

The Border Tail

SUMMER 2009 ISSUE 33

Future

Dogs' Breakfasts

13 December,
10 January &
14 February

The Dogs' Breakfast Group meets on the second Sunday of each month at Oddies Creek Park, next to Noreuil Park, from 10 am. Breakfast is a sausage sizzle (BYO everything), followed by an optional walk along the river. A gold coin donation benefits Albury Dog Rescue and Albury RSPCA.



Xmas Dogs Breakfast!

On 13 December we will celebrate Xmas at the Dogs' Breakfast. Please bring one wrapped present for each of your dogs for exchange.

Deano

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



Yes ... I know that when you look at me you must be thinking, 'My god! That's the handsomest dog I've ever seen!' But it wasn't always like this. Let me take you back 15-1/2 dog years – or 1-3/4 human years – to when my life changed...

I was living about 12 hours north of Albury on a small farm. Home was a cage, and I had to fight the resident golden retrievers for my dinner each night. My skin was never taken care of, and I had to sleep in the elements with only a hessian bag for comfort. I was quite thin and mangy looking, and I desperately wanted someone to love and care for me.

One day, a tall human by the name of Gary came to the farm especially to meet me. I gathered he was looking for a very special dog to take home

with him. Luckily, the look in his eyes when he saw me told me he could see my potential. I was very happy to leave the farm and venture into the future with my new mate.

When we got to my new home a lot of weird things started happening. Suddenly, I had a beauty regimen! First a shower and wash, followed by exfoliation and then a moisturise. Wow, I felt like

a new dog! Over the next few months, Gary got rid of my bad skin and blackheads, and fed me up with good, nutritious food. We also started going for walks. My favourite outing these days is to the Dogs' Breakfast, where I make new friends every time I go!

I now live with one human, a cat, a rat, two blue tongues, a bearded dragon and a spotted python, and I couldn't be happier. Also, I now have my own Facebook page, where you can catch up on my current shenanigans. Feel free to add me as a friend: Deano Kiebat-Kurnof, or go to www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000207832893.

So, when you see me at the Dogs' Breakfast, don't be in awe of my debonair good looks. Come up and say, 'Woof!'

The Two of Us:

Bobby & Roxy

My name is Bobby and I'm a four-year-old Westie cross Shitzhu.

I'm a really lucky dog to have been rescued from a pound before I was given a needle to take me to doggie heaven. Janelle (who owns Perfect Peace Cremations) rescued me, as she had someone in mind who would take me and give me a really good home as they just lost their 17-year-old silky x, Sooky.

When Graham and Marie came to pick up Sooky's ashes, Graham fell in love with me straight away. As he nursed me, I licked him. I knew I would be loved.

Marie and Graham took me home and gave me a bath, as I was very dirty. (I really don't like baths!) Then they took me to someone called 'Arthur' (see page 5), who I now know is my doctor, to check me over. I was very underweight and malnourished, but I passed the test, as I was only seven months old and healthy otherwise.

Mum and Dad then took me home to Howlong, where I have a huge back yard to play and explore in. I also have a queen-size bed to sleep on and heaps of toys to play with. I am one lucky dog.

My favourite time is when we go to the Dogs' Breakfast and I can run and play with my friends and get plenty of treats and pats.

M&G's view: We were very lucky to get Bobby as he is the most placid dog, friendly to both humans and other animals, big or small. We love him dearly.



Bobby

My name is Roxy and I'm a nine-year-old Westie cross Maltese.

I was once known as 'Sox'. I had three owners before Marie and Graham took me in. I originally came from Melbourne, where I was owned but not loved. Then I was taken to Wodonga, where I was locked outside. I was then sold to a lady who lived near Tawonga, but she didn't like me because I barked at her cat. She would tie me up to a fence.

One day, Marie and Graham came to the house. Because I was so unhappy, I snapped at them and at their dog Bobby. I was very lucky that they persevered and took me out for a walk with Bobby. I love going for walks, so I was happy then and it must have shown. They said they would take me home with them.

We jumped in the car. I really love going for drives, as I sit on the back window ledge and can see everything. Marie and Graham took me to their home at Howlong.

When I went into the house, I let Bobby know that I was going to be living there too and that I was 'boss'.

Well, I really fell into the lap of luxury. I get Schmackos and chews and pig's ears, AND I get to sleep inside on a queen-size bed with Bobby. I really love it here.

M&G's view: We were undecided about taking in Roxy because she was a very snappy dog (we jokingly called her the 'Firecracker'), but she has mellowed a lot in the 12 months we have had her and is now very loving to us all.



Roxy

Vale

DOUGAL

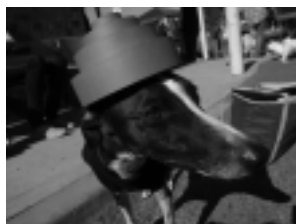
Many of our regulars will remember Dougal, the Westie. On the second Sunday of each month, Dougal and his dad Geoff would often time their walks along the river to coincide with the Dogs' Breakfast. Geoff would put some coins in the wombat and pick up a copy of the *Border Tail* to take home to Nan, and Dougal would say hello to his mates among the dogs. He was a brave soul and a bonnie gentleman. Much missed by all his friends.

BEN

The famous South Albury dog has chased his last magpie and fetched his final bundle of Saturday papers.

We said goodbye to Benjamin J Dog on 8 October. Lots of people shared our sadness, but we quietly grieve for his wonderful quirky eyebrows, big brown eyes, cheeky ears, and his unconditional devotion. Dad and Audray miss you, Ben Dog.

The Popcorn Chronicles: At the Movies with Devo Wonderdog



Devo the whippet

Welcome to my movie review column. You may be wondering what a dog is doing at the movies... I'm a medical assistance dog for someone who loves going to the cinema, so most weeks you'll find us at the Albury Regent Cinemas. The candy bar staff are really nice to me. I think they like me, as I always have a pretty good go at cleaning up as much popcorn from the floor as I can (or as much as Mum will allow).

YOUNG VICTORIA stars Emily Blunt (I must like her, as she was in my last movie review, too) and Rupert Friend. Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, is one of the producers, and one of her daughters has a cameo ... but blink, and you'll miss it. This movie is about Queen Victoria when she was growing up and during her first few years as queen. Before she turned 18 her mother and her mother's adviser wanted her to establish them as regents – sort of like taking over her power – but she was a determined and somewhat feisty little thing and wouldn't do it. I think she must have been a great queen, as she spent a lot of time with her dog Dash. OK, it was a poncy Cavalier King Charles spaniel, but even on her coronation – her big day – she took time out to give him a bath. Dash might not have been too keen on that, but she obviously loved her little dog. Victoria had a boyfriend, Albert, but as she was the queen *he* couldn't ask *her* to marry him; she had to do the asking. She summoned him to her palace and, lo and behold, he walks in with a greyhound either side of him! OK, they weren't whippets, but ... close enough! How could you NOT love the guy?! (BTW, if there are any of those Prince Albert-type guys out there, my mum's available... But I get to vet – I can't *believe* I used that word – your dog/s.)

Rating: We gave *Young Victoria* 4/5 (whippet good), because the two main characters clearly love dogs.

UP. OH. MY. DOG. You wouldn't believe the number of dogs in this movie! There were big dogs, little dogs, talking dogs (the big tough dog with the squeaky little voice was funny), good dogs, bad dogs, fat dogs, skinny dogs, black dogs, brown dogs, white dogs, spotty dogs, shaggy dogs, sleek dogs, smart dogs, dumb dogs, swimming dogs, running dogs, dogs in blimps, dogs in caves, dogs chasing birds, dogs in the jungle, dogs wearing the 'cone of shame', dogs flying planes, dogs with parachutes... Sorry! I got carried away... There was also an old guy, an annoying kid, and a house with thousands of balloons tied to it so it would fly, but who cares ... THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF DOGS IN THIS MOVIE!!!



Rating: How can I not give it 5/5 (whippet bloody sensational)?

(Note to other movie-going dogs: when going to 3D movies, you are meant to *wear* the glasses, not *eat* them.)

I was also going to review WHIP IT, but do I feel ripped off! There wasn't one whippet in the whole movie! I was even going to forgive them for the typo in the title. I'm giving this movie 0/5 for sucking me in. But my mum liked it; she gave it 4/5.

ASHER MILLAR (1 April 2006 – 12 October 2009)

Asher Millar was born on the first of April, which suited her because she was a big fool. We got her from a foster carer for Monika's Doggie Rescue but I don't know why she was at Doggie Rescue, as she was such a loving, well-behaved dog. When she first came she went to the toilet on the floor. Also, she couldn't climb stairs so we had to train her. She was a very quick learner and learnt how to sit, stay, come, lie down, shake, hi-five and wave. We had no idea what type of breed she was but we suspected she was something like German shepherd cross kelpie cross whippet, and much more. She was very picky about her food; if we bought her treats, most of the time she would sniff them, turn her nose up and then walk away. It was the same with some dog foods. She loved her toys and used to make them squeak, almost as if they were talking to her. Unfortunately, her life was cut short at the young age of three when she stepped on to the road in front of a car that sadly didn't see her. She was rushed to a vet but died during the night. But I will always love her and never forget her. – Elisabeth Millar, age 12

Buster: Three times lucky!



Hi, I'm Buster. I'm a Jack Russell cross mini foxy. I'm relieved to say I'll be five in January.

I'm recovering after being bitten by two snakes in five days!

It all started on 27 October when my two fur sisters and I had to stay in our yard all day because Mum had two workers

here. At about 6 o'clock, we wanted to have a run and look at what had been amusing the workers all day.

We trotted up the hill to check it out, but Mum soon called us away because we were walking all over the preparations for the concrete edging to be laid the next day. We thought we were making it look better, but I suppose we weren't the ones paying these guys.

We walked back to the house and went to the front door, where there was a nest with lots of baby birds. I jumped up on to the ledge to have a better view, but I fell off straight away. I then couldn't stand on my back legs. Mum looked worried. She picked me up to see what was wrong, but she couldn't see anything. When she put me back down, I still couldn't stand.

Mum then scooped me up and ran around the back of the house. 'Buster's been bitten by a snake!' she yelled out to Dad.

Dad said, 'What makes you think that?'

Mum told him that my back legs had gone weak, just like they did when I was bitten by a red-bellied black snake a few years ago.

Mum put me inside on my bed and I was shaking like I was really cold. Then I was sick all over my bed. *Bugger!*

Mum called the vet's emergency number. He was out delivering a calf, but he said it sounded like I had been bitten and that Mum should take me to Wangaratta, to another vet, straight away.

We jumped into Dad's car and raced to Wangaratta, where I was given anti-venom and had to stay the night. Mum came back for me the next day. She was so happy to see me, but not as happy as I was to see her.

Five days later, Mum heard all us dogs barking and came out to our yard where there was a really big dead brown snake. I was sitting about a metre away from it, under a tree, puffing and panting, and with all this foamy stuff hanging out of my mouth. Mum rushed over and picked me up. She knew I had been bitten again.

I have never seen her so scared. I'll never forget the look on her face.

We raced off to our regular vet's at Myrtleford, after calling to say we were on our way. When we got there the vet had the drip all ready for me, but she wasn't convinced that I had been bitten. Mum said, 'Please, just give him the anti-venom!' Mum was certain it was the right thing to do.

I seemed to be going well, but because I have chunky little legs and hard arteries, the drip wasn't working properly so they had to try my other leg.

After the anti-venom had gone through, the vet still wasn't sure I had been bitten because I didn't look sick. I then got really fidgety and I did a wee all over Mum, and it was all bloody. That's all it took to convince the vet.

Apparently, the venom of brown snakes prevents your blood from clotting. The vet said the anti-venom would take about six hours to take effect. I needed to rest, so they put me in a cage and sent Mum home. The vet said she would call Mum later in the day to let her know how I was doing.

I continued to bleed a lot when I went to the toilet. Because my blood still wasn't clotting, the vet rang to talk to Mum and they agreed to give me another anti-venom. Because I was bleeding so much, the vet did another test that tells something else about your blood levels. The result was supposed to be 35-40 (or thereabouts), but mine was 16. The vet told Mum that 15 was critical.

They decided to give me some blood to try and get my levels up.

The next morning the vet did both the tests again and my blood clotted after 90 seconds, so the second anti-venom had worked. But she was still very worried because I was anaemic, as my other test hadn't moved from 16. She rang Mum again and they decided to give me a transfusion.

My vet thinks I'm a little vampire, because I chewed through the line and was licking up all the blood. Blood got all over her too, so I licked that up as well.

The transfusion did the trick, and Mum finally got me home. The vet said I had to stay inside for at least two weeks, to build up my blood supply; I also have to be kept quiet.

I don't mind, because I'm being very spoilt. I even get to have breakfast in Mum's bed.

Mum and I wanted to tell my story because we don't want anyone to go through what has happened to me. It may still have lasting effects ...

Mum and Dad have tried to snake-proof our yard as much as possible and have installed some fancy new electronic snake repellents. Gee, I hope they work!

Also, Mum is so pleased she has pet insurance, which is through the RSPCA.



Doggy Elves Needed

Can you wrap a beautiful Christmas present, or are you willing to learn?

Can you spare some time (two-hour or four-hour blocks) over the Christmas period?

Vet Profile:

Arthur Frauenfelder



I was born in Ringwood, Melbourne, but I've been a native of Albury-Wodonga since I was four years old. I was educated at St Patrick's and then Aquinas College (now Xavier North campus). I then attended the University of Sydney to attain my degree in Veterinary Science in 1972.

I attended university thinking I would be a dairy cattle veterinarian. After I graduated I did mixed practice, including farm animals, for 12 years and then concentrated on companion animals (i.e. cats, dogs, greyhounds, reptiles, mice, guinea pigs and native animals).

Before settling in Albury, I gained experience as a new graduate in Albury, Melbourne, the Blue Mountains, Newcastle and Sydney. These were in positions of from four weeks to two years, so that I could experience all the different aspects of animal care.

My family consists of my wife and friend, Julie, and our delightful daughter, Sarah, along with our two dogs and cat (a far cry from the three dogs, four cats and three horses that we had before moving into the centre of Albury).

Julie and I opened the Hume Animal Hospital in North Albury in 1976 and the Melrose Animal Hospital in Wodonga in 1992. More recently, we became the new owner of Allpets Veterinary Hospital at the Peard's complex in Borella Road. With a wonderful staff of veterinarians and nurses, we have a great team. I have had many happy and successful years in a profession I love and enjoy.

My day typically starts at around 4.30 am, when I do some bookwork and catch up on new ideas from at least two veterinary journals. This time is essential for keeping up to date, and the pile of journals, correspondence, emails and letters is never-ending.

From 6 to 7.30 am: Exercise, a bit of housework and breakfast.

8 am approx: Arrive at work and life begins to hum. Great fun attending to owners with all sorts of problems, including vaccinations, infections and skin problems, as well as a few problem cases referred to our practice. The normal numerous phone calls and staff inquiries fill in the gaps.

12-3 pm: Lunch, meetings, write up and attend to cases, and do surgery if I'm needed.

3-5/7 pm: More cases to see. More consulting, phone calls, meetings...

7 pm: Dinner and relax.

The vets at our practice all rotate one in five nights and weekends, so being on call and responding to call-outs is a big part of our lives and practice.

The responsibilities of the job can be onerous, as dogs and cats are now a more integral part of the family. Twenty-five years ago, pets were basically kept outside and fed scraps. If one died, you simply got another puppy or kitten. Worming and vaccinations were very sporadic. Life expectancy of a domestic animal was seven to nine years. This is a far cry from the dog and cat of today, who mostly lives inside, is fed special animal food, takes part in the family lifestyle including outings, is well looked after, and lives for 12-15 years.

I am a founding member of Riding for the Disabled (Albury), president of the RSPCA (Albury), involved with teaching students at the Wagga Veterinary Faculty, chair of the Northside Chamber of Commerce, and I enjoyed my time on AlburyCity Council.

All in all, it's a great and enjoyable life.

Albury-Wodonga Dog/Cat Rescue is looking for volunteers to wrap presents at Albury and Wodonga Centro shopping centres. This is our biggest annual fundraiser. All monies received are used to help animals in need. In a lot of cases, we are their last hope and their first exposure to any form of kindness. Last year we raised nearly \$3,400. Our goal this year is to pay \$2,000 off our veterinary account and to finance urgently required quarantine pens (approx. \$1,200 each) and cat cages (approx. \$2,000). The more helpers, the more money we can raise. Please help us to help them. Any time you can volunteer is really appreciated.

Border rescue looks after all creatures!

Enquiries: julie@alburydogrescue.org.au

Fur, Fangs & Fashion

STYLE
HOUND.



Illustration by
Caitlin O'Dwyer

StyleNews:
your guide to canine inspiration

Sit back and relax, dear reader as *The Style Hound* this month shows off his interest in the arts by fielding questions from curious canines regarding doggie films, art, music and books, just in time for Christmas.



Q: Hey, Clyde. It was nice bumping into you outside the Cinema Centre the other day. Pity they won't let you in! I'm wondering if you could recommend for our readers any recent DVD releases for this year's Christmas stocking fillers. *Devo the wonderdog* **A:** Hi, Devo. My pick of recent DVDs would include *Bolt*, which I reckon is a dawg-gone terrific and pawfectly entertaining movie. The main character reminds me a bit of myself, if I do say so. Other films I could recommend include *Hotel for Dogs*, which has a bunch of nice doggy characters, and *Firehouse Dog*. In this latter film, Rexxx gets lost and is adopted into a shabby fire station where he teams up with a young kid to get the place on its feet. There's plenty of sleuthing,

drama, humour and friendship in these three flicks. I might also recommend *Marley and Me*, but with some caution. My human Caitlin, who has read the book many times, reckons it was disappointing. Oh, and by the way, Devo, if you get a chance, can you please review the soon-to-be-released movie *Old Dogs*, with John Travolta and Robin Williams, in your 'Popcorn Chronicles' column?

Q: Dear Clyde. Our human, Robyn, collects dog art. Amazingly, we still have a small free space on one wall. Any suggestions as to what we could give her for Christmas? *Charlie the papillon and Butch the maltese*. **A:** Hi, guys! Nice thought. I know Robyn would love something eye-catching, but this is a tricky question to answer because, as they say, it's all 'in the eye of the beholder'. Classic art, contemporary art, dog pop art, pet photography, stained glass, posters, portraits ... on and on it goes. I reckon you should think outside the square and check out the Dog Art Dog Clothes at www.zazzle.com.au. There's something for everyone there. Might even get a shirt for myself this Christmas.

Q: Dear Clyde, we're looking for some good music to listen to when wearing our dog-pods while patrolling the boundaries of our ranch 'Tulldar Park'. Wondered if you had any suggestions? *Tully, Darcey & Ash, the usual schnauzers* **A:** Howdy, amigos. I must say I love my music, and there is just so much to listen to. How about I stick with Aussie bands and recommend The Cruel Sea's 'Three Legged Dog', which rocks. Of course, there is the wonderful 'My Girl' by the Hoodoo Gurus, which is a love song about love songs and has a quirky video featuring a trainer and his greyhound. You young doggies might also like those Queensland hip-hop dudes, The Resin Dogs. You could also track down some good rockin' mp3s for your dog-pods by the band The Dog's Breakfast.



Q: Woof, Clyde. Our human is always reading. Any tips for avid readers this year? *Reuben the ridgeback* **A:** How can you go past the wonderful *Wine Dogs Australia* books? My friend Red Dog from Warrabilla Wines, down at Rutherglen, was actually 'Dog of the Month' recently. Check out his page at the Wine Dogs website: www.winedogs.com/dotm_detail.aspx?id=10. Another book my human loves is by the Pulitzer Prize winners Weingarten & Williamson, called *Old Dogs are the Best Dogs*.

Q: G'day, buddy. I was wondering if you could share that joke you told me at the last Dogs' Brekky. It broke me up! Thanks, *Molly the staffy*. **A:** OK, Molly, here goes... A man goes to the pictures to watch a re-run of *Gone with the Wind* and was very surprised to see a large dog sitting next to a small woman in the row in front of him. He was even more surprised to see that the dog seemed to be following the movie intently, sitting with his ears pricked, wagging his tail at the happy parts, and bowing his head during the distressing or emotionally intense parts of the story. At the end of the movie, as the audience was leaving, the man couldn't contain his curiosity any longer. He walked over to the woman and said, 'Excuse me, madam, but I couldn't help noticing your dog during the movie. He seemed to understand the story and really enjoyed it. It was amazing!' The woman replied, 'Yes. I was amazed, too! He *hated* the book!'

Interested in a fashion makeover? Need some style advice, tips on human behaviour, canine inspiration? Email *The Style Hound* at clyde.springer@optusnet.com.au.



Wills & Pets:

Where there's a will, there's a way...

Jenni Shilg

While we all want our beloved fur-kids to live as long as we do, we know that there will come a time when we have to make that awful decision to do what's best for them.

But what happens if *they* outlive *us*?

We may be lucky enough to have family and friends who will step in and take over the care of our dogs. However, sometimes a formal agreement needs to be reached with regards to financial arrangements. How do we do that?

There are a few articles on the internet that provide interesting reading. (Google 'Wills and pets'.) Based on those articles, here are some tips on providing for the care of your fur-kids should you pre-decease them. (There are more complicated ways of doing this, but this method appears to me to be sensible and logical.)

First, you need to have a discussion beforehand with the person you wish to look after your dog. Don't surprise them after the fact. If possible, have a Plan B. People's circumstances change and your first choice might not work out. Arrange to put a clause in your will that you intend to make arrangements for the care of your pet/s.

Next, you need to work out if you are going to make this a financial arrangement and how much that amount will be. The RSPCA, who offer a Bequest Pet Program (check their website), quote the amount of \$6,000 minimum per pet. This amount goes into your will as being left to the person you specify to be the beneficiary of your dog.

It isn't necessary to put a specific name in your will at this stage. Instead, prepare a letter to be attached to your will with specific instructions. That way, if the details change – for example, a different pet, different carer, young pet, old pet, etc – you just need to change your letter, not your entire will which can be costly. As stated above, keep a copy of the letter with your will addressed to 'My Executor'. You should also give a copy of the letter to the executor so that he/she can ask questions about your wishes in regard to your pet/s. There is no specific wording required; just put in details that you feel are relevant to achieve your desired result.

A couple of extra points to remember: you can't leave money directly to your pet. They don't have a bank account and they are classified as an item of property. (Don't let your dog hear that bit.) If you don't name a new owner in the letter attached to your will, then your dog will go to the residuary beneficiary (that's the person who inherits everything that's not taken care of by the rest of the will) or to your next of kin, as determined by state law.

The above isn't legal advice; it's just me asking questions and reading stuff. If you require clarification or further advice, then I suggest you go and see a wills specialist. I used Rob Meers at Belbridge Hague. And be advised: after working in the legal industry for more than 20 years, I know that there is no such thing as a 'simple' will. Get it done properly and you'll be assured that your wishes are taken care of.



On the subject of cats...

Do you know that a female cat will remain in season until she gets pregnant, that she can have more than one litter in a breeding season, and that she can get pregnant from six months of age? Kitten season is in full swing, and unfortunately there are many unwanted kittens looking for homes or being euthanased. Albury RSPCA offers a subsidised desexing, microchipping and council registration program for the pets of financially disadvantaged people such as pensioners who often cannot afford to desex, microchip or council register their pets due to the associated costs. Albury RSPCA contributes by subsidising 40 per cent of the total cost; pensioners are required to pay only 60 per cent of the total cost. Desexing your male and female cat is strongly recommended to stop unwanted pregnancies and antisocial behaviour.





Go to www.alburydogrescue.org.au for information about dogs looking for new homes.

What you can do to help

- Become a foster carer for a rescued dog.
- Become an auntie or uncle to a fostered dog.
- Donate dog food or blankets for bedding for foster families.
- Sponsor a fostered dog.
- Donate money to help with costs.
- Join Albury Dog Rescue's fundraising committee.
- Consider the pound or Albury Dog Rescue when you are looking for a new family member.

If you can help Albury Dog Rescue in any of these capacities, please phone Trish Smith (NSW) on 6040 3350, or Alison Press (VIC) on 0438 596 723 or 6024 4808.

UNCLES & AUNTIES FOSTER CARERS PROGRAM

If you can't foster a dog at home but could spare some time to take a fostered dog out for a few hours during the week or on the weekend, consider becoming a foster carer uncle or auntie. ALBURY DOG RESCUE always has juvenile dogs in care that need to spend more time with people and be taken for walks.

Another option is to help walk dogs being held at Albury Pound between 9 am and 10 am on Saturday mornings. Just turn up.

RSPCA and Albury Dog Rescue

donations

At the September–November meetings \$154.50 was raised for Albury Dog Rescue and Albury RSPCA. Thank you for your generous donations. An additional donation to Albury Dog Rescue was made by Family Vet Centre.

Dr Jana's Dog Walking Club



Dr Jana's dog walking group meets at 5 pm every Monday at 323 Wagga Road, North Albury for one hour of exercising and socialising for dogs and owners alike. Everyone is welcome ... and it's free.
Enquiries: 6040 9099.

PAWS POWER: Mobile Pet Care

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- Mobile clipping and grooming
- Pet walking and feeding
- Pet sitting (your place or ours)

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Telephone Karen on 0419 555 232



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