

THE NORTHERN BARK

"He is your friend, your partner, your defender, your dog. You are his life, his love, his leader. He will be yours, faithful and true, to the last beat of his heart. You owe it to him to be worthy of such devotion" -- Unknown

The newsletter of Northern Greyhound Adoptions!

As a non-profit organization, NGA's aim is to integrate ex-racers into the surrounding communities. Dogs are welcomed into our kennel, and socialized with our volunteers and other greyhounds as they relax and adjust into their retirement years. Pursuing our mission, we work to educate the public and increase awareness of the greyhound.

NGA is operated by volunteers and supported solely by donations. NGA places dogs throughout Vermont, Northern New York, Quebec and Ontario.

The Northern Bark is published 4 times per year.



April is National Adopt-A-Greyhound Month!

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What can YOU do to promote Greyhounds?

Tell the World – talk about Greyhounds on all your social media sites

Display your Dogs – contact your adoption group and offer to do Meet & Greets for them. If you are not near a group, call busy local businesses and ask if you can set up an exercise pen and do your own meet and greet at their facility.

Dogs on Parade – The best way to get people to learn about greyhound is to meet them "in person". Walk your dogs in public places. Whether you walk alone or with a group, you are sure to turn some heads. Consider joining a walk for another cause; a group of greyhounds is sure to get the media's attention. T-Legs and NGA have informative brochures that you can use and distribute – ask us!

Teach the children. Approach your local schools, libraries, or scouting organizations to set up opportunities for teaching and distributing brochures.

What can Adoption Groups do to promote Greyhounds?

Distribute Public Service Announcements to local media outlets. Do you know someone who works at a local television station? If so, mention to them that April is National Adopt-a-Greyhound Month and ask if they will air one of the PSAs.

Distribute press releases to local media outlets. Newspapers and radio stations are always looking for local interest stories. By sending a press release with a high-quality photograph of your dogs or adoptable dogs, you increase chances of the story making the publication because they now have a local interest angle.

Hold an "Open House" at your kennel or a get together with your fosters and invite the local media.

Contact the smaller newspapers in your area. The small papers are always looking for "feel good" stories.

The Perfect Dog – Carrie Bacher

One of my earliest memories is of wanting. Wanting a dog, to be specific. I loved dogs, and from the moment I loved them, I wanted one of my own. However, my father was not a fan of animals, and therefore, the closest I got to a dog of my own was walking the next-door neighbours' Golden Retriever, Penny. How they must have loved me; I would knock on their door and ask, "Can I take Penny for a walk?" No payment involved; walking Penny, and loving her, was enough of a payment for me. I don't think it ever even occurred to me that people walked dogs for money.

When I was little, every time there was a possibility of a present, I would make a list of what I wanted. Usually, it was a list of about 30 items. Each was a different breed of dog. I didn't care what my dog looked like, just that it should be a dog and be MINE! My parents would tell me, "when you grow up and move out, you'll get a dog." Evidently, I didn't believe they would hold out for so long, and the lists grew longer and longer as I grew older and my research into different breeds branched out.

I did, however, grow up, without a dog, I may add. I went away to university, living in a dorm, which, of course, had no room for a dog, barely having room for me! I eventually moved back to the city of my birth, and lived with a friend. Though I was still in school, I decided that the time had come. I had grown up and moved out, and I was now going to get a dog.

My research over the years had led me to believe that I should adopt a dog from the shelter, but I had recently learned about a new cause, "Save the Greyhounds!" Apparently, the same people that kept thousands of greyhounds in cages for most of the hours of each day, releasing them only to train them to race like horses, couldn't be bothered with the dogs once they were past their prime, or injured. These beautiful, sensitive dogs were shot or put down once they were no longer useful to the racing industry. Thankfully, a grass roots organization had sprung up; kennels across America were starting to take in the retired racers, holding them until people came to adopt them. I reasoned that if I, a lifelong dog-lover, was only hearing about this cause now, the average person who decided to adopt a dog would never find out about them. It became my duty to find, and adopt, a greyhound.

Fortunately, I lived in Montreal, only an hour and a quarter from Northern Greyhound Adoptions, in St.Alban's, Vermont. A few friends and I took a road trip to visit the kennel, where it became clear to me that I could easily adopt many dogs. However, there were two that stood out for me; a five year old female and a two year old female. My friends and I took pictures, and we went home. I deliberated back and forth for a couple of weeks, and eventually decided to adopt the younger dog. I reasoned that she would be more trainable, and that we would have a longer time together.

Two weeks later, in March of 2001, I brought Grady home. Though she had only raced for four months (at this point I did not know why she had been retired), Grady had lived her entire life at a track, in a kennel. She was terrified of the car. But once in the car, when we arrived home, she was terrified to get out. She had never seen stairs before. And I lived in an upper duplex. Up a very steep flight of stairs. It took my roommate and I about twenty minutes to get Grady up the stairs that first time. I did the front paws and she did the back paws, and Grady trembled and panted the whole way up. Of course, once we got up, we realized that we would have to repeat this process in order to take her for a walk. Grady and I spent a lot of time practicing stairs those first weeks. We would walk to the post office simply to practice going up and down the six stairs, over and over.

Those first few weeks must have been incredibly stressful to Grady, who had never even seen another type of dog in her life to that point. But she handled it all gracefully, proving over and over what a wonderful, calm dog she was. After a few days of keeping her in a crate while I was in school and at work, one day I simply left her out and hoped for the best. She never went back into a crate, grasping immediately that the whole house was like her crate, and as long as she was good, she had free rein.

One of Grady's great assets was her lack of barking. I know all dogs bark, some more than others. But for a while I wondered if Grady had somehow never learned. After three months of having Grady with me, I heard her bark for the first time. And it scared me out of my mind. Granted she was a big dog (80lbs), but she was so calm, gentle, and *quiet*, that I never expected to hear such a big, deep bark come out of her mouth! I looked at her, shaking, and she looked at me, as she stood by the door, ready to go out. After that, Grady barked about once a month, generally to tell me I was taking too long and she was ready to go for a walk, and also, I think, just to prove that she could still do it.

I was never very successful at teaching Grady to play. She loved to run; she was a greyhound, after all. But she loved to run *in circles*. I tried to teach her to fetch. She just looked at me like she was thinking, "Do I look like a retriever? You want it, go get it yourself!" We ran together for a while, except my pace was somewhere between a very fast walk and a too slow trot for her, so instead we stopped every five seconds to sniff, etc. That didn't last long.

I had read that dogs wagged their tails when they were happy. My dog wagged her tail only when I came home. I worried for a while that she was miserable, until I realized that *most* dogs wag their tails when they are happy. Others simply come lean against you and get you to pet them and pet them and pet them. And then you move, and they move with you. A good ear rub, or brain massage seemed to do the trick, and she was dopey with happiness.

Continued on page 6...

Vendor Spotlight!



Houndtime clocks, custom and greyhound clocks from your photo or our classic greyhound art. Memory boxes, trinket boxes and custom photo plaques. Note cards and hand crafted wooden items. Zoom Doggies fleece and flannel coats. All of our items are hand made, not manufactured. We have been in business for over 10 years. And, as always, it is our pleasure to promote greyhound adoption whenever we can.

We have three white and brindle greyhounds and recently moved from Old Bridge, NJ to Lewes, Delaware.

As your vendor of the month we are offering Free Shipping on our Haiku notecards pictured below. Just mention "The Northern Bark" when you place your order!

Visit us at www.houndtime.com

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Haiku Note Cards

KETCHIE'S KORNER

A Day in the Life.....



"So I'm a bit destructive.... I'm SO stinkin' cute no one can be mad at me....ever!"
- Ketchie

Dear Dyson,
Thank you for coming and getting my Momma's prized vacuum cleaner. It wasn't my fault, really. The grandkid left his plastic T Rex on the floor by the vacuum cord. I was just trying to play, um I mean pick it up and put it where it belonged when the cord accidently got chomped in two. I heard you tell Momma not to worry that you would fix it for her. Just between the two of us, I think she was really mad at me for a second or two. Sincerely, Ketchie

Dear Timberland,
Do you possibly sell just one classic leather docker shoe? The back of one accidently got destroyed during a tug match, well it really wasn't a tug match but it could have been.... It belongs to my Momma and I know she's not going to be a happy camper. Sincerely, Ketchie

Dear Proctor & Gamble,
Thank you for all the coupons on toilet paper. Momma says we go through more toilet paper in a week that a family of four goes through in a month. I personally don't see a problem with rolling it out throughout the house. When you toss it in the air it unravels and flies around the room. This is just too funny from my point of view. Oh and the suggestion about closing the door – well, I learned to open doors from my brother Gizmo. Sincerely, Ketchie

Dear Eddie Bauer,
You know those flip flops that you have on backorder for my Momma? Well if you could speed it up, I'd really appreciate it. Sincerely, Ketchie

Dear Loop & Lock,
Thank you for making the best trampoline ever. My toys and I bounce all around. Too bad Momma doesn't share my enthusiasm..... Oh I worship you from afar.... Sincerely, Ketchie



Ketchie on her trampoline (aka the swimming pool cover) ☺

An Inspiring Story. Marie Josée Bourdages

I adopted Shenzi, formerly known as Quartz on Nov. 3rd of 2011. She is a lovely dog, getting more out of her shell each week; she is very funny, loves to meet people, a perfect ambassador for the greyhound breed. She became the sister to my 7 y.o. Jack Russell terrier female. I also adopted Othello, formerly known as Seagrams, in January of this year.

I was looking for a way of getting involved with the greyhounds and, by browsing on the NGA website, I found a great way to give back and have contact with the dogs is by doing the turn-outs. So I decided to volunteer every Friday for the noon turn-outs. I wanted to do good for the dogs, but I also had another idea in my mind.

You see, on December 2006, my father, a retired businessman, had a cardio-vascular stroke that changed our lives. Little by little, he came back to us, but I have to say that it changed him quite a bit. Very active, outgoing, busy with golf and a Lion's Club active member, he closed himself to the outside world, being very stressed by anything outside his home. He has stress related problems that can occur any other day, he itches all over his body and some days he has a lot of problems breathing. But the doctors can't find anything wrong with him, so we think it is a sequel of the stroke.

So my goal was to volunteer for the greyhounds, but from day one, I asked my father to join me. He came with me the first time reluctantly, saying that he did not want me to go alone but it was for this once only. What happened? Well, you must know. The greyhounds did some magic for him! Now he would not miss a week coming down to the kennel.

The first time, he loved it, but finding all the dogs in their crates, finding their names, putting on their muzzles, it kept him very busy! When I asked him if he could come with me the following week, he said yes. First accomplishment! The second time, he was already more at ease, knowing a little more where to find the dogs, how to make the turn-outs more effective. In fact, after one or two visits, he just rushes out of the car, and I can see him bloom!

He did not miss one week from the beginning. Friday mornings, he wakes up problem free and he is great all day. He speaks all week to his golf buddies about the greyhounds, tells them how great dogs they are. He spends evenings with my mother figuring out how would be the best way to fence his yard (they have over an acre of land, beautifully landscaped, he would like to see some day a hound (or two?) joining his little white poodle), but he just says that would be for my dogs to run loose in the yard. He tells her every little story about the weekly visit, how the dogs are doing, how it would be almost impossible to pick a favorite one from the pack, they're all so well behaved and loving!

He speaks nonstop during the car trip. I think he truly loves the dogs and the volunteer work we do there every week!

We have not missed a week since January. And I plan on doing lots more! Now the visits are easier, we know our way around the kennel, and he spends a little time with each, petting them, talking to them. They are such good dogs, he says. And look how quiet and peaceful the kennel is once they have been turned-out! It is an amazing story, very inspiring, about what the greyhounds are doing FOR him while he is doing something for them.

Thought I should share this story, I'm so happy that I am doing two good deeds a week! And all at once!!!



Deer Joe



Deer Joe

Could you please explain the Greyhound Scream of Death? I have heard that it is the most horrifying bone-chilling sound in the world! Is it truly a scream of impending doom?

I.N Kwiring Mind

Deer Mind,

A hewman beenk has KNOT ebber herd such a horrendibulous sownd as the greyhownd skreem of deth! Now, of course yoo know that wee greyhowndies are very stowik and strong both fisiklee and mentallee, so you MUST unnerstand that the skreem of deth is only eemitted in dire and awful circumstanses!

I will give yoo an eggsample

The udder day I was resting on my bed. I turned ober and COT MY TOENAIL in the cubber of the bed. Nachoorally I had to emit da GSOD (as it's called) becuz it was a dire eemergency! I cood have bin injured. I almost had my toe ripped from my boddee! It was a horrific site to behold. Momma came running and eggstraked my toe frum the cubbers and all was well again. Phew!

Heers anudder eggsample – Mah deerly departed brudder Logan was owt wokking won day and after he finished his errr "bizniss" he got a big case of da zoomies. He twisted and zoomed abowt and managed to get the leesh rapped arownd his nose. Unforchewwnately at this point Logan cood only emit The Greyhound Skweek of Deth!! He sowneded like a little mowse – eep eep eep hahahahaha!!! It was funneee!!!!

I hope dis cleers up any misconsepshuns about the GSOD. Beleebe me – when we skreem it is for a gud reezin!

Joe T. Reporter

Have a question for me – please send it to newsletter@t-legs.com and I will reply to it heer in this collim. Pictures are always axsepted!

Top 10 Reasons for Adopting a SECOND (or third) Greyhound!

10. If you can afford the additional vet bills, food, dog toys and other sundries, spending your discretionary income on a new dog will prevent you from frittering it away on foolish things like fad clothing, frivolous vacations and fattening dinners out
9. If you think a lot of interesting folks stop you to chat when you're walking one greyhound, wait until you have two on lead.
8. Both feeding and walking take less time: that tasteless dog food becomes a gourmet delight when they think they are in competition for it, and even the females enjoy topping one another in their favorite outdoor activity
7. You will save on heating costs during winter since two- or three-dog nights are much warmer than one-dog nights.
6. You're already experienced at dog training, so the second one's easy. What's more, the senior dog invariably shows the new one the ropes.
5. The season is right: there's nothing like warm, pleasant weather to support you in a new project, like training a dog.
4. Dogs are social and enjoy one another's company. Single dogs are lonely dogs, no matter how spoiled they act in the company of other canines. After an initial "let's-get-rid-of-the-new-guy" period, they are always glad to have a permanent buddy, especially during those hours when you're away from the house.
3. You will learn volumes about animal behavior as they interact with one another in fairly intricate ways. Living with multiple dogs will teach you the subtle complexities of their personalities.
2. You will double the affection, tail-wagging greetings, and laughs they provide. If there is more than one of you in your household, at least two can have shadows while working on various at-home projects.
1. You're freeing up a spot at the kennel, allowing us to bring us yet another dog for adoption! That makes everyone feel good, not only the dog. So think about it. There are lots of cuties up at kennels waiting for their very own humans. Won't you consider another?

Kennel Needs

- **Small new or gently used window air conditioner (for the back room of the kennel)**
- laundry detergent & cleaning supplies
- paper towels
- dog toys & stuffed animals to cuddle

The Perfect Dog – continued from page 2

Grady was my constant companion through the years. She was with me when I moved to Ottawa for a year to do a one year degree; the two of us in an apartment of less than 100 square feet. We quickly decided that she didn't really need her own bed, considering she thought of my futon as her bed, and we didn't have space. Despite my long days, she met me at the door with a waggy tail, ready to head out for a walk, to reconnect, daydream, and find the perfect sniff.

I was a package deal when I met Avi; love me, love my dog. Thankfully, he did. We got married, and voila! Instant family. Man, woman, dog. Perfect. Fifteen months later, Grady was presented with a small blanket to sniff the day before we brought the baby home from the hospital. She was interested in sniffing the blanket, and when Lieba came home, barely paid her any attention. Grady became a "big sister" three more times. After the first time, her reaction to each subsequent baby was basically, "been there, done that." The kids have grown around Grady, but never really played with her, Grady never having been overly playful, and already somewhat elderly by the time any of them were old enough to play with a dog.

Grady and I went through a lot together. She was my constant companion for eleven years. She saw me get married (and was even in the pictures!) and have four children, moved from city to city to suburb and even across the world with me, and now we have come to the end.

As I write this, Grady is about to turn thirteen years old, seventy-three is dog years. Her body is breaking down; she hobbles and hops, one of her back paws has a torn ACL. In a younger dog, surgery would fix the problem. In a thirteen year old dog surgery is no longer an option. Ultrasounds and x-rays have cleared her of the dreaded C-word, however, she is losing weight; still eating, and getting people food for the first time in her life, in an effort to get her to re-gain some of the weight she has lost, but to no avail. Still very stoic, she doesn't express pain, but I see it in her eyes, in the trembling and panting. How does anyone possibly decide when a dog has finished living? How can I decide that my dog is living in pain, and that it is time for her to go? At this point, all I can do is love her and pet her, and trust that I will know when the time has come to let her go...and believe that she will move on to the great grassy field in the sky, where she can run in circles to her hearts' content, and never have shaky legs or worry about her back paws collapsing under her again. All I can do is love her and thank her for being the perfect dog.

Addendum:

We put Grady to sleep in Feb. 13, 2012, just a few days after I wrote this. A month later, I still look for her when I come home, and often have to catch myself before calling out a good-bye when I leave. The idea that I am a person without a dog is mind-numbing, and I know that one day, when the time is right and the children are older and less needy, I will have a dog again, and that dog will be a greyhound. I know that no dog will ever match Grady, truly the perfect dog. I know I will see her again one day, on Rainbow Bridge, and I picture her there now, strong and beautiful, playing with all her greyhound friends, wondering what is taking me so long. I will always love her.



Grady (LL Sassy Lady) Feb 9th, 1999 – Feb 13th, 2012

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**Working closely with the following
groups to broaden our horizons!**

Montreal, Quebec:



www.t-legs.com

Contact: greyhounds@t-legs.com

Ottawa, Ontario:



www.gsncr.ca

Contact: info@gsncr.ca

Coming up next –

Our Pre-Reunion Issue



SAVE THE DATE – JUNE 24TH, 2012

**Got pictures?? Got stories??
Send them along to newsletter@t-legs.com**