

The Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity

Newsletter: Issue 21



www.italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk

Patron: Shirley Penrose-Hansell

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1. A warm welcome to the IGRC Newsletter from the Editor

Welcome to the 2025 edition of the Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity annual newsletter. Thanks to your incredible support, we've already helped many Italian Greyhounds and Italian crosses this year into loving new homes, each one now curled up safely on a sofa, living their best life.

On behalf of the Trustees, thank you. Your generosity has transformed lives — giving comfort to older dogs whose owners could no longer care for them, offering fresh starts to nervous rescues and surprise puppies, and helping bonded pairs stay together.

As Pearl snores peacefully next to me, I'm reminded of our aim: to ensure every Italian Greyhound finds warmth, care and security.



Inside this issue, you will learn about the breed if you are new to them, and join us in remembering those who have crossed the Rainbow Bridge.

Every page reminds us why this work matters, and why we can't wait to see what we'll achieve together in the months ahead.

Thank you for being part of this story.

2.The Chair's Welcome - Helen Lister

It is hard to believe that this is the Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity's 21st Newsletter.



We have been so fortunate in having the loyal help from IG owners in collating the Newsletter. The late Linda & Stuart Dunham who set the benchmark for the newsletter and our good friend Sue Brassington who has diligently edited the newsletter for the last 9 years. Thank you Sue for all your hard work, which has been very much appreciated by all the readers, and we hope that the latest Microsoft update which has caused you so many problems has not turned you against computers for life!

Welcome to Bernadette Jones, our new volunteer undertaking the task, with the assistance of Olive & Pearl, her adopted youngsters who were only weeks old when she adopted them. Thanks to Bernadette's guidance they have turned out to be lovely young ladies living their best life. Please support Bernadette if you have any photos or stories that you think would be of interest to other readers, by sending them to her at:

info@italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk

2025 feels as though we are on a hamster wheel and we can't get off. The enquiries are non-stop and the taking in of rescues has been very busy. A quick look on two selling sites in mid-September reveals there are 46 adverts on Pets4Homes and 8 on the Kennel Club, Find a Puppy for Italian Greyhound puppies; there are so many people breeding. It is sad that when we get enquiries from potential puppy buyers only wanting to purchase from a reputable breeder, who does not breed purely to sell puppies, it is very hard to be able to recommend anyone.

With the introduction of AI, money making breeders are rubbing their hands to have an advert formulated for them claiming to be Champion bred, Crufts winners and more. Sadly, most puppy buyers are taken in by this and are paying an extortionate amount of money for puppies who have had no research done into their breeding or what the resultant puppies may inherit. Alongside this, the breeders are only interested in the £££££s and the buyer turns to the Charity for help and advice which should have been given before the puppy was purchased. Italian Greyhound Kennel Club registrations shot up in 2020 to 544 up from 390 in 2019, up again in 2021 to 571, and in 2022 to 593 and worst of all 2023

to 611 with 2024 a slight decline to 541. These figures obviously do not include all the many unregistered IGs. It is very sad to see that the IG has had a registration increase of 67% as shown by the Kennel Club:

Top 5 fastest risers 2024 - 2025 based on Q1 Kennel Club puppy registrations	
Breed	% increase
Jack Russel Terrier	76%
Bernese Mountain Dog	71%
Italian Greyhound	67%
Shetland Sheepdog	62%
Samoyed	44%

Over the years we have had many people who have supported the rescue in so many ways, whether it be home-checking, transporting, assisting with keeping abreast of technology or fundraising. One person in particular who has sewn and donated countless fleece vests, fleece toys and collar bows is our dear friend Mary Hirt, sadly due to health issues which prevent Mary from undertaking the work she has donated to rescue, there won't be anymore of her wonderful toys etc. Mary has certainly done her bit for the breed and we all hope she can take comfort in knowing that she has helped so many IGs and their larger cousins the greyhound as we know she helped them too.



Wishing all our readers a very Happy Christmas and a Peaceful 2026 with an IG at their side 🎄

3. Rescue Update by Helen Lister

Rescue has been particularly busy this year with 34 rescues who have all found lovely homes. They were placed into rescue for a variety of reasons. For example, an owner's diagnosis of stage 4 cancer was very sad for a young pair, however, she sensibly made provision for her beloved dogs before she passed away knowing they were happily settled in their new homes. We had some youngsters with leg fractures to deal with and thanks to wonderful specialist orthopaedic surgeons, these have all made full recoveries. It is quite amazing that with the correct surgery and a skilled surgeon these little dogs are weight bearing on the plated leg 24 hours after surgery.

The majority of dogs coming to us have been older dogs, very often in pairs and it is unfair to split them up. Being over the age of 8 years, the Charity supports their out- of-the-ordinary veterinary care for the rest of their lives. We have quite a long list of dogs requiring our support - luckily most are healthy once the initial outlay for teeth has been taken care of. The oldies are particularly rewarding with their gentle natures and we are forever grateful to the adopters who take these dogs on, which in some cases would have been put to sleep by their owners had Rescue not found them homes.

At the other end of the scale, we have also had a number of young puppies which had proven to be too much of a handful for their owners. The breeders, once accepting the ££££s for the puppies, no longer wished to communicate with the buyers and had not advised the buyers how demanding IG puppies are. And some rescues were no doubt relinquished because of financial issues, with Veterinary fees being so high. The CMA (Competition and Markets Authority) is looking into the key concerns regarding veterinary treatment:

Market Consolidation:

A significant number of independent vet practices have been bought by large corporate groups, leading to fewer competitors in some areas and reduced choice for consumers.

Pricing Transparency:

Pet owners have reported a lack of clear information about fees and treatments, which can make it difficult to compare prices and make informed decisions.

Overcharging:

The CMA is concerned that some pet owners may be overcharged for services and medications, including prescriptions and cremations.

Financial Pressures on Vets:

Some veterinary staff feel pressured to meet financial targets set by corporate employers, and many have left the industry due to these pressures and lack of autonomy.

What the CMA is doing:

Formal Market Investigation:

The CMA has launched a full market investigation into the UK veterinary services market for household pets.

Consultation on Remedies:

The CMA has proposed potential remedies, such as potential caps on prescription and cremation fees, and is currently considering responses from industry stakeholders.

Publishing a Provisional Decision:

The CMA aims to publish a provisional decision by September 2025, with a final decision by February 2026, to address the identified concerns.

What this means for pet owners:

More Choice: The investigation aims to ensure pet owners have a greater range of choices and fair prices.

Improved Transparency: Practices may be required to provide clearer information on fees and services.

Potential for Lower Prices: Remedies could lead to better value for money for pet owners.

A final decision will be published by February 2026, detailing any required changes in the veterinary sector. This will no doubt be something that all dog owners will be interested in as increased veterinary costs are impacting everyone, including charities such as the IGRC. Once again, the IGRC is incredibly grateful for the support it receives from volunteers and we thank all of our adopters for giving each rescue a wonderful new home.

4. Rescue Highlight by Bernadette Jones

As the new editor for 2025, I thought I'd share my own rescue story with you. Last September, we welcomed Olive and Pearl into our home, two seven-week-old twins whose owner had made the sensible decision to rehome them through the charity, ensuring they would find the right family.

They quickly bonded with our 16-year-old IG, Dave, though the feeling wasn't always mutual. Their boundless enthusiasm for Dave, and for absolutely everything else — could be a little overwhelming for such a dignified senior greyhound citizen.

Now 15 months old, the twins have grown into wonderfully 'Greyhoundy' characters. They refuse to walk in the rain, dislike being patted on the head by strangers, and have been compared to otters, deer and even a wishbone (the wishbone was a curious one!). Both are now spayed — which is just as well, as Olive has shown an enthusiastic eye for furry boyfriends of most descriptions.

Welcoming Olive and Pearl reminded me why this Charity exists: to give every Italian Greyhound, whatever their age or temperament, the chance of a safe, loving home where they can thrive.



5. Thinking of adopting, rescuing or fostering an Italian Greyhound? A gallop through the breed by Bernadette Jones

Italian Greyhounds are mini aristocrats with a serious case of unexpected zoomies. Perfectly elegant and just 13-15 inches of pure grace, these dogs can transform from 'living sculpture' on your sofa to a rocket-powered blur chasing a single suspicious leaf in the blink of an eye. They're professional snuggle specialists, claiming prime lap space with the determination of small, heat-seeking magnets. This devotion is part genuine affection, part calculated pursuit of body heat.

Devoted to their families yet charmingly aloof with strangers, Italian Greyhounds expect gentle handling and give their hearts completely once trust is earned. Don't mistake their delicate appearance for compliance, though. Training requires diplomatic skills — approach it as sophisticated negotiation, because 'what's in it for me?' isn't just their favourite question, it's their life philosophy.

Their fine bones and sensitive souls thrive in calm, safe environments without rambunctious behaviour. A secure garden is essential, as their slender bodies and natural curiosity mean even tiny gaps can become escape routes. Don't expect heroic walks in British weather either — our fair-weather furry friends will stage elaborate protests at the signs of rain or strong wind, and their short coats mean they need suitable clothing during inclement conditions. Italian Greyhounds retain their playful, puppy-like spirit well into their senior years, making every day an adventure.

Bring one home and prepare for your entire world to revolve around their comfort, and despite their delicate demands and occasional high-speed leaf interventions, you'll wonder how you managed without your devoted shadow companion.



6. Building a relationship with your rescue dog- Received with thanks from Kelly Wallace Horne 🐾 🧑

The relationship between us and our dogs is unique and special. After all, the entire existence of the domestic dog is borne of thousands of years of human's relationship with the *Canis* genus. However, while building a relationship with your rescue dog is heartwarming and rewarding, it can also be challenging and frustrating, especially with nervous or traumatised dogs. Breaking that relationship down into clear "transactions" can help us to understand what we are giving and what our dog is receiving.

All dogs are highly tuned to routine, and very quickly become acutely aware of triggers and predictors within their daily life. Therefore, it's easy for us to be completely oblivious to these "transactions", while the dog is essentially keeping note and judging you for it!



The "Relationship Bank Account"

If we imagine our relationship with a dog as being like a bank account; we make deposits to the account and we withdraw from the account.

- If we withdraw more than we deposit, the account goes into the red, which is bad!
- If we balance the withdrawals and deposits, the account remains in the black and might only be in the red for short periods, which is OK!
- If we pay more into the account than we take out, the account balance grows and we can make withdrawals with little-to-no negative consequences, which is great!

Making withdrawals to your dog's relationship bank account

Withdrawals to your dog's relationship bank account come in the form of anything the dog finds negative or stressful, for example:

- Trimming nails
- Cleaning teeth
- Being wormed
- Stopping/ending play
- Clipping on a lead after free running (somewhere secure!)
- Trips to the Vet
- Anything the individual dog finds stressful, which in a rescue dog might be going out for a walk or in the car!

It's important to never punish, shout at, or show frustration with any dog. These withdrawals are far too big to redress with a simple deposit and are never the right thing to do. Patience and redirection is the best way to handle unwanted behaviour.

Making deposits to your dog's relationship bank account

Deposits to your dog's relationship bank account come in the form of anything the dog finds fun or positive, for example;

- Playing with you
- Receiving a treat
- Receiving a new toy or chew
- Having a cuddle
- Lots of happy, fun praise for good behaviour, like asking to go outside to toilet (providing this response won't startle or intimidate the dog)
- Anything the individual dog enjoys, which might be going out for a walk or in the car!

The above are simple examples of what might count as a deposit or withdrawal to your dog; you need to be mindful of your dog's individual character and reactions when assigning an action as a deposit or withdrawal. For example, for one dog going for a walk might be a happy, positive deposit, yet to another it might be a stressful, negative withdrawal.

Building and maintaining the balance on the relationship bank account

This is as simple as ensuring you deposit more than you withdraw each day! Taking inspiration from the suggestions above, try to ensure that your deposits outnumber your withdrawals in the early days of building a relationship with your rescue dog.

Keeping a statement of accounts

While building a relationship with your rescue dog, keep a diary of withdrawals and deposits each day (the dog almost certainly is!). If you withdraw by ending play, deposit by giving the dog a cuddle, or a chew. If you withdraw by trimming nails, deposit with a play session with the dog, or going for a walk, if that's what the individual dog enjoys. You can make the same deposit multiple times a day, so use several play sessions, chew sessions, walks (if appropriate) throughout the day.

Looking to the future

While the "relationship bank account" is always there, with time it is not always necessary to continue keeping your diary. However, it's always good to keep it in the back of your mind when your dog is experiencing "withdrawals" in life. I found something one of my Canine Behaviour tutors said regarding behaviour and training rescue dogs to be very thought-provoking; a rescue is only a rescue dog when it is first rescued. Once the dog is adjusted and established in its new life with its new owner/s, it no longer IS a rescue dog - it WAS a "rescue dog"! Don't let the label "rescue dog" hold you and your dog back when it comes to relationship, training, and behaviour!

About the Author

I have two Italian Greyhounds, Chico and Pasha. I enjoy training my own Italian Greyhounds in obedience, participating in agility, hoopers, and dabbling in scent work, as well as breed showing. I am a certified Pro Dog Trainer and a member of the International Institution of Canine Ethics. I love studying and learning and have gained a variety of diplomas, advanced

diplomas, and accreditations in canine behaviour, nutrition, physiology, canine holistic care, canine law, as well as wolf behaviour and how it correlates with domestic dog behaviour.

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RELATIONSHIP BANK ACCOUNT

MONDAY

Activities	Deposit	Withdrawal	Notes
Rabbit Ear for breakfast	✓		-
Post Arrives		X	Alarmed by the sound of the mail landing on the mat
Played a game in the lounge	✓		Happy, relaxed, and tired after
Trimmed nails		X	Hated having nails done, hid under table after
Gave a pizzle	✓		Came out from under table & focussed on chewing, followed by sleeping
Car backfired		X	Woken from sleep, ran and hid
Gave a cuddle	✓		Calmed a little but still on alert for threat
Played a game in the lounge	✓		Happy, relaxed, and tired after
SUMMARY	4	3	Sat on sofa with me in the evening

TUESDAY

Activities	Deposit	Withdrawal	Notes
Meat Flattie for breakfast	✓		-
Post Arrives		X	Simply jumped at the sound of the mail arriving
Went for a walk	✓		Happy and doing zoomies when we got home
Gave a pizzle	✓		Chewed for a while before sleeping
Cleaned teeth		X	Looked at me confused as to why I was
Went for Vet check-up		X	Very stressed and shaking at the Vets
Gave a new toy when back home	✓		Focussed on the toy and forgot about the Vets
Played a game in the lounge	✓		Happy, relaxed, and tired after
SUMMARY	5	3	Starting to look to me for reassurance

7. Rainbow Bridge Tributes

Tribute to Libby & Luka 🐾 Received with thanks from Heather Deamer

We collected Luka and Libby at a service station on the M25 in March 2014. Considering they had been in the back of a car most of the day they were friendly towards us and a bit inquisitive.

We knew nothing of their background, yet discovered later that they had had a rough time and had been used for breeding. Luka was skinny and Libby chunky. They had scabby ears which the vet told us was an indication of neglect. We fell in love with them; Luka was the quiet, nervous one. Libby, on the other hand, was strong, confident, pushing boundaries and a law unto herself. They both settled in and we soon did everything together as a family. We even bought a motorhome so we didn't have to be separated from them when away from home. They came everywhere with us, even through the channel tunnel to France and Spain. They had a lovely life with us and us with them.

Luka was the first to become ill in 2024. His back legs started giving way and you could tell he was uncomfortable. He was falling regularly and we knew it was time to say goodbye. At first we were worried Libby might miss him too much as they had always been together. She did seem lost, so we decided to get a friend for her (which turned into two as they came as a pair). This, sadly, turned out to be a wrong move and not something I would do again. She tolerated the newbies, but it was obvious after a short while they were too much for her, and she probably would have preferred a quietness on her own. She became poorly in January 2025, she was doubly incontinent and it was obvious it was painful for her to walk, we lost her in January 2025. We celebrate both their lives and the happiness they gave us and also that we were able to give them a great life, spoiled, yet happy.

We miss Luka and Libby everyday and remember them with love and affection, they will be with us always 💔



Tribute to Albie 🐾 Received with thanks from Carolyn Danbury and family

Albie arrived with us in September 2012 after a period of rest and recuperation with Helen Lister. He had sustained physical injuries in his early life, along with some emotional scars which affected his ability to trust humans and other dogs he encountered. Thankfully he decided he rather liked both myself and my husband, Mark, and in turn each member of our wider family was gradually added to the team ♥.

Albie took some careful managing in his early months with us, yet by middle age he had mellowed significantly 🐾. He delighted us all by taking the arrival of our children in 2015 and 2018 in his stride, choosing to see them as another set of cosy laps on which to snuggle, and quickly cottoned on to the fact that they were frequent droppers of tasty titbits.

He was a familiar face on the school run and in our local park, where he had all of the local middle-aged ladies well-versed in his favourite treats. Albie was a lover of snacks and king-size duvets; sun-worshipping and beach zoomies. He was at times a challenge yet always loving and loved.

We said goodbye to Albie in February 2025, peacefully at home where he was happiest. Life simply isn't the same without him ♥.



Tribute to Peggy-Sue 🐾 Received with thanks from Shirley Penrose-Hansell

It is with a heavy heart ♥ that I find myself writing a tribute about dear little Peggy-Sue, a rescue IG that I was privileged to love and live with for fifteen years.

Peggy-Sue was placed into The Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity in 2010 aged just twenty-two months of age. At the time I was the Rescue Coordinator for the Charity and had no reason to suspect that Peggy-Sue had any problems with her health or temperament. As with all the rescues, I made arrangements for her to be vet checked and neutered. She was then to be homed with a lovely family who had lost their previous IGRC rescue to old age and were so looking forward to having Peggy-Sue when she was ready for rehoming.

Four days after Peggy-Sue arrived with me, I took her to the vets for her check-up and surgery. Three hours later I received a phone call asking me to collect her as they had not managed to get her out of the pen - Peggy-Sue was ferocious and really meant business with anyone who went near her, which caught me off guard as I was not expecting to see this behaviour or expression of fear. I was invited to get her out of the pen and as I approached, to everyone's surprise, she let me pick her up without a cheep - just a huge sigh as if to say "thank goodness you're back!"

So home we went and she has been here since 2010. The prospective adopting family adopted a different dog. As time went on it became clear to me that this dear little dog was terrified of men and anything to do with the vets, a fear that lasted throughout her life. The Rescue Charity is frequently misinformed about the real reason why an IG is being relinquished to the IGRC for rehoming.

Peggy slotted in so well with my other IG's - she loved to curl up with any of them, never ever did she show any aggression towards them which was a great relief. Getting on with men was a work in progress for a long time but once she was relieved of her top dog status and accepted me as the leader of the pack, we all lived a very happy life. I even took Peggy-Sue on a train to Crufts at the NEC for her and myself to participate in IG rescue dogs the first year that Crufts featured a breed rescue. There were a number of other IG rescues on show to the public and Peggy-Sue got on with them all - she had to be held tight though when she saw a man!

Peggy-Sue was tiny and became a pleasure to live with - she walked beautifully, was spotlessly clean, loved her food and always came to my side when I was preparing vegetables, salad or fruit in case a bit of something dropped on the floor (I always made sure it did!) What wonderful memories you have left me with Peggy-Sue and when the end came, as sad as it was for us all, it could not have been better for you. After a lovely day on the Saturday, a couple of little walks, three meals, being with us all during the day, you went to bed, I covered you up as usual and next morning you had gone, still where you were when I said goodnight. A visit to the vets was the last thing I wanted for you Peggy-Sue, that initial fear never left her and she lived to be just four months short of her 17th birthday. My heart is broken, I miss you so much and you were the last link to my late husband Neville.

Run free on the wind Peggy-Sue and I hope you found all the "Shirnevina" IGs who have crossed rainbow bridge before you 🌈.



Tribute to George 🐾 Received with thanks from Lynne Pack

In 2015, I shared memories of my first Iggy rescue, Zak the Bold, who was with us for 14 years. Then came George — arriving in style with a broken front leg. Following his operation, George spent six weeks convalescing at home. At the time we had Zak and a German Shepherd, and George slotted in perfectly. Because he had to rest, I made him a little scarf sling, and he came everywhere with us. He adored all the attention, quickly realising how important he was.

He was one of Shirley Penrose-Hansell's last rescues, and when she asked if we'd like to keep him, there was only one answer. Six months later, temptation struck — food left on the garden table. George leapt up, only to break his other leg. Another six weeks of cage rest.

George was clever. While the others struggled with treat toys, George tossed his in the air and let the treats scatter when it landed. Ingenious! He wasn't fond of rain, but never weed indoors. He'd stand at the porch, keeping his back legs inside and front legs outside, directing his wee into the garden while staying dry; clever indeed!

After losing our German Shepherd, we adopted a Rottie-X called Ruby. George adored her 💕. Ruby became his mobile rug, because George wasn't about to sit on a hard floor. We often got amused looks, once at Stirling Castle, tourists queued to photograph George sprawled proudly on Ruby. On his kennel hung a sign: "George - Ruler of the Roost." It couldn't have been more true. He ruled our home with charm and cheek.

We recently lost Ruby, and just three weeks later, George. Both aged 14, they now rest together, exactly where they belong. We miss them every single day. Rest in peace, my wonderful George 💕



Tribute to Bailey Boy 🐾 Received with thanks from Karen Francis

In 2023, senior Italian Greyhounds Bailey and his brother Fraser came into our lives. Their owner had died, and we were asked to adopt them, how could we say no? I had started a job at a retirement residence; the timing couldn't have been more perfect. The boys brought comfort as I adjusted to my role and soon became part of the workplace family, winning the hearts of staff and residents.



That first day, two shy souls sat on the edge of the sofa like orphans, gazing at us with wonder. Bailey, the fawn boy named after Bailey's Irish Cream, had a gentle charm and a mischievous streak. I once found him on the kitchen table, bread roll in mouth, as if to say, "You weren't eating it!" His round face and twinkling eyes made him look forever puppyish.



Bailey was with us just under two years, affectionate, devoted and empathetic. When I was unwell, he lay pressed against me, refusing to move until I felt better. Every morning began with kisses, sometimes he stood right on top of me and I could hardly breathe! It was his way of saying good morning and showing love.



When my family visited from Canada, Bailey bonded with my sister. Once, he bounced through the grass as if saying, "Let me show you my favourite place!" Another memory is from the Isle of Wight, when he was spooked by Dachshunds and bolted towards the road. My heart stopped, but I found him waiting calmly at our lodge door — that was Bailey, clever and independent. Then there was the howling, Fraser would start, and Bailey joined in, filling the house with joyful voices. Now, if I sing a certain note, Fraser still sings along.



Bailey became unwell last year, and just after his 13th birthday, we said goodbye. That final day was filled with love. He enjoyed his cake, soaked up cuddles, and basked in sunlight as he rested. He died in my arms, peaceful, and smiled before drifting away. Our time together was short, yet Bailey left paw prints on our



hearts. He taught us about joy, devotion, and living in the moment. Mischievous, affectionate and endearing — **rest easy, my darling Bailey Boy. Until we meet again.** ❤️

Tribute to Dave 🌱 from Bernadette & Geoff Jones

On August 6th we said goodbye to Dave, aged 16 🐾. He was a funny little character who always fancied himself more sheepdog than small, semi-transparent canine. He loved rounding up sheep, bikes and cats, until he got too close and remembered he was roughly the size of a loaf of bread.

Dave was always a bit threadbare, with his signature see-through legs, but as a former sphynx owner, I've always loved a baldy. The twins are wondering where he is — they loved him, though the feeling was not mutual, chicken had to be shared.

He was, undeniably, a handsome lad. Even Osca Smoker (the vet) agreed, and he seems like someone who would know.

We hope Dave is now reunited with Shadow, ideally receiving a much-needed ear scrub and waggy welcome. He was adored, extremely handsome 🐾, and is very, very missed.



8. Lost to Found - An Owner's Journal 🐾

A joyous short trip in the New Forest with our two Italian Greyhounds (one of which was recently adopted) turned into a nightmare in a blink of an eye. We stopped on our way home for a comfort break and some coffee in a village. While my husband queued to pay for parking, I walked round the corner with the girls to see a lady walking towards us with a very eager Collie who, as soon as it saw my girls, started dancing towards them on its back legs. The woman tried to restrain it but it kept jumping and our sweet adopted little girl slipped her collar, ran across a road in front of a car and up into the forest.

I ran after her, followed by a lady with her two teenage children and a gentleman, but her four legs ran faster than our two. None of us knew the area but kept going until we realised she had crossed another road towards the local golf club, followed by the teenage boy. During this time, my husband had no idea why he couldn't find us and, although I tried calling numerous times, he wasn't answering his phone (we later discovered the village has no reception).

The village was amazing and quickly wrapped itself around us. Jenny from the local branch of Dogs Lost UK and Kate from New Forest Rescue arrived very quickly and got the timeline and facts surrounding our lost little dog. We were told about behavioural patterns, the distance lost dogs tend to travel, what our search area should be, that dogs lay low during the day and come out at first light and again at dusk. Jenny arrived armed with posters (generated through Dog Lost UK) to ensure that word was spread as much as possible.

The Golf Club Green Keeper went out on his buggy searching several times and all members were told about the missing dog before they commenced their rounds. As dusk was beginning to fall, a volunteer arrived with his trained scent dog Eric. After sniffing a blanket, off Eric went and covered three miles zig zagging paths before the scent went cold. We were frantic, if the scent had gone cold, had someone picked her up? We thought this unlikely, so she had to be hiding.

I was told to stay in the car park with her blankets out nearby where we had last all been together in case she returned. My husband meanwhile found us a dog friendly room in a village pub where he had taken our other Italian Greyhound for rest and supper. Reluctantly I joined them after dark and we tried to get some sleep until first light.

Day two brought no new sightings and our daughter, who knows the area, arrived armed with more posters. We walked miles, stopped everyone we met but only one person had seen her the previous day. The amazing volunteers again joined us and gave more insight as to how we should proceed. Word got round and Italian Greyhound families and other locals came out to join the search. No sightings and night fell again. Before calling it a day, the pub we were moving to very kindly allowed us to look through CCTV for the previous night and morning - only cars and people moving, no dog.

Day three. We grabbed strong coffee and waited while yet more posters were printed. The rest of the morning was spent distributing them through letterboxes, pinning posters to trees, lamp posts and bus shelters, and leaving them at village shops, cafes and pubs. We were advised to extend the distribution of posters to include neighbouring villages and a campsite. All the time talking to everyone we met. Word got around very quickly and even the Forestry Commission guys I met knew about the missing 'little dog'. I was included on the village WhatsApp group and received updates of where villagers had walked their dogs or ridden their horses each day. People were incredibly kind.

Day four and we were feeling totally helpless, sleep deprived and unable to eat. Each day started at approximately 5am and ended when it was too dark to see. Jenny and Kate told us we needed to 'flush her out', so we spilt into small groups. The last sightings (from day one) were all consistent and had her on the outskirts of the village so we focused on this area. After a morning out walking, we were contacted by a wonderful local who spent hours out walking in the afternoon with my daughter, showing her hiding places and quieter areas, thinking that a frightened little dog would keep away from busy walking paths (or not!)

In our search area was a fabulous dog-friendly pub with rooms - we had used their car park when out searching and recharged with coffee most days. Luckily, they were able to accommodate us for a few nights as the village was busy with a festival over the weekend. Staff went out of their way to support us and our little IG was given a welcome gift.

"Flushing her out" was successful as a potential, if terrifying, breakthrough came late in the afternoon - a sighting on an A-road in the middle of traffic. Thankfully she was seen running back into the forest, towards where we had focused our attentions earlier in the day. I drove my daughter to a gateway near to the sighting; she climbed the gate to walk alone into yet another unknown area, by which point for the first time in weeks it was actually raining, accompanied by wind and fog. I quickly drove to the morning's haunts where I could hopefully head her off and where she would smell her 'sister', who throughout all the disruption to her daily routine was incredible. The sighting on the A-road was a scary moment as she was moving further away from our original search area and much further from where she had originally slipped her collar.

Driving slowly down the lane to where I was going to park was a guy looking at a poster with his phone in his hand. I stopped - he was trying to phone me as he had just seen our little girl but she ran off when he tried to pick her up. He insisted he would stay with me and walk in the direction she had gone until we had back up. Once again, the volunteer ladies arrived, this time with a trap and trail cameras. We set the trap up with smelly sardines and her blankets. Being out in the middle of the New Forest at night as the bushes moved, and bracken rustled as deer and ponies munched, was unsettling.

The phone rang ... three more sightings, but a way from where we were camped out and heading back towards the village. We dismantled the trap and drove to the area. Other village volunteers arrived but nothing and it was pitch black.

Day five. Jenny and Kate told us to now 'back off' as they thought our IG was now spooked. The helplessness was overpowering. No more sightings. We set up feed stations with trail cameras. Our son in law arrived and brought my daughter's laptop so she could work as we had decided we couldn't go home without knowing whether she was alive or dead, a real thought that goes through your head far too many times a day.

At first light on day six, my daughter and son-in-law went out to check the cameras - nothing. It was the lowest point. I had a lengthy conversation with a man about using drones in the Forest and obtaining the right permissions, this was being planned for the following day as long as there had been another sighting so they had a specified search area.

We needed somewhere to stay longer term. A comment to a villager who made a phone call and bingo, we had a self-catering cottage. It was perfect! So off we went to the supermarket to stock up. As we were closing the car doors, my daughter's phone rang, 'Hello?' 'I've got your dog' said the lady's voice on the other end. 'What, but but??'

We drove towards where the lady told us she was waiting, with my daughter voicing some caution as we had been warned on several occasions about scammers demanding money. We got closer, called the lady to ask exactly where they were parked. It was the campsite where I'd placed a poster, miles from the original search area!

There was our dearest little girl asleep in the arms of the lady's husband. This lovely couple had found her curled up exhausted on a path while they were walking their German Shepherd. They had given her some water, then sat quietly cuddling her until we arrived. The first thing they said was whilst exhausted, they didn't think she was injured - she had allowed them to pick her up and had sat quietly whilst they drove around to try and locate her family. They had been close to the campsite so popped in to see if she had gone missing from there, saw the poster and knew immediately - the power of the poster!

We all cried, gently took her, wrapped her in a blanket and drove to the cottage to check her over. Miraculously, apart from some ticks and a few small prickles in her coat she was tired, bewildered but she was unscathed. We gave her water and small amounts of food at regular intervals. While I stayed with the girls, our daughter and son-in-law walked around the village and the Forest to remove posters. The Lost Dog and New Forest Rescue ladies, Italian Greyhound Rescue and the village WhatsApp group were notified, everyone was relieved and delighted with the positive outcome.

We celebrated with beer and wine, cuddled up on sofas with our precious little girls and for the first time in time in six days relaxed if somewhat overcome by the emotional roller-coaster. Had we stopped in a random car park rather than the wonderful New Forest community of Burley, the chances of us having found her would have been nigh on nil, the lure of coffee in a village meant we lost her but also ultimately saved our gorgeous little girl.

The New Forest community and its volunteers are truly remarkable people to whom we will be ever thankful as we will to Helen Lister who supported us throughout the week.

9. An Update on Giuseppe 🐾 By Keith & Sue Anderson

Giuseppe has been with us for nearly a year now and has truly made himself at home. We thought we'd give you an update and share a few photos.

His health has been good ✅, with no issues since coming off medication, and he remains very active considering he'll be 10 years old in just a few weeks 🎉. He loves running and chasing with the dogs he meets on his walks. He may be one of the smallest but he's certainly the loudest when playing chase!

Last September, we spent a month in Northern Spain, and Giuseppe now even has a Spanish passport. We're excited to be returning there in May/June.

Giuseppe's previous owner sadly passed away 💔. With no family to take him in, he was placed into rescue and then happily rehomed with us, Keith and Sue.



10. Tails & Tales

A Little Dog's Prayer 🙏

An owner who is firm but kind
And understands The Doggy Mind,
A walkies and two meals a day
Is all I ask for when I pray.

🌟 Seven Dog Night 🌟

How does it feel to share your bed
With Italian Greyhounds from toe to head?
Well, sleeping in bed with up to seven
Could be hell or it could be heaven.

It feels the same in many ways
As going to bed in fur PJ's
They creep and bind and often choke
Around your neck like a living yoke.
It's somewhat like walking on a dozen eggs
To climb across those outstretched legs.

It sometimes gets a little scary
Rolling onto something hairy.
You must also fight the little lovers
To get some use of any covers;
And maybe they really are not so sweet
When they're dead weight atop your sheet.
You find you're balanced on the edge
Like sleeping on a window ledge.

You can't move too much or thrash about
For fear of one of them falling out;
But when the winter is chill and cold
And you cuddle your iggies in your blanket's
fold,
Although the PJ's might feel tight,
It's warm and cozy on a seven dog night.
Those 101degree bodies feel just fine,
And maybe, MAYBE, you could sleep with
nine! 🐾



11. Got some used stamps? We would love them please!

This is just a reminder about the IGRC Stamp Appeal. Our Used Stamp Appeal has been running for many years and is one of the IGRC's ongoing fundraising programmes. So far, this appeal has raised over £1,250 with the help of our amazing supporters.

We are on the callout for more used stamps please! When your post arrives, please do not throw away the envelopes with the stamps left on. Instead, collect the used stamps from your post, remembering to leave the serrated edges of the stamp intact as the Appeal cannot use damaged stamps.

If you have some used stamps that you would like to donate, please send them to:

The Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity Stamp Collection
8A Cobden Crescent
Edinburgh
EH9 2BG

Please ensure sufficient postage is paid to cover the weight and size of your package otherwise the Rescue is unable to collect the packages.

**A big thank you in advance for your
continued support and donations for the IGRC Used Stamp Appeal!**

12 - Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity online Shop

Don't Forget The Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity now has an online Shop for Christmas Cards, Tote Bags, Car Stickers, Gifts & Calendars all with an IG theme.

<https://italiangreyhoundrescuecharity.org.uk/shop/>





13. Become a Friend of the Italian Greyhound Rescue Charity

If you would like to become a Friend of the Charity or you need to renew your Friends subscription, please complete the enclosed Friends Application Form.



Thank you to contributors, supporters and loyal readers. Please consider sharing your own Italian Greyhound story for our next issue.

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