



# Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity

## Newsletter

NOVEMBER 2015 Issue 11 PATRON: Mary Browning [www.italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk](http://www.italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk)

### HELLO TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

Welcome to the Eleventh Edition of our Newsletter which we hope you will enjoy reading. On behalf of the Trustees I would like to thank all our Friends and supporters for their continued support which is greatly appreciated. Enclosed is a Friends Renewal Form for 2016 (unless you have set up a standing order) which we require you to complete and return to continue your valuable support of the Charity and to enable us to reclaim Gift Aid, where appropriate.

We also have some loving and moving contributions from owners who have lost their beloved IG companions during the last year.

### UPDATE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN - HELEN

2015 has been a very busy year for the rescue charity. At the end 2014 came the devastating news that Linda Dunham had most unexpectedly passed away. Linda along with the help of her husband Stuart and IG's (the late) Ben and Shah compiled and edited all the Charity newsletters. Linda was a huge supporter of our work, helping practically in so many ways over the last 14 years that she will be greatly missed by the charity and the many friends she made through her contact with 'The Friends' of the Charity. To her Mum Joan, husband Stuart and IG Shah, we send our deepest condolences as we know their lives will never be the same again. We are very grateful to Stuart for continuing his good work in compiling this newsletter for us and thank Linda's family and friends who have generously sent donations in memory of Linda, she would have been so proud to know that your generosity will be put to good use helping IG rescues who need our care.

As we feared the internet sites advertising puppies for sale have grown enormously. The Italian Greyhound has become a 'fashionable breed' among the impressionable younger generation, spurred on by the fact that a Kardashian family member in the USA is regularly appearing on Social Media sites with her two Italian Greyhounds. At one time it was Paris Hilton with her Chihuahuas and now 'our breed' has been catapulted into the limelight for all the wrong reasons.

It appears that certain IG 'commercial' breeders using these sites to sell their puppies are doing battle as to who can write the most sycophantic advert in order to justify their over inflated prices for puppies (£1,650). Apparently these breeders think the following are good marketing ploys to sell 8 week old IG puppies; (the actual recommended age for IG puppies to leave their mothers is from 12 weeks onward).

- **De flec the puppy** before sale with a chemical called Fiprinol - this course of action could have a very severe reaction on the puppy, not least causing neurological damage to a young dog with all its life before it. IGs are not prone to flec infestations and one wonders what sort of home the breeders keep.
- **Anal glands emptied** - there is something severely lacking if such a young puppy has problems with its Anal glands.
- **Cologne applied** prior to collection - I think most IG owners will agree that an IG's beauty, natural charm and character far outweighs any artificial enhancement.

- Most of the advertisers give the final stamp to prove that the only reason they have bred IGs is for the financial gain, when they ask **for £350 reservation fee for a just born puppy**, which of course is non-refundable.....

You may well wonder what happens to the adult dogs when their breeding days are over, some of these IGs come to us. The rescue recently had experience of two older bitches, 11 and 12 years old, when we provided support to a first time IG owner who had bought "the runt of the litter", a male from one of these commercial breeders and then found themselves having the two older bitches dumped on them as the breeder's circumstances had changed. You can probably guess that 9 weeks later the first litter of 3 puppies arrived, from the 11 year old bitch, who had already had far more puppies than I care to think about and a few weeks later the 12 year old also had puppies, but most of hers did not survive. Fortunately we were able to advise on the rearing of the puppies and to suggest suitable homes, ensuring that they won't end up like their poor mothers. Two of the puppies went to one of 'our rescue homes' and it is a delight to receive regular photos and reports on how they are growing up, when they had such a fragile start in life.

Another IG, a regular stud dog was not so lucky; he was reportedly turned out on a remote piece of land, it beggars belief that anyone could do such a thing to any domestic animal let alone an IG. The thought of him starving and freezing to death has haunted me ever since. By coincidence, some months later I was contacted by two IG owners, who had been for their monthly meet up walk with their IGs on a sandy beach. They came across a carcass washed up on the shore and, from pictures we received it looked like an IG body. The head was decomposed but I certainly agreed with them that the body and feet closely resembled an IG or possibly a small whippet. Their initial enquiry was to ask if I knew if any IGs had been reported lost in the area - a quick check revealed there was none. But my mind jumped straight to the plight of the dog who had been turned out, geographically the shore line where the body was found was only a few miles away from the area where the dog had reportedly been dumped. Thanks to the help of the IG owner who came across the carcass we were able to obtain a small part of the carcass which was sent off to The Animal Health Trust who agreed to help profile the breed of animal from its DNA. This proved difficult as the DNA was not good quality, however, they asked if I could provide them with DNA from any living offspring from the dog I thought it might be. Fortunately an owner was only too pleased to oblige and the DNA was sent off to the Animal Health Trust. Sadly, the AHT were not able to match the two lots of DNA and have concluded that the body is quite probably not an IG. A relief for the caring owners who found the body but it leaves us wondering of what actually happened to the poor boy who was dumped.

It is not uncommon to hear of puppy purchasers being asked to take on older dogs that breeders have finished with, in most cases they are not free and I sadly heard from an owner who had paid £200 for the mother of her young IG. The bitch had had her quota of litters, and a Vet check after purchase revealed that most of her teeth were rotten, and that she has slipping patella's (kneecaps) an inherited condition that needs treating and that she should never have been bred from as she is very likely to pass the condition onto her offspring. It is so wrong that this well-meaning owner now has to fund huge Vet's bills in order to give this IG some quality of life after the IG has been used and abused by her previous owner.

Another abandoned IG this time was left in a dog box in busy service station with a note saying 'please look after me' was taken to a local rescue centre where fortunately, IG owners saw him advertised and were successful in adopting him, where he now has the company of two other IGs. Many rescue centres will not accept our help, believing that IGs are just like any other breed of dog. But fortunately due to long established connections with Battersea Dogs Home, they contacted the charity and agreed that we could do more for a particularly nervous dog who had been handed in to them. Most IGs that come into rescue come with baggage and it was sad to discover that this young man had already sired a litter of puppies that his previous owner was

advertising on the internet and was hopeful of making a few thousand pounds from his progeny, yet was happy to drop him into a dogs home.

Since last November the Charity has helped 14 IGs including one IG X whippet. There is definitely a growing trend in younger people buying IGs who are out at work all day and then go off and purchase another dog to keep the IG company, thereby compounding the problem. Fortunately these dogs very quickly respond to having constant company and soon settle into being much adored family pets in their new homes where they are fully understood. Our oldest rescue was a 12 year old, who was not able to move back abroad with his owner as he had a mild heart condition and his Vet felt the long flight could affect his chances of survival. Once again a long established rescue owner came forward to offer him a home and he has never looked back.

With the UK being a multi-cultural nation it is not surprising that some of our rescues have come from, America, Italy, Poland and Australia. With the ease of importing dogs I am sure the list will grow.



The Charity tries very hard to place rescues into the right home for the IG and the new owner, a recent young IG x Whippet who came to us because of his destructive nature, was placed into a home with a first time IG owner and what a joy it has turned out to be for Lenny the dog and for the Charity to know that the right home was found for him, by an owner who understands and adores him.

The following confirms this:

*Hello Helen, this is Lenny. Just a little note to say how much I miss you, but I really am settling into my new home with Mike. I have made lots of new doggy friends, their Beings are also Ok and keep saying what a nice glossy coat I have. My best friend is a lovely German Shepherd girl called Nyla, we spend a long time playing chase and rolling around together in the park. I know us Italians and those Germans don't always get on but Nyla is nice and we always play when we see each other.*

*Last week I learnt to swim in the river, it was really good fun. And we went walking in a big wood and I saw Deer, Squirrels and Rabbits and I didn't chase any of them, Mike says it's not nice to chase other animals, but the other doggy's in the park chase me, still I don't mind because they can't keep up with me and their Beings say it's the most exercise their doggy's ever get. In the woods I found something that smelt really wonderful and had a really good roll in it. The smell was so good Mike opened all the car windows on the way home so that we could share the smell with everyone else, and he kept calling me Smelly Lenny. By the time we got home I think he was jealous that I had found such a good smell because he would not let me in the house until he had run me a bath and he pinched my smell which was really mean of him.*

*We also went to an outdoor Jazz concert in the Cathedral gardens. I have decided I don't like Jazz it was boring so I had a good sleep on Mikes lap. And after the Jazz a man in funny clothes came and fussed me a lot and Mike says I should be honoured because the man was called the Bishop. What I cannot understand is why he was wearing a long black dress?*

*I like my Snuggle Bed, it reminds me of you. And I have learnt a new trick with the car harness which is really good and Mike can't work out how I do it, and it got me into a little spot of bother on Friday. I won't say anymore because I am sure Mike will snitch on me when he speaks to you.*

*Anyway that's all my news for now. Give my love to all my friends in Cumbria.*

*Doggy kisses – Lenny*



Since the last newsletter in November 2014 eight dogs rescued by the charity have sadly come to the end of their lives, some of the owners have kindly written tributes to them elsewhere in this newsletter and we thank them for sharing their lives with this delightful breed.

Once again the Charity gives heartfelt thanks to all the people who give of their time to help us in so many ways, from collecting, transporting and fostering dogs, to practical help in designing and producing items to raise funds for the work we do and to the people constantly on the lookout for IG's who would be better off being helped by the charity than being sold via the internet.

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### **RAFA'S ACCIDENT** **by Denise Brown**

Four years ago our first dog came into our lives: the gorgeous IG puppy, Rafa. He was handsome and full of mischief. After his first holiday in glorious Suffolk, Rafa went to be castrated. Each day we waited in vain for him to recover, but by the fourth day he was unable to move any part of his body apart from his eyes and was in extreme pain. The vet suspected Steroid Responsive Meningitis Arteritis and Rafa was admitted to a specialist hospital where the diagnosis was confirmed. He was treated with steroids for ten months and made a full recovery. We were all delighted and looked forward to a problem free future.

Move on to 2015 and we have a very sociable, confident little dog who has accepted into his family a troubled little rescue called Fi. One day I took Rafa for a walk on his own and decided to end with a game of fetch on a nearby field that we often visited. A rather large puppy joined us and was keen to play. Rafa was not so sure and when he showed signs of becoming anxious I went to put him on his lead. At that moment the puppy playfully nipped Rafa on his back and Rafa, quite out of character, charged off. In full flight he would not respond to my calls and set off towards home.

I have never run so fast and up ahead a local builder, who had tried in vain to stop Rafa, was also following him. As I reached the end of the lane I could see that over the village green a car had stopped with its hazard lights flashing. Terrified I ran over to find three people looking for a dog who had been hit by the car. Rafa had gone to our home a few yards ahead and was cowering at the side of the house.



Rafa had blood pouring from an injury to his mouth and wounds on his legs that, thankfully, seemed otherwise sound. The car driver very kindly took us straight to the vet, where his obvious injuries were minor but she was most concerned by Rafa's breathing. He was admitted and later that day twice needed air aspirating from his chest cavity. By the following day there was still concern that air was

filling the cavity and once again we were asked to take Rafa to the specialist hospital. Rafa had a tear on his lung and had developed bullae (air-filled blister-like structures) so that evening he underwent surgery to remove a third of his lung tissue. We were able to see him on the third day post-surgery when he was out of ITU. After a week he came home and each day he continued to recover. His stitches were removed, his wound had healed well and he was allowed to start walking, initially only for five minutes. At eight weeks the sternum had healed and he was given the all clear.

Rafa has completely regained his physical health but his confidence was badly affected and initially he was very wary around other dogs. This is gradually improving although we recognise the signs that he is not happy and then he is more comfortable back on his lead. He has a sweet pout as the lip could not be stitched soon enough due to his unstable condition and a long "zip" down his chest!

I cannot describe the horror I felt at the time of the accident nor the distress at seeing Rafa so poorly. It was a lesson to us that, however well you know your dog, the unexpected can always happen. I will always be grateful to the support of our vets, the hospital, wonderful friends at IG Rescue and lastly Fi's trainers. And most of all to Rafa for his tenacity, tolerance and fortitude.



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## **MY TWO BOOKENDS** **By Sundra Finch**



For many years now, I have been fortunate enough to be the proud owner of Italian Greyhounds, three of which have been rescues. Hannah came to me in January 2015 through the IG Rescue Charity and I am delighted with her, these elegant and adorable little dogs just love to please, she is a wonderful companion to Sasha my Chihuahua. For me, Italian Greyhounds have always been special, and still are (true happiness). I just adore the breed. I am now a happy family of two once again.

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## **WE REMEMBER THEM** **IGGY** **By Clare Theresa Harrison**

I lost my beloved little Iggy on January 30<sup>th</sup> this year. He has left a massive hole in my life and I'm sure I will forever miss him. He came my way after I lost my ancient terrier, and somewhere along the line I had come across an Italian Greyhound. So I contacted the IG Rescue and Iggy came into our lives.

Initially he was very quiet and withdrawn and then a couple of months later he came to life! He was the most loving and clever dog I had ever come across - and more than that he was a Grade A thief! Nothing edible was safe. Each year we lost most of our strawberries, raspberries, black currants, gooseberries etc. etc. etc. nothing was safe.

His favourite time was Autumn sitting under the plum and damson trees just waiting for the ripe ones to drop. The compost heap was covered as this was fair game - egg shells, used T bags, you name it Iggy would eat it if he could. His constitution was that of an ox, his digestion remarkable. If he ever found food out on a walk he always checked again, even if it was 6 months since you visited.



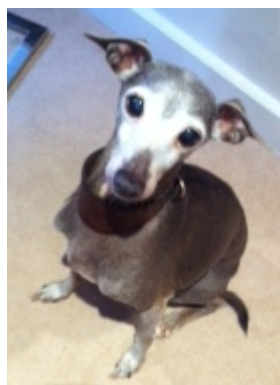
Even now I'm sure I can see glimpses of him out the corner of my eye in the house. I've still got two IG's whom I love dearly, but there was only one Iggy, and, although I didn't know his background, in the years I had him, he was safe, loved and well cared for and very happy.

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## **IN MEMORY OF MILLIE**

**Circa 2001 - 2015**

**The Bain Family, Epsom & Chichester**



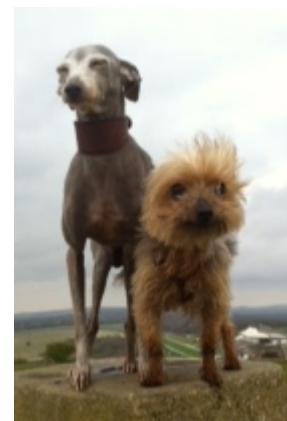
Dear Millie our beloved blue Italian Greyhound joined our family of 4 children and a Yorkshire Terrier 10 years ago from the IG Rescue. Our young Yorkie Tiffany seemed disconsolate at the passing of our first dog Bertie, a Shih Tzu.

An attractive painting caught daughter Hannah's eye, it showed a grouping of canine friends, a Shih Tzu, a Yorkshire Terrier and an Italian Greyhound. An unknown breed to us, it looked elegant and distinguished, a desirable and smart contrast to scruffball Tiff.

We passed the adoption test, our fences secured, behaving our best, our characters assessed as suitable for dogs of a nervous disposition. The garden bench seat would need replacement as the breed is likely to jump up and get stuck, their fine legs slipping between the slats.

"Our little girl came to us very overweight. The Rescue said she had been shut up in a squalid shed and her only pleasure food. With rationing and exercise we nursed her to a sylphlike resemblance of a pedigree IG.

It was soon apparent that the sleek looks went with personality disorders, laziness, thieving, and cunning. But we loved her nonetheless or perhaps more because of these characteristics. The eating habit/addiction and a snooze were her raisons d'être. She would wolf down her food so fast she would choke in her enthusiasm. Then she would want more of course and discovered how to operate the pedal-bin. Visitors were warned not to leave their bags on the floor, Millie quietly and neatly got into those bags scoffing chocolate bars, peppermints and vitamin pills, leaving no signs of disturbance. All food possibilities exhausted she burrowed into her sleeping bag not caring if she trod over and displaced Tiff.



Millie came to us a silent dog never barking for attention. Instead she would jump up punching us with both paws to demand a response. After several months Tiff had taught Millie by example to join in a chorus of the neighbourhood barking dogs and of course to bark for food. Millie taught Tiff how to scavenge for food including polishing off our son's beautifully prepared canapes in a flash while he was answering the front door.

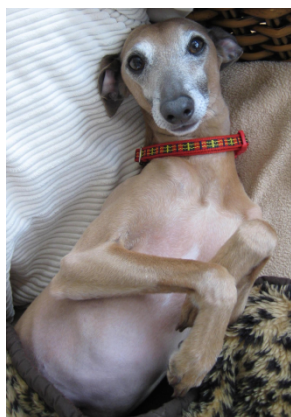
Millie wasn't wild about going for walks and later when we moved to Chichester she feigned being asleep and would need dragging from her pitta-bed and be pulled along on her lead round the Canal Basin to the turning point at the dog bin, when released she would cheerfully trot home. In Epsom there was a big field behind the house and Millie showed her athletic capability bounding between us yelling encouragement squatting on our haunches "come on Millie, come on Tiff".

When out walking, Millie attracted comments and interest from most passers-by. "Is that a whippet?" No it's an IG, a far superior breed, you can tell the difference by the dainty way she trots and her fine fetlocks. "Ah bless, isn't she cold? She's shivering". No it's a nervous condition developed with the doleful facial expression probably to enlist sympathy. If it really was cold Millie would wear a fetching blue and red quilted jacket.

Care had to be taken that she didn't get out of sight. We had been warned that the IG tends to veer off course unless corrected, and has no sense of boundaries. She would go missing if she chanced to escape the secure boundaries. With relief at phoned in reports we would collect her from neighbours pedal-bins or the Canal Café where she was fed their home made sausage rolls. Another aspect, off the lead and not closely following on your heels, Millie would attach to strangers and trot off, perhaps believing there would be more food.

Our children have fond memories of Millie snuggling in to a comfortable repose on their laps with head nestled under their arms.

One morning we found Millie was unable to stand, keep balance or lift her head. We sat down with her and fed her a bowl of food which she wolfed down heartily. A healthy appetite to the end. We were with her at the vets and she died peacefully in our arms.



*2014 was not a happy year for Shah as he lost Ben in May and Linda, his mum, in December. So once again he has no IG to pull his Christmas crackers with in 2015. He very much hopes that 2016 will be filled with more interesting walks and treats.*

*Shah wishes all his IG friends and their owners a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.*

### **TRUSTEE CONTACT DETAILS**

**Chairman / Fundraiser** - Helen Lister Tel: 01539 448057

**Treasurer** - Neville Bowman Tel: 01837 851933

Adrian Bickers Tel: 01462 835641

Pam Heap Tel: 01751 476956

By email: [info@italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk](mailto:info@italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk)

## IN MEMORY OF RESCUE – ZAK BY Lynne Pack

I first contacted Shirley in 2000 when I lost my elderly whippet, and as I had always loved Italian Greyhounds, my husband Ron, very bravely, told me to buy one if I wanted. I wasn't sure where to start so decided to try and find out more about the breed. Luckily for me I found Shirley's telephone number in 'Our Dogs' and thought I would give her a call. She was so friendly and helpful and very patient with all my questions and after a long conversation she asked if I would like to be considered to rehome a rescue. Of course I said a big yes. A few weeks later (following a home check) Zak came into our lives looking rather sorry for himself.

Wow, we didn't know what hit us! We had always had dogs, but I wasn't prepared for an Iggy! He flew around the house and on the lead he just went round and round like a washing machine. That first week when we were all sitting in the garden with Zak on my knee he just decided to see if he could jump the fence – he was right – he could. Panic stations.

Thankfully we live in a quiet village, but he was so small and off he trotted up the lane ignoring all our pleas. My Dad was put on point duty to stop the traffic (well he was a policeman!) and finally we caught up with him – he gave us one of those iggy looks and couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I was dreading having to tell Shirley that we had lost him already. Needless to say the fence went higher.



Thankfully he soon settled down - everyone fell in love with him and he fell in love with Star, our German Shepherd (Oh dear I hear you say - a German Shepherd). It may have been her long warm coat he fell in love with as he would drape himself on her with just his pointed nose poking out for air. They really loved each other.

I believe Zak came into rescue because he kept running away, and in fact he was an escapologist all his life.– he was an opportunist and I think he just loved the thrill of escape – as he was quite happy to be caught.

I once had a phone call from a neighbour to let me know Zak was sitting in their kitchen after coming in through the cat flap and eating the cat's dinner. I said it couldn't be Zak he's asleep on the sofa in the living room – or so I thought – it was a hot day and the window was opened. Luckily she thought it very funny.

Star was a calming influence on him, and eventually, with the help of Star and sausages – I trained him to come back to call, after which he had many years of happy free off the lead walks.

He was a very bold iggy, quite aloof with strangers and would often run up to people and just sit in front of them with all his paws in a line like a piano as if he wanted to be admired – which of course he was. Zak was a cheeky, sometimes naughty, loving, independent, wonderful little boy who I loved very much.

Last year, after being owned by him for 14 years, we had to say goodbye. He was put to sleep at home in my arms and now lays at rest next to Star in the garden. Happily for me I have another wonderful iggy rescue called Georgie but that's another story!



# Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity

## Friends Application/Renewal Form



I/We wish to become a **Friend(s) of Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity** (open to all ages).

NB. You must not have been banned from keeping animals nor have any court proceedings outstanding barring you from owning animals. I/We enclose a cheque or postal order for **£5.00** (or **£8.00** for joint Friends at same address), made payable to **Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity**. *Subscription will generally be for a one-year period, however, it will fall due for renewal on the 1<sup>st</sup> January each year thereafter.*

I/We also wish to donate the sum of **£** \_\_\_\_\_ (optional) to **Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity**.

Total amount enclosed **£** \_\_\_\_\_

(1) Fore name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Dr) \_\_\_\_\_ Surname \_\_\_\_\_

(2) Fore name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Dr) \_\_\_\_\_ Surname \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Post Code \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Age (if under 18) \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please ask your Parent or Guardian to sign if under 18)

Do you have any objections to your details being kept for Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity use only? Yes  No

*giftaid it*

### "Increase the value of your donation through Gift Aid"

Using gift aid means that for every pound you give, we can claim an extra 25 pence from hmrc, helping your donation to go further. To qualify for gift aid, what you pay in income tax or capital gains tax must be at least equal to the amount we will claim in the tax year.

I confirm I have paid or will pay an amount of Income Tax and/or Capital Gains Tax for each tax year (6 April to 5 April) that is at least equal to the amount of tax that all the charities or Community Amateur Sports Clubs (CASCs) that I donate to will reclaim on my gifts for that tax year. I understand that other taxes such as VAT and Council Tax do not qualify. I understand the charity will reclaim 25p of tax on every £1 that I give.

I want all donations I've made and all future donations to be Gift Aid until I notify you otherwise. I pay income tax or capital gains tax and want Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity to reclaim from the Government gift aid on my donation.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

### Thank You For Your Support!

Please return completed form to: **IGRC Treasurer**  
**Mr Neville Bowman**  
**Lashbrook House, Jacobstowe**  
**Devon EX20 3RQ**  
**☎ 01837 851933**

The Trustees of Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity reserve the right to refuse a person as a friend of the charity