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Pet Tips 'n' Tales

by Mary Ellen "Angel Scribe"



Courtesy Photo

Cindy is cuddling Miss "P", the Persian kitty who 'stood out' one freezing winter's night waiting for a ride "home".

Standing in The Light!

Cindy is famous for several things! She was mayor of an Oregon town, and she was the proud parent of Mr. Wings, the husband and father of Mary Ellen "Angel Scribe's" famous swimming cats!

"It was an honor to have Mr. Wings," said Cindy. "He came from a breeder who mistreated him, and his life was limited to one small and smelly room. The minute I saw him, I felt an instant bond, and not just because his white fur looked like my hair!"

I was so happy to have him; he was a beautiful Silver Persian and just needed someone to love him. When I came home tired from work, he was a comfort looking up at me with his gorgeous green eyes."

It is amazing how Mr. Wings, a rescued and once caged adult cat, adjusted to riding in a car. Cindy traveled back and forth from Idaho to Oregon, and so did a proud Mr. Wings, riding on top of her luggage.

"We had a great life together until his passing," said Cindy. "He seemed to enjoy the drive's scenery as much as I did."

When Cindy was in Wallace, Idaho, she went to see a play and after the performance, because everyone looked like they were having so much fun, she asked, "How can someone get involved in your group?"

Miraculously, there was an audition the next day for a Lawrence Welk musical tribute. Cindy was thrilled! The show would be purr-fect because she grew up with his music, her hair would (once again) be a perfect fit for the time period, and she had purr-viously sung in a country and western band.

"Audition day was one of God's many graces," said Cindy. "I was the only one who showed for the audition. I had not sung in a long time, so I was nervous and feared rejection, but things went smoothly. The director took my hand, making me feel safe

and loved, and she asked me to sing, God Bless America. I enthusiastically flung my arms open wide and sang!

It was a life changing moment. They 'hired' me on the spot! And from this experience I decided to never be afraid again!"

One freezing night, just before Christmas and after her rehearsal, Cindy was surprised to see a beautiful cat sitting beside the road like it was waiting for a bus.

Cindy wondered, "Why was the cat there? This is right downtown, no homes around," and she decided that if the Persian was still there after practice, she would rescue it. After practice, there was "her" cat, sitting directly under the street light like it was trying to be seen - or waiting for that invisible cat bus.

"I stopped the car," said Cindy, "expecting the cat to dash off, but instead, when I called across the freezing 40 feet between us, she ran as fast as she could directly to me. I tell you, that kitty was waiting to be seen and saved!"

Cindy never thought of her other two other cats or dog at home, only of saving the suffering cat. Once home, the straying stray marched over to her kitchen waste basket, tipped it over, and began digging for something to eat. (obviously not liking her cats' brand of cat food!)

"I named her Sweet Pea," said Cindy, "'P' for short. My other cats slunk into the room, watching 'P' like she was 'crazy'. But, that did not stop them from investigating the tipped garbage.

I cut up some chicken and 'P' devoured it like a shark. I ate my dinner on the couch and each night "P" sat beside me. She used her paw to cup up my food, at lightning speed, and eat it. After a few days, I gave her her own plate so I did not have to have kitty paws in my food.

The three cats quickly blended into a co-

pastic fur-family, and they all love their brother dog, Peanut.

Rescue animals find me. When I decided to adopt a dog, I wanted a free one, so I prayed about it, and kept on the look out. When I saw a five inch newspaper ad looking for a home for a dog, I just knew he was mine.

The Lord reminded me that my pets usually arrive sight unseen, and they are a perfect fit. Peanut's parents handed me his leash and he instantly loved me. He had been with cats and worked easily into our kitty home; he walked in and never even looked at the cats.

Over our marriage, my husband, Nick, has put up with all my stray rescues. When the animals first arrive, Nick gets his dander up, but then he turns into the best cat/dog daddy you've ever seen. Each pet soon becomes his 'favorite' and he 'can't live without it'. Therefore, I tell him that every one I bring home, I am doing him a favor!"

TIPS

Hair Raising information!

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OFFBEAT

Continued from page 4A

The hotel "annex" started falling into the sea, room by room, until it was gone. By 1938, 59 homes were also gone.

The winter storms started driving waves all the way over the thin part of the peninsula, filling the bay with saltwater — much to the dismay of the oyster farmers who, since 1928, had been growing oysters there.

It all culminated in a disastrous winter of 1952, when a big storm actually washed out a mile-wide gap in the waist of the spit, turning Bayocean into an island and drenching the bay with beach sand. The oyster farms were buried beneath it, a multi-million dollar local industry wiped out in an instant. The other estuary fisheries started to collapse, too, as the salinity of the bay surged to levels the local fish couldn't tolerate.

The federal government now sprang into action, building a riprap seawall across the gap to stop the further damage.

By this time, there were just a handful of residents left on Bayocean. The last to leave were Francis and Ida Mitchell, who kept the little store there and were, throughout their time in Bayocean, the town's biggest boosters. Francis died in 1965 at the age of 95; Ida died some

years before that, after having had a stroke.

By 1970, Bayocean Spit was a thin line of riprap trailed by a low bar of sand. By then not even Francis Mitchell would have been able to hang on there. The formerly big, solid, 140-foot-high head now more resembled the ghost of a sand dune rising feebly from the sea. The only thing maintaining most of the spit was the line of riprap across the seaward edge.

But by 1970, crews were working on putting another jetty in — the south jetty.

Today, nearly 50 years after the south jetty was completed, visitors to Bayocean Spit can look out on a much more substantial place. Today one can almost visualize the large and bustling town that was platted there a century ago — a town that could, if its founder's dreams had been fully realized, have

been home to some 3,000 people. The foliage is coming back, although the dominant species is the invasive and suppressive Scotch broom, but at least the spit is green once again.

As for the town — well, technically, it still exists. Several dozen people still own lots there. Some of those lots are still underwater. None of the lots can be built on, and because of waste disposal issues, it's even illegal for residents to park a motorhome on them.

But that's all that's left. All physical traces of the town of Bayocean are long gone.

(Sources: Webber, Bert and Margie. Bayocean: The Oregon Town that Fell into the Sea. Central Point, OR: Webb Research, 1989; Hardt, Ulrich H. "Bayocean," Oregon Encyclopedia, oregonencyclopedia.org)



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