cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds

Fall 2012
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ALSO INSIDE:
Photographing Your Greyhound
Managing Seizures

Going Back to Ireland:
Celebrating a Decade of Greyhound Adoption

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Blaze, adopted by George Ferris of Los Angeles, Calif.

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At 2 years of age, handsome Harry was adopted by photographer Sarah Hensman from Homes for Unwanted Greyhounds (HUG) in County Kerry, Ireland. Read more about HUG's ten years of Greyhound adoption efforts in Ireland, in this issue.

Back Cover Credit:
Sky lives with Clare and Bernard Pilkington in Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland. They adopted him from Homes for Unwanted Greyhounds (HUG). Photo by Sarah Hensman

cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters, Owners, and Friends
Vol. 17; No. 3 Fall 2012

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Editorial Comments

By Cindy Hanson

All of us here at *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* like to think that our publication is the best single source of information about pet Greyhounds and the relationship between these dogs and their human companions. For 17 years, every issue has offered a mix of articles that include human/canine interest stories, medical reports, adoption information, history, fun things to do with your Greyhound, and more. We've won the Dog Writers Association of America's Maxwell Award for Best Single Breed Magazine enough times that, not wishing to be greedy, we've voluntarily retired CG from the competition. (This is remarkable since the DWAA is an organization of professional writers, while the people who bring you *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* are volunteers.) We're confident that we do good work, we love these dogs, and we're thrilled about every issue that rolls off the press.

There is just one goal that has eluded us. We love you, Dear Subscriber. We would love to find more people like you. How do we do that?

For many years, we have relied on adoption groups to get the word out about us. In some ways, that makes sense . . . Greyhound adoption groups beget Greyhound adopters, who are the readers most likely to be interested in *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*. We send the magazine to every adoption group in the U.S. at no charge; we hope that CG will help adoption groups be better at what they do, and we hope that adopters with whom they share those copies of the magazine might consider becoming subscribers. And, of course, we are grateful to the adoption groups that take us up on our offer to supply them with subscription cards to put in their new adopter packets, event goodie bags, and so forth.

But we know that the mission of adoption groups is to find homes for more dogs, not to find more subscribers for CG. Much as we appreciate the adoption groups who let their adopters know about us, we can't rely on them to be our marketing department. For one thing, they've got their hands full trying to find homes for more dogs. For another, it's just not working well enough. I have long ceased to be surprised when I meet a new (or even a not-so-new) Greyhound owner, mention *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*, and receive a blank stare in response.

And so we have, over the past couple of years, tried to think about how we can reach out directly to Greyhound adopters. Our Facebook site (www.facebook.com/cgmagazine) is the product of this effort. If you haven't visited it yet, please do! You can find lots of wonderful photos of Greyhounds and talk about Greyhounds with our 3,200+ fans. Maybe you'll be the next monthly photo contest winner — who knows?

A second major effort to get the word out about *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* starts with this issue. Do you know somebody — friend, veterinarian, new Greyhound adopter — who you think would be interested in CG? Well, starting now and ending December 31, 2012, for every paid subscription renewal or new subscription to CG, we'll give a free "mini-subscription" of two issues to a recipient of your choosing. That person can't be you, and it can't be a current subscriber; the whole point of this offer is to reach out to potential new subscribers.

I can't lie; I *love* free stuff. I subscribe to a lot of magazines, and just about the only special offer that appeals to me is the one that allows me to give the magazine to a friend for free. CG isn't *Lucky*, *In Style*, *Vogue*, or *Time*, and since it is published by a non-profit organization with limited resources, we know that we are going out on a limb with this effort. But I know our readers are passionate about the magazine. I hope that this promotion will entice you to help us find more people like you.

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine

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

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Mully (Pikes Mulligan), adopted by Jeff and Shelley Lake of Paola, Kan.

More on Greyhound ear tattoos

I was surprised at the negative responses you received regarding the ear tattooing article ("Your Letters," Summer 2012 CG). I feel it was one of your most interesting articles to date. I adopted my first Greyhound a year ago this month and have really gotten into everything regarding the breed. This includes the good, the bad, and the ugly sides of their journey into our homes. When I look into my Greyhound's eyes, I burn with curiosity about what his life was like before he was mine. The Internet provides little information about being born on the farm and life on the track, from an unbiased standpoint. I honestly would like to see more articles similar to the one on ear tattooing.

Traci Ciletti (and Volcano)
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

As for the letters denouncing ear tattoos and CG for journalistically reporting about it — be realistic! Before microchips there was no alternative for giving a dog a positive ID. And a positive ID is critical for a Greyhound. Sometimes things that are good for you hurt a little. Removing dewclaws hurts but prevents bigger hurt from a torn-off, mature dewclaw. Spaying and neutering hurts. When I was a kid, an old neighbor farmer in New Hampshire had a saying: "It'll only hurt 'til the pain goes away." Greyhounds deal with adversity well, get over it, and don't look back.

Tony Hammond
Danforth, Me.

I read with some amusement the two letters in the Summer issue of CG complaining about the practice of tattooing future racers when they are puppies. Vaccination shots probably sting puppies and even adult dogs . . . would these writers ban them, as well? Our rescue group, Greyhounds Only, microchips all new adoptees. I have seen reactions to the microchipping that range from no reaction at all to very loud cries of pain. Would they ban mirochipping? Lastly, our two retired racers, Dr. Jake and Ellie Mae Bones, donate blood to the blood bank at Chicago Veterinary Emergency Services. Maybe the two letter writers would think that this is traumatizing or exploiting my two Greyhounds. Life includes some pain and disappointment. The bad times make the good times seem so much sweeter.

James L. Orth
Via E-Mail

Picking Up Afterwards

Please let Mary Mussomelli ("Your Letters," Spring 2012 CG) know that I tried the kitty litter scoop. Thank you soooo much for sharing! I've sent a copy of her "how-to" to my "dog friends."

Debby Abell (and Molly)
Via E-Mail

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.

Greyhounds in the News

Fanta (Lonesome Linda), adopted by Heather Bell and Robin Jans of Lethbridge, Alberta.

Osteosarcoma research breakthrough?

The Ohio State University Greyhound Health and Wellness Program recently announced that they had submitted for publication a paper identifying what they believe is the main gene for osteosarcoma in Greyhounds.

The research was conducted in collaboration with Dr. Carlos Alvarez of The Research Institute at Nationwide Children's Hospital.

The American Kennel Club Canine Health Foundation, which has provided funding for this research, has posted on its website (www.akcchf.org) an abstract for this study that explains the application of this research for both human and canine cases. The abstract explains, in part:

Different dog breeds have different predisposition for many cancers, and can thus be used to find cancer genes. This suggests dogs will reveal cancer-associated mutations that can be translated to new therapies for dogs and humans. A prime candidate for such investigation is the Greyhound, which has the highest risk of osteosarcoma (OSA) of any breed. OSA is the most common cancer of the bone in both dogs and humans. Importantly, there are many more annual cases of OSA in dogs than humans (with > 14-fold increased incidence in dogs). Dog breeds, which have far

less genetic variation than humans, thus present a genetic shortcut to identifying OSA genes. However, despite significant effort, classical genetic approaches have not identified any Greyhound variant that accounts for most OSA cases in that breed.

The abstract goes on to explain that the researchers believe that osteosarcoma is more prevalent in Greyhounds with a racing history because while breeders of those dogs select characteristics intended to produce success on the track, they may also be unwittingly selecting characteristics that predispose the dogs to osteosarcoma. The research involved development of a genetic approach that would "enable genome-wide discovery of Greyhound variation with large effects on OSA risk," leading to "rapid development of therapies and clinical trial in dogs" as well as eventual translation to human medicine.

The Ohio State University Greyhound Health and Wellness Program believes that the research results will lead to the future ability to test dogs for this genetic predisposition with a mouth swab. With this information, breeders could make different choices. In addition, targeted gene therapy could be applicable to dogs with osteosarcoma.

Visit *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* on Facebook!

Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine now has over 3,200 Facebook fans from at least 20 countries. The purpose of the site is to connect Greyhound-admiring subscribers (and non-subscribers) to each other and with some of our content, including magazine covers. Fans have been sharing their thoughts on the magazine and photos of their Greyhounds. Some of the comments we receive on the site will be selected for publication in CG. To join or check it out, go to www.facebook.com/cgmagazine. To those who have joined — please invite others, and keep the feedback and fan pictures coming!

Moving? Need to Renew?

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

Free issue of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* to adopters of seniors, special needs Greyhounds

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

Knot Rite William Agosto

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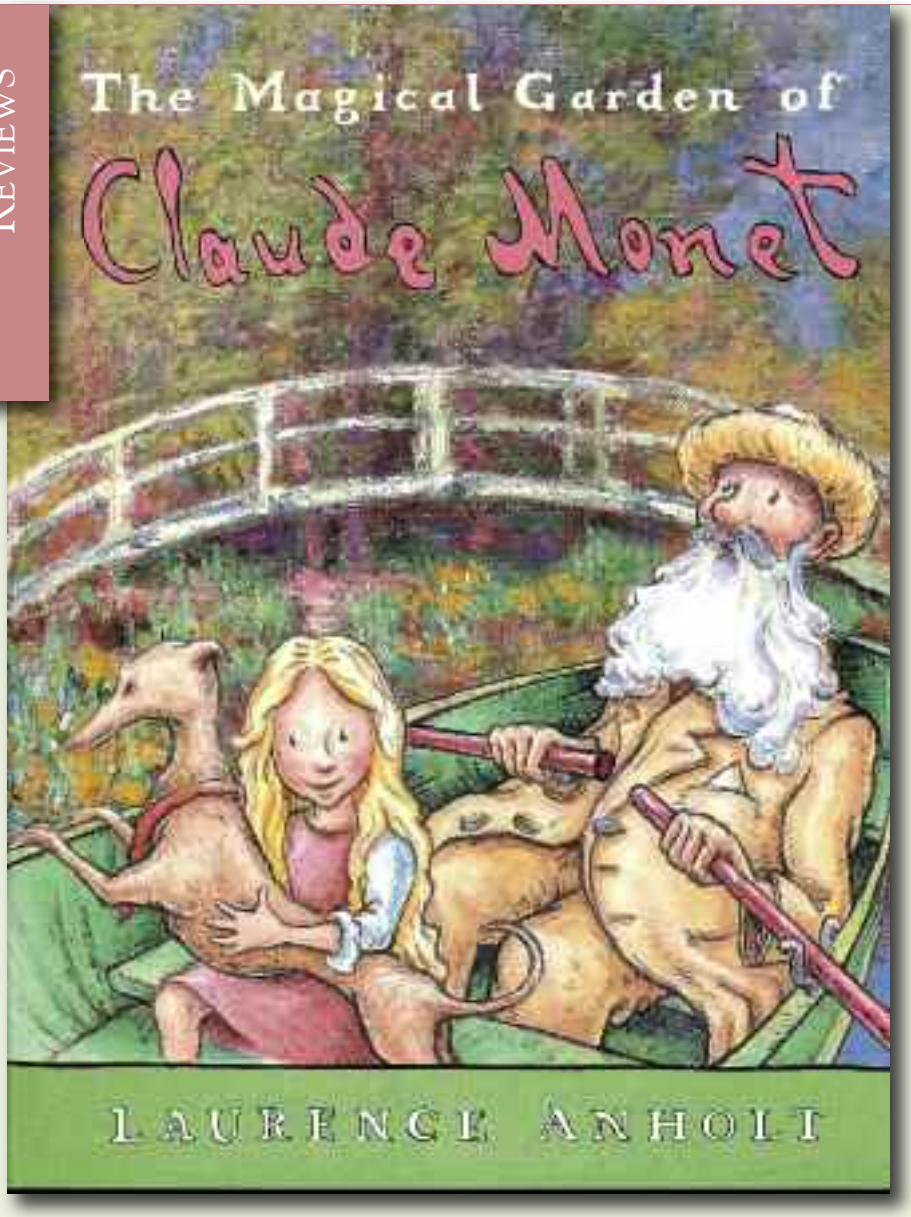
"What did you expect?"



A Greyhound in the Garden

By Henry Townsend

In Laurence Anholt's *The Magical Garden of Claude Monet*, Julie and her Greyhound, Louey, visit a garden in the country owned by a friend of her mother. During the visit, Louey slips inside the garden through a hole in the gate. Julie follows, and meets the gardener. He is not only the owner but the great French painter Claude Monet. They search for Louey and find him, explore the wonderful garden, see some of Monet's paintings, and have dinner with Julie's mother and Monet's wife.

It is a sweet story, nicely written, and should be accessible to children younger than six and interesting to those much older. The best part of the book is the wonderful illustrations, also by Laurence Anholt. Some are composites — for example, an Anholt painting with a Monet as background— and some are by Anholt or Monet alone. In a four-page-wide double fold-out, Anholt shows Monet rowing Julie and her Greyhound across a pond filled with water lilies, from a famous painting by Monet. The cover of the book also shows the three in a rowboat on the pond, this time superimposed on another Monet painting of the pond and its bridge.

This beautiful book is a fable written for children, but its important details are factual. Claude Monet (1840-1926) was one of the Impressionists, a group of 19th century French artists that included Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir. His magnificent garden at Giverny, about 50 miles outside of Paris, is world famous. The house and studio have been restored, and the garden has been replanted, so they look as they were when Monet lived and gardened there. A recent photograph of the pond with its Japanese bridge is much like the pond and bridge on the cover painted by Monet.

Monet was a good friend of Berthe Morisot (1841-1895), another of the Impressionists. Morisot married Eugene Manet, the brother of a friend of Morisot, the great painter Édouard Manet (1832-1883). Their child, Julie Manet (1878-1966), was given a Greyhound by Morisot's close friend, Stéphane Mallarmé, a poet. The Greyhound

This September 2009 photograph of the pond at Giverny bears a close resemblance to the pond and bridge on the book's cover.

Julie Manet and her Greyhound Laertes, 1893, Musée Marmottan Monet, Paris.

was named Laerte; in English, Laertes. After Morisot's death, she left her paintings to her friends. Claude Monet chose *Julie Manet and her Greyhound Laertes*, painted in 1893 when Julie was 15 years old. The next year, Morisot painted Laertes with two of Julie's cousins, *The Children of Gabriel Thomas*, as well as a portrait of Laertes alone. Little is known about Laertes. He is mentioned several times in Julie's diaries in minor ways. For example, Morisot wrote: "Laertes was so tired last night that he crept into my suitcase and made himself a nest among the frills ... ."

The Children of Gabriel Thomas, 1894, Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

The Bath of Diana, Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, c. 1855, Dallas Museum of Art.

Fishing, Édouard Manet, c.1862-3, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There are only a few other 19th century French paintings that show Greyhounds in art, but there are two in the United States that have a link to Berthe Morisot. Her only art teacher of any repute was the landscape painter Corot (1796-1875), whose *Bath of Diana* is at the Dallas Museum of Art, while *Fishing*, by her brother-in-law Édouard Manet, is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. ■

Henry Townsend has been collecting images of Greyhounds in art for almost seven years, finding them on the Internet, in the library of the National Gallery of Art, in museums in America and Europe, and now in the pages of children's literature. Retired racer Salisbury moved in with Henry and his wife Jessica over eight years ago.

Kiowa Sweet Trey was inducted into the Hall of Fame in October 2011. *Greyhound Hall of Fame*

Kiowa Sweet Trey, the Hall of Fame's Newest Inductee

Kiowa Sweet Trey was inducted into the Greyhound Hall of Fame in October 2011. The offspring of TM's Sweet Dream and Oswald Cobblepot, Trey was born in Oklahoma in 2000 and raised by Kay Smith. After Trey won a January stakes race at the 2001 National Greyhound Association Spring Meet, Vince Berland of Flying Eagles Kennel purchased a half-interest in him.

When Trey broke in at Wheeling Downs, he was in a class of his own. This great Greyhound opened his career with 12 straight wins, dominating the competition. Kim Sime, Trey's trainer at Wheeling, was greatly impressed by the Greyhound's abilities.

Trey soon moved to the Florida tracks and competed against the great Talentedmrripley and Dodgem By Design. He was on the All-American Team in 2001 and won the Rural Rube Award in 2002. He was to run in the Commissioner's Cup, but unfortunately broke his hock in the first round.

Trey was retired to the farm with a record of 31 wins, four second places, two third places, and one fourth place in 41 starts. He then went on receive Top Sire Honors in 2007 and 2008 after being runner-up in 2005 and 2006.

Trey had incredible speed right out of the box. He was a big, fast, powerful, and handsome light brindle who commanded everyone's attention. Many people in 2001 and 2002 wanted to see a match race between Trey and Talentedmrripley, but it never happened. The closest they came was during the 2002 Sprint Classic. In the semi-final race, Trey won and Ripley ran third. In the final, Ripley was second and Trey was third. The final was won by Dodgem By Design. If Trey had won that last race, he would have been the first Greyhound to sweep the cup undefeated.

As successful as Trey was on the track, he was even more successful as a stud, siring eight All-Americans: Igoby Brady, Kiowa Delicate, Flying Stanley, Flyin Bridgeport, Starz Jenko, Flying Mancini, Kiowa Wish Frank, and Flying Coal City.

Trey was just 9 years old when he died on July 15, 2009 after a long battle with liver disease. He was buried in Abilene, Kansas. Despite his early death, Trey's frozen semen allows him to have a continuing impact on Greyhound breeding today. Kiowa Sweet Trey and his offspring will no doubt appear on Greyhound pedigrees for generations to come. ■

Laurel E. Drew is a CG regular contributor.

Hootie, adopted by Jeremy Swensen and Meaghan Swensen, DVM of Lindstrom, Minn. *Jeremy Swensen*

Laser Therapy for Dogs

By the American Kennel Club Canine Health Foundation

Cold laser therapy is a noninvasive procedure that uses light to stimulate cell regeneration and increase blood circulation. Cold laser therapy treats the surface of the skin, while hot laser treatments affect deeper tissues.

Hot laser treatments come with greater risk of cutting and/or burning caused by the increased intensity of laser beams.

Often called low-level laser therapy, cold laser therapy or Class IV laser therapy, by any name, it is still a relatively new concept being used more recently to treat dogs with arthritis, tendon or soft tissue injuries and to promote wound healing.

Is laser therapy a medical procedure? Marc Newkirk, DVM at Newkirk Family Veterinarians in Egg Harbor Township, New Jersey, explains that it depends on the class of laser. "There are medical devices that are not available to anyone except a doctor, such as the Class IV Erchonia, which is what I use."

"I've been doing laser therapy for 15 years," says Dr. Newkirk, "The equipment is expensive, so you have to decide you are going to work with this therapy for the long haul."

Laser therapy can treat acute and chronic injuries, sprains and strains, arthritis, swelling due to back disc problems, and muscular-skeletal abnormalities. It also helps to regenerate nerve tissue after surgery.

Lasers are nothing more than a beam of light that travels at a certain frequency that allows the laser to generate heat and penetrate tissue. Some Class IV or cold lasers are programmable to a range of frequencies in order to treat many different types of problems in dogs.

Erin Troy, DVM, CCRP and certified canine rehab practitioner at Muller Veterinary Hospital/The Canine Rehabilitation Center in Walnut Creek, California, says, "We've been using laser therapy for seven or eight years now in healing, pain control and trigger point therapy."

Dr. Troy explains that this therapeutic procedure was used 40 years ago on humans before it was ever tried on dogs. That's interesting because as a number of consumer products are still tested on animals first before they are approved or prescribed for individuals.

Dogs find laser therapy relaxing and tend to enjoy the treatment.

"In our hospital, we use a room large enough for the dog to wander around, with a lot of a daylight," that streams in through the windows, says Dr. Troy. "We let the family hold the dog. There is a large mat for the dog to lie on or stand on, but most dogs will lie down when they receive treatment. Our dogs look forward to it because they feel better after their course of therapy."

Dr. Newkirk describes a typical laser therapy session as lasting between three to 20 minutes.

"Does the dog relax?" he says. "You get a release of endorphins, especially with the Erchonia laser. There are two beams and one of them gets shined on the brain and that creates a sense of well-being. Dogs like it, particularly at the point where they make that association between something that happened to them and something that feels good."

In a typical treatment session, the laser wand is applied to the area to be treated. "Depending on the area and the energy you are delivering, it can take up to 10 to 20 minutes," says Dr. Troy.

And, the good news about laser therapy for dogs is there's no need to shave or clip the area to be treated and the dog doesn't need to be sedated during the process. That means that treatment can be applied multiple times a day or a number of times per week.

Before treatment begins, the dog will be given a full physical along with X-rays if needed. Dr. Newkirk says, "You need a diagnosis. It could be a tumor or it could be a knee or hip problem."

If you have a dog with arthritis, according to Doctors Newkirk and Troy, you can expect to start laser treatment with two to three sessions per week, then decrease sessions to once a week, then once every two weeks.

"We base how many therapy sessions on the response of the animal," Dr. Newkirk says. "If the arthritis is more advanced, then more sessions would be needed."

Price points for laser therapy range from $25.00 to $45.00 per session at the Muller Veterinary Hospital in Walnut, California.

At Newkirk Family Veterinary, in Egg Harbor, New Jersey, sessions are packaged as a bundle on the first day the dog is evaluated. Then the dog comes in twice a week and half the time a technician will perform the treatment. Costs run around $80 a week for two visits.

After laser therapy, dog owners might see their dog go upstairs more often, play with a ball he's not picked up in months or go back to getting on the couch for his nightly snuggle with family members. And, when dogs have better mobility, medications can often be reduced.

Laser therapy won't cause your dog any unwanted side effects. The laser used for this type of treatment will not burn your dog's skin.

Not all veterinary practices have the facilities to offer laser treatment for your dog, as the laser equipment can be exceptionally pricy. Laser therapy treatment is becoming more popular. With increased popularity, the equipment will become more affordable and then more widely available.

"I would like to see this type of technology in every practice, just like prescription and injectable drugs. This should be one more way to manage our patients in the future," says Dr. Troy. "It's really not alternative therapy, but more of an integrative approach."

Laser therapy improves the quality of a dog's life as well as the life of its owner, because if your dog is happy, you are happy. ■

Reprinted with permission from the July/August 2012 issue of eBarks, *from the AKC Canine Health Foundation.*

Cali and Dana, adopted by Katrina and Jason Stumpf of Glen Allen, Va.

Merlin, adopted by Kerry Wyler of South Portland, Me.

A Bump in the Night

By Jim Bader, DVM

It comes as a surprise. Everyone in the house is sleeping; no one is up and about. Then it happens. A sound is emitted from the Greyhound's bed. The thumping is continuous. Everyone rushes to see what is going on. The Greyhound's muscles are stiff, the legs are extended, the head is thrown back, and the Greyhound does not respond to the owners. It may last just a few seconds or a few minutes. The time does not matter because it seems as if it is an eternity. The Greyhound has just had a seizure.

A seizure is a frightening moment for any Greyhound owner. (My own cat had a seizure once; I was panicked for the first ten seconds until the doctor side pushed the owner side of me away.) The seizure usually comes with no warning, and it can happen at any time. What is a seizure and what causes it? How is it diagnosed? And what treatments are available?

The brain is a wonderful and mysterious organ. It is the command center for the entire body, directing the body to breathe, the heart to beat, how to run, how to digest food, and so forth. It commands the organs of various systems to work in unison for life and health. The brain uses electrical impulses and transmitters to function. The brain sends these electrical impulses and transmitters to other areas of the body and brain to stimulate a reaction. The reaction may be to turn on or off a function in an organ, command a muscle to move, or even to create an idea. The brain effortlessly performs thousands of functions every minute.

A seizure is a disturbance in the electrical function of the brain. When the brain is functioning correctly, it is like listening to a radio that is set on a radio station. During a seizure, the electrical activity becomes random and scattered, as if the radio is off station and full of static. It is this "static" that commands the muscles to move so violently or abnormally during a seizure.

Any abnormal electrical activity in the brain is defined as a seizure. Seizure types include the grand mal seizure, in which the Greyhound is lying on its side, thrashing about for minutes on end; the petit mal

seizure, where the Greyhound may be dazed for just a few moments without thrashing around; and the focal motor seizure in which just one part of the body is affected, as in "fly catching syndrome" (a condition during which the Greyhound appears to be catching imaginary flies due to abnormal brain activity). Some Greyhounds will experience cluster seizures, in which the Greyhound appears to recover from one seizure, then immediately goes into another. This pattern can continue repeatedly; it is an emergency event and the Greyhound should be brought to a veterinarian immediately.

Seizures can have many different causes. The Greyhound must be examined for causes outside the brain, such as organ disease or toxins. Liver and kidney disease can cause an accumulation of waste products in the body. These waste products can affect the brain and cause seizures. A tumor of the pancreas causing low blood sugar can mimic a seizure, because the Greyhound collapses. Exposure to toxins such as some flea products can cause seizures. If organ disease and toxins can be ruled out, then factors inside the brain are examined.

Causes inside the brain are more difficult to determine. Since the brain is enclosed in bone, the veterinarian's ability to examine it without invasive procedures is limited. Factors inside the brain causing seizures can include bacterial, viral, and fungal infections. A vascular accident or stroke, from either a blood clot or a piece of cartilage (fibrocartilaginous emboli. or FCE) can also lead to a seizure. In a young Greyhound, the veterinarian will look for a lack of development such as hydrocephalus, or "water on the brain."

A seizure is a horrifying event for the Greyhound owner and the Greyhound. It is most important for the owner to remain calm. This is the time when the owner should be prepared with the veterinarian's daytime and nighttime emergency phone numbers. This is not the time to try and find the emergency clinic across town.

One seizure does not lead to a diagnosis of epilepsy. Only after multiple seizure events, and ruling out other underlying causes that can be addressed, can a final diagnosis of epilepsy be determined.

Kate, adopted by Jim and Nora Coury of Plymouth, Mich.

The diagnostic plan for a seizing Greyhound can be simple to complex, depending on the owner's wishes. First of all, the veterinarian will obtain a thorough history. Have you applied or administered any flea medications recently? Do you live in an old house, where the Greyhound would have the opportunity to chew on some old woodwork with lead paint? Next, the veterinarian will conduct a thorough physical exam, including a neurological evaluation. Finally, the veterinarian will order blood work, which should include a complete blood count (CBC), a chemistry panel, and perhaps a urinalysis. This may lead the veterinarian to an underlying cause, but in most cases these tests are normal.

Then the veterinarian and the Greyhound owner have to determine the next steps. Further evaluation may result in referral to a veterinary neurologist, who may perform more invasive tests such as a spinal tap (to check for infection or inflammation in the brain or spinal cord) or even an MRI (to look for abnormalities inside the brain). When the testing is complete, the neurologist and the Greyhound owner can make a plan for attempting to control the seizures.

Another course of treatment might involve the veterinarian and the Greyhound owner developing a plan for managing the seizures without a visit to the neurologist. The goal of such a plan would be to lessen the severity and frequency of the seizures.

If the Greyhound is not having cluster seizures, and the seizures are as infrequent as every eight weeks or so, it may be best not to give daily medication. If the seizures are more frequent and severe then daily medication is warranted. In a perfect world the goal would be that the Greyhound experience no more seizures, but this is not always achieved.

Medications used to control seizures include phenobarbital, bromide, levetiracetam, and gabapentin. These medications attempt to decrease seizure activity by keeping brain activity below the threshold at which a seizure occurs. Phenobarbital is the first drug of choice in a Greyhound with seizures. The medication is relatively inexpensive and is dosed twice daily. Initially, some Greyhounds may be slightly sedated by

Lexus, adopted by Tamara and Frank Ciocci of St. Michaels, Md.

phenobarbital, but this usually subsides within a few days. The dosage range of phenobarbital is very large, so it is best to start at a lower dosage, monitor for any decrease in seizure activity, and check phenobarbital blood levels to make sure the dosage gives an adequate blood level for seizure control. Long-term phenobarbital usage may lead to liver damage, so blood chemistries should be checked every six to twelve months.

Bromide, either with potassium or sodium, is an anti-convulsant. It is used by itself or with phenobarbital if the Greyhound's seizures are not adequately controlled by phenobarbital alone. The dosage range is large, so starting at a lower dose and increasing as needed is the standard treatment. Bromide blood levels and blood chemistries should be checked on a routine basis to assure adequate dosing and to guard against organ damage.

Gabapentin and levetiracetam are relatively newer anti-convulsant medications used in Greyhounds. These medications are usually used with another medication such as phenobarbital or bromide when seizure control is inadequate. Unfortunately, these medications are dosed three times daily, and can be costly.

For a Greyhound who experiences only a few seizures a year, and an owner who does not want to administer daily medication, diazepam (valium) may be an option. Diazepam is usually used to sedate a Greyhound during a grand mal seizure or during cluster seizures. The Greyhound owner can administer the appropriate dose by an intramuscular injection (in the hind leg) or rectally (as an enema) with a soft catheter. Either option will provide adequate blood levels within a few minutes of administration.

A Greyhound with seizures is a challenge for the owner and the veterinarian. Once a diagnosis is made, guidelines as to expectations for controlling the seizures should be discussed. The goal of therapy is to make the seizures fewer and farther between, and to decrease severity if and when a seizure occurs. During treatment, expect adjustments in the dosage or choice of medications until the goals are achieved. Once the goals are achieved, then monitoring of medication levels and organ functions are routine to keep the Greyhound healthy. Managing a Greyhound with seizures is a team effort, and if the team members cooperate, the Greyhound will be the ultimate benefactor. ■

Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.

Amanda Saunders (center right) founded a Greyhound adoption group in Ireland ten years ago that is now known as Homes for Unwanted Greyhounds (HUG).

The Second Leg of the Journey:
Homes for Unwanted Greyhounds (HUG)

By Amanda Saunders Perkins

I founded a Greyhound adoption group in County Kerry, Ireland in 2002. When I wrote about this adventure in "A Journey of a Thousand Miles: Kerry Greyhound Homefinders" (Spring 2003 CG), we were a fledgling organization. We took in our first Greyhounds, Connell and Emily, on April 29, 2002. As I write this, we've just celebrated the 10th anniversary of our Greyhound adoption organization. A lot has happened in the last decade.

The first few years of Kerry Greyhound Homefinders were really hard. We received very little local support, and I was doing all the work myself: home visits, veterinary transport, post-surgical care, socialization, and assessment work, not to mention handling the administrative tasks, answering e-mail and telephone calls, and trying (not very successfully) to have a life as well. Most of the time, I was physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausted.

In 2005 my sister Jill (whose adoption of Blondie was chronicled in the 2003 article) sensed that I was on the verge of a total meltdown. She offered herself and a friend in the United Kingdom as volunteers to assist me with e-mail and administration tasks. This assistance was most welcome, especially as Jill also began to find a few homes in England for our Kerry Greyhounds.

Kerry Greyhound Homefinders became Kerry Greyhound Connection, which changed its name to HUG in 2012 to better reflect its mission and national reach.

Because the UK is more animal-friendly than Ireland, Jill was able to gather some like-minded souls who came on board to help. We joined forces across the Irish Sea and named our sister organization Kerry Greyhound Connection to symbolize the linkage between the two countries. We also entered into adoption partnerships with people in other countries, including Belgium, Sweden, the United States, and Germany. It remains a rather sad fact to this day that people in these countries seem to value our beloved Greyhounds more highly than do Irish people, for whom Greyhounds remain largely a commodity —racing machines to be replaced when they are a half-second past their best times.

However, in spite of this, we have adopted about 60 Greyhounds to fabulous families within Ireland. A growing number of people on the Island of the Green recognize the wonderful qualities of Greyhounds as pets (I prefer the term "companion animals" myself) and who do have one or more Greyhounds adorning their settees.

We also meet a lot more people nowadays who say, "I hear they make great pets." When we ask if they want to adopt one, the answer is still usually a shocked, "No, not for me, thanks!" but at least the word is getting out. It is a painfully slow process.

Fundraising, too, is really difficult here for any animal charity but especially, I think, for Greyhounds. Greyhounds just don't seem to capture the "fluffy animal" sympathies of most, and media images of packs of Greyhounds wearing muzzles and of live hare-coursing, an activity legal and popular here, certainly do not help.

Our kennels have been brilliant over the past decade, looking after as many as 16 Greyhounds at a time for a pittance. Recently, the kennel proprietors have had to stop looking after our Greyhounds due to their own health issues, creating a struggle for us. At this writing, we have only two Greyhounds in kennels, and by the time this article is printed, we will be out of the kennel completely. Other local kennels want to charge private boarding rates, which are too expensive for us. For the moment, we will just keep a small number Greyhounds in a few foster homes.

Over the years we have gathered a small but very hard-working and dedicated team of volunteers working for the Greyhounds. A few of us are in County Kerry, others are in Wexford, Dublin, Kildare, Mayo, and Northern Ireland. Geographic dispersion has its advantages as we can cover the country with fundraising and publicity activities.

The downside is that it makes getting together for meetings an all-day event — we spend more time travelling to the meeting than actually meeting, and any kind of social interaction and support is nigh on impossible. All of this makes our task that much harder, really. You can't just drop round for coffee and a bit of moral support when someone is five counties away.

Last year saw major changes for our organization. We had been working away as Kerry Greyhound Connection since 2006, with the parent organization here in Ireland and our branch in the UK. This was fine when the organization was small, but became increasingly ungainly as both groups developed. Besides, animal welfare organizations in Ireland have always faced different, and much greater, challenges than those in the UK, with its more developed pet culture and animal-welfare legislation. In addition, we were having difficulty becoming recognized as a charity in Ireland while we had a branch in another country. Hence, late in 2011, we decided to separate into two organizations.

Then, after months of deliberation, we decided that since we were going to be a separate organization here in Ireland, we may as well rebrand. While the organization had started and remains headquartered in County Kerry, over the years it had become an increasingly national organization. Our board members are from all over the country, and while we take Greyhounds mostly from Kerry, we take Greyhounds from other counties, too. Yet, our name gave us the appearance of a very local organization and, given the challenge of raising funds for Greyhounds at the best of times, imagine the success rate for shaking a tin in Dublin or Northern Ireland for what seems to be a localized Kerry charity.

Again after much discussion (and many crazy name suggestions I might add), we came up with the name Homes for Unwanted Greyhounds. This has the advantage of communicating exactly what we do and making a political statement (encouraging people to consider why the Greyhounds are unwanted, we hope) without being "in your face"' political. This is something one has to be a bit wary of here in Ireland, especially when I'm on the radio with my very English accent. Not by accident, the name gives us the very excellent acronym of HUG, reflecting our mission to tell everyone that Greyhounds are the huggiest of animals.

We researched color psychology and decided on orange as an organizational color because of its association with lifesaving (search and rescue teams, lifejackets, safety

Emma (formerly Emily), the very first Greyhound placed by Kerry Greyhound Homefinders (HUG's predecessor) in 2002, lives happily with Charlie, her adopter. Amanda and her daughter Hannah are also pictured. *Sarah Hensman*

clothing, and so forth) and because it helps us stand out in a crowd. We officially became HUG in March 2012, so we are still in the process of ordering new uniforms. We're a bit worried that we will look like a bunch of pumpkins when gathered together at events, but at least we will be noticed.

Our biggest mission by far is to work toward the day when no Greyhound is destroyed for lack of a home. We know that the breeding of thousands of Irish Greyhounds every year and their low status as companion animals in this country make this a massive job, but we hang onto our hopes and dreams.

But dreams are no good without action, so we continue to work away: meet-and-greets, fund-raising events (including a very brave skydive — not by me I hasten to add!), music gigs, an annual Greyhound Jamboree here in Killorglin, and publicity walks with the hounds. We are also launching a new "Greyhounds Are Good for You" campaign (anyone who is familiar with Ireland may recognize certain deliberate similarities to a well-known black drink in our poster). Hugzy's Dog Club is about to start up, doing a bit of fun dog-training and teaching agility to Greyhounds and other dogs. Anything goes (well, almost!) if it gets Greyhounds a bit of publicity and leads to the recognition that they are normal dogs and fun family pets.

HUG is also part of an Ireland-wide network: The Greyhound Rescue Association of Ireland (GRAI) was founded in 2011 to enable Irish Greyhound welfare groups to work together to create a stronger voice for our mission. Though GRAI is still a young group, we hope to get stronger in time so we can exert more influence on the way Greyhounds are regarded and treated here.

Since its inception as Kerry Greyhound Homefinders in 2002, during five years as Kerry Greyhound Connection, and over the last few months as HUG, we have made a difference for more than a thousand Greyhounds. Of course, we could never have saved that many without rescue partners in other countries; teamwork is a wonderful thing. (I will not mention specific partner organizations or individuals by name as I'd be certain to leave someone out, but there are many folks and organizations to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for their dedication, help, and support.)

Perhaps you have marvelous powers of retentive memory and have only read thus far to get an update of how life turned out for the Greyhounds mentioned in my 2003 article. If that is the case, here's what you've been waiting for.

Harvey the pup still lives with us, of course. He turned into a handsome, big brindle fellow. Over a year ago he became the first-ever Irish therapy dog in Kerry (and the second therapy Greyhound in Ireland). We make weekly visits to a home for severely disabled young adults. He lights up their lives each week with his calm, affectionate presence.

Betsey is well and lives now in County Kildare with her original adopters.

Connell, a foster dog whose story was part of Amanda's Spring 2003 article about Kerry Greyhound Homefinders, lived to almost 14 years of age before passing away earlier this year.

Connell was rehomed from Germany to a lovely lady in the United States, where he spent his last few years in Oklahoma. Sadly, he died of kidney failure a few months ago, at almost age 14. He had a wonderful, well-travelled life.

Emily, our first-ever adoptee, is a hale and hearty lassie of almost 13 years of age. She still lives in Kerry. We visited her for HUG's 10th anniversary and, of course, brought a few presents with us. Joyce, one of her original humans, passed away last year, but Emma, as she became after adoption, still lives a happy, contented life with Charlie.

Tim, our staunch comrade from day one, is still actively volunteering and probably deserves a medal for putting up with my stress and regular tirades at the injustice of it all for an entire decade.

Daniel and Hannah, my children, are now teenagers and have grown up with Greyhound rescue as a part of their lives. Sometimes that is a good thing as they love the Greyhounds and the work that we do. And on good days, whizzing around the county in a big van playing rock music with a slightly crazy mother has a certain element of cool. But they also have to deal with the inevitable stress and sadness as we know we can't save them all. They know their mother is on a mission, take the good days with the bad and get on with the important business of growing up.

As for myself: I am making yet another attempt to start my own craft business, which I can conduct from home while fitting it around my work with the Greyhounds. Greyhound work is like a tidal wave that can easily overpower everything else, so I am still working on finding the elusive family life/Greyhound work balance that I discussed 10 years ago. I will keep trying.

Harvey has been joined in our home by a few spare Greyhounds (usually bouncebacks who are harder to place):

- Marley, a very large blind Greyhound who, when he decides where to lie down, takes no account that there may already be a couple of other Greyhounds in that bed;
- Dylan, a spook who, two years after we took him in, still will not be approached by strangers;
- Megan, one of the original Greyhounds we sprung from the pound in 2002; and
- Henry, a Pointer who I was told was a Greyhound when I went to collect him, and who somehow got his paws under the table.

In addition we have Maggie, a Whippet; Twig, a Lurcher; Hannah's two dogs; and Charlie, a Jack Russell Terrier (not sure how that happened) who quickly became Daniel's dog.

So we move forward with our work. Here's to HUG: Raise a glass with us to more than a thousand Greyhounds helped, 10 years of existence, and our continued efforts to help the Greyhounds. ■

Amanda Saunders and her family live in County Kerry, Ireland.

A Home for HUG?

Recently we had our 4th Annual Celebrating Greyhounds Jamboree here in Kerry. It's a lot of work and organizing but also a whole lot of fun — lots of houndy folk get together for a weekend (with their Greyhounds, of course) and go for walks, take meals together, listen to talks, and so on. Our 5th Jamboree will be held for the first time on the east coast of Ireland instead of Kerry; all good hound-folk are welcome, so come join us!

On Monday night, when it was all over, I fell into bed in a state of total exhaustion. I slept like a log, and woke up this morning with a vision . . . .

Since writing my article for about HUG for this issue of CG, a lovely family has built a six-kennel block for HUG hounds on their land. The Greyhounds are very well looked after, taken for long walks, and given lots of care and attention. Even so, though, kennels are still kennels . . . which is where my vision comes into the picture.

I'm picturing a house, a two-story house. Maybe a former small hotel or guest house with quite a few rooms. Accommodation for people upstairs and all the rooms downstairs turned into doggy sitting rooms. Tiled floors, old settees and armchairs in every room, dividers to split rooms into halves if need be, each room painted in a different bright color. Hounds in the "green room," for example, would sport nice green collars and leads. Easy access to individual sheltered outdoor areas would allow hounds to go outside for spells during the day while their rooms were being cleaned. A couple of enclosed fields would allow walking, free running, agility, and training.

There's a kitchen area for food preparation, laundry, and a sitting room/information area for folk to come and have coffee while meeting a few hounds.

Upstairs are several areas of living accommodation: A main area for the person in charge (this wouldn't need to be a permanent person but could rotate weekly, monthly, or as necessary), and extra rooms for visiting helpers to stay when volunteering for a week or three months.

In short, I want to forget the concept of kennels and go for one big huge foster home for our HUG hounds. With the economy in Ireland in such a state there are loads of properties selling cheaply, even half-finished places that builders can't sell but which we could buy up and finish to our own specifications.

This isn't a mad idea — well, only a bit — and I really believe that it is totally doable. It would be a huge foster home for hounds to be happy and relaxed, and to learn how to live in a home while awaiting their new family to take them to their forever home.

That's my vision. And we're going to make it come true.

Well, maybe not exactly like this; more sensible folk amongst our group will keep the mad ones in check. At present, we are doing some serious research to develop the best plan for our HUG Hounds' Home, low-cost and low-maintenance but also giving the hounds the happiest life possible while they are in our care.

If you would like to help us to build our home for HUG hounds, please join our "Challenge One Hundred" Buildings Fund by working on any fundraising project you can think of to raise one hundred of whatever currency you use where you live. Euro, pounds, dollars, we accept it all. And, of course, less than 100 is just brilliant, too.— *Amanda Saunders Perkins*

Rosy Racer and Marlin, adopted by Marge and Wally Newburn of Hot Springs Village Ark.

Unwanted No More:

We posted a call for adoption stories and photographs on HUG's Facebook site (www.facebook.com/#!/HomesForUnwantedGreyhounds). These are the stories and photos we received. Thank you, HUG adopters, for sharing your stories with us! —Ed.

Sky lives in County Kerry, Ireland with Clare and Bernard Pilkington. *Sarah Hensman*

Margaux lives in Sweden with Ingrid Hushom.

Sky

I have always had a general interest in dogs. In 2009 I decided to assist a local dog welfare group. One Saturday in September, I went to meet Amanda Saunders Perkins to help her walk a dog. That was my first experience with retired Greyhounds and it had a lasting impact. I already owned two Spaniel/Collie crosses, and I have to confess that I had never really considered a retired Greyhound as a pet. Honestly, I preferred the long-eared, long-haired, cuddly dogs. But after a few weeks I started to see the beauty in the hounds. By November I adopted my own Greyhound, Sky. In my unbiased opinion, she is the most beautiful animal I have ever seen.

Since that Saturday, my role with HUG has grown. I have organized dog walks and meet-and-greets at a local pet store. I have attended dog shows and pet expos — anything that promotes Greyhounds as pets. My husband and I regularly foster a hound, and sometimes two. On a more formal level, I am also the Treasurer for HUG. I never expected that I would get more out of volunteering than I put in. During the three years that I have been with HUG I have met more people and made more friends than I have in the last ten years. And all I intended to do was walk a dog! —*Clare Pilkington, Ireland*

Grace, now Margaux

It is now one year to the day since we collected little Grace in a wooden crate at the airport. We were so excited, but also calm and expectant of the process that awaited us. As the shivering leaf that was Grace emerged from the crate, my heart broke into a thousand pieces. I wept as I thought: In no way can this be mended. Here was a shadow of a creature that obviously had been in great distress, and now we had caused her irreparable damage by dragging her halfway across Europe. I was ashamed of how fast I succumb to despair.

We took her home, bathed her and put her to bed, where she lay panting, too stressed to even blink, much less sleep. I looked at her with absolute hopelessness. Then I thought well, if I just stay around her long enough she will get accustomed to me, and I might as well start now. I sat by her bed and started reading some tedious legal documents I had on hand with a slow, pleasant voice. Within the hour, Grace would seemingly fall asleep for two successive pages, then wake with a start at the gentlest turn of a page and fall asleep again.

Sometime between the fifth and sixth week a major change

The HUG Dogs at Home

occurred. Grace started a very rapid development towards family dog and best friend. In the weeks leading up to this, she had learned her new name — Margaux — mastered the stairs and come around to the fact that only ghosts can walk through mirrors and shower cabinets.

A year later Margaux is as good as fully socialized. She is very sociable with people she has met before, and experiences an overwhelming curiosity about all new people and things. She used to personify fear; now she personifies grace and beauty. And I'm quite surprised about this, but Margaux is the most easily trained dog I have ever encountered. Within three month she had a perfect recall, and it took me only three attempts to teach her not to race the sheep we encounter on our forest walks. Some month ago she even learned to wee on command! She always sleeps through the night, and she can be left alone for up to seven hours (that's the longest we have tried).

To us Margaux is the perfect dog, and we never cease to be amazed by her wits and adaptability. —*Ingrid Hushom, Sweden*

Dermot

Early last year I started thinking about getting a new dog. We've had dogs in the past: Tim, the hyper active Springer Spaniel, and Cindy, the grumpy Yorkie. So I thought, what breed best suits me? I am not getting any younger or any fitter. I don't mind walking, but I do need to have a motive.

I immediately ruled out a pup. Pups can be hard work. If you don't get it right, a pup will be hard work for life.

I prefer larger dogs but also wanted to make sure that the dog got the exercise he required and that I would be able to provide it. It was also important that dog could travel well in a car as I spend my weekends in the west of Ireland — a three hour drive from Dublin.

I started to do some research. The various rescue centers all seemed to have at least one Greyhound. I had been to Greyhound tracks in the past and always thought they were a lovely looking dog but like most would have written them off as a pet because I felt they would require more exercise than I could provide.

However, the more I researched, the more I believed that the Greyhound would be perfect as a pet for me. Two good walks a day, freedom to run around the garden, and once a week a good sprint in a secure area. While they are big dogs, they take up very little room.

My research ended at the Kerry Greyhound Connection website: So many dogs in need of re-homing, and so few homes in Ireland. Most dogs must emigrate to find new homes (a bit like our youth in today's economic times).

Within a very short time of making contact I received a call from Margaret to arrange a home visit.

I really didn't care if it were a dog or a bitch or what color it was. We looked through the available dogs and picked out a few that we felt fitted my lifestyle.

One week later he arrived: Dermot, aka Pinky, aka Go Columbo. A three and a half year old brindle dog.

He was very shy at first. While still shy with strangers, he is the most obedient dog that I have ever come across. Since his arrival, I am losing weight while he is gaining it. We take a long walk in the mornings and another in the evening. During the day he is and out of the garden. The living room has become his bedroom. Though he is a large dog, he does not take up a lot of room. He loves going out in the car; I have a 4x4 so he can stand up and look out as we travel.

I would strongly urge anyone thinking about getting a dog to read up on Greyhounds. They really do make great pets. —*Gary Cregg, Ireland*

Dermot is the perfect companion for Gary.

Dudley, who lives with Jim and Joanne Kingham in Ireland, makes the rounds as a therapy dog.

Dudley

We adopted this bundle of black and white fluff two years ago. Dudley was accepted into his new pack straightaway. The older Greyhounds just looked down at him, glanced up at me and if they could talk would have said "Oh dear, a puppy . . . there goes our peace and quiet."

But apart from chewing through furniture and breaking a radiator, Dudley was a pretty chilled puppy . . .until he grew and became a big puppy. Thankfully, at 2 years old he stopped growing. If he hadn't we thought people may think he was a pony and ask for rides.

I'd heard about Irish Therapy Dogs through work. I work in a nursing home, and as an Activities Coordinator and Caregiver, I had direct contact with the dogs who came to visit.

I hadn't even given a thought to Dudley becoming an Irish Therapy Dog. Not that he was naughty — in fact he's a complete sweetheart — the thought just hadn't crossed my mind. Jim mentioned it to me one day, and the rest is history.

The road to becoming an Irish Therapy Dog was long but truly worthwhile. I contacted the Irish Therapy Dogs organization in Dublin, which passed my details onto Joy, the West Cork Coordinator. We arranged to meet at the nursing home where I work to have Dudley's assessment. I was so nervous, thinking that he might misbehave. I didn't have to worry. When Joy arrived, one of the residents had Dudley by the lead and was walking him up the corridor. She knew from that moment; Dudley would make a fantastic Therapy Dog.

The big test was our Alzheimers Unit, as the patients' moods are unpredictable. I wasn't sure how Dudley would react. Again, I had no need to worry. Joy watched in astonishment as Dudley hopped up onto the sofa next to a resident, curled up next to her, and very gently rested his paws on her lap. The resident showed no fear at all. It was great to see.

I explained to Joy that if this was at home, Dudley would have jumped up on the sofa and wrapped himself around our necks. He made no attempt to do that here. I was amazed. We had a special boy here.

We passed the assessment with flying colors.

A couple of months later, after completion of all the official paperwork, I received a letter congratulating Dudley on becoming an Irish Therapy Dog. We were over the moon; it had been a long wait, but when that letter arrived we couldn't stop smiling.

It was even more real when Dudley got his lovely yellow Irish Therapy Dog coat. He looks so smart in it.

We went to a local hospital for our first visit. When we arrived the staff gathered around him, cooing over him, saying how beautiful he was . . . and was he a Greyhound? After I answered all of their questions, we wandered off to meet the residents.

Dudley got loads of cuddles from residents, staff, and visiting relatives. He was so relaxed and gentle throughout the two-hour visit. I was so proud of him.

Please come back again, they said as we left. By the end of our visit, I'm positive everyone we met had a completely different view of a Greyhound. They exclaimed over how calm and gentle he was. I just said – well, that's a Greyhound! —*Joanna Kingham, Ireland*

The Stoff Hounds of Belgium

George Da Hound lives in Belgium with Isabelle Stoff. *Paul Croes*

The white and black dog is George Da Hound. I adopted him in January 2011 at the age of 8 and a half. I actually fell in love with this gorgeous boy when he appeared on HUG's website in July 2010, but I had a full house at the time. His pictures haunted me for months. No one seemed interested in adopting an almost toothless 8-year-old boy. When he was homed, I was so happy for him. Then his owner had a seizure and he came back to HUG. After losing two of my girls, only 11 days apart (Sabrossa, renal and heart failure; Zigane, hemangiosarcoma), I contacted HUG to see if they would consider sending him to Belgium. When he arrived the next month, I knew it was meant to be. He is a stunning boy with a wonderful temperament, and I love him to bits. He turned 10 on July 22 of this year.

Mikie lives in Belgium with Isabelle Stoff. *Paul Croes*

The black dog is Mikie, a very shy dog who went into hiding every time a potential adopter came by. He came with us on one of our first dog runs in late 2008. On May 13, 2009, I decided to keep him as my own birthday present.

The brindle is little Cleo, who I adopted in November 2011 at the tender age of 9 and a half. Her two brothers came to HUG at the same time, and they are also living happily in Belgium.

In addition to my own dogs, I have homed nearly a hundred HUG hounds in Belgium in the past four years. —*Isabelle Stoff, Belgium* ■

Cleo lives in Belgium with Isabelle Stoff. *Paul Croes*

Rob and Leigh, on the way to the veterinarian, seem to know something is up.

Returning from Ireland

Story and Photos by Elaine Miller

Second Look is a regular feature in which we look in on the subjects of previous articles to see how they are doing. Elaine Miller and her husband moved with their two Greyhounds from their home in Dallas, Texas, to Cork, Ireland, in May 2009. She wrote about the complexities of the move in "Moving to Ireland" (Spring 2010 CG*). When Elaine contacted* CG Magazine *to inform us that the family had moved back to the United States, we asked her for an update.—Ed.*

The phone rang. It was my husband.

"Have you read your e-mail?"

"No, why?" I replied.

"Go read your e-mail." I ran upstairs, plunked down in my chair and read the news we had been hoping for: We were to be relocated back to the States. Yippee! No more soggy Ireland to tolerate.

We had moved to Ireland just 18 months earlier. We were excited about the move. We had brought our two Greyhounds and two cats with us at great expense and considerable effort. Once the reality of living in Ireland set in, we were miserable and longed to return. Now we would get to repeat the effort the going other way.

The beautiful crates for the dogs' transatlantic flight were custom built by Wes of Breeney Kennels in Belfast.

While I was on the phone with my husband, we figured out an impossibly tight, yet somehow plausible, course of action for our move. The plan would work just as long as not one thing went wrong. We would be moving to New England this time and, once again, would be battling airline temperature restrictions for flying pets. We checked the average temperatures for Boston, and realized the pets would have to fly by the end of October to beat the cold. Otherwise we'd have to stay until spring. Not only did we have to arrange an international move but we also had a planned vacation, a last-minute business trip and a business meeting to throw in the mix. We had six weeks from the time we got the green light to the time we would all be back together stateside.

Amazingly, our very aggressive timeline was approved. We had six weeks to be out of Ireland.

I began my research on how to fly pets out of Ireland, a task I faced with no small amount of trepidation given the logistics of our last move. The Irish attitude towards pets would no doubt complicate this process.

Shortly after moving to Ireland I was shopping at a local Farmer's Market and struck up a conversation with one of the vendors. I don't recall how we got on the subject of hounds, but we did. He raced a couple of dogs and had a couple of pups in training and an old Irish Wolfhound. Over the course of several months I got to know him and would ask after his dogs; he would ask about mine. He was a nice man and treated his dogs well, giving them time off if there was an injury or stiffness, even retiring one and letting her live as a pet since he loved his dogs. He was the one who told me about the plight of the racing Greyhound in Ireland.

Ireland is the largest breeder of Greyhounds in the world. There is a huge discrepancy between the number of Greyhound pups born and registered and those that make it to the race track. What happens to the dogs? The very few and lucky are sent on for adoption or re-homing in the United Kingdom and Ireland. Most of the adoption agencies are in the UK, and there are very few in Ireland. The less lucky are disposed of somehow or sold and transported to Spain, where their prospects are grim. *(The plight of Greyhounds exported to Spain has been well documented in* CG*, most recently in the Fall 2011 issue. —Ed.)*

Greyhounds in Ireland tend to be owned by individuals who keep a few dogs on their property, mostly as a hobby. The dogs are generally housed in cinderblock or wooden sheds with an attached run. They are walked along the country lanes for exercise, not socialized while out for their walks and are often trained in open fields in the pursuit of live rabbits. The general public seems to view the Greyhound as a tool for sport, rather than as a pet. Since we had two Greyhounds, people assumed we raced them. Often women would cross the street if they saw me walking the dogs. If I had the opportunity, I took the time to educate any passers-by who stopped to meet the dogs, to tell them the plight of the Greyhound and what great pets they make.

When it came time to find a shipping service for our pets, I was more than a little concerned. Due to the size of the custom-built crates we had used on the flight from the United States, we had to abandon them at London's Heathrow Airport and drive the dogs to Ireland. Smaller planes, such as those flying from England to Ireland, could not accommodate that size of crate.

Fortunately, I found Breeney Kennels, a Belfast-based quarantine kennel (the only one in Ireland). Wes, the chap who owned the kennel, builds crates. I gave Wes the dogs' measurements. He said he'd have the crates ready and organize the flights, too. I would be in charge of assembling the pets' paperwork, including certificates from the veterinarians, and transporting the pets to Dublin.

Rob, comfortably settled in his crate, waits to board the plane.

Rawwwr! Simon is ready for the trip to be over, thank you very much.

In October, my husband and I flew to Boston to find a place to rent. Once that was accomplished, he stayed there because of work demands. I flew back to Ireland to coordinate the move of our belongings and pets.

The Greyhounds, cats, and I piled into the small rental car and made our way to the veterinary clinic to obtain their "fit-to-fly" certificates. I faxed copies of the certificates to Breeney Kennels and to my husband, since he would be picking up the pets at Boston's Logan Airport. After the movers had finished, I spent a quiet night in a very empty house with the dogs, the cats and an air mattress.

Aer Lingus was the only airline that would fly pets out of Ireland at the time, so Wes instructed me to meet him at the cargo parking lot of Aer Lingus at Dublin airport. Wes would then take the pets and get them boarded onto the flight.

I arose at 4:00 a.m. to make the two-hour journey to Dublin, meeting Wes in time for the pets to board the plane. All went well. Wes, who turned out to be a lovely man, had built the most beautiful crates for the dogs. He indulged me by letting me put a fleecy blanket and a favorite toy in each dog's crate. He also upgraded the cats' carriers, thinking they would be more comfortable in slightly bigger crates than those in which they had made the original trip.

I wished them a safe journey and promised I would see them all in a few days.

The direct flight was uneventful and my husband greeted them at airport. After a couple of hours processing time, he was allowed to take custody of them.

Sadly, again, we had to abandon the lovely crates at the airport. We did not have a vehicle big enough to carry them, and we were unable to find an adoption agency that would accept them as a donation. In all the excitement of being reunited with our dogs and cats, we inadvertently left their favorite toys — Lion and Courage Bear — in the crates. But we were home again; and in the end, that was what mattered most. ■

Elaine Miller, husband Dave, Greyhounds Rob and Leigh, and cats Hamish and Simon are delighted to be back in the Boston area.

Kira, Cooper, Sabrina, Tiger, and Gunnar consider whether they should start packing for a move with the Holthaus family.

A Very Moving Tale

By Lisa Holthaus

How do you go about coordinating a move when you own multiple dogs? I don't mean moving from one end of the couch to the other amidst a sea of sleeping Greyhounds; I mean packing up and moving a gaggle of Greyhounds from one residence to another, possibly to another state.

When I got the idea to move many years ago, we were still on our first Greyhound, a very reserved 8-year-old black beauty named Delilah. We also had a 12-year-old Labrador/Beagle mix named Stymie and a very territorial 9-year-old Shepherd/Doberman named Quinn. I painstakingly worked out every detail of the move so that we could do both our selling and buying closings the same day.

I feel I can provide some valuable insight for those who have never been down this rocky road. I have compiled some hints for multiple-dog owners who are considering the two-closings-in-one-day feat so an upcoming move won't play out like a Greek tragedy.

Bone up on Your Sophocles

Delilah, although quiet and reserved, had an extreme dislike for the eyeballs on stuffed animals. Roughly translated, this meant she would systematically gouge the plastic peepers out of each and every stuffie she managed to get her paws on. She exhibited the precision of a surgeon, never leaving a mark on any other part of the soon-to-be sightless stuffed toy's body.

I could tell Delilah was plotting something sinister as she carefully watched me pack up my daughter's room. I removed one of the few remaining "sighted" stuffed animals from the shelf above my daughter's bed, quickly wrapped it in newspaper to reduce Dee Dee's torment, and placed it in the packing box with the rest of my daughter's treasures.

I patted Delilah on the head as I interlocked the cardboard panels on the box and carried it to the family room to stack with several other similarly sized boxes, which would be permanently sealed later. Delilah was close on my heels. Content with the adage that "out of sight, (should be) out of mind," I left for a few minutes to run an errand.

Upon my return I noticed that several boxes had been knocked over, clawed open and ransacked. Quickly surveying the room, I noticed a trail of newspaper that led to the hallway. There I made the grisly discovery that the very same small stuffed animal I had packed up not half an hour earlier had had his little eyeballs feverishly ripped from his fur skull. I looked over at Delilah, who lay contently on my daughter's bed. I patted her on the head once again, whispered in her ear that it was OK and promised her we would never speak of the incident again.

Practical Hint 1: Determine whether your Greyhound has ever read *Oedipus the King* before adopting.

Beware Greyhounds Bearing Gifts

We decided on takeout for dinner the night before we moved. This was necessitated by the fact that every morsel of food in the house had been packed, discarded, or eaten. Even the large bag of dog food had been packed, an event also carefully monitored by Delilah. I patted her on the head and assured her that I had filled several small plastic bags with individual servings of kibble, enough to last until the move was over, and put them in a carry bag that would not leave my side.

My husband Jack, daughter Kelly, and I opted for burgers and fries from a local fast-food establishment for our last meal in what would soon become our former home. Jack, having finished his burger and most of his fries, decided to give his leftovers to the dogs as an "I know you're stressed because we're moving" treat. Within seconds of the paper plate hitting the floor, Delilah, our reserved black beauty, descended on the fries. Before either Stymie or Quinn knew what was happening, Dee Dee was finished. When my husband leaned down to pick up the empty paper plate, he realized that the ketchup packet, which he had inadvertently left next to the fries, had disappeared. When asked why he would leave an open, plastic ketchup packet on a dish he was placing before our dogs, he weakly replied that it was an accident. Concerned about our girl's health, however, my husband declared that he was going to "follow Delilah around for a week to be sure she passes it."

Useful Hint 2: Never look a gift Greyhound in the condiments.

Jenna and Kiley, adopted by Mark and Gale Kish of League City, Texas.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Never Lend an Ear

The morning of our move I noticed a tick at the base of Delilah's ear. Always poised under pressure, I assessed the situation and acted accordingly. By accordingly I mean I ran screaming from the empty house as if my pants were on fire. I blasted past my confused daughter and tore through the screen door that led to our fenced yard. I raced frantically toward the back of the property, searching for Jack, who was giving his shed one last examination. My arms flailed erratically as I ranted and raved about how he had to get inside right now. I raced back into the house. My husband arrived moments later with a look of dread on his face, fearing the worst. Did the roof cave in? Did the movers run over pot holes on Route 287 and have four flat tires? Did our attorney develop malaria? I continued ranting and flailing and began pointing at the dog screeching "Tick, tick, tick, tick!"

Jack calmly kneeled down and began examining Delilah's neck and ear in more detail than I preferred in my frantic state. I continued screeching, advising him that he was not screening a new pet, and that he just needed to get it the heck off the dog. He leaned back, looked up at the ceiling, shook his head and methodically pulled something from Delilah's fur and extended his hand toward me. I reeled backward and insisted that he get it out of my sight, bellowing, "Flush it, flush it, flush it!" He shook his head once again, placed the purple blob on the counter and said "It's a Zinc gel tab you dork. You really need to relax." He walked back out to the shed. Through the curtainless kitchen window I noticed that he shut the door behind him. I patted Delilah on the head and told her that two closings in one day was making me just a little stressed out.

Useful Hint 3: Cut out the caffeine. Julius Caesar probably drank less on the Ides of March.

What a great idea all of this was turning out to be!

The men from the moving company arrived at our house before 7 a.m., assuring us they would be done by 11 a.m. I remained in

the house with the three dogs since we had nowhere to bring them until later that afternoon. My husband, with Kelly in tow and my power-of-attorney in hand, left to complete the 10 a.m. "selling" closing without me. As luck would have it, it was raining, which I believe is the required weather condition when attempting two closings in one day. The rain prohibited me from leaving the dogs in the yard, out of the way of the three burly men who were busily stripping the house of my possessions. I was forced to shift the dogs from room to empty room as they looked at me imploringly while the box labeled "Dog Stuff" got loaded onto the moving van out of their view.

The continued coordination of the move required me to meet Jack before the second "buying" closing, which was to take place at 2 p.m. This would not be an issue, since, as the burly movers assured me, they would be done no later than 11 a.m. I would then make the hour-long drive south to the attorney's office where I would meet Jack, who would have already signed the buying papers. We would exchange dogs in the parking lot. He would take them to my mother's house and then drive to our new house to meet the movers. This chore fell to him since I am as directionally challenged as I am tick-phobic.

As the appointed hour of 11 a.m. came and went, and my house was still full of furniture and boxes, the dogs and I pondered whether we should become concerned. I patted Delilah on the head and she let me know we still had time to spare. However when noon came and went, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps I should have asked the mover if he had meant a.m. or p.m. when he said they would be done by 11. I patted Delilah on the head. As the clock neared 1 p.m., the movers were finishing up and I knew I had to move quickly.

I was less concerned with being late to the closing than I was with the fact that my dogs had not eaten. I had decided earlier to give the bag with their food to Jack so he could give it to my mother. My thought was that it would be easier if I got them something to eat on the road than try to feed three nervous dogs while burly strangers moved about their empty house. In hindsight, perhaps that wasn't such a great idea. I began to get a little antsy and Delilah was downright cranky. With the front seat occupied by a large box of essentials, I loaded 175 pounds of dogs into the cramped back seat of my silver 1996 Toyota Celica hatchback, said good bye to my former abode and set out to close the deal on our new house.

We needed to eat quickly. I pulled into the drive-through at a local fast-food establishment and I ordered a big burger for myself and six cheeseburgers. I counseled the concerned young man who took my money that making fun of my dog's eating habits was not letting me have my order "my way." After wolfing down my burger and simultaneously feeding three dogs two cheeseburgers each, I became acutely aware of the following revelation: Mixed breeds will eat pickles, Greyhounds will not. At least not in my car. I made a mental note that it would be a wonderful idea if pet stores installed drive-through take-out food windows for dogs. They could call them Yappy Meals. Now that was a great idea!

I made it to the attorney's office a few minutes before 2 p.m. for the second closing. Jack was there waiting for me in the parking lot, as planned. I handed him the keys to my car. As I turned to walk into the attorney's office I heard him ask why on earth there were pickles in the center console. I told him it was a long story.

It was almost 4 p.m. and still raining when I pulled in the driveway of my new home. It was nearly 8 p.m. that evening when the burly men said goodbye and almost an hour later before my husband returned from my mother's house with my daughter and the dogs. Upon their arrival, Stymie and Quinn cautiously made their way through the front door, carefully eyeing their new digs. Delilah came over the threshold gracefully but decided to make a quick left into the brand-new living room where she promptly christened the brand-new carpet by throwing up. I nearly fainted. Curious over what could have created such an interesting shade of orange, I called my mother to ask what she had fed the dogs for dinner. The old Italian lady responded simply, "lasagna and rice." I probably should have mentioned to my husband that the pickles were from the cheeseburgers the dogs had for lunch so he could tell my mother. Jack was less than enthused about the orange pile on his new living-room carpet. In my meager attempt to defuse the situation I casually muttered, "Maybe you can find the ketchup packet." He didn't look amused. But the day was over. I patted Delilah on the head.

Sabrina (Tyville Madison) and Apollo (Kid's Apollo), adopted by Bill and Terri Royea of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Then I had another great idea!

It had been years since Stymie, Quinn, and Delilah passed over the Rainbow Bridge and we had since filled our house with five more Greyhounds — Kira, Cooper, Miranda, Tiger, and Ben. "Let's move out of New Jersey," I said to Jack, "away from the high property taxes and corrupt politics and enjoy a simpler life in a southern state, like maybe North Carolina." I kept right on going. "Let's find a little house with a picket fence with a big piece of property where the dogs can run around all day." Jack asked what we would do for jobs. I told him we'd worry about that down the road. He did what he always does when I get a great idea. He shook his head.

I began investigating.

We attended a seminar about southern communities, where we talked to many representatives from home sites in North and South Carolina, and Georgia. We intended to visit as many as possible. I spoke at length to a wonderful saleslady named CeCe, a lovely southern woman who told me all about the benefits her gated community offered and why we should stay there for a long weekend. I was sold. I gave CeCe my credit-card information and made our reservation. We continued to chat and when the specifics of our particular home amenities came up, I told CeCe we would love the following:

1. A back yard filled with sand.
2. A poop bag-dispensing station.
3. A watering hole.
4. An enormous mud room with shower stalls.
5. Tile floors throughout the house that slanted toward the center with a central drain.
6. Central watering hoses instead of central vacuums.
7. Five Murphy beds each about six feet long.
8. Automatic dog-feeders.
9. Automatic opening dog doors set to open at 6 a.m. and close at 10 p.m.
10. Steel furniture bolted to the floor.
11. Soundproof walls for the Fourth of July and various thunderstorms.

I told her I could probably come up with a few more but she told me not to worry and refunded my money.

Not easily deterred, I knew I just needed inspiration and another great idea. What we had to do, I decided was look for a single-family home with a big yard outside of a gated community and its absurd restrictions. That would be the easy part. Moving four or five states away without jobs was going to require a bit more finesse, I mused, than just stuffing three big dogs in the back seat of a silver 1996 Toyota Celica hatchback and feeding them cheeseburgers, with or without pickles.

How would this best be accomplished? Knowing that a realtor could probably shed some light on the subject, I contacted an agency in North Carolina and discussed the situation with another lovely southern woman. She told me it would probably be best if we rented a house initially since, without jobs, we wouldn't know where we eventually were going to settle down. Great idea, I thought. Then I mentioned the dogs. Renting with a dog wasn't going to be a problem she assured me; until I mentioned that it wasn't a dog, it was five dogs. Five big Greyhound dogs. There was silence on the other end of the line.

Finally she spoke. "Darlin', nobody's going to rent to you with five big dogs, especially not with five hyper dogs." As I glanced over at my gaggle, passed out on the couch from a hard day of doing, well, nothing, I realized this particular southern lady, lovely though she was, was not an authority on Greyhounds as pets and their daily routines. Should I mention to her that their life consisted of napping for 18 hours and then getting up and going to bed? It hardly seemed worth it.

OK, so I was deterred. Then I thought to myself, we would just continue to live in New Jersey, probably in the same house we're in now, and enjoy our five wonderful, lazy Greyhounds, high taxes, and corrupt politics. What the heck, there are plenty of stores that sell sand and poop bags and automatic dog doors. I might even be able to find a contractor who could slant my floors.

What a wonderfully great idea! I gave each dog a pat on the head. ■

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

Malwa Rummy, adopted by Alicia Burke of Bethlehem, Pa.

Shooting from ground level makes Amelia look almost regal, as opposed to the ho-hum shot on the left, taken when the photographer was standing up.

Taking a Great Photograph of Your Dog

Story and photos by Erin Tomanek

Odds are, if you own a dog, you also own dozens and dozens of mediocre photographs of him. Everyone wants to take adorable photos of their furry best friend, but so often I hear the same comments: "I just can't get a photo that does him justice!"

Fall is the perfect season to get some beautiful shots of your Greyhound enjoying the great outdoors. Here are some tips to help you leave the land of "so-so" photos and enter the land of "wow!" Don't worry — most of these tips can be used by point-and-shoot users and DSLR (digital single-lens reflex) camera geeks alike. And they don't involve any sort of amazing skill . . . just some intentional thought before you click the shutter button.

Tuscany is as cute as can be! In this photograph, which was taken while standing directly above him, he looks young and playful.

Tip #1: Angle is everything.

Think about the last photo you took of your dog. If you're like most people, you were probably standing, you held the camera at your eye level, and you shot from a few feet away, looking down at your dog. You turned the camera around, looked at the screen, shrugged your shoulders, and thought, "She looks so much better in real life then she does in this photo." Picking an intentional angle will improve your photographs by leaps and bounds.

First, try shooting straight down. Get very close to your dog — so close that you're almost standing over her. Then shoot down, from directly above her head. Get her attention so she looks up at you, and click away. This creates that sweet puppy dog look and makes her face the focal point.

Want your dog to look like the king of the hill? Get low. Lie on your stomach and shoot up at your dog. This will make him look important, and often you'll also get some nice background images – sky or trees – as well. Since you don't often see your dog at this angle, this new perspective will make for a memorable shot.

Finally, try getting to eye level with your dog. This is my go-to angle for photographing pets. Being at eye level humanizes your pet and allows for the greatest sense of connection in a photograph.

Tip #2: Consider the light.

The sun can be your best friend and worst enemy when it comes to outdoor photographs. How do you get gorgeous photos in which your pet's eyes sparkle, without competing with harsh shadows or blown-out (overly bright) spots in your photograph? Look for open shade. You'll find it in almost any location that's not in direct sunlight: under big trees, in the shadow of a building, or under an overhang. This type of light is much softer than bright, directional light. Open shade eliminates strong shadows, creating that professional look we're all after. If you're photographing your dog with family members, this type of lighting is a must. Next time you grab your camera, look around and coax your pet into a patch of open shade first. (Turn your flash off though, or you'll destroy the look.)

Tip #3: Zoom in!

This one is simple: Once you think you've created a nice composition, click, then zoom in and click again. Photos in which pets fill the frame are usually more engaging and interesting to look at. Zooming in also eliminates unattractive background clutter such as the kids' toys, the garden hose, or trash cans. When in doubt, don't zoom out; zoom in.

Tip #4: Move with the action.

We would all love to get that perfect shot of our dog zooming across the back yard or the dog park, but the final photo is often a blurry mess. If you have a camera with manual settings, and the day is bright, you may be able to set your camera to a very fast shutter speed and "freeze" the action. There's hope for those of us with point-and-shoot cameras, too. The trick is to pan with your dog. Panning simply means to move your camera in a horizontal direction as your dog runs. A successful pan will involve keeping your dog in the frame of the shot for the duration of the exposure, and to keep moving even after you click the shutter. This will take some practice, but once you get the hang of it, you'll get some great shots with your dog (mostly) frozen in place, and a background full of horizontal blur. Keep in mind that it is unlikely your subject will ever be completely in focus. Panning is about getting a relatively sharp subject in comparison to the background.

On the left, Fred is obscured by harsh shadows, and his eyes are dark and lifeless. On the right, open shade has provided open lighting and caused his eyes to sparkle.

The people in the background are eliminated and Voyager becomes the star of the photo when we zoom in.

Bella flies through the air! You can feel her speed due to effective panning.

Tip 5: Consider composition.

There are times when your dog is being exceptionally charming and adorable and you need to capture the moment. But most times, you can afford to spend 15 to 30 seconds considering the composition of the image. One of the most common "amateur mistakes" I see is people poorly framing the subject. Did you accidentally cut off the paws? Is there a tree or light post growing from your pet's head? Spend just a minute repositioning yourself, and you can remedy a number of these mistakes.

Tip #6: Get help.

When I crouch down and photograph my own dogs at eye level, they'll inevitably get up, walk over, and try to slurp me or my camera. If you have someone to lend a hand, the process will be far more productive and far less frustrating. As a professional photographer, I always take an assistant with me to a shoot, or make sure in advance that the owners are willing to help. Recruit your own "assistant" (spouse, child, or friend) to keep some treats in hand to coax your hound to remain still. If the assistant stands right behind you holding a treat or a toy, your dog will probably look expectantly in your direction. (And if you and your assistant are willing to make some silly noises, all the better, because you will likely elicit some inquisitive looks from your dog.) Your assistant can negotiate with your dog when it appears he may no longer be interested in staying in your carefully chosen location. Having a helping hand is really the way to go.

Changing your composition is easy. Breeze looks much better without the tree growing from her head.

Katie is a very cautious dog, easily spooked and a bit camera shy. You wouldn't know it from this photo, though. Hiring a professional will eliminate much of the stress that can come with trying to capture perfect shots of your Greyhound.

Gumbo demonstrates how having a friend to wrangle your dog and coax him with treats can make all the difference.

Tip #7: Get professional help.

A few months ago, my car got a flat tire. I have a jack, a tire iron, and a spare. It had been a while, though, since my last flat, and I searched my mind to remember exactly how to change the tire. The process was slow, messy, and frustrating. In the end, I got it done, but I couldn't help thinking how much more efficiently a professional could have completed the job.

The same rule can be applied to photographing your dogs and loved ones. The tips above, with some practice and patience, will assuredly help you take better photos of your dogs. But a professional photographer who specializes in pets will have the equipment, experience, and skill set at his or her fingertips to create photos of your pet you are sure to love. Plus dogs, like some children, tend to respond better to a stranger than they do to their owner. If only I had a nickel for every time I've heard, "My dog never behaves so well with me!" Look online to find pet photographers in your area and find one whose portfolio contains images that make you smile. It is an investment, but it's one you'll be glad you made for years to come.

This fall, set out to create some stunning images of your dogs. Remember to be intentional about your photos and you'll end up with great shots that weren't just a happy accident. ■

Erin Tomanek is a professional pet photographer and owner of Paw Prints Pet Portraiture in Los Angeles, Calif. *She expresses her gratitude to the Greyhound owners of Santa Clarita Valley for providing the wonderful canine models featured in this article, and to Denise Patwell for organizing the effort.*

Bridget (Bright Side) and Golden Bear, on the day they were adopted by the Fishers in 2009.

Bear and Jethro

By Jim Fisher

A Greyhound named Golden Bear adopted us.

It happened on a rainy Saturday in May 2009, when my wife Kathy and I went to Mid-South Greyhound Adoption Option (MSGAO) at Southland Gaming and Racing in West Memphis, Arkansas, intending to adopt our first Greyhound.

MSGAO Director Vicki Cohen and her staff patiently assisted us in selecting our new friend. They also expertly told us what to expect as new Greyhound "parents." We selected the sweet and beautiful dark brindle female Bridget, racing name Bright Side, who had raced at Wheeling Island, West Virginia and at Southland.

After selecting Bridget as our new friend, we proceeded to the MSGAO office to complete the adoption paperwork and orientation. Lounging on a dog bed on the office floor was a large fawn male nicknamed Heath, who had raced as Golden Bear, also at Wheeling Island and Southland. Heath, we were told by Vicki, didn't like being kenneled and loudly made known his preference for the dog bed over the kennel.

My initial reaction to Heath was not good. I thought to myself: "What a pain-in-the-butt dog."

However, while we were in the office, both Kathy and I knelt down to pet him and he eagerly returned this affection.

Soon it was time to leave with our new Greyhound Bridget. We said our goodbyes, and Vicki and her staff extended their best wishes. But as we rose to make our way to the door, something bordering on a miracle happened.

Heath rose as well and immediately latched his mouth on the leash that connected Kathy to Bridget. Had he possessed the gift (or curse) of human speech, I am convinced he would have said, "I'm coming too!"

A second set of adoption papers was filled out, our first check was torn up, and a new check to cover two adoptions was written.

"What a pain-in-the-butt dog," I thought again.

At that moment, I would have never dreamed that this same dog would die in Kathy's and my arms less than three years later while we sobbed uncontrollably.

Fear not. This story has a happy ending.

Heath and Bridget quickly assimilated to life in our home in Little Rock, Arkansas. They even more quickly won our hearts. Soon after his homecoming, we started calling Heath "Bear" or "Mr. Bear" in honor of his racing name. That name stuck. And to say that my initial impressions of Bear as a "pain" were flat-out wrong is a gross understatement.

Bear quickly became Kathy's shadow. Whenever Kathy needed to nap (due to her frequent migraines) or was in the master bath, Bear would position himself in the bedroom doorway as if guarding her with his life.

Returning home became the highlight of my day. As soon I pulled in the garage, the barking and howling would start. Once inside the back door I would be greeted by the wet noses of two dancing Greyhounds.

On our long walks along the Little Rock River Trail, we were frequently stopped by other walkers or joggers who asked about the breed. Bear would instantly turn into the Central Arkansas Ambassador for Greyhound Adoption by walking up to them and offering a greeting.

Most of all, Bear was a gentle spirit. Kathy and I have seven adult children between us. He and his "sister" Bridget quickly became children eight and nine.

Bear's final days on this planet were the weekend of President's Day 2012. He was in tremendous pain and lame in his right-front leg due to what we suspected was osteosarcoma, the nearly always fatal bone cancer not uncommon in long-legged dogs. This was heartbreaking to see, just knowing that this once-powerful creature thrilled race fans by winning 12 of his 72 races. But our hearts were breaking even more so, since it was happening to a beloved member of our family.

Confined to the house with him that weekend, I went on the Internet more than once to pass the time. At one point on Sunday I read a posting on the Friends of MSGAO Facebook page from Sydney McFarland, a member of the online discussion forum Greytalk that read: "Jethro of Ruckus was found wandering near Little Rock ... yesterday ... I know that Mid South (MSGAO) placed him. The woman that found him could use some help..."

I responded to this posting, saying we lived in Little Rock and asking if there was anything we could do to help.

I learned that the woman Mr. McFarland described was Leigh Ramsey-Sweeney, who is a realtor based in Cabot, Arkansas. On Saturday Leigh was on a property inspection in rural Lonoke County near Ward, Arkansas, northeast of Little Rock. While at the property, Jethro — without collar, identification, or an apparent home in the area — approached her and then proceeded to stay by her side throughout the property inspection.

Jethro of Ruckus and Bridget share the family couch, two nights after Bear's passing and Jethro's adoption by the Fishers.

Jethro had been placed by MSGAO the year before, into a home that was soon to become troubled. The upshot of these troubles was that Jethro was released in the rural area near Ward. Enter our hero, Leigh.

Leigh did not believe she and her husband Mike, a noncommissioned officer in the U.S. Air Force, could keep Jethro since they already owned a small dog. Therefore, she turned to the Internet seeking assistance, first to Greytalk and then later to the Friends of MSGAO Facebook page.

President's Day — a holiday at my workplace — began with an early morning trip to the veterinarian. This would be Bear's third such trip since he began experiencing pain in his right leg just before Thanksgiving. Although an x-ray two weeks prior was negative, we feared the end was near. Sadly, our worst fears were realized. On that morning, the X-ray clearly showed a large mass along the bones of his right-front leg. Because of Bear's tremendous pain and our limited options for treatment, we made the heartbreaking decision to euthanize him.

We returned home with only our sweet and very sad girl Bridget.

Once home, I wanted to let Bear's concerned friends know the sad outcome. I simply updated my Facebook status with the quotation from the great Will Rogers: "If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went."

Before I signed off, I checked the Friends of MSGAO page again and saw that Leigh had posted more information about Jethro, along with a photo of a most handsome red brindle dog: "This is Jethro who was found near Little Rock .. He is doing well and hopefully today he is one step closer to getting back to his home. I can say we have enjoyed having him visit us."

In response, I wrote: "Leigh: Thank you on behalf of Grey owners everywhere! We live in LR ... If Jethro's owners do not step forward and he needs a ride to MSGAO, we may be headed there come Saturday."

Exhausted, heartbroken, and nursing a headache, I then went back to bed.

Kathy woke me up around noon. She had been on the phone with both Vicki and Leigh. Vicki determined that due to the unfortunate circumstances of Jethro's former home, he needed a new one. Although they had been fantastic foster parents, Leigh and Mike still did not think they could provide Jethro a permanent home.

Within minutes Kathy, Bridget, and I were back in the car. Our destination was Leigh and Mike's home, where we took Jethro into our care.

Jethro is now home with his new Greyhound sister Bridget and the spirit of Golden Bear watching over both. ■

Jim Fisher is an attorney and an astronomy enthusiast. He lives in Little Rock, Ark. with wife Kathy and their Greyhounds Bridget (Bright Side) and Jethro of Ruckus.

A Greyhound and Two Funerals

There she was for me,
ten years old, the first time.
My wife flew back
to Pennsylvania
when my father-in-law died.
I stayed in Nevada
with Nikkie. Someone
had to care for the dog
and no one liked me
back east. When Kit
came home a week later,
Nikkie was so glad to see her
she threw up. Kit said,
"No one ever did that for me."
Two and a half years later,
my mother-in-law died
and Kit flew back
for the last time.
Nikkie and I stayed home,
again. I took her for walks,
fed her, talked to her.
When Kit returned,
she met Nikkie in the yard,
playing safe, home for good.
Nikkie seemed to know.
—*Arthur Winfield Knight*

Joe and Dodd, adopted by Cynthia Rennick of Largo, Fla.

Herb and Mabel take a leisurely walk on the beach.

Racing Through Autumn

Story and photos by Christy Caballero

The trees have given up almost all their leaves, as if the approaching winter solstice were drawing an invisible deadline for them. We are full-on into autumn. It's easy to see it outdoors. But autumn is also touching the seasons of life.

I look at our beautiful black and white Greyhound, Mabel, and wonder when all the grey came to her lovely face. It seemed only yesterday that we took her for a reunion with her mother, Parkie. Mama Park was the grey-tinged one, while Mabel was still lightning in a bottle, contained by youth and vigor. They ran together as though mama still wanted to show her long-lost baby how it was done.

It was magnificent, it was soul wrenching, and it was life altering. In a day full of meeting other Greyhounds, the mother-daughter meeting was the sole one that sparked instant recognition. Pure, unspeakable joy. A child that knew her mommy, a mama running to her child again after all the years since weaning.

They played, they kissed, and with wings on their feet, they ran. When they were exhausted, we took them shopping to a holistic pet shop, sat down for treats in a courtyard, and snapped the pictures of a lifetime.

I wish we could've recorded the comments from passersby… "How beautiful… isn't that the cutest thing you've ever seen… Awwwww…" and so it went.

Herb doesn't just talk *to* Mabel . . . he talks *with* her.

That was the only time they were together again, because it wasn't long after that reunion that time and advancing age claimed Mama Parkie.

And now it's her girl Mabel that's wearing the markings of age and wisdom, the ticking of white and grey hairs where glossy black had reigned supreme.

But the reunion came in time — and my husband and I realize all the more fully now — when puppies are separated from their mamas, we truly do replace their "family." It is a charge that we ought to feel both honored by and responsible to.

We are doing our very best.

I have always been the "pet person" in our family. That's been true, up until my husband met Mabel.

I write a pet column, and had written a piece to help a local Greyhound adoption group. They were bringing retired racers from a track that was closing; the more they could adopt or get into foster care, the more Greyhounds they could continue to bring.

It was a last minute choice when we thought, my column was telling everyone else what a good idea it was to help . . . why not us?

When we went to visit the Greyhounds, I realized I was just along for the ride. Because while I was venturing over to the larger, more outgoing males I thought would be more likely to draw hubby's interest, he headed in a different direction.

There was a smaller female, easily half the weight of the big boys, in an ex-pen by herself, crying. That's who he wanted to take for a walk.

Our adoption advisor (yes, we had one by now) hinted we might want to steer away from her. She had some issues and might be more… high maintenance.

My husband kept hold of her leash, and walked her up and down the aisles at Petco, while I followed with a shopping cart. He picked out this and that. Things he figured Mabel would need.

There was no chance of her going back into the ex-pen where she had been crying.

Not on his watch.

She went home with us that day. My husband has never been the same.

Mabel has awakened the part of his soul that until one has loved, truly loved, an animal, remains closed off. Now that he has retired, she has become his constant companion.

Mind you, she always greeted him like Disney Dad, whenever he came home from work. But at least during those intervening

years, I had a chance. She would ride with me in the car and enjoy her hellos at all her favorite drive-up windows. The bank tellers, photo express people, and fast food friends knew her by name.

Now she disdains my offers to go for a ride in favor of waiting for my husband Herb to return from bowling. She'll gamble losing a ride with me to wait for him.

That's hard to take for someone who has always been THE pet person.

But when I see the two of them together, I thank her, every time. It's beautiful.

We haven't had an easy time. Poor Mabel has had some dietary hurdles, and it's taken me a huge amount of research and trial and error to get her on a healthy ration that works for her. Does that buy me any favor when I jingle the car keys, if papa isn't home? Nah. I'm just the supporting cast. And that's okay. Because there's a light in my husband's eyes when he cradles Mabel's face in his hands, and talks with her. He isn't talking to her anymore; he's talking with her. You can't buy that, or school it into anyone. It's just plain magic. And Greyhounds seem blessed with the magic for it.

Yes, Mabel has issues. But dealing with those very issues has brought out something wonderful in my husband.

From out of the clear blue sky, Mabel began refusing the three stair steps from our garage into our utility room. She would plant herself, and cry, and wail, and refuse to budge. He worked with her, and worked with her. Ultimately, when all else failed, he carried her in from potty walks.

This wasn't a short-term situation, and he became the sole potty-walker because of it, but he remained okay with it. And he carried her indoors, and continued to churn on her problem.

Then one night there was the sound of hammer and nails. Soon the pretty wood grain of our stairs was covered with the functional hi-lo look of the kind of throw rugs Mabes was accustomed to indoors. He "coated" every surface of the stairs and landing with safe, non-skid carpet. Still, it took slow, deliberate, patient coaxing to acquaint her with it.

But eventually, it became the very answer she needed. And she loved him for it.

Solomon, adopted by Suzanne Griggs of Richardson, Texas. *Carol Sahlfeld*

As hard as it is for me to realize this, I look at her sweet, graying face and know that we are now racing through Autumn. We are still in the early leg of this late season race, but autumn is autumn.

What do we do when our beloved Greyhounds find themselves racing through autumn?

In the last leg of the race, we do all we can to help them finish well, of course.

We take time to read the unspoken needs of the friends we've come to know so well.

We give the simple reassurance of a loving touch when they seem confused for no reason.

We groom them faithfully, but even more gently. Age brings muscle wasting, and arthritic bones aren't so well padded.

We learn to slow down for their sake, when pausing is priceless. They need to enjoy the scent of the wind, or perhaps track a visitors trail across their yard.

Just today, Mabel stopped in her tracks at the city park, and faced into the evening sun. She shut her eyes against the bright, angled shafts of light, and let the wind play across her face, one gust after another. She was wiser about being in the moment than I was. But it worked out okay. She waited until I caught up with her and slowed down enough to stand still with her and just feel.

As our Greyhound races through autumn, we expect to be inconvenienced.

We aren't angry when it happens.

We watch for pain, and treat it, watch for changes in vision and hearing and do what

we can to help preserve those precious senses for as long as possible.

We take care of their teeth, and make sure their food is the right texture.

We remind them of the need for a potty walk when they seem to forget.

We don't lose track of little rewards — especially the little rewards that gift both ways. We scratch the graying ears and tummy, and go for some of the best car rides ever. When they have an unexplained need for comfort, we give it freely.

When age and infirmity bring a sense of vulnerability, we offer safety and protection.

We watch those deep slumbers, when dreams take them running those hard-won races, and we shed a tear for the life they had — and the courage it took — before we knew them.

When they cannot stand alone, we are there to lift them.

When their steps are uncertain, we are there to steady them.

And if their health fails . . . well, then it falls to us to make the choice that will gently put them to rest.

But until that is absolutely necessary, we pause to let the autumn sun warm our old friend's bones. And ours too.

And we realize, autumn is not a bad time of year at all.

Old age is not a disease, or a reason to give up.

It is a stage of life that brings its own changes.

Autumn is a beautiful season, a season of harvest.

And, sometimes, the harvest is love. ■

Freelance writer and photographer Christy A. Caballero lives a couple of deer trails off the beaten path in northwest Oregon. Speckled fawns in the yard, the sound of the river washing onto the beach, or the sight of the ocean all make her smile. Her work has earned three Dog Writer's Association of America Maxwell Awards, most recently for her pet column. She has also been recognized by the National Federation of Press Women, including a recent national award for her pet column and a national award for a feature story and a long history of regional NFPW awards for feature stories, poetry and photography. After years as a daily newspaper correspondent and columnist, she is focusing on her first love, creative work. She has pieces published in anthologies, magazines, and specialty publications.

KoKo, adopted by Gene Wallace of Johnson City, Tenn.

The Princess Snowdrop, Knitted Greyhound

By Claire Garland

Finished size: 15cm/ 6in long from tail to nose x 15cm/ 6in tall
Yarn: half 50gm ball DK (light-worsted) weight (I used Rowan Pure Wool DK shade 13 Enamel)
Needles: set size 3mm (US 2) double pointed needles
Gauge: 35 rows and 24 sts to 4in (10cm), using MC and 3mm (US 2) needles in stockinette stitch
Notions:
small circles of felt in eye color
tiny seed beads for the eyes
black sewing thread and needle
5 small safety pins for holding stitches
tape measure
toy filling

I. Muzzle, head, body and legs make as one piece

Beginning with the tip of the nose, leave a long tail end and cast on 4 sts, using size 3mm (US 2) needles.
Row 1(WS) P.
Row 2(inc) Kfb, k2, kfb. 6sts
Row 3 Purl into front then knit into back of st to increase one stitch (pfkb), p to last st, pfkb. 8sts
Rep last 2 rows once more. 12sts
Work 6 rows st st, ending with a WS row.

Shape front of head

Row 12(inc) K4, kfb four times, k4. 16sts
Row 13 P.

Shape jaw

Row 14(inc) Kfb, k to last st, kfb. 18sts
Row 15(WS) P.
Knit and divide all 18 sts over 3 dpns as follows: knit onto n1 - k6sts, onto n2 - k6sts, onto n3 - k6sts.
RS of knitting facing join for working in the round.
Keep tension fairly tight in first rnd.
Rnd 17(inc) K9, m1, k9. 19sts

Shape back of head

Rnd 18 (dec) K16, skpo. Turn and work back and forth on sts for Head Back as follows:
Row 19(dec) Sl1, p13, p2 tog, turn. 17sts
Row 20(dec) Sl1, k11, skpo, turn. 16sts
Row 21(dec) Sl1, p8, p2 tog, turn. 15sts
Row 22(dec) Sl1, k4, skpo, turn. 14sts
Row 23(dec) Sl1, p2, p2 tog, turn. 13sts
Row 24 Sl1, then k8 sts to beg the rnd.
Place marker. Join for working in the rnd.
Rnd 25 K13.
Rep last row once more.

Shape neck

Rnd 27 Kfb, k4, k3 tog, k4, kfb.
Rnd 28 K13.
Rep last 2 rows twice more, re-arranging the sts: n1 - 3sts, n2 - 7sts, n3 - 3sts.
Rnd 33(inc) Kfb twice, k3, k3 tog, k3, kfb twice. 15sts
Rnd 34 K15.
Rnd 35(inc) Kfb twice, k4, k3 tog, k4, kfb twice. 17sts
Rnd 36 K17.
Place marker, work 5 rnds in st st (every rnd k). Remove marker.

Divide for front

Rnd 42 K4, slip last 8 sts off needles onto a safety pin (note: *4 of these 8sts come from the previous rnd, in this way Front of body is bang in the middle*), k9. Turn.
WS facing work back and forth as follows:

Front legs

Rows 43 & 44 WS facing, cast on 22 sts at beg of next 2 rows. 53sts

***Shape feet**

Row 45(WS) P5, turn.
Row 46 Sl1, k3, turn.
Row 47 Sl1, p2, turn.
Row 48 Sl1, k1, turn.
Row 49 Sl1, p to end. (note: *the following rows are not numbered as to not cause confusion!*)
Next row K5, turn.
Next row Sl1, p3, turn.
Next row Sl1, k2, turn.
Next row Sl1, p1, turn.
Next row Sl1, k to end.
Work 3 rows st st.

Inside front left leg

Next row K22, turn.
Working on these last 22 sts for inside left leg, cont in st st for 3 rows.

Shape inside left foot

Next row(RS) K5, turn.
Next row Sl1, p3, turn.
Next row Sl1, k2, turn.
Next row Sl1, p1, turn.
Next row Sl1, k19 to end of Inside Leg. Turn.
Bind off 22 sts.
Next row WS facing, rejoin yarn to foot end of Right Leg. P22. Turn

Inside front right leg

Work 3 rows st st, so ending with a RS row.

Shape inside right foot

Next row P5, turn.
Next row Sl1, k3, turn.
Next row P5, turn.
Next row Sl1, k3, turn.
Next row Sl1, p2, turn.
Next row Sl1, k1, turn.

Next row Sl1, p19 to end of Inside Leg, turn.
Bind off 22 sts.
Leave 9sts from Back onto the needle as you return to Front as follows:

Front
Slip 8 sts from Neck off safety pin onto 3mm (US 2) dpn.
Row 43 RS facing rejoin yarn. K across.
Work 7 rows st st.

Join Front to Back
Row 51(RS) Divide as follows: n1 - K8sts, n2 - k4sts,, n3 - K5sts.
RS of knitting facing, join for working in the rnd. Pull tension tight as you k across junctions.

Shape tummy
Rnd 52(inc) K8, [k2, m1] twice, k1, [m1, k2] twice. 21sts
Rnd 53 K21.
Rnd 54(inc) [K2, m1] six times, k2, kfb, k2, (m1, k2) twice, m1. 31sts
Rnd 55 K31.
Rep last rnd six times more.
Rnd 62(dec) K2tog, k7, k2 tog, k20. 29sts
Rnd 63(dec) K2tog, K5, k2 tog, k20. 27sts
Rnd 64(dec) K2, k3tog, k2, k2tog, k2, k2 tog, k8, k2 tog, k2, k2 tog. 21sts
Rnd 65 K21.
Rnd 66(dec) K1, k3 tog, k17. 19sts
Rnd 67 K19.
Rnd 68(dec) K3tog, k16. 17sts
Rnd 69 K17.
Rep last rnd eight times more.

Divide for back legs and tail
Rnd 78(inc) K19, slip last 4 sts onto a small safety pin (note: *2 of these 4sts come form the previous rnd, in this way back end of body is bang in the middle*). Cast on 25 sts, k to end.
Cont to work in st st, back and forth as follows:
Row 79(inc) Cast on 25 sts, p to end. 63sts

*Shape feet
Row 80 K5, turn.
Row 81 Sl1, p3, turn.
Row 82 Sl1, k2, turn.
Row 83 Sl1, p1, turn.
Row 84 Sl1, k to end.

...other side...
Row 80 P5, turn.
Row 81 Sl1, k3, turn.
Row 82 Sl1, p2, turn.
Row 83 Sl1, k1, turn.
Row 84 Sl1, p to end

Back shaping
Next row (dec) K30, k3 tog, k to end. 61sts

Divide for tail
Next row P28, slip next 5 sts of needle onto a safety pin, cont to purl 28sts beneath the tail to end of row. Keep tension tight to avoid large gaps as you purl above the sts held on the pin. 56sts

Inside back left leg
Next row K25. Turn, working on these last 25 sts for Inside Left Leg, cont in st st for 3 rows.

Shape inside left foot
Next row K5, turn.
Next row Sl1, p3, turn.
Next row Sl1, k2, turn.
Next row Sl1, p1, turn.
Next row Sl1, k22 to end of inside leg. Turn.
Bind off 25 sts.
WS facing, rejoin yarn to foot end of Right Leg.

Inside back right leg
Next row P25. Turn, working on these last 25 sts for Inside Right Leg, cont in st st for 3 rows.
Shape inside right foot
Next row P5, turn.
Next row Sl1, k3, turn.
Next row Sl1, p2, turn.
Next row Sl1, k1, turn.
Next row Sl1, p22 to end of inside leg. Turn.
Bind off 25 sts.
RS facing, rejoin yarn to 6 sts at tail end, k2 tog, k2, k2 tog. 4sts
Work stocking st for 5 rows, so ending with a WS row.
Cut yarn, leave sts on needle.
Join seam beneath back legs
Slip 4 sts held on safety pin at Under Body onto 3mm (US 2) dpn.
Cut working yarn leaving about 60cm (1ft) tail. Hold needles parallel in left hand as if ready to knit across the row. Work *Kitchener Stitch (details at end of pattern) to close seam.

II. Tail

Slip 5 sts off safety pin at Tail onto a 3mm (US 2) dpn.
K5 work as i cord - sts to other end of dpn without turning, for 7 rnds.
Next rnd(dec) K2 tog, k1, k2 tog. 3sts
Cont to work as i cord until entire tail measures approx. 10cm/ 4in.
Cut yarn, thread end through last 3 sts.
Fasten off, weave in ends.

III. Ears *make 2 alike*

Using 3mm (US 2) needles and yarn MC (main colour), cast on 3 sts,
leaving a long tail end for sewing Ear to Head.
Row 1(WS) P.
Row 2 Kfb, k to last st, kfb. 5sts
Rep last 2 rows once more. 7sts
Row 5 P.
Row 6 K2 tog, k to last 2 sts, k2 tog. 5sts
Rep last 2 rows once more. 3sts
Row 9 P3 tog. 1st
Fasten off. Weave in end.

To assemble

Carefully turn out to WS. Backstitch row ends at side of head and along nose.
Carefully turn out to RS. Use your finger to push out the shaping at Nose.
Sew on the eyes - the beads onto the felt onto the head.
Stuff head and neck fairly firmly.
Embroider a black nose, using black thread, at the top of nose shaping.
With CO end at ear join to each side of Head at head shaping decreases.
WS of Front Leg fold leg in half joining row ends and matching foot shaping. Leave tops (cast off edges) of legs un-sewn, mattress seam rows ends to join inside leg to outer leg, work a running stitch, in and out, around CO at foot, stuff foot quite firmly, pull up tight to gather and secure.
Using tweezers, stuff leg at 'knee' and 'thigh' to create the desired leg shape shaping foot as you do so.
Join seam around Front Leg, stuff body quite firmly.
WS facing, fold Back Leg in half joining row ends, matching foot shaping. Leaving tops (cast off edges) of legs un-sewn, mattress seam rows ends to join inside leg to outer leg, work a running stitch, in and out, around CO at foot, stuff foot quite firmly, pull up tight to gather and secure. Weave tail end through stuffing back inside foot.
Using tweezers, stuff leg at 'knee' and 'thigh' to create the desired leg shape shaping foot as you do so.
This next bit is a little tricky, try gently pressing the pieces first to stop them from curling: join seam around Back Leg, stuffing back of body, quite firmly, as you do so.
If necessary backstitch any gap from under Tail. Take time to really 'sculpt' your dog to give him a greyhound body shape.

IV. Jacket

Using 3mm (US 2) dpns cast on 25 sts in any spare 4-ply or sport-weight yarn from your stash. Work in stripes if you wish, the pattern I've given doesn't include the stripes.
Row 1(inc) Kfb, k to last st, kfb. 27sts
Row 2(inc) Purl into front, knit into back of st (pfkb) p to last st, pfkb. 29sts
Work 2 rows st st.
Knit to divide all 29 sts over 3 dpns as follows: onto n1 - K10, onto n2 – k9, onto n3 – k10.
RS of knitting facing join for working in the rnd.
Rnd 6 K29.
Rep last rnd 7 times.

Armholes

Rnd 14(dec) K3, bind off next 6 sts, k10, bind off next 6 sts, k2. 17sts...Knit next 3 sts so that 6 sts are on one needle, turn and work back and forth on these 6 sts for underside of jacket.
Row 15 P.
Work 2 rows st st.
Cut yarn, leave sts on needle.
Rnd 18 RS facing, rejoin yarn to 13sts from top of jacket. Skpo, k9, k2 tog. 11sts
Work 3 rnds st st.

Join top to bottom

Rnd 22 K11 from Top, from 6 sts at Bottom k2 tog, k2, k2 tog. 15sts.
Join in rnd. Keep tension tight as you knit across the tops of the sleeves.
Rnd 23 K15.
Rep last rnd three times more.
Bind off.
Weave in all ends, neatening around the armholes. ■

Claire Garland studied art and design in Cardiff, Wales and a year after the studies started designing needlepoint kits for internationally renowned company Primavera. She wrote her first book, Embroidered Treasures, *after trying her hand embroidering baby bed linen for her then younger children. Her second, a knitting book,* Knitted Babes, *was published soon after. At present, Claire resides with her husband and children in a pretty cottage by the sea in Cornwall, in the far southwest of England, where she still writes books (her latest being* Knit & Purl Pets*), makes toys, and writes knitting patterns which are available from her blog (www.dotpebbles.blogspot.com), Etsy, and Ravelry.*

Saturday, September 8
11th Annual Picnic
GPA/Indianapolis
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Boone County 4-H Fairgrounds
1300 E 100 South
Lebanon, Ind.

Picnic features a silent auction, straw draw, vendors, contests, games, and a catered lunch (available through pre-registration only). Pre-registration $5/person; $10/person day of event. Children 6 and under admitted free. Contact: Sharon Murphy, (317) 839-6436 or Sharon_Murphy@gpaindy.org

Saturday, September 8
Roofest
GPA/Greater Northwest
10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Frontier Park
21800 Meridian S.
Graham, Wash.

This FREE event includes raffles, vendors, live and silent auctions, food, doggy games, available dogs. Come spend a day in the park with your dogs! Camping is available for a nominal fee. Contact: Sara Spears, saloutoo@comcast.net; Lori Bigler, (206) 588-9459 or lorib206@msn.com

Saturday, September 15
Greyhound Gallivantasia
GREYlong
10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Kill Creek Park Beach
DeSoto, Kan.

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

Saturday, September 22
Eighth Annual Keystone Gathering
Keystone Greyhounds
10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
VFW Pavilion and Parade Grounds
343 N. Crawford Road
Grantville, Pa.

Free admission; just bring a covered dish. Silent auction, raffle, introduction of fosters, volunteer of year award, crowning of 2012 King and Queen, senior recognition ceremony, memorial bell ceremony, quilt and raffle drawings, games for kids and dogs, huge blow-out sale of merchandise, 5-and-10 store, consultation with Lee Livingood, meet the Keystone Kids, BYOB, and much more! Contact: Dianne Shadle, (717) 234-1860 or keystonegreys@verizon.net

Saturday and Sunday, September 22 & 23
Annual Fall Open House
Greyhound Friends, Inc.
Noon to 4:00 p.m. both days
167 Saddle Hill Road
Hopkinton, Mass.

Join us for our annual fall open house. Good food, great company (lots of visiting adopted Greyhounds), shopping for humans and hounds, silent auction and raffle, nail trimming, and the Not Quite Westminster Dog Show. Let your Greyhound run in the fenced field. The Greyhounds in the kennel waiting for homes always love visitors, so please stop by. Everyone is welcome with their hounds. Contact: Louise Coleman, ghfriend@greyhound.org

Saturday, September 29
The Seventh Annual Race For Your Heart
Make Your Heart Race — Adopt a Greyhound!
Half Marathon, 10k run and Walk
Hi Speed Hounds Greyhound Rescue and Adoption
Race start 9:00 a.m.
Lockport, Manitoba (5 miles north of Winnipeg)

This race, sanctioned by Athletics Manitoba, starts and finishes at the park across from Skinner's Restaurant on River Road by the locks. The course will be a fast loop offering a scenic view of the Red River. Race participants receive a finisher's medal and lunch at Skinner's. T-shirts are available for a donation. Many people bring their Greyhounds to the event, and Hi-Speed Hounds will have a booth set up with information about our organization and Greyhound items for sale. Come on out for a fun-filled day! Registration fee for the half-marathon is $50.00; for the 10k run/walk, $30.00. Contact: Michaela Lamoureux, (204) 219-4029 or ronco1@shaw.ca; www.hispeedhounds.com

Saturday, September 29
Greyt Fest
GPA/Tri-State
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. (Central time)
Owensboro, Ky.

A gathering to celebrate Greyhounds and the people who love them. Games, vendors, concessions and more! Contact: Kathy Hoersting, (270) 823-7523 or hoerstingk@gmail.com; www.gpatristate.org

Saturday, October 6
Athletes Helping Athletes 5th Annual 5K Run/1 Mile Walk
Southeastern Greyhound Adoption (SEGA)
Same day registration starts 6:30 a.m.; race starts 8:30 a.m.
Kennesaw, Ga. (north of Atlanta)
This fundraising run for SEGA has been certified by USA Track and Field. All of the proceeds go directly to SEGA and its adoption program to support efforts to help retired racing Greyhounds. Contact: Suzanne Lipson, Race Director, (770) 222-2235 or 5K@greyhoundadoption.org

Saturday, October 20
18th Annual Greyhound Picnic in the Park
Greyhound Pet Adoption Las Vegas
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Tule Springs Floyd Lamb Park
Picnic reunion, costume contest, vendors, and lots of Greyhounds! Contact: Judy or Lesley, (702) 392-5822

Saturday, October 27
Greyhound Gathering
GPA/Louisville
Noon to 5:00 p.m.
National Guard Armory
I-65 and Crittenden Drive
Louisville, Ky.
Indoor event with raffles, vendors, games, live auction items, and loads of fun for humans and dogs. $5.00 donation requested. Complimentary lunch. Contact: Lois Mauk, (812) 282-6492 or GPA@GPALouisville.org; www.GPALouisville.org

Saturday, November 3
20th Annual Greyhound Gathering
GPA/Springfield
1:00 p.m. start
4024 W. FR 148
Springfield, Mo.
Greyhound store, cookout, and treats for the Greyhounds. All-fenced area so muzzled Greyhounds can be off lead. Contact: Alane Shultz, agreyhound@mchsi.com

Saturday and Sunday, November 17 & 18
16th Annual Craft Show & Pet Expo
Greyhound Friends of New Jersey
9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Saturday
10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Sunday
Westfield Armory
500 Rahway Avenue
Westfield, N.J.
Annual fundraiser and Adoption Day offering wide variety of vendors with gifts for two- and four-legged friends. Spectacular raffle, live entertainment, professional photos with Santa, and Greyhounds available to pre-approved adopters. Have a bite in the Grey Café. Convenient location is accessible by major highways. Contact: Ellen Ganopoulos, (973) 759-0461 or RedReeper@aol.com

Sammie, adopted by Cara and Jerry Brockhoff of McKinleyville, Calif.

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Ajax (Milo Jaxon) 2001-2012

Ajax was a low-keyed guy who left a big impression wherever he went. Everyone enjoyed his company. He worked through some anxiety issues and became one of the easiest dogs around. Ajax was eager to please, a good listener, liked his routine (but didn't mind changes) and was very affectionate. About the only thing he didn't like was wearing his coat for winter walks. He will always be remembered for his "dancey butt" routine when getting butt scratches and his loud moans during ear scratches. Ajax attended many events promoting Greyhound adoption including meet-and-greets, Spring and Fall Dewey Beach, and GPA/Maryland reunion picnics. Over a period of two weeks, Ajax started limping, was diagnosed, and lost his short battle with osteosarcoma. It was sad at the end, but he was a wonderful dog. Ajax appeared in the Spring 2011 and 2012 issues of CG *Magazine*. He was truly loved and is greatly missed by Marc and Lisa Feuerberg, Amy and Andy Dziengeleski, and Sara and Dave Gutter.

Brite (BW's Brite Eyes) 1998-2012

Brite was John and Lorean Love's wild child. They adopted her when she was only twenty months old. She was the third Greyhound to grace their family, and they had no idea there were Greyhounds like her. She was pictured in Tigger and Dave's Mystery Illness" (Fall 2000 CG) with her brother, Dave. Brite was a tiny little thing with a cuteness factor that was exceeded only exceeded by her quirky personality and her rabbit-soft fur. She was a meet-and-greet ambassadog extraordinaire for several years. Many hounds found their forever homes, thanks to Britey. She lit up John and Lorean's lives and home for twelve and a half years, but it wasn't long enough. They loved their little character deeply and miss her very much. She is buried in their hearts, to never be forgotten.

Nikkie 1998-2012

Adopted by Arthur Winfield Knight and Kit Knight, Nikkie was the subject of Arthur's poetry, which appeared in numerous issues of CG over the last five years. One morning, Kit found Nikkie with all four legs splayed out on the concrete garage floor. A friend got her off the concrete and on her bed, but she still couldn't get up. She wouldn't eat or drink. The next morning, Kit called the veterinarian, who made her first-ever house call that afternoon. Kit sat with Nikkie all morning telling her she loved her, that she was a good dog, and that she wouldn't die alone. She ate a piece of turkey jerky from Kit's hand; the last thing she ate was something she loved. Kit covered her with Arthur's 40-year-old blue robe both because she thought Nikkie might be cold and because she wanted her surrounded by a familiar smell. She promised her she wouldn't die alone, and she fulfilled her promise. Nikkie took pieces of their hearts with her.

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

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