

A photograph of three greyhounds resting on a red blanket. The dogs are in various positions, some looking towards the camera and others looking away. The lighting is warm, highlighting the texture of their fur.

cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds

Winter 2007

\$6.50

ALSO INSIDE:

Unraveling Nitting

Experimental Medicine

**Surviving the Hauler
Accident**

**Reuniting Families:
Adopting Related Greyhounds**



Romulus and Remus, adopted by Andrea Viescas of Queens, N.Y.

Front Cover Credit:

Eight year-old sisters Jammie (KW Jams Memory) and Jojo (KW Jojos Memory) were adopted by Georgia Green of Lynn, Mass. Georgia's lovely photo of Jammie and Jojo was the winner of our Winter Cover Photo Search.

Back Cover Credit:

Amy (Crystal Amy) and Molly (Crystal Molly), adopted by Tom and Diane Ward of Leesburg, Va. *Bev Hollis Photography*

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I am, once again, outnumbered by the Greyhounds in my household.

Adjusting to the loss of Herman and Hannah has been hard, of course. I still haven't sorted and stored their personal effects (photos, collars, coats, cremains). I tell myself that I've been too busy, although I suspect that's only partially true. For many weeks after their passing, Hattie and I had the house to ourselves. We took brisk, extra-long walks — unencumbered by dogs in failing health — and Hattie had her pick of the many dog beds scattered about the house.

Eventually, I began to furtively surf the websites of Greyhound adoption groups in my area, checking out the available dogs. Not that I was quite ready to adopt; no, I just wanted to see how it felt, like gently pressing on a bruise to gauge the healing process. "I have no idea what I'm looking for," I told someone. "And I'll choose a dog for some silly reason, like the name, or the expression on its face."

Several weeks later, I called Kate Bressler of Greyhound Support Kansas City.

"You didn't tell me you had an available dog named *Jethro*."

You can guess the rest. As we speak, *Jethro* is curled up at my feet. He has been a challenge. After years of old dogs who know the drill, I found it hard to welcome into my home a dog who pees on my stuff, jumps on my brand-new countertops, and howls when he's crated. Moved by his mournful pleas, I tried leaving him uncrated and muzzled for an entire day. He failed that test by methodically destroying most of my silicone kitchen utensils and leaving his muzzle in the kitchen sink. Since then, we've been trying shorter stints out of the box with more success. I know it was unreasonable for me to expect him to immediately mature into *Jethreau*, the sophisticated, suave, composed, mannerly version of himself. He's *Jethro*. And that's just fine.

But he's not the only new addition to the household. At the same time that I found *Jethro* on the website, I noticed another available dog, an 8-year old female: *Jammin Pearl*. I decided that she ought to come live with us, too. And when I brought her home, *Pearl* quickly reached the same conclusion. She picked a dog bed, flopped down, stretched out and stared at me, grinning and thwopping her tail on the floor every time I said her name. What's not to like? After showing some initial reserve, even *Hattie* has been worn down by *Pearl's* congeniality, frisking around the yard with her after they've done their business.

What made me decide to adopt two dogs at the same time? I had space in my home and heart, but truthfully, that wasn't the whole reason. I adopted them both because *Pearl* and *Jethro* are mother and son.

This is not the first time I've adopted related Greyhounds. Eleven years ago, I adopted littermates *Herman* and *Hattie*. And I know I'm not alone in my interest in reuniting related Greyhounds. Greyhound adopters have always been interested in finding out information about their dog's history and bloodlines. As more and more racing Greyhounds retire and find adoptive homes, adopters are increasingly able to find and adopt related dogs. The articles in this issue explore this trend. And the photographs on the cover and throughout this issue were sent to CG by many of you who have adopted related Greyhounds. Thank you for sharing your family photos with us!

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine

Editor-in-Chief:	Cindy Hanson
Adoptions Editor:	Mary Bauer
Features Editor:	Dana Provost
Copy Editors:	Jill Allen, Lindsay Hocker, Alice O'Hearn, Tiffany Pany, Ann Penfield, Susan Tanona, Lynda Welkowitz
Regular Contributors:	Jim Bader DVM, Susan M. Collins, Bruce DeKing, Laurel E. Drew, William E. Feeman III DVM, April Pedersen
Veterinary Advisors:	Jim Bader DVM, Rodger Barr DVM
Legal Advisor:	John Parker
Art Director:	Zographix Inc.
Data Base Librarian:	Ellen McCracken
Webmaster:	Lori Kriz

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES

CG Magazine, Attention: Subscriptions, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701; subscriptions@adopt-a-greyhound.org. Allow eight weeks for change of address.

SUBMISSIONS

For writing and photography guidelines, visit www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine/guidelines.html or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to CG Magazine Guidelines, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112. Initial queries preferred.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR AND QUESTIONS

CG Magazine/Editorial Office, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112; editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org.

ADVERTISING

CG Magazine/Advertising, PO Box 5239, Framingham, MA 01701; advertising@adopt-a-greyhound.org. Advertising information and guidelines are also located at www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine/advertise.html.

WEB ADDRESS

www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine

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Cyanide Billy and Cyanide Andy, two brothers who were featured as Hero Hounds in our Winter 2005 issue, fell on hard times but have now found their forever home.

A Dream Comes True

I have been subscribing to your wonderful magazine for about three years now. I have been reading, attending meet-and-greets, and talking to various Greyhound people for about 10 years. This past Friday I finally adopted my first Greyhound, a beautiful red brindle male with a black mask. His name was Greys Island Mocha. Have you ever wanted and dreamed about something for so long, and when that day finally comes and you get your heart's desire, you are disappointed? It turns out that the wanting and wishing were the best part of it all. I was afraid after 10 long years that somehow it wouldn't work out, that I would be disappointed. Boy, was I ever wrong. I did not think it was possible to love a dog as much as I love Luka. He is beyond wonderful. He has my heart and soul. Greyhounds are the best dogs in the world and I want to do my part to spread the message. It makes me so happy to give this deserving hound a good home with everything he could ever want. I look for-

ward to adopting more Greyhounds in the future. Thanks for helping educate me on my new best friend and for all you do for the dogs and their people. Your magazine is the best!

Janice "JJ" Brinegar
Via E-Mail

The Heroes are Home

In your Winter 2005 issue, you featured Cyanide Billy and Cyanide Andy as Hero Hounds ("Cyanide Brothers to the Rescue"). I thought you would be interested in an update about them. After miraculously saving the lives of their foster family, the Greyhounds were deserted with a dog-sitting service when the family moved out of the area. The brothers were returned to GPA/Orlando, where they would wait until someone adopted them. Virginia Greyhound Adoption has a close working relationship with Joan Harris of GPA/Orlando. When Joan told us about Billy and Andy's situation, we were heartbroken for the amazing senior

Greyhounds. As fate would have it, we heard from Bill and Jane Taylor, who wanted to adopt a pair of special needs Greyhounds. As soon as arrangements could be made to move Billy and Andy to Virginia, they were on their way to a new home with the Taylors. At last, these very special Greyhounds have found a happy forever home.

Carolyn Flajnik, President
Virginia Greyhound Adoption

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

We regret that we cannot publish every letter and photo. ■



Keeper (Red Hill Midnight) and Sleeper (Red Hill Sleeper), adopted by Sue and Ed Bulsza of Doylestown, Pa.

Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2007: A little smaller, a lot drier

A funny thing happened at the thirteenth annual Greyhounds Reach the Beach (GRTB) in Dewey Beach, Delaware: The sun came out and stayed out. And not only for the official weekend of October 5-8, 2007, but for the entire week leading up to the event when many attendees begin to arrive. Even local residents were pleased and surprised at the unexpected beach weather.

Not surprisingly, attendance was down from previous years. While impossible to give an exact count due to the large number of attendees that didn't register, organizers estimate there were 1,500 people and 2,000 dogs at the event. GRTB began in 1995 with about 65 Greyhounds and 85 people, and it doubled in size for each of the first five years. It grew at a more moderate pace after that, and 2006 was the first year that growth leveled off.

Organizers attribute this year's lower attendance to a number of factors, including last year's disastrous storm, which caused many scheduled events to be cancelled and made the ground too soggy to erect the vendor tents. Other factors include the growth of alternative Greyhound gatherings around the country and a reduced number of available hotel rooms. Additionally, registration opened later this year and was only open for five weeks.

For the first time, vendors organized their own sites and were distributed among hotel rooms, storefronts, condos, and the Rehoboth Fire Station. Caroline Behne of Gawn to the Dawgs published a vendor directory, which The Greyhound Project included in registration packets. Although some attendees and vendors commented on missing the vendor tents of previous years, there were at least an equal number of positive comments on vending from dry, temperature-controlled rooms.

Among plans in the works to help increase vendor visibility and attendee registration for 2008 are wristbands that will be required to attend scheduled events and that will qualify registered attendees for other privileges.

As in past years, the Greyhounds in Art Show (\$3,500) and the Raffle (\$6,326) raised money to support canine cancer research. This year the funds were split equally between the Morris Animal Foundation Canine Cancer Research Fund and the Ohio State University Greyhound Health and Wellness Fund.

In addition, the Greyhounds Reach the Beach message board dinner raised \$2,267 for the Ohio State Fund, and the Greyhound Pets of America's "Bell Ceremony" memorial raised \$1,350 for the Morris Fund. That's a total of \$13,443 donated for canine research by GRTB attendees.

The event always receives a lot of positive press, including past articles in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Washington Post*, and *Dog Fancy*. This year GRTB attracted national attention for the dogs with a live broadcast from Dewey Beach on the CBS Early Show.

All in all, it was a very good weekend for the Greyhounds. —Sarah Norton

GCA Grants Available for Greyhound Adoption Groups

The Greyhound Club of America (GCA) has received funds from Purina to be used for health, education, and rescue work. The GCA rescues show Greyhounds. It is donating Purina rescue money to adoption groups that find homes for retired racing Greyhounds. While the GCA does not discriminate among adoption groups with respect to their position on Greyhound racing, Purina has asked that the funds be used only for the expenses associated with Greyhound adoption, not for political activities. Grants generally are in the amount of \$2,000 or less. Grant applications are evaluated by the GCA rescue committee and reviewed by the GCA Board of Directors. This process can take up to six months. If your adoption group would like to apply for a grant, contact Cynthia Swanson, chair of the GCA Rescue Committee, 2210 Holly Circle, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 or hwindhounds@gmail.com.

Winter CG Cover Photo Search Results

The photographs you see in this issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* were sent to us by readers in response to our Cover Photo Search. Georgia Green's photograph of sis-

ters Jammie and Jojo was the winner of the cover search. Runners-up include:

- Willie and Sienna, adopted by Karen and Gary Kidwell of Oakley, Calif. (p. 13)
- Romulus and Remus, adopted by Andrea Viescas of Queens, N.Y. (inside front cover)

Thank you to everyone who submitted their photos and stories!

Correction

The photograph on p. 11 of the Summer 2007 issue was misidentified. The Greyhounds pictured are Wren, Tyler, and Carrie, adopted by Brian and Deanna Swartzfager of Columbia, Md.

Moving? Need to Renew?

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

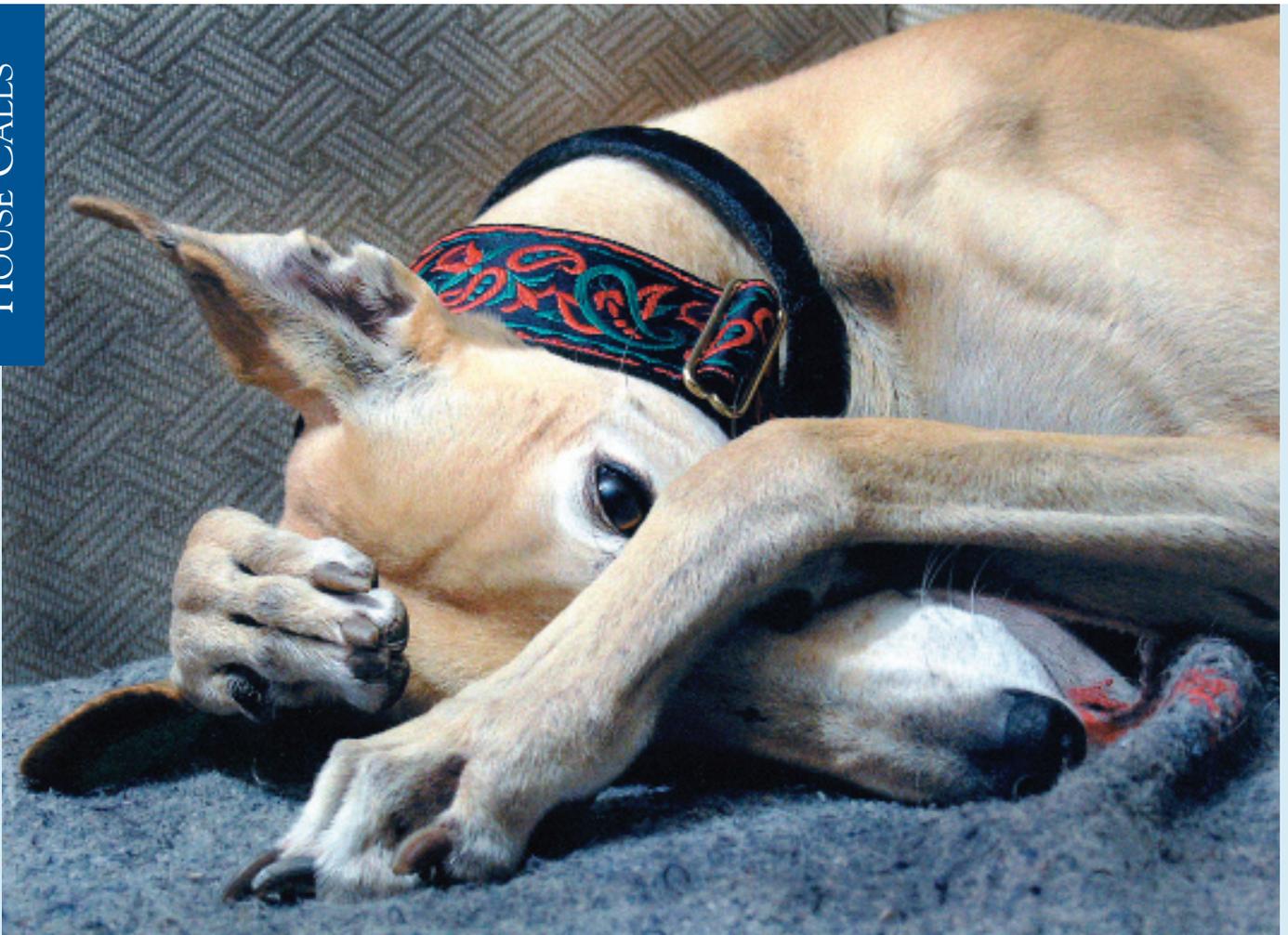
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Free Copies of CG Magazine to Adopters of Senior and Special Needs Greyhounds

Do you know someone who has adopted a special needs Greyhound? If so, please tell this Greyhound lover that he or she is eligible to receive a free copy of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*. All the adopter needs to do is send a note to editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org or Editor/*Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*, PO Box 120048, Saint Paul, MN 55112 with the following information: Name and address of adopter, name of adopted Greyhound, and a brief description of the dog's special need. (For this offer, the special needs Greyhound is one who is at least seven years of age at the time of adoption or one of any age who has a special medical problem requiring veterinary attention at the time of adoption.) ■



Wink (JG Quickwink) and her brother Finn (JG Quickfast), adopted by Liz Pelletier of Lynnfield, Mass.



Healthy ears are critical to a Greyhound's hearing and balance. Indy (WW's Racing Indy), adopted by Ray Wong of Nashville, Tenn.

Off Kilter: Conditions Affecting the Ear

By Jim Bader, DVM

The ear performs two major functions for the body: It helps the Greyhound to hear sound and it controls balance. The ear's interpretation of the stimuli it receives allows the Greyhound to move so gracefully. The vestibular apparatus (VA) is the balance control center. A disease affecting the VA directly or the structures around the VA leads to imbalance, head tilt, flickering eyes (nystagmus), and other clinical signs. To better understand how the VA works and the conditions that affect it, we need to be familiar with the anatomy of the ear.

The ear is divided into three regions: Outer, middle, and inner (where the VA is located). The outer ear contains all structures from the earflap to the eardrum, including the ear canal. The middle ear includes all of the structures from the eardrum to the bony structures of the skull, as well as the three tiny bones that connect the eardrum to the oval window. The oval window is a thin structure that vibrates when the eardrum is stimulated, sending signals to the brain that allow the Greyhound to process sound. The middle ear also contains the bulla. The bulla is a round structure connecting to the throat via the auditory tube (in humans it is called the Eustachian Tube). The inner ear contains the cochlea and the VA. The VA consists of three semicircular tubes that lie ninety degrees to each other. The tubes contain fluid that moves based on how the Greyhound moves. The brain interprets the fluid's movement, keeping the Greyhound's movement and coordination graceful.

Many different diseases and conditions affect the VA. The diseases may not be directed at the VA, but to the structures around the VA, causing loss of balance. Any disease or condition affecting the regions of the ear may cause vestibular disease.

Diagnosis of a disease or condition affecting the VA starts with a thorough physical exam. The Greyhound is examined from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This method ensures that nothing is overlooked. The Greyhound is evaluated for any neurologic deficits, such as staggering, “saw horse stance,” nystagmus, or even the inability to blink. The outer ear canal is inspected for inflammation or infection and then the eardrum is evaluated for integrity (is there a hole?) or fluid in the middle ear.

After the physical exam, further tests may be necessary. If the cause of the VA disturbance is an outer ear canal infection along with a ruptured eardrum, a culture may be indicated. Alternately, examination of a slide of the ear debris under a microscope may lead to a diagnosis. The appropriate medication is prescribed, hopefully resolving the problem. However, if fluid is observed in the middle ear, a radiograph and a myringotomy may be ordered to further evaluate the middle ear. The Greyhound is sedated and the radiograph is taken through an open mouth view. This view may show fluid and bony changes in the bulla. A myringotomy is a surgical incision in the eardrum to collect fluid for culture and evaluation, and to relieve the pressure on the middle ear. The myringotomy allows the veterinarian to evaluate the severity of the condition and institute a treatment plan. The evaluation may include flushing the middle ear, which assists in removing any debris and also determines if the auditory tubes are open. The open mouth view radiograph evaluates the bulla to determine whether it contains fluid or a tumor. Bony changes indicate how long the condition has been going on and how much debris is present, and lowers the prognosis for a cure of the condition. The condition may be manageable, but will be lifelong for the Greyhound.

Finally, further diagnostics would include either a CT or an MRI. These imaging technologies evaluate bone and soft tissue. The

Greyhound is anesthetized for the scan. These scans evaluate all of the ear’s structures. Any bony changes, fluid, or masses can be visualized to assist in a diagnosis. Once the diagnosis is made, appropriate treatment is instituted.

The diagnostic tests allow the veterinarian to treat the Greyhound appropriately. The culture results may not be available for three to four days, but the cytology results may direct the veterinarian in the right direction until the culture results are available. If a tumor is suspected, the veterinarian may recommend surgery to remove the mass and alleviate the clinical signs. If surgery is an option, always ask about the possible complications from surgery and the percentage of success.

What are some of the conditions affecting the VA, and how are they treated? The first condition is an outer ear canal infection. The Greyhound may have an acute or a chronic infection, which ruptures the eardrum. The middle ear becomes infected or inflamed, spreading inflammation to the inner ear. The nerves traversing near the inner ear may be inflamed, causing not only the imbalance but perhaps conditions as subtle as the inability to blink. Bacteria, yeast, or ear mites may cause the outer ear canal infection. The appropriate diagnosis is made using ear swabs and a culture. The proper medication for an outer ear canal infection is an antibiotic and either an anti-yeast or anti-parasitic medication. With severe inflammation, corticosteroids (such as prednisone)



The “saw horse stance” can be a sign of disturbance of the Greyhound’s vestibular apparatus.
Merri Van Dyke

may be dispensed to relieve the inflammation surrounding the VA.

The next condition is disease involving the middle ear. These conditions may include infection, tumor (either benign or cancerous), or a foreign body. The diagnostic tests will lead the veterinarian to conduct the appropriate treatment. If it is a foreign body, such as a thorn, removal should be curative. If it is an infection, appropriate treatment with antibiotics and anti-inflammatories, as well as a thorough flushing of the middle ear are indicated. If it is a tumor, surgical removal and biopsy are indicated. The tumor may be removed through the eardrum, but if the tumor is large, then a bulla osteotomy is recommended. This involves a small incision on the lower side of the Greyhound's skull at the base of the ear. The bulla is punctured and the growth is removed. Healing time with this procedure is about three to four weeks. It may take about two to three weeks for the Greyhound's balance to return.

Finally, there may not be a diagnosis for the VA disturbance. If all tests are negative for infection, tumor, and inflammation, then the final diagnosis is Idiopathic Vestibular Disease. Idiopathic means the cause is not known or understood. The Greyhound presents acutely with all the clinical signs of VA disturbance, but all the test results are normal. This condition can occur in all breeds of dogs including Greyhounds after about eight years of age. It is a "rule out" diagnosis, meaning that all other diseases have been eliminated and no known causes of the clinical signs are evident. The veterinarian may decide no medication is indicated or may treat with corticosteroids trying to shorten the course of the disturbance. Whether corticosteroids make a difference is unknown, and the decision to use these should be agreed upon between the Greyhound owner and the veterinarian.

VA disturbances are very frustrating for the Greyhound owner and the veterinarian.

The various diseases that can cause a VA disturbance can either be benign or severe. Effective treatment of an outer ear infection can resolve the VA problem quickly. A middle ear condition caused by infection may become a chronic problem, resulting in life-long treatment. A malignant middle ear tumor may be life threatening, and surgery may not be curative. Finally, idiopathic vestibular disease may be indicated, which can be most frustrating for the veterinarian and the Greyhound owner bent on achieving a definitive diagnosis. The Greyhound presents acutely, all tests are normal, and no answers are available. The Greyhound usually recovers from idiopathic vestibular disease, but may retain a mild head tilt. The head tilt may not resolve, but balance should return and the Greyhound should lead a normal life. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.



Molly, her mother Laurie, and her grandmother Annie were all adopted by David and Kathy French of Clinton, Conn. From J&M Rothenberg Kennel of Jacksonville, Fla.



Brothers Foto (N's Fotoinaction) and Digger (N's Hot Digity Dog), adopted by Laura and Greg Pike of Depew, N.Y. *Mark Caughel/Furtography*

Trying New Treatments

By William E. Feeman III, DVM

Treatment options in veterinary medicine are constantly changing. In some cases, new treatments may be ground breaking. In other cases they may not seem to have the same effect in “real life” as they do in the lab. Any new medication that is approved for use in animals or humans is, to some extent, experimental.

Not all side effects of new medications are identified prior to their approval. Some examples of this include the human products fenfluramine/phentermine (Fen-phen) and VIOXX® and the veterinary product Proheart®6. Sometimes we may not know all the side effects of a particular drug until it has been used millions of times.

When is it safe to use a new veterinary medication or treatment? This question does not have a simple answer. It depends on the mindset or philosophy of the doctor or owner, since the patient’s mindset is not easily determined in veterinary medicine. Animals treated with newer medications may receive more effective treatment earlier than those that were not offered it. However, they may also risk experiencing an unanticipated side effect.

I evaluate each new medication or treatment on an individual basis. The most important question is whether this new medication is a clear improvement (more effective, fewer side effects, unique mechanism of action, etc.) over what is currently available. A new medication or treatment should be superior in some way to what is currently used in order to justify the unknown risk associated with it. If a product appears to be superior to what is currently used, than the benefits may outweigh any unknown risks.

To put this in perspective, I will review two new treatment options in veterinary medicine. Both of these products have a conditional license from the United States Food and Drug Administration (FDA). This means that both products have provided adequate information to show that they are safe, but efficacy studies are not yet complete.

The FDA granted conditional licenses for the products because of a perceived need for them; nothing similar was currently available on the market.

The New Dental Vaccine

(*Porphyromonas Denticanis-Gulae-Salivosa* Bacterin Vaccine)

A new dental vaccine has generated a lot of interest from both pet owners and veterinarians. The vaccine targets a group of bacteria classified as Black-Pigmented Anaerobic bacteria (BPAB), which is found in more than ninety percent of dogs with periodontal disease. The theory of the vaccine is that it will stimulate the patient's natural immunity to the bacteria and slow periodontal disease. The product has many potential benefits that are not shared by any other product on the market; it is easy to administer and provides a unique way to battle periodontal disease.

Clinical research found that dogs receiving the vaccine had lower bone reactivity scores (less bone loss or sclerosis) than those that did not receive the vaccine after having an artificially induced tooth root pulp infection. As it may take years to show results in real world situations, the FDA allowed the product to be released with the conditional license.

This product aims to be a true prophylactic (preventive) vaccine to slow or prevent periodontal disease in healthy animals. In my opinion, until we know how well the vaccine works in the real world, it is hard to recommend its routine use in every animal. However, if a pet has periodontal disease in spite of adequate at-home dental care (daily brushing, dental diet, dental chews, and so forth), then its use in the hopes of slowing the further progression of periodontal disease could be justified. Some dental specialists recommend use of the vaccine in breeds at high risk for dental disease, such as Greyhounds and many small-breed dogs. Owners should be aware that the vaccine does not prevent tartar accumulation; regular teeth cleanings may still be necessary even with the use of the vaccine and proper at-home dental care.

Since the release of this product, the manufacturer has received a higher-than-

expected reporting of side effects to the vaccine, pain or swelling at the injection site being the most commonly cited. The majority of these side effects have been mild in nature and many require no treatment. The incidence of side effects reported has been similar to other bacterin (bacterial) vaccines such as *Leptospirosis*.

Questions to consider when using a newly approved treatment/medication

- Is this medication in some way better than what is currently on the market?
 - ☐ Are there fewer side effects?
 - ☐ Is it more effective?
 - ☐ Does it have a unique mechanism of action that is unlike other products on the market?
 - ☐ Less frequent administration?
 - ☐ Easier to administer (topical vs. liquid vs. tablet/capsule vs. chewable)?
 - ☐ Lower cost?
- What are the known side effects of the new medication in comparison to what is currently on the market?
- How has my pet responded to treatment with traditional/older medications? (If a pet is not responding to an older medication, then a trial with a new medication may be warranted.)

Malignant Melanoma Vaccine

A vaccine has been approved for use in dogs for the treatment of malignant melanoma. Malignant melanoma is an aggressive form of cancer most commonly found in the mouth or on the feet. This type of cancer is locally aggressive, likely to metastasize (spread throughout the body), and poorly responsive to chemotherapy or other treatments. The new treatment that was developed is a xenogeneic vaccine. (The term xenogeneic means that the DNA of another species is used to stimulate the dog's immune system.) The vaccine uses the DNA enzyme tyrosinase, which produces the black pigment found in both melanoma cells and

normal pigmented cells. Canine tyrosinase cannot be used in the vaccine because the dog's body would not see it as foreign, therefore human tyrosinase is used. Early data on this vaccine look promising and animals appear to be surviving significantly longer than with any traditional therapies.

One potential side effect of the vaccine is vitiligo, or autoimmune de-pigmentation of the skin or hair. The immune system may not differentiate the tyrosinase found in melanoma cells from the tyrosinase found in normal canine pigmented cells and thus may attack both. This side effect is not generally considered significant enough to avoid vaccination due to the prognosis associated with untreated malignant melanoma.

In my opinion, the use of melanoma vaccine is warranted in animals that are diagnosed with malignant melanoma. Malignant melanoma is a life-threatening and aggressive form of cancer that responds poorly to any traditional therapy. For this reason, knowing the product has been shown to be safe, the potential benefit of longer life outweighs the low risk of side effects.

The melanoma vaccine is costly. Since it is not currently available to general practitioners, it would require a referral to an oncologist (cancer specialist). Four vaccines are given at two-week intervals, with boosters every six months thereafter. The cost averages \$400 to \$600 per vaccine.

The field of veterinary medicine is constantly changing; more and more diagnostic tests and treatment options will become available. In the last few months new medications have been released for the treatment of pet obesity (*Slentrol*TM; www.slentrol.com), vomiting (*Cerenia*TM; www.cerenia.com), and heart failure (*Vetmedin*[®]; www.vetmedinus.com). In the next several months many more medications will be released for a variety of conditions. Whether or not their use is justified soon after approval will be a decision that you will need to make with the help of your veterinarian. ■

Dr. William E. Feeman, III is a CG regular contributor.

Rooster Cogburn was a premier runner during the 1970s and has long deserved the honor of being inducted into the Greyhound Hall of Fame, as was his archrival Downing in 1984.

Rooster was born November 25, 1974, a red brindle son of Friend Westy and Miss Gorgeous, another Hall of Fame inductee. He was from the second mating of this pair who had earlier produced top racers Highway Robber, Miss Friend, and Sand Man (who was later exported to Ireland where he was a huge success at stud). Friend Westy and Miss Gorgeous appear in about 98 percent of today's racing Greyhounds in both the U.S. and Ireland through these three offspring.

1977 was a big year for Rooster. He won at four different tracks and was the top sprinter at the Wonderland track with an 18-7-0 record in a total of 29 races. In fact, he had a regular fan club at Wonderland whose members wore Rooster t-shirts and chanted his name when he hit the track. Rooster responded with all kinds of prancing, dancing, and looking around, which delighted everyone. He loved attention and had a definite "look at me" attitude according to Wayne Strong and his wife, the owners and trainers of the big brindle. Mrs. Strong states that he was a very loving dog, energetic, and always eager to be first — whether it was at the feed bowl, turnout gate, or finish line. At the end of the year, Rooster was nominated to the 1977 All-American team and he finished second to Downing in the voting for the Rural Rube Award presented annually by the National Greyhound Association to the best North American sprinter.

Rooster Cogburn is remembered for his continued rivalry with Downing, another great Hall of Fame dog ("The Dog Who Delivered," Fall 2000 CG). That culminated in a series of match races that Downing ultimately won. Part of the blame for Rooster's losses lies in the fact that he did not travel



Rooster Cogburn was inducted into the Hall of Fame in October. *Greyhound Hall of Fame*

Rooster Cogburn

— A Long Awaited Honor

By Laurel E. Drew

well from Massachusetts to Florida and was a bit under the weather for the first races. After the series, Don Cuddy, a trainer (who is now in the Hall of Fame himself) said, "But I said it before they met and I feel the same way now. There's not more than this much distance (holding his hands two feet apart) between Downing and Rooster Cogburn."

Rooster raced at the Hollywood track in Florida in 1978, doing immensely well until a career-ending injury mid-year. He was still named to the All-American second team and finished second again in the vote for the Rural Rube Award. Rooster finished his career with a record of 59 wins, 23 seconds, and 7 thirds in a total of 119 starts. He ran at five different tracks and against the best sprinters of the era.

As a sire, Rooster Cogburn finished in the Top 10 of the standings twice in the early 1980s. While he never won a sire championship, he produced a number of top racing dogs while standing at Wayne Strong's farm. Among his top ranked offspring were Hondo Monopoly, OK Troy, Texas Talking, and Raising Dust (sire of the great P's Raising Cain). Even more descendants have run well and produced well. Flying Penske is a Rooster great grandson.

Although Rooster died in 1988, the last straw of his semen was just used this year. Perhaps out there somewhere is a pup who will yet follow in his great daddy's tracks or, conversely, grace the sofa of some adopter a few years from now. Rooster himself lies buried under a monument on the Wayne Strong Farm in Abilene, Kansas. ■

Laurel E. Drew is a CG regular contributor.



Rita during a rare, relaxed moment. *Marcia Herman*

Rita, the Reluctant Heroine

By Marcia Herman

The phone rang one hot day in July 2005. To paraphrase, the voice at the other end said, “I’ve got a scared little female who has to get out of here. She won’t even come inside the house to eat! She’s different. Will you take a look at her?”

Eileen McCaughern of Retired Greyhounds as Pets (REGAP) of Connecticut knew we were looking for a smallish Greyhound to be a companion to Cullen, our only Greyhound — both at home and while traveling in our little camping van. Cullen had been losing his pack one by one over the last two years, and three months ago he became our only remaining Greyhound. A single Greyhound was an unheard-of number for us. We were used to having three or four dogs and so was Cullen. He was clearly depressed and pining for the company of another hound. Our four cats just didn’t do it for him. We don’t generally seek out dogs to adopt, but tend to wait for one who needs us — usually a shy one, a return, or a homeless Greyhound. We thought M’s Flying Rita clearly needed Cullen’s confidence and friendliness. I took a look at her and after conferring with my husband, Doug, took her home the next day. Little did we know that Cullen would need Rita as much as she needed him.

Rita and I met soon after a severe thunderstorm had ended. She is an adorable yet very unusual-looking Greyhound — a petite red and white girl with the biggest freckles I’ve ever seen and a brindle tail that seems to belong on another dog. She was and still is the most petrified-of-everything Greyhound I’ve ever known. When we

met, she fearfully eyed my camera and tried to dig herself under Eileen's deck. The combination of the storm and the camera flashes were too much for her to bear.

Little did we know that Rita wasn't merely shy and afraid; she is hypersensitive to almost everything and seems to sense things invisible to most. Despite her fears, she is friendly to quiet people and likes other dogs, especially Cullen.

The moment Cullen and Rita met in our backyard, it appeared that they had known each other forever. We hadn't done the usual neutral territory introductions because Rita was so nervous we feared she might escape if the meeting took place out in the open. Happily, our strategy worked; it was love at first sight in our backyard. When they met, Cullen couldn't stop smiling and Rita became totally calm despite being in a new place. We thought to ourselves, *This is clearly a match made in heaven even if Rita's medication-resistant nervousness and penchant for seeing invisible, scary things continues.*

Cullen became epileptic just two weeks before his eighth birthday and eight months after we adopted Rita. This was a total shock to us as he had been healthy all his life, with the exception of a bout of Lyme Disease a year earlier. We soon discovered what one of Rita's purposes in life was to be. Despite her continuing nervousness and fears, she was to become Cullen's seizure-alert dog.

After hearing horror stories of dogs attacking members of their pack with whom they get along under normal circumstances, we monitored Rita to see how she would react to a seizure. She did the exact opposite of what we had feared. Rita became even more nervous than usual, but was clearly very concerned about Cullen when a seizure was imminent. In the beginning, when Cullen was about to have a seizure, which we hadn't noticed brewing, Rita pranced around, darted her eyes (as if to tell us, "It's going to happen, it's going to happen, can't you tell?"), and then ran frantically out of the room. Her warnings gave us time to collect our wits and

to be with Cullen when the seizure hit.

Cullen's seizures became more frequent as time passed. We discovered that he was in the throes of another bout (or possibly a recurring bout) of Lyme Disease. We treated the disease more aggressively the second time, and his seizures became far less frequent.

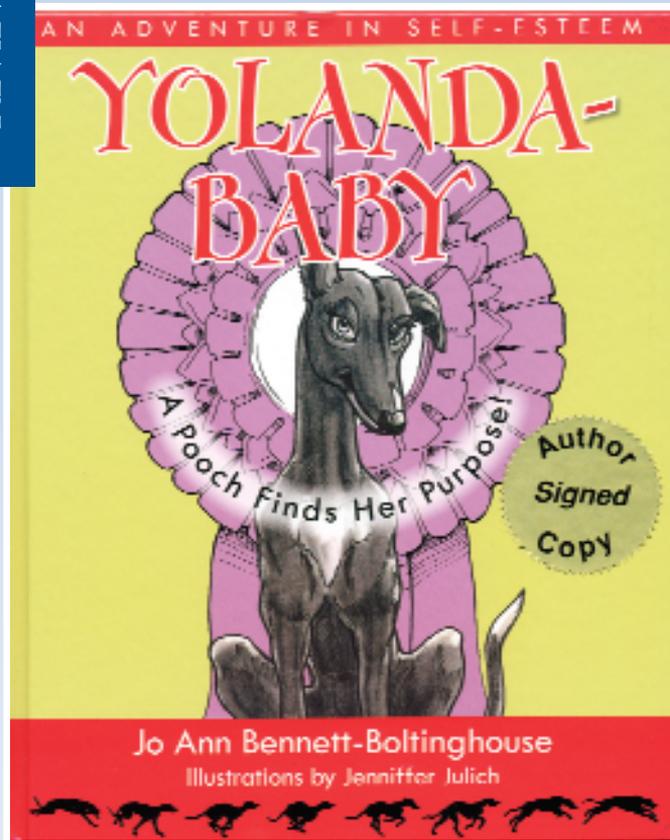
Rita taught us over time to read Cullen's pre-seizure signals. Rita now leaves the room before a seizure occurs because she knows we can recognize the signs ourselves and because she hates to watch them.

Rita's new job is to warn us when anyone within a 100-mile radius is going to have a thunderstorm. She tells us by quivering, panting, donning her Storm Defender cape, and heading for cover in the house. She emerges when her internal all-clear signal sounds. Rita will always be Rita. ■

Marcia Herman was CG's first editor-in-chief (Summer 1996-Fall 2001).



Littermates Willie and Sienna, adopted by Karen and Gary Kidwell of Oakley, Calif.



Lessons for Children

Yolanda-Baby: A Pooch Finds Her Purpose

By Jo Ann Bennett-Boltinghouse

Illustrations by Jenniffer Julich

The Ginger Press (2006)

ISBN 0-9785151-0-2

\$16.00

Goodbye, Jake

By Bam Schildkraut

Illustrated by Whitney Martin

Operation Outreach-USA (2007)

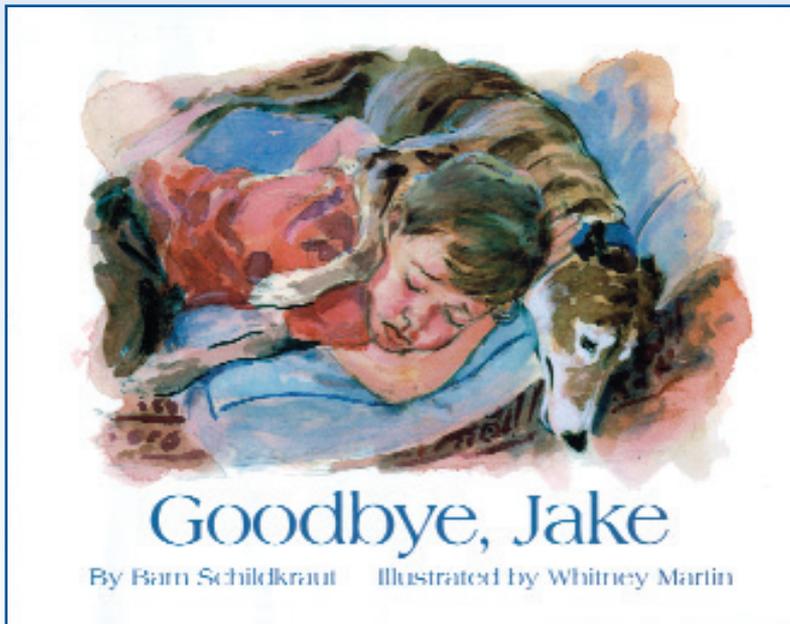
ISBN 0-9792144-0-8

\$7.95

Reviewed by Tiffany Pany

While at opposite ends of the emotional spectrum, *Yolanda-Baby: A Pooch Finds Her Purpose* and *Goodbye, Jake* are both great stories that teach very important lessons.

Yolanda-Baby is a story about developing self-esteem and self-confidence. The book addresses many issues that children face such as: bullying, fearing the unknown, and doing your best but not being as good as your peers. We meet Yolanda-Baby, a racing Greyhound, while she is still at the racing kennel. Yolanda-Baby races hard every time, but still places last and is cruelly teased by several of the other dogs in her kennel. She is hurt by the insults, and cries in her kennel when no one can hear her. She has two friends, Mac and Winnie, who reassure her that she is a great dog and will find a job that suits her. Yolanda-Baby is soon retired and afraid of leaving the kennel — the only home she has known — for life at the farm where she will learn to be a pet and await adoption. She is greeted at the farm by an old racing buddy, Suzette, who eases her fears about the farm and adoption. Yolanda-Baby soon meets the Bipper family. They decide to adopt her. When Yolanda-Baby arrives at her new home, she realizes her friends at the track were right; life as a pet is the job that suits her.



Throughout the book, the illustrations by Jenniffer Julich bring Yolanda-Baby's feelings to life. In this second printing, the author has added a page at the beginning with questions so that adults can help children express their thoughts about the story. This additional material helps to make the book a truly useful educational tool.

Goodbye Jake is a story that can help children cope with the loss of a pet. It is written in a way that, while sad, is very gentle in relaying its message. Jake is an elderly Greyhound that lives with Cole's grandparents. Cole enjoys playing with Jake on his weekly visits to Grammy and Pop's ranch, but then Grammy tells him that Jake is very sick.

Cole asks if Jake is going to die. Grammy tells him yes, the veterinarian will come that night to release Jake from his pain. Cole is upset that his friend is going to die and that he will not see him again. When Cole's mother comes to get him, Grammy helps Cole say goodbye to Jake.

When Cole comes to visit the following week, he is saddened to see Jake's empty bed, a painful reminder that his friend is gone. Grammy takes him for a walk to the Memory Garden where all of her dogs who have passed away are buried.

Each of the graves is covered with stones. Cole asks why there are only a few stones on Jake's grave. Grammy explains that each stone represents a memory about that dog. She invites Cole to find a stone and share a memory of Jake as he places it on the fresh



Lizzy (Lizonator) and her brother Bob (Bag Dad Bob), adopted by Amanda Power of Verona, Pa.

grave. Cole smiles as he shares with Grammy his memories of Jake, and he places stones on Jake's grave.

This book focuses on Cole's feelings, his reaction to Jake's passing, and how the adults in his life help him cope with his pain. The illustrations by Whitney Martin are subdued but beautiful and help soothe the reader.

Both books are excellent tools to teach children important lessons in an appealing way. The use of storytelling is also a more comfortable way for adults to address issues that may be difficult to discuss with their children. ■

Tiffany Pany is a CG copy editor.



Brothers Romulus and Remus were adopted from Greyhound Angels Adoption by Andrea Viescas of Queens, N.Y.

It's All In The Family: Placing Related Greyhounds in Adoptive Homes

By Lisa Newbold

Many Greyhound adopters are consumed with finding whether their Greyhound's littermates are adopted, available, or still racing. I was no different once I adopted my first Greyhound. I got to meet my Greyhound's brother the day he was leaving for his forever home. I told the agency that if for any reason he was returned, we were interested in adopting him. Luckily for us he was returned three months later and came home with us.

When I started Greyhound Angels Adoption (GAA) in June 2004, there were two main priorities that I wanted to focus on besides finding homes for retired racing Greyhounds. First, I wanted to focus on finding homes for retired brood moms and retired stud dogs. I knew that because they are older it would be harder to find homes for them than for younger dogs. It was a challenge I was willing to take on, however. They deserve it. Without them we would not have the future generations of Greyhounds.

Second, I wanted to try to keep as many families and littermates together within the same adoption agency. This would narrow adopters' search for related Greyhounds. And our annual reunions would be about family as well as adoptions. As the director and founder of our agency, I have been able to keep both of these visions in focus.

It is relatively easy to have littermates and related Greyhounds coming into an adoption program as long as you are dealing with the same source for your retired racing Greyhounds. In fact, because of the number of offspring some stud dogs can have, half-sisters and half-brothers are sometimes tripping over each other within adoption groups. But instead of just waiting for related dogs to come in, we take a different approach to reuniting littermates to make sure that they would see each other again. We spend hours trying to locate littermates on www.Greyhound-Data.com, a website that lists most racing Greyhounds. This website is a valuable tool for tracking Greyhounds (see "Who is My Dog? Researching Your Greyhound's History on the Internet," Fall 2002 CG). We also report faithfully to Greyhound-Data those Greyhounds that we have placed into forever homes. We have added littermates and other Greyhounds to the database to help it become as accurate as possible.

We have put out the word to the Greyhound tracks, farms, and racing owners that we are constantly looking for littermates or offspring of Greyhounds we have already placed. We have placed many ICU Greyhounds from the Sholtz farm in Kansas, including some retired studs and brood moms. I am sure Paula Sholtz thinks that I am crazy when I e-mail her about a specific Greyhound, but she is always more than helpful. We have also placed Ron Hevener's retired racing Greyhounds, stud dogs, and brood moms. In fact, we have placed entire families through Mr. Hevener.

GAA places a lot of Greyhounds from Seabrook Greyhound Park in New Hampshire. With the assistance of Chris Makepeace we have been able to place entire litters through our agency. Chris knows that if she wants to add another Greyhound to our list all she needs to do is find me a littermate and I cannot say no. (Truth be told, everyone knows that I cannot say no to an extra one or two Greyhounds on any haul.)

Another valuable source for our littermate quest is Greyhound Support in Kansas City (GSKC). Most of our retired stud dogs and brood moms come through this organization. GSKC's Kate Bressler and Ann

Peterson know that if there is a set of littermates on their website, we are interested. Kate also has an amazing way of remembering what Greyhounds we have taken in the past and notifying me when members of their immediate families become available. Thanks to her we have placed sisters, brothers, moms, and dads throughout our agency.

We had a first when we were able to place three 2 month-old pups from an accidental litter this year. When Bear, Poof, and Ringer arrived from Kansas, their adopters were at the kennel waiting for them. Many well wishers also showed up, and they threw a big

impromptu barbeque to help celebrate the pups' arrival.

Why do we spend so much time tracking these Greyhounds down? At GAA, we know every Greyhound needs a home. We take most of our dogs without requesting lineage, age, sex, color, or temperament. We in no way discriminate or exclude any retired racing Greyhound from coming into our program and finding their forever home. However, there have been some great benefits both for our agency and for adopters to placing and keeping families together.

The most obvious benefit is that it gives



Seagull (Kelsos Seagull) and his son, Missile (Kelsos Speedball), adopted by Debbie and Ed Lipartito of Gwynedd Valley, Pa. *Cynthia Branigan*

adopters and potential adopters the chance to adopt littermates. We have completed many adoptions where brothers and sisters have gone home together. Many of the adopters comment on how interesting it is to have littermates. They see how similar the two are in the same household, yet different in some respects. We hear stories of sibling rivalry one minute, and one coming to the defense of the other the next. Our efforts have reached across many states: We have brothers in Queens, New York and North Haledom, New Jersey. Sisters live together in Pennsville and Burlington, New Jersey and Brooklyn, New York. A sister and brother live in Marlton, New Jersey and a mother and son in Medford Lakes, New Jersey. We have even been able to match a sister with another sister from another agency in Rockville, Maryland and a brother and sister, from another agency, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We have also generated a huge amount of interest among previous adopters who want to adopt another Greyhound. Adopters of single hounds who are contemplating adding another Greyhound to their family find the decision easy if the dog is a sibling of their Greyhound. We do not actively solicit previous adopters to adopt siblings, but we have many lurkers on our website who call us when they learn that their Greyhound's littermate is listed. For example, one adopter saw us at a meet-and-greet and casually mentioned that she was thinking about adopting another Greyhound for her boy, Tralee Prince. The next day she called me at the adoption kennel. When I told her that Prince's sister, Tralee Lady, was sitting in our adoption kennel at that moment, her decision was easy. As she signed the adoption papers she remarked, "How could I have left his sister here waiting?"

Placing littermates has also brought our adopters together to reunite siblings in fun ways. Chubbs was adopted by the Argentine family in Tabernacle, New Jersey. His sister Maddy was adopted by the Marchesani family in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. These two adoptive families have made it a point to bring the two dogs together for play dates. They stay in touch with each other and get

together for dinner (dogs included, of course). We think that this type of relationship between two adoptive families gives them a common bond and makes our agency's relationships stronger.

A big advantage to placing littermates is that they often have common personality traits. Although there are exceptions to every rule, we have noticed that certain stud dogs and brood moms throw a lot of their personality into their pups. Whether it is a family of shy Greyhounds, cat-safe Greyhounds, outgoing Greyhounds, or laid-back Greyhounds, we find it easier to pre-determine the type of home a Greyhound may need before they arrive at our program based on what we know about their relatives. We have not scientifically studied littermates and temperaments, but we have noticed a correlation. Having this information makes it easier for us to generate interest in a dog before he arrives.

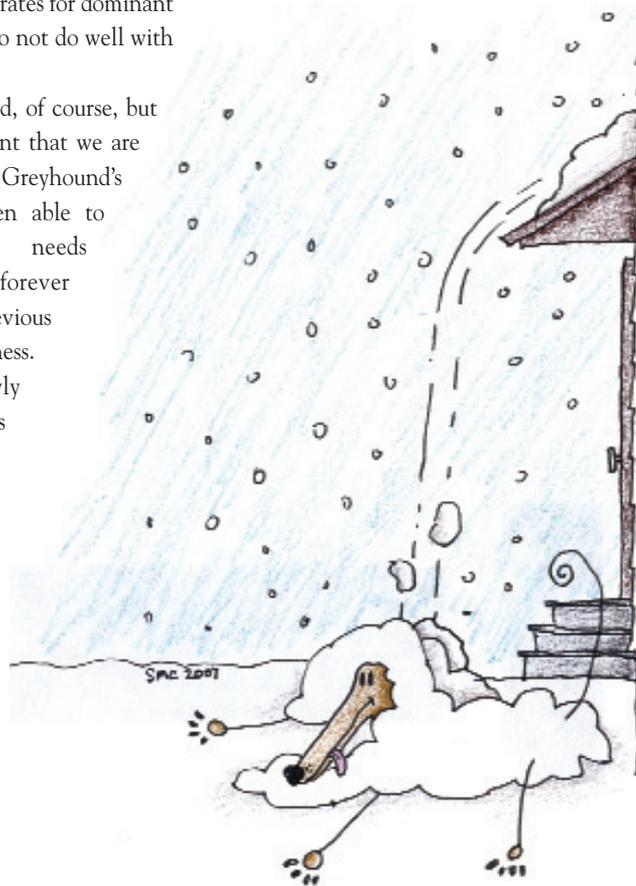
Knowing the family traits also enables us to prepare our adoption kennel for the dog's arrival. For example, if we anticipate a shy Greyhound, we'll make an outer crate available so she is not surrounded by two dominant dogs. We'll separate crates for dominant dogs since they typically do not do well with neighbors.

We have been surprised, of course, but to be prepared in the event that we are right usually works to that Greyhound's advantage. We have been able to help many special needs Greyhounds find their forever homes simply based on previous assessment and preparedness. This benefits the newly retired racer, as he spends less time in the adoption kennel. We can start to evaluate potential adopters for that Greyhound prior to his arrival. Of course, our policy

is that the potential adopters decide which Greyhound they adopt. However, by knowing what characteristics they are looking for and the potential personalities of the dogs coming in, it is easier to suggest the dogs for which they should wait.

The most obvious and enjoyable benefit to placing so many related Greyhounds is the huge family reunion our adopter picnic has become. We hand out lists of who is related to whom. We make announcements to get families together for group portraits. It is more than a bunch of adopters coming together to celebrate Greyhound adoption; it is a bunch of friends and families coming together. It is a family reunion. ■

Lisa Newbold is Director and Founder of Greyhound Angels Adoption, based in Pennsauken, N.J. She spent ten years as an Certified Investigator in the Human Services field. She adopted her first Greyhound in May 2003, started Greyhound Angels Adoption in June 2004, and now spends all of her time finding Greyhounds forever homes.





Greyhound Support in Kansas City transported sisters Hope (L) and Faith (R) to Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption in Altoona, Pa. in 2002. Three years later, they were joined by their brother, Jim (center). Kay McNelis adopted all three. *Cramerphotography.com*

Where's Your Mama?

Reuniting Families ... Greyhound Support Style!

By Ann Peterson, Sue Burkhard, and Kate Bressler

It's funny how things evolve over time.

Greyhound Support in Kansas City works like most of the other groups that move large numbers of dogs out of Greyhound-saturated areas and into adoption groups across the country. We have an online catalog of Greyhounds available only to adoption groups. We have developed relationships with many adoption groups, and usually work with their intake volunteer. We work with each group to pick the right dogs and then we organize hauls to get them there.

Six to eight weeks before a scheduled haul, we e-mail each group to see if they will have room — or if they can make room — for dogs on that date. Then, during the weeks before the haul's departure, we work with each group to find the right retired Greyhounds to fit into their program.

Typically, a group picks a dog from our available Greyhound website, then e-mails to ask if the dog might fit their needs. Finding the right dog or dogs for the group is a process that unfolds over several e-mail exchanges. Meanwhile, we keep in mind the farms that have asked for our help moving dogs faster than normal and kennels who might be getting more race dogs in and need to free up space. For lack of a more elegant term, we negotiate to send the highest priority dogs first.

It wasn't always this complex.

When Greyhound Support began moving dogs in 2000, we just listed basic information on our website: name, color, sex, tattoos, a little personality information, and a picture or two. Not long before we began moving dogs, www.Greyhound-Data.com was launched, allowing adopters access to a database containing pedigree and littermate information for racing Greyhounds ("Who is My Dog? Researching Your Greyhound's History on the Internet," Fall 2002 CG). So we began adding whelp date, sire (father), and dam (mother) to our database's profiles of Greyhounds available for adoption.

A few years ago, after we attended the NGA Broodstock Auction, it was just natural to add the number of offspring of each

brood. This is easy and just another reason why we love Greyhound-Data. The profiles of available Greyhounds on our site include links to that site, so visitors can see — with just one mouse click — if they know any relatives of that available senior Greyhound. Greyhound Support has always placed a high priority on moving seniors off farms. We have an entire section at the very top of our website devoted to Greyhounds over 7 years of age. Our goal is to have senior Greyhounds make up at least ten percent of each haul.

We believe that these old girls deserve a couch as fast as we can get them there. We ask every group taking dogs on a haul if they can take a senior. One of the easiest ways to get a group to consider a senior is to let them know they have placed one or more of her offspring. It's even more fun when they have placed her mother.

Take, for example, the story of Chatter Walker, a 6 year-old brood. Her dam, Chatter On, was part of the very first hauls with which we were involved. This was the last haul that closed Camptown Greyhound Park for the second time in 2000. Chatter On was added from an area farm. There wasn't room for her on the hauler as it left Camptown, so she and six other broods rode to St. Louis with us and got on the bus after several other

retirees disembarked. It was a tough choice between two groups, because we had sent her dam and sire to different adoption groups. We decided to contact the group who had taken her dam, Chatter On. They accepted Chatter Walker into their adoption program, and we sent her out on an eastbound haul on August 25.

Another example of a brood's placement in adoption leading to adoption of her offspring is Switzler Snapple. Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption took Switzler Snapple and found her an adoptive home. Over time, they also took into their program each one of Switzler Snapple's offspring as they retired.

After Snapple went to Monica's Heart, we began asking the farms about dams and siblings. It had never really occurred to us that groups would become completely dedicated to families of dogs.

Now when we get e-mails from the farms giving us a new list of available retirees we almost immediately check to see if the new pets are related to any of the dogs we sent out previously. When you work with the same farms over and over, it's very common to find those family threads.

Retired stud dogs are quite rare, because their career doesn't diminish with age. When stud dog JB Junior B retired and became



Greyhound Support in Kansas City transported littermates Windrun Barbara and Windrun Star to Monica's Heart Greyhound Adoption, where they were adopted by Pam Zerbe of Wellsburg, N.Y.

available for adoption, Greyhound Angels requested him for their program. Now they “stalk” our website looking for his offspring.

Groups aren’t only looking for parents and offspring, though. Most of the time we reunite littermates. Littermates are more likely to be taken by the same group when they are available at the same time. We make littermates easily identifiable by color-coding their profiles on our website.

Baby Lincoln broke his leg when he was a puppy and was sent to adoption when he was only 3 months old. He left for New Jersey in March 2006. In May 2007, Lincoln’s littermates Ulysses and Yo Spot become available. We e-mailed the group that took baby Lincoln. The group took them both.

While it is our goal to send littermates to the same group, it gets complicated when they are babies. One puppy is a handful for most groups; multiple puppies can tax the resources

of even the most experienced adoption programs. In the seven years our group has been in existence, we have moved 15 litters of “oops” puppies (those resulting from accidental breedings). These little guys can’t race due to the National Greyhound Association’s DNA registration requirements, so they retire very early. Adoption groups e-mail us when they have an adopter who is interested in a puppy, and we put that adoption group on our puppy waiting list. When we get a puppy, or a litter of puppies, that group is contacted to see if they still want a pup.

Our funniest puppy story took place when we were scheduled to get nine “oops” puppies on a Saturday morning. Greyt Rescues of Indianapolis, Indiana were to pick them up the next day. Late Saturday morning, we got a call about another “oops” litter of eight. We called Greyt Rescues and asked just how many puppies they were prepared to take.

They responded, “Why do you ask?” We laughed and said that 17 puppies were now available. The two litters were born three days apart, and were eight weeks old. Greyt Rescues took them all!

While some groups don’t seem to notice any familial relationship, it is tremendously important to others. Over the years we have found that more and more adoption groups are becoming interested in placing siblings and offspring, which gives us yet another way to promote adopting retired Kansas Greyhounds.

Reuniting families is one of the most rewarding aspects of sending 400 to 500 retirees to adoption groups each year. It’s an effective way to fill that last spot on the bus. ■

Ann Peterson, Sue Burkhard, and Kate Bressler volunteer for Greyhound Support in Kansas City.



Polli and her son, Beau, adopted by Robin Mittasch and Richard Rosenthal of Oceanside, N.Y.



Happy Feet's first encounter with Quad Cities Greyhound Adoption was in January 2007. One of 23 dogs bound for Dairyland Greyhound Park in Kenosha, Wisc., he survived a hauler accident in Iowa last January. QCGA's volunteers took in Happy Feet and the other dogs until they could be transported to their original destination. After a short career at the track, Happy Feet is back at QCGA to find a forever home.

Helping the Dogs: Adoption Volunteers Respond to Hauler Accident

Story by Lindsay Hocker

Photographs by Kristin Harrington

When Jen Franklin received a call at 5:10 a.m. on January 11, 2007, she was apprehensive.

"When you get a call that early, you assume something's terribly wrong," said Franklin, Quad Cities Greyhound Adoption (QCGA) co-chair.

Unfortunately, she was right. Volunteer Tom Ryan had called to tell her that a Greyhound hauler carrying 30 Greyhounds had veered off of Interstate 80 in Scott County, Iowa and crashed around 4:30 that morning.

As she stumbled from her bed, the realization that a fatal wreck had resulted in seven Greyhounds running loose on the highway began to sink in. The 23 other Greyhounds were still in the trailer. They were stressed and scared, but they were safe.

Franklin was one of many QCGA board members, volunteers, and Greyhound lovers in the Quad Cities area who awoke to that shocking news. I received a phone call from my grandmother around 7:00 that morning. As a QCGA volunteer and animal lover, the news put my stomach in knots.

This is the story of the accident from the accounts of three dedicated QCGA board members who devoted not only their day to helping these dogs, but who consistently put everything aside to help Greyhounds.

If you spoke to them, they would tell you tell you that countless others also helped. While that is true, these three were among those on the frontlines — running dogs to the veterinarian, searching the highway, and taking care of the QCGA Greyhounds — and kindly allowed me to speak to them.

The first casualty in the wreck was human. The single-vehicle accident resulted in the death of the driver, 62-year-old Francis Evans of Rayland, Ohio. He was a contract dog hauler. An autopsy found that Evans died of massive head trauma. Police said he was taking prescription medicine that could cause drowsiness. Two male teenage passengers were unharmed.

When the vehicle went off the highway and hit a sign, the trailer broke away and rolled. Seven frightened dogs ran from the trailer, and 23 remained inside. Three were killed immediately in traffic, and three were safely caught later that afternoon. One was still on the run.

The first volunteer on the scene was Ryan, a retired Davenport, Iowa, fire chief. Since many Scott County officials knew about his work with QCGA, they called him immediately after the accident. Sadly, Ryan passed away in July, but his commitment to Greyhounds and his efforts following the accident will not be forgotten. He organized volunteers and was the media spokesperson.

Franklin called board members Nancy Jones and Nancy Galusha. For Galusha, the day was a blur — she doesn't remember what time Franklin called, although she does remember calling in to work, quickly changing clothes, and running out the door.

Jones volunteers on Thursdays at the kennel for the morning shift. After she got the call around 7:00, she headed out immediately. She drove from Riverside, Iowa to Maysville with a feeling of dread, not knowing what to expect.

When she got there, she was surprised. "I was amazed at how well organized we were," she said.

Volunteers had rounded up the 23 Greyhounds and taken them to QCGA's kennel, which is located in Maysville, near Davenport and the scene of the accident. Because the kennel, which generally houses 30 to 40 dogs, was already close to capacity, the muzzled dogs were put outside in the run. The January morning was cold, however, so no one wanted to leave them outside for long.

Jones was impressed that all the dogs in the trailer were safely moved to vans. Galusha agreed that volunteer efforts were extraordinary. "It wasn't until later when you realized how bad it could have been," she said. She added that although the death of a person and three Greyhounds was horribly sad, many more lives could have been lost.

Former QCGA president Janet Stoefen had come to the kennel to help. She thought of muzzling and doubling up QCGA Greyhounds in their crates. That way, the

new Greyhounds could each have their own crate. Then Janet and volunteers Chester Brees and Javin Huntley brought each dog in one at a time to be evaluated before being crated. Dogs with injuries went to the vet with Stoefen and Galusha.

The bodies of the three Greyhounds who were killed on the highway had been left at the scene. Galusha couldn't stand to think of their remains being there, so she went out to help recover the bodies. Sadly, only two of three bodies could be removed, because so many cars had run over them. "It hit me hard," Galusha said.

"Somehow, in the middle of all that, our dogs had to be taken of," Jones said. She began letting the dogs out for turnouts, and tried to act as normal as possible so the dogs would be at ease.

As she let dogs in and out, gave them breakfast, and did laundry and dishes, she stopped to answer the phone and speak to



Cab, another survivor of the hauler accident, also made his way back to QCGA's adoption program.



Anytime achieved local fame after going on the run after the hauler accident. She was eventually captured by a local television news cameraman. She is back at QCGA, looking for a home.

visitors. Many volunteers and community members called and wanted to know what they could do to help, and what supplies were needed.

Before the accident, the Greyhounds were being hauled from Clinton, Oklahoma, where they were trained, to Dairyland Greyhound Park in Kenosha, Wisconsin for their first races. A Dubuque Greyhound owner with a farm picked up most of the dogs shortly after they arrived at the kennel. A few stayed at QCGA longer.

Meanwhile, the last Greyhound was still missing, and volunteers and officials continued trying to catch her. G's Anytime, a small brindle female, evaded the rescuers for more than a day. WQAD cameraman Doug Froehlich was finally able to grab the collar of the frightened, muzzled Greyhound after

she ran up on a porch exhausted. Although she was very shaken up, her only injury was a minor cut from a barbed wire fence.

The Greyhounds at the Dubuque farm and those who stayed at QCGA were eventually taken to their original destination, Dairyland, where they began their racing careers. Not all the dogs did well on the track, though, so a few have already made their way back to QCGA, where board members and volunteers welcomed them with open arms.

"We were so glad to see them again," said Jones.

As of early August, three of the accident dogs were at the QCGA kennel and available for adoption. Among them was Anytime, the last Greyhound caught.

The other two are Happy Feet and Little

Yellow Cab, called Cab for short. The two boys arrived July 1; Anytime returned to QCGA in June.

Happy Feet is a light brindle with an easy-going disposition. Cab is a fawn with a dark mask and a Roman nose. Volunteers remembered him because of his unusual looks. Of course, everyone remembers Anytime — the media coverage had turned the sweet, quiet girl into a star.

By the time you read this issue, maybe one of the three will be curled up at your feet. ■

Lindsay Hocker is a CG copy editor.



After surviving the Iowa hauler accident, Sweet Gary, Sweet Andy, Sweet Bill, and Sweet Ed were placed in adoptive homes by American Greyhound, an Indiana-based adoption group. *Jeff Coggins*

Four Accident Survivors Find Forever Homes

By Barbara Coggins

In July 2007 our Northwest Indiana-based rescue group, American Greyhound, received word that there were four Greyhound brothers who needed to come off the Dairyland Greyhound Park in Wisconsin. After we made arrangements to get these dogs, we learned they were some of the dogs involved in the truck rollover accident in Iowa.

We were lucky enough to receive G's Sweet Andy and G's Sweet Ed, beautiful red fawn boys; G's Sweet Garry, a red brindle; and G's Sweet Bill, solid red on one side of his body and brindle on the other. Bill arrived a week before the others. April, our contact from the track, called to tell us that Ed missed Bill so badly he wouldn't eat. He would go out for turnout and simply stand there and cry. The boys had never been separated before. Since they had gone through so much together as a group, we made arrangements to get the brothers reunited more quickly than originally planned.

When we got them together again about a week later, Bill was so excited to see his brothers that he frantically licked their faces, bodies, and ears. His helicopter tail was spinning with joy.

These boys were adopted by different families and are now bringing joy and love to their wonderful forever homes. Over time, they have developed individual personalities and become more independent, and they have bonded with their families. They are doing well in their own homes, but they are still very happy to see each other. We are very much looking forward to reuniting the brothers at our annual Greyhound picnic so they can play together once again. ■

Barbara Coggins is on the Board of Directors for American Greyhound. She is also their Treasurer. She is owned by three beautiful Greyhounds. Since March 2006, she has been foster mom to 30 Greyhounds and counting.



Here, Jack (left) nits Dave (right). Both hounds are owned by Shelley and Lewis Kavanagh of London, Ontario, Canada. *Shelley Kavanagh*

Unraveling the Truth About Nitting

By Beth Miller

Ron Zrodlo thought he was bonding well with his new Greyhound companion, Princess Leia, until her teeth met his flesh.

For Zrodlo, what started as a playful game of fetch quickly turned from fun to frightening when Leia raced toward him and began rapidly nibbling his forearm. Stunned and a bit mystified, he wondered whether his “pleasant house-guest” had, in a word, snapped.

Fortunately, Leia was only nitting, a behavior sometimes seen among Greyhounds and other breeds.

Little is published about the behavior, so-named for the way some animals, such as monkeys, use their teeth on one another’s fur to remove nits, the small eggs from lice. This lack of information forces some concerned owners to turn to those who have had a similar experience for answers and advice. Although the information these well-meaning owners provide can be useful and reassuring, it may not always be accurate. We decided to go straight to the experts to separate the myths from the facts behind this strange — but generally benign — behavior.

Myth #1: My Greyhound is trying to bite me!

Fact: Let's face it — Greyhounds are big dogs. Big dogs have big teeth. So it's not surprising when Greyhound owners — particularly first-time owners — mistake anything involving those big teeth coming into contact with human skin for aggression.

"If you've not had a dog before, anything they do with their mouths can be a bit scary," says board-certified veterinary behaviorist Marsha Reich, DVM, of Maryland-Virginia Veterinary Behavioral Consulting in Silver Spring, Maryland.

But nitting — a term that can refer to the grooming dogs do on themselves but that is usually used to describe the behavior when directed toward a person or another dog — is separate and distinct from aggression. Unlike dogs on the attack, nitters use their jaw in small, controlled movements to nibble with only the incisors, or front teeth, just as people eat corn from a cob. In addition, dogs in fight mode will often growl, snarl, or raise their hackles before a bite — behaviors you're not likely to see in dogs who are nitting.

Myth #2: My Greyhound nits to show me how much he loves me.

Fact: No one knows for sure what causes a dog to nit. Behaviorists seem to agree that most dogs who display the behavior do so when excited or, less frequently, anxious. When emotions are high, some dogs simply don't know how to react.

"There are some dogs who are orally motivated, and when they get excited or anxious they grab a toy," says Reich. "When they don't know what to do, they do something they know to do, which is grab something with their mouth."

Why dogs express their excitement or anxiety in this particular way, and why the behavior develops in some dogs and not others, is still a mystery. What the experts do know is that, as with most behaviors, nitting will persist as long as it generates a desirable result.

"In general, dogs do what works for them, and behaviors that work are repeated," says certified applied animal behaviorist Suzanne Hetts, Ph.D., of Animal Behavior Associates

in Littleton, Colorado. "So it's working for the dog in some way — whether it's fun, whether it feels good, whether it gets the owner to play with him, whether it releases frustration or energy — whatever it is, it's working in some way if it's continuing to happen."

Myth #3: Nitting is a Greyhound thing.

Fact: No research has been done to reveal just how common nitting is among Greyhounds, but most people experienced with the breed have seen or are aware of dogs who engage in the behavior, says certified applied animal behaviorist Mary R. Burch, Ph.D., co-author of the book *How Dogs Learn* (Howell Book House, 1999).

However, nitting is not specific to Greyhounds. "I've seen it in several different breeds — from Labradors to Dalmatians to some of the little toy breeds," says Hetts. "I find frequently that, with some behaviors, people who are fanciers of a particular breed are convinced that a particular behavior is more common in their breed, but we have no data to support that."

Myth #4: Nitting is completely harmless.

Fact: Although some nitters are ever so gentle, others are sending their owners straight to the first aid kit.

"Nitting can range from a tickling feeling to a hard pinch," says Burch. "I met a nitting German Shepherd who would leave black and blue marks on the inside of your upper arms if you weren't wise to his greeting strategy."

And while family members may not mind — and may even like — some mild nibbling, visitors may not be so enthusiastic. Those who are unfamiliar with the dog could mistake the behavior for aggression. Nitting can especially unnerve children, particularly those already fearful of dogs. Besides, says Burch, "Many people don't like dogs mouthing on them — aggressive or not."

For these reasons, owners may want to consider discouraging the behavior, or at least learning how to quickly interrupt it, to ensure others feel safe and comfortable around their hound.



Princess Leia, owned by Ron and Ann Zrodlo of Downey, Calif., is an enthusiastic nitter. Ron Zrodlo

Myth #5: I can't stop my Greyhound from nitting. I just have to accept it.

Fact: If you decide your dog's nitting is crossing the line, you can do something about it. "As behavior problems go, nitting is one that is clearly manageable," says Burch. Here are some tips to get you started.

Identify the motivator. "Not all dogs will have the same motivator for the behavior, so there may not be a one-size-fits-all approach for suppressing or disrupting it," says Hetts. To learn what's motivating your Greyhound,

start with a basic functional assessment. Observe when and under what circumstances nitting occurs.

"Knowing what the dog was doing just beforehand might be more helpful in identifying how concerning the behavior should be," says Reich. "It's usually the rest of the behavioral sequence that helps to identify the motivation for the behavior or what it means."

Pay attention to your dog's body postures and other communication signals.

Does he seem playful? Happy? Agitated? Nervous? If you're not sure, check out *Canine Body Postures*, a DVD available from www.animalbehaviorassociates.com, or consult a professional behaviorist.

Keep greetings low-key. If your Greyhound just can't seem to contain himself when you walk through that front door, tone down your comings and goings. Always greet your dog calmly or, better yet, ignore him for a few minutes until he settles.

Redirect his attention. If your dog is nitting for attention or to entice you to play, for example, try redirecting him to a toy. Keep in mind that this tactic is more likely to interrupt the behavior rather than eliminate it.

Walk on. One of the easiest ways to lay nitting to rest is to walk away from your dog whenever she starts doing the behavior. By ending all interaction, you teach him that he won't get what he wants — attention from you.

Introduce a positive punishment. Another option is to use a verbal reprimand or a squirt of water. But, Hetts warns, you must have the water bottle literally in hand and squirt the moment the dog nits or the punishment will not work. In fact, it may make things worse.

"You have to be really cautious in using those things because you don't want to go overboard to where now the dog is afraid to approach you," Hetts says.

If your dog nits because he's anxious, stay away from these approaches altogether, says Reich. They will only increase his anxiety. Hetts adds that if your dog is anxious, the best approach is to treat the anxiety, not the nitting. To learn how to soothe your nervous nitter, consult a professional behaviorist.

Ultimately, only you can decide how you want to handle this part of your dog's behavioral repertoire. As for Zrodlo, he's learned to compromise. "Leia's learned how to nit without pain, and I've realized it's a fun thing for her to do." ■

Beth Miller is a freelance writer/editor and Greyhound foster parent living in Sterling, Va.



Emmy and her brother Andy, adopted by Mike and Judy Losey of Collierville, Tenn.



Crystal and Blazer were two littermates reunited in adoption with the Amidon family.

In Search of the Blues: Littermates Reunited

Story and Photos by Jim Amidon

In 1992, my wife and I brought home our third Siberian Husky, and I vowed that I would never own any breed other than the Siberian.

Then I met my first retired Greyhound.

It took almost ten years from the time I made the vow to the time I broke it. Our third and last Siberian was losing a fight with diabetes and spinal problems, and with a young child in the house, I wanted to bring in another dog to ease the pain of our pending loss.

The idea of a Siberian Husky puppy was quickly pushed off the table — with age comes wisdom. For those who don't know, training a Siberian puppy takes almost two years; they cut their teeth on couches, expensive shoes, and only your *favorite* books and photos.

It was then that I began researching Greyhound adoption. A month later we adopted our first retired racer, Sheena's Tab, who fit right in with our aging Siberian and energetic toddler, Samantha. Sadly, our Siberian died four months after that.

Like most Greyhound adopters, I knew one dog wasn't enough; we decided to get another. The timing was ideal. We got a call about fostering a blue brindle boy named KD Dodger Blue, who broke his hock a couple of months into



Tab, the Amidon family's first Greyhound, is the one who started it all.

a promising racing career. We knew the moment we laid eyes on him that he would be our second adoption. Dodger Blue made a perfect, instant transition into our home, just as Tab had done months earlier.

When our daughter was 5 years old she was even more curious about how Greyhounds were treated before, during, and after their careers on the track. We began surfing websites and found a sprawling network of off-track kennels and agencies involved in Greyhound adoption.

We also looked up the pedigree of our two Greyhounds. We discovered they were both products of the champion Dominator. We also found Dodger's littermates and followed their racing careers. Some, like Dodger, had retired young and a few were still racing. We checked the Rosnet2000 website every day to see the latest results. We paid particular attention to the lone female of the litter, KD Crystal Blue. If we were to adopt a third Greyhound, Dodger's sister — if anything like her brother — would be an ideal fit.

So how does one go about adopting a littermate? We were told that kennels and tracks would give preference to potential adopters with a littermate in their home. I must have completed five or six online forms through the track's website, and sent at least as many e-mails that went unanswered. On the advice of the head of our local adoption agency, I decided to contact the people who bred and owned Crystal.

It wasn't hard to find Kim and Deb Lafuse, whose KD dogs were racing at various tracks around the country. What knocked my socks off was that their breeding kennel was just 15 miles from my home, some 250 miles from the nearest track. I wrote Kim an e-mail describing how Samantha had followed Crystal's racing career and how badly she wanted to adopt her. I explained that we were concerned because Crystal had missed a couple scheduled starts, and we feared someone already had claimed her.

In less than 24 hours, I got a reply from Kim explaining that Crystal had a sore leg and was just being rested. In the note, he said, "If your 5 year-old daughter wants to adopt Crystal, she can have her. I'll pull her from the track today and you can pick her up this weekend."

When we arrived at the KD Kennel, we walked a long way to an open field where the facilities were located. Samantha couldn't restrain herself and ran as fast as she could to the fenced runs, where probably 15 dogs were barking wildly. The way things had fallen into place I should have known Sammie would pick exactly the right dog when she approached. She found Crystal Blue out of the pack without ever having seen a picture. The match was indeed perfect.

We spent the next several hours getting to know Kim and Deb, playing with their puppies (from 8 weeks to 8 months), and learning how they got involved in breeding

and racing Greyhounds.

We saw how the Lafuses love and care for their dogs. We had adopted two of their dogs and both reflected the compassion of their original owners.

Once in our home, Crystal acted as though she'd been there all her life. From snuggling up with Samantha to stretching out on the couch, she was every bit as sweet and loving as Dodger. Still, we wondered if Dodger and Crystal sensed they were littermates. While we'll never know for sure, the two dogs — separated almost three years — soon became fast friends. On just her second night in our home, Crystal was lying on the floor when Dodger came up, plopped down beside her, and rested his head across her back. Crystal never batted an eye.

Not long after we adopted Crystal and while we were regularly serving as foster parents, the Lafuses invited us back to help prepare a litter for an off-track training kennel. We had no idea what that meant, but it was another opportunity to see the dogs in all stages of life — from young puppies to breeding females to retirees.

We arrived and began to leash-train the pups, which were now about eight months old. It was the first time in their lives they were on leashes and outside of their runs, and it was one of the most memorable afternoons in my life. There were some dogs that refused to walk on leash and had to be dragged; others jumped two, even three feet off the ground trying to get off the leash; still others pulled so hard I had to lean backward to stay on my feet. Once satisfied that the dogs would at least tolerate a leash, we put them back in the runs and left, exhausted but beginning to see the dogs and their owners differently.

We would not see the Lafuses for another nine months. One morning I received an e-mail from Kim telling me that the last dog of the "Blue" litter was coming off the track — KD Blue Blazer. Sight unseen, we said yes and adopted our third dog from the same litter.

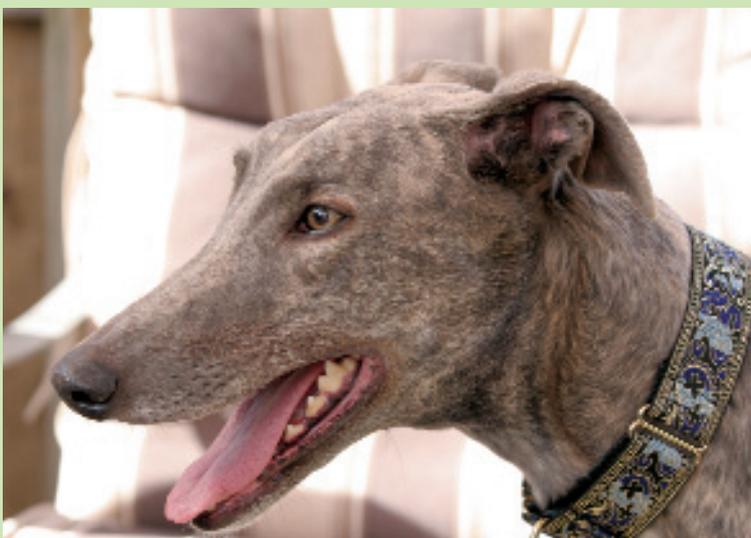
Blazer had been running Grade A races in Wisconsin at the end of his career. Physically, his size was overwhelming at first; his snout a full inch longer than his brother's and he standing about an inch taller and three inches longer. Almost immediately he



After Dodger came home, the family began searching for his littermates.



The Amidons adopted Crystal from her breeder.



Blazer, the third adoptive littermate, was euthanized because of a probable brain tumor.

showed familiar signs of knowing his littermates. He would cuddle up with Dodger or Crystal (while ignoring Tab) and play with Dodger and his toys. Blazer's behaviors were virtually identical in every way, though every action was intensified, bigger.

Do I really know if my "Blue" hounds realized they were from the same litter? No, but having had literally dozens of dogs through the house, none has behaved as similarly, and as friendly, as our trio from the KD Kennel. More remarkable, though, is the relationship we formed with the litter's breeders/original owners. The Lafuses have demonstrated — to us, at least — that a balance of fair treatment, competitive racing, and post-career placement can be achieved.

Having raised Siberian Huskies for years, I know what they were bred to do — run long distances in terrible weather — and I was witness to their stunning sense of joy when the first snowflakes of the year fell. Greyhounds are truly happy when they run, when they race and compete. While we can argue about corruption, poor track conditions, and the issues related to over breeding, all of us who love Greyhounds must admit that our dogs are never happier than when they're running at a dead sprint.

Last fall, Blue Blazer changed. He suddenly began to have wild mood swings, going from an in-your-lap love session to violent, aggressive, and territorial behavior. We discovered he had what our doctors believed to be a brain tumor, and each day the aggression became more frequent and frightening. We consulted with our two veterinarians of more than 20 years, both of whom suggested little could be done. They cautioned that if we didn't remove Blazer from our home, he might hurt — or worse, kill — our daughter without ever realizing he had done something wrong.

We have always valued and trusted our two veterinarians, who are remarkable and talented doctors. But when it came time to make the most difficult decision a dog owner ever has to make, we turned to Kim Lafuse for advice. It was his counsel that meant the most to us.

Blazer is no longer in our lives — we imagine him racing over the Rainbow Bridge using his lanky frame and long nose to edge out his competition.

Our three "Blue" littermates, old Tab, and lots of foster dogs have taught us much about the wonders of rescue, fostering, and placement of retired racers.

Kim and Deb Lafuse have taught us the wonders of the Greyhound breed. And I don't imagine we'll ever own any dogs but Greyhounds. ■

Jim Amidon is Director of Public Affairs and Marketing at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Ind.

Greyhound Family Stories

When we started putting this issue together, we asked you to send us photographs of your related Greyhounds. Your photographs appear throughout this issue, and here are some of the stories you sent us. —Ed.



Brandy's pups Flash, Sunny, and Star relax at home together.

Mama Reunites Her Brood

It was a routine trip to the track in Birmingham, Alabama to pick up a load of fresh Greyhounds. As we loaded the dogs, we noticed a female that was about to be left behind. The kennel told us that at age seven and a half, she was too old for adoption. Our group leader said we'd gladly take her, so she came with us to Atlanta.

My wife, Ady, and I took Brandy in as a foster. We had two boys and no intention of ever having more than two Greyhounds at a time. Little did we know how Brandy would change our lives.

About a year later, Ady was showing her father how to look up a Greyhound's lineage on Rosnet when she noticed that two of Brandy's pups would start their racing careers that week at Multnomah Greyhound Park in Portland, Oregon. Ady immediately decided she wanted to adopt Brandy's pups when they were done racing. She contacted the track to plant the seed with the expectation that they would race for at least a couple of years, just like their mom.

Over the next six weeks we watched their last-place results in their maiden races. The girls were already in the adoption kennel. A few days later I caught a plane to Portland, rented an SUV, and began an extended cross-country trip back to Atlanta via Glacier National Park, Mount Rushmore, Custer State Park, Badlands National Park, and even a few stops to visit Greyhound owners along the way. The girls and I had a blast.

But Ady wasn't done. Brandy's son, Flash, was an impressive grade-A runner in Kansas. He was winning big and not likely to need a home soon. Two years later he broke his leg. The trainer tried for six months to rehabilitate him. During that time, we called the owner repeatedly to convince him to let Flash go. Ady tried to persuade the trainer with pictures of the girls and stories of their wonderful life. After nearly eight months of phone calls, letters, and pictures, the trainer agreed to let him go. We paid a dog hauler to transport him to a farm in north Florida, where we picked him up.

Flash barely acknowledged me as I approached him at the farm. He went straight to the kennel gate. He was ready to go. He knew I was there to pick him up. He jumped in the van and off we went to meet the family.

Brandy is gone now, but she lives on through her offspring Flash, Sunny, and Star.
—Craig and Ady Cerreta, University Park, Fla.



Littermates Speedy, Jet, Jude, and Sadie were adopted by the Rooneys.

. . . You Can't Have Just One

We are empty nesters. Our Golden Retriever and Collie passed away within six months of each other. We tried pet-free living for six months and then began researching Greyhounds. We found Greyhound Relocation & Adoption Canada (GRA) on line and went for a visit. The car in front of us was returning a beautiful brindle who caught our eye immediately. Bill at GRA was not eager to send a “bounceback” home with first-time Greyhound owners, but my husband and I both liked Speedy and since he was already neutered, we were able to take him home immediately. We didn't know about the adage “Greyhounds are like potato chips . . .” We quickly found out how true it is. We didn't search for littermates. All it took was a phone call from GRA saying “we have a sibling,” and we'd say “we're on our way.” Within a little over two years, we adopted littermates Speedy (Smooos Speed Bump), Jet (Smooos Jet Speed), Jude (Smooos Attitude), and Sadie (Smoose Short Rib).

—Dan and Brenda Rooney, Elora, Ontario, Canada



Retired brood moms Hermione (top) and Duchess (bottom) enjoy their life of retirement.

Senior Sisters, Together Again

Having recently lost my beloved Greyhound Molly, I found myself once again in search of Greyhound companionship. I went to the website of Quad Cities Greyhound Adoption (QCGA) and put in an application for the oldest Greyhound there. Duchess (Mesa Should Be) was a nine and-a-half year old retired brood mom, a very dignified lady who didn't really look all that elderly. We hit it off right away and she settled in. Not long after that I learned that Duchess's littermate Hermione (Mesa Imageofmom), also a retired brood mom, would be coming to QCGA soon. I told QCGA that Hermione had a home if they would let me have her. As I write this both girls are asleep, Hermione with her favorite gorilla plush toy. They will be 14 years old in December.

—Stacia Ricketts, Rock Falls, Ill.



Hurricane-force winds blew sisters Cozie and Annie all the way from Florida to Virginia, where they were adopted by the Gildees.

Hurricane Leads to Forever Home

About a year after my husband and I married, we decided we were ready for an addition to our family . . . a dog. We began the process of applying to Virginia Greyhound Adoption (VAGA), and had a home visit. In September 2004, a hurricane severely damaged the adoption kennel for GPA/Orlando, the group that supplies Virginia Greyhound Adoption (VAGA) with many of its dogs. We learned that VAGA was planning an emergency run to Florida to bring some Greyhounds up to Virginia. With so many dogs in dire need, my husband and I decided then that we would definitely take two pups that — for whatever reason — needed to stay together. Cozie (Cosey Heat) and Annie (Cosey Annie O) made that long van ride up from Florida and straight into our hearts. My husband and I have been in heaven ever since.

—Jennifer and Craig Gildee, Alexandria, Va.



Littermates Ben and Jerry (adopted by Jan Uter of Camp Hill, Pa.) and Safari and Avalanche (adopted by Melissa Cook of Stoneham, Mass.) spent time together at the Grapehounds event this past July.

A Familiar Face . . . or Two, or Three

I adopted Avalanche (Aljo Avalanche) from Greysland Greyhound Adoption in Hopkinton, Mass. in June 2003. As the years passed, I became curious about his history. As I searched various websites, I was unable to learn about his family heritage so I contacted his adoption group. To my surprise, I learned that his littermate Safari (Aljo on a Safari) was available for adoption at WAG (We Adopt Greyhounds) in Connecticut. I contacted WAG and asked if Avalanche could meet his brother. I had no intention of making him part of our family. Unlike many reunion stories of littermates, when the brothers finally saw each other, Avalanche ran right past Safari to a cute little white female. Safari, on the other hand, ran directly into my heart. I made the decision to bring him home as a foster. He never left.

Six months later, the three of us attended Greyhounds in Gettysburg. While waiting for a table outside Quizno's, the boys got tangled with two other brindle Greyhounds. The owner and I joked about how much the boys looked alike. As we talked, it became clear that the four had more in common than just looks. At the age of six, Safari and Avalanche had just met up with their two brothers, Ben (Safari Tilt-up) and Jerry (Safari Big Shot). We now stay in touch, exchanging letters, pictures, and presents on the important dates. We also catch up at Greyhound events when possible. —Melissa Cook, Stoneham, Mass.



Austin (top) and Biscuit (bottom) at seven weeks.

A Pair of Puppies

We have two retired racers, Marshal (8 years old) and Ricardo (10 years old). After we lost a Greyhound puppy to cancer at 10 months of age, we became obsessed with finding two Greyhound puppies to add to our family. We wanted two puppies so they would have someone their own age and energy level with whom to play and grow. After several months of searching, we learned that Greyhound Adoption League of Texas (GALT) had a received litter of pups for adoption. When I saw the photos on their website, I knew that Austin and Biscuit would be perfect additions to our family.

As we completed the application process, my husband and I were trying to figure out how in the world we would get the puppies from Austin, Texas to our home in Madison, Wisconsin. My husband is a charter pilot, and he learned that one of the planes was going to San Antonio on Friday, September 29. The plane was scheduled to return to Wisconsin with no passengers. I purchased a one-way ticket from Madison to San Antonio. When I arrived, Susie McQuade of GALT was waiting for me with the puppies. I signed the papers and moved the puppies into the charter area lobby, where I took them out of their crate to give them hugs and just love them to pieces. Holding them for the first time, I got goosebumps and teary eyes.

One of the charter pilots let me know they were ready when I was. I took the puppies outside for a potty break, and then the pilot carried the puppies into the business jet for our return to Wisconsin. The puppies slept in their crate for about half the trip, and then on my lap for the last half of the flight. When we landed, my husband came onto the plane to greet us. We knew that our family was now complete. —**Tammie and Chris Stuntebeck, Madison, Wisc.**



Matt (L) and Mariah (R) owe their new home to their departed brother, Nitro.

Nitro's Legacy

Just two months after we brought Nitro home, I noticed a funny bump on his side that I hadn't seen before. We went to the clinic that afternoon and had some tests done. During surgery, the veterinarian discovered that there was another lump on the inside, attached to a rib. The lumps and the rib were removed, and Nitro came home with a 12-inch suture line and a very large shaved spot on his side.

Nitro made a remarkable recovery. The ultrasound and chest x-ray following the surgery were clear. We had a wonderful summer with long, peaceful walks in the woods; a picnic with games, shopping, and chit-chat; and a third birthday party, with a special breakfast, presents, and a run in the fenced-in park.

In September, I confidently booked an appointment for a routine follow-up ultrasound and chest x-ray. The ultrasound was clear, but the x-ray showed the cancer had spread throughout his lungs and spleen. Nitro lost his battle to cancer on October 30, 2003.

One night before going to bed I asked Nitro to help me find his sister, Mariah. The next day I received an e-mail from her trainer. I couldn't believe it! As it turned out, she had just been adopted by another family. When they heard our story, they graciously gave her up so we could have her, and they found another lucky Greyhound to take home.

The night of Nitro's death, my daughter dreamt that one of my mother's dogs, who had long since passed, came to show Nitro the way to the Bridge so that he would feel safe. The dog's name was Matt. How fitting it was, then, that Nitro's brother — also named Matt — would be waiting for us at the adoption center when we arrived to take Mariah home.

Even though Nitro has gone to the Bridge, it is heartwarming to know that we have a part of him in our home in his brother and sister, Matt and Mariah. I see him each day in the antics of his wonderful siblings. Like him, they have become therapy dogs, and their kindness and gentleness make the people they visit very happy. —Jo-Anne Sauve, West Hill, Ontario, Canada

Guide Dog

*Each night, just before going to bed,
I enter the study and sit down
in the room's only straight-backed chair.
With my bare feet flat on the hardwood floor
and my palms resting lightly on my thighs,
I close my eyes and begin slowly to breathe:
pulling into my mind, my heart, my body,
as much of the world's abundance as I can:*

*May so-and-so be happy, may so-and-so
be healed, may so-and-so be*

*My dog knows all of this, knows the routine.
And now she, too, enters the room.
Enters and lies down in the middle of the floor:
Even before I go in, she is there, settled and
breathing.*

*Now, on those nights when I would prefer
to skip the routine altogether,
from busy-ness or exhaustion,
I know that I cannot. Because there she is,
waiting —
a reminder for me that there is work to do:
deep, prayerful work, there in the dark,
her breath and mine.*

—Lisa Dordal



Growing up Greyhound: The Adventure of Adopting Two Puppies

Story and Photos by Pat Ruggeri

Within the space of six months, my husband Paul and I found ourselves saying goodbye to our beloved Greyhounds: 14-year old Jeb, and 4-year old Cepeda. We knew we would never own another dog. As a middle-aged couple, we fell into thinking about the “Golden Years” right around the corner; we scaled down our commitments and began traveling almost every weekend.

All of that changed when Paul just happened to contact an adoption kennel and learned of the impending birth of a litter of Greyhound puppies. With spirits soaring, we immediately made the two-hour drive to the kennel. Suddenly the prospect of the New Year seemed brighter than ever.

In between kennel visits, we devoured the latest dog training manuals and prepared our home for the arrival of not just one puppy, but two. It made sense to us to adopt a pair so they could develop a companionship. We worked out of our home; the puppies would be set up in Paul’s basement office so he could keep an eye on them and let them out as needed.

When other Greyhound people heard that we were adopting two puppies they quickly chuckled, said “That’s crazy,” and wished us luck.



Eight weeks after their birth, the puppies were ready to come home. Our car was loaded with the necessities, including a new puppy crate and toys for the ride home. The ride home was a long one. Neither puppy liked being separated from the litter. For over an hour we listened to them bark, howl, and wrestle. The Kongs just took up space in their crate and were positioned at any given time to roll into a newly pee-dampened area. In the midst of a downpour, we stopped to swap driving duties. From the back of the car came a blast of high-pitched squeals, accompanied by more intense barking and teeth snapping.



We each grabbed a puppy, and for the rest of the journey home we tried to keep them on our laps. Paul took the boy, Blue. I took the girl — Dori — and drove with one hand on the steering wheel. For the rest of the ride home we wondered about our decision.



The basement strategy didn't quite work the way we had intended. Paul ended up moving his office into my son's old second floor bedroom to get some peace and quiet while talking with his clients on the telephone. It appeared for now that our life was going to be a lot like what we had experienced on the ride home.



I thought letting them out into our newly-fenced yard would be a great outlet for all of us, but even their outdoor play had to be constantly monitored. Often they would chase after small stones and pebbles that they could easily swallow. Then there was the game of chewing a branch off a bush, then fighting to see who would get it.



At training school they taught us to say *Drop it* — which never worked — or *Trade* to exchange the unauthorized item for food. Blue was food motivated, so *Trade* sometimes worked; but when he dropped the stick, Dori would pick it up and run with it, taunting him. When she tired, he would move in and grab the stick — after he finished his treat, of course.



Then Blue would growl at Dori if she came anywhere near the stick. In defense, Dori would bark at him relentlessly. This was the scenario of play with all objects, whether inside or out. I was happiest when this kind of play took place outdoors, despite their pruning of our shrubs.

At one point, Blue grabbed one of Paul's wrenches and began playing with it endlessly. In a weaker moment and against our better judgment, we gave a wrench to Dori. The wrenches went everywhere they did, even to bed. This lasted until they were a year old. We were not thrilled about their use of these tools as toys, but they did the job. The wrenches lasted much longer than Bullie Bones.

I had hoped for more cuddle time with Blue and Dori. Blue was a natural-born couch potato who liked to snuggle. If Dori didn't taunt him, my wish might have come true. Dori usually baited Blue off of our laps. Blue would passively tease her by withholding whatever the desired object was at the time. Dori would bark, and Blue would respond by crumpling his nose, baring his teeth, and growling. When the object of interest was dropped, they immediately emitted screeching sounds, accompanied by barking and growling as they moved across the floor, intertwined, in relentless pursuit of one another. It was clear to us why our friends referred to Greyhound puppies as piranhas.





Walking the dogs on leash was an experience that required the full support of my chiropractor, even after they graduated from Puppy Training School. When spring came and we ventured out to our favorite park, Blue and Dori reacted to everything that we normally take for granted, from kites bobbing in the sky to dancing leaves scattered about the ground. Beach sand tasted great. And a leisurely walk to the water's edge prompted an immediate eruption of body slamming between Dori and Blue that sorely tested our leashes. Needless to say, it was a while before we returned to the park.

At nine months of age, they were taken care of by a retired Greyhound kennel owner who boarded Greyhounds from time to time. To our astonishment, the pups' mother was there. I can't say if she recognized her offspring, but once outside with them she didn't hesitate to give Dori some feedback on her social skills. Thank you, Deco!



As I look back on our experience with our puppies, I marvel at what kept us going. When someone familiar with Greyhounds told Paul that we would see a big difference at 9 months, we clung dearly to that hope. And then someone else who had raised a Greyhound puppy told that 12 months would mark the start of a "calming period." We marked our calendars and counted the days. Now, at 20 months, 75-lb Blue and 55-lb Dori act more like Greyhounds. Our bond with them continues to grow, especially as they are now realizing that we can be part of their fun. We play ball, travel together, and laugh a lot. Paul and I are always stumbling across funny moments, such as the pups' fascination with being sprayed in the face with water from a nozzle.



And before it was the trend to “go green,” we invested in a four-wheel drive houndmobile so the kids could have more room when traveling. To help offset our carbon footprint, we no longer use chemicals on our backyard; for some reason, our yard has gone brown, and now we use mulch.



It seems so long ago that we thought about our Golden Years. I guess we are busy living life and making the most of our days. The pups have grown into the warm, sensitive, loyal creatures we knew Cepeda and Jeb to be, and our bond with them is stronger than ever.

Pat Ruggeri lives with husband Paul and Greyhounds Blue and Dori in Coventry, R.I.



The BiteNot® Collar, a comfortable alternative to the Elizabethan or “cone” collar, kept Red from licking the incision on his leg.

The BiteNot® Collar

By Jacquelin Gribble

The BiteNot collar is a useful alternative to the Elizabethan collar often recommended by veterinarians. It fastens around a dog's neck with Velcro. A single, adjustable harness strap circles behind the dog's front legs so the collar won't come off. A size suitable for Greyhounds sells for just under \$25 from several sources listed at the collar's website, www.bitenot.com.

In the picture above, Red is wearing a BiteNot collar to protect a new incision made to remove a small growth on his upper front leg. Red, who is an average-size male, wears a size six, which is usually right for Greyhounds.

However, when I used the BiteNot collar to protect my Greyhound, Julie, while she recovered from serious skin tears on her shoulder and side, the size six was too long. Julie is an average-size female, but her neck seems shorter than most, so some Greyhounds may need a size five or seven.

Others in my Greyhound adoption group, Central Ohio Greyhound Rescue, have used this collar successfully, too. Here are some examples showing the variety of problems the BiteNot can help in Greyhounds.

Shem was found to be a bleeder when he was neutered. It was crucial he not lick his incision. BiteNot worked.

Sunny, a big senior, had a wart taken off a back foot, and he wouldn't leave the incision alone. Again, the BiteNot worked well.

Crystal, a very active young girl, had a skin infection on her back and side. The veterinarian didn't want the skin covered, so a shirt wouldn't work. She could lick right through her muzzle. The combination of antibiotics and a BiteNot collar to prevent licking worked quickly.

Perhaps the most serious injury for which we used the collar was an extensive leg surgery undergone by a female, Luvie. She wore the collar for about three months, first on crate

rest and later while loose, and all went well.

The BiteNot won't work for every situation. If the problem is on the lower front leg or the lower tail, the determined dog can still access the site. Yet one of our members had a corn removed from her dog's front paw. Nickel is the quiet, retiring type and the collar was successful for her.

Another great asset of the collar is that sensitive, slightly shy dogs don't seem to find it as traumatic to wear as a cone collar.

I would recommend that anyone who has to use an Elizabethan collar consider the BiteNot as a more comfortable choice — both for the Greyhound wearing it and for the Greyhound's owners. ■

Jacquelin Gribble lives in Columbus, Ohio with her Greyhounds Charger, Maureen, and Julie and cats Edward, Eliot, and Isabella. She volunteers with Central Ohio Greyhound Rescue.



Chasing James Bond

By Ting Ting Cheng

Although he'd been dead for two years, Sonja still dreamt about her father. She glanced at her clock: 6 a.m. Her dream had ended at exactly the same time she always woke up, not even breaking her routine. She got up, fetched her newspaper, then made coffee and oatmeal. Since it was Saturday, Sonja could linger at the table; but, as usual, by 7 a.m. she was out the door for her morning walk. She followed a route that would take only a half hour round trip. Then she showered, feeling renewed and clean.

Sonja's father used to walk with her on these mornings. The autumn, with its crisp air, was his favorite season, as it was now for Sonja. They had become so alike, both in interests and manner. Sonja didn't remember much about her mother, who had died when she was 2 years old. After 28 years of living together, she and her father had simply melded into a unit. They were both introverts with quiet pursuits, which they often did together: sitting in the living room reading, assembling a puzzle, hiking a trail. Now Sonja did these things alone.

It was 9:30, time to run her errands. Sonja needed a new rake, bread, and toothpaste. She headed for New Towne Mall, with its homebuilders' emporium next door to a big chain pet store and a supermarket. At the emporium, she bought a sturdy rake and, on a whim, a box of leaf bags that were on sale. After putting the items in the back seat, she headed back to the supermarket.

As Sonja neared the pet store on her way to the market, she saw six tall, skinny dogs. The one closest to Sonja wagged furiously and ran toward her. The woman holding the leash pulled him back.

"Sorry about that," she said. "He's just such a social animal. Excited to meet everyone. Want to pet him?"

The dog wagged ecstatically as Sonja patted his head. He looked so debonair — as if he wore a tuxedo — with his sleek, black fur and white chest.

“What kind of dog is this?” Sonja asked.

“Greyhound. We’re a Greyhound rescue group. I’m Lisa, and this is Bond. James Bond.”

As Sonja moved closer, Bond leaned into her. Sonja scratched behind his ears, and his mouth formed a toothy grin.

“He really likes that,” Lisa said.

Sonja massaged Bond’s neck and shoulders. He let out a long sigh.

“Boy, this dog is putty in your hands.” Lisa smiled at Sonja. “He’s been hard to place. Most households already own cats, but he’ll go after them. Some Greyhounds do; some don’t.”

“What about children?” Sonja asked.

“Nope, he won’t go after kids. Most Greyhounds are great with children. You have any?”

“No, I live by myself.”

“No cat either?” Lisa asked pointedly.

“No cats. No pets.”

“Why, Bond would be perfect for you!”

“But I’m not looking for a dog,” Sonja protested.

“Well, for someone who isn’t looking, you sure can’t seem to keep your hands off this one,” Lisa said. Then she tried a less aggressive approach. “Say, you don’t have to commit to keeping him, you know. You can foster him first. Give him a ‘trial run.’ What do you think?”

“I’m not sure . . .”

“Look, stand back and I’ll show you something.” Lisa took a biscuit out of her pocket. “If you give Bond a treat, he’ll kiss you right on the lips.”

Lisa waved the biscuit over Bond’s head. The dog jumped up, pushing his nose against Lisa’s lips before licking her mouth.

“He’s quite a charmer, isn’t he?” Lisa asked, grinning at Sonja. “You want to try it?”

Before she knew it, Sonja had been kissed by a dark and dashing Greyhound and had filled out the paperwork to foster James Bond. She walked into the supermarket, reeling from all the whims she’d committed in just one morning.

Two weeks later Sonja had passed a background check and home inspection, and Bond moved in. Lisa brought Bond’s crate to serve, if necessary, as the Greyhound’s safe

refuge until he felt more comfortable in his new foster home. She also brought Bond’s bed and favorite toy, a stuffed green dinosaur.

Lisa showed Sonja how to brush Bond’s teeth and clip his nails. When there was nothing left to do but leave, Lisa said, “I’ll phone you periodically to see how it’s going. You can call me anytime, too. And remember that we’ll still bring Bond to Greyhound events to promote him. Whether or not you’d like to be the one to bring him will be up to you.”

Bond rushed excitedly toward the door behind Lisa. She bent down and gave the dog a loud kiss on his wet nose.

“No, Bond,” she said. “You’re staying here. Don’t worry; we’ll still see each other.” Lisa turned to Sonja and continued, “I almost forgot to mention. Our annual

Greyhound picnic’s next month. You won’t want to miss it. We hold a doggie costume contest; last year’s winner was dressed as a hot dog in a bun. Lots of other fun contests, too. The best strut, the baldest butt, the best poop story. We always end with a group howl. I’ll give you more details later.”

Sonja held on to Bond’s collar so Lisa could get out the door. She had thought living with a Greyhound would complement her quiet life. What had she gotten herself into?

It’s not necessarily true that changes are subtle, gradual occurrences. The changes that Bond brought into Sonja’s life were immediate and quite blatant. Although they still had to be kept to a half hour on weekdays, Sonja’s morning walks were no longer



Crystal (Greys Crystal Bay) and Eron (Greys Heron Bay), adopted by Scott Arquilla of Orland Park, Ill.



Littermates Dash and Java, adopted by Jack Harbaugh and Jackie Martin of Orinda, Calif.

briskly paced. Bond wanted to stop and sniff everything. Sonja began to notice details that had escaped her before, like how the owners of the red house kept their lawn immaculate but the neighbors to the left only fitfully raked.

Another major change: Sonja now took a daily evening walk with Bond. She didn't stick to a preset route, instead darting in and out of streets that took their fancy. These walks were difficult to limit to half an hour, as Bond drew people to him. They would stop to ask questions. Children asked the most questions. They also told Sonja about their pets or the pets that they wanted: a dog in addition to a cat, a black-and-white hamster, a box turtle named Homer. Sonja overheard a girl call her "the Greyhound lady." Within a week, Sonja no longer felt invisible in her neighborhood.

Sonja's house was no longer silent either. Bond's nails clicked on the hardwood oak floors. He'd whine to be let out to the backyard. He gave a different whine for permission to get beside Sonja on her bed or couch. She'd pat the mattress or cushion to indicate that he could. Bond gave a deep, contented sigh whenever he lay down. When rushing to join Sonja at the door for a walk or to see her off, he came with a *Whoosh!* And Sonja spoke often to James Bond: "How was your

day? What did you do?"

At work, Sonja imagined Bond splayed across her bed in a blissful, dream-filled slumber. After his nap, he might play with his newest toy; Sonja had stuffed its hollow center with gooey peanut butter. Then he'd possibly drink some water before taking another nap. By the time Sonja got home, Bond would be ready to eat. Sonja stopped working past quitting time to get just one more thing done. The work could now wait. Sonja not only had to, but wanted to, go home to Bond.

* * *

Almost a month had passed, and Lisa called to say James Bond needed to attend Autumn Fest at Central Park. Sonja opted to bring him herself. There were seven Greyhounds present, but only one wore a blue vest with white lettering that said "Please Adopt Me." Sonja put a blue vest on Bond, too, and began extolling the virtues of her foster dog to anyone who cared to listen.

Sonja seemed to talk nonstop, as the Greyhounds proved to be a big draw. A woman with a boy stopped and said, "Hi, I'm Emma Ryan, and this is my son Chris." She explained that their dog had died the year before, and she thought Chris was ready for a new one.

Chris stayed quiet as he stroked Bond, who was already nuzzled against him. Sonja

guessed that he was at least 9 years old.

"What kind of dog did you have, Chris?" Sonja asked.

"A golden retriever," he mumbled. "His name was Rex."

"Had you had him for a long time?"

Chris nodded and looked back down at Bond.

"They grew up together," Emma said. "We'd only had Rex for a year before Chris was born, and the dog just glommed on to him. Chris' father travels a lot, you see, and Chris is kind of shy — stays to himself. I want him to have a companion to do things with again. Like he did with Rex."

"Hey, Chris," Sonja said. "You know what? I think Bond may be perfect for you. He follows me around the whole house and does practically everything with me. This Greyhound is a buddy kind of dog. Just like Rex, huh?"

Chris nodded and smiled when Sonja said that.

"You just have to remember one thing. With a Greyhound, you can't take him off-leash, except in a fenced area. He can run so fast and so far from home that he can't remember how to get back. But the leash thing shouldn't be a problem. Dogs aren't supposed to run loose around here anyway. You didn't let Rex go off-leash, did you?"

"Well, sometimes," Chris admitted.

Sonja put on an expression of exaggerated shock, and Chris laughed.

"You can't do that with Bond," she said, shaking her finger at him. "No, no, no!"

"I hear you!" Chris said, still laughing.

Emma beamed at her boy, and Sonja said, "I've been a loner all my life, but you know what? Bond has opened me up to the world. People just naturally gravitate to him so, before I knew it, he'd introduced me to my whole neighborhood. I can guarantee that you'll end up meeting people you never even knew existed. Sound like too much for you to handle, Chris?"

"No," Emma answered before Chris could reply. "It sounds absolutely wonderful."

"If you're interested, feel free to grab an application. Filling one out doesn't mean you're obligated. There's the adoption fee to consider, of course, and we do run a background check and visit your home."

* * *

The Ryans did, indeed, turn in their application, and they'd specifically asked for Bond. They requested that Bond visit their home to see how he'd take to it.

While fastening the leash to Bond's collar for their Saturday morning walk, Sonja said, "Tonight you'll be seeing the Ryans, so when we get back, I'm going to trim your nails. Not just a little bit this time but as short as I can get them. We'll both have to be brave, okay?"

Bond wagged and waited as Sonja stuffed four bags for picking up after Bond into her pocket.

A morning breeze whipped Sonja's hair into her eyes, making her tuck the front strands behind her ears. She wished she'd worn a hat but didn't want to turn back. Bond was already squatting on the grass by the curb.

Once he was done, Sonja pulled a bag from her pocket. A second one fell out, landing on the pavement just when a strong wind blew. As Sonja lunged for it, she accidentally dropped Bond's leash. Sonja turned just in time to see Bond run onto the house's front lawn, in full chase after a squirrel. Sonja let go of the plastic bag and ran after him.

The squirrel ran across the lawn and into the next one. It kept going until Sonja had

lost sight of it, but Bond remained in hot pursuit. He streaked across front yards, one after another.

"Bond!" Sonja yelled as she ran. "James Bond! Come back to me!"

The dog did not listen, his full attention on the chase. Sonja could not keep up, but she kept going. By now, she could only manage to walk-run. She was afraid that Bond would dash into the street. What if he got run over? What if he kept going and going until he became lost?

"Bond!" Sonja kept yelling. She had to slow to a walk and catch her breath. Her hair whipped into her tear-filled eyes.

Then Sonja saw Bond stop beside a thicket. This was her chance. She started running again, praying that Bond would stay in place.

Bond was moving up and down the length of the dense shrubs, periodically stopping to poke his nose underneath as Sonja approached.

"James Bond, come!" she commanded.

The dog ignored her. Sonja reached for the leash dragging behind him; but just as she almost grabbed it, Bond ran further up along the thicket. Sonja threw her body toward the leash but missed, landing on the grass. When she looked up, she saw that Bond had stopped again with his nose shoved under the shrubs. The leash was only two feet away.

Sonja was almost within reach when Bond moved and, once again, stopped. Bond was near the end of the thicket now; Sonja had to catch him.

Sonja quickly got on her hands and knees and crawled to him, her hand about to grab the leash when the squirrel darted out from the thicket. Bond began to run. Sonja made a desperate lunge. This time, as her body fell, her fingers closed around the leash. She had caught James Bond.

"Why didn't you stop running, you foolish dog?" Sonja said as she cried while hugging him. "I was so scared that I'd lose you!"

Confused, Bond pulled away, but Sonja had a firm hold on the leash. She got up, and they started walking again. They kept straight on the pavement all the way back home. Sonja wouldn't let Bond stop to sniff anything. She was still scolding him as they entered the front door.

After taking off her coat and hanging up the leash, Sonja did not clip Bond's nails. Instead, she sat on her couch with Bond, still shaken from the morning's chase. She knew that someday she would surely laugh about it. How ridiculous she must have looked, a woman running across peoples' lawns, shouting "James Bond!" at the top of her lungs.

But Sonja wasn't laughing now. She kept stroking the dog. Sonja couldn't help think-



Lola (Marvelous Angel) and her daughter Uma (Wild Bout Angel), adopted by Tina and Chris Kaufmann of Watertown, Wis.

ing about what could have happened if she'd been unable to grab the leash. She'd felt so panicked and frustrated each time she had failed to grasp it. Only she *had* been able to grab it *and* hold on.

* * *

A slow sadness crept over Sonja as the day wore off into evening. She was already missing James Bond even as she prepared him for his visit with the Ryans. She clipped his nails shorter than usual, as she'd told him she would. She bathed him and cleaned inside his ears. And, of course, after he'd eaten, she brushed his teeth. Sonja reminded him to be on his best behavior as Bond left the house with Lisa.

The wait for Bond to return was terrible. Sitting by herself on the couch, Sonja felt the weight of his absence, and her mind turned to memories of her past weeks with the Greyhound. How much vitality the dog had brought into her life in such a short time! Sonja wanted to keep Bond for herself, but she knew the boy, Chris, needed him just as much.

Still, Sonja hoped that the home visit wasn't going well. Maybe Bond would chew up the boy's favorite toy. Perhaps it would be a replica of an airplane that had taken him a whole month to assemble. Nor had Sonja mentioned that she let Bond lie on the couch. Maybe Bond would jump onto theirs and Emma would be furious.

Sonja startled at the slam of a door. She saw Lisa's car in the driveway and rushed to let them in.

"How did it go?" Sonja asked as they entered, but she could already tell from the big smile on Lisa's face. Sonja's lips trembled, and she began crying as she bent down to hug Bond.

Lisa gently stroked Sonja's hair, waiting until her sobs had subsided.

"Listen," Lisa said. "The visit went extremely well. The Ryans want to adopt Bond. They want him for the boy."

"I know," Sonja said. "Who wouldn't want this dog?"

"Look, this is an awkward situation, but you've been fostering Bond for a month. It's only fair that you have a shot at him; but if you really want to keep him, then you've got to make up your mind now."

Sonja wanted to say *Yes* — an absolute, unequivocal *Yes*, but she couldn't get Chris out of her mind.

"Can I call you tomorrow with an answer?" Sonja asked. "I promise. First thing in the morning."

After Lisa left, Sonja sat up with Bond on her couch. Bond's head lay on her lap, and she scratched behind his ears and rubbed his white chest. All the while, she thought, "Yes or no? Me or Chris?"

"Do you want to stay with me, Bond?" Sonja asked.

The dog perked up his ears at the sound of her voice but barely opened his eyes before closing them again in a state of pure bliss. Sonja knew he'd soon begin twitching his legs, deep in a dream chase after a rabbit or squirrel. Sometimes he'd let out soft "woofs" as the chase seemed to heat up.

Sonja thought about her life before Bond. Had Bond helped her undo it? Irreversibly? She wouldn't be able to stand it if he hadn't.

Sonja awakened the next morning with a stiff neck. Bond was already off the couch, ready to be let out and fed.

After their morning walk, Sonja called Lisa.

"Can I be the one to deliver Bond to the Ryans?" Sonja asked.

* * *

The Ryans were willing to take Bond that day. Sonja loaded his gear into her car, some of which would be returned to the rescue group once the Ryans could get their own. As she carried out the crate, Sonja realized that Bond had never needed to use it. Her house had immediately been safe haven enough for the dog. This thought pleased Sonja as she loaded his other belongings.

As Sonja pulled into the Ryans' driveway, Chris ran out the door. Emma followed, calmly walking up to Sonja as she disembarked.

Emma hugged her and said, "Thank you for bringing Bond."

As the two women unloaded the car, Chris led Bond into the house. Bond stood still for a moment, looking back to see if Sonja was following, then continued with a wag when he saw her come with his bed.

Sonja and Emma continued unloading while Chris played with Bond in the fenced

backyard. Sonja saw that the Ryans' yard was larger than hers and knew how Bond would like that.

Bond was sniffing all the plants: the shrubs, hostas, trees, weeds, and grass. Chris would sometimes point and then lean toward the dog, seeming to whisper secret plant names into his ear. At times Bond looked up and wagged, or he'd sniff some more and lope off to the next plant.

Too soon there was nothing left to unload. There was no reason for Sonja to linger.

The women watched the boy and his new companion. Finally, Emma said, "Why don't you go out there? I'll have Chris come in for a minute."

When the door to the backyard opened, Bond dashed over at the sight of Sonja. Chris stayed where he was, on the far side of the yard. He pretended not to be looking but stole glances of Sonja with Bond.

Emma began to call Chris in, but Sonja said, "No, it's all right." She got to her knees beside Bond and gave him a firm hug around his neck.

"I love you, James Bond," she whispered into his ear. "Thank you for bringing me back to life."

Sonja ran her hand down from the dog's head to the full length of his body. Then she got up and wiped the tears from her eyes. Chris stood nervously, now openly watching them.

Sonja smiled and waved him over. She took a biscuit from her pocket.

"Hey, Chris," Sonja said. "Did Lisa ever show you this?"

She held the biscuit over the Greyhound's head and gave the command: "James Bond, kiss!" ■

Ting Ting Cheng lives in Roseville, Minn. Her writing is inspired by the Greyhounds that she has owned and fostered.

Everyone that sees this personalized holiday ornament will want you to make one not only for their furry friends, but also for their two-legged Grandkids. I started out to make about eight of these ornaments and ended up making over 100 the first year I made them. Now every December I get requests to make ornaments for the new additions to people's families.

Materials Needed:

- Wide craft stick
- 18 inches of 1-inch wide craft ribbon
- 6 inches of 1/4-inch wide satin ribbon
- 3/4-inch wooden letters (to spell name)
- Small wooden dog bone
- Red satin bow, pre-tied
- Glue
- Scissors
- Tweezers (large and small)
- Drill with a 5/32" bit
- Plastic lid or foam plate
- Brush to apply glue
- Gold metallic spray paint

Spray the letters and the dog bone with gold paint. Lay these aside to dry.

Fold the 18-inch length of ribbon in half vertically. Crease the ribbon with your fingers.

Spread glue evenly on both sides of the craft stick. Place the craft stick on the ribbon with one end of the craft stick at the crease. Fold the ribbon over the stick and press firmly.



Holiday Ribbon Ornament

By Sylvia Pettit

Spread glue on the tail end of the ribbon. Press the ribbon ends together. Lay the ribbon stick aside to dry for at least 30 minutes.

When the glue is dry, drill a hole close to the folded end of the ribbon stick.

Cut a slanted point on one end of the 1/4-inch wide ribbon. Slide the ribbon through the hole in the ribbon stick and tie an overhand knot. Use small tweezers to help pull the ribbon through the hole, if needed.

Cut the ribbon ends at the bottom end of the ribbon stick into an inverted "V" shape (^).

Arrange the gold dog bone and letters on the ribbon stick. Place the dog bone at the top. Place the letters down the ribbon to form a name. Place the pre-tied ribbon bow at the bottom of the stick.

Squeeze a small amount of glue onto the plastic lid or foam plate. Using the large tweezers, lift the dog bone from the ribbon and dip it into the glue. (Don't be afraid to use plenty of glue; it will be clear when it dries.) Position the bone carefully on the ribbon stick.

Repeat the process with each letter.

Finally, dip the pre-tied ribbon bow into the glue, and place it on the ribbon stick.

Be careful to evenly space the letters, bone, and bow.

Let the ornament dry at least 30 minutes before hanging. ■

Sylvia Pettit and husband Jim live in St. Joseph, Mo, with three adopted Greyhounds, a rescued Whippet, and an Italian Greyhound who arrived with two foster Greyhounds and never left. She has worked with handicapped adults as an activity therapist for over forty years. In addition to horse camping and trail riding, Sylvia finds doing crafts a great way to relax. She enjoys making Greyhound-related creations to donate to Greyhound gatherings for their auctions and raffles, and she has taught "Crafty Greys" sessions at Heartland Greyhound Adoption's Prairie Beach Greyhound Gathering in Altoona, Iowa for the past two years. View her creations at www.geocities.com/pettitsylvia



Skylar (UCME Buy N Time) and Scooter (UCME Shooter), adopted by Joni Symonds of Phoenix, Ariz.



Saturday, January 26

Fourth Annual Luncheon and Fashion Show
 GPA/Florida, Southeast Coast
 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
 The Harriet Theater
 CityPlace
 West Palm Beach, Fla.

Our magnificent Greyhounds walk the runway with Miss Gold Coast Pageant contestants who are dressed to match the Greyhounds. Fashions provided by CityPlace and Worth Avenue merchants, with Swarovski crystal dog collars and harnesses by Sheraton Luxuries. Tom Can't Stop provides music. All proceeds benefit the retired racing Greyhounds. Contact: Barbara Masi, (561) 737-1941 or BarbaraMasi@comcast.net

Sunday, February 17

Winter Gathering
 GPA/Nashville
 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.
 Tennessee Livestock Center
 Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Games, fun run, vendors, food. Admission \$5.00/person, \$10.00/family. Contact: Mardy Jones, (615) 297-2033 or mafones@comcast.net; www.gpanashville.org

Sunday, February 24

Woofstock
 GPA/Central Florida
 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
 Wickham Park Main Pavilion (adjacent to Brevard Community College)
 Wickham and Post Roads
 Melbourne, Fla.

Come join the fun at Woofstock featuring the Gilley Girls Dancing Greyhounds. This annual fundraiser will include Greyhound vendors, a GPA sales table, Greyhound contests, raffles, silent auction, nail clipping, hound massage, good food and great music. Contact: Claire Tyler, (321) 242-9010 or cfqpatreas@cfl.rr.com

Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9

Sandy Paws – Greyt Fun in the Sun
 Greyhound Guardians, Inc.
 Starts 9:00 a.m. daily
 Jekyll Oceanfront Resort
 Jekyll Island, Ga.

A fun-filled weekend celebrating Greyhounds. Seminars, shopping, blessing, memorial, walk on the beach, ice cream social, and lots more! Contact: Wayne Baldwin, (904) 725-7558 or boomer0150@bellsouth.net; www.sandypaws.org

Friday through Sunday, March 28-30

Hound Dog Howliday 2008
 GPA/Emerald Coast
 DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

Annual event begins Friday night and ends Sunday evening when the Greyhounds are invited to relive their racing days with a fun run on the Ebro Greyhound Track (seniors are invited for a senior stroll around the track). Fun Run not your cup of tea? There will be games galore and vendors, too. Greyhound fellowship, raffles, games, and auctions throughout the weekend. Spring in north Florida is lovely; come join the fun! Contact: info@gpaec.com.

Sunday, April 20

Seventh Annual Grey Day Picnic
 Noon to 6:00 p.m.
 Linda Ann's Greyhound Rescue
 Upper Macungie Park
 Route 100
 Fogelsville, Pa.

Retired Greyhounds and their families are invited to join us for an afternoon of great food, activities, Chinese auction, blessing of the hounds, vendors, pet photography, and more. This year we will be honored by the presence of the Gilley Girls Singing and Dancing Greyhound Comedy Show. We love all breeds but this picnic is for the Greyhounds. Contact: Linda Ann, (610) 264-8111 or jlagreys@webtv.net; lindasgreys.com



Littermates Willie and Sienna, adopted by Karen and Gary Kidwell of Oakley, Calif.

Activities

A Second Career in Agility	Sum 07	41
A Week at Dog Camp	Sum 07	36
Go Jump in the Lake!	Sum 07	44
Swamp Stomp: From the Couch to the Competition	Sum 07	46

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It's All in the Family — Placing Related Greyhounds in Adoptive Homes	Win 07	16
Four Accident Survivors Find Forever Homes	Win 07	25
Getting Started — Greyhound Pets of America/South Alabama	Fall 07	36
“Greyhounds Have Taken Over My Life” — The Birth of Minnesota Greyhound Rescue	Fall 07	32
Helping the Dogs: Adoption Volunteers Respond to Hauler Accident	Win 07	22
Photographing Adoptable Greyhounds	Sum 07	19
Saying Goodbye: The Closing of an Adoption Group	Fall 07	40
Spent: An Adoption Group's First Year	Fall 07	28
Where's Your Mama? Reuniting Families. . . Greyhound Support Style!	Win 07	19

Behavior

Unraveling the Truth	Win 07	26
About Nitting	Win 07	26

Care and Feeding

Green versus Greyhound: Dogs and Summer Lawns	Sum 07	31
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Exploring Medicine

New Approach to Treating Corns	Sum 07	6
Trying New Treatments	Win 07	9

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Chasing James Bond	Win 07	49
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Hall of Fame

Dutch Bahama — Best Dog Since Downing?	Spr 07	10
Rooster Cogburn — a Long-Awaited Honor	Fall 07	11
Topsy Turvy? No, Upsidedown	Sum 07	10

Hero Hound

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Rita, the Reluctant Heroine	Win 07	12

House Calls

The Eyes Have It	Sum 07	14
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Spit That Out!	Fall 07	15
Ticks — Those Pesky Little Creatures	Spr 07	8

Living with Greyhounds

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In Search of the Blues: Littermates Reunited	Win 07	29

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Special Report: The Juarez Greyhounds

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Reflecting on Juarez	Spr 07	26
Sally and Nine Lives Hitch a Ride	Spr 07	30

Think Piece

Learn to Love Your Greyhound's Muzzle	Spr 07	48
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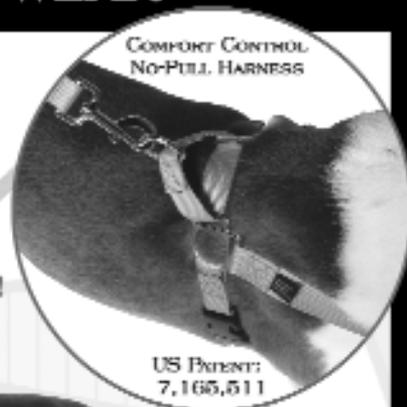
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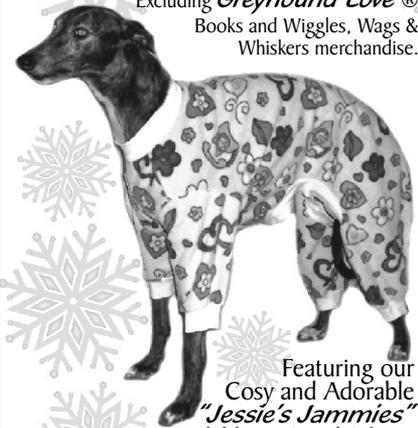
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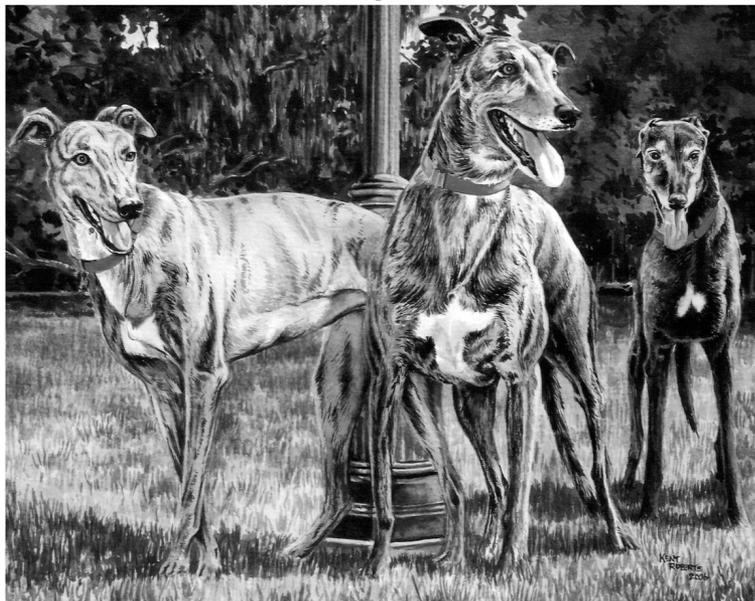
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Alice 1993-2007

Adopted and loved by Pamela and Fernand Samson, Alice appeared on page 10 of the Fall 2005 issue of CG. Pamela fell in love with Alice's grin at Lisa Simpson's Halfpint Haven. They drove to Florida. Pamela couldn't get Alice out of her mind and heart. She was 10 years old. In August 2005, Alice suffered a severe stroke and spent four days in ICU, unable to walk. They brought her home and prayed for a miracle. On day 14 they got it as Alice slipped out of Fernand's loving arms and ran. Alice developed IBD but did well on a home-cooked diet. She became Pamela's #1 heartgirl after 18 years of adopting Greyhounds. On January 12 she went into acute renal failure with no previous symptoms. Two days later, with broken hearts and many tears, they released her into Heaven. They had her only 33 months; every second was a blessing. They miss her and love her. Alice has Pamela's heart and soul forever and always.



Kona (MDM Wild Thang) 1997-2007

Kona modeled patiently for several photos that accompanied "Families that Foster" (Winter 2003 CG), and was featured on the back of the same issue. She was adopted by Steve and Dana Van Abbema when she was nearly four years of age. She came in from the yard at the foster home and immediately buried her face in Dana's lap, and it was love at first sight. Though she enjoyed the company of other dogs, she was always more of a "people dog," going from person to person, looking for love at every fun run and meet-and-greet. She

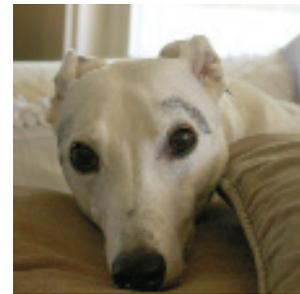
loved snuggling on the sofa, tugging on her stuffies with Steve, sunning herself on the deck and, most of all, walking and hiking with Dana and baby Avery. She died very unexpectedly — but peacefully — one month before her tenth birthday. She was deeply loved and will be greatly missed.



Minnie (Final Curtain) 1993-2007

Sweet Minnie was a shy girl who needed some confidence when Luana Ball adopted her. Over time, she became a strong and regal girl who was a wonderful ambassador for the retired racer. Minnie was a pretty little thing and she knew it. She brought so much happiness into Luana's life and left her with many wonderful memories, as well as a few painful ones. Her recovery from a severe hock fracture was described in "Minnie on the Mend" (Summer 2004 CG). Minnie found a forever home after retirement and lived a long and healthy 14 years. She was prancing and playing just days before she succumbed to lymphoma. Minnie taught Luana the joys of loving — and being loved by — this very special breed. Minnie is missed, and she will always hold a very special place in Luana's heart. Goodbye, sweet Minnie; you were loved.

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.



Pearl (1996-2007)

Born in a home and adopted at 10 weeks of age, Pearl did not know the racing life and could never understand what all the fuss was about. Featured in "A Week at Dog Camp" (Summer 2007 CG), she grew up playing on the beach north of Boston, chasing balls, Frisbees, and other dogs. Pearl had a unique and special spirit, and those who loved her are still adjusting to a world without her. Adopted and loved by Sue Tanona, Pearl is very much missed and will never be forgotten.



Tucker (Keota Tucker) 1997-2007

Tucker's role as a heroic emergency blood donor was chronicled in "Tuckasaurus Gives at the Office" (Spring 2003 CG). Big, strong, and dominant, Tucker enjoyed three trips to Dewey, loved the Hund Run, and had three fenced acres in which to roam at home. Adopted and loved by Michael, Stacie, and Andres, Tucker became a member of the Bollon family in November 2000 thanks to Lou Batdorf and GPA/Wheeling. Tucker's passing was quick after a diagnosis of lymphosarcoma. His personality was vocal and distinct, and he is greatly missed. Although the silence is heartbreaking, his family knows he is without pain. They miss him very much.



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