

(Editor's note: The delightful sketch on the cover and the following story are by an artist and author well known to thousands of San Diego readers. Jerry MacMullen, former director of the Sierra Museum, and writer of a weekly historical column in the San Diego Union is a member of the Humane Society and generously consented to write this story for us.)

MILDRED!

It's a pity that Mildred wasn't a racehorse and could have had bookies hailing her with some such balderdash as "Out of Linoleum, by Harvard" -- but Mildred was only a cat of obscure antecedents, and had anyone demanded her papers, all she could have shown would have been about a third carbon-copy on yellow flimsy, which would have said:

LINOLEUM 1 ROLL WT 318 LBS EX S. S.
HARVARD VOYAGE 211 SOUTHBOUND.

Mildred, you see, came to San Diego in a roll of linoleum, laid down at Broadway Pier by the old Lasso-Liner Harvard, many years ago. She was not on the manifest by her own name -- if, indeed, she had a name until then -- but from that night on, she practically ruled the pier.

Whence came Mildred? Ah -- that is the mystery. Some who claimed to be experts insisted that she originated in

Happy Valley, and had snuck aboard while the San Diego-bound Harvard paused at San Pedro. Those with San Francisco backgrounds, however, swore that in her eye was a definite Barbary Coast leer and spoke nostalgically of Bartlett Alley, and Commercial Street. You can take your choice.

Anyhow, it was a shock to the long-shoreman who trundled that roll of linoleum off of the Harvard and found that it contained a belligerent cat; in fact, the cat announced her arrival in San Diego with

language which can only be called regrettable. She took a swipe at him, scrambled out of the linoleum, and scampered off behind a steel pillar, from which she swore at him under her breath.

When the Harvard sailed the next morning, she was still there. Some kind soul said "Here, Kitty" -- and got only a glare. "Nice Tabby," said someone else, and was snubbed for his pains. Then the old wharfinger came out of his shanty with a paper plate on which were a couple of sardines and, Heaven knows why, said "Here, Mildred!"

Immediately she trotted over and fell upon the sardines. When the wharfinger returned from some task half an hour later, she was asleep in his battered chair; he sighed, and went out and sat down on a bollard. In time, Mildred woke up and started to explore. There was a hamburger stand at the head of the wharf, and the proprietor, seeing that she had emerged from the wharfinger's domain, rewarded her curiosity with a wad of raw hamburger.

"What's your cat's name?" He called to the wharfinger.

"Her name's Mildred," he replied. And from then on, it was. People would speak to Mildred, and she would reply with a dignified nod. She grew sleek and contented. A kindly wharfinger, and a generous hamburger -- what more could she want? Happy Valley (or was it the Barbary Coast?) had never been like this, and Mildred knew a good thing when she saw it.

Twice a week the Harvard came in, and twice a week also came her sister-ship, the Yale. But would Mildred wander aboard? Indeed she would not; Mildred had taken one unintentional sea-voyage and wasn't about to risk another, which might end up where people were not so hospitable. So there she stayed, and they were glad to have her; you never saw a mouse or a rat anywhere around Broadway Pier, for she took great pride in keeping them away.

Of course, there were minor problems. Being a feminine cat, Mildred would, from time to time, proliferate, and then came the inevitable problem of disposing of the little strangers -- but for Mildred, the people around the pier would put up with a great deal.

All of this was a long time ago. The Harvard was wrecked in 1931. The hamburger stand is gone and the kindly old wharfinger has long since fetched up in Fiddlers' Green -- as, of course, has Mildred, and the pier-shed at the foot of Broadway is slated for demolition.

It was a great old pier, and Mildred was a great old cat, and the Harvard was a great old ship. May their memories all remain green!

NEW EQUIPMENT ADDED

Another truck and a second horse trailer have been ordered and should be on the road within the next 60 days.

The activities of the Society present an interesting picture from the standpoint of our mileage. The total mileage for field trucks is shown below:

1965-66	29,219 Miles
1966-67	32,109 "
1967-68	53,547 "
1968-69	55,000 " (Estimate)

Our total field investigations requiring the use of the same three vehicles shows the following:

1965-66	Investigations
1966-67	"
1967-68	"
1968-69	" (Estimate)

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