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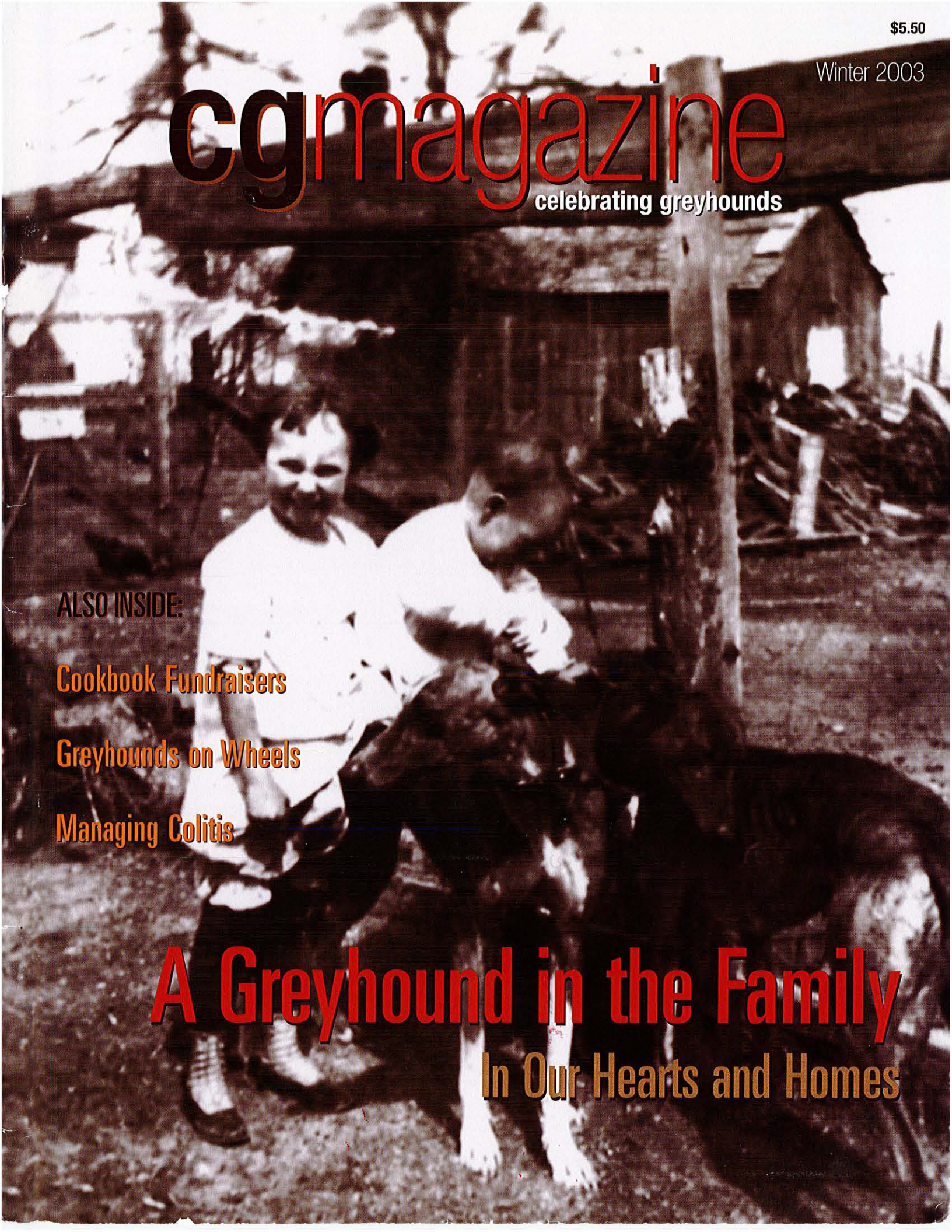
Winter 2003

cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds



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Greyhounds on Wheels

Managing Colitis

A Greyhound in the Family

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Bob, adopted by Mary Childree of South Windsor, Conn.

cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters, Owners, and Friends
Vol. 8; No. 4 Winter 2003

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editorial comments

By Cindy Hanson

When I was in college, one of the most imposing figures on campus was a professor with a fiercely white head of hair, an imperious stare, and a manner that told you she did not suffer fools gladly – particularly the callow youth who populated her classroom. Sitting in her office one afternoon, I glanced around, hoping to find evidence of a vulnerability that would humanize her. When I saw the framed photographs that fenced her blotter, I knew I'd found it. Each photo depicted two beribboned West Highland White Terriers. *Aha*, I thought. *She's alone. No family. Just dogs.*

I'll never *end up like that.*

Twenty-some years later, stout and cranky, I survey a workspace filled with framed photographs of my three Greyhounds and realize that I have ended up *exactly* like that (minus the white hair – so far – and the Ph.D. in political science). And I am chagrined at how smugly I dismissed the evidence of her family. Her dogs were her family, as my dogs are mine.

I always wanted dogs. Never wanted kids. The day I moved into my house, I brought with me a telephone, a sleeping bag, a crate, a 20-lb bag of dog food, and a 90-lb Greyhound I'd adopted earlier that afternoon. Herman was a perfect gentleman from day one. (Not surprising, I suppose, given the lack of furnishings to pee on or chew up.) I acquired more stuff over the years. I also brought home Herman's littermate Hattie and, later, Hannah.

They are my pack. We sit around together, play together, eat together, and vacation together. I think we sleep together; I'm not sure. (There's a dog or two on the bed when I doze off, and at least one is there when I wake up. They're not usually the same dogs. I assume they have an arrangement. I don't know what it is.) We volunteer together. When I worked in an office where I could get away with it, I brought my dogs to work with me.

Many of my colleagues at work are young parents. Oddly, I find myself nodding in recognition when they talk about their kids. Once, when a co-worker was bemoaning his lack of sleep due to his new baby's illness and non-stop crying, I commiserated by noting that I, too, had been up every two hours because one of my dogs had diarrhea. Later, I reflected on our conversation and wondered if my comparison of his son to my dog was eccentric or insensitive. Those for whom pets are family and those for whom they are not are distinctly different cultures, I think. I recently received my college alumni newsletter, which noted the passing of the professor who so intimidated me. In her photograph, she looked about the same as I remembered. The terrier motif of her sweater was plainly visible. The obituary said she left no immediate survivors.

I wonder.

The articles in this issue of *CG* explore Greyhounds and families. Ellen Schneiderman describes the changes in her household wrought by babies and Greyhounds. LeAnn LeSuhre shares the story of how one Greyhound created an extended family of Greyhound lovers, and Mindy Bradley explains how old photographs led to her discovery of Greyhounds in her family's past. Cara Brockhoff's photo essay celebrates the relationship between a guy and his Greyhound, and Yvonne Zipter encourages us to think about how the dog completes the family.

While we're on the subject, I'd like to note the addition of a new member to the *CG* family: Kathy Hoynes, whose lovely drawings have graced many pages in this magazine, is our newest Regular Contributor. Welcome, Kathy!

And Happy Holidays, from our family to yours.

By Laura Tidwell

When We're Gone

Emergency Care and Estate Planning for our Pets

PerPETual Care: Who Will Look After Your Pets If You're Not Around?

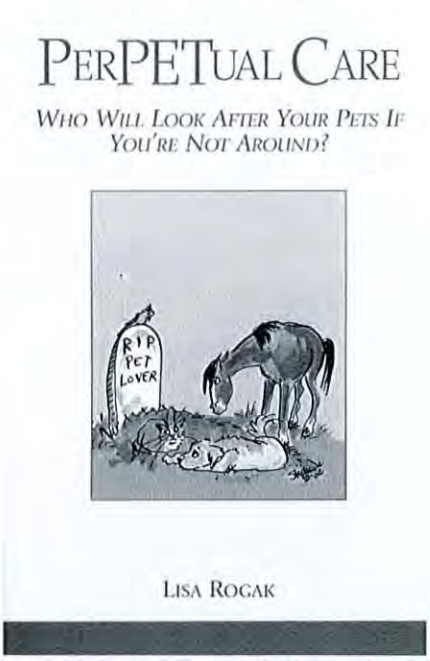
By Lisa Rogak

Litterature

Grafton, N.H. (2003)

ISBN 0965250288

$15.00



When Your Pet Outlives You: Protecting Animal Companions After You Die

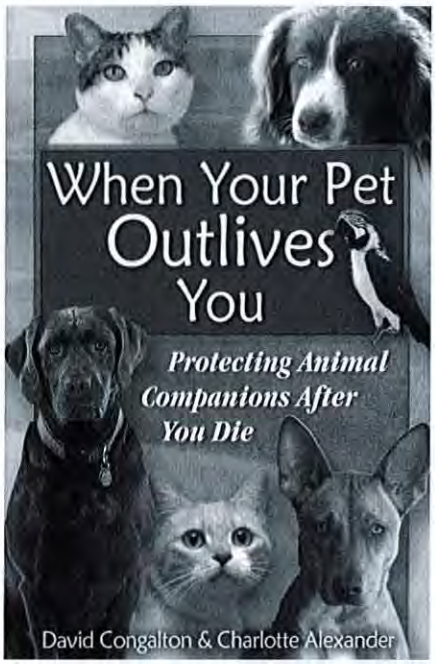
By David Congalton and Charlotte Alexander

NewSage Press

Troutdale, Ore. (2002)

ISBN 0939165449

$12.95



Two new books address the process of planning emergency and lifetime care for pets whose owners are absent or deceased. They are not fun reads. The topic of estate planning is challenging in itself, but these authors ratchet up the reader's squeamishness by pounding home appalling scenarios of what has happened when even the most devoted owners failed to make adequate, legally binding interim and permanent directives for the care of their pets. The authors seem convinced that without making the reader suffer through gut-wrenching examples of abandonment, starvation, or euthanasia, most folks wouldn't be bothered to plan ahead for their own animals.

Actually, this may very well be the case. Both books stress that owners are often deluded when they assume relatives will take in or rehome their orphaned pets. Even spouses may prove disinterested or unable to maintain or adopt out one, much less a whole flock of leftover dogs, cats, or birds. Oral agreements with friends, relatives, or organizations cannot be enforced, and often are unintentionally or deliberately disregarded. Without advance interim-care arrangements, pets may be overlooked or tossed into kill shelters even if the owner is alive but becomes ill, incapacitated, or stranded away from home due to emergency. (Think 9/11, blackout, auto accident, or hurricane.) An owner cannot presume to simplify everything by naming his animal as a beneficiary in his will. Pets are considered property, in legal terms, and as such cannot be beneficiaries any more than could the owner's table or bed.

The authors set about to encourage the reader to develop legally binding, appropriately funded options plus alternative contingency plans for the future care of each pet in the household. The chief difference in the approaches of the two books is that Rogak's *PerPETual Care* is more straightforward, with detailed step-by-step instructions, to-do lists, and examples of recommended wording of forms and documents. While she introduces topics with the requisite dreadful example of someone's mistreated pets, she gets right down to the business of how to avoid that scenario. Her tone is breezy, bold, compelling, and practical as she outlines not just what the options are, but how to take action to address them. She makes the reader want to turn the pages, get the pencil, and start making the lists.

Congalton and Alexander offer similar basic information and lists about the selection, legal preparation, and funding of care with friends, shelters, veterinary teaching schools, and animal-companion retirement homes. Their tone is more reserved than Rogak's hearty voice, with ample use of

Irving, adopted by Marjorie Conn of Provincetown, Mass.

quotations, data, and citations such as one might find in a reference work. In jarring contrast to the academic format, however, is the writers' use of copious lurid tales of animal mistreatment and death. These are sprinkled at the beginning of new subjects, scattered throughout instructions and advice, and even used as filler between topics.

Early on, Rogak gives comprehensive directions for the assembly of a "PerPETual Care kit" for each animal in the household. This is a file folder containing all sorts of information about the animal's schedule, preferences in food and toys, dislikes, medical history, veterinarian, emergency contacts, and anything else a total stranger would need to provide optimum support for the pet, in event of emergency. The kit includes photos and a pet-food label. This is kept near the front door, along with emergency food, water, medication, bedding, carrier, and other pet supplies. Signs in the home and wallet cards with emergency information direct others to the rescue and care of the pet. Congalton and Alexander mention the file folder and wallet cards, but Rogak provides more detailed instruction about emergency care.

Rogak concludes the development of the PerPETual Care kit by cleverly instructing the owner to add up all possible annual expenses for each animal, plus an additional cushion. Then comes the punch line – that the owner is expected to provide future caregivers at least that amount, multiplied by the estimated number of years the animal might survive. Now that she has the reader's undivided attention, she proceeds with the rest of the book, the business of finding and funding a suitable placement for each companion animal in the household.

All three authors give tips for locating suitable individuals, organizations, or humane shelters to serve as caregivers. They note these cannot always guarantee lifetime care for one's pets. Even if they do, how many animal lovers want their companions housed in cages for the rest of their lives? Sanctuaries and pet retirement homes are available, also. The owner must do the research to determine the stability and reliability of any prospective life-care facility. Unfortunately, even when lifetime care is available, it is extremely expensive. Rogak estimates a required prepayment of $5,000 to $25,000 for lifetime care of one cat, dog, or bird at a willing facility. Congalton and Alexander give the figures as $25,000 for a small animal, up to $75,000 for lifelong care of a special-needs pet.

Both books offer a variety of financing options, including immediate donations, estate bequests, assorted trusts, and life insurance policies with designated caretakers or organizations named as beneficiaries. No matter his choice, and no matter how he intends to fund it, the pet owner must have all arrangements in writing, with the full consent and cooperation of the future caretaker or organization, and with the whole package approved by the owner's attorney. (Rogak also recommends using a CPA.) Additionally, the owner uses the same process to develop interim care documents that will provide information and money for the upkeep of each animal for perhaps several months, until the will is probated.

Either or both of these books would make a good addition to the Greyhound owner's library and especially to that of a Greyhound adoption or rescue group. Emergency care and estate planning, after all, are simply a logical part of responsible action on behalf of our beloved animal companions. ■

Laura Tidwell is a copy editor for CG.

Thoughts of Summer

Just wanted to drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoyed my latest issue of *CG Magazine*. I have recently gotten involved with Amateur Straight Track racing and am very thankful for all the excellent articles in the Summer 2003 issue. I was especially interested in how other fellow racers condition their dogs.

Keep up the good work. I am always looking forward to receiving my next issue!

Patricia Arnold-Mora
Via E-Mail

Ruby and Rascal, adopted by Melissa Painter of Zelienople, Pa.

I read with some amusement the piece by Sue Burkhard ("Dotti Hi Socks, Just in Time," Summer 2003 *CG*). I knew Dotti when she was racing at The Woodlands. Every time I saw her, Howard (the trainer) would ask me when would I be ready to take her home. Alas, I already had my precious Evie whom we adopted some years earlier, two Boston "Terrors," two Boxers, and two cats (all rescues). So I didn't get Dotti. Sue described her well: "not very bright...several bad habits," but very sweet.

My most favorite Greyhound, Evie, died suddenly of unknown cause last April. She was sprinting across the yard and fell over dead. Her death was totally devastating for us, particularly since there were no symptoms of any disease prior to death.

I think I am ready now to get another Greyhound. So if Sue is really serious about returning or giving up that sweet Dotti Hi Socks, she now has a taker!

D. Bryce Peckham DVM
Animal Health Officer
Kansas Racing Commission

How did I miss this gorgeous magazine before? I saw a copy in my vet's office and she kindly let me carry it away. As a Greyhound lover *and* a magazine professor, I love the publication: Photos that show the grace, beauty, and sweetness of the breed we love most and stories and articles that are informative, yet speak in a direct and personal voice to the readers. As the coach of many student magazines that have won national awards, I second the DWAA judges' opinions: *CG* is definitely "best of breed"!

Lee Jolliffe
Via E-Mail

Caveat Emptor

I have loved your magazine and am the happy owner of two Greyhounds. Several weeks ago I ordered an item from a vendor whose advertisement I saw in your magazine. The check was cashed. No item came. I wrote to the vendor and in fact talked on the phone with her associate about it and have still heard nothing.

I am telling you about it because I cannot get anywhere with that advertiser. It is bad policy for the magazine to deal with people who do not honor their obligations. Please contact her and ask her to send my picture. Thank you.

Roger Ostrander
Grand Rapids, Mich.

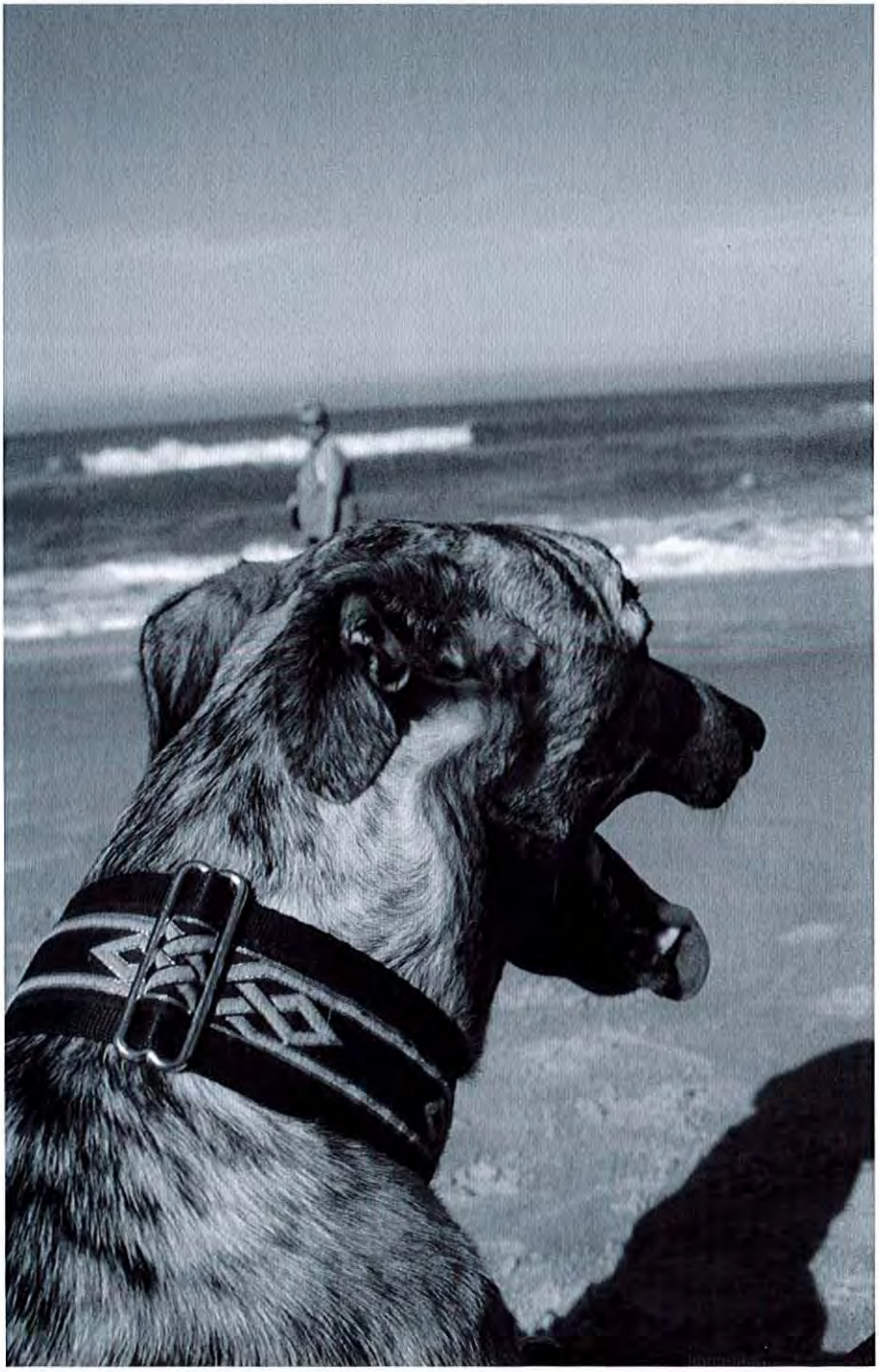
We are sorry to hear that you are expe-riencing a delay in the fulfillment of your order. We encourage you to continue working directly with the vendor. Vendors of Greyhound items — including many whose advertisements appear in CG *— are often one-person operations. Patience will always serve you well as you await delivery of your order. Good luck. — Ed.*

Thank you for your letters (up to 300 words) and photographs. Please send letters and photos by mail to the editorial office. Letters sent via e-mail to editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org are also appreciated. Please include your home telephone number if you would like your letter to be considered for publication. Letters may be edited for brevity and/or clarity.

We regret that we cannot publish every letter or photo.

Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2003

Celebrating 20 Years of Greyhound Adoption



PRAVEEN MUTALIK

On Columbus Day weekend, Mother Nature smiled on the 2,000 adopters and 3,500 Greyhounds that gathered in Dewey Beach, Delaware to celebrate twenty years of Greyhound adoption. Sunny skies and high temperatures in the 70s made for perfect beachcombing weather for Dewey attendees, and Hurricane Isabel's narrowing of the shoreline just meant that people and hounds at the beach had an opportunity to get better acquainted. (For the first time ever, connoisseurs of sand and surf also had the opportunity to enjoy nearby Rehoboth; the city graciously opened its beach and boardwalk to Greyhounds on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.)

The talks, the nail clipping clinic, Greyhounds in Art show, ice cream social, blessing of the hounds, memorial bonfire, Las Vegas night, and the Hund run all attracted large and enthusiastic crowds. Shoppers and vendors alike were delighted with the new shopping area, which featured two enormous tents and a dog-sitting area for those who wanted to give their undivided attention to the goods. Greyhound owners interested in giving something to Dewey Beach had the opportunity to participate in several community outreach events, including visits to a senior center and an assisted living facility.

In the weeks leading up to the event, speculation about who would be speaking at the Sunday Brunch ran high. How could anyone possibly top actress and animal advocate Betty White, who spoke at last year's brunch? Joan Belle Isle, President of The Greyhound Project, pointed out that the Greyhound adoption community has plenty of "star power" in its own right. After briefly outlining a history of the Greyhound adoption movement in the United States, she invited

Greyhound Project Board members and honorees (L-R): Sarah Norton, Michael McCann, Cynthia Branigan, Kate Bressler, Ann Peterson, Joan Belle Isle, Praveen Mutalik, Sue Burkhard, Louise Coleman, Dan Schmidt, and David Wolf. PRAVEEN MUTALIK

attendees to join with The Greyhound Project in celebrating the contributions of the following individuals:

Cynthia Branigan, president of the Pennsylvania-based animal protection group, Make Peace With Animals. Her book, *Adopting the Racing Greyhound*, has become the "bible" for Greyhound adopters since its publication in 1992.

Kate Bressler, **Ann Peterson**, and **Sue Burkhard** of Greyhound Support in Kansas City, whose efforts to move retired, injured, and/or unwanted Greyhounds out of racing farms and kennels and into adoption groups all over the United States illustrate the importance of working with the farms and developing networks for transporting Greyhounds (as Kate likes to say) "from where they are to where they ain't."

Cynthia Cash, who found a solution to the crisis created by many track closings by picking up the telephone and calling various adoption groups to see who could take the dogs, and then working with adoption groups and haulers to move the Greyhounds into adoption.

Louise Coleman of Greyhound Friends, Inc. of Hopkinton, Massachusetts. She established one of the very first Greyhound adoption groups, and as president of the American European Greyhound Alliance, she has helped increase international awareness of the needs of Greyhounds and Galgos.

David Wolf of the National Greyhound Adoption Program, who has always been there to provide funds and supplies or to absorb Greyhounds into his program. He and his group have acted as a "safety net" in times of need.

In addition, **Joan Belle Isle** recognized the work of the following individuals:

Marcia Herman, founding editor of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*;

Dan Schmidt, webmaster for www.adopta-Greyhound.org, website of The Greyhound Project; and

Susan Netboy of the Greyhound Protection League, for her efforts to rescue Greyhounds from research laboratories.

As always, the Morris Animal Foundation Greyhound Cancer Fund benefited from the weekend's activities. This year, the various activities and donations from vendor sales raised more than $13,000 for the Fund.

A Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2003 Yearbook is in the works for those who missed the event or want a memory book highlighting the Greyhounds, people, and happenings of the ninth annual Greyhounds Reach the Beach. (Details will be announced in Spring 2003 issue of *CG*.)

For those already planning for next year, the next Greyhounds Reach the Beach will be held in Dewey Beach, Delaware Thursday, October 7 through Monday, October 11, 2004. The tenth annual gathering promises to be the best ever!

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

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine is always interested in new articles or article ideas as well as in reprinting good articles from local adoption group newsletters. If you spot one, please send it to us with the source and the address. If you are interested in a particular topic, tell us. If you would like to write an article, please review the Writers' Guidelines at www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine/guidelines.html. If you would like to receive a copy of the Guidelines by mail, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Editor, *CG Magazine*, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112.

Are You Moving? Need to Renew?

Don't miss an issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*! Send your changes of address and subscription renewals well in advance of your move or expiration date to: *CG Magazine*, Attn: Subscriptions, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701.

The Greyhound Project and *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* have a new address!

PO Box 5239
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Greyhound Adoption News

Greyhound Planet Day in Boston

Greyhound Friends Opens New Adoption Kennel

On Labor Day Weekend 2003, Greyhounds Friends, Inc. of Hopkinton, Mass. opened its newly constructed adoption kennel/shelter. The 4,000 sq. ft. facility includes cages and runs for the Greyhounds, a kitchen, treatment room, conference room, office space, and a store for Greyhound merchandise.

Construction of the kennel was funded in large part by a bequest from Helen Rosenberger. Greyhound Friends, Inc. was one of several animal-related charities named in her will.

For details about the new facility, visit the website of Greyhound Friends, Inc (www.greyhound.org).

PETCO Raises More Than $71,000 for Greyhounds on Greyhound Planet Day

Once again, PETCO Animal Supplies, Inc. customers, vendors, and associates gave generously to the PETCO Foundation during their recent Greyhound Planet Weekend, to help these beautiful creatures find homes when their time on the track is over. Not only did they open their hearts and their wallets for this important cause, but they also exceeded last year's effort by more than 32%.

September 19 through September 21, PETCO customers were invited to round up their purchases to the nearest dollar, with all proceeds going to the PETCO Foundation. The Foundation will distribute these monies to Greyhound rescue groups in PETCO store communities across the country. This effort started last year in conjunction with the first Greyhound Planet Day, raising more than $54,000 for Greyhound-focused organizations. This year's fundraiser brought in $71,291 for Greyhound education, awareness, and adoption programs.

"The success of this fundraiser speaks directly to the fact that people who shop and work at PETCO truly care about the animals in their communities," PETCO Foundation

Director Paul Jolly said. "Instead of facing an uncertain future, many more of these loyal and majestic dogs will now find loving families to call their own."

Greyhound adoptions account for almost 20% of all dog adoptions at PETCO stores, with more groups signing up to hold adoption events at PETCO stores each year.

The Greyhound Planet website (www.ameuroGreyhoundalliance.org/ghplanet.htm) identifies Greyhound Planet as an international event intended "to raise the public's awareness of the wonder and magic of Greyhounds as pets, educate others on the current status of Greyhounds around the world, and to honor those Greyhounds who have left us already."

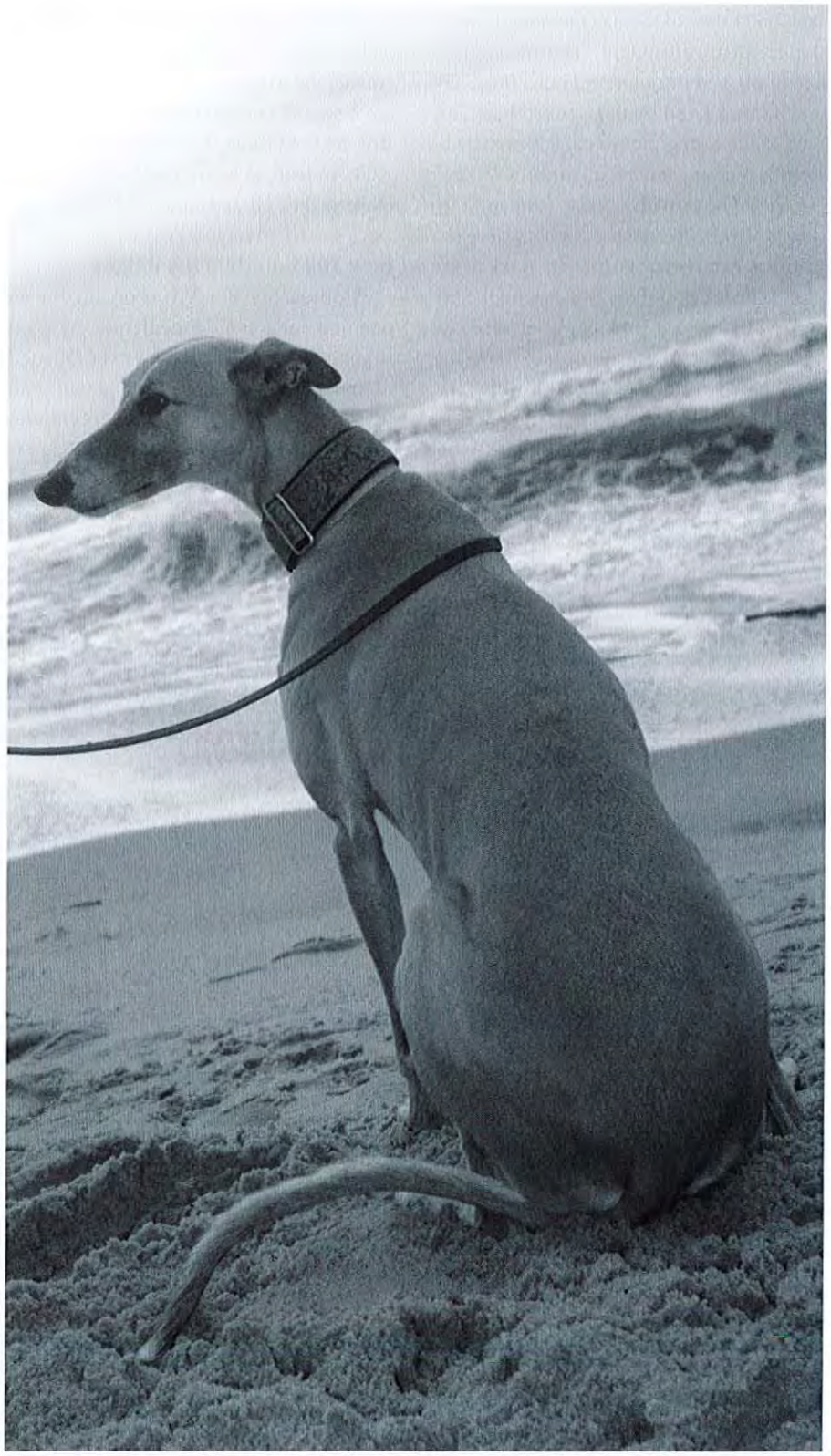
New Resource for Greyhound Adoption Groups

Lee Livingood, *CG* regular contributor and author of *Retired Racing Greyhounds for Dummies*, has launched www.Greytpals.org, a resource for those actively involved in placing retired racing Greyhounds. Its mission is to provide a comprehensive approach to the business of placing the right hound in the right home and to generate the interest and funding to make it happen. Goals include providing training/behavioral resources to adoption groups; encouraging and supporting cooperative relationships among those interested/involved in Greyhound adoption; increasing the exchange of information and expertise among groups through its electronic newsletter, *Inside Track*; and increasing the understanding of Greyhound behavior and placement issues so groups and tracks can better place dogs.

To subscribe to the newsletter, send an e-mail message to subscribe@greytpals.org.

American Greyhound Council Placement Program Grants Available

The mission of the American Greyhound Council (AGC) is to ensure the health, wel-



PRAVEEN MUTALIK

fare, and safety of racing Greyhounds from the farm to retirement. The mission is accomplished through programs financed and administered by the Council itself, as well as through grants to outside organizations, agencies, and universities.

The AGC provides grants to qualifying non-profit Greyhound pet placement organizations. Funds must be used for food, medicines, bedding, collars, leashes, fuel, and so forth. The grant limit has been raised to $1,250.00. The AGC authorized $70,000 to be awarded to grant applicants in 2003. By September, nearly half of that amount was still available. Grants will continue to be available in 2004.

For more information about the program and to obtain a copy of the grant guidelines, contact the American Greyhound Council, c/o National Greyhound Association, P.O. Box 543, Abilene, KS 67410 or visit the AGC website at www.agcouncil.com and click on the "Grant Guidelines" link.

How You Can Help the Galgos

Suzanne Stack, DVM is organizing an ongoing collection of medicines, medical supplies, coats, and muzzles to be donated to the Spanish Greyhounds. She will send your donations to European Greyhound refuges such as Scooby, GIN (Greyhounds in Need), SOS Galgos, Alicante, and refuges in Ireland. These places are all operating on shoestrings and will use anything you donate. Please save this notice because the time will likely come when you have something to send.

Please mail medications and supplies to Suzanne Stack, DVM, 16790 S. Avenue A, Somerton, AZ 85350.

Addition

The uncredited photograph that appeared on page 6 of the Fall 2003 issue of *CG* was taken by Rich Hoynes. (Remember, the best way to ensure that you receive proper credit for your photograph is to write your name on the back in permanent ink!)

PRAVEEN MUTALIK

By Aimee Charbeneau

Skeeter, Grandpa's Companion

Skeeter.

There was a rough time in my life when I had to move in with my grandparents because I did not have enough money to live on my own. Skeeter had already lived with me for four years, and I did not want to give her up. Grandpa was in his late 70s and losing his balance pretty badly. He could no longer play golf, and his heart functioned at only 22 percent of capacity. And he didn't like dogs. One of his dogs was shot on a hunting trip when he was a boy, and he never became attached to another one.

Grandpa consented to letting Skeeter move in with him and my grandmother. Grandpa and Skeeter quickly became best buddies. He would pet her for hours as she sat in the narrow space next to his chair. One day while getting up, he stumbled and almost fell through the sliding glass door next to his chair. Skeeter braced her shoulder to his knee and allowed him to use her head to steady himself. I was astounded. No one taught her that. She did it instinctively.

From that point on, Skeeter and Grandpa became inseparable. Skeeter would even follow him into the bathroom and sit with him until he was finished. No one else could get her near the bathroom (the location of the dreaded bath). He began to walk her once a day, then twice a day, and his health steadily improved. His doctor proclaimed him fit. Grandpa's health not only stabilized; it improved *markedly*.

When I made enough money to move out, I left my little buddy with my Grandpa, because separating them was out of the question. She had chosen her "owner."

All was peaceful for six more years until this past March, when my grandparents were involved in a serious accident. After a grueling three weeks, Grandpa succumbed to his extensive injuries. My Grandma lost her husband of 54 years and I lost my beloved Grandpa. Skeeter's buddy never came home.

I got the call at 10:00 on the night of the accident. My grandparents had left just before noon to eat lunch at the mall. I went to my grandparents' house to watch Skeeter. She waited up all night, keeping vigil at the door. When I returned from the hospital the next day, she had brought down a box of biscuits, opened the top, took out a biscuit, and placed it in the hall in front of the door, next to Grandpa's shoes. She took out only the one biscuit. (I know because there were only eight left.)

The night before my Grandpa died, Skeeter did not sleep. She kept me awake, and I worried about her. Grandpa passed the next morning.

Skeeter was depressed for some time. Since Grandma was still in a nursing home while she recovered from her injuries, I took Skeeter home. I still have the same sofas I had when Skeeter first came to live with me, and I inherited the furniture from my Grandparents' house. The familiar smells must have comforted her; she was very destructive in my mom's house, but not in mine.

Thirteen-year-old Skeeter is now in her golden years, living with me once again. We've started a new life after losing the most important person in the old one, and slowly our hearts are healing. She is queen of the house and has taken over my favorite seat, where she watches television and is the most spoiled dog on earth. I love my pretty girl, and when Skeeter finally joins her buddy in heaven, I will adopt another Greyhound. ■

Aimee Charbeneau lives in Florida with her best buddy Skeeter, who will be 14 years old this Christmas. Skeeter's favorite pastimes are scrubbing in a sunny spot on the lawn, watching TV, and chasing small furry animals on the other side of the fence. She enjoys suppertime, too.

By Lee Livingood

Cat Safe?

Peaceful coexistence, or disaster waiting to happen?

There's no such thing.

Dogs are predators and cats are prey. While many Greyhounds do live peacefully with cats, that doesn't mean they are *cat safe*. Every adoption group has a story about a dog who lived peacefully with a cat for months or even years until one day something went horribly wrong and the cat was maimed or killed.

How many Greyhounds are bounced because the adopter can no longer stand to see the dog that wounded or killed her beloved cat? We need to stop thinking of Greyhounds as *cat safe* and instead begin to view them as *cat tolerant*.

The average Greyhound may live peacefully with a cat once he begins to view that cat as part of his pack. That is, if he was tested properly before and after being placed, if the adopters are appropriately prepared, if the introductions are handled properly, and if some common sense prevails.

And the common sense needs to continue, not just for a few weeks, but throughout the life of the Greyhound. We need to be constantly aware that many things can alter that balance and that no amount of problem-free time is long enough to guarantee that nothing will ever happen.

The Cat Test

Most of us are familiar with the canine behaviors identified in a cat test. They range from "the dog fixates on the cat" to "the dog is casual as if he'd always lived with a cat." Some Greyhounds even seem fearful when first introduced to a cat. We tend to view any dog other than the one who fixates as *cat safe*. But the picture is more complex than that.

What most people do not realize is that cat testing is notoriously unreliable. It is unreliable because it is artificial (not done in a real-world situation), it is often done improperly, and it does not include the cat or cats with whom the Greyhound is going to live. The cats used for testing are usually very dog savvy and don't react the way the average inexperienced cat will react. The average cat with no dog experience tends to be fearful and often looks and acts like prey;

therefore, it can elicit a predatory response from a dog who tested as *cat safe*.

So much depends on the individual dogs and cats involved and the situation at a given moment. Therefore, all we can say about cat testing is that it demonstrates whether or not a Greyhound is tolerant of this cat at this moment in this place.

My own dogs range from being quite tolerant of to downright friendly with our resident cats. But I am never complacent about the things that might alter that balance.

My cats also play a major role in this relationship. Both are self-confident and friendly. One joined us as a lively, active kitten. He and one of my Greyhound girls bonded quickly. The other cat is a retired breeding queen who came to us when she was 4 years old and had never laid eyes on a dog. She walked into a home with four dogs and within 48 hours was sleeping against them on the sofa. It took far longer to work out a peaceful relationship between the resident cats than it did with the Greyhounds.

Some Greyhounds do well with a confident, aggressive cat who will keep the Greyhound in his place. Others are better with a timid, less pushy cat. Our dogs do best with cats who simply act as if they are part of the pack. Neither of our cats has ever unsheathed its claws or hissed at any of our dogs.

Every Greyhound who is going into a home with a cat needs to be tested in that home with the resident cats to determine if their personalities are compatible before the dog is left with the adopters.

Adopters need to understand how complicated the dynamics between these two species can be. A Greyhound can be tolerant of sharing his living space with one cat and be quite prey-driven toward another with a different personality. He may be tolerant of one cat but react quite differently if additional cats join the family. Your hound can be quite amicable toward your cat when they are both inside, but put them in the back yard and all hell breaks loose.

The cat who goes off to the hospital or boarding facility isn't the same cat (from the dog's perspective) when he returns. The cat is likely to smell different and perhaps act a bit unusual at first. A cat who is ill or aged may cross the line from pal to prey.

Everything may be fine until another dog is added to the pack, and that may upset a delicate balance, too.

Your cat is not the same as the neighbor's cat. Our Greyhound boy is as docile with our cats as one could imagine, yet we have feral cats and kittens living in our neighborhood who wouldn't be safe for a moment if he could get to them. On the other hand, our very playful Greyhound girl who still needs an occasional reminder about chasing cats when the cats get to playing pays no attention at all to the ferals.

So many factors can alter a peaceful balance. And sometimes, no matter what we do or how much we think of our cats and hounds as part of the family, thousands and thousands of years of predator-prey relationships can surface without warning and with tragic consequences.

I'd like to tell you that if you do everything right, your Greyhound and your cat can live not just happily ever after but safely ever after. For most, that will happen. But each of us has to understand what may affect that balance between the species. We must be constantly aware that we are keeping both predator and prey in the same home. We are far better equipped to recognize and mitigate potential problems if we stop thinking *cat safe* and start thinking *cat tolerant*. And always remember that the balance is a delicate one. ■

Lee Livingood is a CG *regular contributor and the author of* Retired Racing Greyhounds for Dummies.

Therapy, adopted by Jean Walker of Hereford, Ariz.

Story by Tom and LeAnne Suhre
Photos by Nancy Colwell

The Family With Greyhounds

A high-energy holiday get-together with the extended family. Clockwise from bottom left: Rooster, Xander, Janie, Korkie, and Peyton the Dalmatian.

I guess you could call us a family of Greyhounds. My son, Wes Colwell, and his family in The Woodlands, Texas, were the first to adopt a Greyhound. He did this at the recommendation of his sister, Nancy Colwell. She wanted to rescue a dog and had been reading about Greyhounds and researching the adoption procedure. Wes and his family have a cat, so they took Miss Kitty along when they went to adopt their Greyhounds. There were many from which to choose, but a red brindle female named Breezy chose them. She did fine with Miss Kitty and seemed to be very drawn to the three boys. Breezy went home with them and became their first Greyhound.

She has been a wonderful addition to their family. In typical Greyhound fashion, she would not go upstairs at first. Once she learned how, she started a game: She became attached to one of the boys' Beanie Babies™ and would bring it downstairs. They would find it, take it back upstairs, and hide it in the middle of a basket of Beanie Babies™. She always found the same one and brought it back downstairs. Breezy was our first Greyhound granddog and she really melted our hearts when Tom and I visited Wes' family in Texas. We began to think if we ever got another dog, we would like to give a Greyhound a good home.

After a short time, I received a phone call from Nancy. She told us we had another granddog. She was a Greyhound, of course. Like Breezy, she was a red brindle. Nancy named her Korkie. Korkie was *very* shy at first and would stand in a corner whenever we came to visit. After several visits, she warmed up to us. She now loves to come visit Grandma and Grandpa in Oklahoma City. She is very loving and enjoys all the attention she receives from us, her cousins, and her aunts and uncles. Korkie became their second Greyhound.

Several months later, Nancy had been fostering a blue brindle male named Xander. He was such a sweetheart that she could not give him up. Xander loves his toys and often carries them one at a time to his bed. (Then Korkie steals them and puts them on her bed.) With Xander's adoption, we had three

The first Greyhound in the family: Breezy, with Philip, John, and Adam Colwell.

Greyhound granddogs in Texas.

Nancy's brother, Mike Colwell, in Lawton, Oklahoma, fell in love with her Greyhounds after spending time with them. This summer, a beautiful black male named Rooster became our fourth Greyhound granddog. Michael and Nicholas, Mike's two boys, give Rooster lots of love and attention. Rooster likes to run with them around their big backyard. He is not much for playing with toys, as he prefers to sprawl out on his big bed in front of the television.

Rooster has been in his home for more than a year now and has definitely settled in. He has worn a path in the grass, running around with Michael and Nicholas. Rooster is a very happy boy who enjoys taking long naps on his bed and going for car rides. He goes with Mike every morning to drop the boys off at school and every afternoon to pick them up.

Tom and I began thinking we were ready to make the leap back into "parenthood." I kept visiting the website of the Greyhound Adoption League of Texas, looking at the Greyhounds available for adoption. Each one was so cute, but one especially caught our eyes and hearts: a red fawn girl with big brown eyes. Her name was Jane.

As you might guess, there are now five Greyhounds in our family. I keep wondering what it will be like when they all come to our house for the holidays! Janie, as we now call her, has been such a joy. After initial adjustments on our part and hers, she has settled in comfortably. She has her favorite places to sleep, she loves to run in the yard, and she is always eager for a walk. She has a favorite toy that Tom has named Squeaky; she takes it into the yard, tosses it up in the air, and runs with it. From the first day we had Janie, when the doorbell rang, I attached her leash to her collar so she would not slip out. Now when the doorbell rings, she runs to me for her leash, so she can greet the visitors at the door. She loves people, especially kids.

We have had Janie for a little more than a year now, and as all who are owned by a Greyhound know, it has been a year full of transition, adjustments and a whole lot of fun. Her personality continues to evolve. We love watching her run through the backyard, tossing her toys in the air, and soaking up the sun (all of this takes about ten minutes). We have worked through crating issues and some slight separation issues,

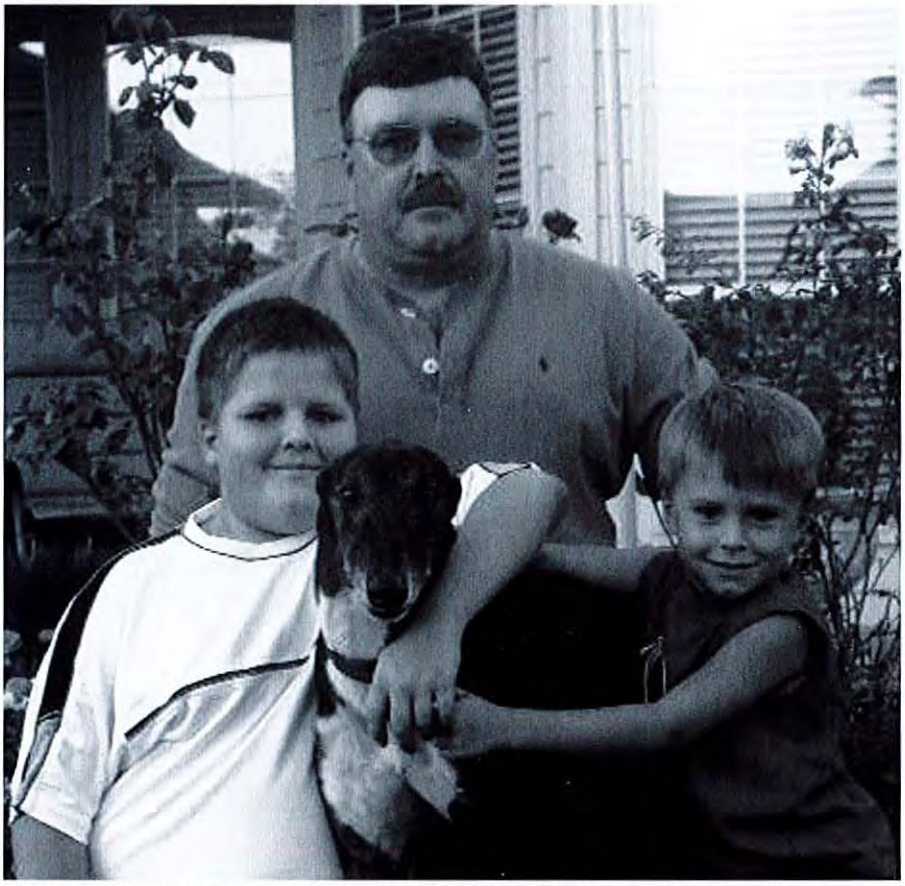
And then there were three: Nancy Colwell, with Korkie and Xander.

and we are all doing well. We can't imagine our life without her. In fact, we now have a bone-shaped wooden plaque in our home that says, "A spoiled Greyhound lives here."

Not to forget our other granddogs, we have Peyton, a Dalmatian who lives with Korkie and Xander. She tries her best to be like a Greyhound. She gets a little extra-special treatment at Grandma's house — when Nancy is not there, she gets to sleep on the couch (we don't tell Nancy about our little secret and Peyton gets down when she hears Nancy at the door). Korkie, Xander, and Peyton visit us often. Korkie and Janie have become quite good pals. They take turns chasing each other in our backyard while Xander and Peyton watch. Xander and Peyton enjoy more relaxing things like napping and lazily strolling through the neighborhood. It has become quite difficult to get very far on our walks when we are all together. We are stopped frequently and asked questions as well as receive comments on how beautiful everyone is.

Our daughter in Edmond, Oklahoma is the only holdout on Greyhounds. She has a sweet little Poodle named Mollee, who holds her own with the Greyhounds that tower over her. Maybe someday she will have a Greyhound brother or sister ... and then we will have a total Greyhound family. ■

Tom and LeAnne Suhre are retired and living in Edmond, Okla. with their retired racer, Janie. They are members of the Greyhound Adoption League of Texas, from whom they adopted Janie in September of 2002. A shorter version of this article appeared in the December 2002 issue of The Greyhound Star, Official Newsletter of Greyhound Adoption League of Texas, Inc.

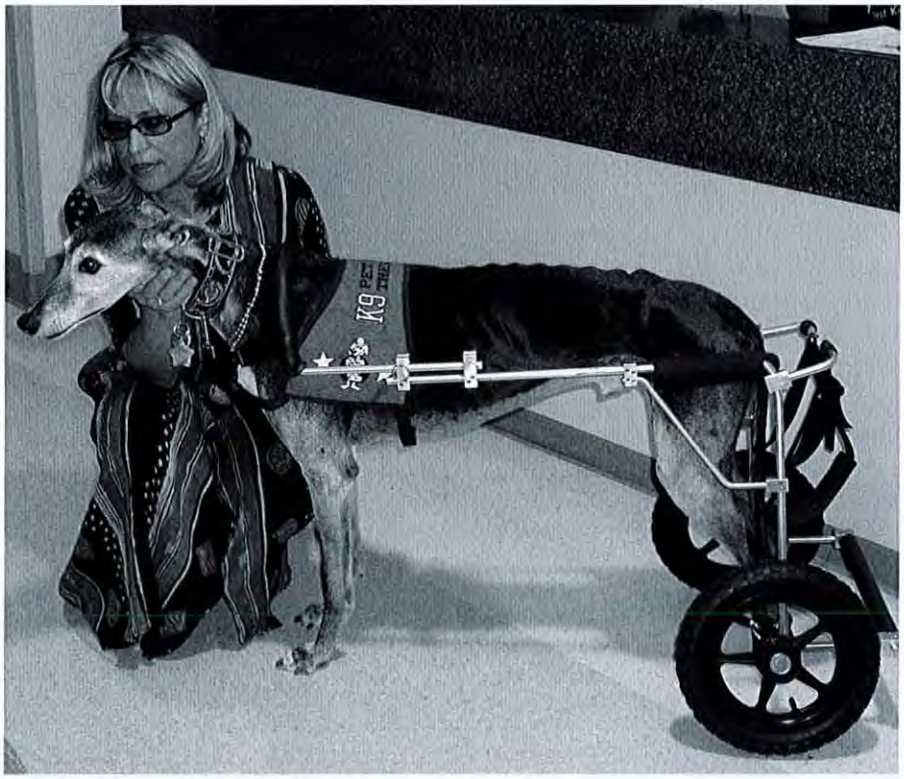


Rooster makes four: Mike Colwell and sons Michael and Nicholas with their new buddy.

Tom and LeAnne Suhre with Janie.

By Dana Provost

Eddie's Wheels for Pets



Stealth's wheel cart enabled him to continue his therapy visits with Dana.

Stealth was diagnosed in 2002 with lumbosacral stenosis (cauda equina, or LS disease), which is a narrowing of the last part of the spinal canal. LS disease causes a compression of the nerve roots, which may result in decreased function of the dog's hips and hind legs. The cure is spinal surgery to free up the trapped nerve roots. As an alternative, I purchased a wheel cart for Stealth from Eddie's Wheels (www.eddieswheels.com). Along with the cart, I bought a Thera-Paw™ glove for each paw (www.therapaw.net; see also "Thera-Paw™ to the Rescue," Fall 2003 *CG*). The gloves enabled Stealth to grasp various surfaces better than with just the use of his bare paws, so he could gain better traction and mobility.

The wheel cart is a well-balanced structure designed for on- and off-road play that maximizes rehabilitation. Each custom-made cart is built out of a lightweight aluminum rod that is bent, welded, padded, and assembled with machined fittings that use all stainless-steel hardware. Each wheel cart is built to your pet's specific measurements (height, weight, length) and individual disability needs. Add-ons are available for specific disabilities. Because of the good fit and sturdy construction, your pet can adapt fairly quickly to the use of this device.

A yoke allows easy entry and exit. The padded saddle conforms to your pet's size and shape. Place the animal's legs through the loops, raise the side rails, close and pin the shoulder yoke, buckle the chest strap, and he is ready to go.

When Stealth used the cart for the first time, he apprehensively made his way down the hall of the rehabilitation hospital. A little girl in a wheelchair came barreling around the corner and executed an abrupt stop. She couldn't believe her eyes! *A dog in a wheelchair?* The little girl is a patient that we visit on a regular basis. She is permanently disabled and uses her wheelchair for mobility.

I explained to her that Stealth's feelings about his wheel cart were probably similar to hers when she first got her wheelchair. I suggested that she accompany him down the hall and give him a few pointers to help him adjust. She accepted the challenge with gusto. I knew she was helping not only Stealth, but herself. It was heartwarming to see her roll down the hall by Stealth's side, as she explained to him the "rules of the road." She advised him that it is hard at first to get used to such a piece of equipment and that it would take time to get the hang of it all. She further told him that he could do it because she did. Side by side, they wheeled down the hall. As she softly spoke in his ear, she periodically gave him a treat to encourage him to continue moving with her. She slowly showed him the way of his new world.

During his younger years, Stealth was always able to come up to a patient's bed, lean in to the bed, and place his head on the patient's chest. With the mobility, lightweight frame, and design of the wheel cart, he still could maneuver up to a bed and lean in, so he could continue visiting bedridden patients. With the cart's maneuverability, Stealth also was able to go right up to a wheelchair patient and place his head in that person's lap. The more attention Stealth got in his mobility device, the more drive and encouragement he had to use this new piece of equipment.

At the beginning, Stealth resisted the wheel cart with exasperation, rejecting it as some foreign object attached to him. He tried to hop his back end out of it, and nearly succeeded a few times. To make sure that the adjustment was correct and safe for Stealth, I sent photos of him in the device to Eddie's Wheels, with an explanation of what he was doing in each photo. I was encouraged to continue with him and make some minor adjustments to the wheel cart to make his future debut in the hospital a comfortable and pleasant one. At this time, they pointed out that some dogs take longer to adjust to being "disabled." With reluctance, he insisted on using his back legs the first time at the hospital. The wheel cart is designed so that it can be used with or without the dog's back legs, depending upon each dog's acceptance level and disability. There are stirrups in the back to use when the dog stops insisting that he use his legs and realizes the wheel cart is much more mobile and simple to operate if the back legs are placed in the stirrups. He finally came to an acceptance period, after his second visit to the hospital he started using the stirrups.

Stealth's debut in a wheel cart was overwhelming. Comments made by hospital staff, patients, and visitors just kept coming. "Poor dog. What happened to him? What's wrong with him? Did he break his leg?" Once explained, they all saw how this piece of equipment can make a dog's senior years with a disability more comfortable. The use of a wheel cart for disabilities that affect a pet's mobility can enhance your pet's quality of life. With a use of a wheel cart such as described above, your pet can continue to be a part of your activities, such as family events, community service work, walks, or pet events.

If you are wondering if your pet is a good candidate for Eddie's Wheels, you may contact them at 1-888-211-2700 or visit their web-site: www.eddieswheels.com. ■

Dana Provost is CG Features Editor.

The cart is agile enough to allow Stealth to get very close to a patient with a wheelchair.

By Mindy Bradley

Great Grandfather's Greyhounds

A Family History

Victor Bilbo (in suit), Victor's young son, V.C. "Bibbo" Bilbo, Jr.; Two unidentified family members, and an unidentified Greyhound.

We had a family picture exchange after the death of my husband's grandfather. As the hours passed, tears of sadness turned to tears of joy as we reminisced about our family heritage. Suddenly, someone said, "Mindy, you might want to see those old Greyhound photos." I responded, "What Greyhound photos? Who in the family has owned Greyhounds?"

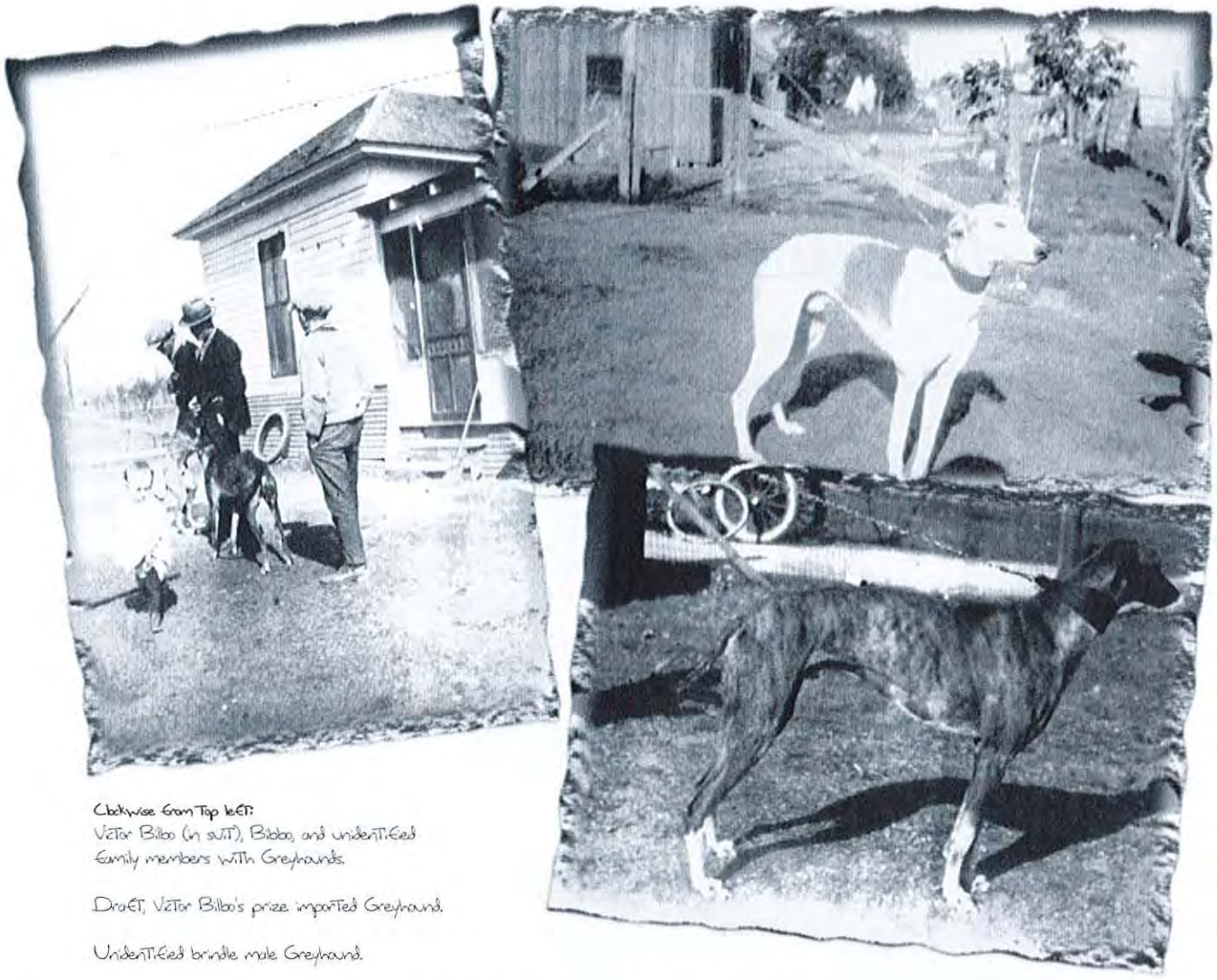
I remembered my first introduction to the Greyhound. My husband and I were visiting an animal shelter in Mesa, Arizona and came across a dozen Greyhounds in a kennel. The sign on the kennel door read: "Not adoptable – euthanize by owner's request." Horrified, I demanded to see the shelter manager; there must be some mistake. To my sadness, there wasn't.

The photographs placed before me brought me back to the gathering at hand. They were pictures from an old family album. Their soft sepia coloration told of their age, and their gentle placement in the album spoke volumes of their importance to the family.

The first photo I saw depicted a man, dressed in his "Sunday best" suit and tie. He crouched next to a Greyhound, who was wearing a blanket. The man looked very comfortable with the Greyhound, as he was eye level with the dog with one hand gently resting on the animal's back. A barn and fence were visible in the background. The bare limbs of the trees and the blanket on the Greyhound suggested that it might have been winter.

I looked at each photograph carefully. I saw a picture of a young girl in high button shoes, smiling as she stood with a young toddler and several Greyhounds. The man who caught my eye from the first picture appeared in many other pictures, proudly holding a Greyhound. In one photograph, he stood on crutches and yet still wore his Sunday best, with his Greyhound at his side. I saw smiles, happy faces, and a proud family posing for pictures.

The creation of the pictures and their spe-



Clockwise from Top left:
Victor Bilbo (in suit), Bibbo, and unidentified family members with Greyhounds.

Duke, Victor Bilbo's prize imported Greyhound.

Unidentified brindle male Greyhound.

cial arrangement in the album spoke to me of a family love and admiration for the Greyhound as a breed. Someone went to a great deal of trouble and expense to capture these images; photographic gear certainly would not have been standard equipment on a simple farm, and inexpensive handheld cameras became widely available to the public only about eighty years ago. What bond must have existed between these people and their Greyhounds? What was the story behind the treasure I held in my hand? I had to learn more about the people and the dogs depicted in these priceless family heirlooms.

The Discovery

The gentleman in his Sunday suit was my husband's great grandfather, Victor C. Bilbo. The young girl was my husband's grandmother, Graneta "Nonnie" Bilbo Goodwin. The toddler was her brother, V. C. "Bibbo" Bilbo, Jr. The photographs date from the 1920s, and they show the Bilbo family and their Greyhounds on their farm near Dallas, Texas.

Victor Bilbo was an entrepreneur who believed in keeping one's hands busy. His philosophy was simple: "Never have your hands in your pockets – always keep them at your side, ready to work." (Apparently, he lived his word; I could not find one photo showing his hands in his pockets.) Victor began working at the age of ten, mucking out stalls, grooming and saddling horses, and cleaning buggy wheels.

Victor was an open, curious boy. When he was 12, he rode with a salesman from Denison, Texas to the trading post in Ardmore, Oklahoma. The trip was a risky one; Indians had been terrorizing buggy drivers and salesmen by taking clothes and merchandise. At one point on the journey, five rifle-toting Indians approached their buggy. The salesman told young Victor to pretend that he was asleep. Instead, the redheaded, freckle-faced boy smiled and waved at the Indians as they circled the buggy. The Indians talked as they circled and finally rode away, Victor still waving excitedly. These encounters continued for a year, and Victor and the Indians became friends. The Indians rode beside the buggy, talking and signing. They were learning English and Victor was learning their language. They brought food for Victor many times, and invited him to their camp to eat. During the cold winter days they even heated large stones to place on the buggy floor to keep Victor's feet warm.

As an adult, Victor's interests were many. He showed cutting horses for years and was a member of the Dallas Mounted Quadrille, a precision riding group who traveled all over the United States. He also operated the Bilbo Jitney Line, a motorcar service that

From left to right:
Victor Bilbo with Lightfoot.

Victor Bilbo (left) with unidentified visiting family member. The Greyhound in the blanket is Lightfoot. The black Greyhound could be Bet Rosie. The identity of the brindle Greyhound is unknown.

transported passengers from the county courthouse to West Dallas for a nickel.

At some point, he became interested in Greyhounds. I wanted to know why. With very little information about Victor Bilbo's life with Greyhounds, I decided to contact his sister-in-law, Ruby Sheats, who is still living and very spry at the tender age of 94.

The Interview

Aunt Ruby lived with Victor Bilbo and his family during her teenage years. The Bilbo family's Greyhounds were racers, and Aunt Ruby was their primary caretaker. "Greyhound racing in the 1920s consisted of racetracks that closely resembled the horse racing tracks of today," recalled Aunt Ruby. "The main difference was that they were a bit smaller and wider so the Greyhounds would be able to chase the rabbits all over the track, going back and forth without hurting each other."

Aunt Ruby spoke fondly as she talked of Victor Bilbo and his Greyhounds. "Those were lean years when the Greyhounds literally put food on the table with their winnings. Victor showed respect and treated the dogs with great care and love. Sunday afternoons were the family time with the dogs as the whole family attended the Greyhound races." Aunt Ruby's job was to tend to the needs of the Greyhounds, while Mr. Bilbo was attentive to the attitudes of the dogs. The rest of the family simply enjoyed the race.

Aunt Ruby's chores included walking each of the dogs daily, rubbing them down, and giving them food and water. Their diet consisted of dry kibble mixed with special food prepared by Victor's wife, Willie. Working with dogs was nothing new for Aunt Ruby, since she had owned all kinds of dogs from the time of her early childhood. She loved dogs and especially loved the gentle nature of the Greyhounds. "The Greyhounds were my babies," recalled Aunt Ruby. "They would wait for me at the backdoor to pet and love on them."

The Bilbo family loved animals, and they considered the Greyhounds to be a part of the family. The dogs were not kept in cages or kennels, but instead allowed to roam free in the backyard. They ran and played just like the other dogs. At night, they slept in the barn where they had nice places for lounging and snuggling.

As Aunt Ruby recalled her teenage years with the Greyhounds, I listened in awe, realizing that she was giving me a rare glimpse into history. The history of Greyhounds in the United States in the 1920s – particularly those involved in racing – is sketchy at best. I asked Aunt Ruby about how the Greyhounds were treated, especially with reference to their racing. Aunt Ruby spoke of some Greyhound owners screaming, cursing, and throwing their hats at losing a race. Victor Bilbo would calmly praise and encourage the dog at the end of the race, even if it lost.

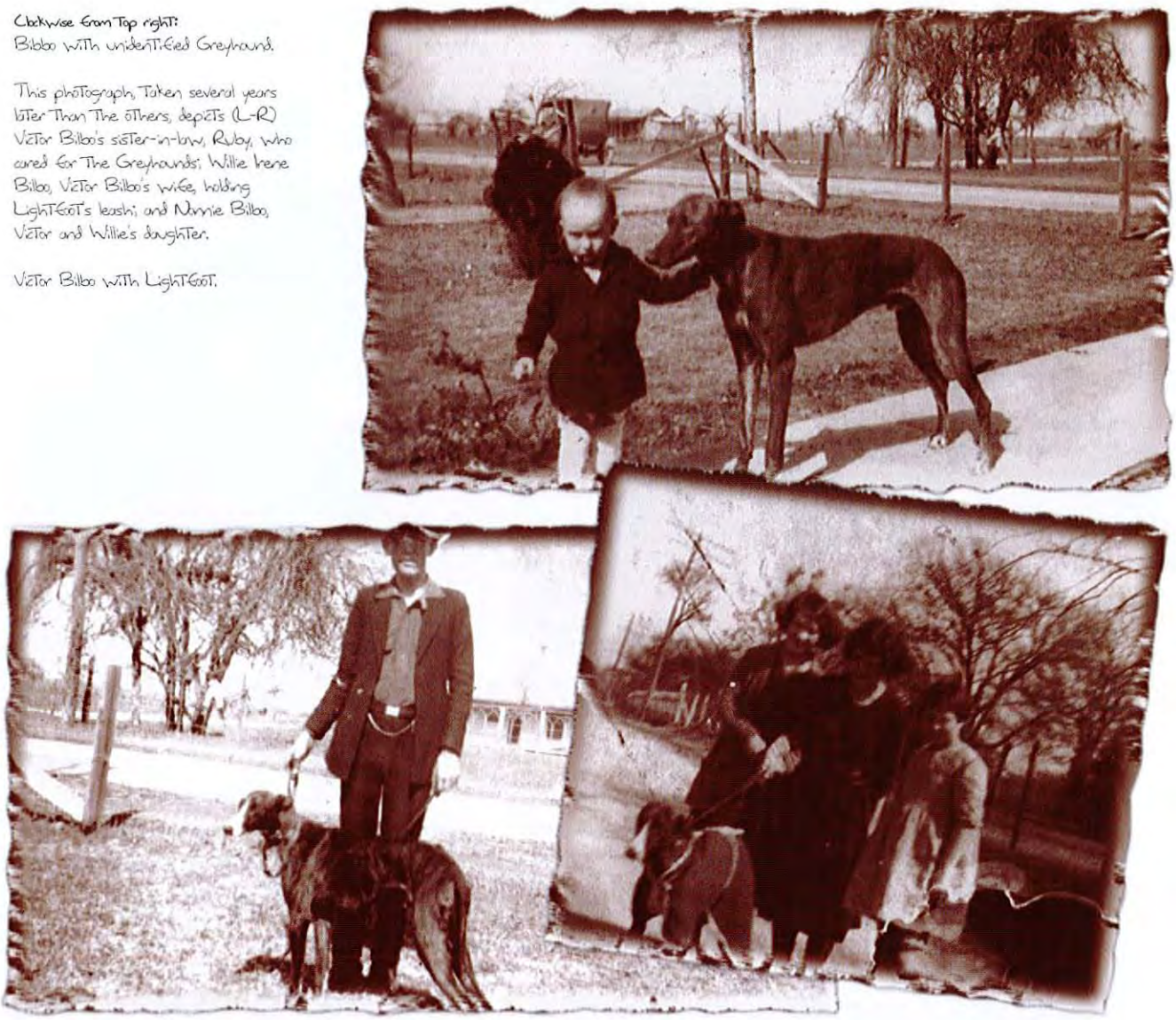
Aunt Ruby told of the exciting time when Victor Bilbo imported a dog from England. "He was a beautiful white male with fawn markings and the apple of Victor's eye! This dog cost more than $500.00, which at that time was a lot of money." They called him Draft.

Suddenly, Aunt Ruby's voice changed and she grew somber as she recalled what happened next. Her sister asked her to rush to the store and pick up some items. In her haste, Aunt Ruby backed the car out of the driveway and over a dog. The teenaged Aunt Ruby was terrified. She had killed Draft – one of her babies, and Victor Bilbo's prize

Clockwise from top right:
Bilbo with unidentified Greyhound.

This photograph, taken several years later than the others, depicts (L-R) Victor Bilbo's sister-in-law, Ruby, who cared for the Greyhounds; Willie Irene Bilbo, Victor Bilbo's wife, holding LightFoot's leash; and Minnie Bilbo, Victor and Willie's daughter.

Victor Bilbo with LightFoot.



imported Greyhound. I asked her what happened when Victor learned of Draft's demise. "Victor was devastated," recalled Aunt Ruby. "He came out to the driveway and very lovingly picked up his faithful Greyhound to bury him. Victor never said a word to me about the accident." Draft's death represented more than the loss of a valuable Greyhound; he was a beloved member of the family.

As my time with Aunt Ruby was drawing to a close, I had to laugh when she went on and on about how wonderful Greyhounds are and how every household needs one to make one's life complete. Aunt Ruby described the Greyhounds as being "easy to care for, gentle, and affectionate. They make very, *very* good pets...without a doubt, I would have one now if I could!"

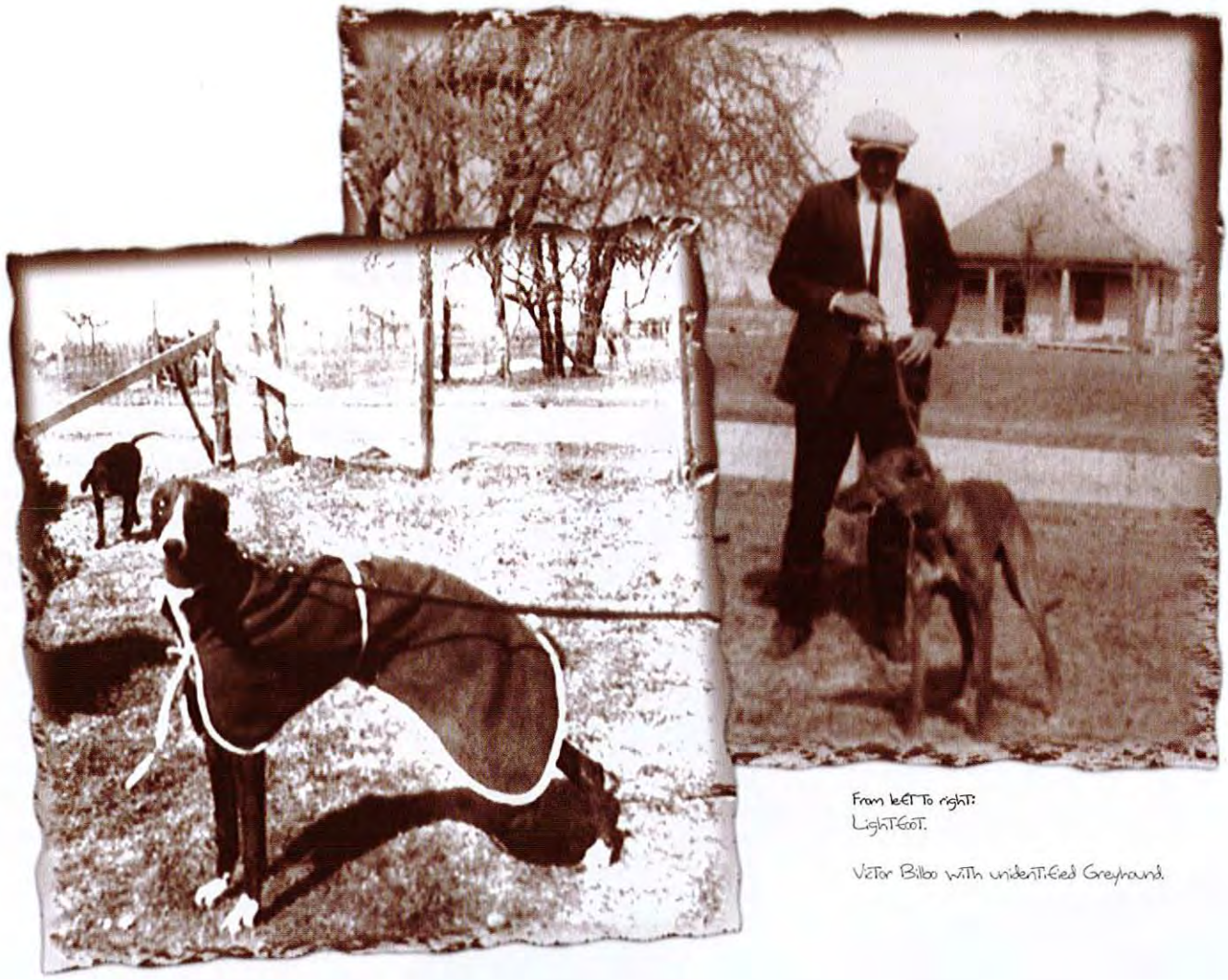
The Search

Having learned a bit about Victor Bilbo, I began to wonder. Who were these Greyhounds? I started with the only picture in the album that had a name written on it for identification: *Lightfoit*.

My search took me to the Internet; specifically, the Global Greyhound Forums (www.globalgreyhounds.com) and The Greyhound Breeding and Racing Database (www.greyhound-data.com). I found no listing for a dog named *Lightfoit* during the 1920s. Guessing that the caption on the photograph might be incorrect, I tried every possible spelling variation on *Lightfoit*. I did find *Lightfoot* on one website, but I have been unable to confirm that this was Victor Bilbo's Greyhound.

With the assistance of many online researchers, as well as the National Greyhound Association, I have been able to identify the following Greyhounds as having belonged to V. C. Bilbo:

- Draft (Legal Letter x Tennis Drive), a white fawn male born in England in March 1921. He sired litters with Bet Mosie, Queen Roller, and Nubbin Flirt during his time with Mr. Bilbo.
- Queen Roller (Dallas Steam x Cricket Star), a brindle female born in May 1922. She was bred to Draft and whelped a litter of pups in November of 1925. The resulting offspring are listed as having been sold to V. Johnson, who registered them as Red Ranger (red female) and Spooks (white brindle male).
- Bet Mosie (Alabam x Miss Wild Trip), a black female born in May 1922. She ini-



From left to right:
Lightfoot.

Victor Bilbo with unidentified Greyhound.

tially belonged to Victor Bilbo, who sold her to L.A. Allen. Allen bred Bet Mosie to Draft; the litter, consisting of three males and three females, was whelped in October 1924.

- Flora Cannon (Mr Cannon x Elora's Babe), a female.

Lightfoot, the Greyhound that I found on line, was a brindle female born in September 1922. Her owner was Frick Kennels. I still do not know if she is the dog in the photographs.

The Conclusion

After researching the lineage of Victor Bilbo's Greyhounds, I wondered: Would I be able to find descendants of these dogs living today? Would it be possible that one of these dogs might be available for adoption? I traced countless dog lines in an effort to find a match. After a string of lucky breaks, I located a retiring racer whose lineage I was able to trace back to one of Victor Bilbo's Greyhounds.

With much excitement and emotion, we brought home our first Greyhound, a gorgeous red boy with a sable face. His arrival at our home completed a journey that began many months earlier with the family photographs. He was a descendant of one of Victor Bilbo's dogs; it was meant to be.

Or so we thought. Our family includes several other animals. Unfortunately, we soon realized that our shared family history was no match for a high prey drive. Just as important as having a Greyhound in the family is having the *right* Greyhound in the *right* family. With much sadness and a heavy heart, we returned him to his adoption group.

My search for information about some old photographs has been quite a journey. I have learned a great deal about my family and their Greyhounds. I still have many unanswered questions and much research to complete. Aunt Ruby told me that every household needs a Greyhound to make one's life complete. Someday, I know we'll find the one who is right for our family, who we will love and who will love us (*all* of us, including the other four-legged family members). I know a Greyhound is in our future as sure as I can feel his soft fur under my palm while I kneel beside him, smiling at the camera, squinting into the Texas sun. ■

Mindy Bradley lives in Grapeland, Texas with two Italian Greyhounds, a Border Collie, five Cats, two Leopard Geckos, a Sugar Glider, and salt water fish. She is a wife and mother of two high school girls, teaches piano and voice, writes a weekly pet column for a small newspaper, and enjoys smocking, gardening, and working with dogs.

By Jim Bader, DVM

An Introduction to Ehrlichiosis

Misty and Nicole, adopted by Janice and Tom Cleveland of Cedar Knolls, N.J.

Greyhound adoption brings dogs across thousands of miles for placement in adoptive homes. The Greyhound may spend his early life on a farm in Kansas, race in Florida or Wisconsin, and find an adoptive home with a family in Wyoming. These journeys can bring into the spotlight diseases that may not normally occur in the adoptive area, but are common at one of the stops along the way. Two 8-month-old Greyhound puppies that traveled from central Florida to Michigan inspired this article.

The *canids* (dogs, foxes and coyotes) are the host of ehrlichia, a rickettsial organism that is transmitted by brown dog ticks in endemic areas. There are seven species of ehrlichia. (This discussion focuses on the most common of the seven forms, *Ehrlichia canis*.)

A bite from a tick carrying ehrlichia can produce Ehrlichiosis. The tick feeds on an infected animal, ingesting organisms that it later passes to an unaffected animal through another bite. Ehrlichiosis can spread across the country in this manner.

Upon entering the body, the ehrlichia organism invades the cells of the liver, spleen and bone marrow where it divides. After eight to twenty eight days, ehrlichiosis may enter into three possible phases. In the early or acute stage, some Greyhounds will effectively kill the infection and expel the ehrlichia from their bodies. These Greyhounds never show illness, but a blood test will usually show usually a low titer (level of antibodies fighting the disease).

Other Greyhounds will enter an acute phase. In this phase, some dogs may demonstrate symptoms of infection. These symptoms may include fever, lethargy, loss of appetite, enlarged spleen or lymph nodes, diarrhea, vomiting, unusual bleeding or bruising, swollen legs or lymph nodes, nerv-

ous system disorders (stiff gait, head tilt, seizures, twitching), and pale gums and/or inner eye membranes. Many of these symptoms are characteristic of other diseases, which makes diagnosis difficult. What's more, other infected dogs may demonstrate no symptoms at all.

In the chronic phase, the ehrlichia inhabits the body for years. The dog may never show signs of illness until years after the infection, but the Greyhound is a breeding ground of ehrlichiosis.

After examining the Greyhound, the veterinarian performs laboratory tests. The Complete Blood Count (CBC) results usually indicate a slight anemia, a dramatic decrease in platelets (platelets assist the blood in clotting, thus the bleeding or bruising) and perhaps an increase in lymphocytes. Recently, an in-clinic test for ehrlichia has become available. The Canine SNAP® 3DX™ Test (3DX) by Iddexx Laboratories tests for occult ("hidden") heartworm disease, lyme disease, and ehrlichiosis. Test results are available in just minutes, allowing an early treatment regime. An ehrlichia titer test to monitor treatment is usually indicated after the 3DX positive results. The titer test indicates the level of antibodies to the ehrlichia, and allows the veterinarian to be assured the Greyhound has cleared the disease. Depending on the titer level, it may take six to nine months for results to return to normal. However, the Greyhound may have a positive titer for the rest of his life.

An alternative to 3DX is to examine the serum of the dog using the immunofluorescent antibody (IFA) test. Unlike 3DX, the IFA test must be performed at a licensed diagnostic laboratory. ProtaTek Reference Laboratory of Chandler, Arizona is one of these facilities. Because of the ProtaTek staff's interest in making testing affordable to the Greyhound owner, they offer a panel with a special discounted fee for diagnosis of ehrlichiosis, babesiosis, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Lyme disease, and valley fever. For details, visit their website at www.protatek.com.

Once ehrlichiosis is diagnosed, it can be treated with antibiotics. The tetracycline family of antibiotics is the drug of choice, with doxycycline being the favorite. The Greyhound should be dosed at 5 mg per kg twice daily for two weeks. Ehrlichiosis may also be treated by administering Imizol® (Imidocarb dipropionate; Schering-Plough) by injection. (Since Imizol® is currently approved in the United States only as a treatment for babesia, its use as a treatment for ehrlichiosis is off-label. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has observed that Imizol® injections frequently produce side effects, including injection site swelling and vomiting.)

Following treatment, the veterinarian should monitor titers and platelet counts every two to three months. This is to assure the Greyhound is not relapsing or that the treatment was ineffective. Once the titer and the platelet count are normal, you can be confident the Greyhound has cleared the infection. However, the Greyhound does not have protective immunity to ehrlichia, and may become reinfected at a later date.

The chronic phase of ehrlichiosis is more difficult to interpret. Greyhounds in the chronic phase present as perfectly healthy, and then show positive on a screening test such as the 3DX. The difficulty is determining whether the titer is from an old infection that has cleared the body, or a sign of chronic infection. The veterinarian has two options. First, assume the chronic infection, treat it, and then perform laboratory tests to monitor. Or, simply monitor the patient using the laboratory tests, especially platelet counts, to indicate an ehrlichia infection. I believe that the Greyhound should be treated, since the cost of the doxycyline is minimal. (Remember, never administer doxycycline with high calcium foods, such as dairy products. The calcium binds with the medication, inhibiting absorption.) Testing should be performed whether the Greyhound is treated or not.

Ehrlichia testing should be considered if the Greyhound may have been in an endemic area during its career. The availability of an accurate and quick in-clinic test allows for early intervention and treatment. Treatment is effective and inexpensive, allowing placement of a healthier Greyhound in a loving home. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.

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"Ehrlichia canis: A Clinical Approach to Diagnosis and Treatment." T. Mark Neer, DVM, Diplomate ACVIM, *Compendium for Continuing Education for the Practicing Veterinarian*, Vol. 24, No 1(A), 2002

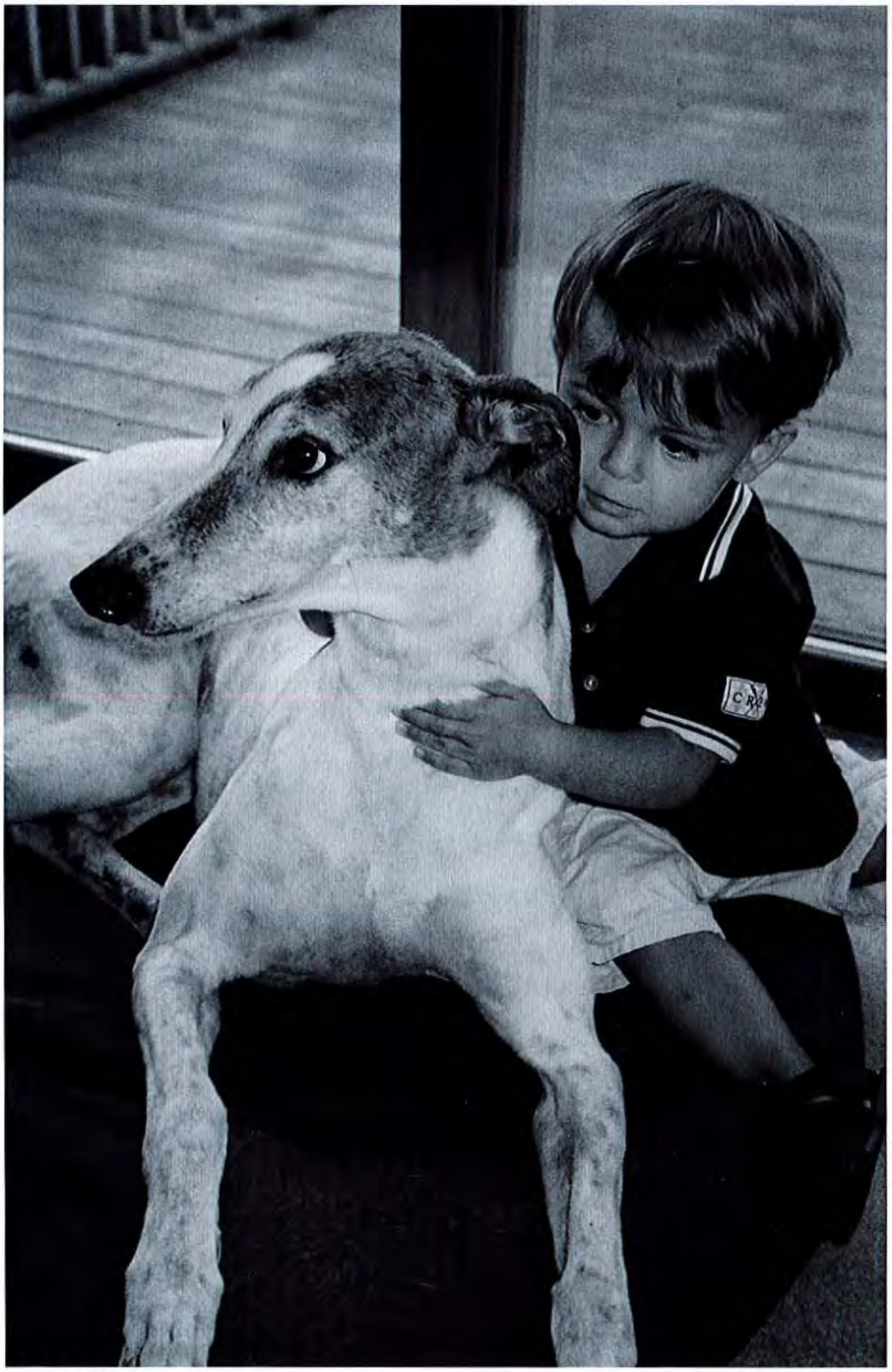
Freedom of Information Summary NADA 141-071: Imizol®, Schering Plough Animal Health Corp. (www.fda.gov/cvm-/efoi/section2/141071110797.html), November 11, 1997.

www.protatek.com

Zero, adopted by Bill Geese and Vanessa Varian-Geese of Jenkintown, Pa.

By Rich Rosselli

Pearl and Her Family



Pearl and Nicholas.

In 2001, *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* published the story about Pearl's role in helping us start our family ("Storks Don't Bring Babies . . . Greyhounds Do!" Winter 2001 *CG*). After deciding to pursue adoption, we waited two years for our son, Nicholas, to come into our lives. The birthparents chose Helen and me to be Nicholas' parents because of the pictures and stories of Pearl included in our profile at the adoption agency. Our social worker said that the birthparents — dog lovers — really connected with Pearl and with the loving relationship that we had with our Greyhound.

Pearl adapted wonderfully to the new addition, and has been the perfect family dog during the last two and a half years. A little over a year ago, our daughter Katelyn joined our family. Just as she did when Nicholas came home, Pearl accepted Katelyn immediately, giving an occasional gentle kiss. Pearl has shown no jealousy of the children, and offered not a single growl or warning. Pearl is very aware and in control of her body, even when she is excited and happy. We worry more about the kids hurting Pearl than the reverse, but they have been wonderfully gentle with her as well. We feel strongly about our responsibility to ensure this continues.

Nicholas has now grown old enough for Pearl to look to him as a source of attention. From time to time she will put her nose under his arm and nudge it upward, asking for pets. If she is on her bed and he starts petting her, she will paw him gently to ask for more whenever he stops. He gets a kick out of this routine. We can already see the dog lover in his nature with Pearl and with any other dog he sees.

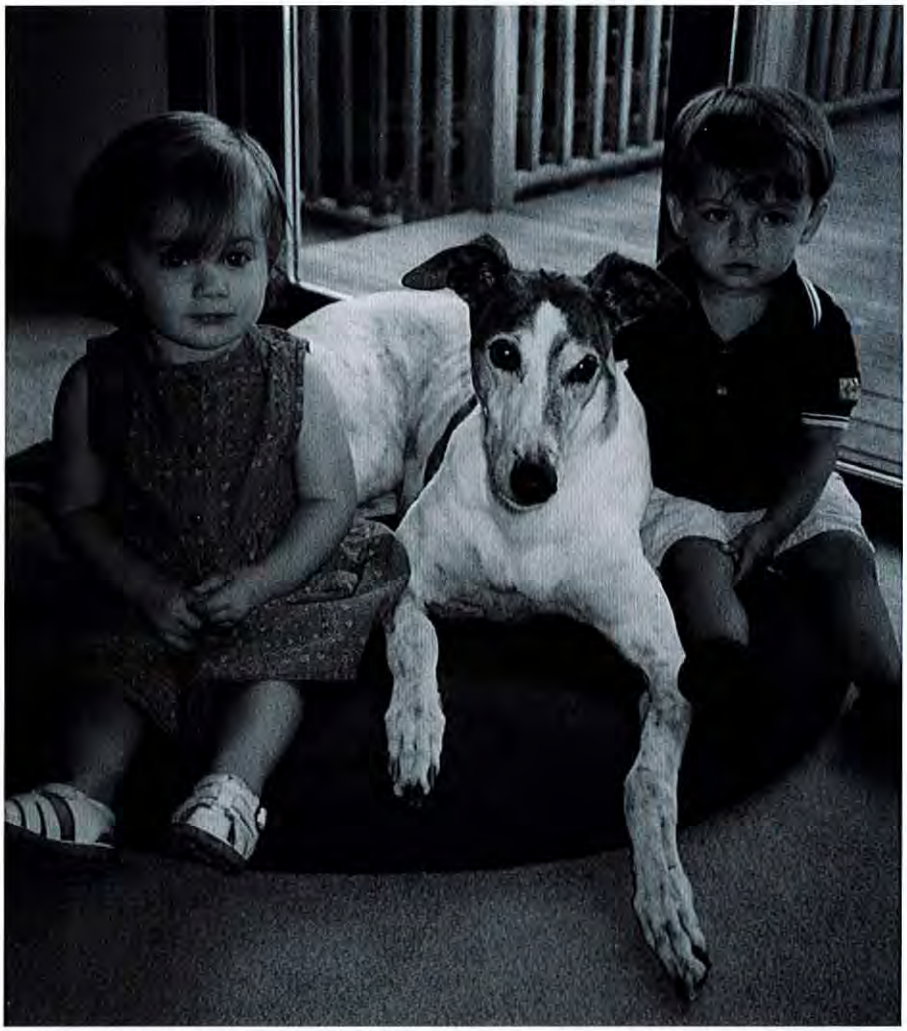
After having peace, quiet, and all the attention for five years, there is no doubt that the changes that just 13 months brought

to our family must have been very stressful to Pearl (it certainly has been an adjustment for the parents!). You would never know it. She is calm, affectionate, and playful when she is anticipating her walks. She loves an occasional run, even doing laps in the family room from time to time. At the age of 10, her agility continues to amaze us, as she changes directions and accelerates in very tight spaces while never knocking over anything or, more importantly, anybody. The kids get a great kick out of her romps, laughing away while providing moving obstacles for Pearl. She has maintained her athletic figure, and most people are very surprised to learn that she is 10 years old.

Although Pearl's health is excellent, we did have a significant scare in 2001. She began limping and occasionally crying out, even when just lying on her bed. Eventually we noticed a swollen area on her leg, where she had broken a bone during her racing days. Our veterinarian was concerned that the swelling might be a fibrous tumor, so he performed a very intricate operation to remove it. The tumor was intertwined with tendons, so he was unable to get every last cell removed. We waited nervously for the lab results, fearing that if it were a fibrous tumor, it might return and destroy her leg. The lab results were inconclusive, which left room for hope, but also left room for about nine months of waiting and dreading a return. Our prayers were answered, and the tumor has not reappeared.

Pearl continues to volunteer as a therapy dog at Griffin Hospital in Derby, Connecticut. The hospital has an excellent program with many Greyhounds as well as other wonderful dogs of a variety of breeds. Pearl enjoys seeing the patients, and can somehow immediately sense the dog lovers during her visits. She adores the nurses and the program coordinator who give out generous treats for the hard work.

During the holidays in 2001, Pearl developed a special relationship with Kelsey, an 8-year-old girl at Bridgeport Hospital in Connecticut who was recovering from significant burns over much of her body. Pearl was visiting a family friend of ours at the hospital when the nurses in pediatrics asked if Pearl could visit this girl. Pearl was happy to oblige, and was responsible for one of the few smiles that the girl had managed to muster during her painful stay. Over the course of the following weeks, Pearl returned as often as possible to see Kelsey, and the smiles came more easily with each visit as her recovery progressed. Kelsey bravely endured multiple operations and difficult physical therapy. Her recovery has been excellent, and we like to think that Pearl played a small part in that recovery. We were also excited when Kelsey's family decided to adopt a Greyhound based on their experience with Pearl. They brought home a beautiful brindle female the following summer.



Baby sister Katelyn with Pearl and Nicholas.

We are very thankful for Pearl and all the positive effects she has had on our family. It is hard to face the realities of her entering her senior years. No matter how long she lives, she will leave permanent memories and love beyond what we could have imagined when we first considered Greyhound adoption. ■

Rich Rosselli and his family live in Trumbull, Conn.

By Jack and Amy Corrigan

Jewelry for Your Greyhound

Whether it's the country charm of our calico fabric and wooden bead hound necklace or the earthy charm of the hemp friendship necklace, these pieces make a statement. And, best of all, they're quick to whip up. These are great projects when you need quick gifts for a big bunch of Greyhound friends or want to turn out a number of items for a Greyhound reunion or fundraiser.

Country Hound Necklace

Materials Needed

- 4" x 40" piece of fabric (lightweight fabrics such as quilting calico or gauzy linen work best)
- 4 1-inch wooden beads with large holes
- 4 20mm wooden beads or balls (holes not important)
- 1 3-inch wooden heart

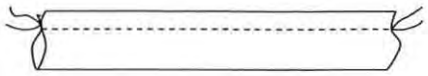
Time

Each necklace takes about 10 minutes to complete, although you can increase efficiency by making several at once.

Instructions

Step 1: Make a Fabric Tube

Fold the 4" x 40" piece of fabric in half lengthwise with right sides together and sew a 3/8" seam to make a long tube. Leave both ends open.



Turn tube right side out.

Step 2: Attach the Wooden Heart

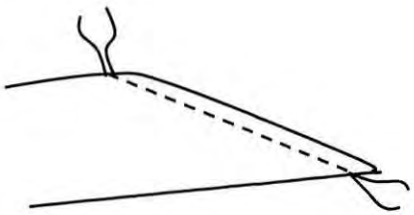
If your wooden heart didn't come with a hole, drill a series of holes to form an oval shaped hole. Fold the tube in half and feed the fold 2 inches through the hole in the heart. Feed the dangling ends of the tube through the loop and adjust the loop until it is snug. You should have two dangling ends.

Step 3: Add Beads — Some In and Some Out

Insert one 20mm bead into each dangling end of the tube, inside the fabric, to create a rounded form. Push each 20mm bead down and next to the heart. Next, feed each end of the fabric through the eye of one 1-inch wooden bead. Repeat by adding another 20mm bead inside each end of the tube and one 1-inch wooden bead on each end. Finish off each dangling end with a simple knot to hold the beads in place.

Step 4: Finish Ends of Tube

Tuck the ends of each side of the tube to form a pleasing angle. A long, graceful curve looks best. Topstitch or hand stitch the end closed.



Step 5: Tie It On

Tie the necklace onto your hound. Be sure to make it large enough so that it slips freely over the hound's head. This is not a collar and should not be used for restraint.

Variations

- Try using gold lamé fabric or organic gauzy linen for different looks.
- Paint the beads or use wood stain to color them.
- Instead of wooden beads, make your own beads out of polymer clay, such as Sculpey®.
- Leave the wooden heart pendant off for a simpler look.

Hemp Friendship Necklace

Materials Needed

- 6 yards thin hemp or macramé cord
- Wooden or plastic beads with large holes
- Piece of cardboard, wood or a clipboard as a work surface

Time

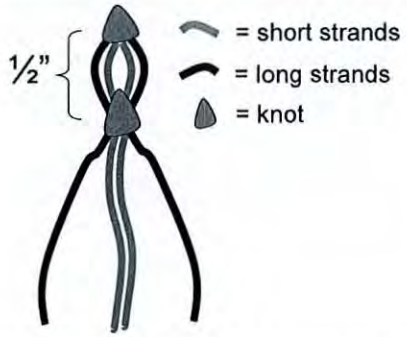
Each necklace takes 20-30 minutes to complete.

Instructions

Step 1: Cut and Knot Cord and Secure to Board

Cut the cord into two equal pieces, each three yards (108") long. Align the two pieces of cord and tie a knot in them approximately 30" from one end. This will leave you with two 30" and two 78" sections. Tie a second knot in the group of four strings about 1/2 inch from the first knot. This will form a small loop that you will use later to finish off the necklace.

Secure the assembly to a piece of cardboard with a clip or to a board with a thumbtack through the half-inch loop. Use masking tape or a thumbtack to secure the short strands only to the other end of the cardboard or board.

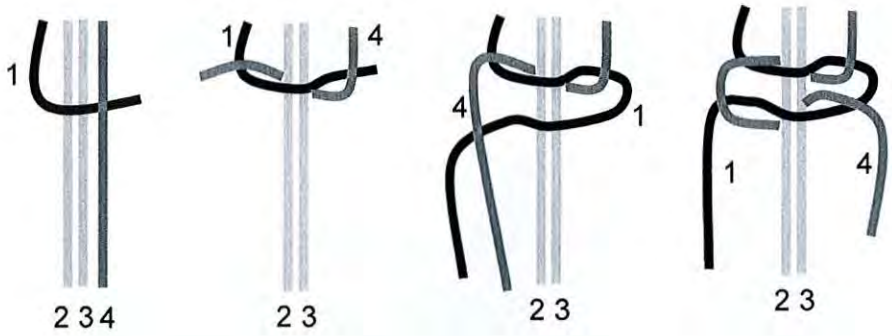


Step 2: Tie Double Macramé Knots

Tie a series of square knots as shown in the diagram. This is the standard macramé knot.

Cross strand 1 over strands 2 and 3 and under strand 4. Bring strand 4 under strands 2 and 3, then up through the loop created by strand 1. Tighten. Cross strand 1 over strands 2 and 3 and under strand 4. Bring strand 4 under strands 2 and 3, then up through the loop created by strand 1. Tighten.

Beads can be added as any point in the necklace. To add a bead, string it onto strands 2 and 3 and then continue with standard knots.



Step 3: Finish and Tie It On

Continue to macramé and add beads until you reach a length that will be large enough to slip over your hound's head easily. This will vary by hound, but it is probably 14"-18". Remove the assembly from the board or cardboard and tie a knot in all four strands, as you did at the start of the necklace.

Before you make the final knots to form the necklace into a loop, try it on your hound. The necklace should easily slip over your hound's head. Tie the dangling ends to the first loop to secure the necklace. Clip any loose threads.

Variations

- Instead of wooden beads, make your own beads out of polymer clay, such as Sculpey®.
- Use the small letter or number beads to spell out your hound's name or your phone number in the necklace.
- Use thicker cording or double the number of strands for a more substantial look. (Don't forget that you'll need beads with larger holes if you try this.)
- While you're at it, why not make a few extra necklaces to donate to your local Greyhound adoption group? These make great silent auction or raffle items. ■

By Laurel E. Drew

Tumble Bug, Handsome and Fast

Tumble Bug. GREYHOUND HALL OF FAME

Tumble Bug*, sire of Rocket Jet and grandsire of Tell You Why*, is indelibly inked onto pedigrees in both the United States and Australia, where he was born in 1945. As a pup, he was a devil. At 3 months of age he was given to a neighbor because of the havoc he was creating in the dog yard. Because of the pup's wild attitude, after several weeks, the neighbor gave him back.

After training and a lot of work, Tumble Bug went to the track, one of the fastest dogs that Cliff Abraham had ever raised. He finished one race with a 15-length lead, and another by an estimated 50 yards. In fact, the dog was so fast that he injured himself, which eventually led to his retirement. Shortly before his retirement, there was much talk of a match race with the great Chief Havoc (also in the Hall of Fame); however, Tumble Bug ruptured a muscle in a hind leg and was retired before the race occurred. Chief Havoc and Tumble Bug were to match up on a number of pedigrees, however, as their offspring produced top-quality runners.

Tumble Bug won the Easter Cup, the Melbourne Cup, the H.G.R.C. Stake, and many others. In fact, TB was often handicapped by being placed in a starting box several yards behind the other dogs.

When first retired to stud, TB did not attract the high quality bitches that Abraham had hope for, but when his offspring began to make their mark on the track, that changed. His stud fee went from ten to 12 guineas in a hurry.

About that time, H. W. Shugart, a former traveling salesman from Iowa turned boxer, visited Australia and was smitten with Tumble Bug. Shugart bought the Greyhound because, after studying the records, he concluded that Tumble Bug was producing dogs as good as or better than those produced by Chief Havoc, who was being bred to superior bitches.

When Shugart purchased TB, he received a lengthy letter from Abraham detailing Tumble Bug's faults and foibles, along with explicit directions as to how he was to be used at stud. Included were such details as: "Always have his collar up fairly tight when out exercising or he will slip it otherwise and *always* lead him on the *right* hand side." Another observation: "He is not a very good car traveler and therefore never feed him less than 6 or 8 hours before a long car journey." The instructions went on for 21 pages. They are printed in Gary Guccione's *Great Names In Greyhound Pedigrees, vol. 1* and are fascinating reading.

Tumble Bug produced some excellent dogs. Saddler was one. Saddler went on to produce Westy Kinto, Miss Whirl, and Kithed, all top producing bitches. Another of Tumble Bug's well-known sons was All Man. Tumble Bug's daughters carried his name to high ranks. They included Tiny Bug, Tumble Through, Flash Bug, Velvet Ribbon, Star Billing, and Rain Step.

In Australia, he had produced the great Rocket Jet, also a solid-black dog, who was to sire several outstanding dogs who later were exported to the United States. Many of Tumble Bug's descendants were crossed back into the TB line through offspring of Rocket Jet.

In the twilight of his breeding career, Tumble Bug sired Mac's Lamb, who produced Mac's Diane, dam of Tuf Miler and other greats. Shortly after this, Tumble Bug developed a heart condition. He died of the heart problem in 1956 at age 11. The bloodline developed from Tumble Bug proved to be Australia's answer to the Irish-born Hi There and America's Mixed Harmony. He was a dog who was both handsome and fast.

(Note: The asterisk after the name of the dog indicates that he was imported to the United States.) ■

Laurel E. Drew is a CG *regular contributor.*

By Yvonne Zipter

The Family Dog

My partner Kathy and I became a couple in 1987. What's more, once we got past those early years when you come to terms with all of your differences — which way the toilet paper roll should go, how loud is too loud for a Bruce Springsteen CD, what is the "correct" way to cut an onion — we were a pretty darn *happy* couple. We enjoyed each other's company tremendously, had no major issues we were trying to work through, and felt well supported by family, friends, and coworkers. We had, in short, nothing missing in our lives.

Or so we thought. When retired racing Greyhounds Nacho and, a few months later, Yoko arrived in our home, we realized *they* had been missing from our lives. To echo the words of Dr. Evil to Mini Me, "they complete us." Nacho and Yoko turned us from a couple into a family. Not that Kathy and I hadn't thought of each other as family before — we were, for instance, well-integrated into each other's families of birth and took advantage of the family membership rate at our local women's bookstore — but we didn't think of ourselves as a family *per se*.

Exactly why this transition came about, however, is not entirely clear to me. Maybe it has been the extra level of bonding to which the dogs have brought us: Kathy and I abruptly breaking from whatever we are doing to point out to each other the adorable expression on Yoko's sleeping face or Nacho's tail flicking in a dream; the shared anxiety over Nacho's broken toenail or Yoko's tender shoulder; the frustration of teaching Yoko to walk up the stairs; the delight at watching Nacho play coy to entice us to keep petting him. In short, we find them endlessly fascinating and a frequent source of conversation — much to the dismay, I'm sure, of the non–Greyhound people in our lives.

I've never been a parent, but I suspect this is how having children can strengthen the bond between a couple. It's probably no accident that a lot of people with dogs refer to them as their babies or their kids. I think a little of that sort of anthropomorphism can go a long way, but I would be a liar and a hypocrite if I didn't confess that I have been known to call Nacho "sonny boy" and that Kathy has exclaimed, on more than one occasion, "Do you know what your son did? He ate a *bird*" — an observation, I should note, that is presumably rarely made in reference to true offspring. We've come to

The happy family. Left to right: Yoko, Kathy, Yvonne, and Nacho.

Willow, Trace, Merlin, and Hayley, adopted by Kim and Marina Greene of Canterbury, NH.

know both dogs so deeply — each of their very distinct personalities, all of their little quirks — that they do seem almost human to me. Unlike Caroline Knapp, whose book *Pack of Two: The Intricate Bond between People and Dogs* I devoured after Nacho and Yoko came into our lives, I have never worried about whether the dogs were our substitute for children or whether other people might think they were. The dogs make us happy; that's all I need to know.

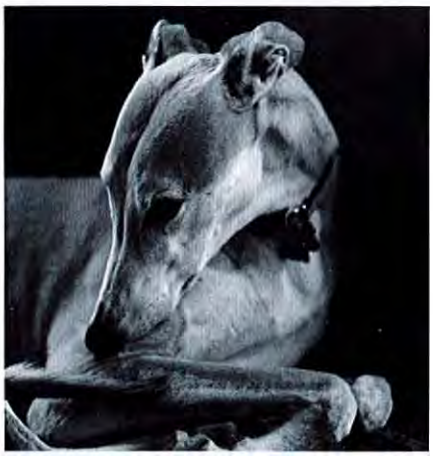
In addition to turning us into grinning idiots, the dogs, walking along with Kathy and me in tow, seem to give us the appearance of a *unit* to those we encounter on the way — which has not been the case for lesbian couples I've known who have *actual* children together. For instance, when our friends Laura and Martha are out with their infant daughter, Hannah, someone almost always asks, "Which one of you is the mother?" Never once, in the hundreds of times we have stopped to let the dogs be admired and to answer questions about Greyhound adoption, has anyone ever said to us: "Which of you owns these dogs?" It is apparently clear that Nacho and Yoko belong to both of us. Given that we talk about Nacho's brother belonging to *Kathy's* sister, it's also pretty clear that Kathy and I are not related. In meet-and-greet situations, people will sometimes ask me about allergies and Greyhounds. I always tell them that "my partner Kathy has allergies, but has no allergy problems with Greyhounds."

To date, no one has suggested we belong on a Jerry Springer show about lesbians raising dogs together. Also, Slim, Easton, Turtledove, Bay, and Odyssey have never once taunted our dogs about their parentage, so I haven't felt the need to pen a book titled *Nacho and Yoko Have Two Mommies*. Basically, it doesn't matter one bit to dog or human who Kathy and I are to one another; the people just want to know about the dogs, and the dogs just want an ear rub. While I know there are any number of situations where people don't especially care about your sexuality, it still gives me a little thrill to be seen as a family, out walking the family dogs.

This perception of us as a family is not simply our own notion or that of complete strangers. Our local Greyhound organization, for example, has welcomed us with open arms. However, that our organization also has, among its ranks, a man who runs an adult entertainment business, a lawyer, and a politician might indicate that they will take help from anyone who offers! In truth, we are a good mix of people, all working together for our common cause. If there is anything that might seem odd about our Greyhound organization to outsiders, it is that we all tend to think of each other as family units with the *dogs* as the base of that family, whether it is a family of one man and one dog; two women and two dogs; two men and four dogs; or a man, a woman, and three dogs.

If you're going to build a family, there are a lot worse things to have at its base than a Greyhound, perhaps the most giving of any animal, two-legged or four. ■

Yvonne Zipter is a much-published writer and the editor of The Skinny: Newsletter of Greyhounds Only, Inc. *She and partner Kathy Forde adopted ex-racers Nacho and Yoko about four years ago and their lives haven't been the same since.*



Sterling. SARAH REGAN SNAVELY

Story and Photos
by Ellen Schneiderman

All in the Family

Rhyan at age 1 and a half, sharing with Jake.

When I told my friend Pam I was pregnant, after a long pause she asked: "With a dog?" She was only half joking. Pam knows me very well. She understands that my dogs are, for all intents and purposes, my kids. And while I was excited about having a baby, I was also nervous. Would I understand this child the way I understand my dogs? Would I love this baby as much as I love my dogs? Would life ever be the same? I was about to find out.

Like many women today, I had my first child in my mid-30s. By that time I was married, had a career, a busy social life, and a home complete with Greyhounds Robby and Jake, and cats Magic and Vinnie. With a baby on the way, life was going to get busier. To be honest, I did not go into expectant mother/dog owner overdrive: I did not read every book on dog/child integration. I did not enroll my dogs in obedience class. I did not de-sensitize my dogs to the sounds of crying babies. Because of deep-rooted superstition, there wasn't a single baby item in our condo prior to our daughter's birth. In short, Robby and Jake received no special treatment or guidance. After all, it wasn't as if my dogs had no training. From day one, I taught them the commands I felt were important: *wait*, *down*, *leave it*, *back off*, *move*, and *easy*. Both dogs responded well to voice commands. They were well mannered, obedient, and trustworthy. After five years of living with Robby and Jake, I was confident they would handle the addition of a baby with dignity, or in Jake's case, the same amount of worry he afforded everything else.

On my 35th birthday our daughter Rhyan was born. I told my husband Andrew to take home one of Rhyan's blankets from the hospital so Robby and Jake could have a sniff. I don't know who was more confused, Andrew or the dogs. Neither really seemed to appreciate the importance of this exercise. Upon our arrival from the hospital, the hounds greeted us at the door, not realizing that there was a baby with us. Rhyan, who was sleeping soundly, awoke from the commotion and let out the high-pitched squeal of a screaming monkey. Robby's ears flew straight up. Jake darted backwards. Then both dogs came in for a closer inspection. They saw, they sniffed, they rummaged through my suitcase to see what I had for them — just the reaction I expected. Some trainers believe when introducing a baby to the family dogs, the animal's primary caretaker should not be the one holding the infant. Personally, I tried not to overanalyze every baby/dog interaction. I figured my dogs were smart enough to understand that the baby was now part of the equation. They needed to get used to the idea. And Rhyan needed to get used to a needle nose or two in her space as well.

In the following weeks, I figured out how to diaper Rhyan in less than ten minutes, and Robby and Jake figured out they didn't

need to check every time the baby made a peep. We monitored all interaction between dogs and baby, making sure to praise appropriate behavior. We tried to maintain the dogs' schedule of walks and meals. As winter turned to spring, we were in a pretty settled routine. I was fortunate not to have to return to work immediately and spent a fair amount of time with the whole gang. As walking was a big part of our day, Robby and Jake knew on which side of me they preferred to walk. It was a relatively quick transition to walking both dogs while pushing a stroller. They got their paws run over on occasion, but with a little practice we became a team. For her part, Rhyan learned to hold both leashes by the time she was 6 months old. This time together was one of learning and bonding. The partnership I had formed with my dogs long ago, and continued to nurture, expanded to include Rhyan.

For several months after I went back to work, Rhyan came with me. But the time soon came when I needed to make arrangements for child care.

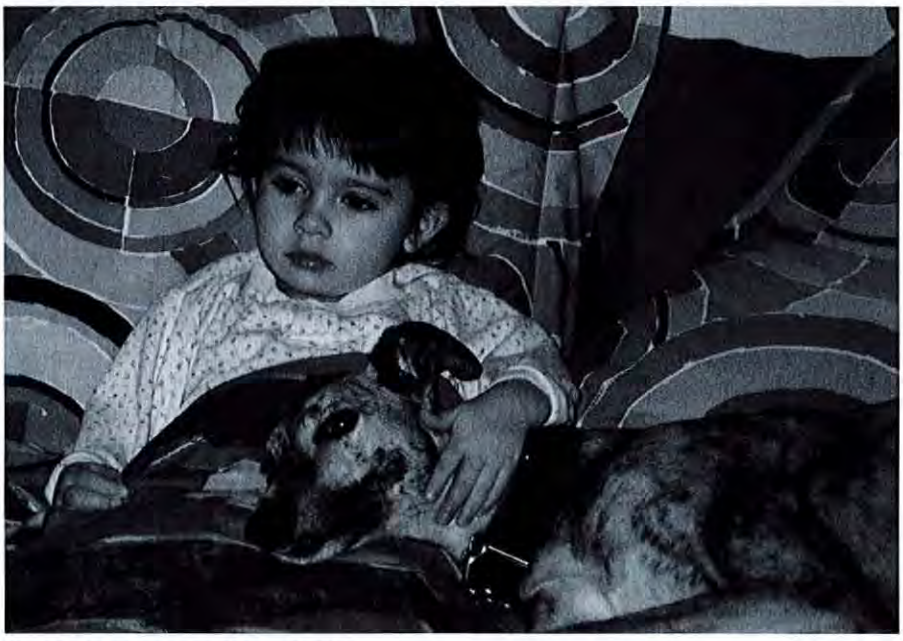
Hiring a babysitter is a bit dicey. You entrust somebody to watch your child, to protect your child, to be just like you (only neater) if you were there. The stakes are higher when pets are involved. Some babysitters are inexperienced, some lazy, others not available when you need them, and some "don't do pets." With patience, we found a great babysitter. I knew Jolanta was a winner when, as she was holding Rhyan on her lap and stroking Robby, she told me she loved Greyhounds and Magic was the prettiest cat she'd ever seen. She didn't even seem to be put off by Jake's breath.

To the fullest extent possible, we wanted our dogs to be the kind of dogs they were before we had a child. I enjoy animals for those unique traits that make them not human. I try not to anthropomorphize; I don't dress them up in outfits (although I do admit to having more collars than strictly necessary) and I never expected my dogs to be something they were not. Robby was a dominant dog. King of our neighborhood dog park and charmingly full of himself, he accepted human attention but sought out few people. He tolerated children but was not interested in them. Jake was a fretter. He was insecure, absurdly vocal, and completely devoted. He was more social but not drawn to kids, as some dogs are. I did not expect a great love affair to arise between the dogs and Rhyan. I expected — and got — good behavior from everybody.

In the fall of 2000 Robby was 9 and a half, Jake 8 and a half, and Rhyan almost 1 year old. We left our urban condo for a house in the suburbs. A fairly new crawler, Rhyan took a sudden interest in the dogs. Previously, she had been more interested in the dog food than the dogs. She sought them out and wanted to pet and be near them. They tolerated her, but as expected, did not seek her attention. We were careful to not let Rhyan crawl on them, pull tails or ears, jab, poke, harass, or tease. I feel this behavior is inappropriate. That said, I felt it important that neither dog be a loose cannon. We taught Rhyan never to approach any dog when he was lying down. We praised Robby and Jake for tolerating this little person in their space. We praised Rhyan for being gentle. I use the same training guidelines on my kids as I do on my dogs: Non-dangerous, albeit unacceptable behavior is ignored, good behavior receives praise and the occasional treat, and harmful or dangerous behavior requires correction and guidance.

As Rhyan's interest in the dogs grew, Jake realized this little food-dropping person had her upside. Mealtime found Jake at Rhyan's high chair, intently monitoring the plate-to-mouth action. Rhyan learned to share food, but also let the dogs know when to keep their distance. "No, no, no, Jake!" — complete with finger wagging — was one of her first full sentences.

Sharing toys was a different matter and one that required vigilant surveillance. Like most Greyhounds, my dogs loved soft squeaky toys. Like most kids, Rhyan loved soft squeaky toys. Ironically, Rhyan had accumulated a sizeable collection of stuffed rabbits. Robby and Jake did not care that the rabbit in their possession wasn't theirs. Rhyan did. We don't have one stuffed animal



Rhyan at age 3 cozies up with new dog Kacy.

Rhyan at 7 months, with Jake (left) and Robby (right).

that wouldn't test positive for dog drool. When Rhyan started to walk, both dogs realized something had changed. Crawling is one thing, but tromping around like baby Godzilla is another. The boys would move away as Rhyan came careening at them with increasing speed. Rhyan learned to freeze when the dogs sprinted down the straightaway of our long ranch house (usually with one of her stuffed rabbits in their mouths). Life was good.

In the fall of 2001 I became pregnant again. It was an exciting and healing time for my family. My sister Marla died of cancer the previous spring. Later that summer we lost our cat Magic to cancer. A new baby gave us a new focus and reason to rejoice. Rhyan was thriving and Jake, Robby, and our remaining cat were all doing great. Sure, Jake had pemphigus and horrible teeth, but he'd always had that. Robby hadn't slowed a bit and despite getting whiter in his handsome red face, showed no signs of age.

Jake had a flare-up with a toenail in early fall. The nail shucked and Jake should have been fine, but he continued to limp. I watched him carefully and as the days passed, I knew in my heart that my silly, worried boy had bone cancer. Becky McCracken, our veterinarian and close friend, confirmed what I already knew. Aside from impressing upon Rhyan that she needed to be careful not to bump or hurt Jake, we didn't tell her much of anything. I wasn't convinced Rhyan would understand nor was I really prepared to verbalize the reality.

Jake was still with us in mid-December and doing well when Robby suddenly stopped eating. For Robby, one missed meal wasn't unusual or worrisome. After two days of not eating, and with a feeling that he just wasn't right, we headed off to see Becky. An ultrasound showed a tumor near Robby's liver. There was no reasonable treatment option. We took Robby home as he seemed comfortable and happy, albeit tired. On Christmas night, Jake slipped in the kitchen and could not move afterwards. We made him comfortable that evening. By the next morning we knew that it was time. Jake was immobile and Robby was never going to get better. For these two wonderful hounds that had lived so well together, it seemed fitting that they pass on together. Even though Rhyan didn't know what was going on, she knew that the mood of the house was sad. Rhyan was careful around the dogs and tried offering them pieces of whatever she was eating. Robby, who had not eaten in a week, gingerly took a bite of an oatmeal cookie she offered. My Mom came over to see her grand-dogs one last time and to keep Rhyan occupied. Becky made a house call early that evening. We hugged and kissed our boys and then they were gone. Our wonderful partnership had come to an end.

As I expected, Rhyan did not immediately remark on our doglessness. She ate dinner and went to bed as usual. The next day, upon arriving home and not hearing Jake's odd wookie noise, she asked, in a perfect singsong imitation of the question I always posed, "Robby, Jake, where are you?" All I could say was, "They're not here anymore, honey." I was thankful she accepted this matter-of-fact reply. How do you explain death to a 2 year old? Yet, it wasn't as if she didn't remember. Their names came up in conversation, and Rhyan pointed to them in pictures. A month after they died, she sadly said, "I miss Robby and Jake."

With the birth of another baby approaching, we had to decide about getting another dog. I thought it was better to bring a new dog in ahead of time so we could all settle in a bit. In late January we fostered Kacy. She was young, calm, cat safe, and recovering from a broken leg. Honestly, she was a blob. She wasn't a spook, but she would not engage us in any way. She did not come to the door. She did not stay in the same room with us. She just was. Rhyan liked her and Kacy was fine with that. We decided to keep Kacy, not because we thought she was that special but because she seemed to be the path of least resistance. Again, I did little to formally prepare our dog for the arrival of a baby.

At the end of April, we welcomed our son Morgan to the family. This time, I did not insist that Andrew bring a blanket home from the hospital for Kacy to smell. Kacy, who had since started greeting us at the door, met us upon our arrival home and gave the

Morgan at 10 months, with Kacy (front) and Mike (back). Kacy is tolerant of Morgan, while Mike displays his usual level of interest.

new kid a sniff. But she was more interested in going outside. One good thing about baby number two is that you have a much-reduced learning curve. Sure, every baby is different and special, but there aren't the new parent lessons to learn. We settled in and adjusted quickly.

For Rhyan and Kacy's sake, we tried to keep our schedule roughly the same. Then, it happened: The Kacy who'd been a part of our family for four months went away and the real Kacy emerged. Real Kacy flew around the house on crazy runs; the first one found both Rhyan and me plastered against the living room wall laughing hysterically. She chewed, stole food, and acted bossy and demanding. Truthfully, I liked her better this way. Rhyan, already dog savvy at 2 and a half, helped teach Kacy what was acceptable. Much of this involved tattling: "Mommy, Kacy's chewing on my bunny." But Rhyan learned to protect her stuff and for a kid, she has a commanding presence.

By summer, Kacy was in all her glory. Silly, sassy, bossy; she was a handful. Among other things, Kacy figured out how to open the back door and treated herself to several unescorted walks through the neighborhood. She would not come when called. Why should she? She was having a good time. All I had to offer was a stroller with two kids, a leash, a squawker, and a treat.

We had a situation on our hands. For some reason, I thought the timing was good to add another dog. I can neither explain nor rationalize this. By all accounts it was not a very sane decision. Yet, I never liked having just one dog, and when I heard about Defiant, I was compelled to go look.

At age 4, Defiant was an old man at the GPA/Wisconsin adoption kennel. Surrounded by much younger dogs, he wasn't showing well. He needed some TLC and we were prepared to give it to him. Defiant became Mike and joined our family of two adults, two kids, one female Greyhound (read: bitch), and now three cats. Mike proved to be a typical male Greyhound — mellow, laid back, polite, and gentle — the kind of dog you trust when a child is holding the leash.

By fall, Mike was nicely settled. Morgan was crawling, and Kacy was in full-throttle alpha mode. Out of pure frustration, Rhyan was screaming, "Kacy, NO!" about 652 times a day. Our household was chaotic, so Kacy and I started obedience classes. Smart and extremely food-motivated, Kacy caught on quickly. The dog who made a career out of escaping from our house had the best recall in class. Professionally managed obedience work was a must for this dog. With her over-the-top behavior, bossy demeanor, and general punkishness, tensions had been running high. Lacking the long-established relationship enjoyed with Robby and Jake, I needed the structure of an organized class to make me take it seriously. Rhyan became a good mini-trainer. She knows hand signals, and she gives commands firmly but softly. Kacy even listens to them sometimes. When she doesn't, I am there to enforce.

Morgan has discovered and is fascinated by the dogs and cats. He likes to try to grab and pull on collars, ears, and tails. We do not allow this. Mike remains stoic around the kids. He tends to move away from Morgan, but will allow Rhyan to hug him. Kacy is appropriately tolerant of both kids, and they of her. We have established an atmosphere of mutual respect.

Part of the fun of seeing Rhyan grow is watching how she imitates. All kids do this. Mom wipes table; kid wipes table. Rhyan's favorite thing is to help feed the pets. She carefully doles out three dishes of cat food, and Kacy happily cleans up the spills. She then scoops food for both dogs. Next, Rhyan counts out assorted thyroid and glucosamine tablets and jams them into globs of peanut butter. Finally, she takes the food to the dogs. I am thrilled to see her participate in this task. Rhyan learned to care for and respect our pets, and the pets respect her. She's also the only person in the house who can open the childproof cap on the bottle of thyroid pills.

Having children after having dogs has taught me to appreciate what we all bring to the table. I enjoy my dogs for their dog-ness and my kids for their kid-ness. I don't really want to see any of them be something they aren't. I don't force interaction between the two, but I try to guide the interaction that does occur. I am gratified to see Rhyan approach a strange dog appropriately and treat animals with respect and kindness. Hopefully Morgan will do the same when he's older. For now, I think our family is complete with the current ratio of cats to dogs to kids to adults. Kacy, Mike, and all of us humans still need more time to develop the same type of partnership that we enjoyed with Robby and Jake. With a little patience and understanding, we'll get there. ■

Ellen Schneiderman is President of GPA-Wisconsin, Executive Secretary of GPA National, and Co-Owner of the Greyhound-L E-mail list. She works in Real Estate Development and is a part-time dog trainer and freelance writer. Ellen and her family live in a suburb of Milwaukee, Wisc.

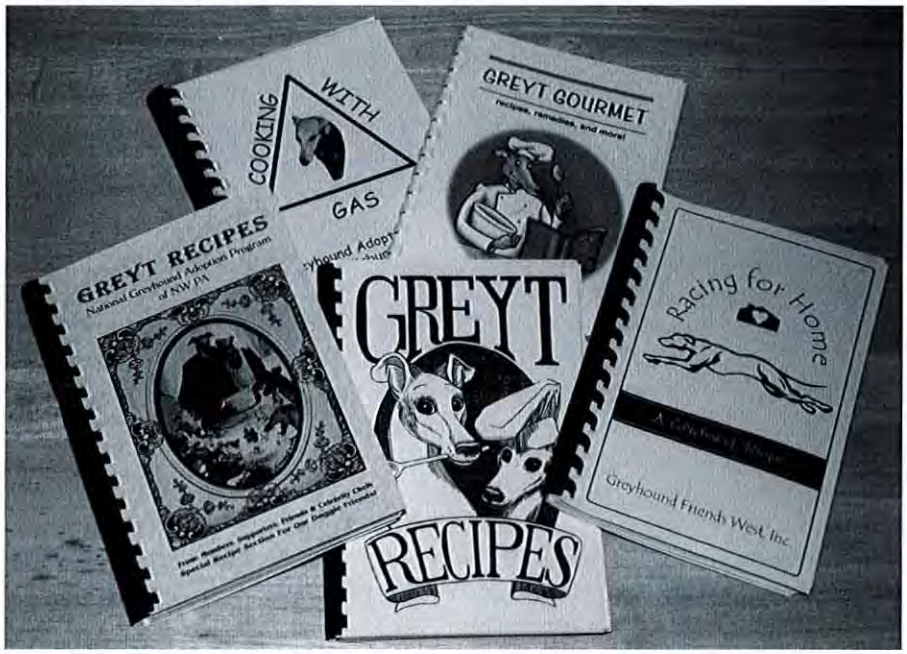
By Sue Aptaker
and Ellen Brown

How to Create a Fundraising Cookbook in Eight Relatively Easy Steps

Step 1: Brainstorm

The idea of a fundraising cookbook to benefit Greyhound Adoption Service (GAS) originated with Melody Lindner. We were having a party to celebrate the birthday of Sue's Greyhound, Music and Melody's Greyhound, Cairo, who are littermates, and the Gotcha Day when Willow claimed Ellen. Maybe it was the hypnotic effect of soft ears beneath our hands or the alluring aroma of garlic hummus. But whatever the impetus, we bravely decided to embark on our own cookbook endeavor.

The idea was noble, but our timing was tight. We started the process in early December and wanted to sell the books at the GAS reunion in early May. We barely made it and recommend at least six months for the whole process.



Groups that have produced fundraising cookbooks in recent years include National Greyhound Adoption Program of NW Pa.; Greyhound Adoption Service; Greyhound Pets of America/Calif.-Orange County and Greater Los Angeles; Greyhound Friends West, Inc.; and Greyhound Support Kansas City. CINDY HANSON

Step 2: Select your production method

There are two ways to produce your cookbook. You can do it all yourself, using a local copy shop, or you can use a publishing company that specializes in cookbooks. Publishers offer quite a few options and are more likely to make a truly good-looking book.

If you decide to go with a publisher, keep in mind that there is a limit to the amount of design work a publishing company can do for you without extra expense. Do some research to see what each publisher has to offer and how their services fit your needs. Each publisher has a list of prices based on the details of what you want, such as the number of recipes, page color, and the size of the order. You may end up wanting to do the entire layout yourself. We looked into several services and chose Walter's Publishing Company.

Step 3: Solicit recipes and start selling that book!

We posted our letter asking for recipes on Greyhound-L, the Internet discussion list; online venues that permit fundraising, and the GAS newsletter and website. We also sent the request by regular mail to a core group of about 100 GAS adopters and volunteers. Devoted GAS volunteer Judy Botsford helped determine who to contact. We also asked friends, family, and coworkers for recipes, and reminded everyone to let others know about this project.

We started marketing the books at the same time. Besides selling more books, advance marketing gave us a sense of the level of interest, so we could better judge how many books to order. Including instructions for preordering the book with recipe solicitations saved recipe contributors who use regular mail from having to write twice; once to submit their recipes and again to order the cookbook.

Step 4: Collect and organize the recipes

As recipes started coming in, we categorized them by chapters. This process led to of all kinds of interesting factual and philosophical questions: What's a babka? Does the size of meatballs determine whether they are an entree or an appetizer? A certain amount of good humor helped us through the process.

Publishers ask for standard abbreviations in recipes, and terms need to be consistent throughout. Recipes that came from a published work had to be credited. We

proofread carefully and corresponded with contributors as needed to clarify details.

Step 5: Collect and organize other input

We identified several artists whose work we admired and contacted them about creating original art for the cookbook. Jen Howard liked the idea and generously offered several images. Her wonderful drawings became part of the cookbook's final look. For the cover, we couldn't resist using Music and Willow to simulate the GAS logo.

Walter's Publishing offered a page of cooking tips before each section. We used some of those tips and created our own, too. Because we had a section of recipes for dogs, we invited a Greyhound-savvy vet, Dr. Arthur Freedman, to contribute the tips page for that chapter. We used public domain quotes about dogs for filler and sold advertising space for both businesses and personal tributes. Greyhound photographs graced the divider pages that also included the mission statement and general information from the GAS website. Sue wrote a much-deserved dedication to GAS founder and Director, Marilyn Wolkovits.

Step 6: Put it together

Melody handled the layout, using Quark Xpress. Besides being the impetus for this project, Melody did a tremendous amount of the work. She works in publishing doing layout and design and brought great insight, skill, and precision to the process.

We were able to create a totally custom-made book. We had our own categories and chapter dividers with beautiful pictures of Greyhounds, enhanced by artistic effects. It is easier to include ads, art, and photos if you can putter with how they fit on the page and communicate with the contributors to make sure everything is just right before you send them to the publisher. However, it was a tremendous amount of work for one person.

After each of us proofread the final text, we put the project on a disk, made a back-up copy, and sent it to the publishing company.

If your group does not have someone with layout and design skills, you can use the options offered by most publishers: Sorting the recipes and mailing them to the publisher for typing and layout, or sending the text of the recipes, on a disk, to the publisher for layout. Either way, expect a fairly early deadline in relation to your delivery date.

Once the work is done, it's done! After you place an order, you can always request more books as you need them.

Step 7: Decide on a shipping system

Sue keeps padded mailing envelopes in stock, prints labels when orders arrive, and goes to the post office within a week of receiving the orders.

Step 8: Continue selling the book

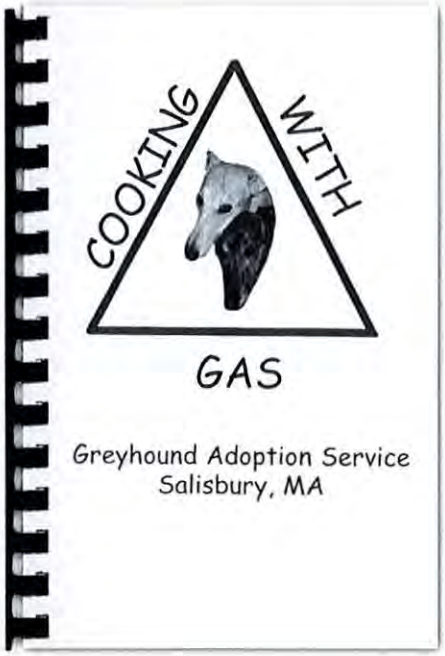
Once you have the books in hand, you have more selling options. We took a sign and a stack of books to the veterinarian's office — a wonderful venue for us. We continue to sell books at meet-and-greets and reunions, where we wear aprons bearing Jen's artwork and the legend, "Ask me about the GAS cookbook." Order information appears in the cookbooks themselves, on the GAS website, and in the GAS newsletter. Books are for sale at the adoption kennel and at volunteers' workplaces, as permitted.

Mention the book whenever you can and keep a few in your car. You need not make a hard sell, if that's not your style. The world is full of cookbook collectors who especially love the fundraising books, since contributors send their best recipes. You never know when you are going to meet a collector. Sue once showed the book to the postal worker behind the counter and made a sale.

We sold out our first run of 300 cookbooks and raised over $1000 for GAS. Now we are selling books from our second printing. After the initial excitement, sales have died down, but the cookbook is still a fundraising staple at meet-and-greets and our annual reunion. We always receive orders by mail after posting on the Greyhound-L.

You can order our cookbook at http://www.geocities.com/onequickk9/cookbook.html ■

Sue Aptaker is a Special Education Teacher who volunteers for Greyhound Adoption Service of Salisbury, MA. She has adopted two Greyhounds from GAS — the late Devon, and Music. Ellen Brown is a music teacher who was claimed while volunteering at GAS one day, when Willow shoved her needlenose under Ellen's arm, and again, four years later, when Laila gave her a hug.



How to Ask for Recipes

You can't create a cookbook without recipes. How do you ask for what you need? Here's a sample solicitation letter.

Dear Friend of Greyhounds,

We are in the process of compiling a fundraising cookbook to benefit Greyhounds-R-Us of Smithville, HI. This book, which will be professionally printed, will include recipes in these categories:

Appetizers & Beverages
Soups, Salads, and Sauces
Entrees
Breads and Side Dishes
Desserts
Recipes for the Dogs

In addition, advertising space will be available throughout the book for tributes to beloved pets (here or at The Bridge), greetings to the Greyhound community, poems or quotations, or business advertising.

This unique book of recipes is sure to be a big seller — perfect for your own cookbook collection or for gifts. We are aiming for an early May publication date, in time for Mother's Day and the annual GRU reunion. If you would like to participate in what we hope will be a big moneymaker for GRU, here are your options:

1. **SEND RECIPES:** Send us 3-5 of your favorite recipes. We can't promise to print every item sent, in the interest of avoiding duplication, but will do our best to include as many as possible. Send recipes to GHperson@wokkawokka.com or "snail mail" to the address below. Please include contact information if we have any questions regarding your recipe. Please give proper credit if the recipe is from another book or other copyrighted source. Recipe Deadline: February 1, 2004

2. **PLACE AN AD:** A quarter-page ad is just $5.00, a half-page is $10, and a full-page is $20. We are working on including Greyhound artwork for Tribute/Greeting ads. Just send a check (payable to Greyhounds-R-Us) in the appropriate amount along with the wording you would like for your ad to the address below. Business advertisers, if you would like to include other artwork, please contact GHperson@wokkawokka.com for details. Advertising deadline: February 1, 2004

3. **RESERVE A COPY** (or copies) of your cookbook now. No deadline for ordering copies! Send $10.00 per book (checks payable to Greyhounds-R-Us) to the address below. We can hold the book for you if you plan to attend the GRU reunion on May 11, 2004, or you can include $2 more per book for shipping and handling, and include your shipping address with your order. Books will be shipped as soon as possible after publication.

4. **SPREAD THE WORD:** Tell your friends and family. Make more copies of this letter and pass them along. Encourage your friends to do the same.

5. **ALL OF THE ABOVE:** The more participation we get from our community, the more successful our book will be.

Thanks for your attention and your help with this fun project!

The GRU Cookbook Committee

Please send all checks and correspondence to:

J. Doe
0 Jones Street
Smithville HI 00000

Sherlock, O'Toole, and Barnaby, adopted by Lisa Croote and Diane Stangle of Schenectady, N.Y.

Palu, adopted by Jen and Lloyd Komatsu of Decatur, Ga.

By Cyn Mobley

So You Want to Write a Book

These are just a few self-published books about Greyhounds. CINDY HANSON

If you're thinking about writing a novel to raise money for your adoption group, pull up a chair. We need to have a serious chat. I've published three books to raise money for canine rescue groups and have three more in various stages of production. It is not impossible to do this on your own, but it is expensive, risky, and a lot of work if you want to publish something that looks like books you see in the stores.

Speaking of bookstores – local bookstores are not likely to carry your book. The chain bookstores sell what the corporate office sends them. The independent bookstores buy from distributors or VORs (Vendors of Record), not from writers and very small publishers. Most distributors will expect a discount of 40 to 60 percent off the cover price. (Keep this in mind when we talk about the cost of small print runs.)

To get a distributor or Amazon.com even to talk to you, your book will need an International Standard Book Number (ISBN). These numbers are sold by R. R. Bowkers Agency in blocks of ten starting at $240. You can't buy just one number. *Ka-ching*.

The book will probably need a bar code as well. Your printer can usually put one on for you – for an additional charge.

Next concern: cover art. You must have professional cover art, and I don't mean a picture painted by your brother-in-law who is really talented. Covers must be formatted correctly. Correct formatting requires calculating the spine width (which requires an understanding of bulking factors and paper selection), appropriate placement of the title and the author's name, and writing copy for the back cover. Your printer will want to see a Quark file with embedded fonts attached and graphics digitized. . . at this point, my eyes always cross. My cover artist knows what all this means, but I don't. The only thing I know for sure is that Quark software costs about $890.

Now, on to the inside of the book. You weren't planning on submitting it to a printer in Microsoft Word or Word Perfect, were you? Don't – you'll hate the results. Paragraphs and sentences won't break right on the page and your margins will be uneven. Most printers require you to submit files in page layout software, either Pagemaker or Quark. (Did I mention how much Quark costs?)

On to printers. These days, more and more printers are setting up to do either short runs (PQN, or print quantity needed) or printing a few copies as they're ordered (POD, or print on demand.) Check out www.booksurge.com and www.lightningsource.com, both good POD printers. You pay a couple of hundred dollars in setup fees and they pay you a percentage of the cover price.

POD is a relatively new industry, and most companies will send you samples of their books if you ask. There are many PQN printers. Get lots of bids. Check www.booksjustbooks.com and read their excellent Frequently Asked Questions section.

With PQN, the larger the print run, the lower the price per copy. To get a decent price per copy, you must print many – approximately 1,000 to 2,000 books. Remember that distributors want a discount of 40 to 60 percent off the cover price. Calculate printing costs and add what you've paid for ISBNs, cover art, and copyediting. With what you can charge for the books, will you still make a profit?

Once you have the books, what will you do with them? That brings us to the next point: shipping and storage. Two thousand 187-page trade paperbacks packaged in cartons weighing not more than 40 pounds comes to 42 cartons of books. Don't forget to factor in shipping costs. Shipping those 42 cartons of books from Kalamazoo, Michigan to Knoxville, Tennessee will cost about $400.

I've already mentioned copyediting. This is a very important production issue. Here's

where you can learn from my mistakes.

I'd been in the business long enough and figured I could catch all my own typographical errors by being careful and reading through the text slowly several times. I've had 24 novels published by major publishing houses. How hard could it be?

Answer: *Hard*. My first self-published book, *Greyhound Dancing*, contained errors that made me wince. You can find some really excellent volunteers to save you a ton of work catching the errors you miss. I've been blessed by some really talented folks in the Greyhound community who are willing to catch typographical errors and inconsistencies. But unless you want to be completely amateur, before you go to print, you must find a professional copy editor to go through the final manuscript and catch your goofs.

It takes a peculiarly detail-oriented mind (some would call it excessively anal and obsessive, but that's just me) to notice the typos and the small details – the fact that you changed the heroine's eyes from blue-green to green-blue five chapters later, that sort of thing. You *must* have a copy editor.

Now let's get to the real problem: the writing. Most novels run between 50,000 to 120,000 words. Can you sustain a plot for that length? Do you understand three-act structure?

Finally, how will you sell your books? At events? Over the Internet? Should you collect taxes? Do you need a business license? Do folks in the Greyhound community know who you are? Will you offer a discount to other adoption groups? You need a plan.

One final bit of advice: Do not use a vanity publisher. Vanity publishers will charge you an outrageous fee to publish a small number of books (for instance, $10,000 for 1,000 books). If you are serious about self-publishing, do your homework and avoid being cheated. Check out the free information on Dan Poyner's website (www.para-publishing.com). Poyner is the guru of self-publishing, and his book is great.

If you still want to write your own book to raise money for Greyhound adoption, drop me an e-mail. I'll either talk you out of it or coach you through it. ■

Cyn Mobley lives in East Tennessee with Pilot and the rest of her pack. She has retired from the Naval Reserve, the practice of law, and getting up in the morning and now writes full time as CA Mobley and CW Morton. She encourages writers aspiring to publish their own work to contact her at cynmob@aol.com. Read more Greyhound adventures, including Cyn Mobley's series, The Greyhound Chronicles, at www.dogbooks.org.

Evangeline
by W. L. Cowie

Eva
comes
eyes down
tail tucked
head-first in her crate
no hugs, no kisses, no contact
it will take patience
trust comes slowly
one day at a
time . . .
then Eva
comes to find me
one ear up, eyes bright
a chair instead of the crate
face-washing kisses
a friend by
my side
Eva

By Dana Van Abbema, Ph.D.
Photos by Amy and Kevin Healy and Steve Van Abbema

Families That Foster

Drawing and writing allow children to capture treasured moments and memories.

Fostering serves an integral role in the process of Greyhound adoption. By providing temporary homes, fostering enables adoption groups with little or no kennel space to accept more dogs into their programs. In some cases, this initial introduction to home life includes learning to live with children as well as adults. Certainly, safety and compatibility are at the front of every parent's mind when unfamiliar dogs are brought into the home. The strong bond that can form between child and dog must be given special consideration as well. Children should be helped to understand the temporary nature of fosters from the beginning and treated with sensitivity when the time comes to say goodbye.

The various benefits of fostering for adoption groups and the foster dogs themselves have been addressed previously in these pages (see, for example, "Better Fostering," Winter 2002 *CG*, and "Fostering Greyhounds Down Under," Winter 2002 *CG*). Are there are benefits for families as well? Indeed there are. Though it's true that fostering in a home with children does present some extra concerns, the many unique benefits have the potential to outweigh the challenges.

Safety First

As always, when young children are around dogs as large as Greyhounds, supervision is key. It is not the end of the safety story, however, particularly when non-resident Greyhounds such as fosters are involved. Resources such as *Childproofing your Dog* by Brian Kilcommons and Sarah Wilson (Warner Books, 1994) provide excellent recommendations for parents hoping for harmonious interactions. Cynthia Branigan's *Adopting the Racing Greyhound* (Howell Book House, 1992, 1998) and Lee Livingood's *Retired Racing Greyhounds for Dummies* (Wiley, John & Sons, Inc., 2000) both contain information specific to Greyhounds and children.

A consistent theme in all these books is that of respect on the part of the child and training on the part of the dog. Although the authors have resident pets in mind, the suggestions certainly hold true in the case of fosters as well. In fact, young children should be *most* respectful of the space and signals of fosters because they are new to the environment, unfamiliar with the child, and potentially unpredictable. If you have a very easy-going resident Greyhound, be very clear with your child about behaviors such as hugging or lying together that may be okay with the family pet but should never be attempted with a foster. Having special crates and sleeping areas for fosters can help

Many fosters will pick up basic commands very quickly. Some will obey commands given by anyone – even children.

young children to remember to give them personal space. If the foster Greyhounds seem to extend beyond the edges of the dog bed (and don't they all?), spread a blanket on the floor beneath the dog bed to illustrate the space allotted to the dog.

Though it can be more difficult to apply all the training suggestions put forth by experts during the brief fostering period, there are ways in which training can be an asset to you. Going through obedience training with your resident Greyhound and teaching a few basic commands to fosters can make it easier for you to manage multiple dogs in your home and maintain peaceful interactions between Greyhounds and children.

If possible, work with an adoption group that has the opportunity to evaluate Greyhounds before placing them in foster homes. Families with small children should stay away from fosters with shy or aggressive tendencies. When the foster first arrives in the home, set up a crate in a quiet area where he can retreat at will. Then muzzle the Greyhound and introduce him to the child or children as they are making their usual noises and movements. If the foster growls, snaps, cowers, or does not generally seem comfortable around children, contact the group about returning the foster and providing another suitable candidate.

Adoption groups with family-friendly adoption policies can benefit greatly from working together with screened foster families who have well-behaved children. The end result is adoptable Greyhounds who are known to be good with kids. For the safety and comfort of all concerned, foster coordinators need to remain thoughtful about foster placements with children and flexible when they don't appear to be working out. Likewise, parents need to be open and honest about what is going on inside the home.

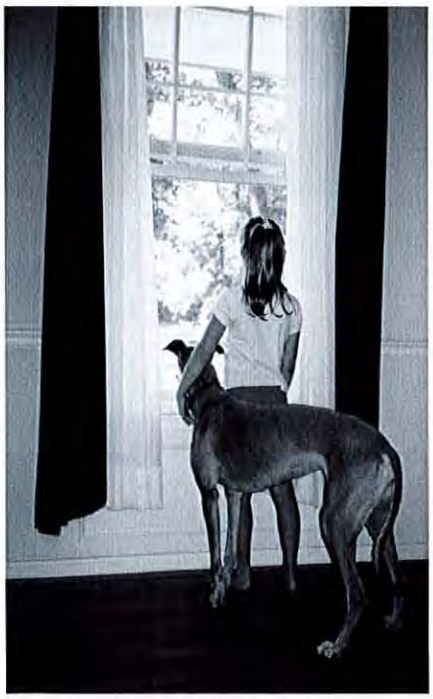
Saying Goodbye at Adoption Time

Many families involved in fostering are surprised to learn that the biggest issue facing their children is not safety but saying goodbye when the time comes for a beloved foster to be adopted. Considering how difficult it is for many adults to let go, this is certainly understandable. The human-animal bond is strong and quick to form. Often it happens even before we are aware of it.

As adults who understand the big picture of Greyhound rescue and the vital role that fostering plays, we usually are able to choke back the tears, wave goodbye, and continue on in the service of our cause. But

for young children who can't really understand the big picture, all they know is that a nice, fun dog comes to stay for a while and then goes away. For children who are struggling to understand or deal with the comings and goings of the various Greyhounds, there are a number of things that parents can do to make things easier.

First, parents can do their best to prepare children by explaining what fostering means. For children who are of or near school age and able to understand something about Greyhound racing, retirement, and the adoption process, consider watching and discussing a Greyhound adoption videotape. Relevant programs air periodically on Animal Planet. You can search the upcoming television listings for the term *Greyhound* at www.animalplanet.com or borrow a video from your adoption group. Another option is to read and discuss *We Adopted a Greyhound*, written and illustrated by W. L. Cowie (Hawaiian Publishing, 2001; reviewed in the Summer 2002 issue of *CG*). This delightful book would be a perfect introduction to your adventure as it chronicles one family's adoption of a Greyhound and entry into volunteering and fostering for their local group. However, be aware that the family in the book has difficulty parting with one of their fosters and decides to keep him.



Goodbyes are always easier with a friend.

Grooming is one way for children to become safely involved in the care of foster Greyhounds.

Once the time comes for the foster to arrive, consider providing your child with a scrapbook for writings, drawings, photos, and whatever else he chooses. If anyone in the adoptive family is interested in corresponding with your family, the scrapbook is a great place to keep those letters or e-mails. For younger children who can't yet write or draw, scrapbooks may consist primarily of photos. If this is the case, attempt to snap a photo of four things for each foster: bringing the foster home; a favorite activity, pose, or toy; saying goodbye; and the Greyhound with his new family. This will provide a concrete timeline for your reflections and you can refer to it in preparation for the next foster.

Occasional reminders that fosters are only temporary family members may be helpful: "Even though we love Buffy, remember we're just helping her get ready for her new family." Make references to the dogs' future homes: "Do you think Dexter will have other dogs to play with in his new home? Should we send this stuffed toy along?" Such comments serve to emphasize the goals of fostering and help limit the potential distress and shock of separation at adoption.

When a Greyhound is adopted, focus on the positive. After all, a forever home is what everyone was hoping for and working towards all along. Talk about the great strides the foster made in the short time he was in your care. Write about his favorite things and quirky mannerisms in the scrapbook. Then begin to turn your attention to the next foster. Even though it may be a while until

The human-animal bond can form quickly between child and Greyhound, even during the brief fostering period.

you foster another Greyhound, take your child's attention away from the adopted dog by trying to guess what the next one will be like. Will it be a boy or a girl? Big or small? Brindle or solid? Playful or mellow? Keep in mind that the goodbyes will get easier with time as the child becomes accustomed to the fostering routine, though it is likely that an occasional Greyhound who is particularly sweet or around a particularly long time is likely to bring a particularly difficult farewell.

Making the Most of Teachable Moments

At many points along the way, fostering will provide teachable moments, or opportunities for learning and growth. In the most general sense, working with a Greyhound adoption group or other animal rescue organization helps to instill in children a sense of care and responsibility toward living creatures. It also draws them into a culture of service at an early age. Older children can assist in caring for fosters and volunteer at meet and greets and other events, allowing them to feel valued within the organization and community.

Suggestions offered in the previous section allow for learning and growth as well. For children who are developing their reading and writing skills, give them opportunities to read and write about engaging topics such as Greyhounds and Greyhound adoption. Such activities can help to get them excited about reading and writing in general. Before you know it you may have a voracious reader or a gifted writer on your hands! Talents such as drawing and photography, though perhaps not as essential for school success, should be nurtured in interested children. The foster scrapbook provides a thoughtful opportunity for the crafty integration of writing practice for children who need it.

Finally, perhaps the most evident teachable moment from the fostering arrangement is the opportunity to talk with your children about their feelings when a foster is adopted. If both of you are sad and missing the dog, discuss why you feel this way, how it's natural to feel this way, and know that the feelings will pass in time. You do not want to dwell indefinitely on the negative, but some discussion is important, including validation of the child's feelings and acknowledgement of your own. It is in part through conversations such as these that preschool-age children learn to regulate and control their own emotions and understand the emotions of others – skills that are essential to us as adults.

To summarize, for families who are interested in fostering, the benefits can be many. Exercising appropriate caution and vigilance can minimize the challenges. All members of the family stand to learn something about themselves and about Greyhounds. For families who can make it work, fostering is a commendable way to allow more of these wonderful dogs to race into your heart. But remember, fosters are just temporary! ■

Dr. Dana Van Abbema is an Assistant Professor of Child Psychology at St. Mary's College of Maryland. She resides in Leonardtown, Md. with her husband Steve, her Greyhound Kona, and two cats. They are active volunteers and fosters for Greyt Expectations Greyhound Rescue. *The author wishes to express her appreciation to Georgia Healy for posing so patiently for so many photos, and to Janice Pruett for reviewing an earlier version of this article.*

Abby, adopted by Dee and Steve Clark of Fort Edward, N.Y.

By Roberta Poulton

Managing Colitis with L-Glutamine

Mo, at nine years of age, healthy and happy. CINDY HANSON

In this issue we introduce Natural Grey, a new regular department dedicated to the exploration of complementary, alternative, and holistic approaches to caring for our Greyhounds. It alternates with our existing feature, Exploring Drug Therapies. -Ed.

He was tall and lanky, weighed 67 pounds, had bones sticking out everywhere, and was very sick. The veterinarian treating him was on the verge of performing exploratory surgery. He told me the dog would probably need to be on a prescription diet for the rest of his life. Mo was a black Greyhound with huge doe eyes and an infinite capacity for love. Unfortunately, he also had a seemingly infinite capacity for producing loose, watery stools. This was the creature I had agreed to foster? I found myself smitten with an animal suffering from colitis, an inflammation of the colon or large intestine.

Ulcerative colitis is a form of Inflammatory Bowel Disease (IBD). IBD occurs when certain cells chronically attack the wall of the intestine. The body responds by sending white blood cells to the intestinal lining. Inflammation is the result. Symptoms of IBD include chronic diarrhea and/or vomiting, weight loss, gas, blood or mucous in the stool, and a rumbling tummy. The exact cause of IBD is unknown, and diagnosis and treatment of IBD are difficult (see "Dealing with Inflammatory Bowel Disease," Summer 2001 *CG*). Factors possibly contributing to IBD include allergies, genetics, nutrition, infection, autoimmune

response, parasites, and stress.

Mo lived at the clinic for more than six months, suffering silently, waiting to be adopted. His appetite was so voracious that when I brought him home, he consumed eight cups of dry kibble each day. When I came home one afternoon to find my foster boy shivering in his crate, covered with feces, I vowed to find a solution.

I pestered several veterinarians. After multiple courses of antibiotics, we were at a standstill. I began to do my own research, focusing on common sense and holistic healing. I concluded that unless Mo retained some food, his colon would not calm down and he would never gain weight. What is a nice bland diet for humans with diarrhea? Rice. I consulted my veterinarian. "Why not?" he responded. I added two cups of rice to Mo's daily ration of eight cups of prescription dog food.

Mo started to gain some weight. We were on to something, but still not quite there. I turned to my local health food store, Mastel's Health Foods. Its proprietor, John Mastel, is a nationally recognized nutritional consultant who has been selling vitamin, mineral, and herbal supplements and homeopathic remedies for 35 years. I walked into his shop and said, "Help, my dog is sicker than a dog." Mr. Mastel listened to my description of Mo's condition, put his finger to his temple, walked over to the book section, fingered a few, flipped some pages, then tapped his finger on what he had found. "This has helped people with Crohn's disease," he said. "What?" I asked impatiently. "L-Glutamine," he replied. I stared dumbly. "What is it? How does it work?"

This is what he told me: L-Glutamine is one of eleven non-essential amino acids created by the body. L-Glutamine is converted into glucose when the body needs more. (Human athletes often use the supplement after a strenuous workout.) L-Glutamine has also been found helpful for people who have chronic problems with their colon. L-Glutamine lines the intestine, helping the "flare-ups" to calm down.

I asked Mr. Mastel about the dosage. Based on Mo's weight, he suggested that I try a dosage of 1/4 teaspoon (750 mg) with each meal. I followed his instructions exactly. The results were almost instantaneous. Mo started to gain weight, his coat got shinier, and he demonstrated that he had enough energy to play with my other dog, Gracie.

There is no way to know if L-Glutamine was the key to Mo's recovery. Perhaps Mo finally relaxed, realizing that he'd found his forever home. As stress can be associated with colitis, I've tried to keep a routine to help Mo avoid "flare-ups." He will still greet me with a tooting symphony and growling tummy if I miss doses of his supplement, or if he gets overly stressed when I am away from home more than usual.

Five years later, Mo is a healthy, trim, 82 lb Greyhound who eats a normal diet. At 9 years of age, he is sleek and beautiful. My experience managing Mo's colitis has taught me the importance of working with my veterinarian, doing my own research, and keeping an open mind. ■

Roberta Poulton lives in St. Paul, Minn. with Mo and her mixed-breed dog, Gracie.

Chick Magnet

If only I had known about Greyhounds when I was single. Talk about a chick magnet! This morning I went to my local (overpriced) coffee place for a latte and once again tried to read my newspaper. It just wasn't possible. The female admirers (of Byron and Farah, not me) ranged in age from about 16 to 70, all of them quite beautiful.

It usually begins with "What beautiful dogs. Can I pet them?" Some stay for moments, others for longer. One sat down to talk about life, politics, and her granddaughter.

Finally I came home. I need to finish my newspaper now. ■

Reprinted with permission from Needlenose Notes, *newsletter of the Needle Nose Crew of Laguna Hills, Calif. This piece originally appeared in the August 2003 issue.*

Snip. Will Shumaker, Tampa, Fla.

Story by Linda Hess with
Wanda Abeyta
Illustrations by Kathy Hoynes

Tukan's Last Resort

It started with a message on the Greyhound Connection phone line one day in March 2002. A woman was looking for an adoption group to take a Greyhound whose owner had become ill. We happened to be the first group she contacted. When Wanda returned the call, a message on the answering machine announced the office hours of the Deer Park (*something*) Resort. Wanda referred the call to me and I followed up in the morning.

I spoke with a gentleman at the resort's office for quite some time and was able to get the information about the dog. His owner had a stroke and had been hospitalized for six weeks. Since he could no longer care for his beloved friend, he asked the resort management to contact the Greyhound adoption group in San Diego. In the meantime, residents of Deer Park (*something*) Resort were all pitching in to care for the 10 year-old dog. His name was Tukan. The gentleman told me the name means "my best friend" in an Indian language.

I agreed to help. Over the next two days I made calls to all of the Greyhound adoption groups in San Diego County. None of them had placed this dog. I tried e-mailing several organizations outside our area and still was unable to find his original group. I called the resort to say we would pick up Tukan the following weekend. After receiving directions, I asked the name of the resort. Again, all I could understand was Deer Park (*something*) Resort. I tried one more time, and finally I got it.

It was Deer Park *Nudist* Resort.

I checked the Internet for a Deer Park website to confirm the directions. There was indeed a website. In my quest for a map to help us find our way to Tukan, I clicked the button marked "Facilities" on the resort's home page. Up popped a photo of a large group of naked people without tan lines, standing around a helicopter, waving at the camera. Would this be our welcoming committee?

Wanda and I set out for the resort early Saturday morning. As we drove, our minds raced with thoughts about the adventure ahead. We wondered how we would react if the guests of the resort received us in their altogether. We had plenty of time to think about it; our destination was 120 miles away. As we got closer to the resort, our thoughts

Tukan.

turned to Tukan. How might we find him? Would he be hungry or hurt? We began to worry.

After a pit stop and a bite to eat, we continued up into the mountains. The temperature dropped from San Diego's balmy 72 degrees as we climbed into the clouds. We asked the weather gods to make it even colder; although we might freeze in our t-shirts, at least everyone else would have to be wearing clothes.

We arrived after more than two hours on the road. The resort was set off the main thoroughfare at the end of a dirt road. A river rock wall surrounded it — more for decoration than privacy. The main gate was locked to ensure resident-only traffic. Mobile homes and RVs were parked about the grounds, offering residents a very nice view of mountains and pine trees scattered throughout the grassy hills. Heads down, we walked cautiously from the visitor parking area to the office. To our relief, everyone was fully clothed.

Once all of the relinquishment paper work was completed, the resort staff told us they would take us to Tukan. Wanda and I panicked. We expected the dog to be brought to us. Would we have to walk through the resort? Where would we go and what might we see?

The rain that had started shortly after we arrived was turning to sleet. The wind chilled us as we walked to the end of the park where Tukan was staying. We found his pen, a tarp-covered 8-by-8 foot enclosure with a cement surface. He had been living outside in the rain, snow, and cold for the past six weeks.

The pen was empty.

We felt uneasy. Where could he be? Did he get away? With no tall fence or wall around the resort, he could be anywhere. The people from the office didn't know where he could be either, so we hiked back through the park, growing numb with the cold, while the office people knocked on the doors of mobile homes and RVs, looking for Tukan.

We kept our heads down the entire time, hoping to avoid even a glimpse of skin.

The residents gave us an idea where "Old Tuk" might be and more people joined the hunt. A couple with a Basset Hound drove ahead in their golf cart, scouting out leads. After half an hour of searching, one resident said that someone had taken Tukan up to the barn for shelter.

We made our way up the hill to the barn. Getting closer, we could see a gray, triangular face in the shadows. Tukan was tied up in the barn, dry and warm. He beamed at our arrival. His tail wagged and he shook, but not from the cold. What a happy boy he was! We almost cried while he showered us with love.

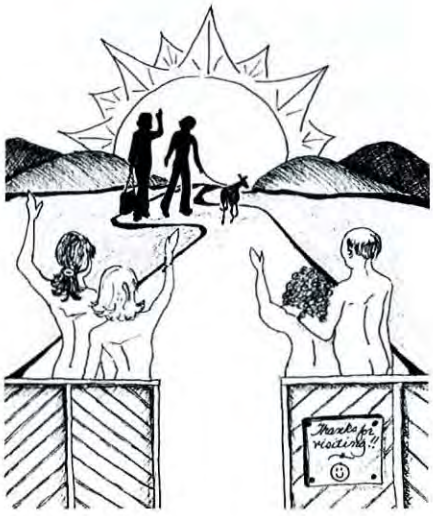
Old Tukan had been looked after and loved while his owner was gone. Each of the residents took turns caring for him and feeding him leftovers from dinner. There was a couple who took him jogging daily. One of the young people said she considered Tukan to be her best friend and spent a lot of time with him in his compound while the adults were busy with other activities. She made sure he had a clean pen, fresh water, and soft bedding. Unfortunately, the resort residents did not know that Greyhounds are indoor pets and ill-equipped to face the weather. Tukan had grown a winter coat like we had never seen on a Greyhound.

As we were leaving the resort, many of the residents came out to say goodbye to their friend. That was the toughest part of our whole adventure. These people loved Tukan and you could hear in their voices that they would genuinely miss him. Each person gave him hugs and kisses. Some told him not to forget them, as they would not forget him. The man who had taken him into the barn gave him a very long hug and told him to behave for his new ladies.

Tukan has since found a new forever home with Julie Lawrence, one of Greyhound Connection's home representatives and an occasional foster mom. Julie was not sure she needed a third Greyhound, but love for Tukan won her over. Tukan enjoys play dates at the park, where he runs like a young pup with many newfound friends.

As for Wanda and me, well, we never expected to meet such a warm group of people on such a cold spring day. ■

Linda Hess is a volunteer with Greyhound Connection in San Diego, Calif. Wanda Abeyta is the President and Founder of Greyhound Connection. A shorter version of this article appeared in Greyt Tales: The Greyhound Connection Newsletter, *Winter 2003.*



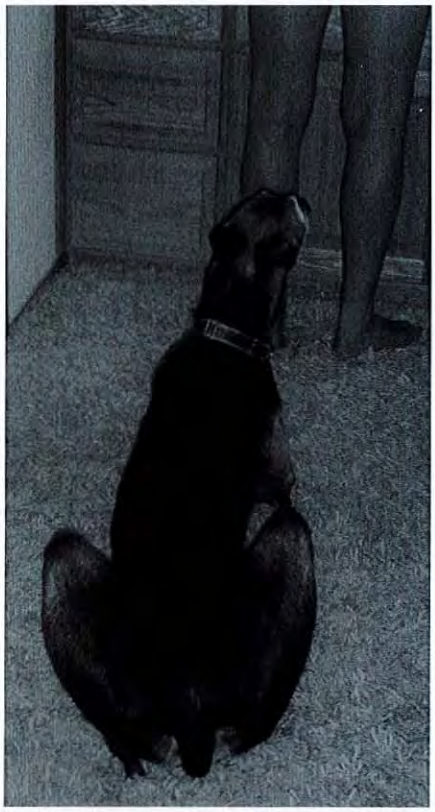
By Cara Brockhoff

A Guy and His Dog

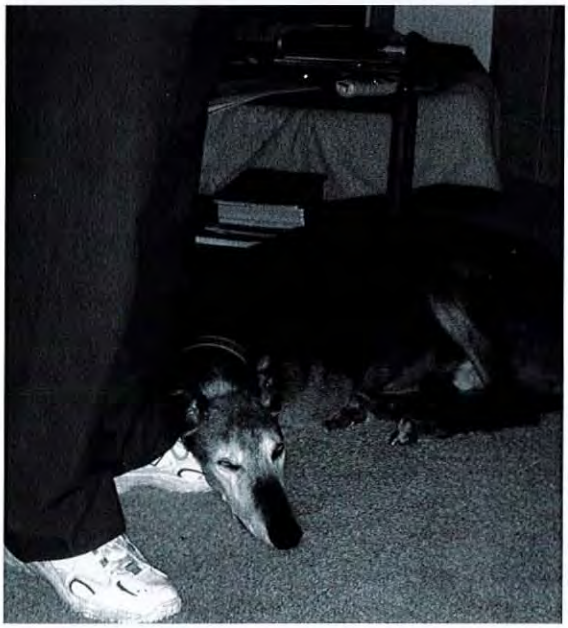
Nancy and Bill Schmidt (TEAM Greyhound Adoption of Ohio) sent this picture of Rambo, a stately and independent 11-year-old stud, reluctantly relinquished by an Iowa Greyhound farm. Jerry and I agreed to adopt this old boy even though the owner had warned Nancy repeatedly, "This dog will never do well in a home environment."
This is *not* the dog we got.

This **is the dog we got.**

On the first day he came into the house, Rambo sat Jerry down and said in no uncertain terms, "Things are gonna be different around here."

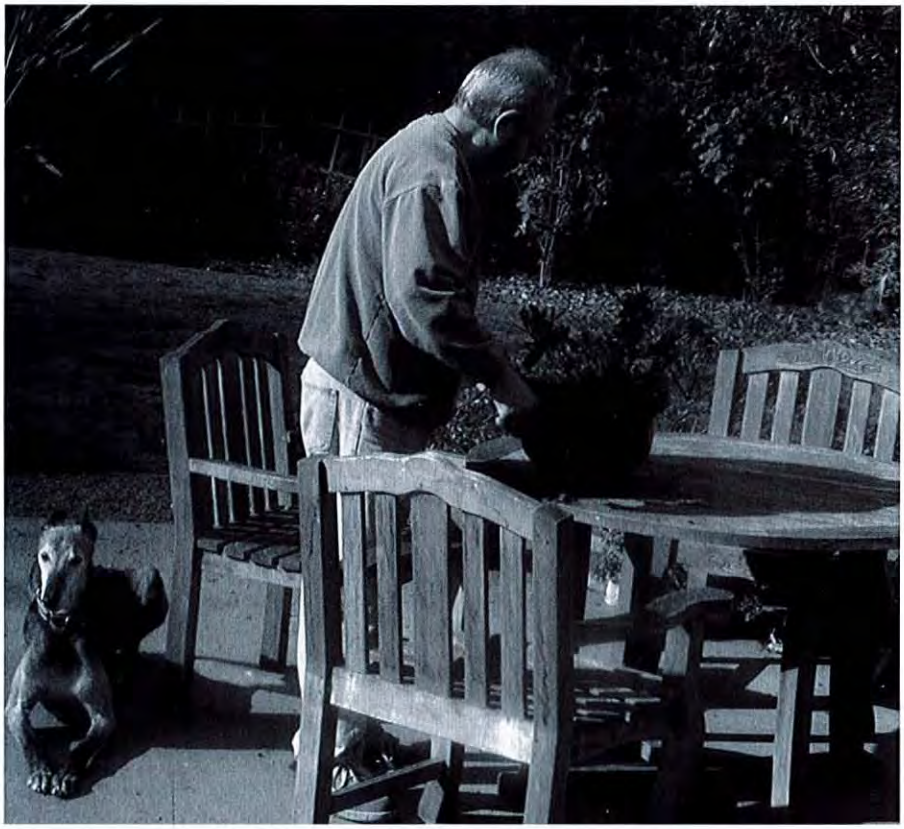


"I'm going to be sticking *very* close to you, no matter where you are or what you're doing."



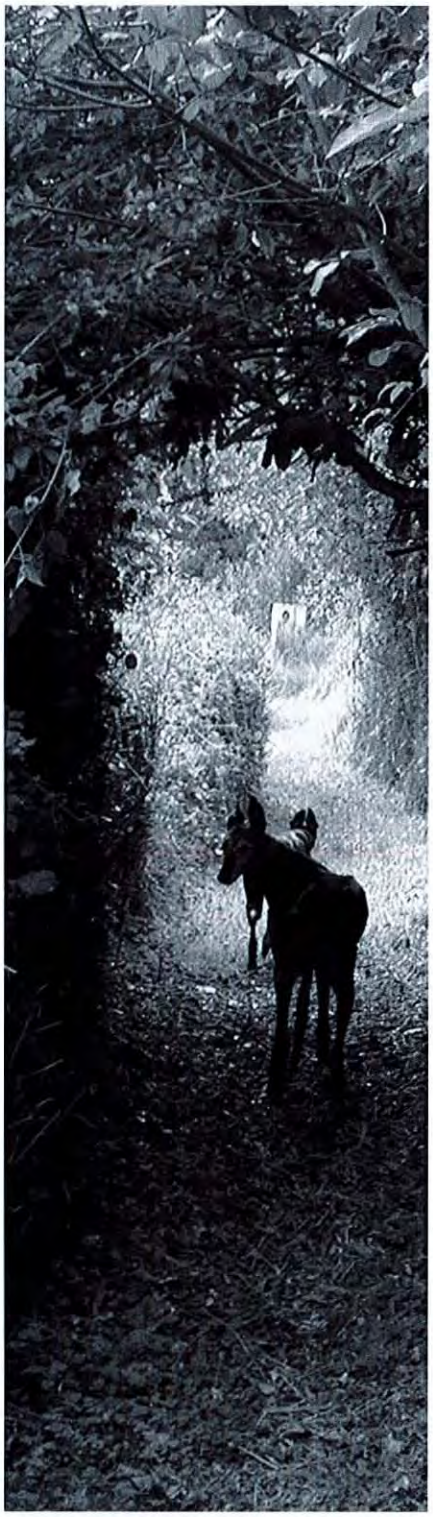
"I'm not going to like it one bit when you tell me you're leaving for work and will do my best to keep you home with me."

"When you come home in the evening, I expect to be the *only* one allowed on the couch with you."

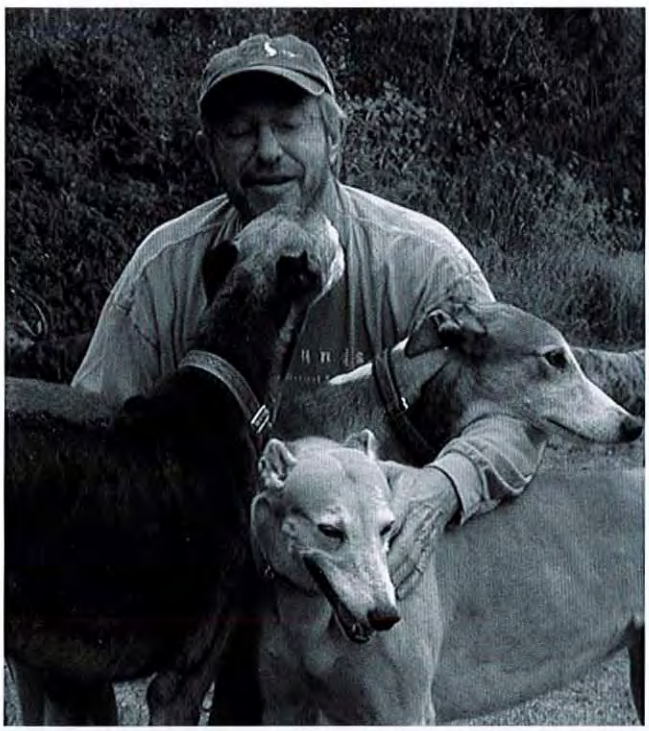


"When you're home all day on the weekends, I'll be right behind you while you're doing yard work and stuff."

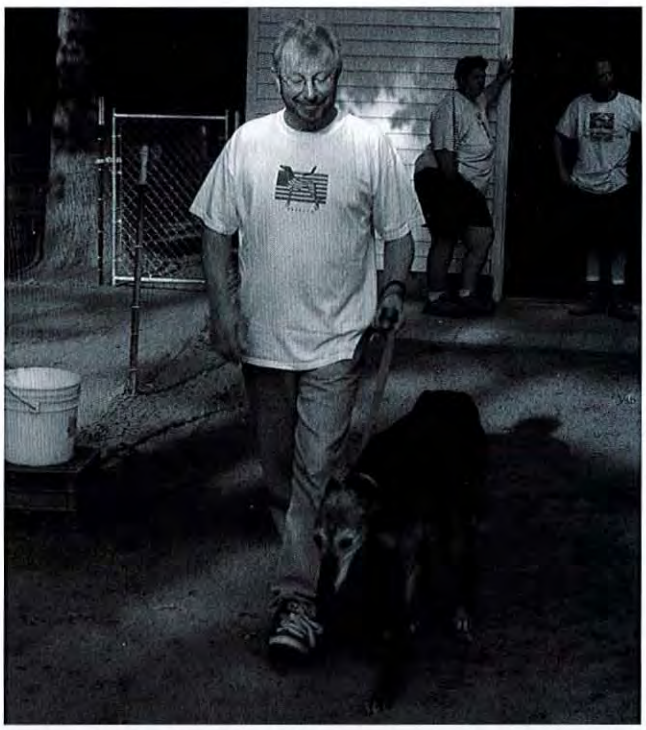
"When you take us to The Swamp for walks, you'll probably have to give me a hand — my rear end is 11 years old, you know."



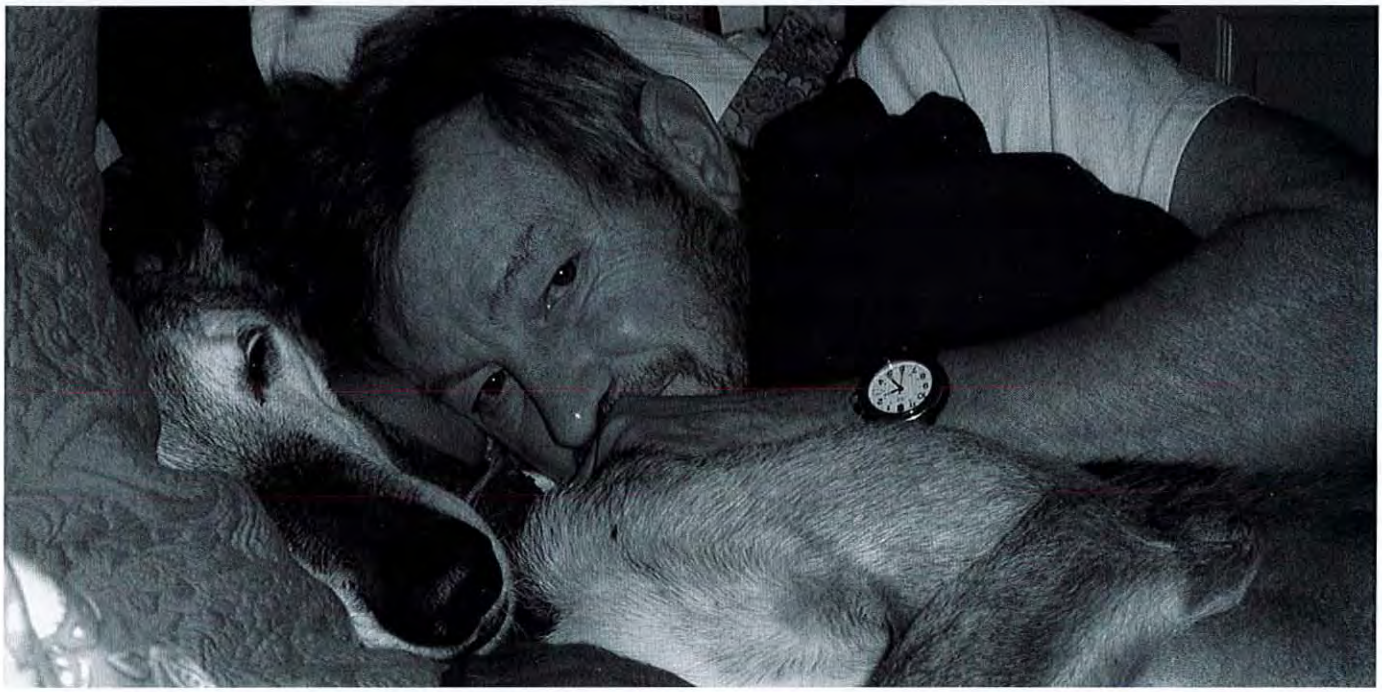
"When we go for walks on the trails, I don't intend to let you out of my sight for a second."



"And keep this in mind: No matter *where* we are, I expect you to pet me first and most. I don't care if there *are* five other Greyhounds in this family."



"I'll never forget how happy I felt that day at the kennel when you took my leash and told me I was coming to California with you."



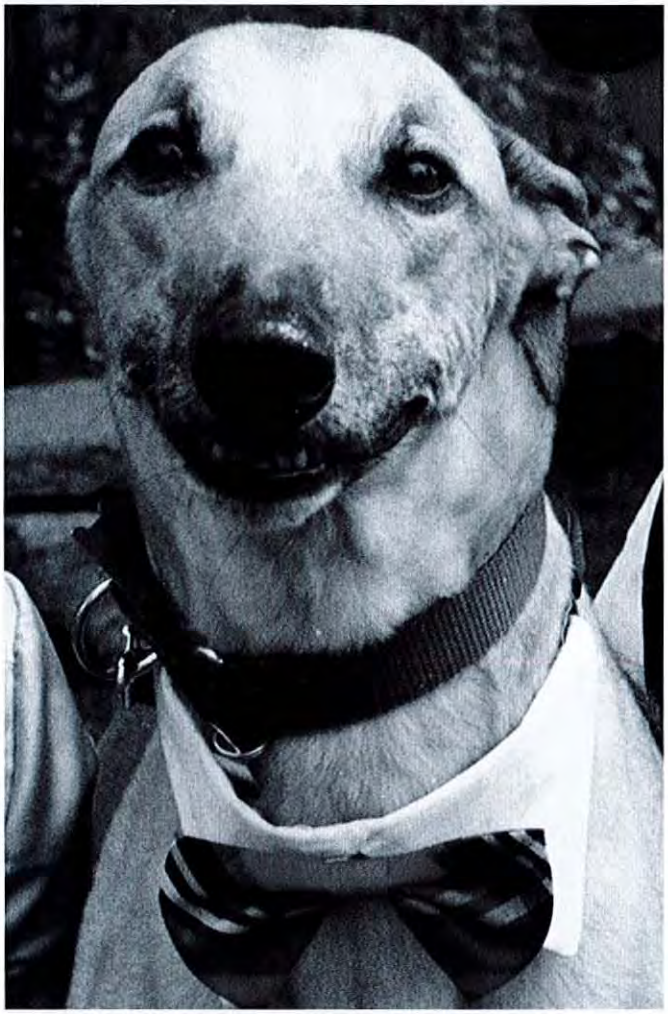
"And now, as of today, we're both retired. We get to be together all day long! Go back to sleep, Dad. Geezers get to sleep in." ■

Cara Brockhoff is the owner and administrator of Northcoast Greyhound Support (www.northcoastgreyhounds.net/).

By Bev Doan

The Boys vs. The Girls

The choice is really a matter of high maintenance vs. low maintenance.



Chet, adopted by Brenda and Michael Birt of Crysler, Ont., Canada.

Boys:
"I'm relentless in my need and desire to be in your face, on you, over you, under your feet, behind you, in front of you, next to you.
You adopted me and now you will have no rest from me, ever.
I may just lift my leg on everything you touch, in tribute to you, every time I think you may be looking at some other dog.
If you'd let me, I'd probably nurse.
I will be a perpetually needy child, demanding attention, affection, and constant affirmation, no matter how old either one of us gets."
High maintenance.

Anastasia, adopted by Linda Cliffel, Bloom Twp., Ill. RICH HOYNES

Girls:
"Thanks for liberating me. You go ahead and do your alpha thing, but let's just be equals in the ways that really count. Show me the ropes and I'll settle right in. Who are the players? Where's my spot? What stuff is mine? What time's dinner? Here are the rules:

1. If you wanted a clown, you should have adopted from the circus.
2. I ain't a blonde.
3. Talk to the butt. The face ain't listenin'.
4. I can out pee almost any dog on the planet in my quest to pee last.
5. I won't lick you if you don't lick me.
6. I'll always be close by, but call me. We'll have lunch if we're both free."

Low maintenance. ■

Bev Doan lives in Pasadena, Calif. with her husband Tim and Greyhounds Jazz, Tigger, and Rebecca. She is founder and past president of GPA/Southern Nevada, and serves as a director on the board of that chapter.

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Sixth Annual South Jersey Volunteers Christmas Party
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Saturdays and Sundays, February 7 and 8 through March 27 and 28
Monday, February 16 (President's Day)
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Friday, April 23 through Sunday, April 25
Greyhounds in Gettysburg
Triangle Greyhound Society
Gettysburg, Pa. and surrounding area
Greyhounds in Gettysburg is an annual Greyhound gathering in historic Gettysburg. Vendors, ghost walk, strolls in area parks, and a meet-and-greet at the local Harley Davidson dealership. Contact: Joanna Wolfe, 919-219-2417 or netlagd@aol.com; www.trianglegreyhound.org/gig.html

Friday, April 30 through Sunday, May 2
Greyhound Gathering – Kanab 2004
Greyhound Gang
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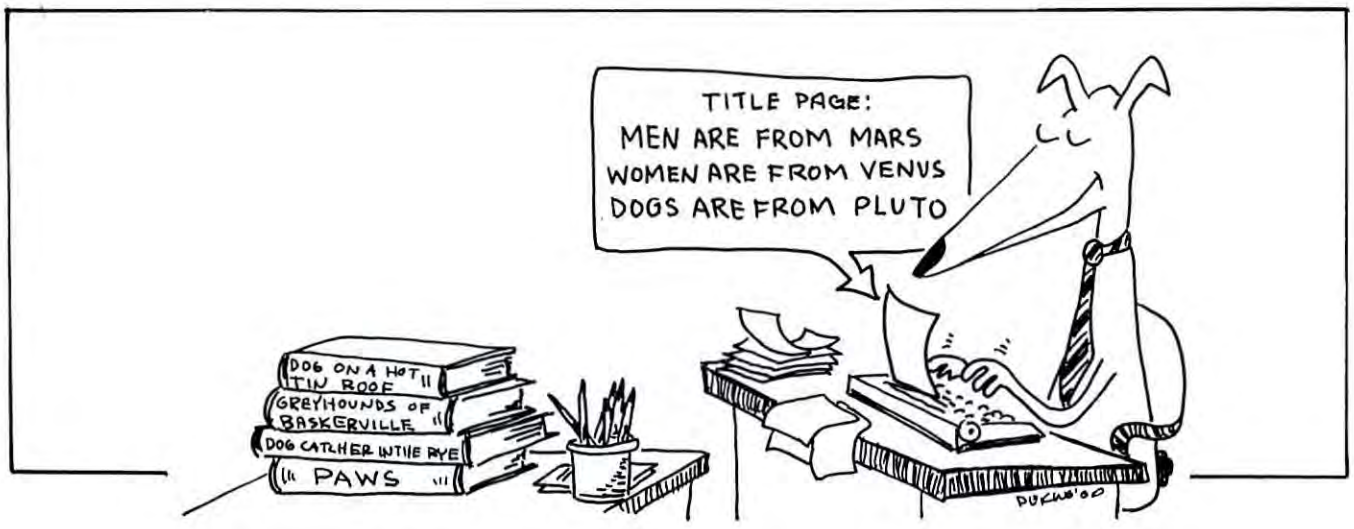

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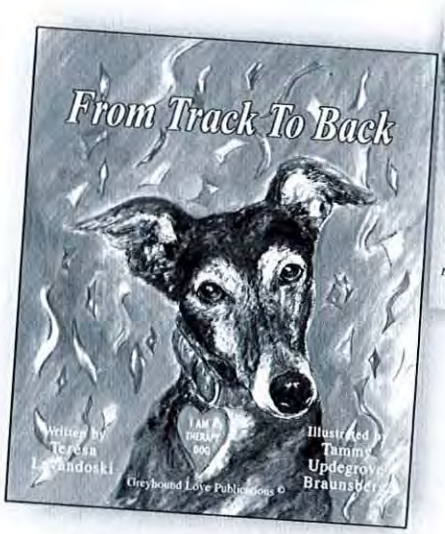

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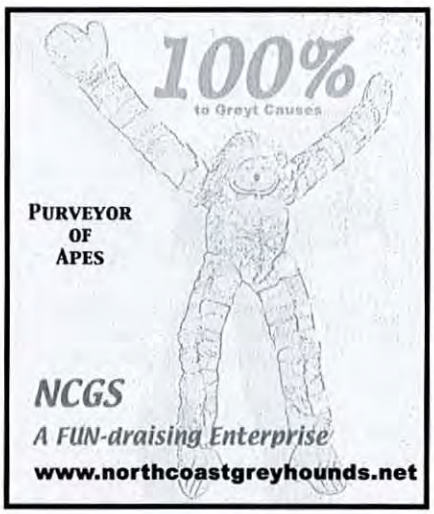

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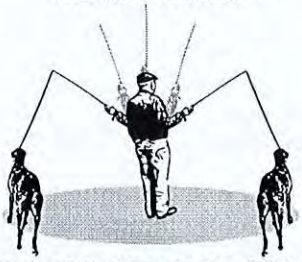

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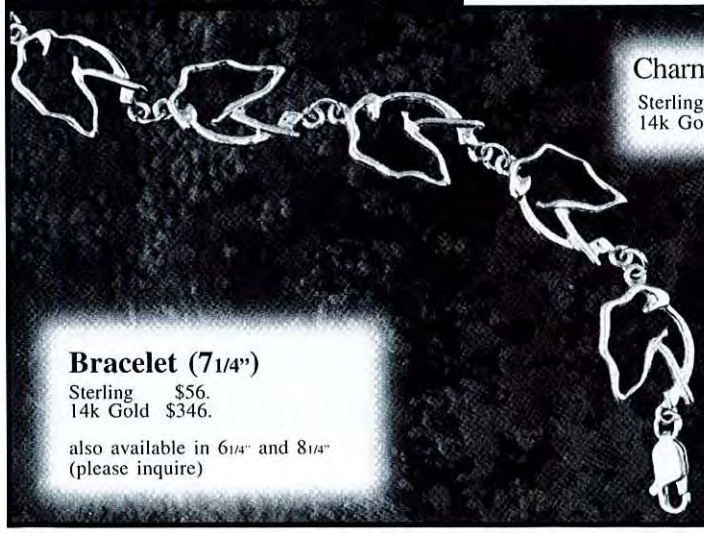

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Griffin (Untouchable) 1992-2003

Adopted by Gale and Chris Hollstein from Greyhound Friends, Griffin was pictured in "After Amputation" (Spring 2002 *CG*) and on page 5 of the Winter 2002 issue. Griffin crossed to the bridge suddenly due to a stroke. He joins Ibis, his tripod companion, who passed last year. "Spiffy" Griffy enriched our lives with his sense of humor and his big heart. His silly antics, such as "shoplifting" stuffies, sneaking into coat pockets, purses and shopping bags looking for biscuits, taking inventory of the kitchen pantry, and sitting in Mom's lap were just a few of the things he did to make us laugh. He knew he could get away with most anything, but he refrained from becoming obnoxious (most of the time). He smiled from ear to ear with all of his teeth showing, while swinging his head from side to side and doing a little happy dance. He loved being a therapy dog and going to meet-and-greets. He was never at a loss to communicate what he wanted and he always seemed to know what we needed, be it a paw on the arm, a gentle kiss or a stuffy strategically aimed at the head. We will always love him and forever miss him.

Jeffrey (Criminal Motion) 1999-2003

Adopted and loved by Rick and Shannon Lorenz of Mesa, Ariz. Jeffrey was pictured as the Cowardly Lion from The Wizard of Oz on page 46 of the Spring 2003 issue of *CG*. Jeffrey lost his valiant struggle with Valley Fever on August 16. Retired less than a year at the time of his passing, he lived his short life to the fullest. He loved dipping his feet in his swimming pool and watching television from his sofa. He was a velcro dog, ever so gently placing his chin in one's cupped palm as he walked at our side. We will miss his happy dances, his humorous puffer cheeks, and his out-of-tune roos. He will be in our hearts forever.

Tucker (1993-2003)

Tucker adopted Marcia and Doug Herman when he was 6-and-a-half weeks old. One of 12 pups born to an "oops" litter whelped by retired racing Greyhounds Bonnie and Pee Wee, Tucker climbed up Marcia's leg, smiled at her, and instantly convinced her to take him home with her. While Marcia was editor of *CG Magazine*, Tucker cheerfully helped her illustrate points in articles. In Winter of 1996 he showed that very young puppies can use dog doors; in Summer of 1998, he modeled his Sure-Fit harness; in Spring of 1999 Tucker illustrated that some Greyhounds are unusually hairy; and in Winter of 1999, shown shortly after his first debilitating stroke/vestibular/back problem incident, Tucker illustrated the endearing head-tilt often seen in dogs with vestibular problems. By 2002, it became clear that he'd been developing a kidney disease, glomerulonephritis (GN). Despite his declining health, he took seriously his job greeting guests up to the day he died and enjoyed traveling and hiking almost as long. An autopsy indicated that complications from GN — not vestibular disease, stroke, or back problems — caused his poor health. He accepted all his good days, bad days, and treatments with gentleness, grace, and optimism. He is sorely missed.

Stealth (1990-2003)

Stealth was Dana Provost's heart dog. Stealth was featured in "Stealth, My Flyball Greyhound" (Winter 1999 *CG*) "Stealth, Therapy Veteran" (Winter 2002 *CG*), and "Eddie's Wheels for Pets," in this issue. During his 11 years with Dana, Stealth was a Greyhound ambassador for adoptions and the first Greyhound certified as a therapy dog in Las Vegas, Nev. He took up flyball competition at the age of eight, becoming a champion who ranked fifth in all of North America in his breed classification upon retirement from the sport three years later. At the age of eleven, he started doing fashion shows in Las Vegas and San Diego. He rode in the cabin of an airplane, walked the span of the Golden Gate Bridge, and made many television appearances. He was diagnosed with Lumbosacral Stenosis in 2002, but continued his therapy dog work with the use of a wheelcart. He inspired many patients who used wheelchairs themselves. Two weeks before his passing, the Nevada Veterinary Medical Association inducted Stealth into the Nevada Animal Hall of Fame award in the Companion Category. Stealth was special to a lot of people and will always be remembered for all he did for the community.

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

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