

# cgmagazine

celebrating greyhounds

Winter 2009

\$6.50



**ALSO INSIDE:**  
Greyhounds in Art  
The Greyhound Airlift

## Greyhounds as Inspiration

**How Has Your Dog  
Changed Your Life?**



Causey's Patches, adopted by Jenny Baltzley of Gettysburg, Pa.

## cgmagazine

The Magazine for Greyhound Adopters,  
Owners, and Friends  
Vol. 14; No. 4 Winter 2009

**Front Cover Credit:**

Cool Runnings. Acrylic on gessoed masonite.  
Kent Roberts

**Back Cover Credit:**

Nike, adopted by Kent and Pam Roberts of  
Shippensburg, Pa. This photograph by Kent  
Roberts was the basis of his painting "Cool  
Runnings," featured on the front cover of  
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As I write this, I've just returned from another lovely Greyhounds Reach the Beach weekend in Dewey Beach, Delaware. Since Lynn Roick and her colleagues with the Greyhounds in Art show were kind enough to allow *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* to share their exhibit space, I hunkered down in a corner with some magazines and subscription forms, just in case anybody wandered by who had never heard of or subscribed to CG.

The art show traffic was steady and I got to meet a lot of you and your lovely dogs. Still, I had plenty of time to sit and think (and knit). Surrounded by beautiful paintings, prints and fiber art — not to mention the back issues of CG, filled with all of the gorgeous photos you've sent us — it's hard not to conclude that Greyhounds are a powerful source of inspiration.

In this issue of CG, Henry Townsend's exploration of the history of the Greyhound in art provides compelling evidence of the power of the Greyhound as muse. The artists who shared their work with Greyhounds Reach the Beach attendees are certainly part of this tradition. So, too, are the vendors who incorporate the image of a Greyhound into items ranging from t-shirts and bracelets to calendars and coffee cups, from feeding stands and photographs to memorial plaques and garden stakes. I don't think it's too big a stretch to say that the attendees themselves, tricked out in their finest Greyhound-related apparel, jewelry, and so forth, were living evidence of the ability of the Greyhound to inspire creativity.

But the Greyhound sparks more than just artistic impulses. A few weeks ago, I asked readers to write to us and tell us how their Greyhounds have inspired them. The responses we received were wide-ranging, funny, touching, and generous, and we've included as many of them as we can in this issue. It's clear that for many people, the act of adopting a Greyhound was a growth experience, to say the least. Their canine companions prompted them to take up new activities, embrace a new sense of purpose, change priorities, develop courage, find new communities, and become more reflective, just to name a few of the changes. Would these writers have grown as they did without their dogs? Hard to say, I suppose. But reading their essays, it's easy to conclude that adopting Greyhounds changed their lives.

I hope you enjoy these essays as much as we did. As you read them, perhaps you will recognize a bit of yourselves . . . and your Greyhounds, too.

Happy holidays.

## 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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## Adopting Black Greyhounds

I am on the Board of Directors for Kindred Spirits Greyhound Adoption, and I would like to find more information on how to stack the deck on our adoptions. I don't want to lower our standards at all, because our re-adoption rate is low. But I want to find a way to increase the number of adoptions. Your article about black dogs not being wanted ("Doggie Discrimination — Black is Beautiful," Summer 2009 CG), said that the percentages go up for the first dog that is seen. This is the thing I want to find out about. Do you have a starting point?

**John DeMetro**  
Via E-Mail

I read with interest the article about finding homes for black Greyhounds. Several years ago, I asked members of the GPA List if they had problems finding homes for these dogs and why. Every respondent indicated that she had a problem and spoke of the history of black dogs primarily. Since we (GPA/Orange County-Greater Los Angeles) not only don't have problems placing black Greyhounds — male or female — and several times have had a waiting list for them, I took a look at the responses I received and, even though the sample is not large enough to be scientifically credible, it does appear that the problem is regional rather than universal. Too bad we don't know a Sociology major looking for a project.

**Joyce McRorie**  
Via E-mail

Thank you for publishing the article on Black Greyhounds. We adopted Olivia 3 and a half years ago. Not only is she black, but she is covered with scars from an unknown previous accident. Our local humane society caught her as a stray and considered her unadoptable not only because of her appearance but because she was scared and nervous. The Greyhound rescue group for which we volunteer took her in and we fell in love with her. She is a playful, happy snuggler. We think she is an absolutely beautiful dog — both inside and out!

**Kathy and Howard Schwartz**  
Fort Collins, Colo.



Olivia, adopted by Kathy and Howard Schwartz of Fort Collins, Colo.

I am the proud, happy "mommy" of Glenard King (aka Glennie), a black Irish Greyhound. According to his veterinarian and kennel owners, Glennie is the most sociable Greyhound they have ever met. He is friendly to every living thing he meets. He seems to love everyone, without any prejudice whatsoever. Glennie is the second black Greyhound I have had. In talking to other owners of black Greyhounds, I found that they all felt that their dogs had the best dispositions of any other color. And as the article in the Summer issue states, they are so beautiful. Coincidentally, I found that while walking him, people moved to the other side

of the road when we approached. I felt that this was a good protective "cover," strangers thinking that I had a Doberman and avoiding us. I feel safe walking with him, even knowing that he is the sweetest boy there ever was and hasn't a mean bone in his body. Wherever we go, perfect strangers admire him for his beauty after I tell them that he is friendly and loves attention. On the road where we live, Glennie has many admirers. I hope the people we meet remember the beautiful black Greyhound when they consider adoption.

**Rosalie Giardina**  
Lansdale, Pa.



Thunder and Lightning, adopted by Ann and Carlos Valenzuela of Wichita Falls, Texas.

### Good Dogs

Two articles in the Summer issue were of interest to me: “Sustaining Prison-Based Greyhound Foster Programs” and “From Racing to Visiting: Taking the Therapy Dog Plunge.” I’m a qualified instructor through Volhard Training. For ten years, I’ve gone to Richland Correctional Institute in Ohio to help the inmates train dogs. I had one of the top 10 Dobermans in conformation, along with various obedience titles, until I got interested in the Greyhounds that Team Greyhound from Toledo, Ohio was putting into the prison program. I adopted my first

Greyhound from the program. He later went on to be the first Greyhound in Ohio and the eighth in the United States to obtain his Rally Obedience title from the American Kennel Club. He has Companion Dog and Canine Good Citizen titles from the AKC, and is a certified therapy dog through Therapy Dog International. We visit people at a local care center. I would like to see your magazine do a follow-up story about the various ways these dogs not only make good pets and companions, but are very intelligent.

**Christine Gerich**  
Shelby, Ohio

### Saying Goodbye

“A Veterinarian’s Perspective on Saying Goodbye” (Summer 2009 CG) was an excellent and heartfelt article on euthanasia with a viewpoint from the “working” side. I’ve been through it three times with three Greyhounds — with more to come, obviously. It is important for me to be with my pet in those final moments. The tradeoff is that for each euthanization my thoughts and emotions become elevated into a critical mass and it is easy to forget that a caring veterinarian has the hardest part.

**Will Shumaker**  
Tampa, Fla.

### Welcome, New Subscribers!

We recently adopted our second Greyhound and received a copy of your magazine. My husband and I both really enjoyed it — so much information and we love the photos! Keep up the good work. Just sent in my new subscription today.

**Suzanne Griffith**  
Via E-Mail

We have finally found a Greyhound magazine that offers awesome, valuable information to new Greyhound owners. We rescued Lightning and Thunder from the Wichita Falls, Texas Humane Society. They were only four months old at the time and looked scared to be in a different environment. They are now one year old and have been a joy. They share our home with four Labrador Retrievers.

**Ann and Carlos Valenzuela**  
Wichita Falls, Texas

*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 55113. Letters sent via e-mail to [editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org](mailto: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.*

# On The Line, 1950s Champion

By Laurel E. Drew

On The Line was the son of Creekmore and Handy Judy, a good daughter of the imported Handy Andy. Creekmore was by Russ Park, out of Traffic Kate, who descended from the great Traffic Officer, another Hall of Fame dog. Handy Judy won 13 straight races, even though she was not considered a good looker; she was too long in the body and too short on leg. She was said to look like a collie by her owner. Her son, On The Line, was also long in the body.

On The Line was a fawn brindle and was born January 16, 1950, one of ten pups. His littermates were Carrie V., Clearfield, June Carter, Just Nellie, Knishes, Miss New Year, Mount Ray, Peggy Greer, and W.J. Creekmore. Several of them also became well known runners. He was bred by Aaron Kulchinsky (Chappell Kennels), who said, "This was by far the best dog I ever owned. He'd win eliminations in major derbies by seven lightposts — not lengths."

In 1952, On The Line was zooming. As of 1982, he was still the only Greyhound to have won the New England Triple Crown. That was composed of the three major stakes: the Raynham Derby (\$25,000); the American Derby (\$25,000), in which he equaled the track record; and the Wonderland Derby (\$50,000). In the same year, he won the Hollywood Open and all three legs of the National Championship. In the National Championship, the dogs were required to win at 5/16ths, 3/8ths, and 7/16ths, proving their stamina as well as speed. He shared the U.S. Win Champion honors and was named



Greyhound of the Year by the Greyhound Writers of America. Owner Kulchinsky commented, "They didn't give him the credit due him because I was cocky, and people and the race tracks didn't like me." The Greyhound Writers of America also named Kulchinsky Kennel Owner of the Year. His comment on that was, "So you know I must've had a super, super kennel for them to give it to me."

Injury forced On The Line to retire from the track early, but he went on to produce some excellent racers while standing at stud at the John Young farm in Kiefer, Oklahoma. He died of leukemia in 1960 at 10 years of age.

On The Line left a rich heritage of top racers and producers, including Honey Line, who won 19 races at Flagler. She then followed up with a wonderful season at Wonderland, where she won 18 races, including ten straight, and finished in the money 22 times. Other top runners produced by On The Line included Broadway Donna, Dapples, Harmony Line, and Kathi Line, who later produced the great Kathi Award.

As a sire of top bitches, On The Line was right there with the best of them. When asked to put it on the line, he did, both on the track and in the whelping box. For all of these achievements, he was inducted into the Greyhound Hall of Fame in 1978. ■

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



Hammer (Rapido Hammer and Amy (Crystal Amy), adopted by Diane and Tome Ward of Leesburg, Va.

# Help Wanted: The Greyhound Project Wants You!

**H**ave you ever imagined opening the Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar and seeing the face of your Greyhound? Or seeing your writing in the pages of *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*? You can make it happen. Here's how:

## **Submit your photos for the 2011 Celebrating Greyhounds Calendar**

Please include your name and location, your dog's name, and your adoption group's name and location.

Digital photos should be on a CD accompanied by printouts clearly marked with the photo name and number. Be sure your full name is on printouts and the CD in case they get separated.

If you send in actual photo prints, the information should be printed on tape or a label before applying it to the back of each photo.

Photo selection is typically done by a group of volunteers in early April for the following year. We receive hundreds of photos, so please limit your submissions to your very best shots.

Send them to:

The Greyhound Project, Inc.

Attn: Calendar Photos

PO Box 5239

Framingham, MA 01701

Photos that are not used in the calendar are passed along to *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* and may appear in a future issue. Sorry, but we are not able to return photos.

## Write for Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine

Every article in this magazine is here because somebody wrote it and sent it to us. *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* does not have staff writers. We rely on volunteers like you to let us know when you have a good idea for a story . . . if you will write it for us, that's even better!

We are always looking for great stories. The following is a list of types of material that we always like to see:

**Activities.** What fun things do you do with your Greyhound? Do you travel? Compete? Volunteer? Sharing your adventures can expand our ideas about what Greyhounds can do and inspire us to explore new activities with our dogs, leading to fuller, richer lives for both Greyhounds and owners.

**Adoption.** We like to share the practices of successful adoption programs so that other groups may benefit. Placement, fostering, fundraising, cat-testing, publicity, kennels . . . the list of adoption-related topics is virtually endless. We are also interested in articles about significant, newsworthy events that affect the adoption community (track closings, for example).

**Crafts.** We regularly include articles about how to make things that are Greyhound-themed, or that are for use by Greyhounds themselves. If you are creative and willing to share the instructions for your special Greyhound-related project, let us know.

**Fiction.** Short stories (3000 words, tops) in which the Greyhound is prominently featured are welcome. However, please note that we do not publish stories in which the Greyhound speaks as if it were human.

**Hero Hounds.** This regular feature spotlights Greyhounds who have demonstrated heroic behavior. The current issue is the third issue in a row that has not included a hero hound story . . . because nobody has sent us one. Have all Greyhounds hung up their superhero costumes? Surely not! If your hound has committed an act of heroism, share it with us.

**History.** Articles that help us understand the history of Greyhounds — on a broad, cultural level, or within one's own community or family — are always of interest.

**Humor.** Funny stories featuring Greyhounds are always welcome.

**Living with Greyhounds.** This broad category encompasses all aspects of the experience of sharing our lives with Greyhounds, as well as Greyhound ownership as a unique and quirky subculture.

**Medical.** We are always interested in works that help us better understand the medical needs of Greyhounds. Successful medical articles will explain medical conditions and treatments in terms that are understood by the educated layperson and contain information that will be of use to the reader. Traditional and alternative therapies are both welcome.

**Reviews.** Have you recently read a book, watched a program, or used a product that would be of interest to Greyhound owners? Let us know what you think about it.

This list is certainly not all-inclusive. If you have an idea for an article that doesn't seem to fit into any of the above categories, contact us. The best approach is to contact *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* before you write your article; this gives us an opportunity to confirm that the topic is of interest (or save you a lot of unnecessary work if it is not). Please send your queries by e-mail to [editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org](mailto:editor@adopt-a-greyhound.org), or by regular mail to CG Magazine Editorial Office, PO Box 120048, St. Paul, MN 55112.

## Greyhounds Reach the Beach 2009 a Great Success

Greyhounds Reach the Beach was a smaller event this year. The loss of the venues at the Bay Center in Dewey Beach, Delaware had an impact. But a dedicated group still showed up and had a great time. Thanks to the efforts of Lynn Roick, the Greyhounds in Art show and silent auction pulled in just shy of \$8,000 for The Ohio State University Greyhound Health and Wellness Program, and \$700 was raised by the Bell Ceremony conducted by GPA's Rory Gorée.

Over the years, Greyhounds Reach the Beach has taken on a life of its own. What was once just a Dewey Beach-based event has now spread into the surrounding towns. The Greyhound Project will continue to do what it can to support the event, and we'll put our heads together again this year to see how it can be improved in 2010.

Greyhounds Reach the Beach has always been unique. The draw for many of us was that we could walk on the beach, walk over to a seminar with our hounds, and then walk back to our hotel rooms for a break or go shopping with the vendors along the Dewey strip. Changes in the makeup of the town may mean that venues for seminars and the brunch would have to move as far as seven miles away from the town, with dogs not permitted. We need to determine whether that kind of event is something that people would be willing to attend.

In the meantime, thanks to everyone who supported the event, and to all who care about the Greyhounds. —Michael McCann

## 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](mailto:subscriptions@adopt-a-greyhound.org). Subscriptions may be renewed online at [www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine](http://www.adopt-a-greyhound.org/cgmagazine).



Enzo, adopted by Tom and Dayna Clark of Reno, Nev.



# My Greyhound's a What? Hermaphroditism Explained

By Jim Bader, DVM

**M**other Nature has a wonderful method to start out with something so simple as a single egg and sperm cell, and then have it develop into the final being, such as a Greyhound. The development is very complex, yet elegantly simple. The cells' DNA commands the cell to divide and develop into tissues, then organs, then organ systems. The organ systems then communicate and cooperate to complete the Greyhound.

No system or method is perfect. There can be errors along the entire development process. Errors in the DNA can cause the cells to divide incorrectly or into tissues which are unnecessary at that location in the body. The developing embryo may also be exposed to medications, toxins, or viruses which cause abnormal development. Some of these developmental errors are fatal, causing the organism to stop developing and die. Some are the cause of birth defects. One of these birth defects is hermaphroditism, which means a Greyhound, or other animal, has both female and male reproductive tissues.

What is hermaphroditism? How and why does it develop? How does a Greyhound owner deal with it? In order to understand hermaphroditism, one needs a general idea of how a sperm and egg develop into a Greyhound — at least as it relates to sexual development.

The female's egg contains only the X chromosome. The male's sperm can contain either the X or Y chromosome. During fertilization, each cell contributes one half of the DNA needed to make a Greyhound. The egg always donates the X and the sperm donates either an X or Y to make an embryo. In the perfect world, an XX embryo develops into a female Greyhound; if the embryo is XY it will be a male.

All developing embryos start out as a female, even if the embryo is XY. Once the embryo reaches a certain stage, its genetic makeup embraces the pathway for either male or female. The male embryo starts to arrest the growth of specific female organs, and causes development of the male reproductive organs, specifically the testicle. The testicle then produces testosterone causing further development of male reproductive organs and suppression of female reproductive organs. It is during these critical times that mistakes in development occur, resulting in hermaphroditism.

There are several degrees of hermaphroditism. These are based on whether the Greyhound is XX or XY, and the reproductive organs that are present. A true hermaphrodite has an XX genetic makeup but has an ova testes. An ova testes contains tissues of both a testicle and an ovary. The female true hermaphrodite also has an enlarged clitoris, which may contain a small piece of bone. This mimics the bone of a male's penis. The rest of the Greyhound externally appears female. It is the internal organs that are far from true female. The internal organs contain the ova testes instead of an ovary and may contain an epididymis,



Administration of testosterone early in pregnancy can produce a condition in dogs called pseudo-hermaphroditism. Photo by Merri Van Dyke

the duct present in males that carry the sperm to the urethra. The uterus may be present, but may be an abnormal size.

A male true hermaphrodite externally appears male to the untrained eye. Closer examination reveals the sheath is shortened, and the opening is between a normal male and female opening. The penis is usually small in development, and the urethra may have several small openings instead of one larger opening. The ova testes may be descended but no scrotum will be present. These Greyhounds may be diagnosed as a bilateral cryptorchid male, meaning the testicles have not descended. Once surgery is performed then the surprise occurs. The ova testes is attached to a uterus, so the surgery more resembles a spay instead of a castration. Most of the other male reproductive organs are present, including the epididymis.

The developmental changes associated with hermaphroditism appear to be genetic. There is an error in the level of specific genes causing the improper development. Either the gene fails to express itself during development, or the gene is not present because it is not present in the DNA. Hermaphrodites are usually sterile.

There is one other condition which appears externally to be a hermaphrodite but is not. These are the pseudo-hermaphrodites. There is no genetic basis for the condition and usually affects females. The female usually has an enlarged clitoris, but also may have testicles instead of ovaries. This condition occurs because the Greyhound bitch is administered some form of testosterone during early pregnancy. The exogenous testosterone acts on the embryo as if the embryo had testicles. The exogenous testosterone causes the female embryo to take the male developmental pathway. This condition is entirely caused by the person administering the medication. (Testosterone is often administered to female racers to prevent them from going into heat. If it is administered to the dog before pregnancy is detected, this condition may result.)

So if you own a hermaphrodite or pseudo-hermaphrodite, what do you have to do different? First of all when dealing with any genetic or developmental disease, the rule is

if you find one defect, make sure there are no other defects. A thorough physical exam is performed including laboratory work and radiographs. Hormone tests and karyotyping (checking for number and type of DNA chromosomes) can be performed, but these can be very expensive and may just be educational instead of medicinal. When all the results are in and the Greyhound is normal except for the reproductive tract, then removing the abnormal reproductive organs are in order.

The ova testes, uterus, epididymis, and any other organs of the reproductive system are surgically removed. On a male true hermaphrodite this surgery is more involved due to the abnormal development of the reproductive tract. The veterinarian may have to search the Greyhound's abdominal cavity for and identify all the organs to be removed. Also, the urethra should be checked for proper opening. If urine scald is occurring, this should be corrected at this time. The organs are submitted for histopathology to confirm the diagnosis and also to check for abnormal cells. The reproductive tracts of hermaphrodites have a higher incidence of neoplasia (abnormal cell growth), so removal will prevent cancer later in life. The enlarged clitoris of the hermaphrodites and pseudo hermaphrodites can be removed but mostly this is of a cosmetic nature, rather than a medical nature.

Hermaphroditism is an uncommon condition of Greyhounds. It has a genetic basis, while pseudo-hermaphroditism is induced by medication. The Greyhound is usually medically normal in all other aspects. Removing the abnormal reproductive tract is the treatment of choice for these dogs. The Greyhounds go on to lead normal lives, and their condition usually just becomes a topic of conversation for their owners.

Of course, the biggest question facing the owner of a hermaphrodite is: Should the owner name their hermaphroditic Greyhound a gender neutral name due to the presence of both male and female reproductive organs? ■

---

*Dr. Jim Bader is a CG regular contributor.*



Puppy Yogi at 3 months of age.

## Yogi's Story: Jack is Now a Jill

By Joyce Fisher

One night I logged onto the computer and found that a puppy had been returned to Arizona Greyhound Rescue. I first saw this puppy three months earlier on their website with an announcement of the birth of three Greyhound puppies named Manny, Moe, and Jack. I couldn't believe my eyes: Jack was a double of my dog Cheyenne.

Cheyenne was born to an accidental litter and he was our first Greyhound puppy. Knowing that having a Greyhound puppy in the house can be a challenge, we took one day at a time when we first got him. Years later and not long before seeing Jack, we lost Cheyenne to a sudden stroke at the age of 9 and a half. We had put our lives on hold after Cheyenne's passing until we could no longer bear to have a silent house. I saw Jack on the website, and my heart melted. I contacted Mary Freeman, president of Arizona Greyhound Rescue. I told her of our years of experience in Greyhound adoption in New England and promised to send her references. To make a long story shorter, we passed inspections over the phone and Internet, and three days later Jack was on his way to New Mexico. Mike, a wonderful man from Arizona Greyhound Rescue, was traveling to a lure coursing event in New Mexico that would take him within an hour's drive of our home. We met Mike and Jack outside a Home Depot in Rio Rancho. The moment we saw Jack, our hearts were full of joy again and we couldn't wait to hold him.

The little dog named Jack was ours. We could not believe that we finally had him. One of the most important things we knew about Jack was that he was a hermaphrodite puppy, meaning he had both male and female reproductive organs. We knew this when we adopted him. Cheyenne, our first Greyhound puppy, was also a hermaphrodite. (The only visible difference was that Cheyenne had male genitals, while Jack did not.)

Within his first few days with us, Jack developed a serious infection in his urinary tract. We had taken him to see our veterinarian, Dr. George Abernathy, a few days earlier. At that time, Dr. Abernathy was uncertain about Jack's gender and internal reproductive organs. On this second visit, Dr. Abernathy informed us that Jack would need a perineal urethrostomy to survive. This surgical procedure would create an opening in the urethra, allowing urine to pass from bladder. We told Dr. Abernathy to do whatever he could to save him. He administered antibiotics and scheduled the surgery for the following day.

The next day was just awful. Bill and I did not know if our little boy would survive. When Dr. Abernathy telephoned us, our hearts sank. We did not expect a call so soon, so we feared the worst. "Your puppy is okay," he told us, "but I have to tell you that she died on the table just after the surgery."

*She?*

Dr. Abernathy and his wonderful staff raced her back into the operating room and performed CPR and heart massage to bring our puppy back to life. She was clinically dead for approximately two minutes. He went on to explain the surgical details to us. He had been unable to find the urethral opening, so he opened the abdomen, exteriorized the bladder, made a hole in the bladder, passed a catheter out through the urethral opening, sutured part of the wall shut again, and left part of it open to make the passage of urine a little easier. The cranial part of the prepuce was removed. The middle part of the prepuce was left open with the ventral part removed. The caudal part of the prepuce was left intact to keep the urethral opening covered.

Our little girl — renamed Yogi — made it through this major surgery. She came home two days later with twenty sutures and two parents scared of what they had to do post-operatively to care for her. My background as

a medical assistant for 20 years, with 13 of those in surgery, helped me care for her. As each day passed, Yogi grew stronger. Her Greyhound puppy antics kicked in.

Finally, the day came when we knew we needed to have Yogi spayed. Dr. Abernathy permitted me to watch the surgery. According to Dr. Abernathy's notes, "The left ovary looked more like a testicle, the right ovary looked normal, [and] the dog had a small uterus."

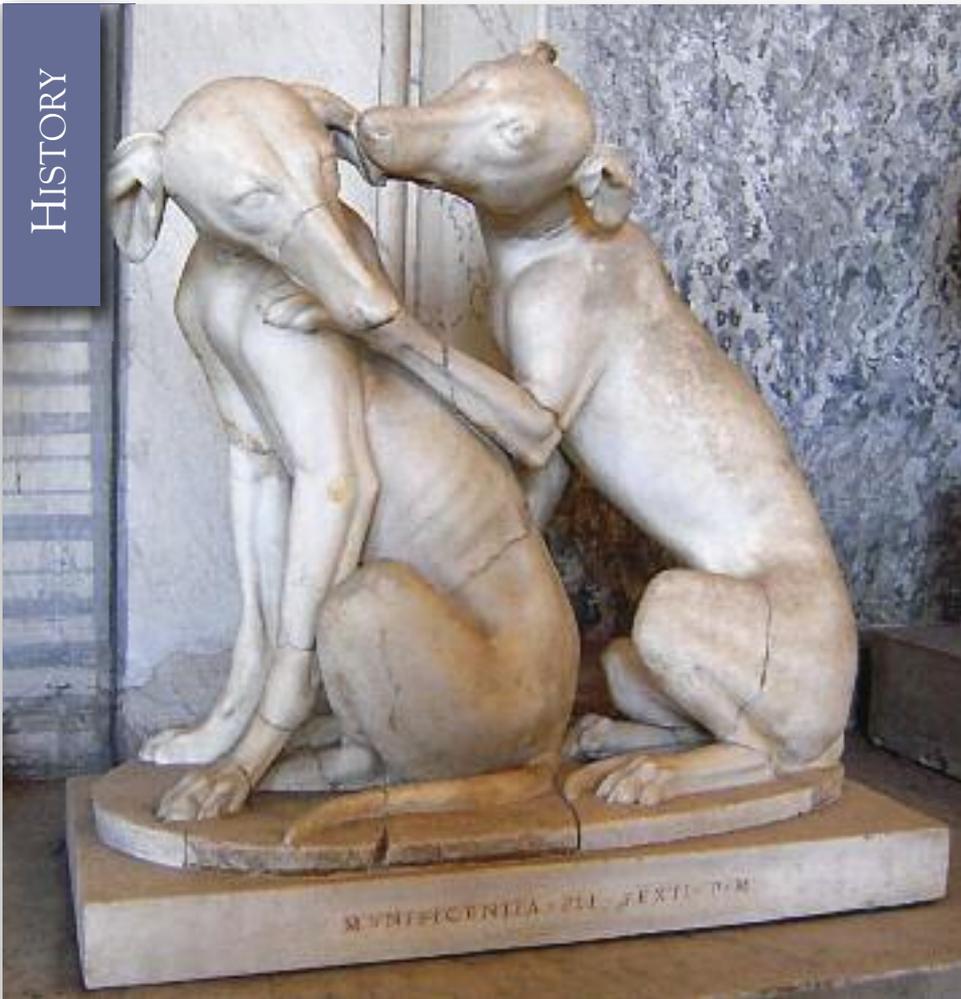
Certainly, not all puppies are born with this situation. The ending to this particular story is a very happy one for a lucky puppy named Yogi. At this writing, Yogi is now almost 3-and-a-half years old. ■

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*Joyce Fisher lives with husband Bill and Greyhound Yogi in Rio Rancho, N.M. Bill and Joyce volunteered for Greyhound adoption for several years in New Hampshire before relocating to New Mexico. They can be reached at [fishergrey@cableone.net](mailto:fishergrey@cableone.net)*



Adult Yogi is healthy and happy.



2nd C. BCE, Two Greyhounds Playing, Roman Sculpture, Sala di Animali, Pio-Clementine Museum, Vatican City.

### Ancient Examples

There are a few examples of dogs that resemble Greyhounds on ancient Egyptian or Greek pottery, and more than a dozen Greek or Roman statues with Greyhound-like dogs. For the most part, however, these ancient dogs are not depicted realistically; calling them Greyhounds requires suspension of disbelief. But five Roman statues in the Vatican Museums show dogs quite similar to Greyhounds, and they are labeled Greyhounds by the museum.

# Greyhounds in Art

By Henry Townsend

There is a long history of our dogs in art, a record that by far surpasses that of any other breed. This article discusses Greyhounds as they appear in art, when and where this art was created, and where paintings, sculpture, or other forms of Greyhound art can be seen. The way Greyhounds in art are shown over time and by country of artist illustrates and helps us better understand the history of our dogs.

Because of my joint interests in Greyhounds and art, I have visited many art galleries, including most of the largest in the United States and Europe, in search of paintings, sculptures, and other forms of art that show Greyhounds. I have also searched for Greyhound art on the web, and in books on artists, museums, and art history, omitting art in collections not open to the public. My search has for the most part been limited to dogs that appear to be true Greyhounds, not Italian Greyhounds or Whippets, and I have not included dogs of similar appearance such as Salukis or Irish Wolfhounds.

My search has found almost 900 examples of Greyhounds in art, although usually the Greyhounds are not the primary focus of the work. While this search has hardly been exhaustive, it is probably representative of the use of Greyhounds in art, so statistics from my database should accurately describe all Greyhounds in art. Only 8 percent show a Greyhound or Greyhounds as the main subject; while in 21 percent, the Greyhound is not alone but is central to the subject of the art; so that in about 70 percent, Greyhounds are merely accessory. About 80 percent are paintings, while 7 percent are statues, 5 percent works on paper (for example, drawings or prints), 4 percent tapestries, 2 percent illuminated manuscripts, and 3 percent are other forms such as porcelain, furniture, and architectural decoration. Works on paper are often not on display, so I have included only some of the best.



13th C., Hunt Scene, Wall Painting, Hailes Church, Hailes, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, U.K.

## Medieval Greyhounds

The earliest examples of Greyhounds in art after these ancient examples are a down spout on Pisa Cathedral, a pulpit in Siena Cathedral, a mosaic in Palermo, and frescoed walls that show Greyhounds in hunting scenes in three medieval buildings in England, Italy, and Spain, all completed before 1300. Some of the dogs seem much too small to be Greyhounds, but their shape is approximately right and neither the Italian Greyhound nor the Whippet had yet come into existence.

Moreover, perspective in art had not yet been invented, and realism in relative sizes was not a requirement in painting.

There are a dozen works of art by Italian and French artists of the 14th century that have Greyhound-like dogs. While perspective had not yet been perfected, realism in art had advanced to the point where most of these dogs are unmistakably Greyhounds. Some are scenes of hunting while others depict life at court or stories from the Bible.

The most wonderful of all of these early

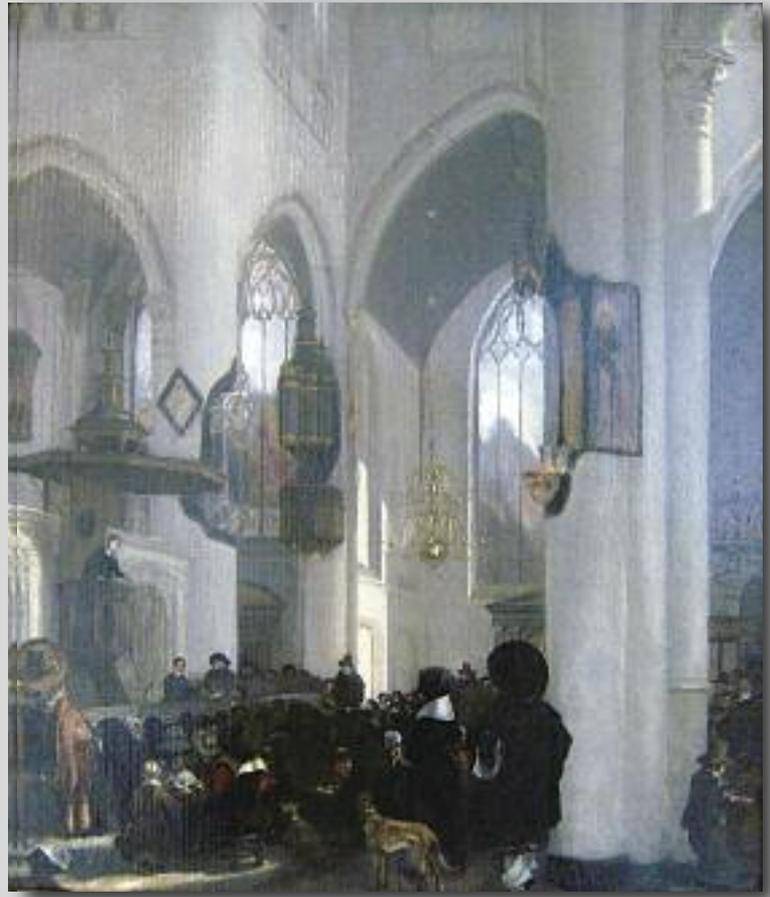
works is the “Hunting Book of Gaston Phébus,” an illustrated treatise on hunting by Gaston de Foix (1331-1391). The original has been lost, but 15th century copies are in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris and the Morgan Library in New York. The book deals with the nature and training of five breeds of dogs used for hunting; only the Lévrier, or Greyhound in medieval and modern French, resembles the modern dog. (See [www.bnf.fr/enluminures/manuscrits/aman10/i5\\_0020.htm](http://www.bnf.fr/enluminures/manuscrits/aman10/i5_0020.htm))



c. 1335-40, Buonamico Buffalmacco, The Triumph of Death, Fresco, Camposanto, Pisa Cathedral.



1570S, Paolo Veronese, Boy with a Greyhound, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



After 1650, Emanuel de Witte, Interior of a Gothic Church, Museum Voor Schone Kunsten, Ghent.

## Greyhounds in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries

Beginning in the 15th century in the Renaissance, Greyhounds in art exploded both in quantity and quality. This huge increase in the quantity of Greyhounds in art paralleled a large increase in the quantity of art overall, so we cannot say whether Greyhounds themselves become more popular. We can only observe that from the 15th through the 17th centuries, the number of Greyhounds in art roughly doubled every century. Almost two-thirds of the Greyhound art that I found was created in those three centuries, mostly by Dutch, Flemish, and Italian artists. Since the Renaissance began in Italy, it is not surprising that in the 15th century, more than half were made in that country, while by the 17th century,

four-fifths were made in Holland and Flanders. French, German, and English artists did relatively little during these centuries, with even fewer contributions from other countries.

The most prolific painters of Greyhounds worked during these three centuries. The Venetian painter Paolo Veronese, who lived from 1528 to 1588, created at least 33 paintings with Greyhounds, more than any other artist. In second place is the Dutch painter Emanuel de Witte (1617-1692) with 31 paintings; followed by the Flemish painter Jan Brueghel the Elder (1568-1625) with 27.

More than half of the Greyhound art in

these three centuries falls into three categories: mythological stories, stories from the Bible or other religious themes, and scenes of the hunt. They are often seen as a companion to Diana, the Roman goddess of the hunt. Greyhounds are in more than two dozen paintings showing the Biblical story of the adoration of Mary by the Magi. As dogs, they symbolize fidelity; as Greyhounds, they indicate the nobility of the Magi; while white, their usual color in religious paintings is a symbol of purity. In paintings of the hunt, Greyhounds can be seen as companions to hunters in the field or as hunters on their own, attacking a deer or even a boar.



c. 1616, Jan Breughel the Elder, Studies of Dogs, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.



c. 1444-5, Antonio Vivarini, Adoration of the Kings, Gemäldegalerie, Berlin.



c. 1455, Rogier van der Weyden, Adoration of the Magi, Center of the Three Kings Altar, Alte Pinakothek, Munich.



1624, Joachim Antonist. Wtewael, Moses Striking the Rock, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.



1618, Hendrick Van Balen and Jan Brueghel the Elder, *The Wedding of Thetis and Peleus with Apollo and the Muses*, Louvre, Paris.



[c. 1620, Jan Brueghel the Elder and Peter Paul Rubens, *Diana and Her Nymphs Asleep, Observed by Satyrs*, Musée de la Chasse et de la Nature, Paris.



c. 1525, Dosso Dossi, Circe and her Lovers, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.



1531-1533, Tapestry Design by Bernard Van Orley, Chasse de Maximilian, June, Flemish Tapestry, Louvre, Paris.



Before 1547, the Coat of Arms of Lady Margaret Beaufort, carving over door, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, England.



1620, Peter Paul Rubens, Althea Talbot, Countess of Arundel, Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

In all these works, Greyhounds are shown accompanying the aristocrats of their time, whether the Magi in the Bible, Greek gods and goddesses, particularly Diana, or noble hunters in contemporaneous times. Greyhounds appeared as part of the coat of arms of many aristocratic families, perhaps most prominently in the case of Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, whose coat of arms appears over doors and in the choir stalls in one of the most famous examples of Gothic architecture, the chapel of King's College in Cambridge, England.

In the 17th century, Greyhounds in paintings often appeared as pets. They were near the dinner table, at parties, and accompanying their owners in private and public places, just as our Greyhounds do today. Rather than being a minor part of the art, Greyhounds are now sometimes central to the artistic theme, as in the portraits of the Countess of Arundel and the Duke of Richmond.



1652, David Teniers the Younger, Village Feast with an Aristocratic Couple, Louvre, Paris.

Greyhounds are usually in the company of aristocrats, whether an English countess or a duke (as above), or a couple riding out, or making an appearance at a Dutch country outdoor gathering. They are almost never seen with peasants or other “low-born” people.

1636, Anthony Van Dyck, James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



c. 1655, Aelbert Cuyt, Lady and Gentleman on Horseback, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.



1729, Jean-Baptiste Oudry, Misse and Luttine, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.



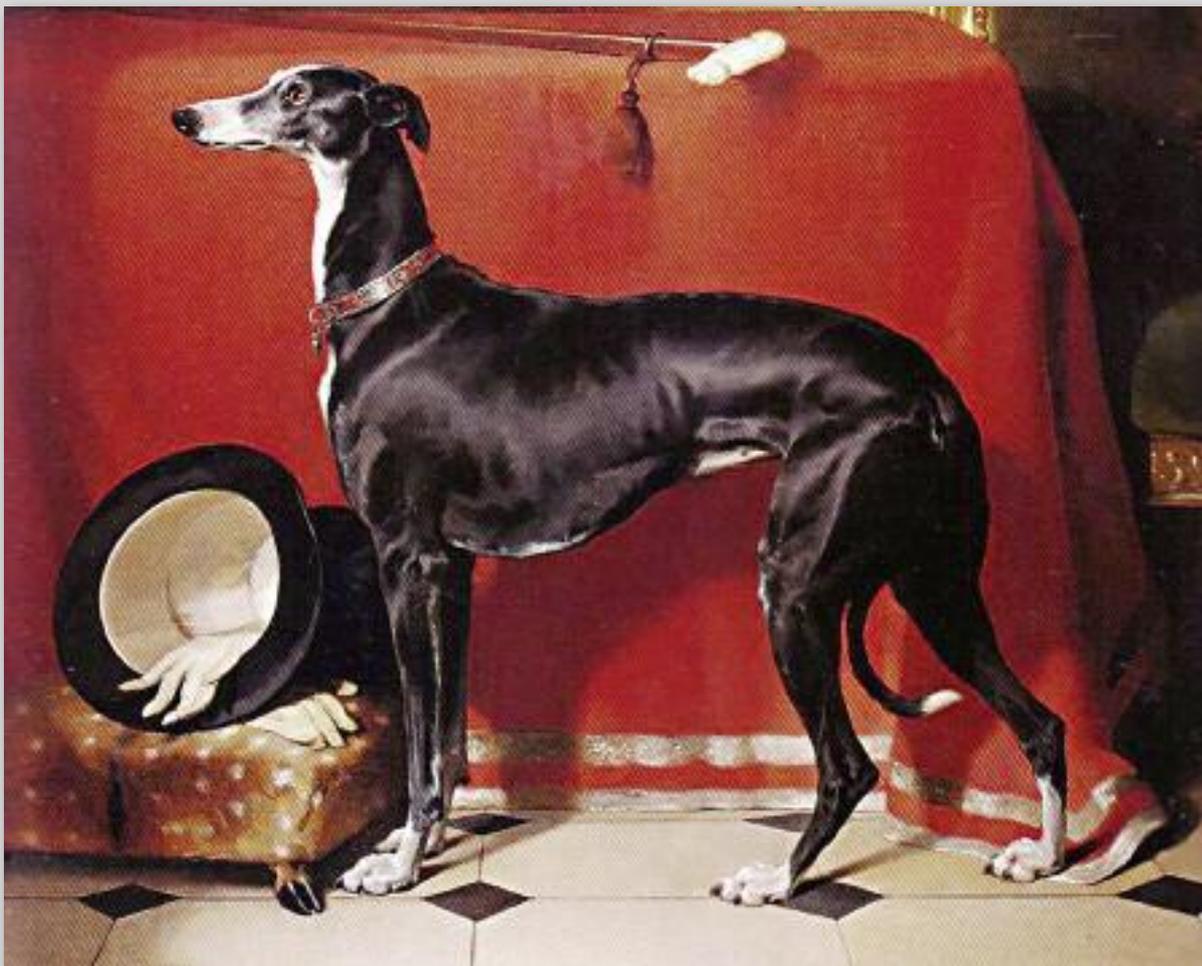
c. 1630, Pieter Neefs, Interior of a Church, Royal Museum, Antwerp.

Paintings with a Greyhound as the central subject are quite rare, but one was commissioned by Louis XV, the undoubtedly aristocratic king of France from 1715 to 1774, who had a portrait painted of two of his favorite dogs, one a Greyhound, Misse [19].

To my surprise I found 41 paintings of Greyhounds in places of worship. All were painted in the 17th century by Flemish or Dutch artists. Typically they show the interior of a church, cathedral or, in two cases, a synagogue, with a few people and a Greyhound inside. Twenty-nine of the 41 were painted by the prolific de Witte, while the Flemish painter Pieter Neefs created at least three, including a wonderful painting of a Greyhound running about inside a church.



1745-6, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, Reception of Henry III, Musée Jacquemart-André, Paris.



1841, Edwin Landsee, Eos, Collection of Queen Elizabeth II.



Édouard Manet, Fishing, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

## Greyhounds in the 18th Century to the Present

Paintings with Greyhounds by Italian and French artists approximately doubled in the 18th century, and English artists made a large contribution. There are at least 20 paintings with Greyhounds by the great Venetian Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770).

But as the economy stagnated, Flemish and Dutch art fell to a small fraction of its 17th century levels. The representations of Greyhounds in art fell by more than half. Greyhounds appeared often as pets, and mythological themes remained popular, but Greyhounds in religious settings became rare; Greyhounds apparently stopped going to church.

Greyhounds in art became less common in the 19th century. Mythological and religious themes became uncommon; only Greyhounds hunting and as pets remained popular. The vast majority of the Greyhound art of this period is by artists hardly known today, just as most of the art of the 19th century is hardly noticed today. The great English animal painter, Edwin Landseer (1802-1873) created at least eight paintings that include Greyhounds, including four for Queen Victoria. One, "Eos," easily the most famous picture of a Greyhound, was commissioned by her as a present for her new husband, Prince Albert, who had brought his favorite pet from Germany.

Several of the most famous names of 19th century French art — Corot, Courbet, Degas, Édouard Manet, Monet, Morisot — at one time or another included a Greyhound in their art, but the total of such paintings is less than Landseer's output. In the early 19th century, a school of sculptors of animals, the Animalier, began in France. The best of the Animaliers was Antoine-Louis Barye (1795-1875), who produced at least five Greyhound statues cast in bronze, with multiple copies still on display.

By the 20th century, Greyhound art scarcely exists, and the few examples that I found are mainly from the earliest years when realism had not yet gone out of fashion. The most interesting may be two French objects from the 1920s: a hood ornament and a folding screen.



1928, Rene Lalique, Crystal Hood Ornament, similar to object in The Baltimore Museum of Art.



1925, Armand Albert Rateau, A Race in the Forest, Folding Screen, Musée des Arts Decoratifs, Paris.



1350, French or Northern Flemish Tapestry, The Elephant Chase, Louvre, Paris.



1658-60, Michelangelo Pace, Cattedral Campidoglio; Greyhound, Hare, and the Castle of Ariccia; Palazzo Chigi, Ariccia, Italy.

## Where to see Greyhounds in Art

Greyhounds in art may be seen in almost any museum with a good collection from the 15th through the 18th centuries. The larger the museum, the more Greyhounds, and so the largest number of Greyhounds in art in the U.S. may be seen at its largest museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Like other museums, not all the museum's collection is on display all the time, yet I have found 29 paintings, five tapestries, and several other forms of Greyhound art. Other museums in the U.S. with significant numbers of Greyhounds include the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (20), the Getty Center in Los Angeles (18), the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (12), the Chicago Art Institute (12), and the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Abroad, visitors to the Louvre in Paris may discover at least 70, including a bizarrely wonderful tapestry showing two Greyhounds in attendance at the end of an elephant hunt, apparently in the French woods.

The Louvre is not the only museum in Paris with many Greyhounds. At least ten Greyhounds in tapestry are at the Musée Cluny (the Museum of the Middle Ages), while yet more are in the lesser known Musée de la Chasse et de la Nature (Museum of the Hunt and Nature). Twenty or more Greyhounds may be seen at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, the Kunsthistorisches in Vienna; or at the National Gallery in London. Many Greyhounds are in the museums of Belgium and the Netherlands.

Perhaps the most concentrated assemblage of Greyhound art and some of the best may be found at the Palazzo Chigi, in Ariccia, about 30 kilometers outside Rome. There are five paintings with a Greyhound as the central attraction of the painting. ■

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*Henry Townsend and his chief spotter and wife, Jessica, in over 30 years of marriage had never owned a dog. In the summer of 2003 in the marketplace of Salisbury, England, they happened upon a Greyhound rescue group. On November 22, they were joined in Washington, D.C. by Salisbury, who has dominated their lives ever since. Henry extends special thanks to spotters Crispin, Fiona, Frankie, George, John, Maureen, Monica, Sandra, and Trip, all seemingly normal persons who have selflessly interrupted their vacations to take note of Greyhounds they have discovered. To see these images and others, go to [picasaweb.google.com/grey](https://picasaweb.google.com/grey)*



Susie McQuade and Suzanne Griggs with Fly and Solomon, two dogs that were flown from Harlingen to Austin for treatment.

# The Greyhound Airlift

By Shannon Forrest

## Over in a Second

In the world of sports a career-ending injury is always a possibility. The nature of the injury, along with the immediacy and quality of the care that follows, is a determining factor in the rehabilitation and future quality of life of the athlete. Those of us that had the television tuned to *Monday Night Football* on November 18, 1985 will never forget what transpired in the second quarter. As Joe Theismann, quarterback for the Washington Redskins looked for a receiver down field, he was hit by Lawrence Taylor, linebacker for the New York Giants. Almost immediately, Taylor knew Theismann was severely injured and he responded by summoning medical personnel from the sidelines. As it turned out, the collision had shattered Theismann's fibula and cracked his tibia in half. In full view of the crowd and television audience, the medical team secured the quarterback's disfigured right leg with a pressure cast and sent him to the hospital. Theismann was prepped for surgery before the fourth quarter ended.

Such quick medical attention is commonplace in sports. Most professional and collegiate teams enlist a cadre of trainers and physicians to deal with injuries as they occur. Severe injuries such as Theismann's are triaged and stabilized on site and the patient is immediately transported to a location where more advanced care can be provided. For canine athletes however, the time between primary and more complex medical treatment can sometimes be



After sustaining a broken leg during a schooling race at Valley Race Park, Cabot received prompt treatment thanks to Michael and Jane Scott, who flew him to a clinic that could perform the surgery.

hampered by logistics. Variables like mode of transportation, distance to be travelled, availability of personnel, nature of the injury, and of course, funds available, can all increase the wait time for subsequent care.

### Bad News from Harlingen

On Monday, November 5, 2007 a representative from the Greyhound Adoption League of Texas (GALT) received an early morning phone call from Valley Race Park in Harlingen, Texas. Receiving a call from Valley was not unusual, but the fact that the call came two weeks before the start of the official racing season was the harbinger of the information to follow. Collisions during schooling trials had left two dogs with broken hocks.

Serena's Wizard, a red brindle male, was the most seriously injured with damage to his central tarsal, metatarsal and calcaneus of his right rear leg. Cabot, the other dog, also fractured his central tarsal bone but had not done so as severely as Wizard. Regardless, both dogs needed advanced medical care and, as the only adoption group to pull dogs from Valley

Race Park over the course of the last six years, GALT stepped forward to provide it.

As time was of the essence, the organization faced a major hurdle. Putting it mildly, the state of Texas is a big piece of real estate. Harlingen sits slightly north of the Mexican border and just inland of the Gulf of Mexico. GALT Headquarters (and its preferred veterinarians) are located in Addison, Texas, which is just north of Dallas. At a minimum, the distance between the two points is 530 miles. Mathematically, the drive can be completed in a little over eight hours at 65 miles per hour. But what the math fails to account for is the fact that the major highways running to Harlingen pass through metropolitan areas. At some point traffic will come into play, making a round-trip of twenty-four hours a real possibility.

The medical community discovered this dilemma decades ago. As people began living outside of urban areas, the distance between hospitals and critically injured patients increased. Later, studies revealed that if a patient was transported from the site of the injury to the hospital within the first hour —

“the golden hour” — the survival rate was significantly better. One means of making this happen is air evacuation. Using helicopters and airplanes to relocate the wounded has enormous time-saving potential both in terms of the speed of travel and the ability to bypass congestion. General aviation, the name given to operations other than the airlines and military, has significant advantages over more traditional means of transportation. Texas alone has over 400 public use airports. While only 34 are accessible to airlines, all of them are open to smaller aircrafts.

### A Solution in the Air

Concerned about Cabot and the severity of Wizard's injury, GALT's Susie McQuade contacted Michael Scott of Austin, Texas. Michael and his wife Jane, like most GALT volunteers, owned a retired racer. What was unique about their dog was the way in which she was transported to her forever home. On April 3, 2005, Cali the Greyhound proudly strutted across the tarmac at the local airport and jumped into the Scotts' plane for a ride to central Texas. Cali earning her wings



Greyhound Fly prepares for takeoff on his flight from Harlingen to Austin, Texas.

raised an important question. Could other Greyhounds, specifically those in need of timely veterinary care, also be transported by air? After all, the organizers of the famous Alaskan Iditarod sled dog race rely heavily on general aviation. Each year hundreds of volunteers make up the Iditarod Air Force, an organization staffed by pilots and ground support personnel who donate time, fuel, aircraft, and services to ensure that the dogs and their owners get needed food and supplies while on the trail or in base camp. Dogs that are injured or unfit to finish the race are triaged and identified by colored collars. The color of the collar tells the pilots which dogs are the most critical and must be evacuated first. Without the airplanes, dogs would most certainly die as the remoteness of the Alaskan wilderness elongates the time to treatment.

The airlift question was answered on February 26, 2007, when a Piper Saratoga piloted by Michael Scott made the journey from Harlingen to Austin, Texas with three injured and one sick Greyhound aboard. Upon arrival, the four dogs (Fly, SueBee, Solomon, and Tucker) were met by volunteers who arranged foster care and treatment.

When the Scotts were made aware of the plight of Wizard and Cabot on the afternoon of November 5, 2007, they jumped in their plane and again headed south. By 6 p.m., the two dogs in casts had completed the three hour flight to Addison and were stabilized for the night at the animal hospital. The next day, Cabot's evaluation and x-rays revealed the need for surgical intervention. The procedure involved inserting two screws in the central tarsal bone. Thankfully, the operation was a success and the road to recovery began.

Wizard also required surgery but his prognosis was not as positive as 18-month-old Cabot's. A few days after arriving at the Dallas Veterinary Surgical Center, Wizard underwent three hours of surgery to repair his shattered leg. Unfortunately, the procedure was unable to repair the calcaneus fracture. After careful consideration and consultation, the veterinarians made the decision to amputate the limb. In both cases the dedication of the volunteers, quick access to medical care, and skill of the practitioners made a difference.

### The Flights Continue

A month later, and five weeks into the 2007-2008 racing season, three more Greyhounds with broken legs boarded a plane in Harlingen, headed north for medical treatment and adoption. This time the pilot was Dennis Almendaris who, along with his wife Didi, adopted a Greyhound a few months earlier. The journey would take a slight detour when an approaching frontal system made it necessary for Dennis to land his aircraft short of the destination. With adverse weather affecting the Dallas area, the dogs finished the final miles by car, with Didi at the helm.

In all, ten Greyhounds were transported by air to expedite medical care and begin the transition to retirement. Although the number is small compared to the 550 dogs GALT has received from Valley Race Park, the fact that all the dogs involved now lead happy lives made the effort worthwhile. But each new season of racing brings with it the possibility that a severe injury will necessitate another airlift. As for the pilots, both are ready to fly again should the need arise. For Michael Scott, his motivation is combining his love of flying with helping "the coolest breed on the planet." He points out that the docile nature of the breed makes them good passengers. In fact, at no point during the trip did any of the dogs push the flight attendant call button or ask about making a connection. ■



Wizard enjoys his new life, post-flight and post-amputation.

*Shannon Forrest is a professional pilot and flight instructor living in Fort Worth, Texas. He and his wife share their home with three retired racers. He can be reached at [sforrest@turbinementor.com](mailto:sforrest@turbinementor.com)*



The original photo.

The retouched version.



# Is That Greyhound Loose?

By Jon P. Fishback

**W**e photograph Greyhounds that are recently off the track and come from the kennel environment. When they are taken outside to be photographed they are, to say the least, exuberant. They run around, mark everything, hit the end of the lead, jump, spin, and are generally a handful.

Removing the lead and trying to make the photograph would be foolish and nearly impossible. Even in an enclosed environment it would be nearly impossible to get the Greyhound to look like this.

The reason distracting elements such as the lead are removed, is not to deceive the viewer into thinking the dog is off the lead. There would be no point in that. The reason is very simple.

Distracting elements in a photograph draw the eye. We want the first thing the viewer sees to be the dog, not its leash. There is a phenomenon that comes into play and is called "The Point of Regard." Simply speaking it is the narrow area of your eye that allows you to focus on something. If the first thing you see is the leash, all other elements of the photograph will be gone as long as you look at the leash. This holds true for hot spots of sun in the background as well as shiny leaves in the foreground. Try it, fix your gaze on the leash in the first photograph. Concentrate on it. You cannot see the dog's head unless you release your fixation.

So, through the magic of the computer we are able to present the second photograph.

No, I can assure you she is *not* off her lead! ■

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*Jon P. Fishback volunteers with GPA/Northwest as photographer and placement representative.*



Nike's wildness inspired Kent Roberts to paint her portrait using exaggeration, bright colors, and loose brushwork.



# Beautiful Obsession: How Adopting Greyhounds Inspired My Art

By Kent Roberts

**M**y earliest memory is drawing with my dad. At 4 years old, we were sketching my favorite things: trains, rockets, monsters, and doggies. In elementary school, I tuned out my teachers as I invented stories in my mind, illustrating them on any handy surface: lesson sheets, notebooks, even the desk itself. While this led to less-than-stellar report cards, my dad wasn't too upset. As an art educator and avid watercolorist, he saw "artist" as a legitimate, even noble career goal.

After graduating from art college, I taught commercial art at a vocational high school. After 14 years, I left academia and went to work as a designer/illustrator for a party goods manufacturer. At this company, I met Pam, and we married in 1993. She had a Cocker Spaniel named Clancy, and a cat. Clancy passed away just shy of 16 years of age in 2000. For a year we were dogless.

At one time, Pam worked for a boarding kennel. One of their frequent lodgers was a Greyhound. Pam was impressed with the dog's sweet temperament. She knew that someday she would adopt a Greyhound.

In 2000 we met Lew and Peggy Levin, founders of Personalized Greyhounds, Inc. in Camp Hill, Pennsylvania. We completed an adoption form, fenced our backyard, devoured books about Greyhounds, and even subscribed to *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine* a full year before adopting.

In January 2001, Brooks came into our lives. A handsome, tall, 3-year-old fawn, he was everything a Greyhound was supposed to be. He was gentle, sensitive, quiet, and a bit of a loner. He could be trusted in any situation, with other dogs, with adults and children alike. "What an easy breed," we said. "Let's adopt another."

A black tornado named Nike tore through our house. Fifty pounds of raw energy, she shredded newspapers, chewed up slippers, spun in circles, and painted our living room white by "killing" a bag of flour. She loved tormenting Brooks. She stole his toys, barked in his face, and collided with him when he ran. Brooks's face said it all — *She's not staying, is she?*

As an artist, I was initially attracted by the classic look of the Greyhound: the sleek contours of their bodies, those soulful eyes, and that soft, velvety coat. Now I was also attracted to another aspect of Greyhounds: their personality. My first paintings were of Brooks. They reflected his calm nature, his doe eyes looking at you from the canvas, his fur a subtle mixture of tan, brown, red, and gold. Nike was best captured with wild brush strokes, in bright colors, with a crazed look in her eyes.

I constantly drew the two dogs, filling envelopes, scraps of paper, and sketchbook pages with sketches. Roaming, napping, playing with toys ... even chasing bunnies, all became subjects for sketches. The better sketches became paintings. Nike's love of cockroaching became the inspiration for my

painting, "La Cucaracha." Its wild colors and exaggerated pose have been duplicated as tattoos, adorning three people (that I know of).

In 2004, I exhibited for the first time in the Greyhounds in Art show at Dewey Beach, Delaware. To my amazement and gratification, I sold out. By this time, I was seriously hooked on painting Greyhounds. Later that year, GreytArt.com asked if they could sell prints of my work. To date, close to 60 of my paintings have become part of their print line.

I paint in acrylics and watercolor. Sometimes I work loose and wild, other times tight and controlled. It depends on what I want to achieve in the painting. Acrylics are a versatile paint that can be used as thin as watercolor or as thick as impasto oil. Much of my work revolves around Greyhound parodies of famous paintings, and acrylics lend themselves to duplicating techniques of past masters.

I do pet portraits from photographs. These I paint in watercolor for its luminosity and speed. I can create details in much less time than when using acrylics, keeping paintings affordable. Because I advertise in *Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine*, a lot of my commissions are of Greyhounds — which is fine with me!

While I am an old school artist trained in the 1970s, I know my way around a computer enough to use it as a design tool. It has allowed me to produce my Greyhound paintings on apparel, tiles, mugs, and other col-

lectibles through CafePress. I've used my Mac to design tee-shirts for Greyhound events across the country. It's always fun to see someone wearing one of my creations.

I also do caricatures. While I do them mainly of people, I've found opportunities to do caricatures of Greyhounds. I do them at the Dewey Beach and Greyhounds in Gettysburg events. I've drawn them at fundraisers for Personalized Greyhounds, donating all proceeds to this wonderful group.

Kansas, our third Greyhound, joined our pack in 2005. He's a friendly, exuberant brindle who wants to play with every dog he meets. All three dogs continually inspire new art.

Once, my watercolor landscapes of barns and bridges decorated our walls. Now they're in the basement and stacked behind the couch. Guests in our house feel as though they have entered a museum of Greyhound art. A 30" by 40" canvas of Nike's face against a stark white background dominates our living room. The kitchen, hallways, bedrooms, and yes, even the bathrooms are full of original Greyhound paintings. Every drawer in my file cabinet is stuffed with Greyhound sketches and photos — all potential painting ideas. To say I am inspired as an artist by this beautiful, fun, and funny breed would be an understatement. I am obsessed. And I wouldn't want it any other way. ■

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*Kent Roberts lives, paints, and draws in Shippensburg, Pa.*



Star CGC TDI, adopted by Mark and Katherine Murtha of Clinton, Pa.



Claudia Presto adopted her first Greyhound, Eli, in 1987 . . . proving her heart was as big as her hair.

# You Always Remember Your First

By Claudia Presto

**Y**ou always remember your first.

It was 1987. My East Coast corporate life was all-consuming. Up at 5:00 a.m., walk dog, shower, dress, an hour of travel, work 10 to 12 hours without a lunch, drive home. Repeat scenario. To get away from it all one weekend, my black Afghan Hound Jezebel and I took a four-hour road trip to Vermont in my cherry red Karmann Ghia convertible.

I thought attending a refresher obedience course, under blue Vermont skies, would be fun. Jezebel, 10 years old, thought not. As we climbed out of the car, she took one look at the dogs in the class and sashayed her skinny butt over to a spreading oak tree. This was how she was going to enjoy our vacation. Shaking my head, I started to follow her. Just then, a white industrial van pulled up. Two of the skinniest, most stylish, and stunning creatures peered out as the van doors opened. I ran over, reached out, and ran my hand over a soft, sharp face. I bent down to breathe nose to nose, and then lifted her head so her eyes met mine. I'd touched my first Greyhound.

That weekend I worked with Molly, a tall, white Greyhound, cautious of everything around her. Jezebel was perfectly content, watching from under the tree. Driving home to Connecticut that Sunday, thoughts whipped

through my head, as quick as the wind snatched them away. I had to have a Greyhound. I had to help Greyhounds. I had to do something. The real world entered as I pulled up to my three-room apartment, without a fence and with a landlord who lived above. He'd not wanted one dog living below him, and I'd used my powers of persuasion and a fat deposit check to convince him to allow Jezebel.

Two nights later, I made lasagna for Louie, my landlord, and knocked on his door. I told him about my weekend and the wonderful dogs I'd met. I told him I'd like to foster one, just temporarily. After lasagna and another fat deposit check, I had his blessings.

A week later, my adoption application was approved.

I pulled into the Greyhound adoption kennel, hands shaking. My whole body was vibrating. I could barely be courteous to Paul, the kennel master, with my anticipation of seeing and choosing from more than 20 Greyhounds. I'd explained to Paul that the Greyhound for us had to be special because Jezebel was 10 and the queen. She was becoming less tolerant of other dogs as she aged, and I wanted to make sure that another dog wouldn't challenge her place. This dog

also had to be quiet, because I didn't want my landlord to have any reason to say no.

Paul told me he had a guy for me, Eliminator ("Eli"), a 4-year-old brindle boy. Eli was very hesitant when I met him, plastering himself against the back of his cage. I thought, I don't think he'll do. I insisted Paul show me every other dog. One very bouncy, brindle Irish boy definitely caught my attention. But I left with Eli, having seen that Paul knew his dogs, and my priority was Jezebel.

Two quiet, uneventful hours in the car, and we were home. That first greeting was like the vassal meeting the Queen. Jezebel approached Eli with all her scorn blazing. Eli stood still and kowtowed to her from that first moment. She let him know she was in charge. At least ten times daily, he told her she was queen. Mollified, Jezebel proceeded to ignore him.

Eli was spooked those first weeks. The first few days, he chose to sleep in the bathroom, the smallest room in my tiny apartment. The only time I got him out of the bathroom on his own volition was when I stepped out of the shower with a towel wrapped around my head. He bolted like he'd seen Medusa. But then curiosity got the best of him, and he came back to see what

creature had invaded his room.

The first day I took him to a fenced field, he plastered himself to my leg and refused to move a step if I didn't. But each day saw him gaining in confidence as he would venture a little further from me and start to investigate the TV, the table, the counters. And my landlord ... fell in love with Eli at first sight.

By the fifth week, Eli had become my buddy. Everywhere I went, he went. He was my quiet, constant shadow.

The very first time I met a Greyhound, on that vacation in Vermont, I was inspired to adopt Eli and help Connecticut adoption groups. Six years later, I quit my corporate job, sold everything I owned, drove across the country, and started Greyhound Gang in 1995 in Kanab, Utah. Jezebel and Eli are with me in spirit. I'll always remember my first. ■

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*First there was Eli. Then there was Slim, Yukon, Injun, Ajar, Ashley, Kenya, SportNLove, Smiles, Kaibab, Regis, Boo, Blue, Winslow, Lady, Marm, Beauty, Timmy, Annie, Spyder, Kahlua, Deuce, Power. Now there is Clyde, Izzy, and Flash. Visit [www.GreyhoundGang.org](http://www.GreyhoundGang.org) to read about the many hounds who passed through the Gang's doors on their way to find forever homes.*



Gracie, Ally, and Dream, adopted by Debbie Ackley of Spotsylvania, Pa.



Cali and her owner both got calmer and wiser as they got older.

# A Less Controlled Life

By Tammy Wallace

I was not a patient person. No, scratch that. I was a Type A personality who was legendary in my family. My house had to be clean and quiet. A place for everything, and everything in its place. I do not have children; I don't like the noise and mess. I like spending my money on myself and not having to answer to anyone. I have always been quick to temper, quick to judge, and not considered a "people person."

Then I got a dog.

I fell in love with Greyhounds at the first Renaissance festival I attended. Those big brown eyes, that calm personality, that absolute laziness. That is the dog for me, I thought. A quiet, unassuming companion, who would be happy to laze the day away.

Then I got Cali.

From the day she leaped into my arms at the adoption kennel — and I still carry the scar — to this morning's tug-of-war with my underwear, she has been noisy, messy, constantly into mischief, and always in the way.

If there is a rusty nail anywhere in the vicinity, she will step on it, resulting in a visit to the emergency clinic, several stitches, and hundreds of dollars in care.

I will leave in the morning, bed freshly made and trash can securely closed. I return to bedclothes strewn every which way and a line of debris from trash can to doggy bed.

She has counter-surfed, snacked on kitty crunchies, held races with herself in the living room — where she was the winner and some expensive knick-knack the loser — and kicked me out of bed more than once.

She has taken longer to housetrain than any dog on record, considers me her personal chef (even if the food in question is for me), uses me as her napkin, and has cleared a room with the noxious odors emanating from her intestinal tract.

There has not been a day that she has not either stolen my food or tripped me. I can't leave my breakfast coffee or a glass of wine unattended, as she is a coffee and wine lover of great renown.

She barked at a priest during an animal blessing.

She once started an unscheduled roo while a speaker was instructing us on proper dog behavior.

She destroyed my copy of *Retired Racing Greyhounds for Dummies*. Apparently, she felt I knew enough.

And one time, while friends were at my house, she came into the living room and commenced a very enthusiastic personal hygiene session. One of my friends was later heard to say it was the very first time he had ever seen so much ... um ... enthusiasm during the procedure.

Cali came to me after being recently retired at 2 years old. Contrary to what the adoption coordinator told me, she did not "grow out" of her puppyhood for several years.

Now at 8 years old, she's a bit slower and a lot greyer in the muzzle. She has opened her home to more siblings. We have added Widow, another retiree who is also 8 years old, and an Irish Wolfhound mix puppy who seems to want to shatter all of Cali's records in the dog training world.

Cali is more inclined to sun herself in the yard than have champion races with herself. She doesn't counter-surf as often and the touch of arthritis in her back leg gives her some trouble. It is now easier to get a good picture of her since she isn't in constant motion.

I keep the trash hidden from the puppy, although Cali did stick her nose in there the other day (perhaps she wanted to see if she could catch me off guard?). And Cali is now more inclined to cuddle on the couch than race around the living room.

A friend I hadn't seen in many years commented on my calmness the other day. It seems that I am more inclined to keep my temper, to be accepting of mistakes, to laugh, and to be more approachable. Most would chalk that up to growing older and maturing. I say it's because I was adopted by Cali. A messy, mischievous dog taught me the value to keep a cool head, accept mistakes, and to live in the moment. She has also taught me how to laugh, caused me to shed a few tears, shown me how to be open with myself, and opened my eyes to the world.

Thanks to Cali, I have opened my home and heart up to other animals. At last count, our clan consisted of two female pound cats, two Greyhounds, and an Irish wolfhound mix. I have fostered sick animals. I have given up my weekends to operate information booths, bathe dogs, clean kennels and, on one occasion, to help during a mass spay/neuter session. And two times a year, I pack up the dogs and drive for hours to spend a weekend surrounded by messy, noisy, wonderful dogs and the human servants that they employ.

Once a woman who used to bury herself in work and had few friends, I have become a fun-loving person who cheerfully surrounds herself with people and animals. Cali didn't just teach me to be a better person. She taught me to find out what type of person I could really be. ■

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*Tammy Wallace lives in Avondale, Ariz. with her Greyhounds Cali and Widow, Irish Wolfhound puppy Brighid, and cats Rosie and Sprite. Cali is her first Greyhound, but not her last.*

## The Vacation

It's quiet now.

The dogs, not happy, are ensconced in the safe, loving arms of a friend in anticipation of a dog-free vacation, just the two of us.

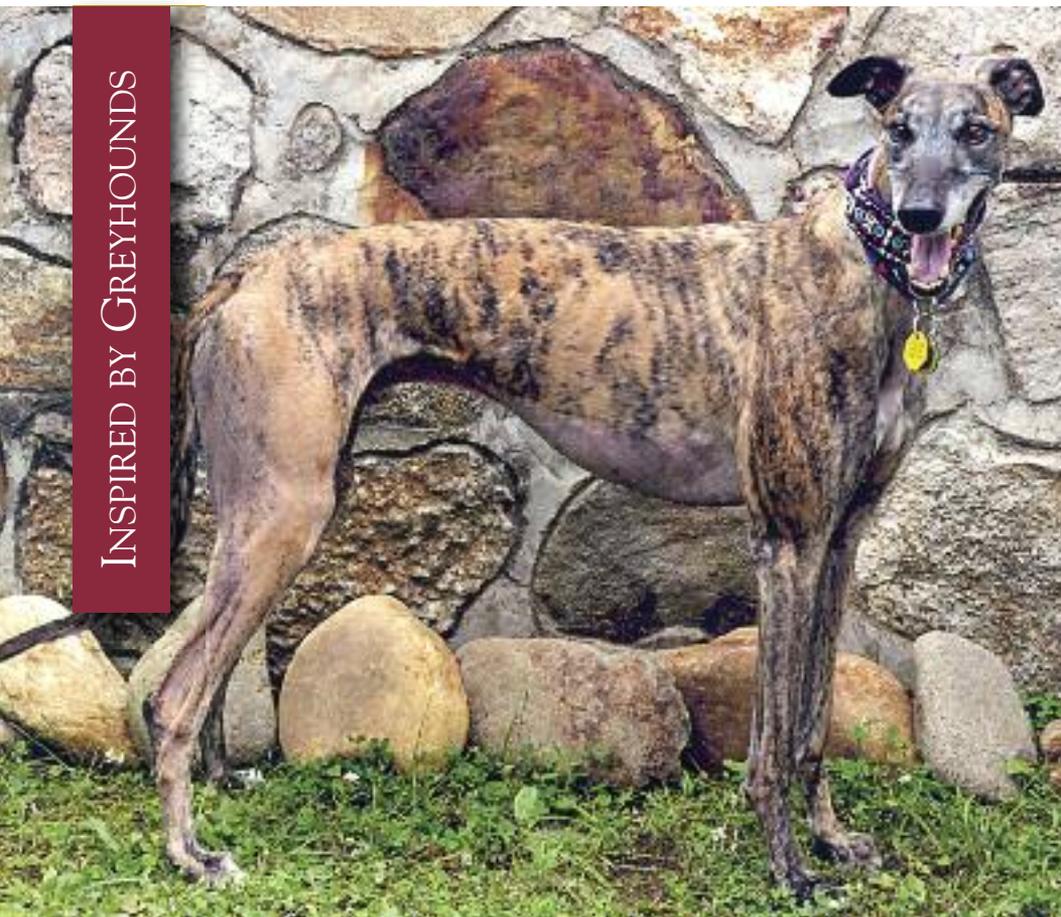
No nails tapping on the hardwood, No soft snuffling, begging for treats, No dream-stoked dragon breathing in the depths of sleep.

We sit quietly and sigh, Wondering what we talked about before we had dogs.

—Marylyne Kitson



Dolly, adopted by Joe and Christine Noble of Alpharetta, Ga.



Janice Brinegar adopted Luka from REGAP of Illinois.

# Luka Changed My Life

By Janice Brinegar

**B**efore I adopted Luka, my world was pretty small. I had my friends at work, and that was about it. My life consisted of home and work with very little in between. I was struggling with the fact that I would probably never have a family of my own. And then one day I went to a local PETCO and met a group of wonderful Greyhounds and their people. This visit changed my life. I would become a Greyhound mom.

I had loved Greyhounds for more than ten years and always wanted to adopt one, but the timing was never right. I decided that I wasn't getting any younger and it was now or never.

Adopting a Greyhound changed my life. I have had dogs my whole life. I loved them all, but I have never felt such deep love for a dog. Luka is in my heart and soul. I have found my passion, helping other people discover the joys of adopting a Greyhound. I have a new group of Greyhound friends whom I love with all my heart. Greyhound people are amazing. Their love and passion for these hounds inspire me to do more. I am always trying to come up with new ways to spread the word about Greyhound adoption. Luka and I travel to cities near and far to help with fundraising and adoption events, and have even participated as a Greyhound guard at wakes.

I did something recently I never would have had the courage to do before I adopted. I went on my very first vacation without my family. This might not seem like a big deal, but I am 48 years old and would never have had the courage to do this if I didn't have Luka with me. He is my best friend and my traveling companion.

Last May we traveled to Gatlinburg, Tennessee, to attend Mountain Bound Hounds. We had so much fun that we are planning to attend Beach Bound Hounds next year in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Two years ago, I would have never even considered driving that far by myself. But with Luka by my side, I can do anything.

I am now much more outgoing and confident. I can talk to anyone, anywhere about Greyhounds — and I do. My weekends are now filled with Greyhound adoption events. We love to stay busy, and the only reason we turn down an event is because we are already committed to attend another.

I made a sign that I bring to our outdoor events. It reads "Change Your Life — Change Your World — Adopt a Greyhound." I know from experience this is true. My world will always have a Greyhound, or two, maybe three — or more. And my heart will sing forever. ■

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*Janice Brinegar lives in Oak Law, Ill. with her Greyhound Luka, Fox Terrier Scout, two parrots, and a cockatiel. Luka is the cover boy for the Celebrating Greyhounds 2010 wall calendar. His passions are attending meet-and-greets, eating cookies, and napping within sight of his Mom. Luka's Mom would like to add three more Greyhounds to her family some day.*

# Musing of a New Foster Mom

By Kathy Horton



INSPIRED TO FOSTER

Kathy's foster dog Ike was adopted by Eric and Erica Fleming.

We have discovered a number of new experiences since adopting our first retired racing Greyhound, Diogi, in 2002. Over the past year, the most exciting of these has been becoming a Greyhound foster home. This is the story of our very first experience.

Jack, our local adoption coordinator, walked through my door, fresh from a trip to the Greyhound track in New Hampshire, with two big brindle boys in tow. "So, which one do you want to start with?" he said. I looked over both beautiful faces and a little voice in the back of my brain asked, "What were you thinking? Are you really ready for this?"

My husband and I had discussed fostering, even before our beloved Phydeaux suddenly became ill with a rare and aggressive cancer. After he passed away at the end of October 2008, I knew I wanted to pursue the idea, especially after volunteering at the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary in Utah. I really felt I could be "professional" about caring for and helping a Greyhound get ready for a forever home.

I drew a breath and decided the one with the white nose looked more unsure than the other and I would work with him. "Hello, Mr. Ike."

And the rest, as they say, is history. Fostering has turned out to be a great joy for us. It is so much fun to watch the new ones learn how to be pets; to see them pick up a toy for the first time and start beating up the squeaker. But it is a challenge, too.

Back to Mr. Ike. He had only been with us for a few days when he went in for his neuter. Fairly routine, I thought. But nothing is ever routine in our house. A couple days after the procedure, Mr. Ike had complications that included a ruptured blood clot and blood all over the living room in the middle of the night. "Good idea, this fostering," my husband said. I just shot him a look and held Mr. Ike who, in spite of obvious pain and only knowing me for a few days, looked at me with love and trust. Yes, you know what? I think it was a good choice!

Mr. Ike is fine and living in a very loving home. The other brindle boy also came to stay with us for a short time before finding a good home. And as of this writing, we are preparing to take in our ninth foster, all in less than a year.

I am a huge emotional heap most of the time. I even cry at pet food commercials. Everyone questioned whether I would be able to give up the fosters to their new homes. People often tell us: "I could never do that. How can you give them up?" But I have not cried yet. I can only hope they will be happy and their new home is forever.

I do have a little ritual, though. After handing over the leash and before walking out the door, I kiss their beautiful needle-noses and whisper in their ear, "Love and be loved. Bless and be blessed, and may you find happiness and give happiness in this home ... forever." ■

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*Kathy Horton and her husband Randy live in Johnson City, N.Y. with Greyhound Diogi, Tia, and Gobi, and cats Mickey Mouser and Catabago. They foster Greyhounds for Monica's Heart, an adoption group based in Altoona, Pa.*



Tripod Elvis helped his owner, Mike, cope with the loss of a leg.

# Inspired by Elvis

By Cathy Hudson

I remember opening my sponsor letter and reading that Operation Greyhound had obtained six puppies from the Caliente race track. Not being a puppy person, I was taken by surprise when one of the puppies really caught my attention. I felt as if he were sending me a message. He was adorable, like all one month old puppies, but there was something very special about this pup.

Days went by and I just couldn't seem to get the little pup off my mind. I started thinking maybe it was time for a puppy. With the encouragement of my friend Sharon, I decided I would call and inquire about his status. Surely someone had already adopted him and that would be the end of this fantasy of having a puppy. He was so adorable, who could resist him? I was put in touch with his foster mom, Cindy. She told me he hadn't been adopted yet, but a home visit with some potential adopters was scheduled. Cindy promised to call me and let me know how it went. She was the nicest person, but my heart sank. I just knew he was going to be adopted.

A week went by and even though I enjoyed the idea of a puppy, I began to feel as if it just wasn't meant to be. And then the phone rang Sunday afternoon. It was

Cindy. The puppy was available for adoption! I quickly made an appointment to meet her at the kennel. I was jumping for joy as I threw on my shoes, and my husband and I headed out to meet the pup. After a game of ring around the SUV with Cindy holding the puppy, I finally had this boy in my arms and it felt as if he was meant to be there.

After my two older Greyhounds, Brindy and Champ, approved of Elvis, he came home with us that evening. I was so nervous, but I was thrilled he was finally home.

Did I mention Elvis is a tripod? At the tender age of 4 weeks his leg had to be amputated to save his life. His foster mom, Cindy, had noticed him limping the day after the pups were brought to the kennel. Elvis had developed a terrible infection that wouldn't respond to antibiotics or medical treatments.

Elvis didn't seem to realize he was missing a leg. He ran, jumped, and did everything a Greyhound puppy does. Elvis is always ready to go on an adventure, which surprises people we meet. I always take the time to answer questions and share Elvis' awesome life with anyone who is interested. The best questions come from small children. Past questions include, "Is his leg stuck? Can you get it out?" and "How does he go pee?" I will never forget the toddler with the pacifier in his mouth who bent all the way over to look under Elvis to see if he could find the hidden leg. Elvis just takes it all in stride with his head held high and his ears as pointy as ever.

We learned right away that Elvis does not see his life as diminished by the loss of a leg. He has no limitations as to what he is capable of doing once he sets his mind to it. To everyone who says, "Oh, poor puppy," I say "Not Elvis, he is anything but a poor puppy."

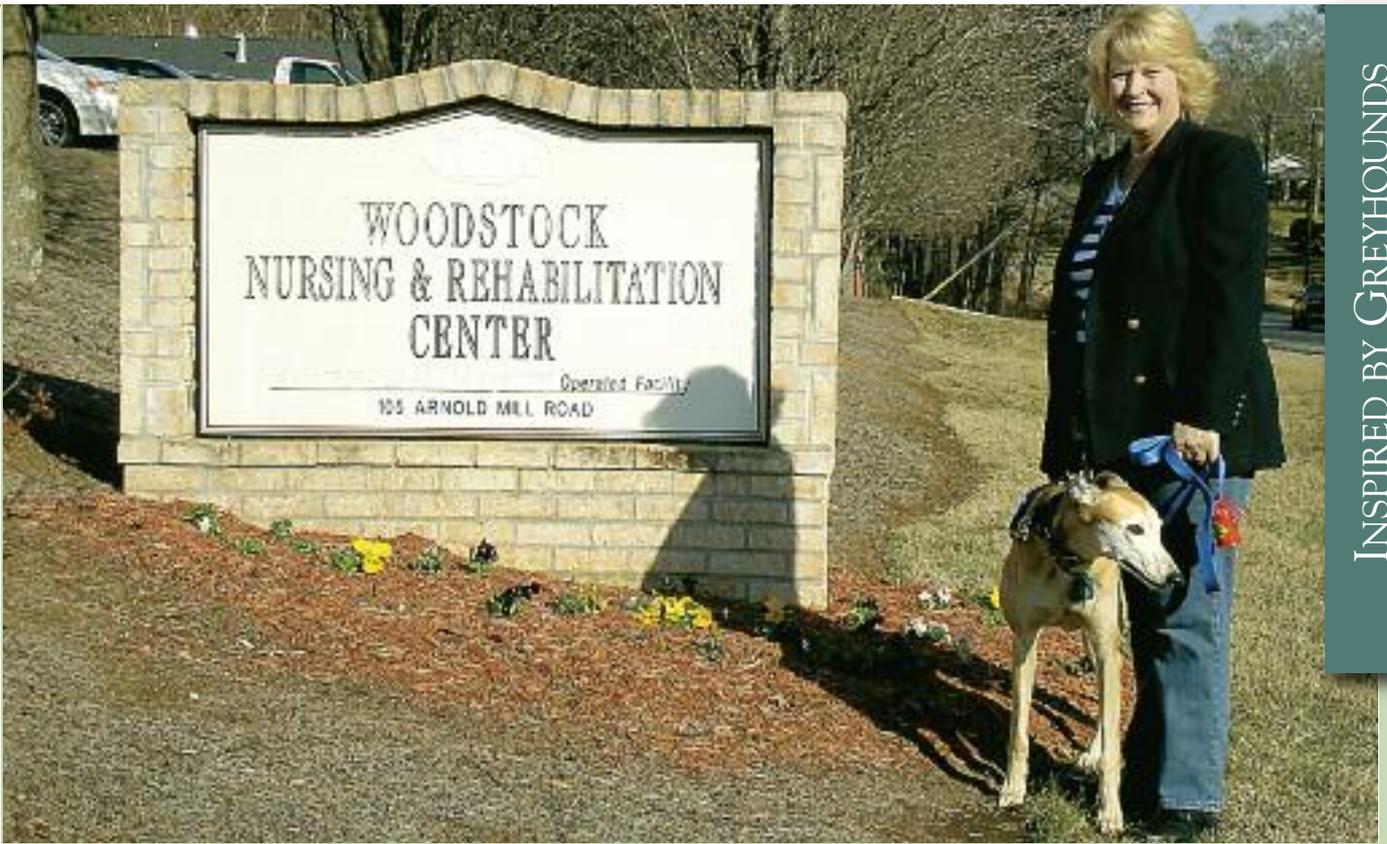
And the message I felt Elvis sending to me when I first laid eyes on him became clear about a year after he adopted us. My husband, Michael, developed an infection and had to have his leg amputated below the knee. We were scared and devastated. At the same time, we knew it was going to be okay. Elvis had given us the inspiration we needed to get through this ordeal.

A year after Michael's amputation, he and Elvis won the "Lookalike Contest" at the Greyhound picnic. Wearing our "I love my tripod" T-shirts and looking at the two of them I couldn't help but feel so proud of both of them.

Elvis is 3 years old now and continues to be a silly puppy, sharing his love and inspiring everyone who meets him. So, in case you were wondering how our little angel with the broken wing is doing, he is just fine, thank you. ■

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*Cathy Hudson lives in Chula Vista, Calif. with husband Mike and Elvis.*



Jeanna Weot began visiting nursing homes with Sydney, her first Greyhound.

# Giving to Others: Pet Therapy

By Jeanna Weot

My father is in a nursing home in another state. He has Alzheimer's Disease and has been living in the nursing home for over three years. My mom used to take their dog to visit him there, and Dad would always perk up for a short time. I knew when I joined Southeastern Greyhound Adoption that pet therapy was going to be one of the activities in which I would be involved because indirectly, in some small way, I felt as though I would be helping my father.

We have seen so many nursing home residents smile that I can't even count them. One day a few months ago, we went into a room where a man was crying. He was behind a curtain and I thought we should turn around and leave, but his mother waved us in. All four of our Greyhounds surrounded his bed. He looked at them, stopped crying, and started smiling. He was in there for therapy. He had a disfiguring disease that affected his face and arms and his hands were gnarled so he wasn't able to pet the dogs easily. The dogs didn't care. When we left, he asked that next time

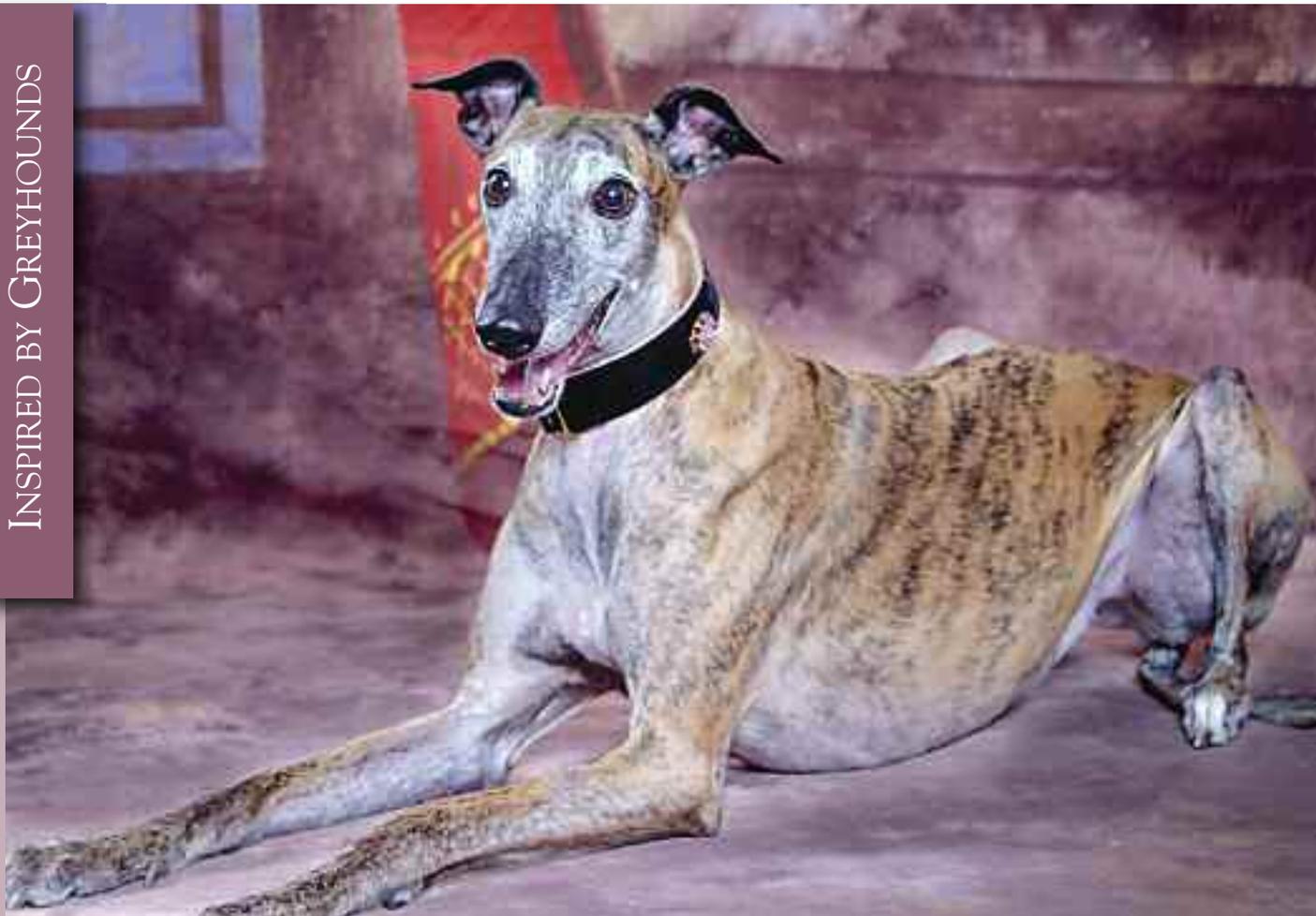
we bring back a different color dog since all of ours were brindles. The next time we went, we brought a white one with us and his face lit up.

Not long after I started this volunteer work, we visited a woman who was in her bed with her eyes closed and her family sitting next to her. She was very old. When we entered her room, her family said that she wouldn't want to pet the dogs. Her eyes opened as soon as they said that. She rolled over and spoke very quietly to the dogs. Her family, in disbelief, said she hadn't talked in months.

I've become quite close to another woman in the time that I've been doing pet therapy. At first she didn't want to have anything to do with the dogs and only spoke when responding to a question. One day I sat down and started asking her about her life. She was so happy to have someone to talk to. I found out that she has never been married and has no children. She checked herself into the nursing home because she was afraid of something happening to her at home and not being able to get help. No family or friends ever come to visit her. I noticed that she likes to comb her hair but it was really getting long. I made her an appointment to have it cut and styled. The stylist went to her room and washed, cut and styled her hair. She was so happy. I brought her some hand cream and powder, and every time I go back, I see it on her bedside table.

I would never have gotten into pet therapy if it weren't for my Greyhounds. They are so accepting of anyone and almost everything. They are gentle and just the right height to be able to lay their heads on the bed next to someone's hand. To be able to give the elderly and infirm some joy is a little way of giving back the joy that my Greyhounds have given me. And who knows, maybe someone is taking a Greyhound to see my Dad. I know he would love it. ■

*Jeanna Weot lives in Woodstock, Ga. with Greyhounds Rozlin and Jesse.*



Treat inspired Carrie Noar in more ways than she can count. *Mark Caughel/Visual Works Studios*

# A Very Special Treat

By Carrie Noar

**M**y life seems to be divided into two distinct categories that are separated by December 30, 2000. That was the day we went to the adoption kennel and came home with a little brindle Greyhound princess named Treat. Her name suited her and was too perfect to change. I had no idea on that day how she would make such an impact on my life.

Through Treat, we experienced many things that we never would have otherwise. While I tend to be a shy person, she was extremely outgoing. People everywhere were charmed by her, which gave me an opportunity to meet a lot of people I otherwise wouldn't have met. Being on the other end of Treat's leash suddenly inspired me to be more outgoing with people that we met in everyday life.

We began to do meet-and-greets with our local Greyhound group and I found that being a volunteer was something that I could actually do. Treat ate up the attention and I really enjoyed talking to people about how wonderful she was. Then we took volunteering to a new level. Treat inspired me to do something that I'd secretly thought about for some time, but hadn't quite had the courage for. We began to visit nursing homes together. She and I became a certified therapy dog team and later a READ (Reading Education Assistance Dogs) team, as well. Visiting the nursing home was something we enjoyed a great deal, even though there were some nights when I came home and thought I was too tired to go. She would give me that look and I'd go change my clothes, pick out a fancy collar for her to wear, and we'd go to visit.

I also began to diet while we had Treat. I wanted to be a person who looked like her dog a bit, I suppose. It wasn't enough to just eat right, however. I had to exercise as well. Treat never let me get away with skipping a walk. She let me know that I had to get up off the couch and go out into the world. She would have walked off the ends of the earth if I'd have gone with her. Every day, she inspired me to get up off the couch and make myself move. We were both much better off for it.

Treat also helped me to return to something else that I dearly love. Throughout school, I dreamed of being a writer, but, my dad convinced me that I couldn't make a living as a writer so I pursued a different path. After we adopted Treat, I joined a message board. Soon, I was sharing stories of her exploits along with pictures of her antics. Through Treat, I found my voice as a writer, although I didn't realize it for several years. Her inspiration lives on now as I dabble with fiction, poetry and keeping a blog of the

funny things that happen in our everyday lives. Even if I hadn't gotten inspiration for anything else from her, finding writing again would have been worth every penny we paid for her adoption fee.

About a year and a half ago, Treat had to leave us after a brief battle with a spinal tumor. However, she left me with one final inspiration. After she was gone, I found myself adopting another Greyhound, because I wanted to continue the journeys that we'd started. Even though she wasn't the only Greyhound in our house, she and I had a very special bond and closeness. It was as if we were each an extension of the other. Two of our Greyhounds were seniors and couldn't manage nursing home visits or do the other active things that Treat and I did. Our younger Greyhound is really my husband's dog and partner. That left me with only one option, which was to try again. Her inspiration lives on now in the form of Bunny, a very young Greyhound who inspires me to try even more things and to continue on the

journey that I began with a beautiful brindle Greyhound almost nine years ago.

I will always be forever grateful for the inspiration and encouragement that Treat gave to me. My life has been enriched in more ways than I can even describe or recount. I have met wonderful people, traveled to places I never expected to, tried things I didn't think I could do, and have discovered more about myself through her inspiration. I have truly been blessed to have known her. ■

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*Carrie Noar lives in Roanoke, Ill. with her husband and Greyhounds Lilac, Hawk, Blueberry, and Bunny. She volunteers at a local nursing home where she and her husband take Blueberry and Bunny to visit the residents. She also helps teach dog obedience to local 4H kids. Carrie enjoys writing and authors a blog on Blogspot about everyday life with her Greyhounds, entitled Tales and Tails.*



Dynamite, Kodi, and Theresa, adopted by Brian and Nancy Rittenhouse of Mankato, Minn.



Ryce (Hillas Ryce) was Leslie Glynn's teacher and her pet.

# Remembering Ryce

By Leslie Glynn

**I**t has been three years — a lifetime and just yesterday — that Ryce said goodbye to us, to long naps in the shade, to his retirement, to his life with his family. His journey to the bridge was just as his life had been, quiet and dignified, and surrounded by those who loved him and those whom he loved.

He was an ordinary Greyhound, but an extraordinary canine being. He chose us as his family and we were blessed by that choice. He was the elder statesman for the family, reminding us daily that dignity and diplomacy were the watchwords for us as a pack. He lived his life with that dignity but was capable of silliness at times when playfulness occasionally struck him. He would then glance quickly around to make sure that no one had seen him slip out of his dignified countenance. We would pretend we didn't notice.

He was the diplomatic ambassador, keeping peace when minor disagreements between Greyhounds developed. He would correct with a gentle paw, a quiet bark, or a stern snap. He commanded respect and obedience from the usually rowdy pack. They acquiesced to him in all things without being submissive. He was the wise elder and he taught us well.

He was my teacher, instructing me on the ways of Greyhounds; their likes, dislikes, and the proper way their humans should cater to them. His gentle persistence in doing things his own way taught me how things should be done. He taught me tolerance, patience, understanding, and caring through his actions. He was gentle with the elderly of the family, not allowing a bump or a lean to inadvertently knock someone down. He seemed to sense the frailty of the elderly and challenged when coming into contact with them. He afforded them his reserved, gentle attention. He expected no less from the rest of the pack, placing himself in a protective position when it was needed, keeping the unruly dogs at a distance.

He taught us manners. He was unfailingly polite, asking permission with a questioning look before taking a cookie or sniffing a butt. He would stand aside to let the thundering herd of Greyhound feet push through a doorway in pursuit of the sunshine and shade of the backyard for toys and treats, or a simple roll in the cool grass. He would walk out quietly behind the rest of the Greyhounds and watch them from the patio, seemingly amused at the silliness of their actions. It seemed beneath his dignity to act the ruffian. He would wait to be invited, always holding himself above the playful pushiness of the rest of the dogs.

He was always cognizant of the feelings of others. He instinctively knew when one was sad, happy, pensive, or in pain, and would care for you appropriately by giving gentle nudges, quiet comfort, or a nonjudgmental ear. He was not there to fix the problem; he was just there to be with you. His manners and ways are a comfort to me still. He would regularly come over and quietly stand next to me in the night, looking out over the backyard, watching the current Greyhounds of the household. He did it in life and I feel him there next to me every evening still.

He is still here at times, lurking within our dogs. He whispers in their ears that I really loved him standing next to me at night and surveying the backyard, the moon, the stars, and the silliness of the other Greyhounds chasing the “things that go bump in the night.” My big lovable boy Gus does this just as he did. He pushes Miss Skye from his place at the bridge, into the kitchen, standing quietly behind me while I fix lunch or supper. He has whispered to her that I will always have a small treat for her if she is just patient. So she does this just as Ryce did. Miss Isabella is guided from the stars by his gentle nudge to lay her head quietly and gently on my lap, knowing that as long as she is there she will have all of the petting she wants. Miss Rose has been here only a few short days, and yet she is following the path that Ryce has set for her. For us.

Has he taught the others, communicating through the stars from the bridge, to care for this family as he did? Or is it that they have simply learned what this household

needs and they do it with the same unconditional love and acceptance that Ryce did? I cannot answer that question. I'll never know the answers. The mystical part of my heart prefers to think that he teaches them these things from his comfortable place at the bridge. My rational heart knows that they have learned these things because he taught me how to welcome the new Greyhounds and teach them according to his guidelines.

There is still a very large empty spot in this house that was once filled with him before his journey to the bridge. I turn my head and I catch a quick glimpse of him, a lingering picture of him in that particular place. He is here when I least expect it, reminding me of his gentle soul and his love for his family. He is the quiet click of nails on tile in the middle of the night when all is quiet and I know he is not really here. He is the memory of a soft nudge of cold nose or the gentle lean against my leg. He is the quiet shadow beside me as I lock up the house at night and turn off the lights, shepherding the pack to bed. He is the soft breath on my cheek that I feel in the half sleep state of awakening, my signal to arise when he was here.

There have been many changes since he left us, in the household and in the makeup of the pack. I can think of Ryce without the pain of loss now. I have moved to a fondness of memory, a kinder inner peace at the loss of my extraordinary companion. My grief has slowly transformed to feelings of gentle reflection on a life that was so exceptional to me. His life. I miss him every day even though he lingers here with us, comforting us with peaceful memories. His favorite stuffy zebra, placed under my pillow by my daughter on the day of his journey to a new life at the bridge, now sits on my night table where I see it every day. His pictures abound in many rooms of this house. He is where he should be now, tucked into the place in my heart that belongs to only him. My heart smiles with his presence there, reminders of love, companionship, caring, tolerance, understanding, and the unconditional love of an ordinary Greyhound, an extraordinary Greyhound. ■

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*Leslie Glynn lives and works in Miami, Fla. as a neurosurgical ICU nurse. She volunteers with Friends of Greyhounds in Ft. Lauderdale. Her pack includes Gustopher P Jones (Pimpmaster G), Miss Isabella, Miss Skye, and Miss Rose.*



Ryce said goodbye to Leslie three years ago, at 13 years of age.



# Greyhound Portrait Dishcloth

By Evelyn Clark

Simple knit and purl stitches are combined on this dishcloth to create a portrait of a Greyhound wearing a heart-shaped tag on its collar. It is suitable for beginning knitters, easy to whip up quickly, and makes a wonderful gift for anyone who loves Greyhounds.

## Size

7 x 7.5 inches

## Yarn Requirements

30g (52 yds/48m) worsted weight cotton

## Needles

US size 6 (4mm) needles, or size needed to obtain gauge

## Other Supplies

Tapestry needle to weave in ends

Gauge

20 sts = 4" (10cm) in stockinette stitch

## Abbreviations

k	knit
p	purl
RS	right side of dishcloth
st(s)	stitch(es)
WS	wrong side of dishcloth
( )	repeat instructions inside parentheses specified number of times

## Instructions

Bottom Border

Cast on 35 sts.

Rows 1-6: knit across.

### Start Greyhound Portrait Pattern.

Greyhound Portrait Pattern

Rows 1 & 3 (RS): knit across.

All Even Rows (WS): k4, purl to last 4 sts, k4.

Row 5: k6, p3, k2, p1, k4, p3, k16.

Row 7: k6, p2, k2, p3, k2, p2, k1, p2, k15.

Row 9: k6, p1, k3, p1, k1, p1, k2, p1, k3, p1, k15.

Row 11: k15, p5, k15.

Row 13: k11, p3, k1, p5, k15.

Row 15: k10, p4, k1, p5, k15.

Row 17: k9, p4, k1, p7, k14.

Row 19: k8, p5, k1, p7, k14.

Row 21: k7, p6, k1, p7, k14.

Row 23: k6, p7, k1, p7, k14.

Row 25: k7, p5, k1, p9, k13.

Row 27: k8, p4, k1, p2, k1, p3, k1, p2, k13.

Row 29: k9, p2, k1, p2, k2, p3, k2, p2, k12.

Row 31: k10, p1, k1, p11, k12.

Row 33: k11, p13, k11.

Row 35: k10, p15, k10.

Row 37: k6, p23, k6.

Row 39: k7, p6, k1, p7, k1, p6, k7.

Row 41: k8, p4, k11, p4, k8.

Row 43: knit across.

Row 44: k4, purl to last 4 sts, k4.

### Start Ending Border.

Ending Border

Rows 1-7: knit across.

Row 8 (WS): cast off in knit.

### Finishing

Weave in yarn ends, and steam lightly to block.

Why not make one as a gift, one for yourself, and one to donate to your Greyhound adoption group for their next fundraiser? ■

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*Evelyn Clark is a Pacific Northwest native who learned to knit and crochet from her grandmothers. After leaving a corporate career in marketing for a simpler life, she picked up her needles again and discovered a passion for lace knitting. She enjoys sharing this addiction with others. Her designs have been published by Fiber Trends and Leisure Arts, as well as knitting magazines and yarn companies. Knitting Lace Triangles, her first book, was published by Fiber Trends in July 2007. She shares her home with a 7-year-old dog rescued from a puppy mill and describes her new companion as "a real joy."*



Bahia (NST Miss Caper) and Havane (Oshkosh Rainbow), and adopted by Manon Bégoin of Gatineau, Canada.



Indy and Baci, adopted by Marilyn Wong of Westchester, Ill.

## Sunday, January 31

Greyhound Community Picnic  
 God's Greys Greyhound Group  
 2:00 to 5:00 p.m.  
 7259 Hiawassee Oak Dr.  
 Orlando, Fla.

All Central Florida Greyhounds and their humans are invited. Property is completely fenced and the Greyhounds can run around to their hearts' content, while the humans enjoy a potluck picnic, games, silent auction, raffle, and shopping for Greyhound supplies. Greyhounds only, please. Bring a small covered dish or dessert to share. Contact: Carol Becker, (407) 578-7496 or godsgreys@mac.com

## Friday through Sunday, February 19-21

West Coast Greyhound Gathering  
 GREYT Legs  
 Solvang, Calif.

Three day event in a beautiful Danish-themed town to raise money for broken-legged Greyhounds.  
 Contact: Event Coordinator Teri Rogo, wcg@cox.net;  
 Vendor Coordinator Dana Provost, stealthn@cox.net;  
 www.solvanggreyhoundfest.org

## Sunday, February 21

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

Fun day of activities that focus on Greyhound owners and family. Major fundraiser for GPA/Central Florida. Gilley Greyhounds Dancing, Singing & Comedy Review will perform and dazzle attendees. Other activities include Greyhound vendors, silent auction, raffles, food, '60s music, Greyhound Couch Potato Fun Run, doggie games and contests. Contact: Claire Tyler, (321) 242-8282 or greymomcrt@cfl.rr.com

## Saturday, February 27

Greyt Gala Mardi Gras Dinner and Auction  
 Greyhound Adoption League of Texas (GALT)  
 6:00 p.m. to midnight  
 Hackberry Creek Country Club  
 1901 Royal Lane

Irving, Texas  
 Put on your Mardi Gras attire and come dance and bid on the silent and live auction items. Ticket includes dinner, dessert, four hours of premium openbar, and entertainment by the band LIVE80. Local hotels available for attendees. Tickets online at www.galtx.org.  
 Contact: Shannon Forrest, (817) 449-3544 or sforrest@turbinementor.com

## Thursday through Sunday, March 4-7

Sandy Paws — Greyt Fun in the Sun  
 Greyhound Guardians, Inc.  
 Jekyll Oceanfront Resort  
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 Contact: Nancy, (904) 568-4822 or sandy-paws@comcast.net;  
 Wayne, boomer0150@msn.com;  
 Dione, garnandogs@comcast.net;  
 www.sandypaws.org

## Saturday, March 6

Greyhound Health and Wellness Conference  
 For Veterinarians, Technicians and Owners  
 Ohio State University Veterinary Hospital  
 601 Vernon L. Tharp Street  
 Columbus, Ohio

The First Annual OSU Greyhound Health and Wellness Conference will present valuable medical and surgical information for Greyhound owners, adopters, trainers, and for veterinarians involved in the care of Greyhounds. Topics will include idiosyncrasies in Greyhound lab work and imaging (X-rays and ultrasound), anesthesia, and bone cancer (both from the owners' and oncologists' perspectives), among others. There will be a joint morning session for the whole group; the afternoon sessions will be separate for owners/adopters and for veterinarians. Course fee is \$100 for veterinarians, \$75 for owners/technicians. Contact: Office of Veterinary Continuing Education, (614) 292-8727 or vetmedce@osu.edu; www.vetmedce.osu.edu

## Sunday, April 18

Spring 2010 Expo  
 Buffalo Greyhound Adoption  
 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.  
 Erie County Fairgrounds  
 Hamburg, N.Y.

Bring your family, friends, Greyhounds, and other leashed pets. Several vendors and non-profit organizations will be present. Come and enjoy the informational tables and check out all the various items the vendors have for sale. Contact: Laurie Graziano, (716) 907-4192 or grazialm@buffalostate.edu



**Activities**

An Unconventional Plan for a Greyhound Park	Fall 09	29
Come Fly with Me	Sum 09	29
From Racing to Visiting: Taking the Therapy Dog Plunge	Sum 09	35

**Adoptions**

Adoption Packages for New Adopters	Fall 09	23
Black, White, and Grey: Spreading the News Locally	Sum 09	17
Closing Our Hometown Track: The End of the Woodlands	Spr 09	22
Does Your Adoption Group's Advertising Need an Upgrade?	Spr 09	20
<i>Free to Good Home</i> : Greyhounds on Craigslist	Fall 09	12
Gift Wrapping for Greyhounds	Fall 09	27
The Greyhound Airlift	Win 09	26
Is That Greyhound Loose?	Win 09	29
The Penny War Fundraiser	Fall 09	21
Riding for Ex-Racers: GPA/Electric City's Fundraising Ride	Fall 09	24
Surrender Stories	Fall 09	16
Sustaining Prison-Based Greyhound Foster Programs	Sum 09	19
Taking the Kansas Dogs	Spr 09	31
Voices from Inside: Prison Greyhound Handlers Tell Their Stories	Sum 09	23
The Woodlands Closure: A Trainer's Perspective	Spr 09	28

**Behavior**

Decoding Pet Behavior	Sum 09	11
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**Care and Feeding**

The Dangers of Retractable Leashes	Spr 09	36
Caring for Your Greyhound on a Budget	Fall 09	18
MOM to the Rescue	Sum 09	9

**Crafts**

Create a Greyhound T-Shirt Quilt	Spr 09	44
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Greyhound Portrait Dishcloth	Win 09	44
Side-Button Greyhound Sweater	Fall 09	35

**Exploring Medicine**

MRSA — Is Your Greyhound at Risk?	Fall 09	8
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**Hall of Fame**

My Laddie, Sire of Champions	Fall 09	11
On The Line, 1950s Champion	Win 09	5
TalentedMrRipley, aka . . . Twinkle Toes?	Spr 09	16
The Life of Ripley	Spr 09	17

**Hero Hound**

Dealer's Pool Patrol	Spr 09	14
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**History**

Greyhounds in Art	Win 09	12
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**House Calls**

Has My Greyhound Lost His Mind?	Spr 09	11
My Greyhound's a What? Hermaphroditism Explained	Win 09	8
A Veterinarian's Perspective on Saying Goodbye	Sum 09	26
Yogi's Story	Win 09	10

**Humor**

The Greyhound Scream of Death	Spr 09	19
Penelope's Paybacks	Fall 09	33

**Living with Greyhounds**

The Blackhound Who Followed Me Home	Spr 09	33
Leland's Quantum Leap	Fall 09	38
A Shark Tale	Sum 09	42
"That's Boring," Or Be Careful What You Ask For	Sum 09	38
The Woodlands Dogs at Home	Spr 09	26

**Medical**

The Saga of Petey: A Broken Leg Repaired	Spr 09	38
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**Poetry**

The Attack	Spr 09	47
For Zin on the Occasion of his 14th Birthday	Sum 09	37
It Happens	Fall 09	15
The Vacation	Win 09	35

**Reviews**

<i>Greyhounds</i> , by Barbara Karant	Spr 09	9
<i>Soaring Cindy</i>	Sum 09	7
<i>Son of a Dog</i>	Fall 09	10

**Special Feature:****Greyhounds as Inspiration**

Beautiful Obsession: How Greyhounds Inspired My Art	Win 09	30
Giving to Others: Pet Therapy	Win 09	39
Inspired by Elvis	Win 09	38
Inspired to Foster: Musings of a New Foster Mom	Win 09	37
A Less Controlled Life	Win 09	34
Luka Changed My Life	Win 09	36
Remembering Ryce	Win 09	42
A Very Special Treat	Win 09	40
You Always Remember Your First	Win 09	32

**Think Piece**

Another Downside to the Retractable Leash	Fall 09	41
Doggie Discrimination — Black is Beautiful	Sum 09	14
Greyhounds — Dispelling Common Myths	Spr 09	41
The Woodlands Closing Revisited	Fall 09	43

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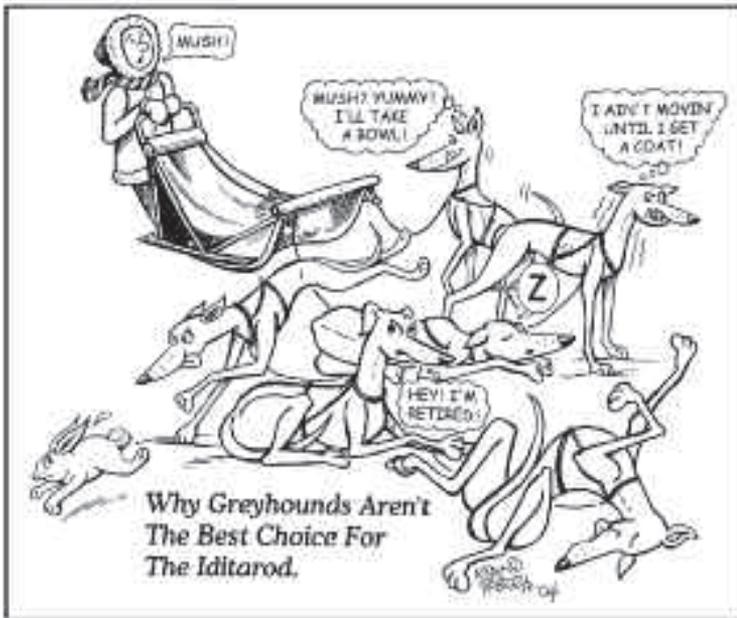
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**Meeting of the Racers**

*Photography by John Mottern*

This award winning 11x14 classic photography makes a beautiful addition to any greyhound art collection or as a holiday gift. Proceeds go to support the efforts of Greyhound Friends Inc. a non-profit organization dedicated to placing retired racers with loving homes. This hand printed black and white photography is available for \$25 and can be ordered from [www.greyhound.org](http://www.greyhound.org) or by email [greyhndfds@aol.com](mailto:greyhndfds@aol.com) Check, Credit Cards, Paypal are all accepted.



### **Boshha (Boshha's Profit) 2000-2009**

Adopted by Barb and Jim Heisey at 2 years of age, Boshha was pictured on p. 26 of the Spring 2008 issue of CG. A brave and courageous Greyhound, Boshha was diagnosed with osteosarcoma at the age of 5. He lived to just four months shy of his four-year anniversary as a cancer survivor. He has been a symbol of hope for many Greyhounds and their owners as they face the same hard decisions Barb and Jim faced so many years ago. Boshha lived life no differently with three legs than he did with four. He loved life and lived every day to the fullest. Barb and Jim miss everything about him; he taught them how to love and be loved. He will always be their hero, and they were so blessed that he shared his wonderful life with them. They hope and pray that his tender heart and gracious soul will never be forgotten. They love and miss him very much.



### **Mocha (Nita's Litledoe) 1995-2009**

Exuberant, outgoing, and comical, Mocha was pictured with one of her beloved stuffed toys in on p. 43 of the Fall 2004 issue of CG. Her insistent kisses and curly tail won Laurie Sterling's heart the day they met in 1998, and she soon joined Abby (BW Waldo) at home. It was hard living with the "perfect" Greyhound, but

Mocha was not to be outdone. Unlike demure Abby, Mocha gleefully greeted everyone she met. Nicknamed Mocha-Bear, the petite blue brindle would blithely answer to either Mocha or Bear. She loved her stuffed toys, and apparently one of her rules was never go up or down the stairs without a stuffie. Though not particularly fond of walking, Mocha would nevertheless insistently bark and air-nit whenever anyone put on shoes in her presence. Suffering from a probably ruptured disc, she joined Abby at the bridge in May. Her family misses her tremendously. In the words of musician Steve Fromholz, "It just don't come no better than a bear." Godspeed, Miss Mocha.



### **Sammy (DK's Sam Goode) 1999 - 2009**

Sammy was one of the last hounds released when the racetrack in Hudson, Wis. closed. He was supposed to be a foster hound but slipped into Luana Ball's heart in August of 2001. Luana failed fostering after Sammy (aka Sammerhammer, Sammerstein, Dufus Gufus) flipped his ears into a bow on top of his head and gave her his very special look. He loved big stuffed animals, snuggling on the couch with mom (page 3 of Spring 2009 CG) and attending special events with GPA/Minnesota, where he drew the crowd in with his whine until people would stop and give him attention. Sammy loved nothing more than a snooze in the sun, a pig ear, time to savor every individual piece of his kibble, grandma's pancakes, and falling asleep under the covers with his head across mom's ankles. Sammy became septic due to a bowel perforation and Luana made the heartbreaking decision to say good-bye. Sammy was much loved and his spirit will live on in Luana's heart forever.



### **Sasha 1994-2008 and Nikki 1994-2009**

Sisters adopted and loved by Susan Clark of District Heights, Md. and Connie Brown of Baltimore, Md., Sasha and Nikki were originally adopted by other families. Sasha was returned at the age of 11 and fostered by Susan, who knew immediately that Sasha would be with her forever. Nikki was later relinquished to Connie at the age of 13. Only after exchanging stories did Susan and Connie, who volunteer with the same Greyhound adoption group, realize they had adopted littermates. The girls were reunited in February 2008 at a meet-and-greet and then again in June to celebrate their 14th birthday with many friends. Their birthday celebration was pictured on p. 3 of the Winter 2008 issue of CG. Both girls were very much loved and touched the hearts of many. Sasha and Nikki both loved their walks and being cute. May they run free forever, and together.

---

*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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