



North Devon Animal Ambulance NEWSLETTER

Number 39 : Spring 2015



Your gift goes to animals, not salaries

Charity No: 1106314

Visit our website: www.northdevonanimalambulance.co.uk



Spring is Here!

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Many many apologies for the lateness of this Spring Newsletter - It feels as if it has been on the conveyor belt for weeks, which it has in fact, but everyone has been so busy dealing with the numerous calls for help received during the first three months of the year. Always, always the welfare of the animals must take priority and the newsletter second place. Better late than never, we hope you enjoy this belated edition.



Front cover:

'Frosty' whose mum had died giving birth on a bitter February day.

NDAA is struggling to cope with the number of increased calls for financial help that we are receiving from owners that can not afford the large up front vets' fees required by most veterinary practices. We believe it is most important to give priority to sick and needy pets and wildlife by helping towards the costs of treatment, that would relieve suffering and possibly save lives, for those owners who genuinely do not have sufficient means. It has, therefore, been decided by the Trustees to temporarily suspend the Free Neutering Scheme to make more money available for medical assistance. Consequently the Charity has to make economies and work extra hard on fundraising to enable us to continue to help with these emergencies. As our name implies, we are primarily an ambulance service and not a grant awarding charity.

Throughout the Charity's life Diana has been faced with very difficult and heart-breaking decisions; to have an owner sobbing on the telephone because their beloved pet is at the Vets requiring additional treatment for which they just do not have the money and the Vets are unable to continue without the surety of payment. I do not know how Diana has coped all this time and still managed to

face another day smiling ready to give hope, confidence and guidance to owners and pets.

For the first time I was recently faced with having to make one of those decisions. I was ripped to pieces knowing that the little dog was lying in the Vets on a drip waiting for someone to find some money to save him with the very distressed owner desperately not knowing what to expect. As treasurer the finances are my responsibility, but as a Trustee of NDAA I also have responsibility for the welfare of animals. It is easy for me to say "No" to a request for more equipment for the shops or clinic, but it is a very different thing to say "No" to giving help to a suffering or dying animal. This incident made me realise just what enormous emotional stress and strain Diana has to cope with almost daily when making these endless decisions. You may ask how do we sleep at night and the answer is that on some nights we don't. It is very hard to close your mind to a suffering pet and an extremely distressed owner.

Jane D-S Treasurer

9 or 99 Lives?

'Little Chips' has a lot of 'Thank You's' to say being only three weeks old and having used up at least 8 of her 9 lives!

The lorry arrived from the other side of Wellington in Somerset brimming with wood chips for the unit at Winkleigh that turns the chips into pellets for hopper style heating; some considerable journey in itself.

The lorry tipped its load ready for processing. It was then that a pitiful squealing was heard and after much searching amongst the mountainous load, two tiny three week old kitties were discovered.

Unfortunately one had already died, but 'Chips' was made of sterner stuff and, although squashed and filthy, still had use of a powerful voice.

The driver and staff at Tawmix quickly wrapped the tiny mite in warm blankets and

rang NDAA. Once collected and given a desperately needed bottle, baby was rushed to the 'Kittens Hotel' at Lynton where Anne and Tony went into overdrive to keep kitty alive.

And the bonus - Tim the lorry driver and his wife Julie travelled from Oakhampton to see how she was doing and decided that, once old enough, they will give her a home.

100 Club Winners

Here are the latest 100 Club results. Congratulations to all our lucky winners!

Nov 2014 No. 37 - **Mrs M Stevens**
 Dec 2014 No. 67 - **Mr N Bennion**
 Jan 2015 No. 20 - **Miss K. Dawson**
 Feb 2015 No. 44 - **Mrs R Siedlecki**
 Mar 2015 No. 70 - **Dr & Mrs D A Wolfe**



Damsel in Distress Update

In our last christmas newsletter on our front page we showed dear little Damsel, the seal pup from Westward Ho! that we rescued after the storms, when she was found battered and bleeding as a four week old. We rushed her straight to RSPCA West Hatch, where she was cared for and treated until well again and then taught to fend for herself.

On Friday, 13th February I was invited by West Hatch to attend with them to release back to the sea Damsel and three other seal pups. The day was one of those glorious winter days when one is lured into thinking spring has come. The sun shone, the sky and sea were calm and blue. On the shore there was a large gathering of excited people with children come to watch the release.

The kennels were carried down to the water's edge and as we opened the door four beautiful sleek grey heads looked out taking in the expanse of freedom in front of them. Out they flopped, gone were the

fluffy white coats to be replaced by shiny grey/black spotty torpedoes of muscle (40+ kilos). A quick glance around and they were into the sea. The change was magical; diving, twisting and turning they realised this was really where they should be. Damsel dived and came up with a great pile of seaweed on her head, looking as if she should be going to Ascot with her lovely headgear! Within moments they were at home and within a few more they were gone.

We all helped them to survive nature's difficulties, let us hope they can also survive man's.

North Devon Animal Ambulance ebay shop is now online!

Do you want to support the NDAA but live too far away from our shops in Barnstaple, Bideford and Braunton? Go online to ebay and check out our new ebay shop, we have clothes, books and much more!

You will also see details of a small selection of animals currently in our care and needing treatment, who are available for sponsorship.



Our shops help provide the vital funds to run the charity, feed and care for the animals, rehome or rehabilitate them. We need your help to do this.

Good quality donations are always needed - please remember this when you are having a clear out. Donations are essential to keep the shops well stocked.

Equally important are the volunteers who serve customers and sort donations. If you can spare a few hours a week you would be most welcome.

For details of how to donate or volunteer please ring 07929 079531.

Fishy Business



We seem over the years to be earning ourselves a reputation for “Fish Rescues”.

Two things in our favour are Mick’s big water pump and our marvellous contact for fish re-homing, Mr Loader. Without those two assets we couldn’t do half the jobs so easily.

So once again the intrepid team set forth one November day (fine weather but very cold).

This time to Branton where a gentleman’s parents were no longer able to upkeep the

continuous work needed for a large pond full of about 80 Carp and Fantails. The pond had to be emptied in readiness for it to be filled in. The large containers were filled with pond water and whilst I kept watch on the pipes into the drains (can’t be sending a Tsunami down Branton’s highways) Mick and Pauline wheeled their nets and Mr Loader took care of the fish as they were captured.

Some (long) time later the pond was empty and the fish 80-90 of them safely loaded for transport back to Mr Loader’s home, where

their special isolation pond awaited them until re-homing could be completed.

It was as we were about to leave that a cry of “STOP” sounded. There at the bottom of the empty pond was a tiny frog sitting alone and abandoned. A quick search and a suitable muddy container with pond plants was found and inserted into the undergrowth. Freddy Frog was scooped up and seemed to approve of the new house and we made a quick if wet and muddy exit.



It was late autumn (nowhere near bonfire Night) and the owner of Moorland Hotel, Lynton and his son were tidying the garden for winter. The shrub and hedge trimmings were made into a neat bonfire and three nights later, as dusk fell on a calm dry evening, the bonfire was lit.

Little Phoenix

Within moments, as the tinder began to burn, a high pitched squealing was heard from within the now fast burning pile Mark raced back and totally without thought for himself, threw aside burning branches searching for the source of the crying. In moments he found the little hedgehog and pulled her from the red hot pile to safety, but not before her spines and skin were severely burnt and not before Mark himself sustained hand and arm blisters and the need for hospital treatment to check his eyes which had been affected by the smoke and intense heat.

However, Dad and Mark still thought first of the little hog and called the Animal Ambulance to take her into care. Overnight we were able to give pain relief and administer cooling down relief before rushing

her to RSPCA West Hatch Wildlife Hospital first thing the following morning. There “Phoenix” received all the first class burns treatment she needed and although it was very touch and go to begin with, she not only survived but thrived throughout the winter under the care of West Hatch.

Now spring is here and Phoenix is almost ready to return home to Moorland Hotel’s beautiful grounds and woodland, hopefully with a big lesson learnt about choosing with greater care a residence.

P S Mark recovered completely and also learnt that strong gloves on hand when dealing with bonfires are a good idea.



Heroism on All Parts

In the background I could hear the distressed whimpering of a dog, but it was the distraught barely understandable words of the man that told me this was indeed an emergency, "My dog has been violently attacked by a loose lurcher".

Firstly I must ascertain where the man and dog were, somewhere in the Combe Martin area. At the moment I was already dealing with a critically ill dog on a drip, to be transferred from one Vet to another. To save time, could the man get his dog to Market Vets and fortunately his friend agreed to transport them there.

By chance the ambulance and the little dog's owner arrived at the same time and it was indeed a sorry sight. "Jake's" distraught owner was standing with what I thought was an already dead little dog in his arms, blood covered both him and the dog. Once in the Vets on the operating table they could not



even get a temperature reading so severe was the blood loss and clinical shock. For days it was touch and go whether Jake would even live, but every effort had to be made for the dog's sake and that of the owner, for they are inseparable. The owner is a gentleman suffering from cancer of the oesophagus, who lives in a little caravan in a field, by courtesy of a friendly farmer, he hasn't even got a telephone with which to keep in touch to check on Jake's progress each day and uses that of the farmer. All both of them have is each other.

After days of intensive care Jake was deemed well enough to undergo surgery to repair all the internal damage the puncture wounds had inflicted. The operation was long and indeed heroic on the part of Vets Craig and Neil and Vet Nurse Kim of Market Vets. There was extensive damage to the bowel and colon needing, in lay terms, bits cut from one place to patch other places. It was also heroic on Jake's part for it meant days of difficult recovery accompanied by dedicated nursing. Jack Russells, however, are the supreme example of bravery and as we all told Jake how important it was for him to get well for his owner's sake (who was also undergoing further hospitalization for his cancer). Jake fought on.

Getting him to eat was a nightmare. Nurses sat beside him hand feeding him delectable tit-bits and getting only grumpy growls in return. But as the days went by Jake began to respond and the old Jack Russell stubborn bloody mindedness took over once more and smiles and waggy tails greeted everyone. As we go to press Jake is now in our SCU on a convalescence programme with twice daily Vet checks and Jeff in charge of daily care, along with cuddles and loves from our volunteers. Soon all this will culminate in his

reunion with his joyful owner.

Yet again NDAA has put not only "animal welfare" but "people welfare" together for the very best outcome. It has been an expensive operation in terms of financial and emotional expenditure for all concerned, but surely that is what we are all here for.

If you can send a small donation towards Jake's operation, we would be very grateful.

Whatever happened to the stray lurcher that caused all this trouble? He ran off with no owner in sight, whilst Jake's owner was only intent on saving his own little dog. He risked being bitten himself whilst saving his dog.



Only the week previously the North Devon Journal carried the story of another dog on dog attack where the little Yorkshire Terrier was not so fortunate as Jake. It died and again the attacking dog was loose and unidentifiable. **Please, please make sure your dog is under control, especially at this time of the year when lambing is in full flow, or not only may your dog cause dreadful injury and distress, but may also end up, understandably, being shot.**

Yet again we must apologise for the delay in the distribution of our spring newsletter. Let me assure you this is not down to us all having a nice cosy winter by the fire during the months following Christmas. The calls for assistance for animals needing everything from re-homing, emergency veterinary treatment, rescuing and straight forward welfare cases along with ever increasing calls from hospitals, care homes, Police and Social Services, continues to rise in number at an alarming rate.

Of course this will continue to rise as the population of North Devon, both human and animal, also rises. The only light at the end of the tunnel is that our numbers of amazing totally dedicated volunteers also increases along with those utterly stalwart long term volunteers who never fail the animals.

If we worried about the Christmas rota for the Special Care Unit with dog walkers and carers, there was no need. In fact Christmas for the whole period saw even more people coming in on shifts than normal. The animals were all (and we were full to overflowing with the unwanted older cats/dogs/rabbits etc., signed over to us in the weeks prior to Christmas), overwhelmed with the love and kindness and gifts bestowed on them by "Father Christmas" and our supporters. And if it shocked us once again to see so many pets cast aside on a whim (usually so that a new puppy or kitten could be obtained instead of the elderly pet that was beginning to cost money at the Vets), then the days of January brought hope and cheer to us as the heart break gave way to renewed faith in the majority of people.

The numbers coming forward to offer homes to the old and disabled animals in our care were amazing. Home checking took up most of Mick, Anne and my time and Jeff was down at the Special Care Unit meeting people coming to see and assess dogs, many of them with problems. We were privileged to meet and home check so many wonderful people in the past few months and to re-home a record number of animals.

At one time for three whole days, both the SCU and Pauline at the Misty Unit had only 5 cats and 1 dog available for re-homing,



when normally we have 30+ cats and several dogs. However, by day four I was once again collecting and filling those places with a waiting list once more accruing.

In addition to the daily never ending requests for help in desperate situations such as emergency admissions to hospital of elderly owners with a beloved pet at home alone, the animals needing veterinary care or are simply unwanted, there have been the uplifting moments, one such as the release of the seal pups. After rescuing them as tiny fluffy white coated (tiny being 15 kilos) with often awful injuries, we have then released the shiny torpedoes of pure muscle (weighing in at 40-50 kilos) back to the wild. There have been the many many joyful visits for post home checks, seeing sad little animals that came to us without hope, turned into bouncy confident pets and unwanted elderly animals now with cosy warm loving homes, all with a safe future.

There have been many moments of sheer amazement as to the lengths people will go for the love and sake of animals. There was Vicky who saw the injured pheasant on the North Devon Link Road. Did she drive by? No, she stopped the traffic in both directions (at no small risk to herself) and when she had successfully picked up and wrapped the poor little bird, she allowed the now lengthy queue to travel on. Did she get abused? Not at all, the drivers all passed by giving thumbs up and calling "well done". A deed of kindness and courage, which although praised and

acknowledged by all the other drivers, only a few such as Vicky will actually perform.

Then there was the "Owl in the Chimney". Tofleigh Barton is an exquisite old manor, miles from anywhere in the Hatherleigh area. A retreat for writers it sits in a beautiful valley, a haven for wildlife. However, "Toby Tawny" would not be satisfied with the cold comfort of a tree hole in which to sleep and chose a cosy chimney instead. Sadly the wire he was perched on broke free and he tumbled down the huge 30ft chimney. Toby then found himself on a ledge 20ft up, but with no way to return as the chimney was too narrow at the top for him to spread his wings.

After several days of hopeless efforts the people rang me and upon arrival and assessing the situation, I was able to summon help in the form of the Estate Manager along with his drills and saws to cut a very big hole in the register plate covering the chimney's base. The mess was horrendous, especially as they were trying to dish up the residents' evening meal. Bait, in the form of chicken legs, was laid and silence ordered. It took only half an hour for one very hungry annoyed owl to flop down, grab the chicken leg and zoom out of the open doors; hopefully not to return to his previous perch. The mess left behind, the co-operation and understanding of everyone (including the Trust's members agreeing to "Damage to Property") and the time and effort put in by everyone on behalf of one little Tawny Owl was truly uplifting.

Yes, there are exceptions to the saying "A Nation of Animal Lovers". We come across many of those exceptions on a daily basis, but there are many many more that prove the saying to be without doubt true. Not huge amazing deeds that will make headlines, but daily acts of kindness that make, not only the animals' lives better, but our own lives happy and worthwhile.

Thank you All for your support without you we could do nothing.

Diana & The Animals

It was late afternoon on a bitterly cold February day. The Police had been called to a sudden death in the Ilfracombe area, but were having difficulties as the little dog in situ was desperately trying to guard her owner's body and was becoming increasingly distressed and aggressive.

The owner had been a very reclusive lady and neither she nor the little dog had had very much contact with anyone other than a few kind neighbours, who did her little bits of shopping. She and the little dog lived solely for each other.

Upon my arrival the kindly Police Officers showed me into a room where the little dog sat shaking from head to toe, her eyes wide with fear and a quiet growl of warning coming from her throat. Sitting on the floor and talking to her, then a tentative hand on her trembling body and slowly she relaxed and I was able to get a lead on and tuck her under my arm. I whisked her out to the ambulance and back to the safety and quiet kindness of our SCU and its volunteers.

The Police were able to give me telephone numbers of the kindly neighbours, who could give me the little known information regarding "Jenny", her owner and their life style. It transpired Jenny was 12+ years and had some health problems as well as her mental state of agoraphobia and fear of noise and people. However, with unlimited kindness, patience and love Jenny started to respond; Jeff spent hours with her teaching her to walk on a lead and even to enjoy it. Soon, instead of hiding in corners (see picture), she was coming out to greet everyone and look for her treats.

Many were the kind offers to give Jenny a home, but it was not just a home Jenny needed. She had only ever known the



A New Lease of Life

reclusive environment of one lady in total peace, without other animals, children, or visitors etc., and somehow we had to match these sorts of requirements together with Jenny's new found interest in walks and people. Over many years I have come to believe that when we are desperate enough for something to happen, and if we want it for the right reasons, our wishes will come true. We all so wanted it for poor terrified little Jenny.

In fact our wishes came true and Jenny was quickly re-homed with a lovely lady called Margaret and both are very happily settled together; to such an extent that, much to Margaret's surprise, she has broken a life time's rule of 'no dogs on the bed' and now they both cuddle up together each night. It is amazing to see that Jenny's terrible trembling and shaking has almost disappeared, proving that, now she is happily settled, it was a neurological problem. May Jenny's new lease of life with Margaret's love and care continue to give them both happiness, enjoyment and companionship well into the future.

Thank you to everyone who played their part in bringing this about; the Police who cared enough not to just send little Jenny off to Council Kennels (she couldn't have coped), the neighbours who have kept in touch and

supplied us with helpful information, Jeff and the SCU volunteers who brought Jenny out of fear and Margaret who is giving her a future. Also thank you to everyone who has helped in similar situations, giving support, comfort and compassion to desperate animals of all species needing loving homes.

To the many people out there who have not made WRITTEN arrangements for their beloved animals in the event of sudden death (as in above case), or hospitalization, or inability to speak one's own wishes, please, please do so,

In the above story "Jenny" had a large amount of luck regarding her future. She lived in North Devon where we are fortunate to have a Police Force that cares, where there is a community spirit among neighbours and where there was a small charity to step in and secure that future. It so easily might not be like that if you have not made those wishes that give your pet the future you want for him, known in writing. They cannot speak for themselves, only you can do it for them. Their future may depend on your pen.



Bee

Again the kindness of strangers, just when you think it's all so awful. Deep into December this little box with some flowers and a bee were brought in. The lady had found it cold and wet on her window ledge and did not know how to help it. We warmed and dried it and put it safely into one of those bee boxes in a shed and can only hope that it went back to its slumber and will awaken again as the days warm.

A Thankless Rescue!

She was seen by a dog walker 20 feet up the side of a steep slippery bank entangled in brambles and loose barbed wire. The directions for once were good and I could locate her easily; it was just climbing and scrambling up the bank in a howling gale and lashing rain, carrying bolt croppers and wire cutters, that posed the problem.

Upon reaching her it was obvious she had been there for some days (see photo with mud where she had struggled and fought to escape). This, however, did not mean she meant to assist me as I cut away the wicked wire entapping her. Obviously thinking I was there to murder her, she butted and struggled doing her best to send both of us back down the bank.

Eventually the last strand was cut away and with a massive lunge she plunged down the bank and over the field to join the flock with never a thank you or backward glance. I shuffled my way, at a geatly slower pace than her, back down to the warmth of the ambulance.



Shops Update ...

Barnstaple has been struggling with a shortage of volunteers and has had to reduce the number of days it is open. Fortunately the situation has improved slightly and the shop is now open four days a week and is picking up under the management of Sharon Silk. If you have some free spare time in the week and would like to volunteer for a few hours, please telephone Kay 07929079531.

Braunton continues to achieve good sales results and is a pleasant and happy shop under Carolyn's management and her hard working volunteers. With spring and summer

almost upon us we look forward to seeing some more of Braunton's attractive window displays. Please do continue to bring your donations to the shop, as without your contributions we wouldn't exist.

Bideford has increased its opening hours for the spring and summer, but still needs more volunteers to help fulfil its full potential. Again if you are interested in volunteering please contact Kay on 07929079531. Kay and Mandy have also been busy with our new Online Shop and would be grateful for any donations for sale in the shop or online and would be prepared in some cases to collect should transport be a problem.

We would like to welcome Gill Hodge to our team as the IT expert setting up and running the online shop and sponsorships. Gill has worked very hard and efficiently and now it is up and running Kay and Mandy have taken on the collection and dispatch of the goods for sale. We are most grateful to the three of them for their enthusiasm and hard work.

New: Donated Gifts Hotline for our Barnstaple, Braunton and Bideford Charity Shops – Call or Text for more information 07929 079 531 or 07840 284 579



The Good Samaritan

Kindness comes in many guises and from the most unlikely sources, often from those least able to afford it. It was shortly before Christmas and I was thinking that I might even get home at a reasonable hour, when the phone rang.

An elderly gentleman had been making his way home to his flat in Ilfracombe, when he heard a tiny crying coming from behind some bins. When he looked, there was a tiny grey kitten crouching in the dark and dirt. Picking it up he saw that its eyes were covered in pus and its breathing was harsh and difficult. Abandoning his trip home, he walked the one and a half miles to the nearest Vet, who gave the kitten an injection, charged him £58 and sent him on his way. (He had explained that it was not his kitten.)

On arrival home with the kitty tucked in his coat pocket, he rang me as he was concerned about his own old cat catching the infection.

I travelled to Ilfracombe and was greeted by an old gentleman, with tears running down his face, clutching the tiny creature inside his pullover. He was terrified it would be put down and offered me his last £10 (having paid the Vets the £58). This I absolutely refused and said to put it for his own dear old cat which was obviously loved but far from being in its prime. His gratitude was heart breaking and it is at times like that when my prayers of gratitude to all of you are enormous, for we are unable to do anything without your support and finance.

I took kitty straight to Anne, our devoted kitty carer and thence on endless Vet visits. For kitty was indeed far from well. At the time of going to press kitty remains at Anne's still undergoing treatment for her various problems, (despite being probably one of the naughtiest felines in existence). There she will remain until her veterinary problems are resolved and she is able to go to a loving home with a long future.



Peregrine Falcon

The caller said he had an injured Bird of Prey, quite large he said. Fully expecting a Buzzard rather than a Kestrel or Sparrow Hawk, Mick went to Shirwell to collect it.

It was quite a shock to find the most beautiful Peregrine awaiting him. It was also no little concern, for although no injuries were obvious, there was certainly something very wrong for no self respecting Peregrine would allow itself to be picked up.

A rush visit to West Hatch and their expert Vets found an irreparable fracture high up in the shoulder. He would never fly again and so was peacefully put to sleep. A great sadness, but certainly better than dying slowly and miserably in the wild.



Baby Rabbit

In safe hands after being dropped by a Sparrow Hawk into the the West Buckland area.

The Prodigal Puss

Only days after Christmas came the sort of call one can only dread. Having come from London to North Devon for Christmas with their family at Appledore, the young couple were returning home with Olly their beloved cat. As they joined the North Devon Link Road near Whiddon Valley, it became necessary for Olly's bedding to urgently be changed; but with the car door open and traffic racing past the lay-by, Olly panicked, tore his owner's face and arms to pieces as he escaped and flew into the brambles and bank beyond the lay-by behind Padfields' big storage buildings.

Bleeding and distraught the pair searched and called for hours into the night to no avail. Olly might live in London, but in a very quiet and private environment, the great outdoors of fields, woods, traffic and darkness in the middle of a bitterly cold part of January, were not anything Olly had ever encountered. When finally they had to give up and go on home, they had little hope of ever seeing Olly again.

They contacted the local press, who put out photos and good editorial; they went on Facebook where many many people joined the search and interchange; they contacted me via our website. Day by day throughout January I visited the Whiddon Valley factories, businesses and houses. I talked to the owners trying to keep their hopes up, (for remember, three years ago the German cat we caught after 18 months when the owners came back from Germany to collect it). But in my heart I had little hope.

Then in mid February a call from Phillip in Appletree Close, Whiddon Valley, saying he



thought the missing Olly was coming into his garden for food, but he couldn't get near him. I raced to the address with the cat trap and together we set it in his garden. Phillip was sure from photos that it was 'THE' cat. I wasn't so hopeful. There are hundreds of tabby cats in Whiddon Valley!! However, at 5pm (only six hours later) an excited Phillip rang to say "cat's in trap". Again a rapid rush to Whiddon Valley where a tabby cat was indeed in the trap and a positive Phillip sure it was the right one.

Only one way to be sure, so I got Phillip to lock his doors (I wasn't going to lose it again if it was indeed Olly) and I gently extracted a terrified cat from the trap and ran the scanner over him. Yes! - a microchip - slow down, we still have to check with Data Base - shut Olly into his proper cage and ring Data Base. As I read out the chip number to the lady at Data Base, Phillip and half of the Appledore Close residents held their breath. The cat is called "Olly" she said. The rest of her information was lost as a huge cheer went up. "What's going on", she asked. I told her the story and by the time I had finished she too was crying.

The phone call to the owners, to tell them, was one of the best things I have ever had the joy to do. Both of them were so overcome that I couldn't even understand what they were saying. I took the cold frightened Olly back to our Special Care Unit and into the warm safe hands of our volunteers, in particular, Glynis who as well as helping with the practical search, had kept the Facebook search going.

It was only 12 hours later that Olly's owners arrived on our doorstep and what an amazing reunion, Gratitude from Olly to us was not forthcoming; hisses, scratches and bites had been the order of the day, yet when they walked in he leapt from his cage, ignoring all the press and excitement, and fell into his loving owners' arms.

A truly Happy Ending, brought about again by **teamwork**, everyone working together to achieve happy outcomes for the animals. Thank you to everyone and also to the responsible owners everywhere, who microchip their pets and make this possible.



'Frosty' the Kid

Newborn lying next to mum who died giving birth on a bitter February day; into to the safe hands of Elizabeth who resuscitated the almost frozen baby and handed her over to the Ambulance. "Frosty" soon recovered in the safety of Diana's warm bathroom with her bottle and radiator.



Wedding Season Again!

After his beloved 'wife' died late last year, Gordon's depression became a worry as it took a somewhat aggressive direction towards the other happy couple who wandered around John and Elizabeth's yard.

Gordon had to be separated and so spent his lonely days watching the 'ideal pair' over the fence.

However, a drama in Barnstaple resolved Gordon's problem. Pauline was called to an incident as traffic tailed back in Sticklepath due to a bewildered grey goose on a suicidal mission amongst the rush hour traffic. After risking being flat packed herself, Pauline managed to arrest the culprit and take her to the safety of our Misty Rehoming Unit.

There she remained for three weeks awaiting a possible owner to come forward. No one materialised which was Gordon's good fortune, for neither of them opposed the 'arranged marriage' or mixed colour.

Mylo's Adventure

Mylo came into NDAA hands initially as the three previous homes he had inhabited had given up on him in despair. Barking, destructive, running away and growling at everyone had made him anything but the perfect pet.

After some efforts NDAA managed on two occasions to find homes that were willing to give him a try – to no avail, back he bounced. Things were not looking good for Mylo's long term future!!

As discussions and ideas progressed with little hope, Pauline jumped in saying she would give him a chance. Mylo took, like a duck to water, to the 35 acres of fields and freedom and the multiple barns and sheds with their hopes of a rat or two to hunt. I am a Jack Russell Terrier at last they have found me the right home.

However, things were not perfect, Mylo still seemed to think he was entitled like cats to nine lives; after eating rat bait and nearly dying (at huge expense to Pauline), diving under the tractor bucket to be nearly flat packed and after adventuring too far afield and being returned by the dog warden on two occasions, he finally "cooked his goose" so to speak.

On a bitter January day with snow falling, Pauline rang to say that she and Tim had searched all night for Mylo but all they could hear was a small indistinct barking in the ten acre field, in which they had had some tree felling and fencing done, opposite



their home. Off we all set searching and listening. Sometimes we could hear a faint bark, then nothing. For two days and nights in absolutely terrible weather we plodded, called and listened with less and less hope.

Then Tim pinpointed an opening to an old rabbit warren and we could definitely hear an occasional faint whine. As darkness fell the digging began. Snow fell, the wind blew and desperation set in. As Pauline and I stood shaking with cold holding the lamps, Tim, Mick and Cyril dug into the soaking mud, cutting and hacking through huge roots from trees and moving great rocks. Occasionally we would hear the faint whimpering which kept us going.

Fifteen feet in and six foot down into the ground as Tim lay in inches of mud and water, he suddenly shouted "I've got an ear". We held our breath as carefully and slowly the roots Mylo was trapped in were cut away and his now silent shaking little body was pulled clear. At first we thought it was too late, but no, though limp and hypothermic he was still with us. We wrapped him in blankets and rushed him back to Pauline's. After a warm bath and warm drink he collapsed in a cage next to the radiator.

Next day, although somewhat subdued, Mylo was fine. It was the rest of us that were still suffering.

Special Donations

2nd Barnstaple Brownies: Splendid effort made by the Brownies themselves when doing their animal welfare badge: **£120.69**

Support Adoption for Pets shop collection: **£197.11**

Enterprise Inns: £500.00

West Quay Fundraisers: £500.00

Pavers: £100.00

Alexander Social Club: £552.58

Lampard Community School: Raised after their visit to the Special Care Unit: **£180.00**

Miss Charlotte Shemilt who organised a musical evening at Lilicoes with the **Skata Tones** and **Will & Olli Benson:** **£115.91**

Legacy: In her will, **Mrs Rita Mabel Lawrence** of Cardigan, left a substantial legacy to the charity. Mrs Lawrence had no family and her estate was divided between a number of local charities.

Appeal for Help

Would our loyal and generous supporters that donate by standing order each month kindly inform the Treasurer if they are Tax Payers and resident in the UK, so that we can claim the 25% Gift Aid on their donations from the Inland Revenue. Gift Aid can make a considerable increase to the value of donations.

Important Contact Numbers:

Diana Lewis Mobile : 07817 995751

Cat Rehoming: 01271 323740 **Mrs. Pauline Bussell, Chairperson**
Dog Rehoming: 01271 858952 **Mr. Chris Steer**
Special Care Unit: 01643 831592 **Mrs. Jane Dennis-Smith**
Treasurer: 01643 831592 **Mrs. Jane Dennis-Smith**
Animal Collection: 01598 740603 **Mrs. Diana Lewis, Ambulance Driver**

Postal Address:



All correspondence to:

North Devon Animal Ambulance
c/o Market Veterinary Centre
River View Commercial Centre
Riverside Road, Pottington,
Barnstaple, Devon EX31 1QN

Donation Slip

Week by week and month by month our work continues. Can you make a regular donation that is secure funding for us? Standing orders are a safe, cost effective and easy way to make a regular donation towards saving animals. Regular monthly donations enable us to plan ahead and also respond rapidly to calls for assistance and help with rescuing animals. If you already have a Standing Order with us - **THANK YOU!** If you would like to set one up please contact us.

If you are a standard tax payer please also complete the form below in full including your signature. We can then reclaim the tax on your donation as Gift Aid (25p for every £1 donated).



I/We enclose a donation in the sum of £ for the North Devon Animal Ambulance (please make cheques payable to **NDAAN**)

First Name: Address:

Surname:
.....
.....

Signed:

Date: Postcode:

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✍

Please tick this box if you are a standard tax payer and would like the charity to treat all donations that you make on, or after the date above, as **gift aid donations** unless you notify us otherwise. Please note that you should notify the charity if you do not pay an amount of tax at least equal to the tax deducted from your donations.

Monthly Standing Order Form

Please complete the form and send it to us at the address below. We will forward it to your bank.

TO THE MANAGER

Bank: Branch:



Please arrange for the sum of: £
to be paid on the first day of each month from:

Account Holder(s):

Account Number:

Please start payments on:

Signed:

Full Name:

Please make payments to: **North Devon Animal Ambulance**

Bank: **Santander UK plc** Account No: **06316158** Sort Code: **09-07-20**

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Please tick this box if you are a standard tax payer and would like the charity to treat all donations that you make on, or after the date above, as **gift aid donations** unless you notify us otherwise. Please note that you should notify the charity if you do not pay an amount of tax at least equal to the tax deducted from your donations.