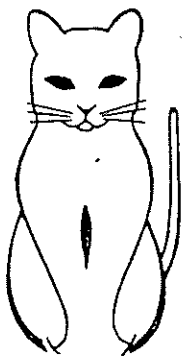


'CAT AFFAIRS'



NOVEMBER 1983

JOURNAL

BUMPER XMAS APPEAL EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)

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Mrs T. Nelson, Mrs J. Taylor, Mr & Mrs G. Cozens

DO YOU REMEMBER "SOOTY"? SEE INSIDE

Season's Greetings

*To the owner of a loved Cat,—

Many thousands of homeless cats
do not enjoy the affection that
we know is lavished on your pet.

During the Season of Festive
Giving will you please spare a
gift to help us in our never-
ending work for them.

*With good wishes and gratitude
from the President and
Committee, Cat Protection
Society of New South Wales.*

*(Reprinted as first presented at Xmas many
years ago by the then committee of the society)

*"Sooty"
at the
B.B.C.,
London*



IF YOU CAN PLACE A CAT OR KITTEN IN A GOOD HOME,
PLEASE RING OUR WELFARE SERVICE — 'PHONE 51 1011 or 651 2169

Now do you remember "Sooty"? This was the picture worth a million words. Sadly, very few of the "Sooties" of this world are wanted and end up like this — or worse. "Sooty" was extraordinarily lucky; his story had a fairy-tale ending and he lived to become the smiling, happy little cat you see featured on our front cover.

Sooty when rescued in London by an R.S.P.C.A. inspector, Mr. Tom Nolan, from the Thames River. HE was not wanted.

You Can prevent this..



Photograph by courtesy of "Times" Photographic Service, the photographic division of Richmond and Twickenham Times.

ISN'T PREVENTION BETTER THAN DESTRUCTION? SPAY, DON'T SLAY!

No one may shut his eyes and regard as non-existent the suffering of which he spares himself the sight — Dr. Albert Schweitzer

Sooty was lucky — even if he had drowned he would have been luckier than thousands of his fellow kittens who are abandoned in parks, bushland, or any other 'convenient' place by self-styled 'animal lovers'. The name of the game is 'giving them a chance'. We would like to give the same chance to the human participants.

A.B.C. — Animal Birth Control — is the only answer. We appeal to cat owners to have their pets desexed, male and female, and lessen the number of unwanted kittens coming into the world that has no homes for them.

The desexing operation is inexpensive and the cat suffers no ill-effects. Your cat and you will be delighted with the result. No more screeching, fighting, yowling, or obnoxious odours: and most important, **no unwanted kittens.**

NOTICE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

An Extraordinary General Meeting of The Cat Protection Society of New South Wales will be held on Sunday, 27th day of November, 1983, at the Society's premises, 103 Enmore Road, Enmore.

Commencing 2.00 p.m.

AGENDA

1. Read and confirm Minutes of November, 1982, Extraordinary General Meeting.
2. Business Arising.
3. Chairman's Report.
4. Treasurer's Report.
5. General Business and Question Time.

Following the meeting which should be reasonably brief, a light afternoon tea will be served and all attending shall be free to inspect our headquarters and make purchases from the Opportunity Shop if they wish. — All members heartily invited to attend what should be a pleasant afternoon's get-together.

Reminder: All subscriptions fall due on 1st June each year. Unfortunately a few members' subscriptions have not reached us since that date and we have reluctantly had to delete their names from our membership rolls. We ask that, if you are unfinancial and wish to continue as a member, you forward your subscription without delay to: The Hon. Treasurer, Cat Protection Society of N.S.W., P.O. Box A523, Sydney South, 2000.

Any person wishing to be 'owned' by a top cat or kitten, please ring 651-2169, or our Welfare number 51-1011.

MEMORY LANE

To the memory of "Wiggles", who had to be put to sleep on May 30th, 1983, aged thirteen years and three months. She was a good cat, happy in her home and garden and loving towards us.

Much loved and sadly missed by us.

P.K.V. Holmes.

"My old cat — Death met him in the night.
When I found him in the morning, I could see;
He had greeted Death with a snarl."

Anon.

IN MEMORIAM

A donation in loving memory of my dear friend and fellow life member, Mrs A.V. Batchman, who passed away on August 8th, 1983.

Inserted by Mrs. B. Robinson.

A donation in memory of a very nice gentleman, Mr. R. Ashton, who passed away August, 1983.

Inserted by a fellow member.

In memory of Mr. W.A. Stone, passed away August, 1983. He was very kind to animals and a good neighbour and society member.

Inserted by Bill & Judy Graham.

"Willow Park"

School of Classical Riding. Wilberforce 2756.

Instruction in Riding and Horse Management at all times. Children's Riding Camps Throughout School Holidays. 100 Acres of rolling countryside a few kilometres past Windsor — Phone (045) 75 1437.

Principal: Mrs Diana Gould — Teach. Dip. London. Approved Member Association of British Riding Schools. Member C.P.S.

Slogan: "If you *must* ride horses ride them with feeling."

Note: Horses *not* for Casual Hire.

(This Establishment visited and recommended by President C.P.S. of N.S.W.)

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Dear Members: With Xmas just around the corner, that time when so many of us begin to think and speak loftily of love and kindness and good-will to all, we once again launch our Xmas appeal on behalf of all those unfortunate or unwanted "moggies", as epitomised by the little cat on our front cover. Some readers may recall that when pictures of "Sooty" with an outsize brick tied to his neck, and the story of his rescue from the Thames first hit the news head-lines several years ago, many thousands of people around the globe were aghast.

Unfortunately though, many people have no conception of the extent to which ill-treatment is daily practised in the nether-world of cruelty to animals, and although "Sooty's" story received world-wide publicity at the time, as with all news sensations or exposes, it was soon consigned to the limbo of forgotten events — as they say — to-day's headlines are the wrapping for tomorrow's fish and chips. But it should not be forgotten that "Sooty" was only one of many thousands of poor, dumb creatures who did then, and still do, become the unprotesting victims of monstrous and brutal ill-treatment, very often for no other reason than they are no longer wanted or have become a burden to their owners.

We felt in featuring on our front cover a duplication of the "Sooty" Xmas card which was first issued by the Society some years ago, we would not only be giving "Sooty" the opportunity to speak for all his kind who usually have no voice at all, but that it would lend a piquant appropriateness to our Xmas appeal.

So, apart from hoping to cajole, cadge, panhandle, beg or extract a little more "brass" (only from those who can afford it) for those unfortunate animals our welfare service daily come in contact with, the main theme of our appeal is: Please, on no account go away on holidays, or whatever, leaving pet animals to fend for themselves, and if anyone can no longer afford to keep their pet for whatever reason, they have only to ring our welfare number (511011). No-one should ever attempt to do away with an animal in the manner of "Sooty". If we cannot place an unwanted cat, we can at least offer vet supervised, humane euthanasia, our ambulance can call and collect it. Furthermore, it is not a kindness to just dump an animal on the erroneous assumption it is being given a 'chance'.

Cat Refuge: In a letter received from Mr. A.R.L. Gordon, Minister for Local Government and Lands, he has informed us, in reply to our submission regarding lease of land for a cat refuge, that unfortunately there is no suitable State Government land available within the

areas we had specified. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. We thank the Minister for his efforts on our behalf and accept that now other avenues will have to be explored in the matter of a cat refuge.

Meantime, all our cats for homes are being very well administered at Dorothy Foster's cattery, Dural; which to my way of thinking is a very satisfactory and successful arrangement.

Advertising in Journal: Although we do not actively seek advertising for the Journal, we occasionally receive enquiries from persons wishing to advertise in our pages. Because of the nature of our organisation and the high standard of integrity we wish to maintain, the only advertising is from persons of good reputation whose product or service is truly worth-while and preferably of benefit to animals or their owners. We like to make it a point to meet with potential advertisers and assess that which they propose to advertise. Therefore, although we carry very little advertising, readers can be assured that that which is advertised meets a very high standard. Also, all advertisers to date have been, or are, members of the Society.

In the above regard, the Treasurer and myself experienced the pleasure, during the September school holidays, of visiting Mrs. Diana Gould's "Willow Park" school of riding and horse management at Wilberforce. Mrs. Gould proved to be a charming lady whose expertise and knowledge of her subject are outstanding. Her methods of teaching young persons are exceptional and are designed to inculcate a thorough respect and a thoughtful feeling for horses, and indeed, for all animals. Patience, calmness and a feeling for animals are all part of the curriculum which must be of great benefit in helping to form the character of any young person attending "Willow Park" school holiday camps.

The day of our visit coincided with the conclusion of one of the camps which ended with a teams equestrian event in the dressage ring. There were quite a number of spectators and during the course of the program Mrs. Gould interspersed much of her comment on horses with frequent thoughtful remarks about our Society and of course, cats. I was kindly invited to award ribbons to the winning teams during which I took the opportunity to hand out our 'Whiskas' cat kits to all who asked for them (the cat kit includes pamphlets on cat care and first-aid), which was all good P.R., and thus a very pleasant afternoon came to its close.

The horses at "Willow Park" are exceptionally well cared for and I unhesitatingly recommend the establishment to any parents

whose children display an interest in horses — the kids would love it and it's a pity there are not more of its type with the same high standards.

Needless to say, our other advertisers, Mr and Mrs Parke's "Contented Cat Inn", and Mrs Foster's "Dorothy's Cattery", both have the recommendation and endorsement of State Council of this Society.

Co-operation: Our Society, as most members must now be aware, maintains many of the cats we have awaiting homes at Mrs Foster's Dural Cattery. The Northside branch of the Animal Welfare League also maintains cats for homes at the same establishment. Although we each run our own independent operation, it must be of benefit to our respective organisations and the animals we both seek to help, if ways can be looked at where we are able to work together in a spirit of mutual co-operation; particularly as in many respects our philosophy and welfare policies closely coincide.

With this end in view, our Treasurer and myself recently had friendly and informal discussion with the executive members of the Northside branch of the League. Part of the outcome of our discussions is that the telephone we had installed at Dural will now be shared by both parties and in our respective advertisements for homes the one number will be given (651-2169).

Since setting up our cat run at Dural there has never been, nor will there be, any effort or enticement to favour one organisation's cats over the other, and all persons responding to the advertisements have equal opportunity to make their choice of a cat regardless from which organisation it comes. The same conditions apply, all cats are desexed, immunised etc., and as far as we are all concerned, the cats held at Dural are all badly in need of good homes and

we are delighted each time one is placed, whether it be a League or C.P.S. cat.

With regard to our ambulance pick-up service for desexing, we have also made an offer to the Northside branch that in those cases where they receive requests for help in desexing and there is a transport problem, we shall be happy to have all such requests referred to us (this offer also applies to the League generally).

There is an article in this issue of the Journal by Mrs Lena Larsen which is a classic example of the value of co-operation (see "a leaf from the diary of a welfare officer"). There have also been other occasions where cases of cruelty or neglect of animals have been reported to us and, having no inspector of our own, we have been happy to receive the co-operation of the League's inspectors when the matter has been referred to them.

It is the aim of our executive to encourage co-operation with fellow organisations that have similar ideals to ourselves; in that way and in the long term, I think we can be sure that more can be achieved for all those animals that need our help.

Welfare Results — June to September:

Since the Annual Report we have been successful in placing 180 cats and kittens; 845 cats have been transported by our ambulances for desexing and 310 desexing vouchers have been issued; 985 feral, stray and unwanted cats have been trapped or collected and humanely put down; 1172 requests for help have been satisfactorily dealt with and completed. These results indicate that our welfare program is well up to schedule and even somewhat ahead of last year's efforts.

With best wishes to all members and hoping to see many of you at the General Meeting.

Bill Graham, President and Chairman.

AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATS AND ANIMAL RIGHTS

THE FIRST TIME A POLITICAL PARTY HAS HELD A SEMINAR ON ANIMAL RIGHTS

Topics covered will include kangaroo killing, animal experiments, the philosophy of animal rights, and there will also be ample opportunity for YOU to ask questions and discuss matters relating to animal welfare.

This should be an interesting and exciting event with plenty of media coverage and well-known and highly respected speakers including:

Max Deutscher, Professor of Philosophy, Macquarie University, Peter Singer, Professor of Philosophy, Monash University, and author of

Animal Liberation. Senator Don Chipp, Leader, Australian Democrats, Senator Colin Mason, Deputy Leader, Australian Democrats.

It is hoped the audience will not only include animal welfarists, but also those with an interest in politics who want to learn more about the issue of the eighties.

The seminar will be from 2pm to 5pm, on Saturday, 26th November, 1983, at the Turner Hall, Institute of Technology, Broadway, Sydney.

Christine Townend.
Animal Liberation.

EDITORIAL

Have you ever wondered, if creatures of superior intelligence and capabilities were to arrive on this planet, what would be their attitude to the inhumane way we homo sapiens treat each other; what would they think of our insane wars; and how would they regard our attitude to and treatment of animals of a lower order? As creatures infinitely superior to ourselves, would they in turn treat us as some lower form of life, deserving no more sympathy or justice than we presently mete out to those forms of life we consider inferior to ourselves?

To some, the theory may seem as far-fetched as the comic-book adventures of Buck Rogers, or television's Dr. Who in his time-travelling tardis, but to physicist and astronomer Richard ParLOUR, the possibility of such an occurrence taking place is more than a reality. In an article published in the "Week-End Australian" of 30-31 July, 1983, ParLOUR speculates that space-probe, Pioneer 10, is a threat to humanity because it is an open invitation to any superior beings who may exist 'out there' to come calling at some time in our future. His comparisons of the way we treat animals and what we may expect from aliens far more advanced than ourselves are to say the least, intriguing. Here in part, is what he says:—

"One thing alone can be said with any confidence: because both the stellar and biological evolutionary time-scales are graduated in thousands of millions of years, any species that picks up Pioneer 10 will certainly be several hundred million years older than our own.

Our visitors, if they ever come, will have evolved as far beyond homo sapiens as homo sapiens has evolved beyond tyrannosaurus rex. To us, they will seem as sophisticated, as mighty and as incomprehensible as gods; and to them, we shall seem animals as lowly as a laboratory rat seems to us. I wonder how our visitors would treat us lower animals.

We allow animals certain legal and moral rights — at any event, up to a point: we ban ourselves from torturing them, unless we intend to write about it afterwards in the scientific press. But ultimately we think of animals as a natural resource, which — like timber, bauxite or oil — we may exploit as fully and as variously as we choose.

We breed them and we kill them, for food, for fur or for mere entertainment; we torment them in our laboratories, for the sake of money or of medicine; purely to sate our curiosity about them, we inflict upon them horrors so cruel and terrible that I could not describe them here without making you feel physically sick.

Why should we expect our alien visitors to treat us any better? Because we are builders? But so are bees and birds and beavers. Because we have language? But so do whales and dolphins. Because we are gifted with immortal souls? But which of us is so far behind the times as still to believe that we are gifted with immortal souls?

The unhappy truth is that in sending Pioneer 10 out into the galaxy, NASA has taken an enormous risk, the risk of a catastrophe which in its own way, would be as appalling as a global thermo-nuclear holocaust; the risk of our revealing ourselves to an overwhelmingly powerful alien race as selfish, as capricious and as ruthless as our own." — But it couldn't happen to us; or could it? It's something to think about.

The subject of euthanasia of animals is, of course, an emotional one, but it is a matter which unfortunately forms a very large part of our welfare work. To those involved it is a distressing necessity which has, to a large extent and in the general sense, been brought about by the thoughtlessness and uncaring attitude of the community at large.

Of course, there are people who cannot quite understand the difficulties of the situation which leaves no alternative other than to put unwanted animals down; there are those who view it as cruel and that those of us who are closely involved must necessarily or eventually become hardened or calloused in this purpose. But such reasoning is in error for in the great majority of cases that concern unwanted or abandoned animals, euthanasia is the only kindness that can be offered, and for the people who have to make the decisions, it is always an emotional experience which nonetheless has to be faced up to.

In the June, 1983, issue of the Animal Welfare League News, Mathilde Kearny-Kibble has contributed an article, part of which deals with the subject of euthanasia. Her statements on the matter very closely parallel our own experiences and reasoning, therefore it is apposite to quote part of her article here:

"As people grow older, children grow up and leave home. As the home becomes an increasing burden, many choose to move into smaller units or retirement villages. Unfortunately there are many places that do not allow pets to be kept and this can be a real problem. Many people will put off this move until the pet dies or until a suitable home can be found.

Where circumstances are pressing, e.g. where a person is facing an immediate move into a facility with nursing care and no home can be found for a pet, we find ourselves in a situation of wanting to help both owner and pet. We are limited in what we can do. Many animals that come to the League in these circumstances are elderly themselves and placement in a new home is difficult; in some cases impossible. Whilst we may not like it I believe euthanasia is the best humane answer for such beloved pets. Some people's response will be that it is cruel. It is **not** cruel to the animal though it may be cruel to the owner who must face this possibility. It is a helpless situation.

What would be cruel to the animal is to take it out of its snug and happy home, move it from pillar to post to be handled by strangers with virtually no chance of finding a home. Subjecting an animal to such stress can only be justified if there is a reasonable chance that a new home will be found for it. Having an animal euthanised is an emotional and unhappy experience for the owner, but it is often-times the only kind thing that can be done for a pet's sake. It is quick and painless, it is no different to administering any other anaesthetic except the animal falls deeply into sleep and dies within moments.

Hopefully, the housing market will improve so that people will find more and more units accepting animals with their owners. Until this happens, pet owners contemplating such a move will have to face the problems of what to do with their pets."

Mrs Kearney-Kibble has summed up the matter very succinctly and we fully agree with

what she has said. Furthermore, her article gives a good explanation of why we are forced to be very selective, choosing only the youngest, fittest and most attractive cats to ensure that homes will be found for them. As Mrs Kearney-Kibble says, to move from pillar to post an older animal or one which has almost no hope of being placed, is traumatic and unnecessarily cruel. As far as we are concerned it is just not on.

And one very important point to adhere to. Euthanasia means painless putting to sleep. All veterinary surgeons have the perfect method immediately available. On no account should anyone ever attempt to drown a cat or kittens — such a procedure is not only against the law but is cruel and barbaric.

URGENTLY NEEDED — an appeal from Welfare Officer, Lee-Anne Porter.

With the coming hot weather, welfare officers are in urgent need of old bath or beach towels, also sheets and table-cloths. These are damped and used to cover the cages in our ambulances on those very hot days in order to lessen any distress the animals may suffer when in transit. Small towels can be sewn together, so if you have any of the above in your old rag-bag, please send them in.

The animals will be grateful. (Even cats which are due to be put down we do not wish to see uncomfortable or distressed more than is absolutely necessary). Thank you.

A WELFARE STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

By Sandy Moss, Senior Welfare Officer

One day during August last, I was driving back from Dural, where I had just delivered some cats for homes, when I noticed an injured currawong fluttering helplessly in the middle of the road. There were two boys on the side of the road trying to get to the injured bird but the traffic was a bit heavy and no driver was prepared to stop.

However, I stopped the ambulance and donned my safety gloves hoping there would be a lull in the traffic to allow me to get to the poor creature. Fortunately, just then a driver with a little more humanity about him noticed my ambulance and what I was trying to do. He pulled up, got out and held up the traffic and then assisted me to place the bird in a cage (thank you, stranger, should you ever read this).

The currawong was giving weak squawks and its mate was calling out to it in distress at its plight. (Currawongs, you may know, mate for life, just as I believe, geese, swans and some other species of birds do).

I then delivered the bird to a veterinary hospital where it was cared for overnight and to everybody's great joy it was found to be fully recovered on the following morning. It was quite tame, even chirpy; so I delivered it back to the exact spot in Beecroft where I had picked it up the day before. When the currawong was released from the cage it took three hesitant steps, then soared up into the sky calling loudly. What made my day was the sound of its mate calling out in happy welcome. That's all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter from Edith Duport, President of the Tuggerah Lakes/Wyong Branch, contains an amazing, true cat story which I am sure will appeal to all readers. Edith's husband Bert, who sadly passed away last year, related the story to me some years ago and vouched for its authenticity. We are indebted to Edith for re-telling it here — Dear Judy and Bill — Hope you are both well. If you recall on one of your visits here, Bert mentioned the Cat, "Smoky", that was lost on the "Niagara" when it struck a mine. Found a copy in his papers so have typed it for you. As you said at the time, you would like the story for the magazine ... Would like to see you both when you have the time to visit our area — I am yours faithfully, Edith Duport.

A TRUE CATTY STORY

As land-locked people know, sailors or old salts are renowned for their stories — some tall and others often serious with sad results. This is a true story; although serious at the time, it developed into an interesting and somewhat amusing story of a small incident.

The tale is narrated by Bert Duport (who at the time was attached to Finance Planning Division, Garden Island) in memory of an old friend and ex-Merchant Navy identity, "Sailor Bill" Nock.

The story starts on board the Union Steamship Company ship, the "Niagara", where "Sailor Bill" was employed as the "Captain's Tiger" or personal batman. Bill's duty was to attend to the personal needs of the Captain and arrange all ship's social functions and to send invitations to passengers to be guests at the Captain's table. The least publicised job was to look after the skipper's cat, "Smoky".

On the 18th June, 1940, the "Niagara" left Auckland Harbour, New Zealand, only to hit a German mine at 2.30 a.m. on the 19th June. Seventeen minutes later the New Zealand Navy received radio messages stating that the 13415 ton ship was taking water and leaking badly. At 3.30 a.m. the ship was slowly settling, but abandon ship drill had been run through and all passengers and crew were standing by at stations throughout the ship; that is all except "Smoky" the cat.

The skipper being concerned for the welfare and safety of the animal sent "Sailor Bill" and the Bosun to search for the sea-going feline. "Smoky" was found on the top deck sheltering under an air vent but showed her feelings and sharp claws to her would-be rescuers. The chase was on — "Smoky" streaking across the already sloping deck with Bill and the Bosun in hot pursuit.

After ten minutes the hunt was called off, with the Bosun suffering a scratched wrist for his effort in a futile rescue attempt. At 3.50 a.m. the order to abandon ship was given and the life boats were launched with the passengers and crew all accounted for. The only reported missing person was "Smoky", and the only injury was the Bosun's wrist.

The New Zealand Navy rescued all the drifting life boats several hours later. Passengers and crew were returned to Auckland safe and sound and all accounted for.

Some two weeks later, two New Zealand fisherman trawling in the vicinity of the "Niagara" sinking, came upon an expanse of sea littered with wreckage of all description from the "Niagara". It was whilst salvaging various floating objects from the sea that the men came upon a large lounge chair already occupied by a damp and rather bedraggled smoky-grey cat. The fishermen were more amazed when they discovered several fish skeletons upon the lounge, picked clean by an obviously hungry cat — this time "Smoky" was a willing partner to being rescued.

Upon return to Auckland, "Smoky" was quarantined and after being identified by several Niagara crew members was returned to the skipper in Sydney — and they lived together happily every after. Old "Sailor Bill" Nock, ex Merchant Seaman (now deceased), was famous for his witty sayings. He will long be remembered by all who knew him.

* * * * *

We welcome and acknowledge with thanks, the following letter from member, Mrs Hutton-Neve, who has very kindly and thoughtfully provided a comprehensive reply to the July Journal article: 'Who were Annis and George Bills'?

Dear Mr. Graham,

In your July issue you asked for information regarding the late George and Annis Bills.

I am Research Officer of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society, and as such was responsible for rescuing one of the only two horse troughs left in the Shire (the other went to another organisation), and for researching their story.

Who were Annis and George Bills? — This query was asked in the July issue of the Society's Journal concerning some old horse troughs scattered around parts of Sydney — and elsewhere.

George Bills was the son of an English naturalist who came to Australia in his boyhood and settled here, together with his brother Henry. George married Annis Elizabeth, who came from Brighton, England.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — *continued*

George and Henry were bedstead and mattress manufacturers in Kent Street, Sydney. As the business expanded, two other brothers (names unknown) took over the Melbourne end of the firm.

Both were lifelong members of the R.S.P.C.A., their particular interest concerning the wellbeing of the all-too-often ill-treated and neglected horses which were then the mainstay of commercial transportation. One aspect which particularly perturbed them were the often inadequate facilities for the watering of the horses.

For some years George and his wife lived in Mosman Bay in N.S.W., but later moved to Hawthorn in Victoria; Henry at one time lived in Inceston, Tasmania.

Annis Bills died when on a visit to England in 1910, and left her estate of £3,350 to her husband. George died in 1927, three years after becoming a Life Governor of the R.S.P.C.A., leaving an estate of £70,000, part of which was his interest in the partnership with his brother Henry. After the distribution of minor bequests, the trustees were required to convert the balance of the estate to a trust fund to erect and provide for horse troughs.

A large number were erected throughout Australia, together with a few in Central Australia for watering camels, some 500 being erected in this country. A number were erected in various overseas countries; I understand there are (or were in the 1960s) six in England and one in Dublin. In one mid-western town in the U.S.A. the authorities there declared a public holiday on the day it was unveiled.

All the overseas troughs carried the inscription: "Donated by Annis and George Bills: Australia". The local omitted the word "Australia".

In 1859 an English organisation "The Metropolitan Drinking-fountain and Cattle Trough Association" was formed for the refreshment of animals and drivers alike. Both in England and elsewhere the erection of "Bills" troughs was handled by this Association, troughs and fountains being erected in many places throughout the world — France, Italy, Greece, India, Korea, Jamaica. The troughs provided by the Bills Trust all carried the simple inscription "Donated by Annis and George Bills: Australia".

As the alleviation of thirsty working horses was only one of the Bills' concern for the general welfare of all animals, it is presumed that, the day of horse-transportation having long since passed, the Bills Trust is now devoted to other aspects of animal welfare.

Sources: W.L. Crook, R.K. Carberry (R.S.P.C.A. 1972); "People" Magazine, June 1965. — M. Hutton-Neve.

(Editor's Note: Mrs Hutton-Neve has thrown light on the — to us — mystery of the Bills horse troughs. The only point we might add is that the troughs known to us in and about the Sydney area, all bear the word "Australia" on the inscription. Mrs Hutton-Neve, a member of long standing, is the author of many historical works which mainly cover the early pioneer and colonial eras of what are now the outermost southern suburbs of Sydney; this being brought to our attention by a friend living in the Sutherland Shire who is also much interested in the old horse troughs).

* * * * *

Dear Mr Graham,

I would like to express my gratitude to the C.P.S. for the assistance to me recently in catching the large number of strays that I have been feeding over the past two years. There were two lots, one lot was from the light industrial area opposite our house — the other was in another part of the same industrial area but some distance from the residential area.

My special thanks must go to Lee-Anne Porter without whose help and excellent instructions I would not have succeeded. The quiet, gentle and efficient manner with which she handled these poor little things would have caused them the minimum amount of distress I'm sure. Lee-Anne caught three the afternoon she brought the cages to our house, then I caught two later that evening. Next night I followed her instructions to the letter and caught the other four.

The other groups of cats were located at a firm called F_____ I_____. I rang these people about six months ago to ask them if they would consider allowing the C.P.S. to catch these cats, I explained that I had been feeding them for more than two years. Of course the numbers have increased considerably over this time, some having been born there and others dumped (our "Midge" was dumped there, she was five weeks old and weighed 2 lbs, what hope would she have had?). I had counted 12 that turned up regularly for food. I_____ were interested and did ring the C.P.S. but did not make any arrangements. Lee-Anne and I talked about this situation. Lee-Anne decided that she would approach them and ask if they had decided to go ahead and have the C.P.S. catch the cats. I don't know how she managed it but they agreed and she caught 20; what a supreme effort.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — *continued*

I was glad that I did not have to participate in catching that lot; like the others I was fond of them and had watched quite a few grow up and it has been a very sad time for me. For so long they were part of my daily routine and I miss them — it is a strange deserted feeling not seeing them. I guess a few more tears will be shed before I get over it all. I know it was the right and only thing I could do. I could not continue feeding them, the cost was becoming too great and there would be more before too much longer, plus the fact that if they were injured or sick it would be impossible to help them and I could not desert them. I will never allow this situation to occur again. The moment I notice any strays around I will deal with it immediately and not get so involved.

Thank you once again for the help and thank you for being a great President of a most worthwhile organisation. I hope you continue for as long as possible, you have my vote for sure.

Yours sincerely,
Beryl Lutge

(Editor's Note: We thank Mrs Lutge, for the generosity of her remarks. The important thing though, as has been pointed out in her letter, is not to encourage stray colonies of cats to proliferate. It is much kinder in the long term to have them collected than to perhaps have them eventually fall victim to starvation, disease, or to end up in the hands of greyhound trainers, animal experimenters or others of sadistic inclination.)

* * * * *

A small donation for all the good work Cat Protection has done, from old Ginger of Dundas and the MacDonald cats:— Tim, Tom, Specks, Champ, Tabby, Sooty, Prince and Mr, the Flinders St., sticky beak.

D. MacDonald, member.

* * * * *

Dear Mr Graham,

Thanks for the newsletter. I did hope to be at the General Meeting but unfortunately I will not be able to attend — I do hope you have a good meeting. I would like to congratulate you again on the wonderful newsletter which is full of interest and beautifully presented. There are certainly some wonderful members who do so much, which makes me feel very envious, also sad, that I can do so little now, but I am in my 83rd year and find travelling very difficult so must accept that fact. All good wishes to you and Mrs Graham and many thanks.

Sincerely,
Vera Durham

(Editors Note: Very many of our members are getting on in years, and although they may not be able to offer much in the way of physical help, such letters of encouragement and support do much to lighten our spirits and lift our efforts).

* * * * *

Dear Mr Graham,

I thought the enclosed may be of interest to you, it is a little note from a beautiful male cat owned by Mr and Mrs Fritsch of Gosford. The cat is named "Mutsi" and had an operation by a Long Jetty vet who did a wonderful job. Anyhow, we (Miss Lee, Mrs Baxter and myself) sent him a "get well" card and were delightful to get an acknowledgement. I'm sure you will enjoy it!

All the best for your Journal.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs) Molly Devitt

* * * * *

Dear Aunties,

I do thank you very much for your "get well" card. I should have written to you before but I waited till I could give you the good news. I am completely well again, I can open my left eye wide again and when I looked in the mirror yesterday I could not even see where the vet opened the abscess on my forehead. I am really fit again but I am very unhappy. Mum and Dad won't let me out at night; if only they knew what they are doing to me. They put a box with some stuff in it and call it Kitty Litter. Kitty!!! What an insult to my pride! The night was the best time of my life. They worry about other cats, how silly! I swear by St. Francis of Assisi that I have never lost a fight with other cats, a few scratches yes, but that was all. Now I am spraying all over the flat and I bet you they let me out again. I'll let you know about the outcome.

Love to you all,
Mutsi

(Thank you Mrs Devitt. We're sure your correspondence with "Mutsi" will amuse all readers. The Ed.)

MORE ON CATS AWAITING CARING HOMES

By the Editor

As mentioned in the August report, 82-83 has been our most successful year in placing cats (333 in 80-81) 368 in 81-82. 529 in 82-83). However, we would naturally like to do even better, and to that end, a few more words on the subject might not be amiss here.

What may surprise some of our readers is that a great many of the cats surrendered to us comprise some of the most exotic breeds, often complete with pedigree and in first-class condition. Most cats in this category come from very good homes, have been well cared for, and are very distressed when parted from their loved people and familiar surroundings.

It is a sadness to observe their desolation, but consoled to some extent by the knowledge that their chances of being placed are almost 100%. At the end of May, the Treasurer and myself collected the most charming and gentle Himalayan female from a family who were shortly leaving the country. In this case, although desperate to place their cat, the family were sufficiently realistic to prefer that she meet a humane end if we could not help. We were able to assure them that 'Tinker', who was desexed, immunised, extremely well cared for, and beauteous of temperament and appearance, would have a very high chance of being suitably placed. ('Tinker' was a pure Himalayan, cafe au lait with dark chocolate points, and the beautiful, jewel-blue eyes of her breed).

When arrived at Dural and 'Tinker' was settled in, we as usual had a visit with the cats waiting homes. What a wonderful, friendly lot they all were. In no time half a dozen were climbing all over me, and if one had been there to choose a cat, it would have been difficult to know which one to take, they were all so eager to be loved. One in particular, a little rich, treacle-coloured Brown Burmese was very fetching and enticing.

Not long after returning home, I had a call from a very pleased Dorothy Foster who informed me that a very nice family had come all the way from Kempsey to choose a cat and had selected the little Burmese.

Apart from the moggies of more humble origin, we have placed many Siamese, Burmese, Chinchilla, Abyssinians, and recently an all white Persian, complete with papers, a name as long as your arm, and three of her offspring.

So, once again, if any responsible person reading this is keen to be owned by a top cat,



'Behind Bars' a couple of our waifs at Dural — Photo courtesy Betty Gill (Life member)

Dural is the place to go, and if that is not convenient, ring us for free delivery of the cat of your choice. All cats carefully checked for health and temperament. Donations cheerfully refunded if cat proves unsuitable. Look, this is how far we'll go; recently, I delivered a little torty to a young lady who had a day or two later reported that the cat was sick. An ambulance was despatched to take the cat for veterinary treatment, and when it had recovered, was delivered back to the young lady. Our cost, and you won't get that kind of service from a pet shop or any other organisation. We'll bend over backwards to place an animal in a caring home, and we'll do the right thing by the new owner — and that's a promise.

DOROTHY FOSTER'S CATTERY (Member C.P.S.)



Licensed Boarding Establishment
Separate Apartments — Complete with Sun-deck
Care with love. Individual diets. Veterinary supervision.
Your inspection invited.

29 Cranston Road, Dural — PHONE: 651 2946

C.P.S. Cats awaiting caring homes sheltered here.
PHONE: 651 2169 (Cats for homes)

C.P.S. COUNCIL RECOMMENDATION



Music Hath Charms. (Lucie Briard — 19th Century French)

OF CATS AND DOGS AND BIRDS AND THINGS (and CABBAGES AND KINGS)

By the Editor

Old Dog 'Tex': The recent announcement of the untimely death of one-time bush balladist, Tex Morton, celebrated in the thirties and later years for the type of nasally intoned cowboy tunes, complete with much ear-tingling yodelling, which is generally regarded by the faithful as *de rigueur* for singers of western ballads, reminded me in a somewhat sad sort of fashion of my old dog, "Tex".

Round about the time shortly following the great depression, and not many years before the war, my dad made me a present of a six-weeks' old, blue cattle-pup. I remember he brought him home in his overcoat pocket for he was quite small. "Tex" had been the runt of the litter and was not wanted, therefore my father got him quite cheap. But I was delighted with him, in fact I was mad for him, and it was in honour of the self-styled "yodelling boundary rider", Tex Morton, that I named him "Tex", for it must be confessed that at that time I was more than taken with songs of that sort and had several recordings of various balladists of that period and ilk, not least among which was Tex Morton himself.

Because of his playful, sunny nature, "Tex" soon became a great favourite of my father and me, he even won over the hearts of my mother and sister who were a little afraid of animals and had no real affinity with them. My dad fixed up a snug little kennel and I took him for long walks every day after school and oh, I was very proud of him for he was a fine, intelligent dog with a gentle disposition. I remember I could hardly wait to get out of school to get home, put the lead on "Tex" and go off on some harum-scarum ramble. We'd be gone for hours until my mother would become worried and say to my father, "Jack, you'd better go and look for them." Saturday mornings when doing the messages I'd go to the butchers and buy three-penn'orth of scrap meat and bones which would last "Tex" for a week. In those days for three pence you'd get a great parcel of dog's meat with very often a sheep's head thrown in for good measure.

As he grew up, "Tex" and I became very close companions and great mates, my father looked after him very well too — I still have an old, faded photograph taken on the lawn of the house we lived in then, of my father proudly giving "Tex" his Sunday morning grooming; you know, the kind of picture one rummages out of the old shoe-box on those quiet occasions when some little thing reminds one of the past. Yes, he was certainly a bonny dog, so much so that a droving man of my father's acquaintance once came by

and offered five pounds for him. That was a lot of money in those hard times and I can still feel the set look that came over my face, for we didn't have much and it was more than my father earned in a week. But I need not have worried, for my dad just shook his head, "Can't sell you the dog Tom, he belongs to the boy". My father was a kindly man and I knew it, but by heaven, he was a hero to me that day.

"Tex", wasn't officially allowed into the house, and I was informed more than once, "Now Billy, he's got his own kennel, you're to keep him outside" — but every night when I went to my room and I thought the coast was clear, I'd whistle him up and he'd jump through the window and spend the night by my bed — he was always waiting by the window for me to give him the word. I think my dad suspected, but if he did he turned a blind eye, for I know he thought as much of that dog as I did; one only has to look at that old photo to know that.

Once in my room I would very often crank up the old gramophone and play some of my cowboy dirges, complete with my own excruciating efforts at what I optimistically thought of as yodelling. A half-pained sort of expression would come over poor old "Tex's" face, but he barked no complaint — not ever. Apart from the fact that he'd wise up my parents that he was in the house — and he was alert to that, anything I did was O.K. by him; to be sure, anything I did was just plain marvellous as far as he was concerned.

So the years passed, and came the time when, after leaving school, my only ambition was to leave home for a life on the land among animals. After some argument, for it was against my parents' wishes, I eventually had my way and headed off to a job on the far western plains, leaving "Tex" behind. My dad informed me by letter that when, after a short period, I had not returned, "Tex" was heart-broken. (How I wish now that I had taken him with me — like the words of the old song, "Huckleberry Finn, if I were a kid again").

A little later on, my father wrote to say that "Tex" had begun to fret rather badly; at first he began to whine pitifully outside my bedroom window and would not be cajoled to budge from that spot. Taking pity on poor old "Tex's" distress, my parents gave him full run of the house, but finding me nowhere about the place, "Tex" couldn't comprehend and he continued to pine and mope; so much so that even my mother and sister sorrowed over him.

Then a strange thing happened. My father, on one of those whims which are hard to explain, decided to play one of my damn-awful records; and this was passing strange, for I know he didn't think much of them. (Just as in these days no doubt, many parents must detest the rock-and-roll music their kids assault the ear with).

Now, when the record began to play — and you may believe this or not, just as you please — old "Tex's" ears shot up, and trembling violently with excitement he began to yodel, or rather, a canine attempt at a yodel, which I suppose could not be much different or worse than the "real McCoy".

The racket must have been dreadful, the record itself would have been hard to endure, but combined with "Tex's" caterwauling one can only conjecture what a musical purist would have made of the business. But the thing was you see, "Tex" thought it was me on that record and he was attempting to communicate and to yodel right back, just to let me know he was there. Naturally, his doggy mind could not quite understand or make out what it was all about; all he wanted was me. Poor old dog, if he'd had to, he'd have given his life for me.

From then on it was pretty tough on my father, for my good, old "Tex" would sit with endless patience by that gramophone, just waiting for the next "communication". He was only too pleased to be taken for walks, but as soon as he was back home he'd rush straight to the gramophone. To keep him happy, my dad took to regularly playing records for him, and whenever he did, "Tex" would render a yodelling accompaniment. Upon occasion, if my dad displayed a reluctance to play a record (he must have been heartily sick of them), "Tex" would take hold of his trouser cuff and attempt to lead him to the gramophone. He continued in this way till the day he died, and of course, I learned all this later from my father.

Well, time moves on for animals as well as men; I never did see my "Tex" again. When I finally arrived home on a visit, just prior to going off to the war, there was no joyous barking to greet me as I had hoped and expected. Between my parents and me there was a strained and awkward silence, for I knew that something had happened to "Tex", and my parents in turn, did not know how to tell me. At first I just could not bring myself to ask the question, but when at last I managed to rake up the courage to do so, my father, not looking at me directly, said in a grave and quiet voice, "Son, I've been meaning to tell you about "Tex" ..."

The story of "Tex" has no moral and points out no lesson. In my own poor words it is merely an attempt to demonstrate the love and feelings of a simple, dumb animal, and of how, if one has

the great, good-fortune to have had a special relationship with that one animal in a thousand, the love and kindness one has given can be reciprocated with a faithfulness even unto death. If you like, it is a love story.

In retrospect, I have sometimes wondered, if I had it all to do over, would I take old "Tex" along with me, or not leave home at all? — but that's as hard to answer as the old conundrum; "The Lady or the Tiger"?

From time to time, with most of us, there comes those moments when a chance word or phrase, a snatch of song perhaps, takes us back to a remembrance of times past, or induces a nostalgia for a time in our lives when we shared a love with some special person or some small creature perchance. The moment may come when the lonely cry of a curlew in a distant tree on a soft summer evening, revives half forgotten memories of distant places and events, or of gentle words softly spoken.

The sudden sighing of the wind through the trees may wake us in the still watches of the night to drowsy recollection of things long forgotten, or thoughts of what once was or might have been. It is at such moments that we are apt to give reign to our imaginations and to let ourselves be wafted off on wings of fancy.

In my own case, when on rare occasion I might come upon a blue-heeler that has a certain elusive jauntiness about him, or a bold eye that gleams with an old familiar good-humour that I can't quite place, or maybe just watching the sun go down somewhere far off over those western plains, it is then I am reminded of the good old "Tex" of my boyhood days. It is also then that I allow myself to imagine that when one returns to the Earth-Mother, and one should wake in some magic place where there are animals, there'll be old "Tex", still waiting faithfully for the master who never returned; and what's more, he'll be keeping patient vigil by an old wind-up gramophone.



Dad and Little Tex, 1940

Well, I've rubbed along with cats for twenty years or more now, so I guess there'll never be another "Tex" for me. But perhaps that's as it should be, for I'll never be that young kid again, and you'll have noted from the story that it was my father who took responsibility for "Tex". It was he who really cared for him in his miserable loneliness and comforted him in his last days. Yet, it was the careless, carefree boy the dog pined for. Now I am as old as my father was then, and a dog like that needs the boy I once was, not the man I am now.

The night the Possum came down the chimney: Mr Luton, our Vice-President, has often requested a repeat of this story which I first set down for the Journal in June, 1979. While not being too enthusiastic about objecting readers to articles already so published, it may now not be so fresh in the memories of those who read it, and of course, is new to those members who have joined in the intervening four years. I suppose it does have its humour, therefore I shall attempt to re-tell it as I did then, when it was fresher in my memory; it's a true story.

Out our way, way out in what some of my less sensitive acquaintances describe as the 'boondocks' (in fact some of them go so far as to claim they wouldn't even travel that far on their holidays), we often live in a state of confusion. This is mainly brought about by the several moggies that share our lives and the various other wild-life that exist in the area.

It is not unusual to be awakened in the small hours by that peculiar cry of — "prowraa, prowraa", which heralds one or other of the cats conceitedly soliciting approval for the catch brought in — whether it be butterfly, field-mouse, frog; or as happened on one memorable occasion, a neighbour's pet guinea pig.

These hapless and reluctant captives are usually in prime physical condition, they are not much damaged by the cats as this would detract from their capacity to provide feline fun and frolic. The sport most enjoyed by our cats is the chaos and confusion of the chase through the house when the captives are released. What they seem to enjoy most of all is to observe those dumb humans bumble sleepy-eyed all over the house in often futile efforts to rescue and release the wretched hostages. These efforts of course, are often frustrated and impeded by our hypocritical cats under the pretense of earnestly trying to help.

We had reached a stage where we felt we could adequately deal with most of these situations until that awful night when — the possum came down the chimney! How the cats engineered it we don't know, but one thing is certain; somehow, some way, they were at the bottom of it. It happened in this wise:—

Once upon a midnight, a few years' back, we were rudely woken from our slumbers by what appeared to be a loud slithering noise followed by a dull thud. These sounds were then accompanied by a series of scrabbings and rapid scurryings, interspersed with excited cat yowls. This cacophony which assailed our sleep-dulled senses seemed to emanate from all parts of the house.

After the usual brief argument as to who was going to get up and deal with this latest intrusion (an argument in which I feel I always convincingly reason that women are best suited for handling this type of situation, but which I invariably lose), I did at least gain a draw, for we decided to both get up and investigate as it appeared that something really big was afoot.

The scene which confronted us caused our hearts to sink, for we both then knew that all sleep for what remained of the night had forever flown. At the base of the fire-place, spilling out onto the carpet, lay a great heap of soot; enough to fill a chaff-bag. Leading from this mess, a set of black, sooty tracks wound in, around and over just about every object in the house. They led us to the hall picture-rail from which was dangling a very large, angry and perplexed-looking possum. After directing a brief but baleful glare in our direction, then contemptuously dismissing us as of no consequence, the possum resumed hurling obscenities at three grinning and highly delighted cats below, who were returning his insults three-fold. Every once in a while, like some marsupial Blondin, the possum would inch along his precarious perch, release one arm, and take a wild swing at one of the excitedly leaping cats. This only caused the cats to redouble their efforts to dislodge him, and to yowl the louder.

As you can perhaps imagine, my wits were now becoming wildly scattered but, gathering what pitifully few remained, I hastily organised an escape route for the possum. I opened all doors leading to the back verandah, ordered the cats to block the front end of the hall, then after arming my wife with a broom and clearly explaining to her the best method of prodding the possum toward the open back door, I placed myself strategically well back behind my troops like any prudent general and awaited results — they were not long in coming.

The cats sneeringly refused to obey any commands. Having no intention of being done out of their fun they cunningly placed themselves between all exits and the possum. My wife completely failed to grasp any of my simple and lucid directions. Having made one or two ineffectual and timid prods with the broom which the possum treated with the contempt they deserved, she retreated behind her general from which position she refused to budge. Further pleas and exhortations to action failed to

elicit any response from her other than a sullen silence. (I could see how her thought processes were beginning to shape up. The feminine mind was commencing to work it out that this catastrophe was all my fault; I could perhaps look forward to a rather bad day on the morrow) — but worse was to come.

Now, if anything can go awry in our place it will go awry. The possum, having long since decided that the two bipeds were no threat, and having apparently overcome his initial irritability, now entered into the spirit of the game with a vengeance. Suddenly releasing his hold on the picture-rail, he dropped to the floor and raced right back through the pile of soot, hotly pursued by the cats.

Instead of one, there were now four sets of filthy, sooty tracks branching in all directions. Pandemonium now reigned supreme and all decorum was swiftly abandoned. The cats were swearing at the possum, the possum was swearing at the cats, my wife was swearing at me, and I was swearing at cats, possum and wife — back up the picture-rail went the possum! Square one.

It was at this stage that I thought my wife, who usually can be relied upon to keep a cool head in tricky situations, was about to become hysterical, while I debated with myself whether it would be easier to just go off quietly and have a nervous fit. However, the male of the species being made of sterner stuff, I decided to act on the principle of, if it has to be done, do it yourself.

Stern action was called for. Firmly locking my wife in one bedroom and the cats in the other, I took up the broom and resolutely advanced upon the possum. How simple it proved to be with yammering cats and babbling wife safely out of the way. Silently, with little fuss, I gently and firmly eased old-man possum out through the back door. I then went back to my wife and perhaps foolishly tried to explain to her the simplicity of the correct technique in removing

rampaging possums from the house. Somehow she didn't seem to want to listen.

In fact, she didn't want to listen for several days — she had plenty to say herself though. One of her few coherent sentences went something like: "You had better do something pretty damn soon about boarding up that chimney". Alas, unlike men, the ladies, bless 'em, have no sense of humour.

Postscript — It all seems a long time ago now. The old chimney-piece no longer exists, a second storey having been added to the house some years back. Poor, dear old "Ms", top cat in those days and prime instigator of the ruckus, now sleeps in our quiet garden. That old possum hung about for years in the big old jacaranda which overhangs our garage. Every night when I used to put the car away he continued to display his bad manners by aiming a noxious jet in my direction (he got me once, and I doubt the North American skunk has much on the effluvium given off from possum piddle — and what price the notoriety recently given to piddling koalas?), but he eventually disappeared to wherever old-man possums disappear.

As for my "Yum-Yum", she's much older now, a bit wearied by age and a little arthritic. She no longer displays interest in rounding up wild beasties or causing too much mischief; she is content to leave that kind of juvenile, kitten nonsense to the ebullient "Elsa", whom she treats with quiet disdain. These days, "Yum-Yum" prefers to sleep by the fire dreaming her cat dreams. Only recently I observed her by the fire uttering little cries in her sleep, and making twitching motions with her paw as though to clutch at an elusive mouse. Could it be perchance that in her dreams she was reliving the most exciting moment in her tiny life; that momentous occasion, the night the possum came down the chimney? In my romantic fancy I would like to think t'were so.

"CLEVER CAT"

*Contributed by Member
Ms. Marie-Therese Van Spaendonk*

Early mornings have now become a regular and set pattern in my working life. I always set the radio-alarm to a set time to awaken me with music. Ah!, such a pleasant way to arise in the morning.

Fluffy, my cat, watches me and waits patiently until I open my eyes, expecting me to jump out of bed and prepare her some breakfast. Weekends, however, is the chance to sleep in and re-adjust the radio-alarm.

One Sunday, I was awoken in the early hours by music from the radio-alarm. I felt sure I had adjusted the alarm. A few weeks later this incident repeated itself.

This mystery became clear.

Fluffy poised near the radio was watching me then the radio, again and again ... I pretended to be asleep.

She then tried to turn on the switch on top of the set with her paw, which was impossible, and decided to switch the knob with her teeth. Music filled my room. I understood it was time to make her "early" breakfast, even on Sunday. Surely they are clever creatures!! We do not mind to spoil them.

FASHION PARADE

REMINDER

*By Sybil Cozens,
Councillor and Auxiliary President*

I wish to remind all members of the forthcoming Fashion Parade to be held on the garden terrace at 15 Best Street, Lane Cove.

Date: Saturday, 3rd December, commencing at 12 noon.

To avoid disappointment at missing out on the fabulous collection of fashions to be presented by Cynthia and Maureen, please call me on 4273828 for reservations.

There will be a chicken sandwiches, wine, coffee and cheese cake lunch all for the incredibly low charge of \$3.00

Book early for this popular function.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A WELFARE OFFICER

By Lena Larsen

Date: Wednesday, 10th August, 1983.
Time: 10.15 a.m. Place: Lakemba.

Called today to try and trap the last stray cat after being unsuccessful yesterday. Knocked on front door but no reply. Set up trap anyway and waited. Shortly afterwards a gentleman arrived who turned out to be the nephew. He also knocked loudly on the front door but still no reply. He then tried the duplicate keys he had in his possession but the door was locked from the inside. We both went to the rear of the house, knocked on door and windows — still no reply.

Something was strange. Checked nearby shops and neighbours; nobody has seen the lady. Decided to inform police who advised us to break a window and enter premises. Reluctantly we did as the police advised but alas, as we entered the kitchen we found the woman lying on the floor overcome by gas fumes, with one of her cats almost dead by her side.

She apparently had tripped — possibly over the cat — hitting her head on the kitchen

cupboard. I immediately called Emergency while her nephew carried her outside. Cats were everywhere so I rounded them up and placed them in the front two rooms not affected by gas. Eventually the Rescue Squad and the police arrived and administered aid to the woman.

Meanwhile I contacted the Animal Welfare League who were most co-operative. They arrived the same day, collected her many cats (all desexed), and placed them in their cattery at Hoxton Park. The cat worst affected by the fumes was taken to the vet by me and painlessly put to sleep. All other cats are now safe and sound and the woman in question is still recovering in hospital.

(Editors Note: The above is a very fair example of the aid and assistance that is often afforded to both animals and humans by welfare officers of such organisations as the Animal Welfare League and our own Society.)



Contented Cat Inn

Accommodation for cats only.

Run by Members, Mr. & Mrs. Parke — This cattery is recommended to members for its sunny, spacious and clean runs.

All cats are fed according to Owners' instructions.

Location: 1403 Old Northern Road, Glenorie (near Dural)

Phone: **652 1162** for further details.

CONTACT

**FOR ALL ANIMAL WELFARE ENQUIRIES,
INCLUDING AMBULANCE SERVICE AND DESEXING RING 51 1011**

Please do not ring this number on other matters as it is no longer connected with the "Op" shop.
(If unanswered, leave message on answering service).

WANT HELP/WANTING TO HELP?

**REGISTERED OFFICE 103 ENMORE ROAD, ENMORE
PHONE: 51 1011**

ALL MAIL SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO: P.O. BOX A523, SYDNEY SOUTH, 2000

(Administration

(Letters to the Editor PHONE 477 1316, Mr. Graham (after hours or weekends)

(Membership

OPPORTUNITY SHOP: PHONE 516 2072 9.30—4.30 week days

9.30—11.30 Saturdays

(Auxiliary

(Fund Raising

PHONE 427 3828 Mrs. Cozens (after hours)

WARNING: For those benevolent souls who choose to remember us in their Wills — make sure that you clearly state "The Cat Protection Society of **New South Wales**". Failure to include the words "of New South Wales" could, in all probability (as has happened to the R.S.P.C.A. of N.S.W.) result in your hard-earned money going into the Government's coffers instead! For any advice on the drawing up of Wills in our Society's favour (either whole or in part), the Chairman will be glad to help — 477 1316.

Hon. Secretary
The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.
P.O. Box A523
SYDNEY SOUTH, 2000

(Please cut out and return to address shown).

I/We apply for **Membership or Renewal of Membership** of the Society for the year commencing June, 1983.

Subscription	\$100.00 — Life Membership	Enclosed Cheque/Money Order
	\$ 5.00 — Annual Membership	for \$
	\$ 5.00 — Pensioner Membership	
	\$ 2.00 — Junior Membership	Please cross cheques and make payable to:

"THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W."

Mr.
Ms.
Mrs.
Miss

Initials

BLOCK LETTERS

Address

Pension No. Postcode

Phone No. Signature Date

Hon. Secretary
The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.
P.O. Box A523
SYDNEY SOUTH 2000

(Please cut out and return to address shown).

Enclosed is \$ (Cheque, Money Order) as donation to the:—

XMAS APPEAL \$
AMBULANCE SERVICE APPEAL \$

Mr.
Ms.
Mrs.
Miss

First name or initial

Address

Postcode

Plea from the Secretary: Due to the high cost of postage and envelopes, if members sending in their subscriptions wish to receive a receipt, would they please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Otherwise receipts are not sent.

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