

Morning View Kentucky
11 October 1956

Hello Mr, McCarthy,

Long before daylight recently, it was apparent that Nature was planning a particularly perfect day, surpassing even the glorious ones we had already enjoyed.

The sky had been polished by great puffs of wind, and the sharp chill of the night promised that trees which had been a tired green at sunset would glow crimson and gold at sunrise. During the midnight hours, a sudden outburst of small, sweet bird-talk high in the dark trees indicated the arrival of a migrating flock of warblers to be enjoyed on the morrow.

As the first sunrise colors smoldered with unusual richness on the eastern horizon, and the sky overhead was yet a deep grey between the black tree tops, I saw for a moment, the slow dignified flap of great wings disappearing toward the still-obscured pond, and knew daylight would reveal the Great Blue Heron stalking its shallows or standing, sound asleep, on the dam. It was going to be a good day.

Whereupon the human element moved into the picture, and no hurtling brick ever more completely shattered a plate glass window than did one man splinter the beauty of that day.

The dogs and I saw a car pull to the side of the road at the far corner of the tree patch. I wondered idly if it had trouble and the driver would want to use the phone. Then, with indignation, I saw he was tossing something out upon the ground near the fence. Assuming he was disposing of rubbish or garbage, as happens all too frequently here, I made a note of his license number when he caught sight of us and hastily drove away.

Returning the dogs to the house, I walked down to clean up the mess before they should become involved in it. I was angry and revolved as I walked to take whatever legal steps I could to punish the culprit.

But it wasn't rubbish this time. Huddled amid the bittersweet stems at the fence were three tiny kittens. Their eyes were open and they were agile enough, but far too young to fend for themselves, or to find their way to the nearest house for help.

Tossing very young animals out upon the roadside is a cruel, lazy, cowardly way to get rid of them. If the owner cannot find himself capable of disposing of them, or get a friend to do it, the least he can do is turn them over to the SPCA for a humane death.