

GRF



NEWS

August 2016

*Welcome to the August edition of the Greyhound Rescue Fife Newsletter.
Edited by Kaz and Pat Brundell*

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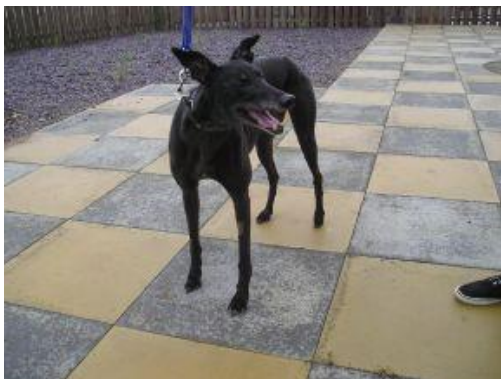
News from the kennels

Dogs in and out since the last newsletter

IN: FROSTY, SHELLEY, ROMA, ANNETTE, RITA, DUSKY, PRINCE, KELLY.

OUT: LASSIE, DUSKY, ANNA, BESS. THISTLE AND JACK

A special little story about Dusky



Dusky was born on 28/10/2006 and given her racing name "LADY MAGIC ". Her first pet name, also while at the kennels, was, obviously MAGIC.

She was rehomed in October 2008 to a nice lady and gent who decided to rename her DUSKY. She lived very happily with these folks until, sadly, her mummy became very ill and very recently her daddy died.

Unfortunately her family didn't want her and she was returned to the kennels aged nearly 10. A dog as old as that is difficult to rehome but fortunately our great volunteers Tom and Fiona Munro and family stepped in to very kindly rescue her. She is now happily living near Rumbling bridge with her good friend Maggie.



BOARDING

We are now having the remainder of our new kennels built. This means that we now have a boarding license and we can take a small amount of boarders at £8 per dog per night. This is only for greyhounds who have been rehomed from GRF. It is a wee perk for our own people. However, rescue dogs come first so we can only take boarders when space allows

Sadly, the following dogs have recently left their owners to go over the bridge.

The beautiful Ruby

They will all be over the bridge playing together and looking down on you all with love in their heart.



Monthly walks

The last walk was on Sunday August 7th at Tentsmuir. It was a very windy day, but a few of us braved the elements and had a great walk. As usual Steve took some fantastic photos.



For more pics check out the GRF forum.

The next walk is at West Sands – St Andrews on 4th September. This is a really lovely walk on the sands and we would really encourage as many of you as possible to turn out for this walk. It's a great opportunity to have a get together and a chat as we walk round (both for the humans and the hounds lol). There is loads of parking and as usual Michelle and Nic have lots of raffle prizes plus the monthly Lucky Number Draw takes place at the walk thanks to Fiona. Numbers at the walks have been depleting this year and as well as a good walk, it is your chance to ask other Greyhound owners for advice on any queries you may have, especially if you are a new Greyhound owner. Come on everyone, let's get behind these walks and get the numbers back up to the figures they used to be. A lot of work goes on behind the scenes to get these walks organised with the local authorities so please come along and show your support for Greyhound Rescue Fife and help spread the word on how great greyhounds are as pets.

Please remember that all dogs must be on leads and to pick up after your dog. There will be a raffle after the walk so bring your pennies and if anyone has any prizes for the raffle, please bring them too. Remember that all walks are weather dependent so check the forum before you go just in case it has been cancelled (which is very rare!)

Sponsored Walk

Karen Reid and partner Niel walked the West Highland Way to raise funds for GRF. They have very kindly put together the following article on their amazing effort.

West Highland Way Hike for Hounds – Saturday 16th to Wednesday 20th July

Day One

Having dropped off Dale, Karen's greyhound, for boarding the previous evening we needed an early start to get from our Falkirk base to Milngavie. The Scot rail strike meant we had to get a bus to Glasgow then get a taxi from Buchanan Street Bus Station to the start point in Milngavie.



Towards Mugdock Country Park

The smaller hills and well maintained trail paths were something I took for granted. This West Highland Way thing looked pretty simple, I thought. The worst thing that had happened thus far was the sensation of my feet overheating. First real break stop was near a stream and off came my socks. Having been on the trail a couple of hours Balmaha was still far off. There seemed to a lot of roadside parts to The Way on this section (something we wouldn't really see in its noisy glory again until Glencoe) so when we came away from roads it was much a relief. Before Balmaha, Conic Hill still loomed ahead. Karen and I, thankfully, were ignorant of how challenging the hill would be because by the time we arrived at the foot of it we were tired, weary, and ready for dinner.



Just before Conic Hill

The climb seemed unending to us (unending would take on a new meaning after the next section - Balmaha to Inverarnan – hilarious!). Rain was sporadic throughout the day but as we reached the trail summit of the hill it seemed to stop. It was replaced by cloud and wind and an *amazing* view of Loch Lomond... The descent into Balmaha was slow and a little treacherous, the Loch tempting us with constant views in the distance. The puddles created by today's earlier showers had formed on the bigger rocks greasing the patches of moss which could be found on every other rock as you descended. The views of the Loch took second place all the way to Balmaha and then the mini-quest for the Oak Tree Inn, our lodgings for the night. (Food to die for, no wonder it was so busy and people waiting for tables)

Day Two



Leaving Balmaha

I pulled the Inn room curtain open. It had rained overnight. It was still raining. Karen and I got a later start, that day, as we left Balmaha for Inverarnan. I recall it was around 0945, nearly an hour later than our departure time from Milngavie to Balmaha. This would mark our most serious mistake. Never assume because you have a “21 mile” hike ahead of you that it will take the same time as the previous day (around 11 hours on the first section). The length of Loch Lomond is very long. If you don't believe me just time how long it takes to travel the length by bus.



A break before Inversnaid

It began simply enough. Trekking out of Balmaha seemed straight forward. A bit of hill then a straight patch. Somehow I convinced myself we would be walking straight-ish all the way to Inverarnan. The trail quickly got

very green and forest-like. The rain of the previous night had saturated the paths. From twigs and grit for trail emerged rocks surrounded by jungle like foliage. As if sent for us as a reminder, a family composed of mother, father, son and **greyhound** came towards us from the other direction. This was a family on a stroll probably living nearby.

They descended towards us, greyhound first, from a particularly nasty patch of rocks about 12 feet in height. As they reached us we briefly exchanged pleasantries mentioning to these benevolent strangers that we were hiking The Way for Homeless Greyhounds. After we said our farewells Karen led us up the 12 feet of stones and halfway lost her balance and fell sideways then twisted backwards into the surrounding foliage. I panicked not knowing if rocks lay beneath this precarious blanket of green. The angle she was situated in meant that her feet were higher off the ground than the upper half of her body meaning she was struggling to find purchase from the ditch she'd fallen in. As I ran to her aid I noticed thorn vines from the foliage and plants underneath her body (ouch!). I helped her up and she seemed more surprised than hurt – Phew.

Terrain quickly got even more challenging. A twisting labyrinth of stones, vines, the trail becoming narrower – ridiculously so in places – the trail rocks separating into drainage channels meaning having to jump stone often. Ascending, swinging around thin tree trunks for leverage to avoid yet another patch of small cliff, tentative descending, jump stone, repeat... The slower monotony of this section of The Way can be trying. It feels more like my impressions of Tough Mudder, and especially when we reached Rob Roy's Cave, arguably the riskiest part of The Way. If you don't like risking life and limb by climbing up and down massive rocks take the bus from Balmaha to Inverarnan to skip this Krypton-Factor-esque obstacle.

The section only got moderately easier again as we were losing light. A cautionary warning earlier, at Inversnaid, by a coach driver to rethink Inverarnan as our hiking end point for the day was unheeded by us. We were booked into the Drovers Inn at Inverarnan and we were getting there no matter what. As light lessened it dawned on me that we were soon probably going to be hiking in the dark if we didn't reach this "Inverarnan"... Ascending, swinging around thin tree trunks for leverage, descending, jump stone, repeat... As I said, the monotony of this section of The Way can be trying. But it's even more trying in the dark with one low-lumen head lamp for a beacon.



Loch Lomond before the dark rolled in

I was so impressed with Karen's resilience. Having been through 8 weeks basic army training in the past I was not intimidated to lie down in a ditch and huddle for warmth with her if need be. It was summer and we could survive. Having had no real proper food since breakfast back at the Oak Tree Inn (energy bars were our nutrients on the hike), the mental and physical reserves we both tapped into to keep putting one foot in front of the other without doubts or arguments and reach our destination were impressive. My water was so low I refilled my bottle at a loch pond but Karen refused to drink it, preferring the remaining drips from her bottle (we had two bottles) and I was still carrying two backpacks probably totaling somewhere in the region of 30-40 kilos strapped to my torso. Karen informed me that her legs had stopped working and she was just dragging her feet. Nausea was particularly working on Karen but she just kept going. I felt sick as we came nearer to our lodgings.

Suffice to say we got to Inverarnan after midnight around 14 hours after setting off. The Drovers Inn-keeper, Brendan, made a sandwich for us as we hobbled for a seat in the closed up lounge surrounded by spooky ornamental taxidermy, every seat shelved up on the tables for cleaning except ours. I have never eaten so fast in my life. Before Karen and I retired for the evening Brendan recalled a story of a couple in our shoes, except in this story the Drovers Inn had to send out a life boat to pick them up from the Loch side. You see, you're not *supposed* to hike from Balmaha to Inverarnan in one hike day. Plus, no it's not 20 miles from Balmaha, it's 23.5. Missed *those* facts during research!

Day Three

We both slept poorly that night. My feet felt like they were filled with shards of ragged glass. I could barely shuffle to the toilet during the night and Karen needed to sleep in longer as the morning alarm clock demanded more imminent mileage. I was determined to eat breakfast. Poor Karen was so tired at that moment. As I hobbled towards the dining room of The Drovers Inn I considered how too many breaks (even short ones) can slow a hike down.

Karen and I were aware all along that there was a baggage carrying service on the West Highland Way but avoided it as we thought it may be an unnecessary expense. It turned out to be an invaluable service. **If there's anything you should get from this story it is this: use the baggage carrying service. It's cheap and you're less liable to get injured.**



Karen's Mum says she looks shepherdess-like here

After arranging the baggage pickup service we set off from Inverarnan to Bridge of Orchy. The rain started to pour accenting the humidity. It rained all morning. Pools of water submersed the uphill moving trail and it was a constant struggle to keep feet dry. As we arrived into Crianlarich the rain stopped but an ominous mist hung around the hill valley overlooking the main street.

After a quick lunch (I had a craving for dry roasted peanuts and a decent coffee/Karen opted for a scone then cursed her choice when she saw the offer of homemade soup), we hit the trail again stopping for a brief period in Tyndrum. We were determined that we would get to Bridge of Orchy in good time and not have the same experience as yesterday. This meant, in light of last night's experience, even shorter breaks and pushing on through the pain we were already experiencing in our feet and legs. In the last 48 hours we had hiked 40+ miles.

A nano-break before pushing on for The Bridge of Orchy



Due to the terrain levelling out with less hills to manoeuvre meant we arrived into the Bridge of Orchy in better time. The Hotel was a modern affair with outbuildings that looked like they belonged in a utopian sci-fi novel. Such a relief after the assault-course like conditions of yesterday.



A lighter moment: a drink on the balcony of The Bridge of Orchy Hotel

Day Four

Karen and I had slept better. Despite the fatigue I think our feet were in a little better shape after getting a proper rest and despite some post-breakie initial nausea the big breakfast helped. We were hiking from The Bridge of Orchy to Kinlochleven. This was the equivalent of, probably, similar mileage to our journey from Balmaha to Inverarnan: 23+ miles.

Terrain is so important when you're trying to cover distance in good time. Uphill slows you down. Uneven surfaces slow you down. Puddles slow you down. Other hikers in your path can slow you down and you, them. As each day passed I think we were adapting to the demands the hike asked of us because this day we covered serious mileage in short amounts of time this day. The fatigue and pain was still there but a new found energy (maybe because of the emerging warm sun) kept us moving.

I was liberally drinking from natural sources since the sun was dehydrating me quickly. Our 1.5 litre canisters were drained quicker than we both would have liked. I think we were both blown away as we descended the Old Military Road past Rannoch Moor and the Glencoe Mountains grew in size as we came closer. I'd never seen such huge mountains since being on holiday in Austria.

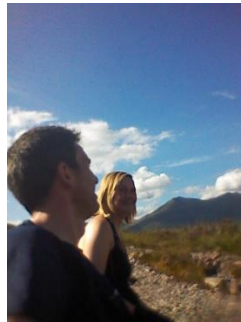


Karen looks on as we descend the Old Military Road towards Glencoe

Enlivened by the weather and refreshed by a cuppa at the Glencoe Mountain Resort Centre we pushed on for Kinlochleven. As we ascended the “Devil's Staircase” at Altnafeadh, we slowed on the notorious trail-loop, letting two mountain bikers drag their transport in front of us. Karen and I couldn't believe anybody would try to cycle on the Devil's Staircase, the seemingly endless snake of ascending trail.

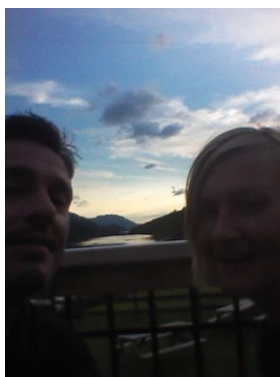
Getting over the summit of Beinn Bheag meant we were more or less descending towards Kinlochleven and a lot of downhill. Karen and I both had to apply sunscreen on one another back at Glencoe and I was having to top up my bottle with stream water because I was drinking more than Karen.

Constant goofiness. Sharing a joke on the road to Kinlochleven to keep each other's' spirits up



I think the 23 miles we covered from The Bridge of Orchy to Kinlochleven was certainly aided by the good weather and constant sources of hydration. Karen dealt with the thirsts better than me. For seemingly going downhill through winding trail for what felt like forever, coming into Kinlochleven was a bit surreal. We couldn't really hear the town activity from a distance. There were no obvious sounds of active ambience. It was like turning a corner from wilderness into a valley of sudden civilisation, but the volume turned low.

MacDonald Hotel in Kinlochleven was, basically, a pub with hotel rooms above it. We ordered some dinner at the bar and found a table out of direct sunlight because the back half of the bar was basically – wall to wall – glass doors looking out on a sun deck and Loch Leven. After dinner we sat out and looked out on the water.



On the sun deck facing Loch Leven

Another 23 miles completed and, back in our room, Karen learned the weather forecast for our final hike day was rain and storms.

Day Five

The accommodation stops along the West Highland Way generally have outdoor storage sheds for the drivers to

pick up and drop off hiker luggage. These sheds have combination locks. It was raining cats and dogs on our last hike day. On leaving the hotel I had to jump a large puddle that began at the foot of the hotel front. I replaced our baggage into the transfer locker and locked it up. As Karen left the hotel she realised with the relentless rainfall that her hiking trousers needed to be replaced with full on waterproofs. Since we had checked out already we quickly used the unoccupied storage shed to tweak our hiking clothing.

The Way started again, literally, 20 yards from the storage shed.



Karen at the start of the path leaving Kinlochleven for Fort William

Climbing out of Kinlochleven bound for the vicinity of Lairig Mor, 3 miles into the 15 miles to be hiked that day, the rain seemed to be abating but it was replaced with an apparently inert mist which lingered around the mountainside at Beinn na Caillich.



Beinn na Caillich mountain hidden with mist

However, within 10 minutes what seemed like a distant, static, mist turned out to be anything but inert. Despite no obvious driving gales, the mist engulfed us as we hiked and we suddenly had reduced visibility of 20 feet ahead. On a down gradient, passing the mountainside of Marne na Gualain, the trail was miniature pools of water containing stones. The mist had retreated but some 30 minutes later Karen and I were engulfed with one of the most relentless rain showers I have ever experienced. We were struggling to avoid hiking in deep puddles anyway but the thick rain threatened to soak us through.



Karen at a ruin near Marne na Gualain before the torrent fell

“Keep moving!” I kept reminding Karen. We were moving as fast as we could, trying to get out of the rain and it started seeping through my hiking trousers and through Karen's very proficient waterproof jacket. The rainfall was absolutely relentless and it felt like it was never going to stop. We had no towels, no change of clothes, as the luggage was on its way to Fort William by minibus. The motivation was stay as dry as possible before we lost any heat.

As we rounded Mullach nan Coirean the rain drifted away from us like it had never been there. We were so relieved. The Highlands is notorious for unpredictable and bad weather.



Me, soaked after the torrential downpour

We kept on moving. Many times I'd checked the map and couldn't see where we were on it (I did this often). I was convinced by deduction of apparent landmarks that we had two miles left of our 97 until we'd completed The Way. Talk about wishful thinking!

We eventually reached a tourist sign point. I was telling Karen, 2 miles! I bet 2 miles! The sign point, indifferently, observed we were near the ruin of a vitrified fort called Dun Deardail. My index finger had shot over the West Highland Way map and I counted the mile stops until Fort William... One... Two... Uh, th-ree... I turned to Karen. 4 miles left, Karen. We were still drying off from the downpour and self-pity has a way of keeping you in denial when you just want it to be all over. The analogy of glass shards in your feet, again, comes to mind.



Karen, keeping cheery just before Dun Deardail

As Karen and I down from the final mountain areas of the trail, we sighed a relief. A country road was welcome at this point, particularly because there was consistent traffic, meaning people. We were on our way the end point of our journey. Passing Glen Nevis on our right hand side, we followed the road and growing signs of civilization. A row of B&B's on our left. Hikers coming our way, passing us by, starting their own hike. I wondered if they were doing the West Highland Way end to start? I smiled knowing I wouldn't have to do all that hiking again.

The Finish Point. Karen and I took so many pictures here



Leaving the Finish Point, we made our way through town towards the Fort William hotel we were staying in and reminded ourselves to pick up Dale, our greyhound, from boarding the following day.

The journey was a great and difficult experience. Karen and I were so flattered that we managed to raise over a thousand pounds for the GRF on what was, actually, our summer holiday. Not the kind of summer holiday for everyone though, I'm guessing...

Celia and Jimmy thank Karen and Niel for sponsor walking the West Highland Way to raise money for our homeless greyhounds.

This is an extremely tough walk walking about 20 miles a day for about a week.

Karen and Niel were optimistic that they could raise in the region of £200 for the dogs. They were well off target. Instead they raised £1141.70 for our homeless greyhounds.

This is a super effort and everybody (and all the dogs !!) congratulate them on their fantastic achievement.

On the funny side, having completed that walk, they turned up on the next Sunday to do the Linlithgow walk

**Thank you very, very much Karen and Niel. Time to put your feet up.
Celia, Jimmy and all the grateful greyhounds.**

**WELL DONE KAREN AND NIEL AND THANK YOU
SO MUCH**



Sofa News from TH

Hi all. TH here again. I discovered recently that playing with my housemate and doing zoomies round the house at midnight is not particularly funny or clever according to those two strange humans who we allow to share the house with us. Neither is my attempt at knitting and spreading all the knitting wool around the furniture. The female human had to spend a lot of time rewinding all the wool. Myself, I really don't see what the problem was. More observations next month.

Take care **TH**



In loving memory of our boy Ace. 2005 - 2016



P.A.W. – Paws Across the World

THIS MONTHS PAWS ACROSS THE WORLD FEATURES THE EVESHAM GREYHOUND AND LURCHER RESCUE

The Evesham Greyhound and Lurcher Rescue was set up in 1989 by Pip Singleton who started bringing Greyhounds and Lurchers into her home in an attempt to stop them being destroyed.

The rescue grew and is now run by about 10 volunteers and has foster homes that look after and raise funds for the 70+ dogs being cared for at any one time. Hundreds of Greyhounds and Lurchers need good homes every year, some are ex-racers, rejects from breeders, but the majority arrive with little or no background. All of them need love and attention. However, far too many need to be nursed back to health or be rehabilitated to help them overcome physical or mental scars.

Some of them never fully recover and those dogs are given homes for life with some of our volunteers as EGLR Sponsor Dogs. As a rescue we adhere strictly to a non-destruction policy. Up to 1000 dogs are brought in every year. Ranging from new born pups, pregnant bitches to elderly dogs. Many of the dogs get together once a year at our annual fundraising dog show which is great fun.

Evesham Greyhounds and Lurchers live all over the country, there may be one near you.

All dogs brought into the rescue are carefully assessed and if need be, rehabilitated, primarily in Pip's home and the rest of the foster homes. The dogs are neutered where possible and given full veterinary treatment.



As both Lurchers and Greyhounds are predominately working dogs they are often victims of cruelty, neglect and abandonment. EGLR frequently has a list of dogs waiting to come into foster care with priority being given to any dog whose life is threatened. Many of the dogs are not used to living indoors as they have spent their whole lives in sheds and kennels. We believe it is essential to introduce them to home life before they can be adopted as pets. By taking the time to learn each dog's characteristics, temperament, solve existing problems and begin basic training, there is a good chance the dog will stay with its new family. Also by making sure each dog is housetrained, fit and healthy it greatly reduces the number of dogs returned and means that the new family have as much information about their new pets as needed.

If you would like to read more about EGLR and their important work, please see their website

<http://lurcher.org.uk>



TAILS FROM THE WILDERNESS

Monachyle Mhor July 2016

We stayed at this lovely hotel for one night as a special birthday treat. We wanted somewhere which offered fabulous food, a lovely setting and was also dog friendly – we were not disappointed.

Monachyle Mhor is in the Trossachs and the setting is stunning. The food is out of this world and the staff are incredibly helpful and friendly, as well as being very 'relaxed' – which in turn meant we also relaxed! There was no 'having to be there by' or 'having to leave the room by' which can often add pressures to a short break. The room – dog friendly - was very comfortable and spacious, there are walks in all directions and with the exception of the bar and dining room our dog was welcome to go wherever she liked – obviously with us! She is an obedient spaniel and we rarely have her on a lead so she wandered around quite the thing. The drive and car park can get busy; however as long as dog owners are responsible then there is no problem.

We would highly recommend this wonderful hotel to anyone. Below are a few pictures of the hotel, room, grounds and view.



Written by Alison, 2 legger to Tia (Winner of best non Greyhound at 2015 show)

DOG FRIENDLY PLACES

BY RACHEL AND HER GREYHOUND JAKE

We have been doing quite a bit of wandering in our motorhome this year with Jake, our greyhound. Here are a few places we have stayed which have been very dog friendly.

1. Warkworth House Hotel in Warkworth, Northumberland. Not only is it dog friendly in general, it's also specifically greyhound friendly. Book a dog friendly bedroom, book a table in the bar and your greyhound can stay inside with you while you have a bite to eat and drink - and there are some magic walks along the River Coquet and a fascinating castle to explore at the top of the hill.
2. The Blackbird, Ponteland, Northumberland – another dog friendly bar, good food and you will meet lots of greyhound fanciers who will want to have a blether about their dogs. There's lots of parking space, it's just round the corner from Sainsbury's and Waitrose if you need to stock up with anything.
3. Old Horton Grange Farm: A marvellous huge 6-bedroom house and a 2-bedroom Bothy both of which can be rented for a week at a time. Lots of walks in woods and fields with sights and scents of deer, squirrel, fox etc. and yet it's only 15 minutes' drive from Newcastle Airport and shops in Ponteland or Kingston Park, Newcastle.
4. Old Hartley Caravan Park by Whitley Bay (club members only): Miles of walks on the cliff paths and down to the beaches and seal viewing from St Mary's Lighthouse.
5. A trip round the Farne Islands from Seahouses – a couple of the boats are dog friendly, Jake had great fun before he had to have a snooze but be prepared to lift your greyhound at the end of the trip as the step from the boat to the steps up is a bit daunting.
6. There is a new Coffee House on the road from Edinburgh to Coldstream just before Soutra Hill – lots of space on the terrace outside for dogs, fabulous bacon butties and lots of grass for a wee stroll.
7. The caravan and camping site at Dunstan Hill in Northumberland – good dog walking for miles along the field tracks and down to the beach.
8. Kirkwall Caravan Site, just on the outskirts of the town. And once you're on Orkney, dogs are welcome at the Tomb of the Eagles, at the Stone circles but not in Maes Howe which is a very busy enclosed space.
9. Rushin House Caravan Park, Belcoo, Co. Fermanagh. Marvellous views across Lough Macnean, an enclosed mini-football pitch where Jake had a run around in safety, a walk by the lakeside for the first and last strolls of the day.

Great Greyhound Gathering at Musselburgh



LADY GAGA



LADDIE

Reported by Lady Gaga (McCurdy) not that singer with the same name as me!

Although I am not a fully-fledged greyhound, being a lurcher has never stopped me in supporting all my friends at Greyhound Rescue Fife. On the 20th of July, my mum, dad, sister (Janet) and my special friends Hector and Laddie all went to Musselburgh Race Course for the Great Scottish Greyhound Gathering.

My daddy sells coats, muzzles, leads and collars to help with the funds at Greyhound Rescue. I hear him tell lots of people 'all the money goes to the greyhounds' and things like 'there are 42 dogs needing a home' - sometimes it's a different number of course but I have noticed there are always doggies needing a forever home. Just like me and my pal Sandy did - we came from GRF and we were both very lucky to find a good forever home and I have my paws crossed tight that all the other doggies will too.

We did meet lots of people and lots of greyhounds as they came past our stall. I have to say I was snoozing quite a lot but I had left water and biscuits for my new friends so they would still feel welcomed if I was in the land of nod. And of course Laddie was there too, he kept watch for new pals as they approached. Lots of people put money in the big red pail and lots of people bought things too. It was a good day for fund raising.

As part of the days entertainment there were special classes for us doggies to strut our stuff or to be just simply gorgeous! You will have seen the posts on the forum about the very beautiful Gordon, Bootsie and Sonny who all won places that day. Well done to them. There was also special classes for us 'non greyhounds' as well. Things like 'The Best Veteran', the Waggiest tail, the Best Pedigree. So me and Laddie teamed up and we took them by storm. I got 4th place in the Veterans - I think this means I am a beautiful 'mature' girl. Laddie got 2nd place in the waggiest tail - if you have ever meet him, you know he should have got first place and he also got 4th place in the Best pedigree. We had a great time! We won treats and rosettes as prizes.

I am going next year and I wanted to ask you all, if you are free next year, please come along. It was a great day out. My daddy says he doesn't know the exact date yet but it will most likely be July and it will be at Musselburgh racecourse again. Tell your pals and also tell anyone with a non-greyhound as there is something for us all. Oh and for the humans there is hot food, coffees and cakes and even a pub!

Hope to see you there

Lady Gaga

I would like to thank Janet, Hector and Laddie for all their help on the day which started at 8am at Musselburgh. We would also like to thank everyone that visited our table and gave donations, bought merchandise from us, and for those who just wanted to chat about greyhounds, and for the many four leggers who came just for a drink or a biscuit.

I would also like to thank the lady who gave us the box of tassels to sell with the money all going to GRF (first met her at Duns Last year when she did the same) We had £196 in the donation bucket and had a great day in the company of over 150 greyhounds.

Bert, Irene and Lady GaGa

Pets at Home walk at Linlithgow



Pets at Home organized a sponsored walk on behalf of GRF. Although this was the same day as the Great Greyhound Gathering at Musselburgh, we had a good turn out and they are still raising money, Total raised to follow!!



Special thanks to the staff at Pets at Home Linlithgow for organising this walk and raising funds for GRF.





Trivia Quiz

Each month we will have a quiz or puzzle just for a bit of fun. So have a go while you enjoy a cuppa and a biscuit.

Answers to July Quiz

1. Three answers. Faster (citius), Higher (altius) and Stronger (fortius) [The Olympic motto is the hendiatris Citius, Altius, Fortius, which is Latin for "Faster, Higher, Stronger." is the Olympic motto. It was proposed by Pierre de Coubertin upon the creation of the International Olympic Committee in 1894. Coubertin borrowed it from his friend Henri Didon, a Dominican priest who was an athletics enthusiast. Coubertin said "These three words represent a programme of moral beauty. The aesthetics of sport are intangible." The motto was introduced in 1924 at the Olympic Games in Paris. A more informal but well known motto, also introduced by Coubertin, is "The most important thing is not to win but to take part!" Coubertin got this motto from a sermon by the Bishop of Pennsylvania during the 1908 London Games](#)
2. Benjamin Franklin [During his time as an American envoy to France, Benjamin Franklin, publisher of the old English proverb, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise", anonymously published a letter suggesting that Parisians economize on candles by rising earlier to use morning sunlight. This 1784 satire proposed taxing shutters, rationing candles, and waking the public by ringing church bells and firing cannons at sunrise. Despite common misconception, Franklin did not actually propose DST; 18th-century Europe did not even keep precise schedules. However, this soon changed as rail and communication networks came to require a standardization of time unknown in Franklin's day](#)
3. Mole [\(from Nahuatl molli, "sauce"\) is the generic name for a number of sauces originally used in Mexican cuisine, as well as for dishes based on these sauces. Outside Mexico, it often refers specifically to mole poblano. In contemporary Mexico, the term is used for a number of sauces, some quite dissimilar, including black, red, yellow, colorado \(another name for red\), green, almendrado, de olla, huaxmole and pipián.](#)
4. The Hollies
5. Ellen Ripley (in Aliens, 1986) [Ellen Louise Ripley is a fictional character and the protagonist of the Alien film series played by American actress Sigourney Weaver. The character earned Weaver world recognition, and the role remains her most famous to date.](#)
6. Shoulder
7. Velociraptor [\(literally meaning "swift seizer" in Latin\) is a genus of dromaeosaurid theropod dinosaur that lived approximately 75 to 71 million years ago during the later part of the Cretaceous Period.](#)
8. Tiddlywinks [Tiddlywinks is an indoor game played on a flat felt mat with sets of small discs called "winks", a pot, which is the target, and a collection of squidgers, which are also discs. Players use a "squidger" \(nowadays made of plastic\) to shoot a wink into flight by flicking the squidger across the top of a wink and then over its edge, thereby propelling it into the air. The offensive objective of the game is to score points by sending your own winks into the pot. The game began as an adult parlour game in Victorian England. Joseph Assheton Fincher filed the original patent application for the game in 1888 and applied for the trademark Tiddledy-Winks in 1889.](#)
9. Korean War
10. Ben Hur

August Quiz

1. What were the three main ingredients in gunpowder or 'black powder'? One point for each correct answer.
2. The name of which 1971 album and song is also a World War II invention developed by Jacques Cousteau?
3. What are 'Monegasques'?
4. Which popular late 60s band with Neil Young, Stephan Stills, Jim Messina and Richie Furay was named after a tractor?
5. What was the name of the Earth's single continent 200 million years ago?
6. Which controversial Hollywood actress was nicknamed 'The statue of libido'?
7. What is a Hydrodaktulopsychicharmonica?
8. Which television character didn't look quite right in a 36B 'Miss Highrise' bra?
9. The white Kepi cap is the traditional headgear for which military force?
10. Which sea is the only sea without shores?

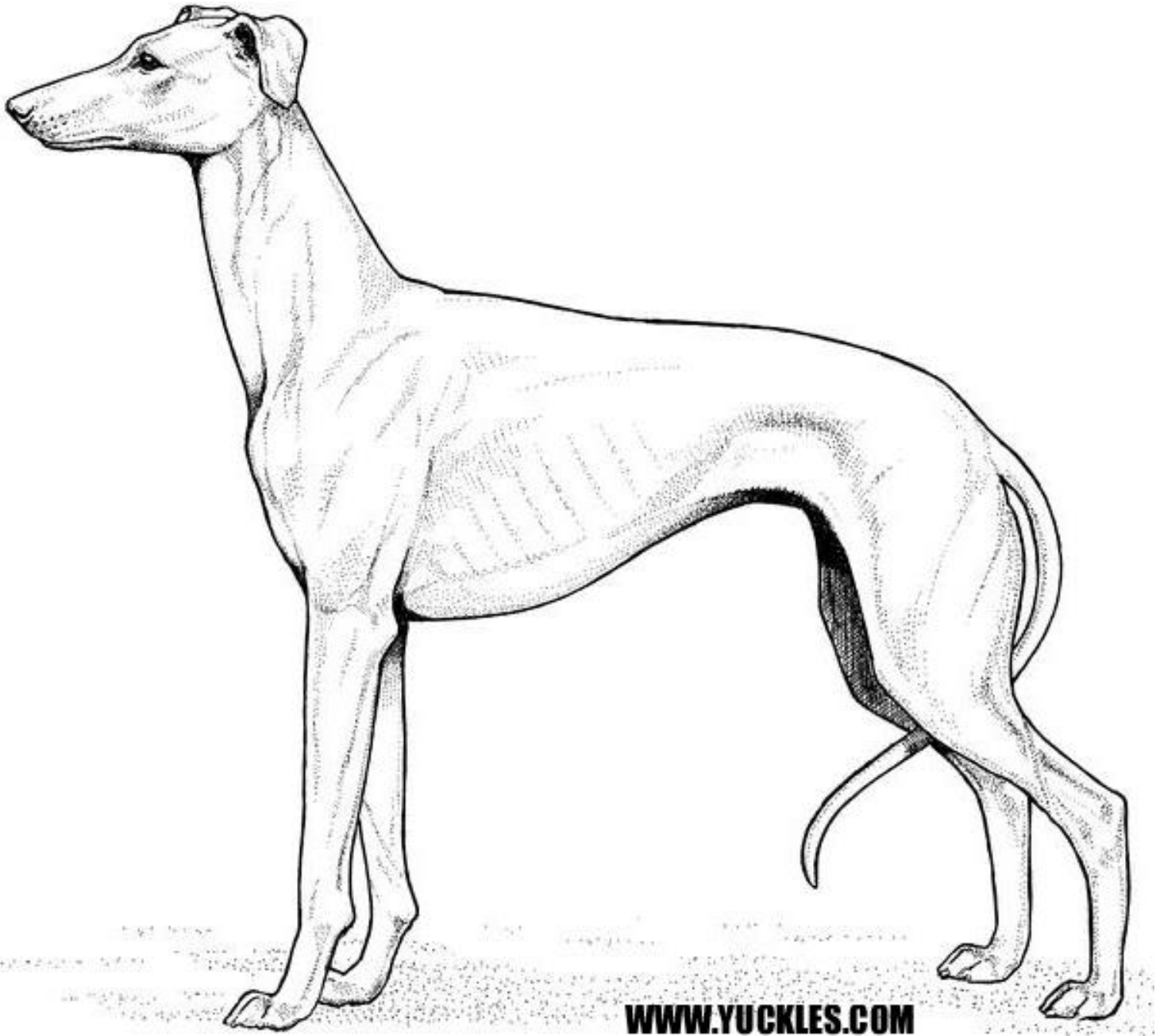
Answers will be in the next newsletter





For our younger readers

A lovely greyhound for you to colour in.



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With grateful thanks to all who helped with this newsletter - you know who you are!!

Thank
You

The next GRF newsletter will be published mid-September. If anyone has an article they would like included in future newsletters, please feel free to email Kaz Brundell on kbrundell@btinternet.com.

