

GREYHOUND UPDATE



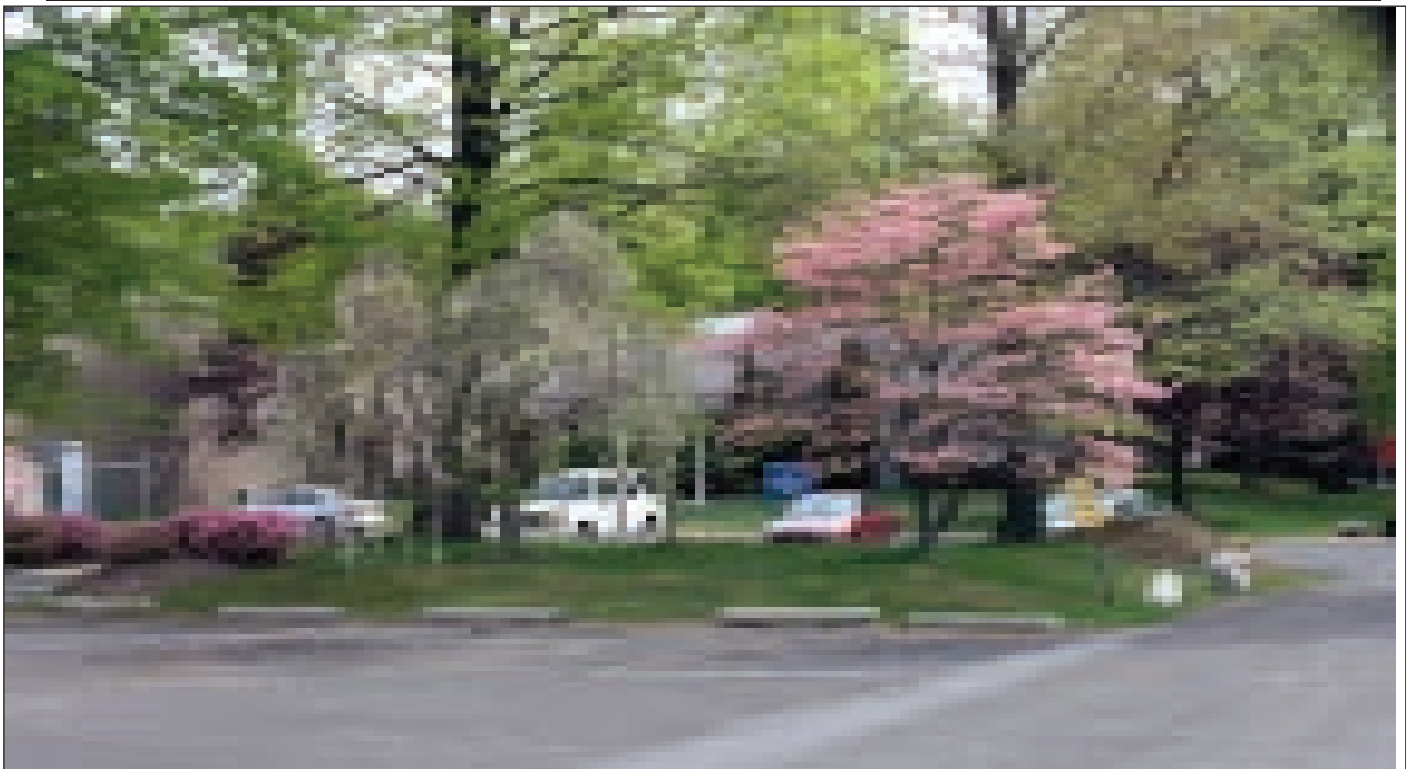
A NEWSLETTER FROM THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND ADOPTION PROGRAM
SPRING - 2005

Where Has My Newsletter Been?

Putting together a newsletter requires so many different things to fall into place. First, the director often needs to write the words. Second, we cannot be busy moving and trying to find everything after we've moved. Then the copier has to be working and the service company that services it has to keep up the maintenance. The last part of this equation has been the difficult one; the service company that serviced our copier is the same company that we purchased it from. That company has gone out of business and sold their accounts to someone else. That someone else claims they did not buy our contract. It went on and on for months and we had no service for our copier. Starting the newsletter using a copier with no service contract brought fear into our hearts. In order to move on with life we were finally able to find someone to service the copier that is not a rip-off and now here we are in April of 2005 working to send you an update. Thanks for your patience.

Shifting Gears

Although most adopters and donors that receive newsletters do not get a chance to feel the daily pulse of what was going on. Last year we determined because of continuous problems regarding our property along the Delaware waterfront with DEP we had a conflict that would take a long period of time to resolve. At that time a property came onto the market we believed would be a wonderful facility for the greyhound program. It is in far Northeast Philadelphia in an area of large well-kept industrial buildings with lots of grass and trees. With the exception of not having the waterfront view it is far superior to our other site designation. The site is 10 acres in size surrounded on 3 sides by wooded area. Chainlink fencing completely surrounds the facility. The building, which we share with Wolf Investment Corporation, is 100,000 square feet. Our offices have wrap-around windows and marvelous views year-round. We hope that some of the space that is not needed by National Greyhound Adoption Program or Wolf Investment Corporation can be leased to others to reduce our debt service to the bank. Everyone that visits is thoroughly impressed, as we are. Just a few days ago we received revised plans detailing our kennel & surgical layout. We have basically taken our previous plan, cut it into little squares and fitted it into our new building configuration. This is an exciting place to be, we invite everyone to come visit and join in the excitement.



HBO Slams Greyhound Racing

In November 2004 HBO's Real Sports with Bryant Gumbel did a feature piece on greyhound racing. In our view they really slammed the racing industry. The piece had 3 slam dunk portions. In the beginning of the piece you saw greyhounds being led into a vet clinic one at a time, injected with a euthanasia drug, meticulously slid into a black plastic bag, thrown on the floor, and then heaved into the back of a trailer. This could have been a feature all on its own. They then had Robert Rhodes, who worked at a Florida track and had farmland in Alabama, demonstrate how he personally shot greyhounds in the head and kicked them into an adjoining hole. Thousands of greyhounds died just this way, and there he was telling the world how he did it. They also had a person with a voice synthesizer disguising their voice explaining the horrors of the greyhound racing industry. But the final portion showed greyhounds being marched into a vet clinic in Grand Bay, Alabama, it was Monday. Monday is Kill-Day for greyhounds at this clinic. Truckloads would arrive, be unloaded, walked behind a fence, but through an opening in the fence you could see their bodies being dumped into a dumpster. This was certainly the most graphic presentation of greyhound racing as it exists today. When I asked Gary Guccione of the National Greyhound Association his response to the HBO piece after I detailed it to the audience in the room he was lecturing in at the North American Veterinary Conference, his response was "Why wasn't the industry informed of these terrible things happening?" Of course the industry knew it was happening. Dr. Hillman in Pennsicola has been killing 800 greyhounds annually for many years. The Grandbay Animal Clinic in Grand Bay, Alabama has been well known for its Monday kill sessions. I personally talked to the Florida Para-Mutuel Division a year and half prior to this HBO piece. Of course Robert Rhodes got caught exporting dogs out of state for the purpose of murdering them. I was personally involved in having the legislation passed to outlaw the exporting of dogs from Florida for the purpose of euthanasia.

Baby Seals

It is not the goal of the National Greyhound Adoption Program to protect other animals, but as the director I think it is appropriate to print this email received about the slaughter of baby seals in Canada. As in the treatment of greyhounds these barbaric acts and slaughter need to go away and as a concerned humane population we can help to make it happen.

Death Toll Now in the Tens of Thousands

On the hunt's fourth day, the number of seals bludgeoned or shot to death reached well into the tens of thousands, as sealers continued to ply their barbaric trade off the coast of Eastern Canada.

Despite a series of confrontations with hostile sealers yesterday, our team of skilled and dedicated professionals is out on the ice again today. We'll continue to exercise our right to peacefully witness and document the hunt. Our fervent hope: to expose this bloody slaughter to the world and spur public pressure so unrelenting — and an international boycott of Canadian seafood so effective—that Canada's government will be forced to stop it.

Thank you for standing with us in our campaign to put an end to this savage hunt forever.

What You Can Do

Sign the pledge to boycott Canadian Seafood

<http://hsus.ga4.org/ct/ipa07PF14XAt/>

Download your own How-to-Boycott Canadian Seafood wallet card. <http://hsus.ga4.org/ct/ida/07PF14XAv/>

Visit our What You Can Do page.

<http://hsus.ga4.org/ct/8da07PF14XAX//>

Tell a friend about the campaign

<http://hsus.ga4.org/ct/kla07PF14XAg/>

"RAGE"

Rage is the name of a greyhound. He was returned to us, which is what happens to a some of our 11-year old greyhounds. But his return was different from most others; Rage was ripped open from the right side of his neck going down to the left side of his neck to his leg. He had been in a fight with another greyhound in a home that had too many greyhounds. The owner took the easy way out and returned two of his oldest greyhounds to us, the philosophy being: the younger greys were picking on the older greys. The younger 3 were from another adoption program headed by Cheryl Vona. The adopter had 6 greyhounds in a small house where the people were gone for long hours. Obviously too greyt a responsibility for someone unable to cope both morally and financially. When his 2 older greyhounds were dropped off to us, we asked for money for the necessary repairs, his response was: "I don't have my checkbook with me." Apparently this checkbook must be lost because we are yet to receive any payment for the repairs of over \$900.00, which included 10 days of recuperative care. We had our own "Rage", rage at the adopter and rage at the other adoption program for not being more careful.

Rage was terrific, he tolerated our cleaning his wounds daily and doing restapling, considering the fact that his wound was huge and it took about 2 hours to put him back together and that he is 11-years old, he has done remarkably well. Rage is now in the Scully home in New Jersey with 5 greyhounds and he is doing greyt.

It's wonderful to have a potato chip effect in your house, to have wall-to-wall greyhounds. However, you have to consider the long-term commitments both moral and financial for everyday your greyhound is with you. If you cover those bases you will not take in too many greyhounds and you will not have a situation that results in a law suit.

A Big Surprise at the H.H. Backer Show

Each April National Greyhound Adoption Program exhibits at the H.H. Backer Pet Show. The show is for all people that sell products to pet stores, and is held in Atlantic City, NJ. This year we were the designated charity, which means vendors, when leaving at the end of the show, can donate to the designated charity whatever they do not wish to take back with them. We came back with all sorts of things. The largest donation was from Bamboo. Probably the most significant donation was a neat nail clipper with a combination blood-stopper. It is now available for sale from NGAP. Then came the Big Surprise: from the Estate of GiGi Szollosy Charitable Trust a donation of \$5,000.00 for our building fund. Our thanks to H.H. Backer, Bamboo, and all those other vendors who made donations to the National Greyhound Adoption Program.



Greyhound Backyard Safety

Objects in the yard where your greyhound runs such as campers, boats and other type trailers, out buildings with wide open spaces underneath, and even picnic tables can pose a danger to your greyhound. If your yard is visited by rabbits, squirrels, or other small creatures, please take heed. When pursued and not thinking they can make it to the fence, these backyard critters will usually dash for safety under the closest object. A greyhound in a head down, full run in hot pursuit may believe he can fit under objects half his height. Needless to say, at 40 mph, such a collision will cause serious injury to your greyhound. Here are a few ideas that can help: For my trailer that doesn't get used on a regular basis, I park it in the back corner and enclose it with a four foot snow fence and a few light metal posts. (Don't use the two foot garden type with pointed tops). For my eight foot picnic table or an object that may need to be frequently moved, I found that bushel baskets work well. For the picnic table, I placed three baskets upside-down on the ground just under the seats and two at each end. From the greyhound's point of view, the table will appear to be a solid object. The baskets can be easily moved for your next picnic. Other backyard hazards to a running greyhound could be sticks, small limbs that fall from the trees, and small holes that squirrels and field mice like to dig. With warm weather fast approaching, wishing you and your greyhound many happy hours outdoors this summer.

So Many Pet Owners Think Of Their Veterinarians Almost As GODS

Actually, very often they are far from it – most vets think if they treat 10-20 greyhounds that they know a lot about greyhounds when actually they do not. When it comes to dentistry few vets do an adequate job. They have been doing it the same old way for years and years and unfortunately they don't have a clue. How do we know this? We know when greyhound owners bring dogs in for boarding who use other vets and in some cases the dogs' mouths are terrible. Recently a greyhound was brought in for boarding whose mouth was in similar condition, the owner specifically said not to touch the dog's teeth, but wouldn't tell us why. We touched up the teeth charging \$10.00, which the owner refused to pay. In reality this dog needed multiple extractions. When we spoke to them later about the \$10.00 charge, they said the dog was to have other surgery later and they didn't want the dog overstressed. They also mentioned they were concerned about the dogs blood work done by their vet. Now they certainly could have said: "Our greyhound has a growth, would you mind looking at it and giving an expert opinion?" Our expert opinion would have been free of charge. They could have also said: "We are concerned about the blood work." We would have been happy to look at the blood work and tell them if it was necessary for concern, free of charge. They chose not to ask. They probably didn't know their greyhound's mouth would negatively impact its blood work because their vet failed to tell them. We know for a fact greyhounds, even after multiple extractions, will feel better only days after surgery and their body and blood work will get better as a reaction to extractions. Unfortunately, so many vets think they know it all when it comes to animal care, but unfortunately when it comes to greyhounds they are usually way off base.

Chemicals on your Lawn

If you want a nice lawn, you usually have to fertilize it. If you wish to get rid of pests, you have to spray. Can it be done safely? The key element is segregating the lawn, invest in a low cost plastic or metal fence. Only do one section at a time. When you do each section it is important to wait for at least two good rain falls in the area where the dogs can't go before switching to another area. Try not to spray or fertilize up to the fenced area, stay five feet back. Don't fertilize or spray when it's windy! Following this procedure you can either do half of your lawn or depending on the layout of your lawn, break it down in separate applications. The fence that you purchase this year can be used for many years to come.

NGAP At Calloway's Night

Fund-raiser for NGAP, Tuesday - June 14, 2005 from 5PM - 10PM. NGAP gets 20% of your bill with a voucher. Enjoy a good meal and help the greyhounds at the same time. Contact Donna McCann at the office for your vouchers.

(215) 331-7918

Princess

Could it possibly be eleven plus years have gone by, since on that big airplane to Kalamazoo you did fly. You stepped out of that flight crate as if to say to all, you may now grovel and bow right here and now!

My steadfast companion through Mom's death and all, you're the one who changed the direction of my life, alleviating the blues and getting rid of strife.

I'll never have another one like you my dearest old friend, You got us in events and lots of rules they did bend. Once folks saw that loving look in your eyes, after hearing your story, most cried and cried.

Fourteen years and nine months is quite a record in time, but knowing you're now no longer in pain, you're up there in Heaven, with Curly Joe and your friends, but the memories you gave me will never, ever end.

Knowing you're whole now, the Lord has you healed. You're back to your old self, playing and running. Your heart and your lungs are all now OK, and you're resting forever, but not far away.

I loved you as best that I could and have no regrets, because God in his way, had sent me the best. With undying love.....Mom (Judy Jones)

Christy Finds A Home!!

Christy was not taken from the streets of New York, though by looking at her you would think that was the case. LeeAnn Jaffee, our friend and adopter from New York, and coordinator for Italian Greyhound Rescue heard about Christy. LeeAnn was told that Christy's caregiver was dying, had no electricity and was being evicted. I am not quite sure we believe this story but LeeAnn arranged to pick her up and met Tony Tereszczuk, one of our volunteer drivers half way to New York. Christy arrived in the afternoon on a surgery day. She came into our kennel weighing only 42 lbs. She looked like a survivor from a concentration camp. We could see every bone in her little body. Her mouth and the odor coming from it were atrocious, while she was awake we attempted ultrasonic cleaning. It worked somewhat but while scaling, one of her large molars fell out. We sent her to surgery and removed 18 more teeth and cleaned up the rest, many had probably already fallen out. She is a wonderful, sweet, lovable old grey. We gave her what we call the apartment to reside in, which she shared with another older greyhound "Schwarz."

Then Labor Day 2004 came, it was a wonderful day, Bill and Erika Reigle came to give Christy a new life. It was love at first sight. On the way home to Delaware, Christy got a new name: Princess. She moved into a home with greyhounds, Italian greyhounds, and a wonderful retirement with wonderful people.

Christy was a lucky dog. Her story is very special, but she is not alone. Our kennel still has many older greyhounds. We need others like the Reigle's' to come forward and give these wonderful old greys a few more good years.

Sammy, Our Big Brindle Baby

My husband and I loved Sammy from the start, and took great pride in showing her off to our friends and neighbors, but we didn't really know her. She's a shy girl, and it took a few months for her true colors to show.

When she came home, she was appreciative of all the attention she got, and certainly well behaved. She spent her first night in her crate, but by the second day it was clear that she never wanted to see it again. We obliged, carting it off to the basement, where it's been ever since. Her nights are spent in our bedroom on her own bed-one of three we've acquired to keep her comfortable. But she clearly prefers the sofa, where she "roached" on the very first day she was home. (We'd never seen up upside-down greyhound before and thought it was about the funniest thing ever. I still can't believe that position is comfortable, with her paws sticking straight into the air.)

Now the three of us squeeze together on the sofa in the evenings, Sammy making herself as small as possible until we're all seated, then spreading out on any and all human body parts.

Sammy showed some interest in our two cats at first, which concerned us. We did the introductions carefully. But after a few days and a few sniffs, she lost interest completely. I think the cats are simply an annoyance to her now, other creatures vying for her affection.

In about her fourth month with us was when the real Sammy came out to play. Suddenly, she had enthusiasm for just about everything. She decided that everyone was her friend, and her walks through the neighborhood became a game called "How Many People Can I Get to Pet Me" for our charming girl. Her tail wags in crazy circles for the mailman, the UPS guy and everyone who visits our door. After refusing all people food for months, she started sampling everything that was offered to her and took a particular liking to bananas.

I was disappointed at first that Sammy showed no interest in her many toys. Then one day I took a stuffed moose outside, and she went crazy, throwing it up in the air and running around the yard with it. That seemed to spark her interest in the other toys inside. She frequently feels the need to move them from one room to another, and if we throw one for her to chase, she dutifully returns it to her bed. She's also fond of slippers, which are never chewed but simply collected and taken to her bed as prized possessions.

Together Sammy and I have learned the wonders of the rotary tool for nail trimming. While not exactly a fan of the procedure, she'll lie still in anticipation of the treat she receives after each paw is completed.

I keep biscuits in my home office, and every time she enters, her long nose appears over the top of the desk, waiting for a treat. She bats her eyes and licks her lips-how can I refuse? My husband tells me it's ridiculous how much I love this dog-and then I spy him whispering secrets into her ear or grinning wildly while she runs around the yard. Sammy has completely stolen our hearts, and we can't imagine our lives without her.

Susan Arns and John

Gooch

HARPO MARXHOUND

Dear NGAP Personnel,
It is with sadness that I inform you that our dear friend Harpo (#0915 - AKA "Ford") has crossed the Rainbow Bridge.

Harpo was whelped 6/11/91, litter-letter F, a large red fawn with a star on his chest and a song in heart. He loved his Boy, his Boy's brother and his "Mom & Dad" and his cats.

Was it April or May of 1993? I can't recall now. My son Sean was only 10 when this fun-loving cheerful 2 year old Grey galloped full-speed into our hearts. His kennel-name was "Ford", his racing name "Money Macon" (jeeze! what can I say?). Maybe not fast enough to win money, but he sure could win hearts.

Harpo Marxhound was a name that fit him well: He had an endearing goofy sense of humor, his hair was red-gold, wore a maniacal grin much of the time, and he was silent, mostly. He barked at an umbrella once; another time, some tent-worms in a tree.

He was a liquid dog, as most Greys are: Taking the shape of his container. His container was a love-seat he and his Boy would share, his head in his Boy's lap, legs everywhere. Alone there, sometimes, he'd curl-up in a tight ball at one end; most times he'd be splayed-out and draped over it like a grey quilt: Head hanging over the edge of the sofa, tongue lolling out. One foreleg straight in the air, the other curled to chest. Hind legs leaning up the back of the sofa. His head, neck body and legs often went their separate ways. How could anyone sleep like that?

Here is a little ditty I came up with and would sing to Harpo (yes, my family thinks I'm strange): Sung to the Beach Boys tune "Barbara Ann".

"Dog-dog-dog dog-dog who ran, Dog-dog-Dog dog-dog who ran
Dog who ran he licks my hand
Jumpin' and a'spinnin' woofin and a'grinnin dog who ran,
dog-dog dog-dog who ran."

There are too many memories. I miss you, you Leggy Thang. We all do! Know that your Boy (who is now a man) thinks of you often, as he is over in Bagdad now.

Bonnie O'Rourke, Sean O'Rourke
(AWA Kevin & Casey O'Rourke)

Donate your old unwanted car to NGAP! WHY? Get a tax deduction for it and the best reason of all; It Helps The Greyhounds!

Because we feel it is appropriate, this article will appear in every newsletter

"The Gift of Life, The Gift of Death"

Each of us can truly say we've adopted a greyhound and we have extended to that greyhound the "Gift of Life". Surely, if it had not been adopted, it would have been euthanized in one way or another. We hopefully have brought as much pleasure to it's life, as it has to ours. But the time will come when it will not feel well, but it won't be able to tell you, and by the time you realize it, it's health is failing. We love our greyhounds dearly but we must consider giving them one final gift. This is the "Gift of Death" - without undue pain, without any suffering, we can bestow them with it's final gift. Quality of life is something we all desire for ourselves and our pets. When we lose that quality of life, when there is not a light at the end of the tunnel, when the hope of extended life is more to put off the pain that we would feel at our greyhounds loss, then it is time for the "Gift of Death". As difficult as it is we truly love our greyhounds we don't wish them to suffer. It is always a difficult choice. Try not to prolong life if the quality of life is not worth living. As difficult as it may seem when you are facing the need to euthanize your greyhound you can always give another the "Gift of Life", as a true memorial to the greyhound you lost.

Medical Treatment at National Greyhound Adoption Program

If you didn't already know it, NGAP performs more surgery on greyhounds than anywhere in the U.S. We do over 1,000 procedures annually under general anesthesia and a like amount under Domitor/Antisedan (a short-term anesthetic). It is common place for us to do dentistry and extractions on greyhounds 10-13 years old. We have had greyt success doing procedures on geriatric greyhounds. Below is a list of some veterinary costs for our services:

Dental - Ultrasonic with anesthesia \$100
Dental - Ultrasonic without anesthesia \$40

Extractions

Incisors- \$10 - \$20
Premolars - \$20 - \$25
4th Premolar - \$ 30 - \$50
Canine - \$50 - \$100

Nail Clipping/Ear Cleaning

Regular Clipping - \$8 - Extensive Cutback - \$12
Regular Ear Cleaning - \$6 - Extensive - \$12 - Flush - \$20 - \$30

Shots

DHLPP, Corona & Rabies - \$30
Combo - DHLPP, Corona, Rabies, Bordatella & Lyme - \$50

Tests

Heartworm Test - \$16 - T4 Test - \$22
Lyme Combination - \$35
In House CBC - \$25
Chemistry - \$30 - Urinalysis - \$20
Fecal - \$13
Comprehensive CBC Chem/T4/UA - \$85

Another Track Bites the Dust

Plainfield Greyhound Park in Plainfield, CT announced racing will end May 14, 2005. The track, which opened in 1976, at one point was highly successful but over the last decade revenues have fallen sharply. The track once employed 350 workers, its current staff is down to under 100 employees. This announcement was a surprise to all the kennels that thought a land developer was coming in to save the day. It would appear the track has sold out to give up the land and track facility. The developer said the track would be torn down and rebuilt at some point. This track lost \$915,000.00 last year. Do you think they will really

Weekender

We recently had a small bus donated to us. That small bus gives us the opportunity to take weekend trips stocked up with greyt stuff, most of all Nylabone, and hit the road. Within a 200 mile radius of Philadelphia there are multiple events that we could use to raise money. It could be a Super Pet Expo, a Home & Garden Show, or almost anything where there are lots of people. If it is a weekend affair we pay for the room, food, and gas, you provide the fun and the work. The result is more money for the greys at NGAP. We currently have 2 Weekend Warriors: Debbie & Ellen, both employees of the kennel. Their forays on the road have been very successful. Others can do it too. As Bob Barker would say: Come On Down!!

Animal Medical Center Not At The Top Of My List

In case you missed our previous newsletter, I wrote about the Animal Medical Center (AMC), one of the most prestigious veterinary clinics with over 200 veterinarians in New York. That's the good part, the bad part is that they use greyhounds as blood donors. My visit last year showed, in my view, that they do not take care of those greyhounds. They were overweight, spooks, had periodontal disease, and were NEVER walked. I am pleased to say the dogs are now walked, how often, I do not know. I am not pleased to say the now have more greyhounds than last year. Anyone that uses AMC contributes to their abuse, everyone that calls them exploiters of greyhounds is my friend. It would be nice to do another demonstration at AMC. We need volunteers to take a day off, drive to New York, and show them that we haven't forgotten.

Thyroid Supplement

For years most newsletters talked about how thyroid supplementation will improve the well-being and esteem of shy, spooky greyhounds. We have been supplementing our greyhounds with thyroid supplementation for about 13 years now. The vet community has always said 'Prove it by doing a study.' Tuft's Veterinary School is taking on that challenge this year. We will keep you posted on the results.

Florida Legislators Can't Make Up Their Minds

This past year Florida voters permitted the possibility of slot machines at Pari-Mutual facilities, this includes dog tracks. In a vote this spring only Broward County will have slots. Tax money generated from Broward will go to the school systems and be divided among all the schools in Florida. The people of Broward have shot themselves in the foot; they will now have to deal with the traffic and headaches of slots then the profits will be shared by the entire state. In a further blow to greyhound racing a current amendment would permit the Hollywood track to be open seasonally, this will reduce the need for greyhounds.

As this is being written the actual legislation regulating the slots is not passed, we will see what happens.

Dwelling on Sadness

Many of the articles in our newsletter deal with the loss of our greyhounds. Are our newsletters too morbid? To this writer these articles tell a story about love, commitment, fulfillment and joy. Our greyhounds give us all of those things. To each family its a little different. By writing these stories we honor our greyhounds life and the commitment their adopters have made to make their joint lives so special.

A Merchandise Person

NGAP truly needs a merchandise person. We have 2 of those people in Virginia Beach: Sam & Gay Latimer. They know how to set up a store, keep it organized, have things out front that sell well and keep it stocked. NGAP truly has a lot of stuff. What we do not have is a volunteer person to keep this stuff well shown at our greyhound store, kennel & new facility at Dutton Road. If there is an adopter out there with those skills, we need those skills to help sell our greyt stuff. The more we sell, the more money the greyhound program makes, the better we can care for our greyhounds. If you are out there, then as Bob Barker would say: Come

Celebrating Greyhounds

If you didn't know it, there is a greyt magazine about greyhounds, greyhound health issues, and places where you can buy greyt greyhound stuff. It comes out quarterly, and has won many awards. It is a worth while reading. You can get information on it on their website:

www.TheGreyhoundProject.org

Dental Care

The number one health issue for your greyhound is taking care of its mouth. If you don't pay attention, it will come back to bite you. NGAP for many years has been considered one of the premier stops in the U.S. for care of greyhounds. We unquestionably do more dentistry on our greyhounds than anywhere in the U.S. I venture to say we are really good at it and our cost is substantially under most veterinary clinics an added bonus is the use of laser in the mouth. We have the edge because we do so many. If you haven't had dental work done at NGAP, it is now time to skip your vet and get a good appraisal.

BARBARIC PRACTICES IN RURAL SPAIN

What follows is information received this morning, 16th February 2005, from someone who is a resident in Spain and speaks regularly with hunters in this area. He speaks fluent Spanish and English, and has learned a lot of things that are important for us concerned with the galgos, to know. He says these hunters talk quite openly and are not ashamed or embarrassed at what they tell him.

Hunters start the session with about 20 galgos and finish it with (3) three. It is now illegal to shoot and hang galgos (the fine is 400 euros) so they deal with the dogs in other ways. Their mentality does not suggest to them that they pay money to take the dogs to be euthanized by a vet. The Guardia Civil who deals with rural matters (it is Policia Nacional who deals with matters within cities), imposes these fines. The Seprona, the guardians of the forests and environmental matters, also can challenge hunters as to their treatment of galgos. Both, if they hear a gunshot outside the hunting season, can fine the hunter, ask for his license, etc. If they find dogs hanged, or tied up and left to die, the authorities usually KNOW who the hunters are in their areas and to who the dogs belong, so the hunters, to avoid a fine, have to hide their foul deeds and kill the dogs in other ways.

Common ways are to take the dog in the boot of their car (so the dog doesn't know where he is going), and abandon the dog somewhere it doesn't know. Now, this is even hard to write, if the loyal dog follows the car, which it commonly does, the hunter stops and breaks one or more of the legs of the dog so he cannot follow. Recently we have been receiving dogs with beaten smashed legs and until now, I did not know why.....

The common excuse if the hunters are challenged as to why their dog is abandoned, is that it ran away.

Another way they kill the dogs is to run them to death. If they run up to 6 times a day, the dog explodes, the lungs finally burst, and they die.

A 'good' dog burst it's lungs. A dog that is 'sucio' (dirty), stops running when it is tired and another fate awaits that dog.

We learn too that hunting laws are changing. As well as the tightening up of the use of firearms, it is now more onerous to acquire a license to hunt in all but one's own area. Before, a national license covered all of Spain, now hunters also have to acquire a license of the Autonomy to hunt.

Now that the centuries' old tradition of hanging these dogs has in recent years been exposed and is subject to punishment, we are now seeing this very messy second stage of mass abandonment, refuges full of galgos, and the brutal clandestine killings by other means.

What sort of mentality prevails in this modern country of the EU just on our doorstep, for Heavens' sake? Why is this savagery in Spain so much denied and ignored by the

The Greyhound Support Network

We recently had an occasion literally twice in one week to see how greyhound people work together to help greyhounds, even if it is not their own greyhound:

First we received a call from an old adopter originally from Philadelphia, PA but now living in Florida. She felt she could no longer take care of her greyhounds, one of them had come from us and is now 11 years old. In this case it only took two phone calls; one to friends in Ft. Lauderdale who had arranged to pick up the dogs and the second call to Hollydogs Greyhound Adoption Program in Hollywood, Florida (also friends), who would take the dogs in and either adopt them out or eventually get them back to us. Only two phone calls and the greyhounds are protected.

The second call was a greater challenge. From Vero Beach, Florida a greyhound followed a visiting nurse to a clients door. Unable to contact the owner we were called. This took about eight calls. First finding a local humane society as a last resort and then making contacts into the greyhound network of people close by. We contacted Dennis Tyler of Greyhound Pets of America in Melbourne, FL. He ultimately contacted a local adopter who picked up the dog "Jolt" to spend the evening with their greyhounds. By the next morning after several more phone calls and finding the adopter, we were able to get Jolt back to the worried owner and everyone could feel good about the little piece they had to make the puzzle complete.

If you go on vacation you can do something as simple as writing information on a paper tag, cutting it out to the size of your dogs id tag and taping that local information onto it. You can use your cell phone number, which most people now have or you can stop at a pet store and spend \$5.00-\$10.00 for a tag with that assurance. Certainly that small amount of money is better than the anxiety of your greyhound being lost and not knowing if you will find it.

THE FIX WAS IN

Grey2K USA was the lead greyhound advocate in Florida to prevent the passing of legislation to legitimize slot machines at greyhound racing tracks. Despite the overwhelming odds, when the election was finished, Amendment 4 had been defeated. But somehow gamblings chief lobbyist visited the headquarters where ballots were tallied and suddenly the industry found 95,000 additional votes. That 95,000 was enough so that a recount would not be required. Gambling interest had much more going on and apparently and ultimately bought the election. National Greyhound Adoption Program supports Grey2K's efforts through a subsidy of the enclosed newspaper article.

**Donate Your Old
Car To NGAP!**

Galgos Meet Their Daddy

Sunday, May 15, 2005 was a special day for David and Gerda Wolf, their 14 month old Galgo puppies were coming home for a reunion and for the first time they will get to meet the father that abandoned them after conception. All week long prior to the Sunday event there was great concern if we would have it at all. The weather forecast was not promising, predicting showers for Saturday and Sunday with thunderstorms. Friday afternoon we were almost ready to cancel. By Saturday morning things looked a little better, so we pulled the trigger said 'Yes' to everyone, made the final orders for food, had the garage cleaned out just in case and were ready to go. The weather turned out great, so much for forecasts. The 2 puppies we called Wolfie and Squishy were the first to arrive from the Hamptons in New York. Wolfie, now Paco, had just recovered from crucia ligament surgery and had completed many months of recuperation. Squishy, now Carlos, the dog who's skin was so soft and squishy my grandson named him Squishy, was huge. The other puppies started to arrive and then Love (their mother), now Stella, showed up with a beautiful scarf around her neck. How did these puppies know this was their mother? They knew, because they all wanted to nurse again. She was overwhelmed. All her puppies towered over her, we believe because of the intense care and good nutrition they were given during the first few weeks of life. Stella settled into her old favorite place in our sunroom and was happy to stay there making periodic visits outside to see her puppies. Most of the puppies were male. We had 8 of the males and the 2 females in attendance. All the males towered over their sisters and paid lots of attention to them. When their dad once called Whiskers, now Paco, presented himself, he strolled in calm and cool like any proud father of 13. None of the puppies appeared to be offended that he had only a brief intimate encounter with Love. Was that a pun? Paco is fawn, considerably smaller than all his sons. Everyone got along, they seemed to be so happy to see one another. They ran freely on our 1+ acre backyard, all wearing muzzles just in case. There were awards, Mrs. Wolf received an award as 'Love's #1 Helper.' Gale & Tony Tereszczuk received an award as 'Gerda's #1 Helper', taking care of the puppies most nights so Gerda was at least able to get a few hours of sleep where she bedded down usually in the basement. The puppies would be 6 or 7 weeks old before she'd actually get a nights sleep in the bedroom upstairs. There was an award for 'The Largest' won by Carlos. 'The Smallest' was won by Myah. There were awards for the longest and shortest tails, awards for best and worst behaved, we just could not determine the best behaved, but 'The Worst Behaved' was won by Chase, not because he was bad but because he wanted to be the boss. Everyone received a Certificate of Merit just for coming, and a bed, and a bag of toys. Many adopters pronounced the toys might not last with the rough wear given by the puppies. It was wonderful and exhilarating to watch these siblings run and have fun knowing that 14 month earlier you could hold each one in your hand. When the photographer arrived we had one big picture with mom and dad and 10 of their 13 puppies. It would be a sight for everyone to enjoy. I am sure all of the



Skye AKA Monkey Butt

A week ago we had to put Skye to sleep, nearly thirteen years after adopting her in the early days of the National Greyhound Adoption Program. Skye would have been fifteen years old next month.

On our first visit, to what was then just two small trailers, we met Dave Wolf and he introduced us to ten recently rescued greyhounds. Of all of the greyhounds Skye was by far the weakest. She was severely underweight and her eyes were sad and weary. She had only just been rescued several days prior from a kennel in Fort Lauderdale.

We told Dave we would adopt whichever greyhound he thought appropriate. Given Skye's condition when we first saw her we were surprised and a bit apprehensive when he chose her for us. She stood, skinny and shaking, in the back seat of the car the entire ride home. From that moment on it mattered not what condition she was in, she was ours. Despite a bad case of facial mange and intestinal worms we knew all would eventually be well when on the second day at home Skye reached up on the counter and devoured two fresh Hoagie sandwiches...her first of many meals that had nothing to do with "dog food". Her first walk in the snow that winter we made it about ten yards before she sat down, lifted her snow packed paw off the ground, looked at it, then up to us, as if to say..."What the hell is this white stuff on my foot? Remove it immediately." Of course, we did.

Skye was our child, our friend and our family. We were married for only one year when we adopted her. During her life with us we moved around.....a lot. Where ever we went, Skye went....in her nearly thirteen years with us she was introduced to no less than fourteen new homes; three in Pennsylvania, two on Long Island, six in New York City, and three in Florida. She adjusted always much faster than we did. I think our favorite times with here were in New York City. We once lived in the Essex House Hotel on Central Park for eight months and Skye loved it. She was treated like royalty and it wasn't until two months into our stay did we realize her love of the housekeeping staff was because they would feed her the thin bedtime mints left on the pillows for guests. There were very few greyhounds in Manhattan in those days...especially rescued ones. Seeing her walk along through the park was quite a site for many. Of course we loved every special minute of it. When we lived three blocks from Central Park every uniformed doorman on the route to and from our apartment would have dog biscuits for her as we passed. She would rarely eat them in public. She would hand them to us and wait until we got into our apartment elevator before she would devour them, leaving us to pick up the crumbs, of course, we did!

Veterinarians Beware !!!

Sue Wellington and her husband Gene came to us Tuesday, August 31, 2004 with their greyhound Fiona. Fiona had been in a fight with one of their other greyhounds, and as a result had a large V-shaped tear in her side. They took her to a local vet in New Jersey to have repairs done. I have never seen such negligence by a veterinarian quite in this order before. This was a large wound with a flap the size of a baseball, not sutured closed and we could tell because the sutures were still in tact. Gaping flesh was exposed. The absolute worst about it was they never shaved the hair away from the wound. The wound 3 days later was infected and smelly. The flap had to be cut away and the large gape closed. Dr. Patel did a terrific job cleaning the wound and removing the flap, sealing it nice and tight. Before you run into any vet clinic, find out what they plan to do, how much they will charge, and how much experience they have. In the case of Fiona, it is likely some charges will be pressed against the vet.

From then on she thought every man in a uniform, especially policemen, would give her a treat. "Is that one of those rescued dogs?" "Is that a Whippet?" "Don't you feed that thing?" "Look, mom, it's a baby deer". "Can I pet her?" We heard these lines, funniest when said with New York accents, hundreds of times during Skye's life with us.

When Frank Pantangili (aka Frankie), our Quaker Parrot arrived six years ago, we thought it would keep Skye (aka Money Butt), company. Skye wanted zero to do with Frankie. Frankie on the other hand, would have killed to play with her. He learned quickly to say "Come here, Skye" and "Where's Monkey Butt?" In fact, he said it minutes after the doctor and her assistant carried Skye from our home on her final day a week ago...."Where's Monkey Butt?"

But it was the private moments with her that were most special. Sleeping with us on our bed, despite having dozens of her own. Nuzzling up to her on the floor after work, or returning from a trip, wrapping her legs around our arms, pads on our faces, moaning and groaning, loving it. Those soul-full and staring eyes that only wanted to please and be pleased. It was complete, pure and honest comfort. She ate whatever we ate, and eventually ONLY what we ate; sushi, steak, Polish food, pizza, soup, mashed potatoes, potato chips. She hated pretzels. We knew it was "wrong", but in the end she lived fifteen years, most of them in excellent shape.

On our move back to New York two years ago we drove from Tampa with Skye and Frankie, staying overnight at the Hayes-Adams hotel, a few blocks from the White House. Skye loved hotel room hallways and she also loved room service. We took her on a rainy walk to the White House then packed up and headed to NYC.

We have volumes of greyt memories of Skye. No one will ever be like her. We are certain to have other greyhounds as part of our family, not right now, but most certainly in the future.

We write this as we fly back home for the first time to our house without our beloved Skye to greet us. We can only imagine how empty and silent it will be. We thank God for bringing Skye into our lives for so many incredible adventurous years and we thank Dave Wolf for all he did to rescue Skye and the thousands and thousands he continues to rescue since.

We will pick up Frankie from the kennel and can hear him now asking us on the ride home...."Where's Skye.....Where's the Monkey Butt".....

Mark & Susan Bozek

Shame On You Hickory Run Vet Hospital !!!

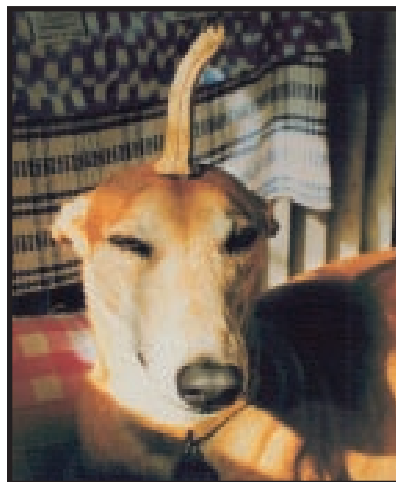
On August 12, 2004 we sent a letter to Dr. Nancy Brown of Hickory Run Veterinary Hospital in Plymouth Meeting. We had learned that Hickory had 2 senior greyhounds as blood donors, one was a 10-year-old who recently died. The other is an 8-year-old, and they are looking for another blood donor. That poor 8-year-old should be released. We asked them to do so, they chose not to respond. We are looking for volunteers to demonstrate at Hickory Run so they will truly know our Shame On You. SHAME ON YOU DR. BROWN!!!

Have you moved? Do you have a new phone number? Has your name changed? Contact the office with the new information. It could be a matter of getting a lost dog back!

The Greyt Showcase



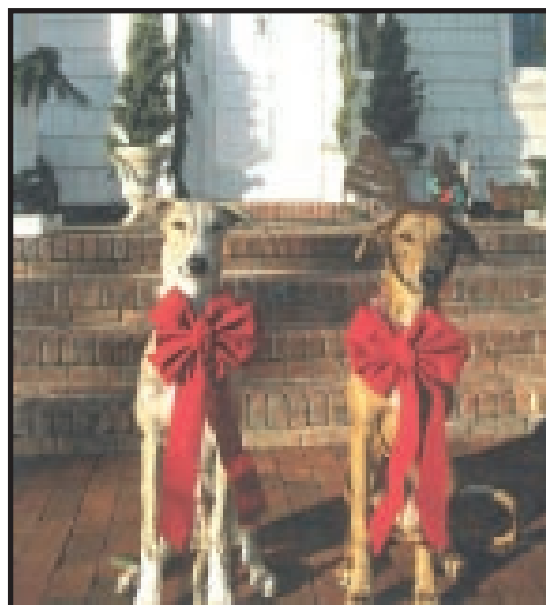
Katie & Sassy Davis #'s 5786 & 5751



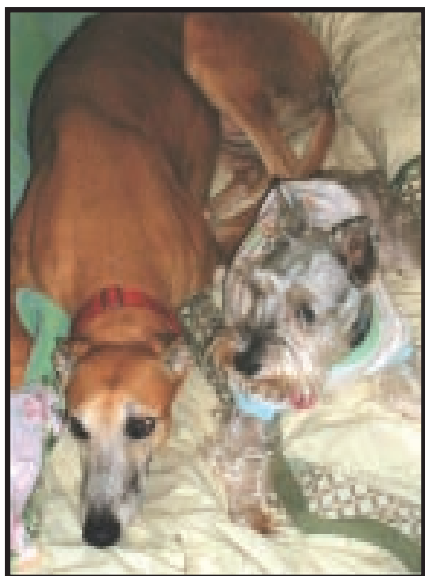
Look at me; "I'm the Greyt Pumpkin"!



Greyhounds enter the fashion world
(Neiman Marcus Catalog)



Paco & Picasso Bozek - #'s 6013 & 6014
(2 of the 13 Galgo puppies born at NGAP)



Roxy Ahlers #5784 & her friend Gerry



Daisy D'Angelo #5721 & Snowball D'Angelo #5643
(Think there's a little Holstein?)

National Greyhound Adoption Program

Main Office - 10901 Dutton Road - Philadelphia, PA 19154

Kennel/Clinic - 4800 Wingate Street - Philadelphia, PA 19136

Main Office (215) 331-7918 Fax (215) 331-1947 Kennel/Clinic (215) 331-3625

email- ngap@ix.netcom.com

website - www.ngap.org

Annual Membership

National Greyhound Adoption Program has grown over the years and continues to grow. We have adopted over 6000 greyhounds since we began in 1990. This could not have been accomplished without the use of our onsite full service kennel, boarding and surgical facility. We are about to embark on a venture that will allow us to rescue even more greyhounds and have them live in comfort until an adoptive home can be found. We continue to expand our horizons regarding their post operative medical issues. Your donations help us help the greyhounds! Please Support Us!!

Subscriber (Annual) \$25.00__

Sponsor (Annual) \$50.00__

Donor (Annual) \$75.00__

Benefactor (Annual) \$100.00__

Life Member & Benefactor \$1000.00__

We Need Volunteers! Please let us know if you can help in any of the following areas:

- Transportation of dogs (vet, airport, etc)
- Walking dogs at the kennel
- Fund Raising
- Other (explain)_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Home Phone (____)_____ Cellphone (____)_____

Email address_____

Credit Card#_____ Expiration date_____

Please complete and return this form along with your check made payable to NGAP to the above address. We also accept all major credit cards. WE ARE A 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.

"13" And Still Got It!

Just wanted to update NGAP about Greta. I decided to adopt a second greyhound in the fall and came to the kennel on October 30, 2004. Barb showed my daughter and I some of the older girls who had been returned. Greta was the oldest, already 13, but when we saw her, we were sure she was the one. I already had a 13 year old female, Zippin, who is doing well, so I decided to add Greta to our family and what a real treat she has turned out to be. Her disposition is great and she makes us laugh everyday. She is extremely feisty and no one thinks she is almost 14 (in August 2005)!! She always wants to be first at everything and since Zippin is so laid back, she just lets her go. Nothing seems to frighten her and even though she has a little stiffness in her right leg, she still will chase the squirrels!!

I certainly would not hesitate to adopt an older greyhound again. Greta is a good example for promoting the adoption of senior greyhounds.

Thanks to Barb for taking the time to show us the senior dogs that she felt would be a good match and for being knowledgeable about each dog's profile. We are so glad to have Greta. I can't believe it has been about six months already. It seems she has been here always. She really fit right in immediately. Hopefully others will be inclined to take a senior dog, too.



Jester - 6 yr old Blue Brindle Male - NO cats. Extremely active & playful. Gives kisses. Too active for small children.



Dean - 9 yr old Black Male - NO cats - very outgoing, a real people dog - walks great on a leash.



Witness - 3 yr old Red Male - NO cats - Likes to play with toys - gives kisses & comes when called.



Speed - 13 yr old Brindle Male - Small dog friendly - real sweetheart - completely housebroken.



Charlie - 10 yr old Brindle Male - Has to be the only dog. Very outgoing and playful - NO cats, NO small children.



Max - 10 yr old Fawn Male - A real sweetheart - gets along well with children and other dogs.



Tessa - 4 yr old Black Female - NO cats - No Kids - Good with older dogs - very playful & outgoing - needs an owner with experience

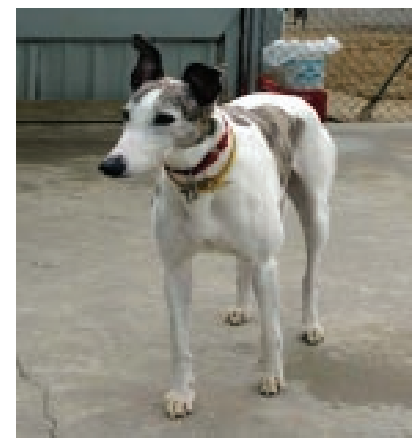
Seniors & More



Alex - 11 yr old Red Male - NO cats, NO small dogs, NO small children - Extremely outgoing for his age, very loving & sweet - likes to play with squeaky toys.



Macy - 11 yr old Brindle Female - NO cats - Very sweet & loving - would make a great companion



Sammy - 10 yr old White with Brindle Female - NO cats - gets along well with children - very sweet, nice personality - gets along well with other dogs.