

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. Each year, we strive to place 60 dogs. 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.



Maggie Mae and the Pumpkin Patch

ENJOY THE
HOWL-O-WEEN
ISSUE



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What every Greyhound adopter should know –

By - Kathleen Gilley, (part of the article [No Fear No Pain Method of Training](#))

Of all breeds of dogs, the ex-racing Greyhound has never had to be responsible for anything in his life. His whole existence has been a dog-centered one. This breed has never been asked to do anything for itself, make any decisions or answer any questions. It has been waited on, paw and tail. The only prohibition in a racing Greyhound's life is not to get into a fight or eat certain stuff in the turn out pen.

Let us review a little. From weaning until you go away for schooling, at probably a year and a half, you eat, grow and run around with your siblings. When you go away to begin your racing career, you get your own "apartment," in a large housing development. No one is allowed in your bed but you, and when you are in there, no one can touch you, without plenty of warning.

Someone hears a vehicle drive up, or the kennel door being unlocked. The light switches are flipped on. The loud mouths in residence, and there always are some, begin to bark or howl. You are wide awake by the time the human opens your door to turn you out. A Greyhound has never been touched while he was asleep.

You eat when you are fed, usually on a strict schedule. No one asks if you are hungry or what you want to eat. You are never told not to eat any food within your reach. No one ever touches your bowl while you are eating. You are not to be disturbed because it is important you clean your plate.

You are not asked if you have to "go outside." You are placed in a turn out pen and it isn't long before you get the idea of what you are supposed to do while you are out there. Unless you really get out of hand, you may chase, rough house and put your feet on everyone and every thing else. The only humans you know are the "waiters" who feed you, and the "restroom attendants" who turn you out to go to the bathroom. Respect people? Surely you jest. (Continued on Pg 2...)

Adoptable of the Month CLAYTON



What a sweetie!!!

"I had the pleasure of escorting Clayton around the big yard a few weeks ago! He's a big boy but oh so gentle. He'll make a perfect addition to anyone's couch!"
- Donna

New Couch Potatoes!

David (now known as Stewie)
(see story pg. 5)

Harry
(see story pg. 5)

Fancy Nancy



Con't from page 1..

No one comes into or goes out of your kennel without your knowledge. You are all seeing; all knowing. There are no surprises, day in and day out. The only thing it is ever hoped you will do is win, place or show, and that you don't have much control over. It is in your blood, it is in your heart, it is in your fate-- or it is not.

And when it is not, then suddenly you are expected to be a civilized person in a fur coat. But people don't realize you may not even speak English. Some of you don't even know your names, because you didn't need to.

You were not asked or told to do anything as an individual; you were always part of the "condo association; the sorority or fraternity and everyone did everything together, as a group or pack. The only time you did anything as an individual is when you schooled or raced, and even then, You Were Not Alone.

Now you are expected to behave yourself in places you've never been taught how to act. You are expected to take responsibility for saying when you need to go outside, to come when you are called, not to get on some or all of the furniture, and to not eat food off counters and tables. You are dropped in a world that is not yours, and totally without warning, at that.

Almost everything you do is wrong. Suddenly you are a minority. Now you are "just a pet". You are unemployed, and in a place where people expect you to know the rules and the schedule, even when there aren't any. (How many times have you heard someone say, "He won't tell me when he has to go out." What kind of schedule is that?) All the protective barriers are gone. There is no more warning before something happens. There is no more strength in numbers. You wake up with a monster human face two inches from his. (With some people's breath, this could scare Godzilla.) Why should you not believe that this "someone," who has crept up on you, isn't going to eat you for lunch? (I really do have to ask you ladies to consider how you would react if someone you barely knew crawled up on you while you were asleep?) No, I will not ask for any male input.

Now you are left alone, for the first time in your life, in a strange place, with no idea of what will happen or how long it will be before someone comes to you again. If you are not crated, you may go through walls, windows or over fences, desperately seeking something familiar, something with which to reconnect your life. If you do get free, you will find the familiarity, within yourself: the adrenaline high, the wind in your ears, the blood pulsing and racing through your heart once again--until you crash into a car.

Often, the first contact with a greyhound's new family is punishment, something he's never had before, something he doesn't understand now, especially in the middle of the rest of the chaos. And worst of all, what are the most common human reactions to misbehavior? We live in a violent society, where the answer to any irritation is a slap, punch, kick, whip, or rub your nose in it.

Your greyhound is, in effect, expected to have all the manners of at least a six-year old child. But, how many of you would leave an unfamiliar six-year old human alone and loose in your home for hours at a time and not expect to find who knows what when you got back? Consider that if you did, you could be brought up on charges of child abuse, neglect and endangerment. Yet, people do this to Greyhounds and this is often the reason for so many returns.

How many dogs have been returned because they did not know how to tell the adopter when they had to go out? How many for jumping on people, getting on furniture, counter surfing, separation anxiety, or defensive actions due to being startled or hurt (aka growling or biting)? So, let's understand: Is it the dog's "fault" he cannot fit in? That he is not equipped with the social skills of a six-year old human. With proper understanding of these issues you can help him.



**Meet:
Dorothy Westover**

Q: Why greyhounds & a greyhound kennel?

DW: We've had every dog known to mankind and 15 years ago someone suggested greyhounds! We went to the kennel and adopted our first. Then the family started growing. At one point we were up to 7!! We became involved with the kennel and started placing dogs. The kennel people were retiring so we found the spot in St Albans and the rest is history.

The board at that time suggested that there should be no kennel; the dogs should be fostered until permanent homes were found. I said no – the dog has to pick you, you cannot pick a dog. We started with a small grant (naturally not enough) so Donald did a lot of work for the kennel on his own. We've worked hard to get our name recognized and respected because with those two attributes people will support you 100%. It's a 24-7 job but we love it!

This is a grey life and we meet a lot of wonderful people. People ask me how I can send a dog off that we've known for weeks, months or even years. I feel that sending a dog home is akin to having your family extended. We always keep in touch, I get pictures, phone calls and I see them at least once a year at the reunion!

**Interested in volunteering
sometime? Email
odinloki@comcast.net**



Calendar of Events

NOVEMBER:

November 18 – Wreath Decorating

The Board will be getting together for a “wreath decorating” party. If anyone is interested and wants to join, please contact Cyndi at 802-244-0666 or odinloki@comcast.net Last year we had college students needing community service hours. NGA can help fill your requirements!

November 19th on – Wreath Sales

November 24, 25 “National Pet Show”

Olympic Stadium, Montreal, Quebec
T-Legs will have a Meet & Greet and info booth.
<http://www.snac.ca/montreal.htm>

DECEMBER:

December 1st – 2nd, 2007

10:00 am – 3:00 pm

Santa Day at PetFood Warehouse on Williston Rd. in South Burlington.

Demos at PetFood Warehouse almost every weekend, (as long as we have someone to volunteer). Their website is

<http://www.pfwvt.com/>

We could use people for all events! Bring your grey, your kids, friends, we ask that you can give us a couple of hours of your time. These types of events give NGA the opportunity to educate the public about greyhounds; we also use these demos to raise money. As we get closer to winter and our opportunities for demos slow down, this is a great opportunity to boost NGA's purse. NGA is 100% is a privately funded non-profit organization.

Event Recap –

First Annual Fall Foliage Walk for Greyhounds, October 13, 2007 Berlin Pond, Berlin, VT

This event was organized by **Sally Owen**, she and her husband have three greyhounds and they all live in Graniteville, Vermont.

Sally has put similar events together to raise money for other causes, she approached NGA about doing a fall foliage walk for the greyhounds, we were very excited to have another fun event to participate in. We always encourage our members to help us find new and fun ways to increase our awareness in the community and help educate the general public about greyhounds as pets.

Sally and her crew raised almost \$700 in about two weeks. Just wait until next year!

Deer Joe



My Dearest Joe,
Why oh why do our humans persist on dressing us up for their holiday occasions? Do they think I enjoy being dressed up as a bumble bee? Do they think I look cute in rabbit ears or reindeer antlers? I do admit that the seasonal coat is a welcome addition, but boots? Ear muff's, hats, sun glasses?

Thank you Joseph for letting me vent. Til the New Year....

xoxo
Geisha

Deer Miss Geisha
Thank you for that question – I shall try to 'splain. Our hoomins have a thing called a sense of hewmore. They like to do things that make them laff. Generally these things they do are udderly at our expense – the ears, the antlers, the costooms (altho' I wood like to see you in your your bumblebee costoom – hubba hubba – but I digest). My answer to the hewmiliation is to poop in their shoes! A little shoe poop goes a long way in reminding them who's the boss! Nobuddy EVER dresses ME up!

xoxo
Joe

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

Greyhound Fun Stuff!

Greyt Quotes:

"Cat's Motto: No matter what you've done wrong, always try to make it look like the dog did it."

-- Unknown

Greyspeak – words that usually can only define our greys

Smiling: A greyhound's smile is rather unlike that of most other dogs. All dogs can smile, technically. But how many do you know that can actually grin? The act of smiling, or grinning, can actually be frightening to the uninitiated, but fear not! We aren't rabid, and we're not getting ready to rip anybody's throat out. It LOOKS like a snarl but it isn't. We pull our lips back, thus exposing our teeth, and...well...we SMILE! We're just letting you know how happy we are. For a mental image, think Jack Nicholson in "The Shining," or as the Joker from "Batman."



Kennel Needs

We are in need of support, particularly during our turn-out schedule at the kennel. Times we especially need your help are 6-8am, 11am-1pm, 5-7pm and 9-11 pm If you, or someone you know, would like to volunteer their time to help Northern Greyhound Adoptions, please call Dorothy at (802) 524-6659

Wanted:

Volunteer coordinator – contact Cyndi at 802-244-0666 or odinloki@comcast.net

Needed:

Blankets!

New Couch Potatoes: Catherine and Darryl owned by Stewie;

"We chose the greyhound breed because Darryl and I both work full time and wanted a dog that would be pretty comfortable just laying on our couch waiting for us to get home. Also, since we live in an apartment we wanted a dog that was quiet, clean, friendly and doesn't need tons of exercise. We chose Stewie because he's so cute! No just kidding, he IS cute but that's not why we picked him. He's affectionate and this was very important to me, I kinda wanted a big lapdog :-). Also he's very calm, polite and loves getting petted by people, stranger or not. this was also important to us since we would like him to do visits to seniors residences with him..."



Choosing My Greyhound – by Natalie Wood

October 13th, 2007. 6:30 a.m. The day had finally arrived. In the wee hours of the morning, we began our journey from Montreal to St-Albans, Vermont to choose, who would become an intrinsic part of our lives – our greyhound! I knew in less than 2 hours I would be introduced to 40 greys – and only 1 would be my new dog. Today was the day! I am a newly wed, and not only will this be our first greyhound together, but our first dog. It was a journey in itself choosing the type of breed that would suit our family best. But when we witnessed firsthand the gentle calm and those imploring eyes, not to mention all their quirks! We knew the greyhound was the only dog for us. Thank you to Joe and Logan for these important insights! Choosing a breed is one thing; the real challenge is: Who will it be out of these 40 greys!

We finally arrived at NGA. We pulled into the "Barking Lot" and I am only steps away from meeting the beauties! I know from the start that I am going home with a boy. I go in and all around me are dogs, dogs, and more dogs. I try and use my intuition in making my choice as I approached the cages. First intuition: I want all of them! Second intuition: Maybe I can get my mom to take one too and then it won't be so hard. I see two greys over to the left: Jake and Harry. These two guys are really calling to me. I decided to narrow down my choices by confusing myself with second guesses. Sampson, he's a good boy – but he ignored me. Not exactly what I was looking for – but what if? Jake I loved, but something was not quite right. But, who knows! I could be wrong. Curly's cute, T.J's great. But, the one I take out last really stole my heart – Harry.

You'd think at this point it would be an easy choice. But no, Harry and I bonded so easily, but as soon as he came to me, so did Clayton. Who loves me more? Who do I love more? Something inside keeps telling me Harry, but like I said: Second guesses! So, I called my husband. He looked at both pictures on the internet, and after a long pause finally announces – "Take Harry". Harry is the one! Hurray Harry! Thank you so much to Klaus and Donna for their time and generous spirit. And thank you so much to Dorothy – the leader of the pack in St-Albans. All the questions answered and the information given made, even for my indecisive nature, such a difference in making my choice. I returned home with Harry in my heart and awaiting anxiously his arrival the 1st week of November.

To be continued...



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Northern Greyhound Adoptions
Newsletter is published 8 times per
year.

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

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manager

Newsletter – Donna Deskin

A word about the newsletter

First off I'd like to thank Cyndi and
the entire Board for giving me this
opportunity to help the kennel by
keeping people informed with this
Newsletter! Secondly, with each
issue I hope to be able to bring
you newsworthy articles,
educational insights, and sometime
funny sometime sad stories about
the one thing that we all have in
common – our greyhounds! Please
feel free to forward any stories,
pictures, anecdotes and
suggestions for stories you may
have to me chilidog@t-legs.com or
to Cyndi odinloki@comcast.net

Thanks!

Donna

Coming up next -

Our Howliday Issue!



Got pictures – send them along to chilidog@t-legs.com