

We're Springing Along

I hope you have all enjoyed the "Sneak Peek" of the *GreyHound Gazette*.

This edition features a tropical island adventure, a very special interview with GEM's resident fashionista, Miss Kirby Maton, some original poetry by member Tom Zimmerman, and much more!

Thanks to all who have sent in contributions to the *Gazette*. If you don't see an article you submitted, it may just be that we have received enough for this edition and are saving it for a future one. But, don't let that stop you from sending things in!



We are experiencing a change with "Dr. Kellogg's Korner." Dr. Kellogg informed me that the OSU folks thought writing a column exclusively for the *Gazette* could be showing preferential treatment and that other groups and the public should have access to the same information. She'll be sharing what will be published on their Facebook page instead, and will let me know when that is updated.

Also, please let me remind you that unless you have written an article yourself, you may need to get written permission from the author to use his/her material. While information from the web may seem OK for anyone to use, there may be copyright issues associated with it, and we would like to make sure the proper source is cited. So look carefully for any copyright information on whatever website you're pulling information from.

Christine Victor,
victoroo@comcast.net

MISSY'S ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

In Memory of Missy Bockemuehl
(07/17/2000-04/12/2012)

My name is Mad's Ms. Granger, but my folks and friends call me "Missy". I used to race for a living. They "retired" me when I was about 4½ years old, but not until after I had raced in over 200 races and won a whole lot of those. My parents have my race record and they know what a fast dog I was back then. Now, I'm an island girl.



I live on the Island of St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands. My mom and dad moved here in September, 2011 and, of

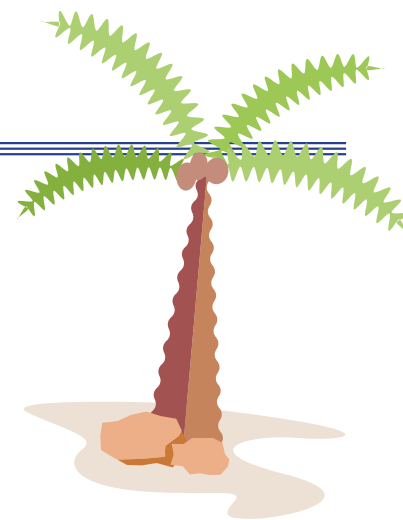
course, they brought me over to the island. This is the story of my exciting adventure of living in Michigan and then moving to the tropics.

Before I met my parents in 2005, I lived in a couple of foster homes. Just when I thought I would just go from foster home to foster home, my mom and dad, Ken and Marilyn Bockemuehl, adopted me. At that time, I was living with Aunt Heather in Dearborn. Mom and Dad came and picked me up one night and took me home with them to Rochester, Michigan. I lived a very happy life in Rochester. At first, I didn't know what to make of it. A home of my own with a big, fenced in back yard! Dad took me to work with him and when we got home, I would run circles so fast around the back yard that Mom would worry I'd run into the fence. I never did though, because I knew just how fast I could go in that yard. Dad used to take me to work with him every day. It was pretty boring, but we did go for walks at lunch and, at least, I was with my Dad.

I remember the first time I chased a squirrel in our backyard—I almost caught it—because, you see, they did not know just how fast I was. All the squirrels avoided me after that!

Anyway, Mom, Dad and I lived in our very nice home in Rochester for about six years, and then one day Mom and Dad told me about this great place called St. Thomas. They said it was a beautiful tropical island in the Caribbean. I knew that they vacationed there every year and I would stay with my Aunt Debbie and the other hounds. That was always a great vacation for me too! Hanging out with my buddies.

continued



They would always come back and tell me exciting stories about the beach (I love the water!) and something called iguanas that mom particularly thought were really neat. I couldn't figure out what could be so neat about an ugly old lizard.

"To be very honest, I was just a bit tired of the winter myself. Squatting down to go pee was quite an experience when it was 17 degrees outside!"

Mom and Dad would often talk about how they had had enough of snow and ice and cold. To be very honest, I was just a bit tired of the winter myself. Squatting down to go pee was quite an experience when it was 17 degrees outside. Whewwwwwweeee!

It was decided that we would sell our home and move to St. Thomas. I really didn't understand the logistics of that, but told them I would follow them anywhere. The house sold quicker than we all thought and before you knew it, there were boxes everywhere with all our stuff in it. Then came the big day. I got up that morning and was a little out of sorts—my big, beautiful house was empty! The furniture was gone and all the rooms were bare. I was so upset. I was beginning to think this might not be such a good idea after all. What could I do to change their minds? I just wanted to lay in my big living room on my "Good Dog" pillow, go for walks in the evening, and go swim in the creek at the

park in the summer. I didn't want to go for a long car ride to Florida. I didn't want to stay with my sister Brooke for a few weeks.



The morning that my parents were to have the closing on our house, Mom had left some stuff on the counter, accidentally, of course, that looked like yummy candies! I counter-surfed up to the counter, snagged the bag of candy (which turned out to be my Mom's calcium chews) and had myself some great comfort food. They were so tasty that I ate the wrappers too! Then Mom saw me and she became very upset! She said, "Oh, Missy! You can't have those—there's chocolate in them!" Then Dad took me off to the vet to see if I ate enough to cause me any harm. They kept me until after the closing on the house, which was at noon. (Dad said not to worry, it would keep me out of harm's way while they got everything worked out and finalized.) I was okay, but not feeling really great.

That afternoon, Mom and Dad picked me up at the vet's and we went to a really nice park for a walk. Mom and Dad seemed to be very emotional for some reason. They were carrying a box wrapped like a gift and when they opened it, there was a really

pretty velvet bag inside that said "Until we meet again at the Rainbow Bridge" on it. I did not know what that meant until they explained to me through their tears that inside the bag was the ashes of my sister (who I never met because she died some months before I was adopted). Erin was a chocolate lab and was my parent's first dog together before they adopted me. They had kept her ashes all this time and now were ready to say goodbye. We spread Erin's ashes in the park and told her we loved her and would always remember her. It made me sad, though, cause I always knew that Erin was with me in spirit. She was the one who would tell me how proud she was that I was so tall I could snag things off the table that she never could. She used to encourage me. Mom and dad kind of knew that too, because they would laugh and remark about things I did that were so "Erin-like".

We then went and spent some time with "Grandma and Grandpa" Bockemuehl. They took Mom and Dad out for dinner and I stayed in my crate at their house. I threw up on Grandma's kitchen floor (from the Viactive I ate earlier), but Grandma wasn't mad at me. They were very sad that we were moving so far away. I felt very bad for them and wished we could take them with us. We left that evening and began our drive to Florida where we would spend a few days with my human sister, Brooke. We spent the night just outside Michigan near Toledo, Ohio. I got sick again from eating the Viactive, wrappers and all, and I threw up. Mom and Dad felt really bad for me. They said I had been a very good dog in the car, that I had waited

continued



ASK MS. FUGGLES!

Dear Ms. Fuggles,

I can't believe this, but my humans adopted another dog, and he's NOT a greyhound. I suspect they had a momentary lapse of judgement (or sanity), but the fact is that there is now this big, hairy, smelly beast laying on *my* couch, drinking out of *my* water dish, and commandeering *my* toys (even if I don't really like them). What in the world am I going to do? He's worse than a cat!

Sincerely,
Pawsitively Livid

Dear Paws,

Sigh...I feel your pain, as I have the same situation in my household. In an ideal greyhound world there would be just greyhounds (and maybe an IG or whippet once in awhile). I doubt he's going anywhere soon, so the best thing is to completely ignore the brute, demand more cookies, and make sure to squeeze yourself in between your humans on the couch before Mr. Stinky does. And if you can "accidentally" chew up the remote, or knock over that expensive vase, all the better, because as you know, greyhounds NEVER do anything to upset their parents. Just point your paw towards Mr. Doofus and give them the "Well, it's obvious who did this" look. Good luck!

If you have any burning questions about fashion, being cool or just life in general, send them to victoroo@comcast.net and include "Ask Ms. Fuggles" in the subject line!

until we stopped for the night before I got sick. I threw up a few more times after that and then I started to feel much better. The Viactive was getting out of my system. I promise I will *never* do that again. Well, that is I don't want to do that again, but sometimes I just get too tempted when I see really good stuff out within my reach.

It took us two days to travel in the car from Michigan to Florida (Mom was driving when we went through Atlanta, Georgia and the traffic was so heavy, it made it her kind of "crazy", so we stopped just outside Atlanta for the night). Mom and Dad were so proud of me cause I was "such a good girl" the whole trip. I think that might have been because my tummy just didn't feel too good after my helping of Viactive, 'cause I really don't like long rides in the car (I whine and moan every time we have to go anywhere in the car!).



We made a stop near St. Petersburg to visit my human brother's future in-laws (my brother was married in Puerto Rico on October 29, 2011). They were very nice people, but they had two yappy Dachshunds that acted like they would like to rip me apart. Ha! I just laid there and took it for most of the night, but once, they got really close to my face and I had to put them in their place.

Finally, we got to my sister Brooke's house late that night. I met my "nephews" Samson, a Cocker Spaniel, who was very pleasant and Porter, a young (not even 4 months old yet) Yellow Lab. Gosh, what a young pup! He wanted to play, bite my ears, tail, etc. I told him in no uncertain terms that I was just too old and tired for those shenanigans. He got the idea after a while. We stayed at my sister's house for a couple of days. Then Dad told me that he and Mom had to go to St. Thomas first without me 'cause they had to find a "charter" flight for me. They were working with an airline called Pet Propel that specializes in transporting people and their pets to tropical islands. Mom and Dad were not sure how long this would take but promised they would be back for me soon. I

watched them leave and hoped they would come back very soon. I was not sure how long I could put up with Porter. He could be annoying.

The days passed and there was no sign that Mom and Dad were coming back for me. My heart just ached. I thought maybe they were mad because I ate the Viactive and got sick. Brooke reassured me all the time that they would come for me as soon as they could make the arrangements. I passed the time by letting Porter think he could play with me. I have to admit, though, I started to like the little guy. He tried so hard to cheer me up. I did enjoy the Florida weather though and hoped wherever Mom and Dad were that it was warm.

Then, one day, out of the blue—there he was. My Dad came for me! I was so excited! I jumped up on him and kissed his face. I could not stop crying. I had thought they just didn't want me anymore. How silly of me.

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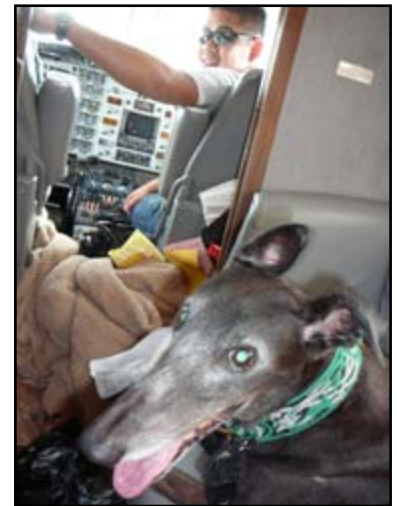
Dad had a nice visit with Brooke and Emilio then we went to bed for some rest, 'cause I was told we had a big adventure ahead of us in the morning. Boy, I had no idea.

I slept next to my Dad and vowed to never, ever let him out of my sight again! I wondered where Mom was, but Dad said she had to "work", so he flew up to Florida to get me. It turns out that they had to wait until PetPropel (the airline that charters families with their pets) to get some other people who were moving to the Virgin Islands with their pets, to keep the cost down. It is very expensive! (Over \$10,000.00 to charter the plane privately and \$2,000.00 each for 2 families with pets—less money the more families and pets that are able to be booked). I don't know too much about money, but I know that Dad winces every time we have to pay my doctor bills, so I knew this must be even worse.

Dad and I had a very pleasant visit on our drive from Fort Myers to Fort Lauderdale, where our plane was waiting. I just loved being with Dad again. I *never* want to be out of his sight again!

When we got to the airport, I could not believe my eyes! I had never seen an airplane before, much less fly on one! Wow, to fly high up in the sky with the birds, well words just can't describe it! Our plane was big, had propellers and a very nice sofa for me to sleep on during our flight. I could see into the cockpit and the co-pilot and I had a nice chat. I was interested in what goes on up there.

I was so excited, but I didn't sleep much though. I just laid there going back and forth from staring at Dad to be sure he didn't disappear and watching the two Mastiffs I shared the plane with. They were afraid and just laid on the floor and whined. One even got diarrhea! Oh, no. I was not scared—my Dad was with me! Our flight was about 4 hours and they did "serve" some dog cookies, but because of my IBD, Dad would not let me have them. I asked for champagne, but got shot down again! Geesh.



Our plane landed at the airport on St. Thomas at about 9:00 p.m., and Dad helped me down the stairs. We got all of my stuff (crate, blankets, etc) unloaded and onto the sidewalk. Some children were at the airport with their parents and had never seen a greyhound before. They petted me and rubbed my head. I was a little scared cause I didn't know where we were and if we were going to go "home" now. Then, I looked down the sidewalk and saw my Mom running to me! She put her arms around me and held me and I felt so loved. I felt bad that I had ever thought for one minute that my parents had forgotten about me!

We went out into the parking lot and there was our Trailblazer. The very car I was so used to riding in. The car we drove to Florida in. We got my stuff loaded and me in

continued

the backseat and headed out. I thought, at last we're going home. We drove past lots and lots of water. I had never seen such pretty blue water. There were boats all over the harbor and it was very pretty there. We drove until we arrived at a big white house. Mom and Dad told me it was our new home. They took me inside and I really didn't know what to make of it. I don't know why, but I had thought all along that somehow, we were going back to our nice house in Rochester, Michigan. I loved my big, fenced in yard. I loved my house. I was used to my house. Why were we here? I just could not figure it out.

After a few days, we went to the beach. I didn't really know what that was. I was used to swimming in the creek at the park in Rochester on nice summer days. This was nothing like that. We went to Vessup Bay Marina where there is a nice beach where local people from St. Thomas go to let their dogs swim. I got out of the car and could not believe my eyes. Right before me was the most beautiful water I could ever imagine. It was bubble bath blue and so very warm—like bubble bath! I waded out into it and then I just swam and swam. The water was so very warm and so soothing. Then, I knew why Mom and Dad had decided to move here. They must like the warm, beautiful water as much as I do.



I'm starting to settle in now. I realize that this is home. I think I may be the only Greyhound on St. Thomas. I did see one at the vet one day, but he's moving back to what Mom and Dad call the Mainland with his parents. There are a few Italian Greyhounds here. I met two at Barktoberfest and met another on the beach. So, I do have some cousins here, at least.

I have done a lot of things since I moved here. I have been to the Barktoberfest in October to raise money for the Humane Society. I went to a pet blessing at the church up the street. I go for walks in our beautiful neighborhood and see cruise ships out on the sea sometimes. I have met some other dogs—Lexie a "Weimheimer" (that's what my parents call her

jokingly). She's grey with yellow eyes, and she's very pretty! Rin and Princess are my neighbors, (some people call them Coconut Retrievers, cause no one really knows what breed they are, but I love them anyway) and others I see on our walks. And, of course, I get to go swimming every Sunday morning. I even have a special red collar and leash for swimming (mom calls it my "bikini", whatever that is), and I have my own beach towel. I think it's okay here. I'll make a greyt island girl!

I get to go swimming every Sunday morning...and I have my own beach towel. I think it's okay here. I'll make a greyt island girl!

Well, off to another adventure. I think it's wine tasting night at "How About Your Pet" (a local pet store that sponsors great events to raise money for various animal charities, like the Humane Society) and Sunday there is a pet fashion show and photo contest at The Dog House Pub (a restaurant where dogs are welcome!). I have to decide what to wear. Maybe my red bikini!

My future holds many, many adventures in paradise and I am very excited!

SPRING IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

Watch for Backyard Hazards

All of us can hardly wait for spring to finally arrive. Here are a few pointers to keep in mind for your dog's safety in the garden!

Pesticides And Herbicides

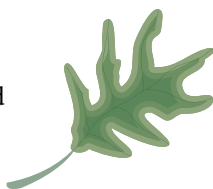


"Since pets are so much lower to the ground and smaller in size than humans, they're much more susceptible to the toxins we douse on our lawns," says Paul Tukey, founder of Safe Lawns Foundation. Studies show exposure to certain pesticides and herbicides for a year or more can dramatically increase your pet's risk of bladder cancer and

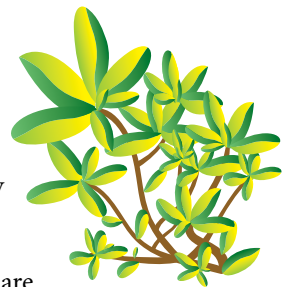
lymphoma. Read the label—the primary ingredient to avoid is a compound called 2,4 -D, a chemical that kills weeds like dandelions and clover. Tukey suggests a natural product like EcoSmart (www.ecosmart.com).

Fertilizer

Many fertilizers taste delicious to dogs and cats. Especially organic ones made up of blood meal, bone meal, and fish meal— an aromatic snack for our pets to chow down on. Don't let them. Munching as little as a cup can



lead to vomiting, bloating, dehydration, and gastrointestinal blockage. And bone meal comes with an extra threat, forming a cement-like ball in the stomach that is nearly impossible to digest. Instead opt for a veggie based fertilizer that uses cornmeal or alfalfa and works just as well in your garden. If you are worried your pet may have come in contact with a poisonous substance call your vet immediately. You can also check this resource: www.petpoisonhelpline.com



Plants

Numerous plants have a built in defense system to stop animals from munching on them. Mother Nature has given many plants a Personal Poison Protection Plan. Some examples: Leaves from apple trees contain cyanide and can cause labored breathing; rhododendron can cause a pet's heart rate to rise to dangerously high levels and even become lethal; tulips can cause convulsions.

Learn more and make better choices in your gardening plan by visiting the ASPCA's Web site where you can find a full list of plants to avoid: www.asPCA.org

Original source: *Readers Digest*, April 2012

❀ KIRBY MATON..THE DIVA DISHES! ❀

We've snagged an interview with one of the most sought-after hounds on the fashion circuit and she's here to share some of her fashion secrets with our members! So, without further adieu...here is Ms. Kirby Maton.

GG: When and from where did your mom (Linda Maton) adopt you?

KM: I raced at Dairyland, and when I retired I came to GreyHounds of Eastern Michigan. My first mom had to give me up due to illness. I lived with another family for a short time, and then came back to GEM, living with my foster mom and dad, Susan and Kevin Buza. One day this woman came to meet me. I liked her right away and tried to let her know by asking for pets and hanging around by her. But she said she wanted to think about it for a couple days. I was nervous she wouldn't want me, but a few days later she came back and took me home with her. I jumped up in her van and was so happy!

GG: When did your obsession with fashion begin?

KM: We were at The Novi Pet Expo and a woman who sold hats came back and asked if anyone's dog would model one of them. Mom said that I would! Everyone who came by said how cute I was. (I thought so too). Mom bought me a hat and I would wear it to Meet & Greets. Pretty soon she started adding to my wardrobe by buying all kinds of collars, jewelry and outfits. Before you knew it, I was being called a "Fashion Diva."

GG: Can you give away your favorite place to shop?

KM: My collars are from Collar of the Month Club. I have my own fashion consultant named Nora Coury, she's made me some dresses. I wore one of the dresses she made me at Greyhounds in Gettysburg and I won "Best in Show" in the costume contest and got a trophy. My hats come from Bow Wow Bonnets. Mom buys me jewelry from various places.

GG: What's your favorite outfit?

Wow—that's hard to say. I think my University of Michigan dress.

GG: How do you keep your figure in such trim shape?

KM: I'm very lucky, I'm just one of those greyhounds that can eat and not gain much weight. I love to eat, though I am somewhat picky. I don't want just plain kibble. I like it when mom puts extra stuff in my kibble like carrots, green beans, and rice. And of course, treats. I've learned that once I come in from going potty, mom will give me a treat. I started asking to go out more often, just so I could get more treats, but she caught on to that pretty quickly.



Kirby's big win at GIG.



Favorite outfit...GO BLUE!



Showing her patriotism on Memorial Day.

GG: Any other fashion tips you care to share?

KM: Wear your outfits proudly. When people say how cute you are, Hold your nose up in the air with dignity and show them you "know" how good you look.

GG: Thanks for taking the time from your busy schedule to chat with us. See you on the runway!



GEM Snapshots

We think GEM members are some of the most interesting of people! The range of hobbies and careers is quite amazing. Wouldn't it be nice to find out more about them? Yeah, we thought so too, so we'll be introducing you to one in each edition of *our Gazette*. This issue features member **Tom Zimmerman**.

GG: *What are the names of your hounds?*

TZ: Scarlet, who will be 8 in April; and Percy, who will be 6 in June.

GG: *What is your job title and place of employment?*

TZ: English instructor and Writing Center director, Washtenaw Community College, Ann Arbor.

GG: *How long have you been in this field?*

TZ: I've taught at WCC for 21 years. In the 1980s and early 1990s, I taught in public schools in Texas, Illinois, and North Dakota. So, really, all of my professional employment has been in the field of education.

GG: *What motivated you to choose this field?*

TZ: I've always loved literature and writing (poetry is a serious hobby of mine). Teaching these disciplines has been a good way to stay close to things I love and earn a living at the same time.

GG: *What is the educational background needed?*

TZ: Community-college teaching jobs almost always require a master's degree.

GG: *What is the most fulfilling and/or fun part of your job?*

TZ: Working with all different kinds of people and helping them to improve their lives. This, to me, is the most important part of my job.

GG: *Any other information you might find interesting to our readers.*

TZ: My wife, Ann, loves greyhounds even more than I do. Being involved with GEM has been wonderful for both of us: all of the hounds are grey, of course; and we've met people who have become dear friends of ours. As an aside, I might add that Scarlet and Percy have shown up in a lot of the poems I've written in the last couple of years!



Percy, Tom and Ann Zimmerman, and Scarlet.

Here's a poem that they're in:



QUARTET

**Not Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms: no strings.
Not barbershop: there's nothing coiffed enough.
It's Scarlet, Percy, Ann, and I! Four rough-
and-tumble morning walkers. Nighttime brings**

**tranquility and grace, but lunacy
can flash like lightning when the moon is full.
There's Percy's peeing, pooping; Scarlet's pull
at squirrel, rabbit, vole. The ecstasy**

**of scents! The twitching of the chase! "Fur kids"
our good friend Fran has called them. Gentle hounds:
we've rescued them; they rescue us. Our hounds
re-teach us love of nature; nature bids**

**us love the nature of ourselves. It gets
us thinking. Should we keep on going? Let's.**



You can learn more about Tom, his writing, and photography at:

<http://thomaszimmerman.wordpress.com/>

Do you know an interesting "GEM"? Please let us know who you would like to see profiled in a GEM Snapshot!

THE GEM STORE

FEATURED ITEMS



6' Traffic Handle Leash

6' leash with a traffic handle built in. It has a lobster claw clasp and a sliding adjustable handle that you can use around your wrist, waist, over your shoulder, etc.! Standard length is 6'—adjustable down to 4'. Available in black, blue, brown, coyote, red and teal. (More colors coming, keep checking the web site.) **\$12.**

Running Greyhound Magnets

Perfect for use on car, refrigerator, filing cabinets, steel doors or flat metal surfaces. One greyhound faces east, the other one is running west. In black, metallic silver, or white. 1 1/2" X 3". **\$10 per pair.**



Greyhound Gate Sign

6" X 12" white powder-coated metal sign with black vinyl graphics. Two holes, one at the top, one at the bottom for attaching to gate or fence. **\$15.00**



"Adopt A Greyhound!" License Plate Frame

12" X 6" black plastic license plate frame with white vinyl graphics. **\$7**



Wheel House Gray Anklets



Size 9-11. Cushioned terry loop. Fiber content: 75% plush acrylic or cotton 20% nylon, 5% spandex. **\$8**

The Famous Green Dispenser with Roll Included

The cutest green dispenser on the market is available at the most affordable price, without compromising quality. Our green dispenser is perfect for our bags on a roll and can be fitted to other standard rolls (not that you would do such a thing). **\$2**



The Scoop on the Poop Bags

- Extra long, 9" x 13" bags, so you or your sleeve never make unwanted contact
- Earth-rated bags are biodegradable
- Our packaging is made from recycled paper while our bags are conveniently dispensed on a recycled paper core instead of a plastic one. Comes in convenient small rolls and easily fits into all standard dispensers
- Scented with lavender so fresh smelling—you won't mind holding on until you properly dispose of them. Individual singles bags sell for **\$1.**



Visit the GEM STORE for more greyt products!

www.gemgreyhounds.net/about-us/gem-store/

COME JOIN US FOR
**THE 2013 GREYHOUND EVENT OF
 MICHIGAN!**

May 17th-19th, 2013

Livonia Holiday Inn and Conference Center
 17123 Laurel Park Drive North, Livonia, MI 48152

For reservations call: (734) 464-1300 or 1-800-465-4329 or click here
[Holiday Inn Livonia](#) to go directly to Holiday Inn online reservations.



Please note: A refundable, pet cleaning fee of \$50.00 will be charged to each room that has one or more dogs. Fee will be refunded within 5 to 7 business days after check out provided no damage is found.

SPECIAL RAFFLE

Two Southwest Airlines round-trip tickets for travel to any Southwest Airlines location in the contiguous U.S. Airline tickets are valid until 6/1/2014. Tickets: 1 for \$5.00 or 5 for \$20.00 available online or at the Event. Winning ticket will be drawn Sunday, May 19, 2013. Need not be present to win.

A Greyt Door Prize!

Glass mosaic table with center standing greyhound. Donated by Janet Shaffer.



Schedule (subject to change)

Friday: 3:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m. Early registration

3:00 p.m. Early vendors open

7:00 p.m. Vendors close

7:10 p.m. Opening Remarks by Event Coordinators

7:25 p.m. Message from GEM'S President

7:30 p.m. – 8:30 p.m. Dog activities

7:30 p.m. Hospitality Social: Free pizza, pop, and ice cream (for our two *and* four legged guests) Sponsored by Domino's, Coca-Cola, and D & J Glass Designs.

Saturday: Mini seminars, speakers, silent auction, and raffles throughout the day

8:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m. Registration

8:30 a.m. – 12:00 p.m. A new "Back to Basics" Seminar every half-hour.

9:00 a.m. Vendors Open

9:00 a.m. – 4:00 P.m. Dog Sitting will be available in Erie "B" room

11:00 a.m. – 1:00 p.m. Lunch: Lunch is on your own.

12:30 p.m. – 1:15 p.m. Gaye Ann Weaver, T.G.I.E., The Greyhound Inmate Experience

Saturday (continued):

1:30 p.m. – 2:15 p.m. Michael McCann, President of the Greyhound Project which publishes Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine, CG Calendar and CG Planner

2:30 p.m. – Ask the Vet: Dr. Karen Michalski from Serenity Animal Hospital in Sterling Heights MI. will provide vetting information and answering questions.

6:00 p.m. Pre-paid dinner social

6:15 p.m. Dr. Christine Kellogg from Greyhound Health and Wellness Program, founded by Dr. C. Guillermo Couto, Professor at The Ohio State University, College of Veterinary Medicine

7:30 p.m. Live Auction

Sunday: 7:00 a.m. Early Risers walk.

8:30 a.m. Blessing of the Hounds conducted by Rev. Claudia Barber

9:00 a.m. Breakfast buffet

10:00 a.m. Michael McCann, President of the Greyhound Project which publishes Celebrating Greyhounds Magazine, CG Calendar and CG Planner (Different topic then Saturday's)

GEM SWAP MEET AND GARAGE SALE!

Do you have something that you'd like to sell or swap? Maybe it's a gently-used crate or pet toys, or that meat grinder Uncle Henry gave you five years ago that has been sitting unopened in the basement. Or maybe it's that fishing rod that you'd love to trade for an aquarium. Send a short description with a price or what you might be looking for in exchange to: plallion@hotmail.com and include "Swap Meet" in the subject line.

X-PEN NEEDED

If anyone has an X-pen they are looking to re-home we are looking for one to add to ours. Please e-mail me at plallion@hotmail.com.

The Greyhound Event of Michigan Needs Your Help!



The Greyhound Event of Michigan is Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 17, 18 and 19 at the Holiday Inn & Conference Center in Livonia. We have arranged special pricing for this event.

Registration for The Greyhound Event of Michigan is now open, check it out at <http://www.gemgreyhounds.net/greyhound-event-michigan/> Please tell them you are with the GEM Event or GreyHounds of Eastern Michigan. We already have 38 people registered, which is on target with last year, but we would like to get as many people as possible to this event. So tell everyone about it—this is GEM's largest fund-raiser of the year. We have an all new design for this year's event done by Susan Collins of Skinny Hound Designs.

As always, we can use volunteers to make this the best Event to date. Please take a look at the job descriptions in the GEM-Mail in yahoo groups and see what strikes your creative side. Contact the event committee at: eventcommittee@gemgreyhounds.net to sign up for the spot of your choice.

We are selling raffle tickets for 2 round trip tickets on Southwest Airlines. \$5.00 a piece or 5 for \$20.00

If you can sell some at your place of employment, at social gatherings, to family, or if you just want some for yourself, contact Bob West at gogobw@aol.com to arrange pickup.

We can use all types of donations; ask your vet or service center for a donation. It does not need to be greyhound related. If you need donation request packages contact Merrie West at mwest89698@aol.com

Current List of Vendors*

Beth Wade Designs/The Barking Tree
Casual Bling
COTMC/Birds Pottery
Crown Collars
Designer Greyhounds
Fast Jack
Feathered Gems
Gawn 2 The Dawgs
GEM Store
Greyhound Studies
Greyt Glass
HoundMark
Midnight Sun Beading
Rock Your Pets
Skinny Hound Designs
Vintage Greyhound

*Subject to change.

2013 Greyhound Event of Michigan Committee Co-Chairs:

Dave Hildebrand: [glassdesigns@att.net/](mailto:glassdesigns@att.net)
Judi Hildebrand: [judihildebrand@yahoo.com,](mailto:judihildebrand@yahoo.com)
Bob West: gogobw@aol.com
Merrie West: mwest89698@aol.com

CONTACT INFORMATION FOR GEM

Mailing Address

GreytHounds of Eastern Michigan
P.O. Box 194, Wayne, MI 48184

Committee Contacts

Helen Davanzo—Adoptions / Foster Coordinator
Beth Barnhart—Committee Member
Helen Davanzo—Applications Coordinator
Beth Barnhart—Committee Member
Merrie West—GEM Store
Susan Buza—Greyhound Procurement Coordinator
Helen Davanzo—Committee Member

Pam Allion / Christine Victor—*GreytTalk* Newsletter
Gary Hull—Committee Member
Gary and Fran Hull—GUR Team / Supplies

Helen Davanzo—Vetting Coordinator
Beth Barnhart—Committee Member
Susan Buza—Committee Member
Fran Hull—Volunteer Coordinator

Phone Numbers

(877)436-3647 / (877) GEM-DOGS
Lost / Found Dog Pager: (877) 567-8436

GEM Board

President: Beth Barnhart
president@gemgreyhounds.org

Vice President: Mike St. Pierre
vicepresident@gemgreyhounds.org

Secretary: Jill St. Pierre
secretary@gemgreyhounds.org

Treasurer: Kathy Helm
treasurer@gemgreyhounds.org

Trustee: Helen Davanzo
Helen@gemgreyhounds.org

Trustee: Gary Hull
Gary@gemgreyhounds.org

Trustee: Pam Allion
pallion@hotmail.com

You Know You're a Greyhound Owner When...

By Shasta Wilson, CalGAP Volunteer

- You enjoy having a dog that looks like a small deer.
- You find yourself yelling "small dog" every time a Chihuahua walks by, even when your dog isn't with you.
- You get excited when your dog plays with toys for the first time.
- The spectacle of your dog running brings silence to the dog park.
- Your dog has gone by at least two names.
- You find yourself accessorizing your dog's neck.
- You go to "dog events".
- Your dog's wardrobe rivals your own.
- You've perfected your explanation about the difference between greyhounds and whippets.
- Your dog's sprained toe is no big deal.
- You still have to lift your male dog into the car.
- You have at least one dog medication in the cabinet.
- You haven't heard your dog's bark in a week.
- The terms "dog chiropractor" and "dog acupuncture" don't seem weird.
- You realize that it actually is possible for a creature to spend 8 hours asleep in one place during the day.
- Your dog spends more time socializing with other people at the dog park than other dogs.
- Your dog eats healthier food than your kids.
- Your husband is no longer the gassiest member of the house.

"Rescue animals aren't broken, they've simply experienced more life than other animals. If they were human, we would call them wise. They would be the ones with tales to tell and stories to write, the ones dealt a bad hand who responded with courage. Don't pity them. Do something. Help to rescue. Donate. Volunteer. Foster. Adopt. And be proud to have their greatness by your side."