



"Until man extends the circle of his compassion to all living things, man will not himself find peace..." Albert Schweitzer

*This newsletter is dedicated to **Marlies Piegsa**, who passed away on November 8, 2003.*

Marlies adopted her first Greyhound, Tanya, in November 1992. Tanya's racing name was "Whupper Toes" and the day I arrived at Marlies's with her new Greyhound, I'll never forget, in her heavy German accent, Marlies asking, "Vat kindt of name is dat for a dog? Ve vill call her Tanya!" Tanya died of osteosarcoma on December 4, 2000. Soon afterward, Marlies adopted two Greyhounds, **Heart** and **Zippy**.

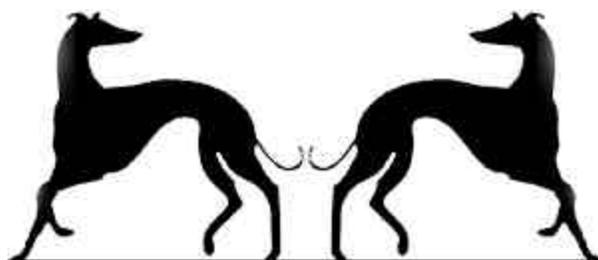
Marlies always had a cat and at least one dog. She fostered Greyhounds-in-need at the drop of a hat. Never a second thought was given to whether she wanted to take on an extra dog while awaiting a forever home – Marlies always said, "Yes!"

Even in her poor health Marlies never hesitated to help others. Her benevolence was bountiful and her many friends will attest to that. She had a wonderful sense of humor and was always prepared with a humorous story or two to brighten one's day.

Her son, Rick, moved into Marlies's home after her death, but he, too, was in very poor health and passed away on March 13, 2004. Greyhounds **Heart** and **Zippy** were clearly depressed when they were removed from the home, but are now recovering from the loss of their loving companion, Marlies, and have been re-homed. Marlies is at peace, I'm sure, knowing her Greyhounds are in loving homes, but I'm sure she'd have a few suggestions on how to prepare the proper meal for a dog; after all, she cooked for them every day!

Marlies, we love and miss you!

From Heart, Zippy and all your animal and human friends.



Annual Greyhound Reunion Details Don't Miss This One!!

The location for this year's reunion is going to top all previous sites in that it will be held at a private residence on two fully-fenced acres. **Judy Holle** and **Roger Case** have graciously volunteered their property for the reunion.

The date is **Sunday, September 26, from 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.** Bring your lunch, a blanket and some doggie beds and stake your claim for the festivities.

Next issue of GCNM News will include a map for those of us who are directionally challenged! Preliminary directions are: Take Alameda Blvd.

*west off I-25 – go past the new balloon park – watch closely for the turn to the right on Edith – it sneaks up on you as you go over a hill and is a very short, turn-lane to the right. You cannot enter this turn-lane coming from the west. 2 miles after you turn north onto Edith from Alameda, you'll see the street, Casey Jones, on your left (west side of Edith). Turn west onto Casey Jones and start looking for a parking place along the road. The address is **109 Casey Jones Pl.** The street ends in a cul-de-sac. If you choose to come from Osuna Blvd. – it is 4.7 miles to Casey Jones from Osuna.*

New This Year: *Because the area is fully enclosed with secure fencing, Greyhounds will be allowed off lead in **small, controlled groups.** This will actually be part of a competition to identify the winners of the "The Best-Mannered Greyhounds" contest! Muzzles are recommended for Greyhounds that are let off lead. All dogs on or off lead should be closely supervised by adopters – **GCNM judges** will be roaming the area observing behaviors, then later announcing the winners of the various behavior contests. Kind of like a dance contest where the judges unobtrusively observe your moves!!*

*Handsome plaques from **All Sports Trophies** will be awarded.*

If your dog has a tendency to snap or show any signs of aggression, we ask that you caution anyone who approaches you with their dog. Although Greyhounds are usually well-mannered, an occasional conflict can erupt, so please be cognizant of your dog's proximity to other dogs at all times.

All contests this year will be geared toward behavior (on and off lead), so you can start practicing with your Greyhounds now! A trick or two will come in handy for one of the awards being given!



Suzanne Brannan at a Previous Reunion

Carmon Deyo of **Blackhorse Design** will

join us again and has some very unique new Greyhound jewelry in addition to the stunning pieces she's offered before. Save your jewelry allowance for the reunion – you're sure to find something you can't live without!

As usual, we'll have lots of fun things to see (the raffle and auction items this year are exceptional) and do, and most of all, you'll be able to enjoy a relaxing day visiting with other Greyhound lovers and their dogs. We'd like to break an attendance record this year, so please make plans to be there. **Mark your calendars now!**



Help We Need Raffle Items!

We are *shamelessly* **BEGGING FOR RAFFLE and SILENT AUCTION ITEMS!!** If you have anything you'd like to donate (and now's a good time to look on **eBay** and in the **Greyhound Adoption Center Catalog**) we would really appreciate some fine pieces to encourage lively bidding and purchasing of raffle tickets.

Please call **Barb Wells** at **286-6325** or email her at **bjwells05@aol.com** to include your donation items on the list. Gift certificates from pet supply stores are a great item to donate, we suggest **PetCo, Three Dog Bakery, Pet Vet Market, Bow Wow Blues** or any business that caters to animals and their people! We always love to receive sculptures and any artwork of Greyhounds, so if you have a creative streak and want to indulge it – please consider the GCNM reunion raffle/auction as a worthy cause for your work!

All proceeds from the raffle and silent auction go to help the Greyhounds – remember, GCNM relies solely on contributions from our supporters and accepts no funding from the Greyhound racing industry.

One Terrific Greyhound Catalog

There are many catalogs and online sources for even the most discriminating collectors of Greyhound items, but in our opinion, the **Greyhound Adoption Center Catalog** is the most complete collection we have ever seen. From gift cards to 36-inch Greyhound statues, this catalog has it all. The Greyhound Adoption Center is an adoption program with very high standards for adoption and advocating for Greyhound welfare. Proceeds from their catalog sales go directly to helping the Greyhounds and they accept no funding from the racing industry (same as **Greyhound Companions of New Mexico**).

Call today and order your catalog – you won't be disappointed! **1-877-478-8364** or go online at **www.greyhounddog.org**

Greyhound Adoption: What Went Wrong

by Judy Kody Paulsen, Founder

Greyhound Companions of New Mexico

Greyhounds love to run, but most of all, Greyhounds love to please their human companions. And to a fault, they are loyal and willing to do almost anything asked of them. Running comes naturally to Greyhounds. But living in crates for up to 22 hours a day, then being stuffed into a box from which they must lunge to chase an artificial lure, was not their lot in life thousands of years ago. Once considered a breed too noble to be the "property of serfs and slaves," the Greyhound has been reduced to a mere disposable commodity.

Purchasers of racing Greyhounds often never see the dogs they buy, and sadly, the dogs' ultimate destination is unknown to these owners. Some owners don't have any interest in the fate of their dogs, while others carefully keep track of the dogs' journey through the system. This is no easy feat as demonstrated by a most disturbing case two years ago wherein an Iowa man assured owners he was placing their Greyhounds in adoptive homes, but in actuality was selling the dogs to a cardiac-research facility. Most owners had no reason to suspect

their dogs were being used in research that ultimately concluded in their demise. This man had been a reputable racing-kennel owner for years and had given his word that the retired racers were being placed into loving homes.

Is this an isolated incident or is this the tip of the iceberg? As Greyhound adoption groups proliferate, so does the problem of determining their agenda. It is easy to proclaim that compassion for the animal is their driving force, but it is equally as easy to have other motives that are not immediately apparent. Owners of racers who trust that their dogs will go to responsible adoption programs have little time (and often no motivation) to investigate the groups to whom the dogs are dispersed. Wisconsin is currently the only state that

As Greyhound adoption groups proliferate, so does the problem of determining their agenda.

requires Greyhound adoption agencies to register with state regulators. In other states, all a group has to do is say, "We find homes for retired racers," in order to have access to the surplus of racers coming off the tracks daily.

Retired racing Greyhounds are sometimes exposed to worse conditions and exploitation than what they experience in the racing industry. Most retired racers are released to adoption groups reproductively intact and capable of breeding. This invites the unscrupulous to experiment with various ways to utilize the unique qualities of the racing Greyhound.



Destiny and Strider (Photo by Joyce Fay)

Ranchers and farmers covet the retired racer as a working dog capable of controlling the coyote and rabbit population. Built for speed but fragile, they are poorly equipped to maneuver through hole-pitted, rough terrain and barbed wire fences without incurring serious injury. Coyote-hunting Greyhounds often perish during the hunt, but are considered expendable since there is an unlimited supply through the racing industry. When they are no longer useful as hunters, they are either shot or left in the desert injured to fend for themselves and die a slow, agonizing death. Ranchers and farmers with a conscience will make the drive to the animal shelter to deposit the dogs they consider useless.

The fleetness of the Greyhound has attracted breeders from across the board to try their luck at the "perfect" Greyhound-cross. We have seen Greyhounds used to produce "fast guard dogs" when crossed with breeds such as Rottweilers – but this goal often eludes the breeder when the pups take on the famous non-aggressive Greyhound attitude. We know of one Greyhound

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that was used for breeding to a sled dog in hopes that the pups would carry the sled and owner across the finish line in record time. The breeding program was abandoned and the Greyhound was sold when all the pups had the typical short, thin Greyhound coat; certainly not adequate protection from the extreme cold that sled teams must endure.

Regulating adoption groups is one way to decrease exploitation of Greyhounds, but eliminating the source for the dogs considered useless by the racing industry is a far more effective approach. Can the dog-racing industry police its trainers, kennel owners, track veterinarians,

adoption groups, etc., *and* ensure the safety and humane treatment of the dogs prior to, during and after their racing careers? Thus far, it seems evident that concealing abuse and neglect in the racing industry is more prevalent than providing protection for Greyhounds from the unethical practices that abound as a result of pari-mutuel dog racing.

The most recent attempt by the industry to inhibit the spread of information revealing the darker side of dog racing is to repudiate any adoption group that takes an anti-racing stance. The racing industry's retaliation is in the form of offering various benefits, including monies, to groups who promise to make only positive comments about the racing industry – regardless of what they may witness to the contrary. Conversely, they penalize anti-racing adoption groups who are genuinely concerned for the welfare of the dogs, by denying them access to Greyhounds needing homes. They have chosen instead to crowd retired racers into often sub-standard conditions with adoption groups who adhere to their vow of secrecy in exchange for funding.

Such attempts at manipulating the public's perception of dog racing are counter-productive to efforts to reduce the numbers of Greyhounds being destroyed. Selecting only pro-racing or "neutral" adoption groups to place the surplus of

retired racers significantly reduces the chances for a large percentage of Greyhounds to find homes. Over-crowding of a select number of adoption groups' kennels and foster homes where the dogs may wait extended periods for an adoptive home is simply denying these dogs the loving homes they deserve as quickly as possible.

Greyhound Pets of America (GPA), which professes to be a "neutral" (being neither pro- or anti-racing) adoption organization, is the nation's largest Greyhound adoption group with numerous chapters and sub-chapters across the U.S. This organization answers to the **National Greyhound Association (NGA)**, the governing body of pari-mutuel dog racing. (*The summer issue of GCNM News will publish an interview with a large California-based Greyhound adoption group founder who severed ties with GPA after being pressured by the National Greyhound Association to cease talking in public about negative aspects of Greyhound racing.*)

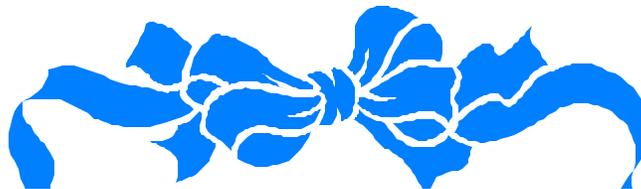
GPA President, **Rory Goree**, in a recent speech, proposed a plan to end "unnecessary Greyhound deaths" – which leads one to wonder what constitutes a *necessary* Greyhound death.

Mr. Goree states that GPA's mission is to ensure every "adoptable" Greyhound finds a loving home, but he fails to address the reason there are so many *unadoptable* Greyhounds produced by the racing industry and what happens to them. These statements could easily be interpreted as rhetoric designed to camouflage what the racing industry appears to ignore: *No matter how many Greyhounds they manage to find homes for, there will always be those who die mutilated in racing accidents; suffocate during transport; lie injured to perish in crates as a result of receiving little or no veterinary attention; and the list goes on and on.*

Without a doubt, there are opposing opinions and philosophies about the humaneness of Greyhound racing and what to do about it, but one question should remain at the forefront: Why should **any** animal have to endure **any** suffering before it is given the chance at having a loving, adoptive home?

Ultimately, dog-racing proponents and their associates will unwittingly reveal the terrible truth about dog racing: The racing Greyhound is the loser, no matter where it places at the finish line.

Why should *any* animal have to endure *any* suffering before it is given the chance at having a loving, adoptive home?



Donations

Greyhound Companions of New Mexico is grateful for the support of our contributors and wants to assure you that 100% of your donations remain here in the United States to assist in our efforts to protect the rights of the American Racing Greyhound.

Please remember the Greyhounds when allocating your charity funds this year – help us help the American Racing Greyhound. **Send donations to: Greyhound Companions of New Mexico, P.O. Box 22053, Albuquerque, NM 87154-2053.**

BANK ON IT

by Leona Rude

Our garage door trundled up. I backed my Buick into a perfect mountain morning: clean crispness, azure sky, a wad of puffy clouds sitting on the big hills out west of town. Chilly, the weather invited jogging suits, but the sun was confirming meteorologists' promises that snow would hold off until late afternoon.

From his car seat in the right rear area, Reed, our eighteen-month-old great-grandson happily chatted with Gambo, the five-year-old, seventy-five pound black Greyhound that had adopted us in February 2002. Reed reached for Gambo's ear. Gambo licked chubby fingers and nuzzled a fat, round cheek. Reed responded with shoulder-hunching giggles. Life was good.

We whipped through the bank drive-up, where we make our personal deposit. Reed and Gambo watched the canister go up the clear plastic tube. Reed laughed. Gambo stood behind me, pushing his long nose over my shoulder, waiting to investigate the missile for a doggy treat.

Next stop, the can-recycle bank, (the few coins we get go to Table Mountain Animal Center.) It's a little tricky to hold Reed up to shove cans down The Recycle Goat's throat while Gambo winds his leash around my legs, dancing his anticipation. The next stop would be for our business banking where they have huge Milk Bones. Gambo loves the banking business. It's so tasty!

I eased into line at the commercial-deposit window and Gambo began a low growl. Never upset at a bank, he became fidgety and paced as much as he could in the confines of the back seat. The clear bank windows had been replaced with smoky gray ones that were now mirrors. Gambo was getting hysterical at the dog in the other Buick (our image). He began to bark

and tremble and whine. Reed whimpered. "Hang on, guys. We're next up," I promised them.

What seemed like an hour went by. The guy ahead of us was still waiting for service. I draped my left arm over the back of my seat to rub and console Gambo. He strained away from me and got louder. With great rage he charged the car window to protect us from the evil of that other dog. Tears rolled down Reed's chubby cheeks. Gambo's actions frightened him.

Out the window, threatening clouds began to stack up.

They looked a tad ominous. Snow might not hold off until evening. Oh, well, we'd be home before they reached us. Inside the car, the cacophony heightened, and the Buick's warning system suddenly flashed a yellow Coolant Low light. Great. If the coolant ran out, the car would overheat. I flicked on the air-conditioner to get another fan moving under the hood, and put slight pressure on the accelerator to make the radiator fan whirl a little faster. On this chilly day that should do it.

I scooted to the middle of the front seat, my left arm still behind me to steady Gambo, my right arm now over the passenger's seat, where I reached for Reed's little fingers to soothe him. My left foot feathered the accelerator. A lady tapped on the right front window just as the bank teller's voice came over the microphone on my left.

The male voice behind the smoky glass said "...training...new employee...just...other min." I think, if Gambo had silenced his ever-building verbal protection against the doggy in the window, the message would have been that the guy inside was training a new employee, and it would just take another minute. Who knows? I couldn't lip read. I couldn't see him.



Meanwhile, on the other side of the car, the tapping lady's mouth was moving, but with the window up, I couldn't hear her. I managed to raise my right leg high enough to get the toe of my shoe against the button, push it back, and lower the glass slightly. "Are you having some trouble in there?", she inquired.

Now, that's what I call true brilliance. I wanted to say, "Heck no, lady. I always drape my body across the front car seat, fling my arms wildly backward to grab at kids and dogs, and spread my legs so far apart I'm nearly splitting myself up the middle when I go through a bank's drive-up." Instead, I yelled, "Thank you, I can handle it. It'll only be another minute."

The unrelenting yellow light told me the Buick was still low on coolant and might stop running at any moment. Reed wailed pitifully. Gambo's hackles raised in his ever-faithful pursuit of my enemy, that other dog that was not backing down. The lady's lips twisted as she tried not to laugh.

Inside the teller's window The Voice came between Gambo's barks again. "Hope you....waiting...bit longer. Seems we...a little problem...new trainee."

"I don't mind waiting," I assured him. "A few flakes of snow are falling out here, but who wants to get home before she needs to shovel her overheating car out of a snow bank? And, I might as well tell you, it's such good exercise wrestling an overwrought, seventy-five pound dog, while placating a traumatized child I don't mind watching a crowd of folks gather next to my car, laughing their guts out at my plight."

He probably couldn't hear over Gambo's barking, outdone only by Reed, now screaming his fear. I moved my right shoe toe to make the window go back up. The air-conditioner blasted up my left pants leg.

The Voice once again: "...nk you so...for being patient. Sorry...took...long." "Yeah, yeah," I grumped. "I had absolutely nothing more to do with my life today, and appreciate your filling all my otherwise lonely hours." I doubted he heard much more of my reply than I had his sentence,

but then he didn't have a dog and child on his side of the mirror, so maybe he had.

Finally, (was it really only thirty-six minutes, by the Buick's clock?) the metal drawer shoved out. Instantly, Gambo pushed his nose in it and whimpered. No treat!

That did it! I sat up and knocked loudly on the smoky glass. "Look, pal, I can't see you in there, but you owe me big time. I'd say you have about three seconds to give my dog his treat before this mild-mannered great-granny goes completely berserk."

Reed, not hearing Gambo complain any longer, stopped crying. I ignored the yellow-lighted fact that my coolant was still low, flicked off the air-conditioning, and glared at the glass where I hoped the guy inside was looking back. Of course, I only saw me. And Gambo's nose.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, ma'am. We seem to be all out of treats today." "That, sir, is unacceptable. I suggest you look for candy, a lollipop, something to bring to this dog. Now!"

The metal drawer slid shut, then opened a few seconds later. There was a piece of candy and a tiny dog biscuit. "It's all I could find, ma'am," came The Voice. Apologetically.

Later, my husband, Tosh, trudged through piles of snow in our driveway and stomped through the garage to the kitchen door. "How was your day?" "Surely ye jest."

"Tried to call. You didn't answer," he said. "Forgot to tell you your Coolant Low light might come on. I got parts to fix it this week-end. Just a little glitch in the gauge. Doesn't mean a thing. Ignore it."

Why me, Lord? Why always me?



**Leona's son, George,
with Ollie, Lovey,
Frannie and Nacho**

(Ed. note: Our guest author in this issue, Leona Rude, is chatelaine of Greyruin Manor, Home of the Muddy Pawprint. She survives in Arvada, Colorado amid zany adults, a precious great-grandson and dog hair.)

A New Mexico Greyhounds Calendar???

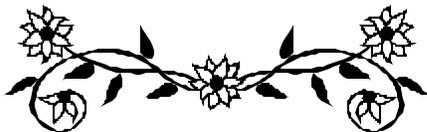
We're all proud of our Greyhounds and want to show them off. Most of us have our Greyhound's photos in our wallets, *in front of (or sometimes instead of!) our kids and grand-kids!!* Wouldn't you love to see your Greyhound(s) grace the pages of a calendar?

We would like to publish a 2005 calendar of GCNM dogs, but the expense seems a bit out of our league unless we know it would be a popular item.

We're taking a survey – it's easy to respond – send an email to calendar@gcnm.org and just give us a brief response to the question, ***"Would you purchase a calendar of GCNM dogs and if so, approximately how many?"***

Remember, you'll want everyone in your family and possibly everyone you know to see your Greyhound's face gracing a page or two of a calendar! They'll make great gifts!

It could be a great fund raiser for GCNM, but it could also be a huge loss if we don't sell as many as we'd need to in order to recoup the expense. So hop on the computer and email us your answer today!!



Heartworm Medication Warning

"Could your pet be in danger?" This question was asked by Boston **CBS** affiliate reporter, **Joe Bergantino**, when he recently investigated a heartworm preventative called **Proheart 6**, which is administered by injection rather than orally.

Investigators discovered more than four thousand reports filed with the FDA of dogs getting sick subsequent to the injections and more than four hundred deaths nationwide, possibly related, as well. No definitive link has yet been determined by the FDA, but anyone suspecting a reaction in their pet after having received Proheart 6 is encouraged to report it to the FDA's **Center for Veterinary Medicine** at **1-888-FDA-VETS**.

Del Norte High School Pet Fiesta

Come to **Del Norte High School's** first annual **Pet Fiesta** on **Saturday, April 24**, from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. You can bring your pets and participate in all sorts of contests. For more information, call Del Norte High School at 883-7222 x121.

Second Annual "Walk the Dog" Event

Bro and Tracy's Animal Welfare "Walk the Dog" day is Sunday, May 23, at the Corrales Community Center and soccer park. Come show off your Greyhounds and join in the walk to celebrate rescued animals. The walk starts at 8:00 a.m. and various festivities will be held from 9:00 a.m. until noon. Bring the whole family – there's fun for everyone!

Meet the Volunteers:

Ann Perkins and Ruben

This is a new feature for GCNM News. We will be randomly selecting GCNM volunteers and their Greyhounds for biographies.

Tune your radio to 92.3 FM any weekday between 3:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. and you could very well hear Greyhound stories! Lively, entertaining radio personality, **Ann Perkins**, often shares details of her relationship with **Ruben**, her adopted Greyhound, on the air. Since Ruben's adoption one year ago, he has provided an endless source of entertainment worth sharing on the airwaves!



Ann grew up in western Pennsylvania on a 100-acre horse farm where her parents were very active with local animal rescue groups. Her father had a passion for all varieties of hounds and the family had several as pets, including Afghan hounds, Salukis, Borzois, Whippets, Greyhounds and even an Ibizan hound.

After starting a career in radio, Ann moved around the country a lot, working in Pennsylvania, Nevada, Arizona and finally, New Mexico. Unfortunately, that lifestyle wasn't conducive to having pets. When she finally planted herself in Albuquerque, it was time to find a new friend. Ann enthusiastically searched the Internet and after thoroughly evaluating her options, found and contacted **Greyhound**

Companions of New Mexico. **Kent Mathis** told her of **Ruben**, a retired racer who had been returned by the previous adopter. Arrangements were made for a meeting and it was love at first sight!

Today, Ruben enjoys the celebrity of being talked about almost daily with Ann's 100,000-watt mouth! Ask

anyone who listens to KRST 92.3 in the afternoons! Now familiar to many New Mexicans, Ruben's adventures include making regular visits to Arizona in the back of Ann's yellow Mustang, playing with a variety of favorite toys, being covered up with his "blankey" every night.... And, oops, Ann has revealed a secret or two about Ruben's gas and bad breath, which can make those trips in the Mustang a little dicey! He's usually sporting a lipstick kiss tattoo on his head, which might explain why Ann's on-air nickname is "Lipstick!"

Ann and Ruben recently bought their first home together and are looking forward to providing foster care to future "Greyhound companions." **Greyhound Companions of New Mexico** welcomes Ann and Ruben to our growing family of volunteers.

Next Issue:

- *Incontinence Mystery in Female Greyhound*
- *Interview with Darren Rigg of Greyhound Adoption Center, Lakeside, California*
- *Racing Injuries: #1 Threat to Racing Greyhounds*
- *And Much, Much More!!*

Volunteers Needed:

Pet Vet Market (11200 Montgomery Blvd. NE)
 Adoption Information Clinics
Third Saturday of each month from 11:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.
 Beginning April 18

Del Norte High School Pet Fiesta,
 Saturday, April 24

Animal Humane Association Adopt-A-Thon
 April 30, May 1 and 2

Bro and Tracy's Animal Welfare "Walk the Dog"
 Sunday, May 23

PetCo Adoption Information Clinics
 (Albuquerque and Santa Fe)

Please call Sara Mathis at 881-9034 to sign up for any or all events!!



Condolences

Kent and Sara Mathis held "Hawk" while their veterinarian, **Dr. Cudney**, gave the injection of eternal peace on February 26. Hawk came into the Mathis household as a foster-dog needing special care after a severe break in the right hock while racing. The tedious process of physical therapy created a bonding process impossible to break and the



"Hawk" Mathis

Mathis's decided to keep Hawk. In spite of his chronic lameness, Hawk lived an active, happy life at the Mathis home for nine years. He finally succumbed to multiple health problems as a result of old age. Hawk was four months shy of turning 14.

Mike McCan suffered the loss of "Argin" on February 27. Argin was a blind Greyhound, adopted by Mike in spite of this serious handicap. Argin had waited years for an adoptive home after his blindness forced his retirement from racing. Thankfully, his trainer,

Kellie Krasovec, refuses to destroy any of her retired racers. Biding his time in a racing kennel, crated for 22 hours a day with only brief turnouts, he patiently waited for someone to take him home. In September 1998, at the age of 7, Argin was freed from kennel-life forever by Mike. After minor modifications in the McCan home, Argin learned to navigate his new environment along with another Greyhound, Buster, adopted at the same time. Argin succumbed to a neurological disorder which ultimately destroyed his ability to ambulate.

would've turned 13 in February. Mary adopted Orion in July 1995 and this was the beginning of her love-affair with Greyhounds. Orion was a sad sight when he was first delivered to Mary. Thin, depressed and possessing a dull, sparse coat, he soon blossomed into a loving, lively, glossy black Greyhound. He was always the perfect gentleman and set a shining example for all the Greyhounds who subsequently graced Mary's home. In Mary's words: "I have lost other Greyhounds, but Orion has a special place in my heart."

Bill and Cherry Temple of Murrells Inlet, South Carolina, recently had their best Greyhound-friend, "**Scott**," euthanized. The Temples were devastated to learn Scott had osteosarcoma in addition to multiple other health problems that interfered with his ability to walk on his own. A painful but compassionate decision, euthanasia was their last gift of love to the Greyhound who had so enriched their lives. The Temples recently adopted retired racer, "Bandit," in loving memory of Scott. *(GCNM would like to take this opportunity to thank Bill and Cherry for the generous memorial donation in honor of Scott.)*



"Scott" Temple

Peg and Noel Rexford wrote the following for their beloved greyhound, "**Silk**," who passed away on February 25 after suffering a series of strokes:



"Silk" Rexford

Please wish Silk well on her eternal journey. She is now free of the pain and suffering for which she had been receiving veterinary care since her adoption. Silk always gave her love freely and had many, many joyous moments. If those of us who knew her are very, very lucky, we will be able to spend many joyous moments with her in eternity. Silk was one of the sweetest Greyhounds ever; a trusted family member, wonderful traveler, and her passing leaves a sad void in our lives and on this earth.

Merry Murphy sent the following note to **GCNM**:
It is with great sorrow that I inform you of "**Flora's**" death. Her death was quite a while ago, but it is only now that I am able to write you. It is believed that Flora died of cancer – a tumor in her hind leg. I will never be able to adequately express my gratitude to GCNM for finding Flora for me. When I got her, it was expected that she would live only a few months, as she was old. She lived with me over 2 years before she passed away. She was a joy and I continue to miss her terribly. The work you do is beyond commendable. When I am able to take another dog, it will be a Greyhound. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for my cherished time with Flora.



"Rob" Slezak in Foreground

Scott and Carla Slezak lost their beloved "**Rob**" to a neurological problem resulting in progressive paralysis. Rob was 12 years old and was blessed with 4 1/2

wonderful years with the Slezaks after having been returned by his previous adopter.

Mary Tilton's first Greyhound, "**Orion**," peacefully passed away in his sleep on 12-31-03. He



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Greyhound Companions of New Mexico is a licensed non-profit organization concerned for the welfare of the retired racing Greyhound. Tens of thousands of Greyhounds are needlessly destroyed annually; we strive to educate the public of the plight of the retired racer and to find loving adoptive homes for these affectionate canine athletes.

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If you want to help the Greyhounds,
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Remember, no donation is too small!

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Inside This Issue

Annual Greyhound Reunion Details	2
Greyhound Adoption: What Went Wrong . .	3
BANK ON IT by Leona Rude	6
Dog-Walker Takes the Lead in Santa Fe . . .	8
Meet the Volunteers:	
Ann Perkins and Ruben	9
Condolences	10