



A LETTER from the PRESIDENT

Leonard Schollen

Today is the first day of Summer and we are expecting it to be very busy with meet & greets, play days and picnics and many more adoptions.

Our family is struggling with osteosarcoma and when to say when is the right time to say goodbye, I'm sorry to say it will be in the next couple of days, our vet told me this morning sooner is better than later. Jackie (the Canada Flag Chair dog, see 2016 Fall newsletter) will be the third Greyhound we've had to say goodbye to but we know there will be more to say hello to in our future. Every Greyhound in our family has contributed so much joy and love and warmth and so much to be thankful for while expecting nothing in return.

The June 3 dog haul saw 14 hounds looking for new homes with 9 going to the Island, one to Prince George, one to a foster home in Vancouver (since adopted) and three to Sunset Kennels in Oak Harbor, WA. This marks the 1st time NCGL has used a kennel to hold dogs until a foster home or adoption family come available. This enables us to have hounds available for immediate adoption instead of families having to wait 2 or 3 months for the "next haul". We did encounter a couple of small glitches in the process but nothing insurmountable.

None of this could happen without the hard work and dedication of all our volunteers; from Adoption Coordinator to Transport Reps, Secretary/Treasurer, Communication Rep, Foster Families and Kennel Owners. Thank you everyone for a job well done.

Yours truly,

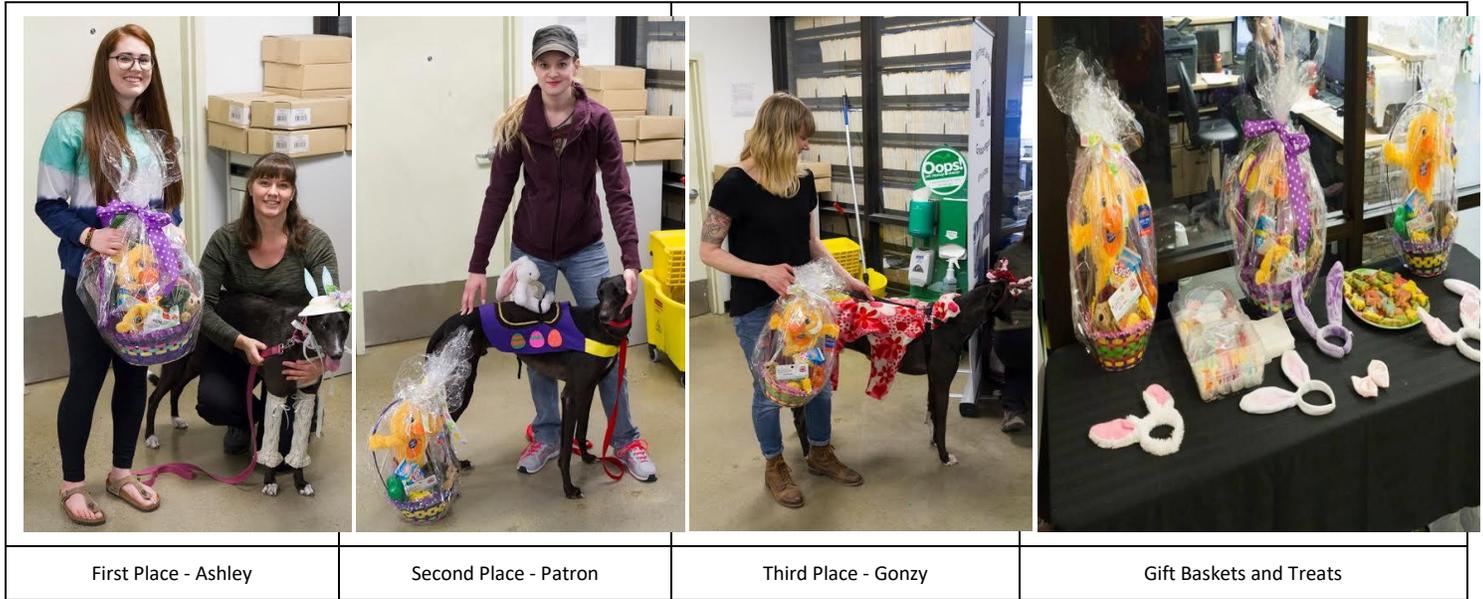
Len Schollen
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Rainbow Bridge		Dogs We Have Said Goodbye To
	Windy Star (Star)	Alegrae (Allie)
	Jackie	
Happy Tails		Welcome to Our New Dogs
	PC's Catchinrays (Minnie)	Pat C Patron (Patron)
	Hashtag Jupiter (Jupiter)	CRT Fast Freddy (Freddy)
	Earthy (Earthy)	Turbo Lacy (Lacy)
	HS Seashell (Pearl)	Flying Winslet (Winslet)
	Wheres My Human (Pacino)	Cassie (Cassie)
	JS Racin Rex (Archer)	Pat C Over N Out (Over N Out)
	Kiowa Moscato (Moscato)	Pat C Shale (Shale)
	XT's Hawkeye (Hawkeye)	Pickaway Jim (Jim)
	Whiskey Heat (Heat)	I Want It Now (Oliver)
	JT's Black Rush (Rush)	GM's Felix (Felix)
	Pat C Inida Arie (India)	Jack's Smokinsis (Topaz)
	GM's Big Red (Big Red)	KL's Ivy (Ivy)
	Amber	Ruger
Molly		

Things were really hoppin' at the April 16th Calgary Meet & Greet at the Chinook Pet Smart. It was the First Annual Hoppin' Hounds Easter Hat Contest and the turn out was egg-cellent! There were over 20 hounds and 30 humans in attendance. The Easter Hats and outfits donned by the dogs were all egg-squisite and egg-ceptionally well done but we had 3 big winners. Congratulations go out to Joanne & Evelyn James and their lovely lady, Ashley, who took first prize. Bree Wrolson and her foster, Patron, won second place and Heather Pardy and her foster, Gonzy won third.

There were treats for both humans and hounds and fun was had by all! Special thanks go out to Daniel and Joan for organizing this egg-citing event, to Pet Smart for hosting and to our egg-stra special judge, Pet Smart Manager, Neil. We would also like to thank our egg-spert photographer, John Mastwijk, for the pictures of this year's egg-citing egg-stravaganza.

We hop to see every-bunny again next year!



WHEN is a PEARL a STAR?

Michelle Pedro

I am the adopter of a beautiful NCGL Calgary dog - Seashell.

I live in Victoria with my partner Daren and our 4 small terrier mixed rescue dogs. Earlier this year I met an NCGL adopter through my pet store & grooming salon business, Island Pet Source, and she recommended I get in touch with this reputable organization if I was interested in a retired Greyhound.

We were approved for a NCGL dog and waiting for the load to arrive in Victoria June 3rd but there was a very special dog waiting for a home in Calgary. I made some inquiries about Seashell and it certainly sounded like she was a good fit for our home. Luckily for us the Calgary folks decided that we were a good fit for her too! We arranged to pick her up, drove to Calgary, met her caring foster dad, finalized the adoption and headed back to Victoria. It was a short but very sweet trip.

We chose a new name that honours her past - our Seashell had a "Pearl" inside her. She is a true gem and has been a joyful addition to our life. The Littles (our nickname for the terriers)



like their big sister and she enjoys being part of a pack. Pearl attends doggie daycare with them once a week and occasionally visits me at the store. She loves people and outings so it is our plan to enroll her in a pet therapy program once she's fully settled into her new life.

Recently, the pet store had an opportunity to produce a TV commercial that will air on a local station. I decided that using my own dogs would be the best advertising of all! Pearl had only been living with us for 2 weeks but she took this unusual experience in stride, like she does with new things. She was at the TV studio filming with Doodle, the littlest of The Littles, for over 2 hours to make what would become a 30 second spot. [Here is the link:](https://vimeo.com/221008728/41839f34d2) <https://vimeo.com/221008728/41839f34d2>

As you can see in the photos she is very content with her newfound fame and fortune!

Pearl (fka Seashell) is an ambassador for the breed and NCGL. We are stopped by people every day wanting to know about Greyhounds and where a dog like Pearl comes from. I am grateful for the hard work and commitment of NCGL and the Calgary team to place dogs in the best homes.

How my spirit animal, Juniper Donna the sassy, skinny, graciously awkward hound turned my life perfectly upside down. (A success story)



My name is Adrianna. I am 21 years old and have had my little lifesaver, June for one year.

I was diagnosed with depression, generalized/ social anxiety and PTSD when I was 14 years old. These conditions worsened throughout high school from some “less than pleasant” situations and medical therapy that wasn’t working right for me. I managed to reach my lowest in the spring of 2015 when I was hospitalized after a suicide attempt.

The following summer was long and confusing. I wasn’t well enough to work or continue school so I spent my time searching for something to fill the empty weight that took over my life. I now look back and laugh at the things that occupied my time. My new and exciting hobby was to wander around my neighbourhood, barefoot, and in my PJs petting the neighbour cats and dogs with a bag of treats and catnip in hand.

Fast forward a few months and I was blessed to find my dream job grooming dogs. My career was therapeutic and gave me the opportunity to spend time with the best creatures on earth while learning everything I could about different breeds and what makes them so unique and alike at the same time. It gave me a sense of empathy and purpose. The job sent me home crying from seeing severe neglect and abuse (and awful behaviour) and inspired by owners embracing their dog’s capabilities and interests.

One lovely, sunny and quiet day a lady brought in the most majestic, skinny, extra terrestrial looking dog with these concerned eyes that saw my soul inside and out and a very long snoot that I knew was going to receive many smooches during our short time together. This dog radiated the calmest energy. I knew right away that this was the best breed of them all. I started looking into different adoption groups, debating whether I was ready to take care of a tiny alien deer horse (Greyhound) that runs 75 km an hour by myself. Was it really a good idea to be taking care of a living creature for the entirety of his/her life when I was just learning how to take care of myself? Yes.

I was in Calgary for further training for my job in the late spring of 2016 for one month. I planned to meet a few foster Greyhounds while I was in Alberta because there weren’t many adoptable greys in Saskatchewan. I wasn’t having much luck until my very last week. When I discovered NCGL. I was invited to a Greyhound walk where I could walk a dog up for adoption. I found myself in a park with 30 Greyhounds, and one on a leash in my hand. It’s weird and exciting to be around this many aliens at once. I couldn’t breathe. This. Was. The. Best. With the help of Brandi and Dan I got to adopt the little girl Donna (now known as June) who I walked.

The next 12 months was the recovery that I never thought was possible. June and I were immediately inseparable. June naturally eased my anxiety, which was a foreign feeling to me. She gave me purpose because I knew I could never betray this girl. We discovered Lure Coursing, bacon, long walks, snuggles, and how truly comfortable my couch is. Everyone who I met with June loved her. All of these positive experiences with new people were incredible for my social anxiety. I knew she had a gift with making people feel good, and I wanted to share this with other people. We started training together, which consequently made us both feel great. When I felt we were ready we took the Therapy Dog evaluation and passed! We go once a week to the airport to visit stressed out travellers, and soon we will be going to the University to visit students as well.

I am also training her tasks to assist with my disability, including indicating when I am going to have an anxiety attack and different methods of helping me recover from one. Her presence alone has been the best treatment for me. I feel the best I have ever felt in my life and every day gets better. We just celebrated her birthday/ one year adopted with a pawdicure, ice cream, a hamburger, shopping spree at PetSmart, and a nice long nap. It is me and June against the world and I think we are the best team there could be.

** I am in no way saying that getting a dog replaces medically professional advice including prescribed medications.*

You can follow mine and June’s adventures on her Instagram: @JuniperDonna

GREYHOUNDS and HOOKWORM

Brandi Williams

We’re seeing hookworm coming up more and more and I thought it was about time I put together an info sheet for our adopters and vets. Dallas came to me with really bad Hooookworm and after \$1600 in bills we finally arrived at a treatment protocol that worked after consulting with a vet in Arizona who dealt a lot with Greyhounds and their special brand of hookworm. I find that the vets up here would under-treat the hookworm hence me struggling with Dallas forever before he was finally hook free. We’ve done it with a few greys and it’s worked out awesome!

What is Hookworm? Hookworms (Ancylostoma and Uncinaria) are one of the most common intestinal parasites of dogs and cats (especially puppies and kittens), and can cause severe disease including anemia and serious diarrhea. Hookworms have either teeth-like structures or cutting plates with which they attach themselves to the wall of the intestine and feed on the animal’s blood.

Hookworms can cause a skin disease in humans called cutaneous larval migraines. Infections of the intestines in people can also cause a condition called ‘eosinophilic enteritis’, resulting in abdominal pain.

Does my dog have Hookworm? All Greyhounds are fully vetted and wormed before they head to us in Canada. That being said, there is one type of intestinal parasite that requires a longer and more aggressive treatment - Hookworm. It's not super common in the dogs we get but we have had some cases where dogs have come up positive and required treatment.

We recommend that when getting a new Greyhound all fecal matter is picked up immediately, disposed of and the area sprayed with a bleach/water solution. While Greyhounds sometimes come up with upset bellies and loose stool due to the stress and diet changes, if diarrhea continues for longer than 2 weeks please contact us and we will have a stool sample tested. Hookworm is transmittable to both dogs and humans by stepping in/or ingesting fecal matter, so proper disposal of fecal matter is important.

My dog has Hookworm, what happens next? NCGL after many years has developed a very effective treatment regime for killing Hookworm and getting your dog parasite free. We have found in the past that local Canadian vets are used to treating strains of Hookworm that aren't as strong as the Hookworm coming up from the USA and don't treat the worms aggressively enough. We have spoken with our vets and agree that the below protocol works best.

All dogs positive for Hookworm will be treated first with 1 dose of Panacur 3 days in a row. After a 2 week period they will be given Drontol Plus or Heartguard once every 2 weeks for 3 months. After this treatment is complete we wait one month and then re-test the stool for worms, if negative we're good - if it comes back positive we repeat the treatment above. If you contact NCGL before starting treatment and our vets/protocols are used, we will cover the costs of treating the worms.

COYOTE DOG

Maureen Nelms

This is the continuation from the Spring Issue's story ...

The next few weeks blurred for the Greyhound. He spent his days searching for small game and for water. He traveled for miles and never saw or heard any sign of man. His diet consisted of rodents and game birds though occasionally in the beginning, he caught a bunny on the edge of a meadow. His strength and speed fading from insufficient food, he was no longer fast enough to catch any but the slowest of rabbits. His only relief was in his dreams.

Running, always running. The most joyous part of his life was running but one day at the track, his running days ended. The gate flew up and he leapt out of the boxes after the lure, streaking down the track. Today's lure was a plastic bottle, always his least favorite, but the exhilaration of the chase still drove him. As the lure rounded the first corner, he was in the lead. As the bottle slipped off the arm and bounced across the track, he followed behind it at full speed -- into the barbwire fence surrounding the track. He fell and rolled, tried to scramble up, all the while becoming more entangled in the cutting wire. He lay writhing and bleeding while people shouted and swirled around him. Someone finally began cutting him free but he was unable to stand. He heard the voices surrounding him.

"Put 'im down. 'E'll never recover."

"Gawd what a mess."

"Too bad; yer best runner too."

"What idiot put on that lure?"

He felt himself floating as the pain washed over him and darkness overcame him. He surfaced briefly as the men lifted him into the back of his owner's truck. His tail lifted slightly when he realized his owner was there. Someone turned him on his left side and began doing something to his right shoulder. The Greyhound yelped in pain and struggled against the many hands that held him.

"Hold him still while I sew this shoulder up. It's the worst of the lot. I'll do those big ones on his back and hips next. It'll be a wonder if he hasn't broken something. You might be wanting to have a vet look him over. He's lost a lot of blood."

"Can't. The missus don't like me spendin' money on m' hounds; nor runnin' 'em. He'll have to make it on 'is own or not. I thank you fer stitchin' 'im fer me. I'll put 'im in a shed by 'isself and see how 'e comes along. Allus had a soft spot fer this one. Mayhap I can use 'im as a stud if 'e makes it."

The Greyhound whimpered softly as the man worked over him. Then the pain overwhelmed him again and he returned to the darkness.

He awoke and found himself alone, lying on shredded newspapers. He could smell the pail of clean, cold water near his head. As he tried to get up, the pain

sliced through him, muscles spasming with the effort. He sank down and began examining his body with his nose. Dried blood coated him in so many places that his tongue couldn't begin the job of cleaning. He lowered his head to the paper and tried to ignore both his misery and his thirst. Some time later, he heard a creaking sound and light appeared, followed by the farmer. The man examined the dog with a flashlight, muttering under his breath.

"I bet yer plenty sore," he finally said as he reached a hand into the pail of water and scooped some out in a tin cup. He offered the water to the dog who raised his head and lapped it thankfully.

"I'll bring yer some supper in the mornin'," the man said as he opened the door. "If'n yer still around." With that the door closed and the Greyhound was alone again.

To the man's amazement the Greyhound not only survived the night but was actually standing, weaving slightly, tail wagging, when the man went in the following morning. The man was afraid to touch him because of the hundreds of gashes the dog had sustained, some of them sewn up but most of them sealed with dried blood. The man swore under his breath. He placed a bowl of warm soup and bread in front of the dog who immediately wolfed it down. Shaking his head in disbelief, the man checked that the dog's injuries were no worse than before. Seeing they were not, he left the shed leaving the hound alone. The hound slowly sank to the floor, shifting slightly in an attempt to find the most comfortable position, and slept.

Footsore from his lonely travels the Greyhound forged deeper and deeper into the woodlands. He covered far fewer miles each day than he had previously. He missed company almost more than he missed food. He had seen neither man nor dog in all the weeks of his wandering. Several times he lay down, only to stretch out his neck and howl his forlornness to the unresponsive timber. His only reply was the sound of the forest - birds twittering and peeping from the canopy of branches, squirrels chirruping and scolding as they scurried from ground to tree to ground in search of food. His need for companionship drove his weary body to continue its pursuit. He moved on, relying heavily on his nose to find him water and to help him scout pheasant or grouse in a copse. He developed a panther-like, stealthy approach that had helped him snag game birds more than once. His body would freeze in position, one front leg lifted with a paw cocked in an imitation of a pointer, head turning in slow motion to focus on the thicket where his nose told him a choice dinner could be found. His neck stretched out, head lowering, shoulder blades becoming more pronounced and intensifying his resemblance to a great cat. He crept ever so gently and cautiously towards the underbrush, his feet placed carefully so as not to make a sound. Silently, surreptitiously, steadily, he advanced. If the bird stopped foraging to listen, the Greyhound stopped moving -- barely breathing, eyes never leaving his quarry, he waited. And waited. Then with a titanic leap he vaulted into the brush catching his hapless victim unaware. Teeth closing over his objective, he shook the bird vigorously, instantly killing it. Wild fowl were tasty but not very satisfying, always leaving him hungry for more, not providing much stamina for continuing his trek. However, he learned that there was no possibility of catching more than one bird, for the others scattered immediately when he attacked. Finished with his meal the raw-boned hound laid his head on his paws and closed his eyes.

His days of running were over. His convalescence took many months and much of the pain did not entirely disperse. He was able to run but his speed was gone. Fresh scars covered his body; tiny ones on his muzzle and his feet, larger ones on his upper legs and inside his thighs, angry ones on his shoulders, his hips, and his sides. Every movement caused the Greyhound pain but he accepted it as he had accepted everything that came in his life. The pain did not diminish his happy disposition and love of life. The hound spent his days on the farm, no longer racing, no longer hunting, just lying in the shade of the barn. One day a huge truck delivered a trailer load of grain to the barn. While the farmer's sons unloaded the truck, the dog walked over to investigate the driver who began stroking his head.

"What happened to your dog?" the driver asked.

"Ran through a wire fence when he was runnin'," the farmer replied.

"Poor thing, he sure looks awful. You race them?"

"Some. Use 'em fer huntin' mostly. 'Cept this'n. He cain't run no more. Shouldn't even keep 'im."

"What will you do with him then?" asked the driver.

"Have to shoot 'im I guess. Allus liked this'n."

"How about if I buy him from you. How much you want?" asked the driver.

"He ain't worth much. You want 'im, you kin have 'im fer nothin'. One less mouth fer me ta feed."

"I'll take him," said the driver.

With that, the Greyhound found himself scooped up and pushed onto the front seat of the big rig. The man soon joined him, giving his ears a scratch before he maneuvered the truck out onto the road.

His new master was an older, heavy-set man with wispy gray hair, kind eyes and a gentle voice. The dog arranged his length on the sun-warmed vinyl seat, inching his nose out to rest his muzzle on the man's leg. His days melted into each other, one following the next. He watched the roadways disappear under the wheels of the truck, listened to the man's voice as he talked or sang with the radio, catnapped on the seat, or when it got hot, he laid on the rough carpeting covering the floor. Evenings he spent exploring the land wherever the truck stopped, laying beside the rocks surrounding a small fire, watching his master make supper and sharing it with him. He learned to catch scraps of food his master would throw to him. He missed running with the other dogs but he reveled in the affection shown him by his master. As time passed, his muzzle began to turn white, his scars faded into blackish reminders of his accident, and his old injuries plagued him with aches especially early in the morning, but he accepted it all. For he was happy living with the man in the truck.

Now he was alone. Hungry, thirsty, tired, and alone. The Greyhound's eyes opened and he gazed around him wearily. Something had woken him, but he wasn't sure what. Then he realized he smelled something. Smoke. Cooking smoke, like the smell from the fires his master would ignite. Standing, the Greyhound raised his head, sniffing delicately at the air, trying to decide where the odor originated. He began moving towards the smell, mainly traveling on the paths, sometimes pushing his way through the brush to keep on a more direct line with the scent. Occasionally he would stand still, head up, and nose twitching as he moved his muzzle back and forth trying to capture the aroma. Then he would start again, following his nose. His mouth started to water as the smell grew stronger. There was meat cooking somewhere ahead and it was close. The Greyhound increased his speed until he was loping towards the smell. The edge of the forest came up suddenly, and the dog paused to allow his eyes to adjust to the light. He saw tents and small trailers and buses, and a campfire surrounded by people with sticks held over the flames. That wonderful aroma was coming from that fire. Cautiously the Greyhound approached the group. Standing back slightly he watched them. Soon one of the children spotted him.

"Hey dad, look at that dog. Hey, he's starving. His ribs are all sticking out."

"Don't go near him now, you don't know him. Maybe he belongs to someone camping here though he should be on a lead. And he does look mighty thin."

The man slid a hot dog out of a package on the picnic table and tossed it to the dog who snatched it expertly from the air and gobbled it down.

"Geez, he is hungry. Okay pooch, here's some more."

The man tossed the dog several wieners and a couple of buns, all of which the hound gratefully gulped down. The man set a pot of water in front of the dog and while the hound lapped it up, the man slipped a piece of rope around the dog's neck. Telling the children to stay where they were, the man led the dog across a field, between the campers and entered a small building. Over the door was a sign that read Humpback Valley Camp Store.

"Any idea where this dog belongs?" he asked the woman behind the counter.

Peering over the Formica, the woman examined the dog. "Looks like a whippet. One of those racing dogs. Never seen it around here before. Where'd you get it?"

"He just walked up to the campfire. Sure is thin and he was really hungry. I fed him already. Guess maybe I better phone the SPCA. Can I borrow your phone?"

"No problem," replied the woman as she reached under the counter and lifted out a telephone. "I'll look the number up for you. You going to turn him over to them?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll just report that I've found him. Someone must be looking for him. He's probably a really expensive dog, a purebred, at least I think he is."

The man telephoned to the local SPCA but they had no reports of a missing dog matching the Greyhound's description. They suggested the man place a free ad under Pets Found in the local paper which he did leaving the phone number of the camp store for any replies.

The man took the dog back to his campsite and tied him up to the picnic table with a longer piece of rope. One by one, all the children in the area made their way to meet the visitor. The Greyhound was in heaven. People surrounded him; small hands stroked his head and his ears and his feet. In his excitement, his teeth began to chatter. Taking this as a sign of nervousness, the children pressed closer to reassure him. Small arms slid around his neck and his chest, small bodies pressed against him. High-pitched voices muttered comforting words. The Greyhound closed his eyes in bliss.

"Dad, hey Dad, can we keep him? Please?" begged a young voice.

"We have to find out where his owners are. Someone must have lost him. We can't just keep a dog without trying to find his family."

"But Dad, what if no one wants him? If we can't find his owners? Can we keep him then? Please?"

"We'll see about that. He seems like a friendly dog. If no one claims him, we'll talk about it then, okay?"

"Thanks Dad. I just know that no one owns him. If they did, they wouldn't have lost him. They'd have been more careful. I'll be real careful when he's mine."

The Greyhound didn't understand the words but he understood the tone. He edged up to the young boy and slid his nose under the boy's hand, giving it a slight toss so it landed lightly just over his ears.

"See Dad, he likes me, he wants to stay with us. I'm gonna call him Pal."

The boy and dog spent every moment together. Mornings saw them hiking through the forest, the Greyhound's rope lead attached to the boy's belt loop. Afternoon's they would race together, the boy on his bike, the Greyhound running alongside, still attached to the belt loop. Evenings they would spend beside the campfire, followed by nights snuggled together inside a sleeping bag. After a week passed with no response to his advertisement, the man decided to speak to his son about him.

"You've taken such good care of Pal since we found him that I think you deserve to keep him. So long as you understand that we might still find his owners. If that happens, we have to give him back. Right?"

"Right Dad. But that won't happen. I know it won't. Me and Pal will be together always," replied the boy. "Right Pal?" he asked looking down at the dog.

The hound jumped up on the boy, his tongue flashing across the boy's cheeks.

"See Dad? Told ya. Pal knows." With his hand on the rope, the boy and his Greyhound raced off across the meadow.



Volunteers are always needed.

Why not join in the fun and lend a hand?

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

QUESTION: What Goes Here ?	ANSWER: Anything You Want To Contribute	Articles or Photos of Your Hound	Please Send To savethehounds @Gmail.com
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Many THANKS ... to our wonderful CONTRIBUTORS:

Adrianna Dize, Joan McTavish, Maureen Nelms, Michelle Pedro, Leonard Schollen, Brandi Williams