, "I don't know if they could pull a sleigh, Santa, but you're welcome to try." Smiling, Santa then went into the turnout pen to talk to the Greyhounds. When they heard that there wouldn't be any Christmas without their help they were all eager to volunteer.

On Christmas Eve Santa returned. With Holly's help he hitched the Greyhounds to the sleigh which was loaded with presents. Then he sprinkled some fairy dust over the Greyhounds and said, "On Ebony, Casey, Cleo and Jet, Galahad, Patches, Brandi and Prince." The Greyhounds strained at their harnesses and then, miracle of miracles, they were flying! Up, up, up, they went. Soon they were flying over the rooftops and making stops to deliver toys like they did this every year. At each house that Santa felt would make a good home for a greyhound he left a photo and one of the adoption certificates. Between the willingness of the Greyhounds and the fairy dust they were right on schedule. Soon, it was close to dawn and Santa was tired but delighted at the way everything had worked out. Only a few more stops remained and he had found good homes for all the Greyhounds except one. This was Brandi, a pretty fawn-colored Greyhound who had the saddest eyes. Nothing yet seemed right for her.

At his next stop Santa got a surprise. As he exited the fireplace he found a Greyhound waiting for him. Even more surprising, this Greyhound looked enough like Brandi to be her twin. She even had the same sad eyes. "Hello there," said Santa, "Did you want a special Christmas gift?" The Greyhound then told Santa the following tale. Her name was Babe and she had been raised with a littermate. They had gone to the training farm together and then to the track where they were crated side by side. All was well until one day when the trainer decided that Babe was not going to make it as a racer and gave her to the adoption lady. She had been lucky and knew it but she missed her sister so very much. Now her owner was talking about adopting another Greyhound, but she didn't want just any Greyhound; she wanted her sister.

"Is your sister's name Brandi?" Santa asked. "Yes," Babe nodded. "Ho, ho, ho," said Santa, "I might be able to help you after all." He reached in his pocket for the last adoption certificate and put it and Brandi's photo in the stocking that was hanging by the fireplace. Then, with a wink and a wave, he was up the chimney and back in his sleigh.

Dawn was breaking as Santa and the tired Greyhounds arrived back at the adoption kennel. After giving each

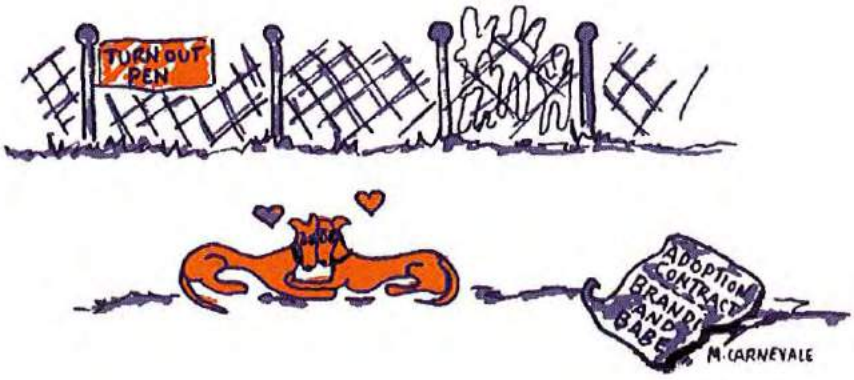
***Christmas* Continued on next page**

Christmas **Cont. from previous page**

greyhound a special treat and a new collar, Santa thanked Holly who put them back in their crates. Santa then went home to Mrs. Claus feeling very satisfied. All the toys were delivered. Christmas would come on schedule for all the good little girls and boys, and each greyhound would soon be in his or her new home.

A Happy Holiday Season To You All From The Greyhound Project

The day after Christmas a small crowd gathered at the adoption kennel. As the seventh person left with their pet Greyhound only sad-eyed Brandi was left. Holly was just about to lock the door when an older gentleman arrived with Brandi's photo and adoption certificate. "I was going to get a companion for my Greyhound anyway," he said, "but this one looks so much like my Greyhound that it has to be her." He then brought Babe in to meet Brandi. When the two Greyhounds saw each other they got very excited. They greeted each other, did a few laps around the turnout pen, and lay down touching each other. Then, no longer sad-eyed, Babe and Brandi went home together, nevermore to be separated.



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Joan Dillon is a freelance writer and member of the Dog Writers Association of America. She is also Subscriptions Manager of ***Celebrating Greyhounds: The Magazine.*** *She can be reached at joandillon@usa.net.*

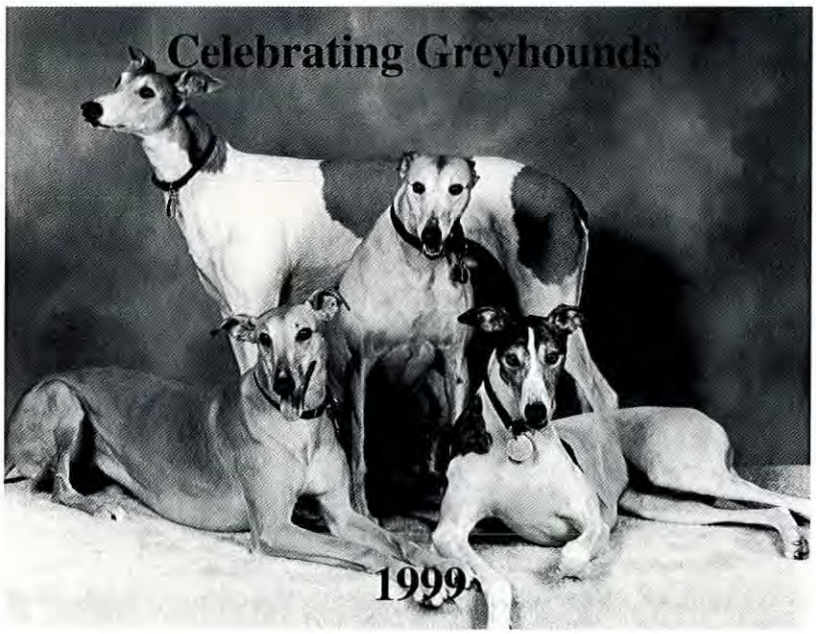
Michele Carnevale is a new regular contributor to ***CG.*** *She is an Art Educator in Marlboro, New Jersey and a freelance fine artist/graphic artist. Michele also volunteers for NJ Greyhound Adoption Program. She has one Greyhound (Matisse Jai'); four cats (Buzzz, Abby, Alianna, and Andi) and a skunk (Aimee). She can be reached at Greyhadopt@aol.com.*

They are starting a Celebration in 1998...

... that goes all the way to 2000

The Greyhounds of the

1999 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar



Don't let them start the Celebration without you!

Get your 1999 Calendar from your local greyhound adoption group. Or order from The Greyhound Project, Inc. at 261 Robbins Street, Milton, Massachusetts 02186. $12 plus $2 shipping.

There is an even bigger celebration planned for 2000.

Your greyhounds can be a big part of it. Send your photos for the **2000 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar** to The Greyhound Project, Inc., 295 Tremont Street, Newton, Massachusetts 02458. We start selecting pictures in the early Spring, so end your photos now!

The Trouble with Tribble

By Maureen Nelms

Tribble, on the mend. Photo courtesy of Maureen Nelms.

Windwood's Tribble in Paradise is a blue female greyhound with pale peach brindling and white toes and tail tip. She is a show (CKC)/track (NGA) breeding (her father is half-track). She lives with and is loved by Don and Barb — one of their many four-legged Greyhound children. Tribble was born in April 1994.

The Hock Troubles Begin

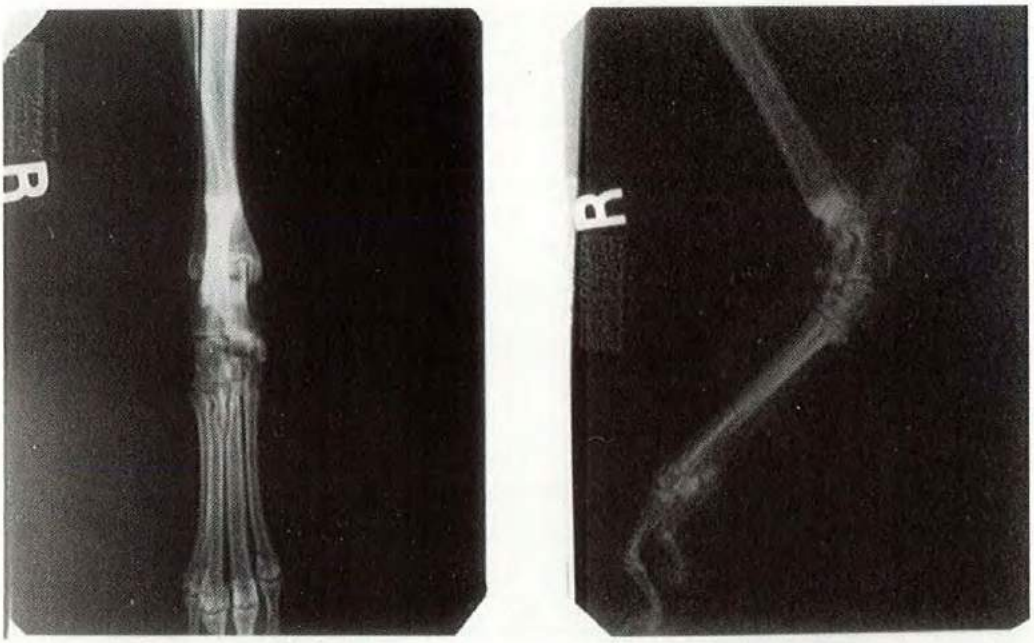
In February of 1997, Barb and a friend took their greyhounds to the cow pasture for their daily run. The ground was soft and muddy from recent, heavy rains. About half an hour into their romp, Barb heard a sharp yelp and looked up to see Tribble on three legs. Running to her, she realized something was seriously wrong. The leg had ballooned to many times its normal size and Barb felt and heard bone spurs when she manipulated the hock. Barb's friend, Betty, rounded up the other dogs and took them back to the vehicles while Barb alternately carried or led a limping Tribble. Betty raced ahead to warn the vet that Barb and Tribble were coming in. X-rays showed that Tribble had a tarsal-metatarsal luxation (She had shattered one of the bones in her hock as well as tearing the ligaments in the area of the foot where her toes attached to the hock). Unfortunately, the injury required surgical procedures unavailable in Victoria, BC (on Vancouver Island) so the local vet referred them to a veterinary neurosurgeon who is also an orthopedic surgeon. After bandaging and splinting the leg, Tribble went home and Barb made arrangements to get her to Vancouver on the mainland.

Saving The Leg

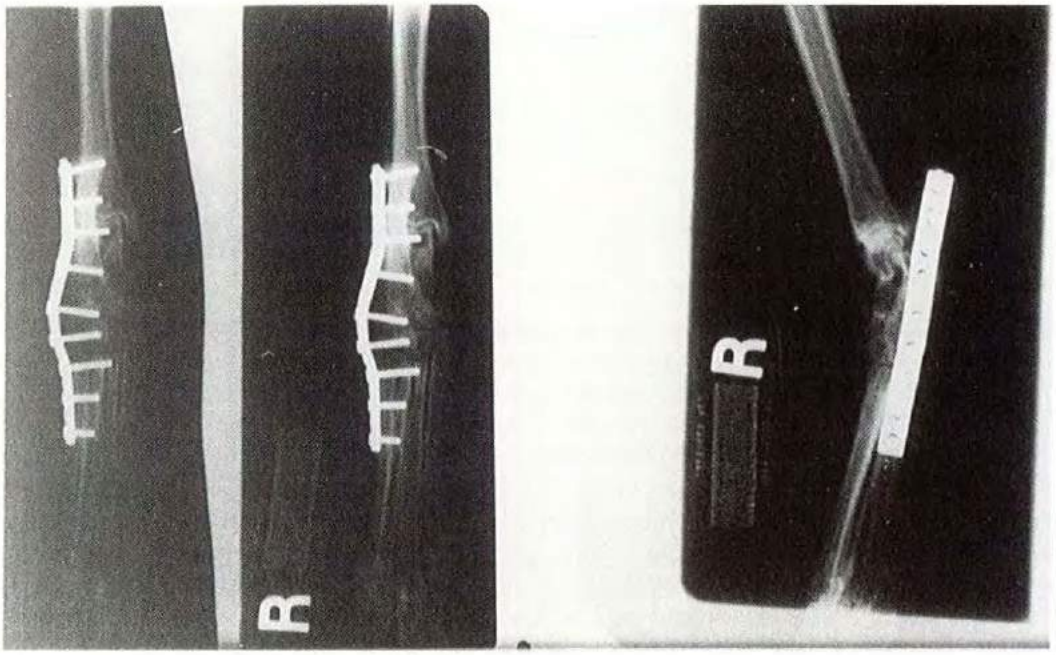
Three days later, after numerous consultations regarding the best way to save the leg, Barb and Don headed over on the ferry with Tribble. After weighing the information, The surgeon decided Tribble would have a stainless steel plate inserted in her hock. The surgery went well; the vets inserted a six-inch plate that ran the entire length of Tribble's hock. They also did a bone graft (removed bone marrow from her stifle) and placed the grafted material

***Tribble* Continued on page 36**

Original radiographs before surgery. Because of the ligament and tendon damage, you can see the bones of the hock are no longer in alignment. One small bone shattered, producing multiple bone chips – most so small that they cannot be seen.



A plate was screwed onto the outside of the broken right hock. Bone chips were removed, a bone graft was done, and the ligaments and tendons were repaired.



Tribble **Continued from page 35**

into the area of her hock where the shattered bone had been. VetWrap held a fiberglass half-cast over layers of cotton from the toes to the stifle. Tribble stayed at the clinic overnight, and Don and Barb traveled back to pick her up and bring her home the next day.

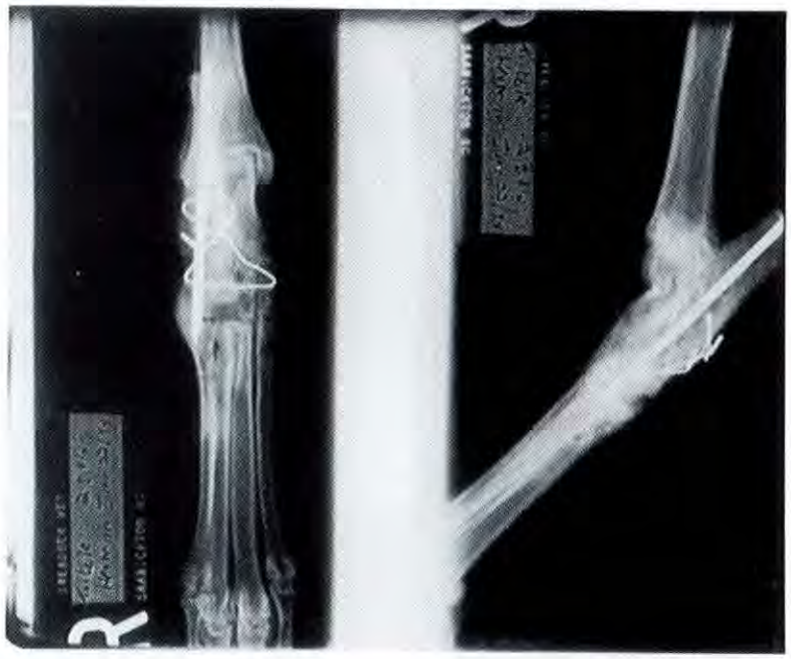
Caring for the Cast

The surgeon warned that he would likely have to remove the plate in six months and possibly sooner. They would know that the time was right when the plate started causing severe pain. In the meantime, Tribble needed confinement, no walking, running, or jumping. Initially, Tribble had to visit the local vet daily for bandage changing and to check the incision. Soon she only went every second day, and then the vet showed Don how to maneuver the cast and how to do the bandaging so they didn't have the expense of going so often. Don ordered his supplies by the gross from the United States. Barb did regular cleaning of the incision and checking for rubbing from the cast. Don made frequent minor adjustments to the cast using a Dremel cutting wheel whenever Barb found a rubbed spot. Barb paid special attention to the areas between Tribble's toes , and she kept cotton between them at all times. Any tape used against the skin had to be paper tape to avoid irritation, and Barb gave frequent massages to Tribble's toes and thighs to relieve the stiffness of unused muscles. Tribble soon learned what the red medical box signified, and would hobble into the bedroom, lie down, and hold up her injured leg for bandage changing.

Boredom was the greatest Problem

During this time, Don and Barb kept their other five dogs away from Tribble as much as possible. Boredom was the greatest problem. How to keep a healthy, active two-year-old occupied? Countless car rides and occasional short walks helped alleviate the problem. Tribble slowly began putting weight on the injured leg. Only a couple of toes were showing beneath the thick layer of bandages and the soft cast. X-rays during this period showed that there was a loss of bone density due to lack of use. The local vet conferred with the surgeon who felt the plate might need to remain in permanently. To avoid this situation, Barb and Don encouraged Tribble to bear weight on her leg. She began regular walks on leash over smooth, hard ground, initially around the block, then slightly longer distances to try to build up the bone density. She was coming along really well, bearing more and more weight on the leg so Don removed the cast and bandaging.

Pins and wire were used to hold the bones in alignment. These will likely remain in the hock forever.



The Plate Problem Began

However, in July, Tribble stopped bearing weight on her leg almost totally and was obviously in pain again. They hadn't quite made it to six months, but it must be time for the plate to come out. The leg appeared to be healing well, and x-rays had shown the bone density had improved greatly. Don and Barb arranged another trip to Vancouver. This time, Tribble would be in and out on the same day. At least that was the plan. The actual 45-minute operation to remove the plate went well. Unfortunately, although the anesthetic protocols used were exactly the same as the previous time, Propofol for induction and isofluorane gas, Tribble went into malignant hyperthermia immediately following surgery and was in critical condition for almost twenty-four hours. Desperately frightened, Barb and Don returned to Victoria that night without her. The vets packed Tribble in ice, gave her intravenous antibiotics and intravenous Valium, and ran fans in the recovery room continuously. Tribble did recover, although permanent kidney or liver damage was a distinct possibility. Blood tests done several months later showed that luckily this did not occur.

Recovery and then a Setback

Slowly, Tribble again began bearing weight on the injured leg. There was

no longer a cast on the leg, just heavy bandaging which Don, now an expert, changed regularly. Don and Barb were very careful that Tribble did not run in their yard; she went everywhere on leash except in their small house. Things were finally looking up. But it was not to be. One day in September, a cat ran through their backyard, causing all the dogs to run to the back door. Tribble slipped on the kitchen linoleum and rebroke the hock, just above where it had broken before.

Initially the local veterinarian gave Tribble a pain killing "patch" attached by tape around her chest. This patch made her very ill with vomiting, diarrhea, and uncoordination. Don removed it and she was much better without any painkillers. Obviously, a second surgery was necessary. But who would do it, and would they have a second plate inserted or try something different this time? There were also financial considerations. The initial two surgeries, not including the local vet and travel costs, had been almost $5,000. They simply could not afford this amount a second time. It took almost three weeks to arrange Tribble's next surgery that The surgeon did — this time at cost. The surgeon put in pins and wires instead of a plate and did another bone graft. Tribble was able to go home the next day and there were no problems with the anesthetic; Ketamine/Valium were the drugs used for induction and the gas was halothane. Again, Don did the bandage changing, with the local vet checking the incision weekly. There was a great deal of swelling and edema, so much so that blood seeped through the skin above the bandages. Barb put cold packs on Tribble's leg several times a day. Tribble slowly began weight bearing on the leg, and The local vet took regular x-rays to ensure there was no loss of bone density this time. Tribble went through the whole routine again; confinement with no exercise, followed by very limited exercise, advancing to walks around the block. During this prolonged period, Tribble lost virtually all her muscle tone from lack of exercise. By February of 1998, the bandages were off and she was able to walk longer distances. Tiredness caused her to limp slightly, but otherwise, she was fine.

In March, the local veterinarian believed that Tribble was well enough to do some more intense work. Still on lead, but with Barb riding a bike, Tribble began to build up her muscles. In April, Tribble went into the show ring for the first time in almost two years. Amazingly, the scars were almost invisible and she was totally sound. She even won points towards her show championship.

Then the Wire Problem Began

June brought more problems. Tribble was sunning herself on a lounge in the backyard when suddenly she jumped up and hobbled into the house on three legs. Barb ran to check the injury. She did not appear to have banged it or done anything noticeable but obviously it was painful. The next morning the leg was hot and swollen so the vet was called. When The local vet examined Tribble prior to x-rays, she noticed there was a damp spot under Tribble's leg. Checking closely she found that one of the wires holding the hock together had pierced the skin allowing bacteria to enter, and causing infection. Fortunately the x-rays showed no bone problems. The vet prescribed antibiotics and Tribble went home.

Back to Soundness

It's September now, and Tribble is doing well. She is currently sound. The wires and pins are still in her hock and as long as they don't cause too many problems, they will remain there. Her exercise on lead is being increased, but she will never be able to run off lead again. At home she plays with her four-legged housemates in the yard without problems. And in August she returned to the show ring, winning Best of Breed and adding more points to her show championship.

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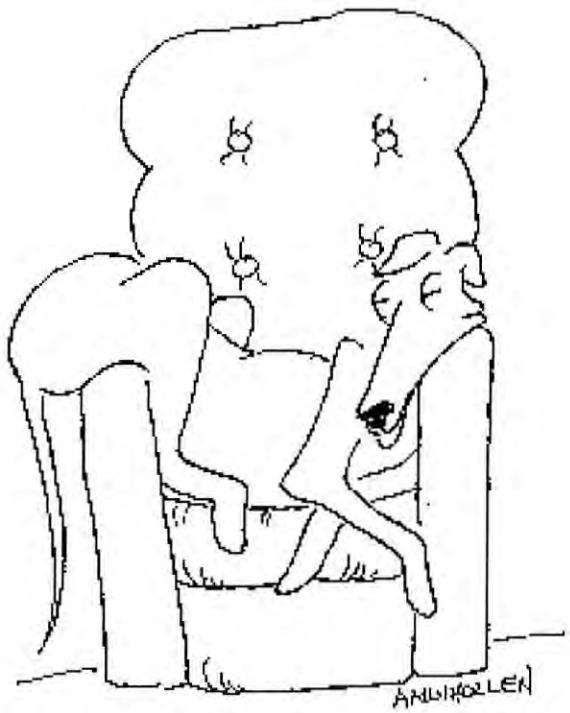

*Maureen Nelms is a **CG** regular contributor.*

Thanks to Daphne Daniel for her excellent photos of the radiographs. – Ed.

CLANCY

A rousing welcome in Clancy. Photo courtesy of Robert McKinnon.

by m.m. McDermutt

I pulled the van off the freeway, now entering Helena, Montana, the state's capitol. The stretch of I-15 from the pass on in had not been plowed or sanded yet, and I needed a stop to rest my eyes, before pushing on to Clancy.

In Montana when you stop away from home, you don't turn the key. It might never start again.

I pushed myself out the other side, stood up. The blizzard slapped me in the face, if the weather report was correct, with a chill factor of 80 below. It rushed up both pant-legs of my pink jump suit. At times like this I had to think anybody who lived in this climate might not have all his marbles. I slapped my mittens together, blew a water-vapor puff, asked Wade Rivers, "You want a cup of coffee, a doughnut, use the rest room?"

"I'm all right," Wade said, sniffing. "But don't take all day."

McKinnon, a retired English teacher in the back seat, grumbled, "And hurry up. My banjo's cold."

I freshened up, warmed up, munched down a doughnut, sipped hot coffee.

"Where you headed?" The clerk asked, making change.

"Clancy," I said. "McDermutt's the name; greyhound's the game."

"A pink jump suit? Stetson? Love beads? VOTE REPUBLICAN? Are those clown shoes? Are you kiddin'? This is Montana January, not Halloween October." The clerk burst out laughing, then stood on his tiptoes, tried to see through the van's fogged up windows. "That guy in the car, with the big mustache, in the Indiana Jones hat, is he wearing a flak jacket?"

I said, "He is. He also has on hip waders."

"In January? Everything's frozen! You're going fishing at ten below in a blizzard? Who's the guy in the back seat with the banjo? Who are you guys? Curly, Moe and Larry?"

The clerk laughed, suffering the illusion he was amusing.

"I'm a retired greyhound trainer," I said. "And the gentleman in the front seat is none other than Mr. Wade Rivers, another distinguished columnist. He writes for *Freshwater and Marine Aquarium.* I write a column for the *National Greyhound Review.* The guy in the back seat plays the banjo and used to teach school. Wade and I have been invited to speak at the Clancy Elementary School, grades K through 8, about 375 kids and their teachers. B.E.A.R."

"What?"

"B.E.A.R.," I repeated, then explained: "Be Enthusiastic About Reading. You know, D.E.A.R. Drop Everything and Read. Y. A. C. Young Author's Conferences. Like that. Schools like to have author visits."

I tossed my cup in the garbage container, waved at the clerk, rejoined Wade and old man McKinnon in the van, found I-15 again, headed south, pulled off twenty miles later at the CLANCY turnoff, and had no trouble finding the school.

In a snow bank in the school's front yard, the Clancy Cougar Marquee read:

CLANCY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
WELCOME ROBERT MCKINNON
AUTHOR

"I don't see my name anywhere," Wade sniffed.

"Nor mine," I growled. I turned around, said to McKinnon, "Next time I'll handle the advance stuff."

I pulled up to a door where three kids waited with a cart to haul our stuff to the library.

We got out. "Hi kids," we said.

Wade and I helped load the cart, followed the students down the carpeted hall.

"You gonna go first, or am I?" I hissed in Wade's ear.

"I will," Wade hissed back.

"I'll play Tiger Rag," McKinnon said. "In honor of the Cougars."

We were greeted by librarian Lorrie Holt. "Welcome to Clancy Elementary," she said. She handed us copies of our schedule.

January 8 & 9: Author Robert McKinnon (To Yellowstone: A Journey Home and Moose, Bruce and the Goose) will visit each grade level and perform as Wade Rivers and Maddog McDermutt. Details to follow.....

Wade Rivers, in a kinder season. Photo courtesy of Robert McKinnon.

Wade jiggled his carousel into the old Sawyer projector grooves, pulled the screen down, turned on the light, focused, set his notes to the side, and before you know it two teachers and their classes filed in, sat down. Lorrie Holt the librarian introduced us; somebody turned off the lights; the room went dark; Wade turned on the projector; the screen filled with a spectacular picture of a Discus fish.

I nervously fingered my VOTE REPUBLICAN button around to read VOTE DEMOCRAT. Then, after a silly Wade Rivers comment that was not funny, but all the kids laughed, Wade began to read his published, highly rewritten story "The Rogue Guppy," with slides.

I had to admit, as I watched and listened, he had spectacular slides of fish.

When we first agreed to do Clancy, Wade and I agreed that prose could be divided into two categories.

Wade took narrative.

I took exposition.

My turn.

I focused on my first picture. A Greyhound puppy in the arms of Little Elsie filled the screen. That did it. The crowd oohed. I had 'em. I rushed to the screen with my pointer. "See that nose?" I said. "Look at that nose on that puppy. No, not Little Elsie. The puppy. That nose look like the nose of a greyhound?"

All the kids chorused, "No!"

"What kind of a nose does that look like?" I asked.

My query was met with a pregnant pause. One kid, finally, bless his heart, broke the silence, said, "Pug?"

I could have kissed him. Or her. I couldn't tell in the dark. "Bingo!" I said. "A bull dog. You know why?"

"Are you really a communist?" Some kid asked.

Wade stepped in. "He means columnist."

"I write for *The Greyhound Review,*" I said. I write a column called 'In Search of the Big Picture.' I took over McKinnon's column 'The Far Turn.'"

"Boys and girls!" I said, moving along to various cartoons by Tom Quinn

***Clancy* Continued on page 41**

Greyhound Meets Great Pyrenees

A Photo Essay

Starring Amy and Hampton

Photographs © Jody Frederick

1. "I'm Hampton, a Great Pyrenees. I was bred to guard sheep and alert my owners to unwanted visitors. Amy says, "it's nice to meet you. I was bred to run fast and win races."

2. "Do you want to play?"

3. "You're white but larger than the lure I used to chase. Go faster!"

4. "Never mind. Let me show you how it's done."

5. "Pick up one foot in front of the other and accelerate...."

6. "...like this! Where did you go, Hampton?"

7. "I guess I can't run with the big dogs, so I'll stay up here on the porch."

***Clancy* Continued from page 39**

of Vintage Maddog, "to make a long story longer, what happened, you see, is that a real person broke a non-fiction market with fiction, that'd be McKinnon, only to be replaced by his fictional character, that'd be me, writing non-fiction."

Everybody turned around, stared.

McKinnon got fired," Wade said. "And you Maddog McDermutt, you took his place. Shamelessly."

"And Mr. Rivers over there," I said, "he can wipe the smirk off his face, because he did the very same thing."

The kids' turned to stare at McKinnon. Their eyes sparkled, lit up like ghouls in the glare of the slide projector beam.

"So what does the guy with the banjo write?" One clever student asked.

I continued on, about the early Maddog stories, then moved directly to my very first mm McDermutt published article, "In Search of the Big Picture," January, 1997, in which I advanced the notion dog racing was in need of a Damon Runyon.

I had taken pictures of each cover of each month of *Greyhound Review*: *1997.* Each cover acted as a natural introduction for the story therein, gave my presentation a nice, chronological order. I glanced at Wade. It was hard to tell, in the dark, if he was envious at my well-organized approach.

Derby, the National Greyhound Hall of Fame dog, filled the screen, and the kids oohed and ahhed, and I winked at Wade. I'd put Derby up next to any of Wade Rivers' old fish slides. All the fish pictures in the world didn't add up to one good picture of Derby. Derby could knock 'em dead in Abilene. Derby was knocking 'em dead here, in Clancy.

Then, with no comment, fifteen slides of greyhounds, from puppies to unofficial schoolers, clicked by. The kids were spellbound.

"And here I am up in Polson, Montana, at a Greyhound Pets of America subchapter annual summer picnic. Twenty-five owners and their adopted greyhounds showed up to raise funds, to visit, to picnic, even have an informal race across the park lawn. You might want to consider adopting a great pet, a dog that goes back to Egypt and the pharaohs, the world's oldest breed of dog. In 1961 I adopted a greyhound, and look where it got me."

Everybody turned around, stared.

One kid said, "Where?"

"Clancy," Wade Rivers said. "Clancy, Montana."

Then, McKinnon played his banjo.

And we were on the way home, heading north on I-15 in the same old blizzard.

Wade said, "You know, short story writers, novelists, dramatists, poets, they're a dime a dozen. Have you ever heard about two columnists who don't exist working young author's conferences?"

"I'll give you that much," McKinnon in the back seat said. "You guys are unique."

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Bob McKinnon (alias m.m. McDermutt) is also the author ofthe children's book ***Moose, Bruce, and the Goose.*** *Bob also writes for* ***The Greyhound Review*** *and is the author of many short stories. Bob really lives in Montana.*

Speckle

A Very Special Dog

By Angela Kemp

I was definitely not looking for another dog, but an appeal in our local newspaper caught my eye: "Retired Greyhounds now hoping to win a place in the hearts of Herefordshire animal lovers."

We live in the ideal situation with a large garden surrounded by beautiful countryside, but I already owned a Yorkshire Terrier and three cats — an unlikely home for a Greyhound or so I was told. On learning about the extremely bleak future these dogs are destined to face I was determined to go ahead and give one a chance.

Speckle arrived at our house on December 7, 1991 — a picture of misery with depths of sadness in his eyes. He was obviously a shadow of his former self with a dull harsh coat, sores on his legs and a pitifully hairless tail. But "Dark Speck" had a presence — something of his former glory shone through. Friends were amazed and asked, "What on earth do you see in him?" But I could see his beautiful bone structure and noble head. He was the very best of Irish breeding.

Speckle Starts His Recovery

Speckle was found abandoned in Cardiff and had obviously been cruelly mistreated. He was terrified of men and anything that looked remotely like a stick sent him fearfully away. We learned to trust each other and Speckle slowly responded to love and kindness. He followed me everywhere with Bengie the Yorkie and they soon became known as "Little and Large."

He accepted his three feline companions with glee, sharing their meal times and even his bed. So much progress had been made. Speckle was no longer sad and withdrawn. He had changed into an affectionate dog and will give his paw, a lick on the hand and a large wet kiss on the cheek.

In a matter of months tragedy struck. Speckle became lame and screamed in excruciating pain. A visit to the veterinary clinic soon confirmed an old racing injury. A highly expensive operation would have proved too difficult, but there was no way that we would even consider having him put to sleep. However, a new drug was tried and a course of injections followed with the result being a great success.

Speckle Wins An Award

Speckle made a wonderful recovery and went on to enter the "Eukanuba Rescue Dog of the Year" competition. This was the very first time that a heat had been held in Herefordshire. He was awarded first place with pride. How handsome he looked wearing his winner's rosette with his brindle coat shining and silken to the touch. Once a favourite among the Irish crowds, there was now a different applause for the elegant dog with a gentle nature.

We later traveled to Kenilworth in the West Midlands where Speckle gratefully took third place in the semifinals. He gained various prizes along the way for Best Rescue Dog, Best Mover, Best Coat and Condition and of course, The Handsomest Dog.

Show Ring to Therapy Dog

With a successful year in the show ring behind him, Speckle turned to the more serious business of becoming a P. A. T. DOG. The Pets As Therapy scheme is the largest programme in Britain where dogs work for the benefit of people. Greyhounds have the ideal temperament with their reliable nature and quiet disposition.

Speckle was accepted as a registered P. A. T. DOG after passing with honour an independent assessment. He received a certificate of merit and a special disc to wear on his collar.

The therapy works both ways. The dogs themselves like nothing better than being the centre of plenty of loving attention and it has helped to restore Speckle's faith in human nature after being so harshly abused. All of this runs parallel with the pleasure the dogs give to the people that they visit, whether they are old, young or physically or mentally handicapped.

Speckle needed a Lady Friend

If there was one thing missing from Speckle's life it had to be a lady. Rosie was found in Port Talbot in South Wales. She was a very sick dog after being pumped up with steroids. Speckle, who is always the complete gentleman, supervised her recuperation. They complement each other perfectly and Rosie idolizes him.

Paula Ziegenhagen Stick © 1994

Speckle, with Rosie by his side for reassurance, tackled the media and became a T. V. star. He appeared on BBC 2's investigative programme "On the Line," which examined the future of Greyhound racing. The camera crew were exceedingly happy to spend a day working with Speckle and Rosie after returning from filming the harsh realities in Ireland. They were surprised at how well the greyhound had adapted to family life.

The dogs were filmed in action during their weekly visit to Waverly House — a local residential home for the elderly. It is extremely rewarding to watch a face light up with pleasure and the lines of pain vanish as Speckle and Rosie walk in. They are always given a warm welcome with many kisses and cuddles and biscuits too.

During National Pet Week, Speckle with his constant companion Rosie, led the first P. A. T. DOG "Walkover Britain" to be held in Herefordshire. Mr. Peter Temple-Morris, M. P., cut the starting tape to an eventful day At the culmination of National Pet Week, Speckle and Rosie joined the morning assembly at Westfield Walk Special School, which is for children who are severely handicapped. The dogs understand what is required of them and the response was very moving. They gave such joy and pleasure to all those present.

A Father To the Kittens

Speckle is now undertaking yet another unlikely task for a greyhound. He happily welcomes all the Cats' Protection League kittens that I foster while they wait for new homes. He watches over them with a fatherly eye, and a quick kiss on the nose reassures them that dogs are not so bad after all. They are then able to settle into a caring home with a dog as a companion without any fear.

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His racing name was Dark Speck. He was one of a great litter, born January 1986 in County Cork. A great racer, first out of the traps. Always on the winning lists, favourite of the crowds. Sold with his brother Stardust at the Cork Sales. Raced on the flapping tracks in South Wales. Left to die of starvation with track injuries. Found in Cardiff by Greyhound Rescue. A very special dog lives to give others a great deal of pleasure.

Angela Kemp lives in Herefordshire, England with Speckle and her other two Greyhounds — Rosie and Bryn — who all live with seven cats and a Yorkshire Terrier named Bengie.

A Match Made In *Cyberspace*

By Jan Keith

We were sleepless in Seattle, Tacoma, Tucson, Little Rock and Lake Forest, as the rescue effort to bring Marlee, the Greyhound without a tongue, to her new home nearly two thousand miles away began. Where did this "tail" begin? On the Internet!

Marlee, a Tulsa, Oklahoma ex-racer, lost her tongue as a result of licking a frozen metal water bucket. She was rescued by Mary Peace, a volunteer with Friends of Greyhounds in Tulsa. Marlee had developed a persistent drool and was considered a "special needs" (translation — hard to place), Greyhound. However, Rhonda Hudson, a Boeing employee who lives in Tacoma, Washington, read about Marlee on the web page for Friends of Greyhounds and the only question on her mind was how to get this little girl to her with the least amount of stress on Marlee. Once again, Rhonda surfed the net and found her answer—Maggie McCurry and Mark Pettijohn of Wings for Greyhounds in Studio City, California. The timing was perfect. It just so happened that Maggie and Mark were on their way to Little Rock, Arkansas, to pick up Maggie's new Italian-made Partenavia, an airplane which would allow Maggie to double the amount of dogs per rescue flight. What the heck, Tulsa wasn't that far out of the way by Maggie's standards. So the connections were made and Marlee's adventure home to Tacoma began in Tulsa, where Mary Peace bid a tearful, but happy good-bye to her special charge.

What a face! Photo courtesy of Jan Keith.

Maggie, Mark and Marlee braved turbulent weather conditions through fierce thunderstorms and arrived in Tucson at the Tracy's Greyhound Adoption League, where, aided by fellow pilot Jay Ramowski, they picked up four additional rescues and flew on to the next leg of their journey, Acton, California. Their hosts, Larry and Linda Brown of Retired

Racers, Inc., provided lodging and "TLC" overnight in preparation for the final leg of the journey to Tacoma. Upon arrival, the next day at Boeing Field, Marlee was welcomed by her new family — Rhonda, Lea White and "Stormy," her new sister — a beautiful little female Greyhound, and news crews from three television stations and the local newspaper. Marlee will also be sharing her new home with two Dalmatians. What a terrific family and happy ending to Marlee's story. Many thanks to everyone who cooperated and pitched in for this truly incredible rescue.

Donations were received from Boeing Business Jets (fuel); PetsMart Charities (money); Friends of Greyhounds, Tulsa and Mary Peace (love and care); Greyhound Adoption League (money, shelter); Retired Racers, Inc., (shelter); and, of course Rhonda and Lea (lots of money and love); and the brave pilots — Maggie, Mark and Jay (more money, sweat, tears, etc.). Not enough can be said about the contribution made by these compassionate committed volunteers. Thanks also to King5 TV, KIRO TV, and Fox Television Affiliates in Los Angeles, Tacoma and Tulsa, who followed this story from beginning to happy end.

This must be what they call "a dog's life." Marlie travels first class thanks to PetsMart Charities. Photo courtesy of Jan Keith.

The journey ends. Marlie meets Stormy, Rhonda Hudson and Lea White for the first time. Photo courtesy of Jan Keith.

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Jan Keith and her family hail from Lake Forest, California. She volunteers for the Needle Nose Crew.

Turbo Stays with a Sitter

By Marcia Wood

The picture of innocence. Photo courtesy of Marcia Wood.

The problem is my Greyhound Turbo is by my side all day long. He sits at my feet while I work at my desk and, if the weather's not too hot he rides along with me in the car on my rounds. We both like it that way; it isn't a problem at all, actually — until I have to go somewhere without him. If I'm gone for even an hour or two, I come home to a frantically welcoming dog and, sometimes, a puddle on the floor. "I didn't know where you were," he's telling me, "I didn't know what to think!" So, what on earth was going to happen when I had to leave him behind for two weeks while Fred and I were away on vacation?

I found someone to come and stay, so Turbo could remain in his own house and on his own routine. And I wrote volumes of instructions for Elisabeth, the sitter, covering every conceivable situation ("Dogs are not allowed on the furniture") and most of the inconceivable ones. When the time came we said good-bye quickly, cheerfully, and sped away. The separation would be harder for us than it was for him. Anyway, that's what the books all said.

I have great faith in the books.

When I called the second day of our vacation, and the fifth day, and the ninth day, that's just what Elisabeth said. He was fine; he was eating well and sleeping well, and he was such a sweet affectionate pup. When we got home he was healthy and bright eyed and glad to see us.

It seemed like the end of the story. But....

The morning after our return, Turbo and I set out on our usual walk.

A lady down at the end of the block waved to us from her front door. "You're back! Welcome home!"

In fact, as we walked all sorts of people called out welcomes and smiled at us, and I was just thinking how lucky we were to live in such a warm and friendly neighborhood when we got to Jennifer's house.

Jennifer came down the steps to say hello. "It's good to see him out and around."

"What?" I shrieked, "Didn't Elisabeth walk him?"

"Oh, she tried," said Jennifer.

And the whole, sad, sordid story came out. While we were gone Turbo had entertained the whole town. Not once in the whole two weeks did poor Elisabeth have a normal walk with him. The first day, he planted his long twiggy legs at the edge of the lawn as though they were tree trunks. He would not move, he would not walk, he would not pee.

"Hm." I looked down at docile Turbo. "I guess he wasn't sure where she was taking him. Separated from his pack and all." All the books talk about the psychology of the dog and his pack. "Poor pup."

Turbo gave me a goofy grin and rubbed his head along my thigh.

The second day, he permitted himself to be lured to the sidewalk with freeze-dried liver. But he'd walk three steps, she'd give him the treat, and he'd hunker down on the grass to eat it. Then he wouldn't get up until she waved another bit of liver, he'd walk three steps, she'd give him the treat, and he'd plop himself down once again. It took them an hour just to get to the corner.

And so it went. Turbo wrapped his lead around a stop sign; he froze at the sight of a cat, who froze at the sight of him, and Elisabeth couldn't budge either one of them until a passer-by happened along and chased the cat out of sight. One day he waited until they got to the far edge of the neighborhood and then decided to take a nap.

"Hm," I said. "I guess he was establishing himself, protecting his position in the pack."

But I felt a twinge for Elisabeth. Our vacation should have been a pleasant interlude for any young college student — two weeks living on her own, in a nice house with satellite TV and a freezer full of homemade pizzas, nothing to do but walk and feed and cuddle a sweet and loving pup. Not to mention the extremely handsome fee I paid her. Well, okay, so maybe she earned her money when she took him out for walks. Nothing wrong with that. No reason for me to feel badly about it.

A few days later I ran into Elisabeth's sister at the grocery store. "I guess Turbo wasn't too sure about how Elisabeth fit in to things," I said.

She put a loaf of bread in her cart. "You have a guest room. It's not like she had to sleep on the floor."

I blinked. "Huh?"

Turns out walks weren't the only hurdles Turbo threw in Elisabeth's path. I'd cleared out drawers and set out fresh sheets and towels in the master bedroom before we left, figuring Elisabeth would be most comfortable there. Turbo has his own bed in the corner — a book I'd read once said that dogs who sleep in their humans' bedroom are happier and more well behaved than those who don't. Packs all sleep together.

But apparently Turbo did not feel that Elisabeth had earned a place in the pack — at least, not a place that entitled her to sleep in the alpha spot.

He didn't bark at her, didn't pace or whine. He bided his time until two in the morning, then WHOMP! The dog who is not allowed on the furniture was on the bed, pawing and digging and circling and making himself a nice little nest. The fact that there was already an occupant of that bed seemed to escape his notice. Or maybe it hadn't — I read once that dogs and wolves paw at the ground before they lie down in order to chase away any critters they don't want to share space with.

Turbo is just checking out the couch. Photo courtesy of Marcia Wood.

Tenderhearted Elisabeth decided he was acting out his loneliness and figured she'd let him stay. But what she didn't know is that no matter how slim and sleek and graceful the greyhound, every scion of the breed has the uncanny gift of expanding to fill all available space. He placed his front paws delicately in the small of her back. She scooted over to give him room. He scooted too, this time pushing just a little. Then he made endearing little murmuring sounds as he began to burrow under her. With the morning light Elisabeth found herself relegated to an area the size of an English muffin while Turbo, legs stretched fore and aft and neck regally arched, fully occupied the rest of the bed.

The next night Turbo dumped Elisabeth out of bed altogether, and she went to sleep in the guest room.

I was humiliated. After all these years of bragging about what a good and well mannered puppy I have, after reading all the books, learning all the lessons, it came to this: A good dog when we're home, a monster when we're not. The evil- twin syndrome. Dr. Turbo and Mr. Hyde. The Ransom of Red Turbo.

The next day I was sitting on the front porch when the postman came by. As he handed me our letters he said, "Guess that hound of yours is glad you're home."

Oh, Jeez. What now? Wild parties? Did that Rottweiler down the street lure him into delinquency? Or that darling German Shepherd bitch with the blue, blue eyes?

I buried my head in my hands. "Don't tell me. Just don't tell me." Now I know how Elisabeth really earned her fee: With silence.

The funny thing? Turbo's a whole lot better about being left at home alone now. Doesn't pee on the floor at all.

I don't like to think about what he does do. Maybe he's reading those books.

❖

Marcia Wood hails from Missouri and resides with Turbo and her husband.

Quick Gifts For Fast Dogs

15-minute Snood

You can whip up a snood in just 15 minutes. Best of all, the same pattern makes a great neck warmer for a human. Here you see Maggie and Jack modeling their matching snood and neck warmer. Exact same pattern. Exact same size. Thanks to Leslie Nicoll for this pattern.

Materials Needed

* 30" x 20" rectangle of polar fleece or other warm, snuggly fabric
* 11" piece of 1/4" elastic

Snood Steps

1. Fold the fabric in half with right sides together and the 20" sides together. Sew along the 20" edge to form a tube.
2. Fold one raw edge of the tube over itself twice about 1/2" or so. Sew this to form a hemmed edge.
3. Fold the other raw edge of the tube over itself twice about 3/4" or so. Sew this to form a hemmed edge with enough space to run the elastic through.
4. Snip a slit in the 3/4" hemmed edge and feed the elastic through. Sew the two ends of the elastic together and let is slip back into the casing.
5. That's it. You're done. It will fit a hound or a human.

60-minute Jingle Collar

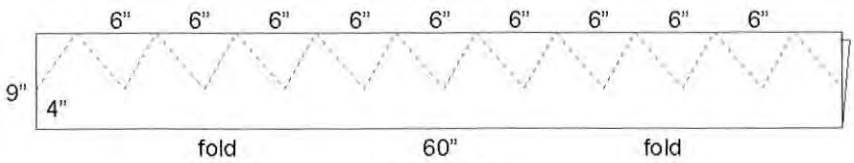
These whimsical, jester-like jingle collars take 15 minutes of machine-sewing and 45 minutes of hand-stitching to get the jingle bells on. Just the kind of thing you can work on while riding in the car or watching TV.

Materials Needed

* 1/2 yard of polar fleece or other thick or stiff fabric - 60 inches wide
* 10 1/2" jingle bells
* 14" piece of 1/4" elastic

Jingle Collar Steps

1. Fold the fabric in half to form one long skinny rectangle 9" x 60". Make a mark 4" from the fold along the 9" side. Make a mark every 6 inches, 4" from the fold.
2. Make a mark 3" from the edge along the raw 60" edge. Make a mark every 6 inches from this first mark along the 60" edge.
3. Sew in a sawtooth pattern to join the marks. The result should look like diagram below.
4. Trim about 1/2" from the seam you just sewed. Be sure to clip all the corners.
5. Turn the jagged tube right side out.
6. Feed the elastic through the tube and sew the two ends of the elastic together.
7. Use a whip stitch to hand-sew the two ends of the collar together to form the round collar shape.
8. Sew a jingle bell on each of the 10 points.



Dog Writers Educational Trust: Funding the Future

By Seymour N. Weiss

All around us, young people include dogs in their lives in meaningful ways. Many come from families that have a long association with breeding and showing fine animals. Others work through 4-H dog care programs to better understand and care for the animal companions that mean so much to them. Many youngsters have found the dog world on their own without the benefit of family involvement, and others aim to channel their interest in dogs into a viable career path. To this end, there is a way you can help the young people who will take a love for and knowledge of dogs into the 21st century.

The Dog Writers Educational Trust is a nonprofit foundation that helps high school and college students further their education by making grant money available. The price of a college education today is enormous and can be daunting for families. Many a bright student is hindered because his or her family cannot meet the costs of tuition, materials, board and the numerous other expenses involved in acquiring an education.

Deserving high school and college students who love dogs and make them part of their lives benefit from DWET assistance. These students, like you, enjoy and appreciate dogs enough to read about them, learn more about them, and share their knowledge with others. An investment in youth is an investment in the future. Support of young dog enthusiasts today will benefit dog lovers of all ages in years to come. Whether a student studies veterinary medicine, teaching or accounting, his or her career can have a positive effect on animals. A veterinary career is easy to associate with animals, but just about any education can somehow be used to influence society's treatment of animals. Teachers influence children's attitudes, and lesson plans involving responsible pet care will help children form positive associations with animals and instruct them in proper pet care. Dog-enthusiast accountants can serve as financial advisors to dog groups, share their positive experiences with clients, and serve as dog-owning role models in their communities.

In years past, DWET grant money came primarily from the ranks of active dog fanciers and kennel clubs, which remain an important source of income. But as the costs of education have spiraled, the need for other sources of donations has become more immediate. The Trust needs the help of all dog lovers. It matters not whether you keep dogs as a hobby, as a profession or as special companions. We look to you because DWET's efforts benefit you in a very real sense.

Today's young dog enthusiasts will become tomorrow's writers, teachers and engineers. You can give them that chance with a tax-deductible gift to the Dog Writers Educational Trust. It can be in honor of, in memory of or in hopes of the future that all dogs and their people deserve. Many people make donations to honor a special person or as a memorial to a deceased friend, human or canine.

Scholarship applicants are considered on the strength of several criteria: a substantial background in any aspect of dog activity, academic achievement, financial need, and career goals.

If you would like to contribute, send your gift to Dog Writers Educational Trust, c/o Patricia F. Lehman, 2508 Teal Rd., Wilmington, DE 19805. Then give your dogs a special pat from us, and give yourself a pat on the back. Your attention and help are much appreciated.

To apply for a Scholarship

To be considered for a scholarship, a candidate must be a citizen of North America and have a dog-related background. To apply, send five copies each of the following paperwork: a completed, typed application; certified scholastic records (official transcripts) for the past three years with grades and including academic test scores; a typed essay of 250 words or less entitled "Why People Own Dogs"; and a nonrefundable $25 application fee payable to the Dog Writers Educational Trust.

The deadline for applying is December 31. An application form may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Roger Au, Executive Secretary, Dog Writers Educational Trust, PO Box 760, North Olmsted, OH 44070.

❖

This article was provided courtesy of Kim Campbell Thornton, free-lance writer and former editor of ***Dog Fancy*** *magazine. Her Greyhound Savanna recently passed away. Our sympathies.*

In Memoriam

Oliver ("Ollie"): 1986-1998. Age twelve. Died July 31, 1998. Oliver was the "Hero Hound" to Marna Johnson in the 1998 summer issue of *CG*. His story was on page 6. He was a resident blood donor for five years at the University of Georgia Veterinary School and was a blood donor for two years after Marna Johnson adopted him. He was a brave dog who helped countless animals by donating his blood and by keeping his mistress safe from harm.

Misty O'Day ("Pie"): 1985-1998. Age thirteen. Died August 27, 1998. Misty O'Day was seen in the 1997 summer issue of *CG* on page 15. Pat Lynch and Ronald Stolte adopted her when she was ten years old. She died just two days short of her third anniversary with them. She was a noble and much beloved Greyhound. Although they mourn her loss, they state that they "would adopt her all over again in a heart beat."

Domino: Died 1998. We have received word that Domino, who had been featured in an article about seizures in the fall 1997 issue of *CG*, has passed on. His seizure activity, which had been under control for two years, had resumed with a vengence. Sympathies to Carol Reynolds and her family.

❖

Savanna: 1985-1998. Born August 1985; died October 13, 1998.

Adopted a decade ago through GPA by Kim and Jerry Thornton of California, Savanna was featured in the winter 1997 issue of *CG* as a long-term osteosarcoma survivor.

Kim writes, "When we went to select our Greyhound, the kennel owner turned out three dogs for us to inspect. All of them ran up to say hello, but after a few moments, two ran off to play together. Savanna stuck around to be petted, and that clinched it: She had obviously chosen us. We squeezed her into the back seat of our two-door Subaru and drove off into ten happy years of Greyhound ownership.

"She went everywhere possible with us-the bank, video store, dry cleaners, postal center, bagel shop; everyone knew and loved her. Sometimes she went to work with me at *Dog Fancy*. Road trips were her favorite, especially the time we drove down the California coast, testing one of the many books that list places where dogs are welcome. One such place was Carmel State Beach, where dogs are permitted to play off leash.

"The three of us were strolling along, enjoying the sun and sand, when suddenly Savanna's ears perked up. The next thing we knew, she was off, racing alongside two galloping horses. We stood there in stunned disbelief, unsure of whether to laugh or collapse from fear that she would be trampled. They soon outran her, and she turned around and trotted back, with that silly Greyhound grin on her face. That's only one of the many things we'll miss about Savanna, who died October 13 after surviving two years and four months after being diagnosed with bone cancer. She will always be loved and missed. Thank you, Savanna."

❖

CG Magazine honors the memory of all Greyhounds who have graced its pages.

The Glass Is Half Full

by Kate Bressler

Shannon. Photo courtesy of Kate Bressler.

Sometimes it's difficult to resist the urge to view that glass as being half-empty. It's just human nature to focus on the bad things that might happen.

I know how people agonize over the decision to allow general anesthesia for their Greyhound. As bad as it sounds, I am always glad it isn't me. The reason is simple; when someone at my house needs general anesthesia we're either talking about eleven-year-old Kitty or my beloved Shannon. Agreeing to put her under is an extremely difficult decision since Shannon is almost fourteen-and-a-half. It isn't worse than what everyone else goes through; it just feels more frantic.

On August 15, I noticed a lump on Shannon's rectum. The vet, Dr. James Cupp, took one look and said, "We need to take it off ASAP."

Oh my, that was not what I wanted to hear. After quickly thinking it over I made an appointment for surgery the following Monday. When I asked what he thought it could be, he said there were basically two possibilities, and that meant a 50:50 chance of cancer.

Glass half full = perianal adenoma.

Glass half empty = perianal adenocarcinoma.

Pretty poor odds — 50:50.

Another thing I learned from the vet is that if Shannon was male, it would more than likely to be an adenoma. If she were unspayed, the odds would also be better than 50:50. But she is a spayed female and that increased the odds of malignancy.

I began the vigil. I had to make it through Saturday afternoon and Sunday before she had surgery. Then there was a three-day wait for pathology results.

Shannon came through surgery just fine. Although when I came to pick her up, the way she was walking concerned the vet. She appeared to be in pain. He gave her a shot of pain medication and said if she wasn't better Tuesday morning that I should bring her back. But she was feeling better the next morning. And she felt even better Wednesday. Then it was Thursday.... Pathology Day.

It was a hectic day of press checks and bluelines. I called the clinic several times but the vet was busy. I didn't actually get to talk to him until about 6:30 that evening. The news was good.

The glass is half full!

I tip that half-full glass to all of you reading this, "I wish everyone out there the wonderful agony of a fourteen-and-a-half year old Greyhound."

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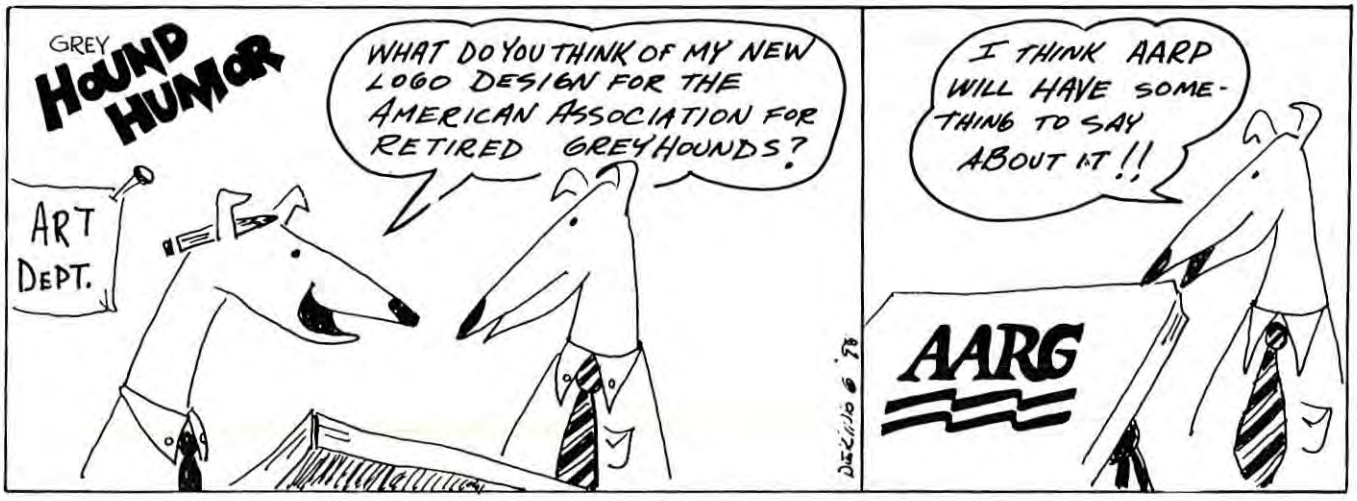

Greyhound Humor by Bruce DeKing of Midwest Greyhound Adoptions

From The Greyhound Project, Inc.

The Greyhound Project, Inc.'s Matching Fund Initiative For The Morris Animal Foundation Canine Cancer Studies: An Update

The Greyhound Project, Inc.'s announced pledge to match donations to Morris Animal Foundation for canine cancer studies, up to a total of $2,500, has resulted in a steady stream of checks to Morris Animal Foundation. As of August 31, they had received 18 donations ranging from $15 to $140, totaling $705. The Greyhound Project, Inc. has matched these donations, bring the total to $1410. This is a great start, but it is time to turn that "steady stream" into a "Raging Flood!" Remember the holiday season! Remember donations are tax deductible! Remember the Hounds! Get out that checkbook and Do It Now!

Just in case you missed earlier articles about this initiative, here's the background: Morris Animal Foundation is a 50-year old non-profit organization, dedicated to improving the health and well-being of companion animals and wildlife. It funds animal health studies at veterinary institutions in the United States and other countries that evaluate medical protocols and procedures strictly to improve the health care available to animals.

Most of the studies it funds are clinical trials. In these studies animals with naturally occurring diseases or conditions participate when there owners give permission. No study is funded without the recommendation and ongoing monitoring of the Foundation's Scientific Advisory Board. This Board consists of eight veterinary scientists, each of whom volunteers for a term of four years. They rate proposed studies based upon relevance, scientific merit and humaneness. Only those proposed studies rated highest for all three criteria are funded.

Morris Animal Foundation is currently funding ten canine cancer studies, but that funding is dependent on contributions. That is why The Greyhound Project, Inc. has set up its' $2500 matching fund challenge and why your contributions matter. Morris Animal Foundation is a 501(c)(3) organization, so all contributions are tax deductible to the full extent of the law. Every dollar donated goes to fund canine cancer studies; not a cent goes to administrative or other expenses.

Here is all you have to do.

Send your check to Morris Animal Foundation and specify that your donation is to go to canine cancer — The Greyhound Project account. They'll notify us and we'll match your donation. (If your employer participates in a matching program with its employees, be sure to tell them about your donation.) The address is: Morris Animal Foundation Canine Cancer — The Greyhound Project Account, 45 Inverness Drive East, Englewood. CO 80112.

The Morris Animal Foundation is currently funding studies on canine cancers in the following areas: chemotherapy; melanoma; genetics; leukemia; lymphoma; oral melanoma; and osteosarcoma.

For more information about the Foundation, check out their Web site at http://ww.morrisanimalfoundation.org/

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Photos wanted for Celebrating Greyhounds Year 2000 Calendar and CG Magazine.

For the calendar, please send your best, sharpest, photos to Joan Belle Isle, 295 Tremont Street, Newton, MA 02458. Your photo may also be published in *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* and other Greyhound Project materials.

CG Magazine is always looking for smashing photos for the covers and to go with articles.

If you think you have a cover dog for *CG Magazine*, please send actual photographs to *Celebrating Greyhounds*, P.O. Box 185751, Hamden, CT 06518-0751. Sorry, but we cannot use digital photos, scans, or copies of photographs printed on copy machines or color printers.

❖

Mandoid sets another record and is fast becoming one of the most accomplished greyhounds in agility. Photo courtesy of Kate Crawford.

Seeking Participants For Epilepsy Study

Texas A&M University is looking for dogs to participate in a clinical trial comparing potassium bromide and phenobarbital in the treatment of idiopathic epilepsy.

In order for dogs to be eligible for participation, they must NOT be on any medication, have seizures approximately once per month, and be between the ages of six months and five years old.

If you have a dog that meets this criteria, or if you would like more information on our program, please contact Julie Duos via phone, e-mail, or fax. We will accept patients until August 1999.

Contact: Julie Duos

Phone: (409) 845-9184

Fax: (409) 862-3672

Email: jduos@cvm.tamu.edu

❖

Mandoid From Marze Makes Greyhound History

Mandoid from Marze made Greyhound history September 19, 1998, when she became the first Greyhound to earn an MX (Master Agility Excellent) title in AKC agility. This is the highest title awarded in AKC agility.

Agility is a very popular dog sport in which dog and owner complete an obstacle course consisting of jumps, tunnels, see-saws, and other obstacles, while avoiding penalty points and racing against the clock. The successful agility team must have speed, athletic ability, and demonstrate close teamwork between dog and owner.

Mandoid is a six-year old Greyhound who was adopted by Kate Crawford, of Tallahassee, Florida, when she was 18-months old. She started competing in agility two years ago, after earning her CDX in obedience. Mandoid is the first representative of her breed at the AKC Agility Nationals which were held in Atlanta, November 13-15, 1998.

❖

Want to write an Article for CG? Our Writer's Guidelines....

Thank you for thinking of *Celebrating Greyhounds*, the magazine for greyhound adopters, owners, and friends, as a place to share your knowledge about greyhounds. We hope you will enjoy working with us to provide our readers with greyhound-related information. We welcome original articles by both published and new writers that will appeal to all lovers of greyhounds. Although we are interested in reprinting previously published work as well as original work, we would like to have first printing rights to articles whenever possible prior to submission and/or publication in adoption group newsletters. We appreciate query letters or e-mails before authors submit articles.

Articles should be factual rather than opinion. Whatever the subject, writers should be knowledgeable and credible. Our aim is to provide information about greyhounds, breed history and background, health, behavior, greyhound-related activities, and other topics of that nature. We are apolitical. Since our goal is primarily to inform and to educate, we are generally not interested in tributes to, or articles about, individual pet greyhounds unless the article contains other information of interest to our readers. We will also consider one fictional offering per issue. We rarely publish the interview format, poetry, fiction or articles in which the dog speaks as if it were human. We prefer tightly written articles in the active voice and reserve the right to edit grammar and punctuation.

Article length may run from 500 to 1,500 words. We adhere to the A/P Stylebook and Libel Manual, published by Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Inc., New York, New York, and available through many bookstores, such as Barnes and Noble. Accompanying photos are appreciated. Please include a short note telling us about yourself. We are also interested in original artwork, cartoons, book and product reviews, short fillers, tips, and other material of that nature.

Submitting Material:

We prefer submissions via the Internet as e-mail attachments preferably in Rich Text file format or on 3.5 inch IBM-compatible computer disks. Please avoid special formatting. Paper submissions should be typed (either double or single spaced) and of scannable quality on 8-1/2 x 11 inch white paper. Articles should be sent to Marcia Herman, Editor, PO. Box 185751, Hamden, CT 06518-0751 or via Internet to her at greythound@aol.com or marcia@adopt-a-greyhound.org.

Payment:

Since proceeds from the magazine are used to support the work of The Greyhound Project, Inc., no monetary payment is made. Instead, Celebrating Greyhounds provides writers with a by-line and a copy of the issue in which their article appears. All regular contributors receive a subscription to the magazine.

Deadlines:

Spring Issue: December 1; Summer Issue: March 1; Fall Issue: June 1; Winter Issue: September 1. Query deadlines are two months prior to issue deadline.

Return of Material:

If you would like us to return any or all of your material, you must enclose a self-addressed envelope of adequate size bearing sufficient postage for the material's return.

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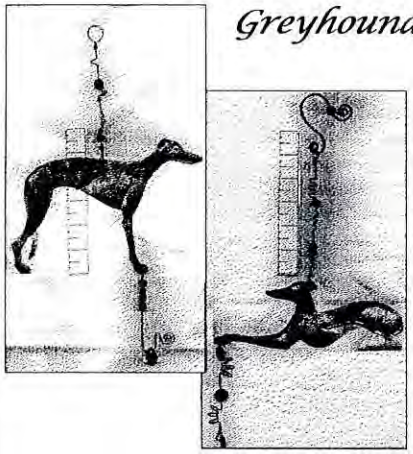

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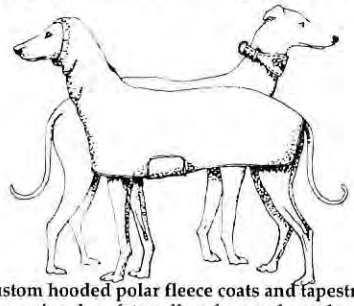

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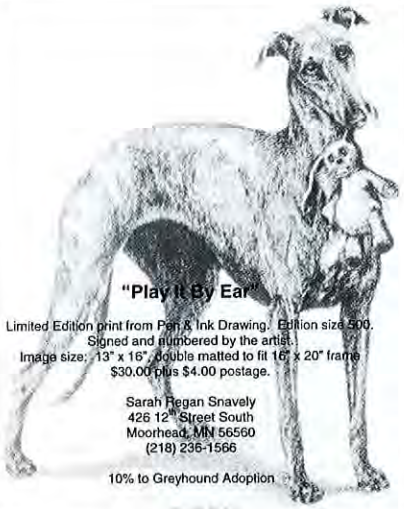

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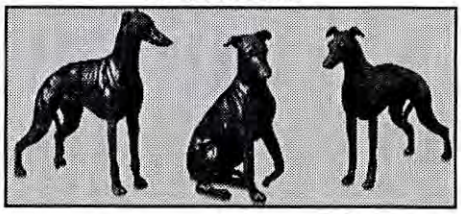

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Some of the Events of 1998

At the 1998 GPA National Meeting in Council Bluffs, Iowa, visiting a greyhound farm and appreciating the Gilley Girls performance.

At the 1998 Boston Aids Walk, Team Greyhound giving hope.

At the 1998 Greyhounds Reach the Beach gathering in Dewey Beach, Delaware, meeting old and new friends.

At the 1998 Greyhound Placement Service of Maine Spring Reunion in Cumberland, Maine, braving torrential rains.

At the dedication of the International Greyhound Center in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, spreading the word.

Photos courtesy of Marcia Herman, Wilma Nathanson, Jini Foster and Joan Belle Isle.

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