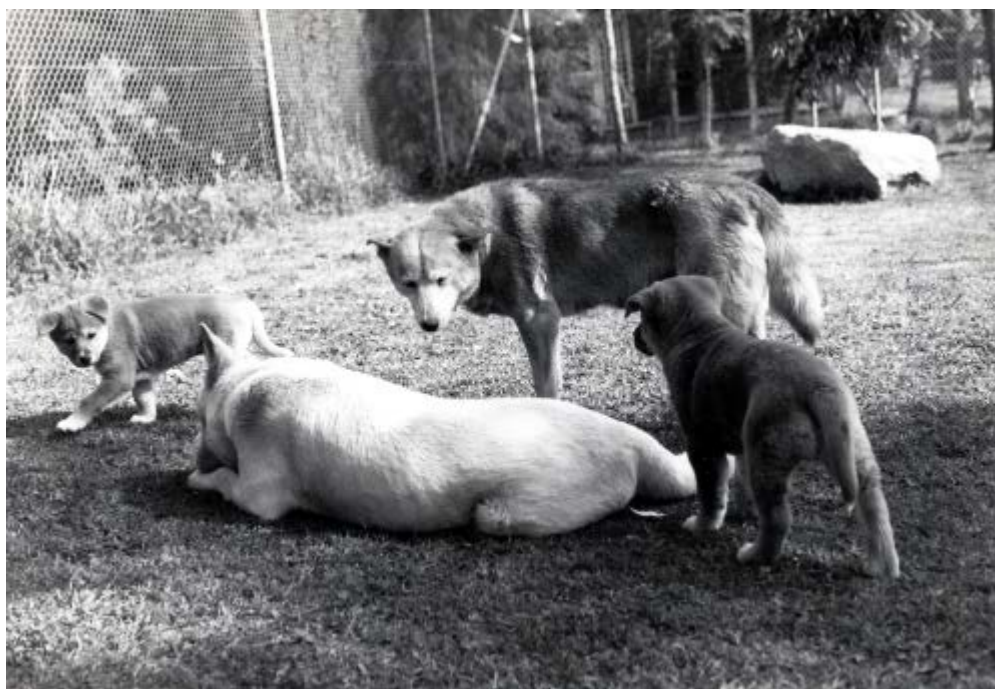


Jarraah: Daring Rogue and Confidence Trickster

Jarraah and his sister Jedda were born in 1985. Jarraah took after his mother Dawn, (an Alpine Dingo bred by Bruce Jacobs in Victoria), while Jedda resembled her Desert variety father, Peter Pan (bred by Featherdale Wildlife Park, NSW).



Peter Pan and Dawn with pups Jarraah and Jedda (Berenice Walters' Collection)

As pups they both had the advantage of several brief stays in Sydney thanks to the generosity of a society member. It helped Jarraah enormously to adapt well to a variety of situations.

Unfortunately, it was not able to continue for the planned 12-month period and although they both received regular socialisation and responded well to training, Jedda became increasingly wary of strangers and shy away from familiar territory.

Not Jarraah. This magnificent dingo was always very gentle, firm but fair, with a great sense of fun and drama, and always noble. He loved people once he got to know them. As a well socialised Dingo, he participated in many public functions including a fashion parade with an unfamiliar handler.

He was also a very vocal dingo who loved any excuse to howl. To Berenice's relief, he eventually gave up doing so under the bedroom window.

One day, Berenice was busy welcoming relatives. Jarraah took himself into the lounge room. While waiting patiently for them to join him, he neatly ate through most of the scones, licking the butter off the remaining ones. Tired of waiting, he took a butterless scone to Berenice and dropped it at her feet as if to say he had waited long enough. He then sauntered outside, disgusted at not being joined for afternoon tea.



Jarrah the model (Berenice Walters' Collection)



Jarrah (Berenice Walters' Collection)

At twelve Jarrah was still everyone's darling and became one of Berenice's 'oldie' house dingoes. With most of the dingoes she was usually flat out staying one step ahead of their shrewdness but with Jarrah he was usually one step ahead of her – the crafty but lovable old man, that he was.

It was said Jarrah had a weight problem. In fact, his greatest admirer banned us from calling him fat, pointing out he was merely cuddly. However, his love of date scones, and anything else he could scavenge may have had something to do with his errrr... cuddliness. He was famous (maybe I should say infamous) for his talent upending garbage bins, strewing the contents all over the floor, and opportunistic rifling through unattended bags of groceries.

Berenice's kitchen was quite compact. There were three of us in there one day making ham sandwiches and barely enough room to turn around. Deep in conversation, and all facing out the window we did not hear, or feel, one large (and cuddly) dingo creep into the kitchen and remove the slices of ham from the bench behind us. A unanimous (and not uncommon) cry went out "Jarrah!!" The loveable rogue had done it again.

In mid-1997 Merigal received a phone call reporting the sighting of a dead dingo-like dog by the side of the road in the local area. A frantic head count resulted in a heart-stopping discovery, Jarrah was missing. In the middle of the ensuing panic, Jarrah calmly walked out from under his favourite bush, yawning and wondering what all the commotion was about.

One volunteer said of the aging dingo, "Jarrah, is a faded old dog padding round the house in old white sandshoes."

When Jarrah dislocated his shoulder, it improved a little with traditional veterinary care, but he still had a limp. He frequently cried out in pain. A chiropractor visiting the area was asked to see Jarrah. He was thrilled – Jarrah was his first Dingo patient.

He treated Jarrah with a laser beam and his leg improved with three more treatments. His shoulder made a rapid recovery after three sessions, and though it could hurt if roughly handled, he no longer limped. Jarrah was soon playing normally with his Dingo friends although for a time he was restricted to gentle play just in case of an accident.

By the age of thirteen inactive skin cysts developed, but one lump started getting larger. At first it was a very slow growth and surgery was not considered to be needed. Finally, it swelled alarmingly and started to look like an abscess. Although starting to suffer from a little dementia, he was, as always, as bright as ever. Blood needed to be collected from his leg for pre-surgery. While this was being done Jarrah treated all and sundry to one of his infamous roaring episodes, terrorising all within earshot. Jarrah recovered well from his ordeal.

Jarrah and Jedda both went onto celebrate their fourteenth birthday. Jedda, her eyes sparkling and ears hard pricked would still prance about her enclosure like a young dog. In her old age she still had a lot of spunk and enjoyed sparring on the fence line with her son, Paterson.



Jedda (Berenice Walters' Collection)

Jarraah's health was not as good, but he enjoyed life with regular walks, a good appetite (as always) and joining in the community sing-a-longs (as always).

Jedda was sponsored by the World League for Protection of Animals who supported her most of her life.

Jarraah was sponsored by the Bull Run Australian Cattle Dog Club in the USA.



Jarraah and Jedda (Berenice Walters' Collection)