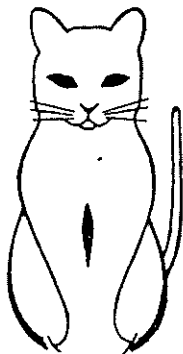


'CAT AFFAIRS'



DECEMBER 1984

JOURNAL

XMAS APPEAL EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)

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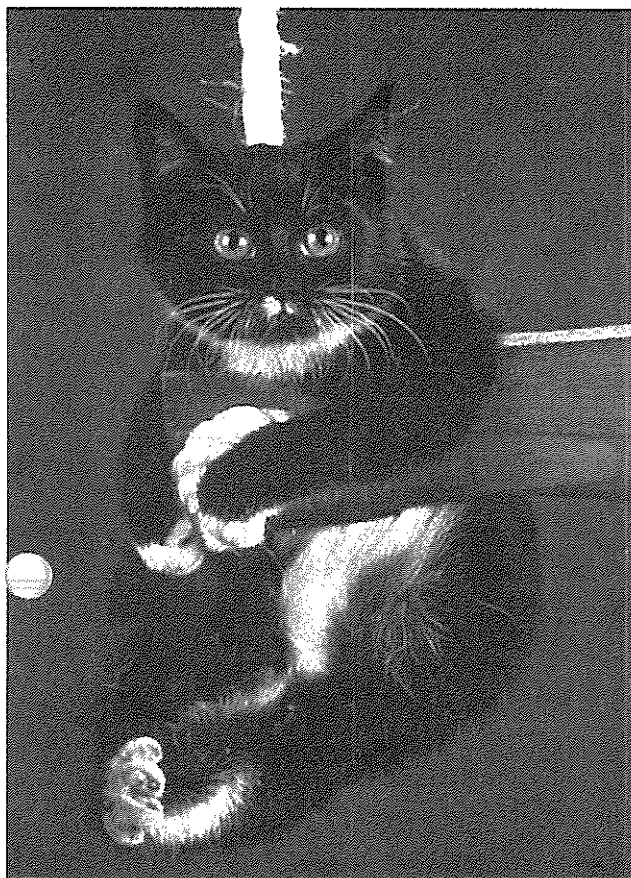
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Stop Laughing — This is Serious!

I've got myself in such a fix,
Doing what I hadn't oughta;
If I let go of this here plank —
I'll fall down in da water.
And while your laughing down below —
I'm madder than an adder;
Coz it's simply most undignified —
Won't someone fetch a ladder?

* * * * *

*With Christmas greetings to all members
and well-wishers — from State Council of
the Society.*

**IF YOU CAN PLACE A CAT OR KITTEN IN A GOOD HOME,
PLEASE RING OUR WELFARE SERVICE — 'PHONE 51 1011 or 651 2169
PLEASE DO NOT RING 651 2169 ON MATTERS OTHER THAN THE
PURCHASE OF A CAT**

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Dear Members: At our Annual General Meeting held in August, it was disappointing that so few members attended, particularly as the atmosphere of the very pleasant room, plus the refreshments provided at the YWCA were conducive to the holding of a very agreeable and congenial meeting. It was unfortunate that the meeting coincided with a train strike and this would have accounted for the non-attendance of many members; but it would be nice to see more of you who really care attending, and of course, encouraging to those who work so hard year round for the Society.

"A Matter of Cat": Many of you no doubt would have enjoyed viewing the ABC's Encounters program in late September titled A MATTER OF CAT. This was the program we had reported in advance in the July issue of the Journal and which featured among other interesting items, one of our ambulances in action, with the driver, Miss Sandy Moss being extensively interviewed.

One of the very interesting segments which directly concerned our Society was of the white cat which was shown being surrendered to Sandy, taken by her to a vet hospital for desexing, then transported to Dural and finally being selected as a pet by a pleasant young family. All had to be shot in sequence of course — but was exactly as it all happened.

With regard to the very explicit scenes where the film showed cats being put down, this was done for a purpose. The producer Richard Corfield and myself had discussed this aspect but my feeling was that no area of our activities should be omitted or handled in a clandestine manner — besides, I wanted people to be made aware of the enormity of the distressing problem of unwanted cats, a problem caused as the result of indiscriminate breeding brought about by an uncaring and apathetic public. (For further on this program see Editorial).

Patron: The untimely passing of co-Patron Lady Askin who had always been a marvellous pillar of support because of her great love of cats, left a vacancy difficult to fill. However, during a radio interview on one of Miss Ita Buttrose's programs, our Secretary approached Miss Buttrose, who is not only a well known and respected media personality, but also a cat and animal lover, to fill the vacancy left by Lady Askin. We therefore announce with pleasure that Miss Buttrose graciously accepted that invitation, and on behalf of our members, we offer her the very warmest welcome to this Society.

Kingsgrove Property: At the completion of the tenant's lease of this property, Council bent every effort in plans for developing it as office,

caretaker's residence, double garage for our vehicles, with large shed for our equipment and a suitable pen for holding a small number of cats. An application for this development was submitted to Canterbury Council in July of this year.

In August we received an official rejection from the Council and subsequently we lodged an appeal with the Land and Environment Court. At a preliminary hearing the court adjourned the case until a provisional date in December. The date makes it impossible to inform members of further progress in this matter until the March issue of the Journal.

For years it has been our hope to acquire or develop just such a property but, although municipal councils are never backward when asking for our help in matters of stray, feral or unwanted cats (should be remarked that we have done hundreds of jobs in the Canterbury Council area), when it comes to entertaining premises where a small number of cats may be housed, they are loath to give their approval — a problem which unfortunately seems to be encountered by all animal welfare agencies that hope to provide an animal shelter, no matter how small or well conducted.

Christmas Appeal: Our welfare activities, upkeep of properties, development efforts, etc., are a heavy drain on the Society's resources, so once again at this time of the year we ask for your support of our Christmas Appeal, with the reminder that all on Council serve in an honorary capacity, and we therefore ask, not for ourselves, but for unfortunate animals. Before leaving you to get on with enjoying the excellent holiday reading provided in the remainder of this Journal, on behalf of State Council, we wish you all a very happy and enjoyable festive season.

Bill Graham, President and Chairman.

SKIN CANCER

Skin Cancer

White and ginger and white cats with pink noses are very susceptible to sunburn noses and ears. This can eventually lead to skin cancer.

A vet has recommended 'prevention better than cure'. Paint the light coloured skin with a fairly strong solution of condy's crystals. The skin is thus protected but the cat will not suffer ill effects if it is licked off.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Graham,

I was interested to read in Letters to the Editor, Miss Wilson's comments on the side effects of Ovarid tablets.

I have found an excellent treatment for skin problems in both cats and dogs, which has no side effects. The product is called Eden Chlorella — Organic Chlorophyll Tablets. I have tried other brands of Chlorophyll tablets but they are not successful. It seems this brand must have something in it that the others don't have.

Chlorella tablets can be bought at health food shops. However, they are sometimes hard to get. The agent for them in N.S.W., Burwood Holistic Health Care, 108B Burwood Road, Burwood Phone 74-9395.

Lorna Summers

(Ed. Note: Holistic medicine is a term for or method of natural healing, and the product recommended by Mrs. Summers could well prove efficacious in treating difficult cases of skin problems in animals. There could certainly be no harm in trying).

Dear Sir,

A small token of appreciation for the work of the Society.

Congratulations on your new style of Journal. Easier to handle and much more compact.

My thanks and best wishes to the staff who are doing so much for many homeless creatures.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) A. Onofreichuk

Sir,

Shortly after moving from Sydney to Woy Woy, I had need of help from the Cat Protection Society. One of our cats had been attacked by a stray dog on the front verandah of our new home.

Poor little Snoopsie was badly savaged and crawled away to hide under the house next door. For 5 days my husband and I crawled under the neighbour's house trying without success to get Snoopsie out. She would look up at us, give a weak cry, and flop her head down again.

For all of that time Snoopsie was without food or water. Over those 5 days I waited in tears until eventually the dear little cat slowly dragged herself out. She was a pitiful sight and I didn't know where to turn. I was advised to contact the Woy Woy branch President of the Society, Mrs. Kath Robinson, and within an hour of doing so Snoopsie was being attended to.

For almost 5 weeks a Brisbane Waters vet tried to save Snoopsie's mangled front leg but

eventually it had to be amputated; Mrs. Robinson assured me that Snoopsie would be alright on 3 legs — and she was right. After about 3 weeks Snoopsie was climbing the gum tree in our back yard.

Now, 12 months later, we have a five foot mesh fence around the house — and by the way — I can't catch Snoopsie anymore, she's too fast for me. Not bad for a ten-year-old, 3 legged cat.

My personal thanks to the Woy Woy branch of the C.P.S. for their companionship as people who really care.

Emma Wells

(Ed. Note: Those branch members in the Woy Woy and Tuggerah areas are mostly retirees who unselfishly put their leisure time to good use in the cause of animals and helping others. Mrs. Wells has since joined the Society and is now Honorary Secretary of the Woy Woy branch).

Dear Mrs. Pikler,

I would like to express my sincere thanks to you and the entire staff of wonderful people who take care of "Cat Affairs". As I read my copy of this lovely Journal I feel our cuddly, furry friends are treated and thought of as "people". It does give me a thrill to read about others who feel about pussy cats as I do!

Most of my life I have been "owned" by beautiful cats, with the exception of the war years when I spent most of that time in the Army, travelling from camp to camp; but even then, some strays would find me so I could have a cuddle and feel at peace.

My present darling is "Misty", she is a grey and cream tabby mixture, and so soft, with a nature to match. Such a pretty face and oh, how she can talk with her eyes! I really don't think life is complete without a puss for a friend.

May God bless you all for caring for His little creatures.

With sincere good wishes,
Kitty Jenkins

(Ed. Note: "Kitty" eh? Well now there's an apt name for such a devoted cat person. And our good wishes to you Kitty Jenkins.)

Dear Mrs. Pikler,

Once again thank you for the many times you have helped me and my poor darling stray pussies.

Your work is the most compassionate that is done in this world today.

Kind regards,
Mary Ellem

And now for one or two poetic contributions from members. The first is from Heather Bickford who writes:—

... I have four cats, I found them all around factories and they are all now desexed of course. This is just a small poem I wrote.

"Factory Cats"

By Heather Bickford

Factory cats run quickly across the floor
Dusty paws, sad little haunted faces,
Matted hair — how I see such despair
Why do people dump them there, don't they care —

How our furry creatures fare?
No fat cats here with rounded faces, slick hair,
living in snug places.
At the close of day, factory cats hoping to find scraps that workers leave behind.
How sadly I think of their plight, as stealthily they go into the black of night.

P.S. By the way, give my love and best wishes to Beulah Harvey.

Mrs. Gwen Thompson, one of our regular contributors, writes:—

... Here is one I like and not generally well known. You might like it for the Journal.

Epitaph by John Jortin, 1756. Translated from the Latin by Seumas O'Sullivan.

From these Elysian Meadows

Grant me this boon, — one night to return to the homestead,

Home to return by night, and into the loved one's ear

Whisper "across the wastes of the Stygian Waters

Your waiting, most faithful of cats, still holds you dear".

— I'd like to think that my past furry loves who have gone to the Elysian Meadows still hold me dear, as I do them.

(Ed. Note: Mrs. Thompson went on to say about another little poem she herself wrote:—

"I enclose this caterell, not to say doggerel, not because I think I am the Poetess Laureate, but because I thought it might amuse you." Well it did, and I include it here to share that amusement with others)

"DARIUS"

By G.M.T.

Darius, the Persian Shah, in five hundred B.C. Ruled, conscious of his royal blood, in might and dignity.

This furry monarch moves in state, with mien proud and wise,

We are his slaves, enchanted by his glowing seagreen eyes:

His plumey tail, his lion's ruff; we could not but be smitten,

But not completely over-awed — we knew him as a kitten!

And he was named, though this has been explained by reasons various,

By one small girl who would exclaim whene'er she saw him, "Dere'e is"

* * * * *

"A XMAS PRAYER"

By G.M.T.

God bless the little things this Xmas tide,
All the little wild things that live outside;
Little cold robins and rabbits in the snow,
Give them good faring and a warm place to go,
All little young things, for whose sake He died,
Who was a little thing at Xmas tide.

"Willow Park"

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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.)

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

Creatures of Misfortune — a true story with a happy ending.

It is late night, a cruising car swings into a suburban street, headlights glistening wetly through the slanting rain. Suddenly the car slows, and the muffled voices of its occupants are faintly heard as they appear to rummage with something in the rear seat. Then a bundle is thrown from the car and with a loud roar from its engine the car speeds off, disappearing with a screech of tyres round the far corner of the street. In the wake of its exhaust the "bundle" has risen to its feet and in bewilderment stands gazing forlornly in the direction which the car has taken.

The "bundle" is a dog; of no recognisable parentage or breed, it stands there in the slanting rain; lost, lonely, afraid — and now, homeless. It is unable to comprehend the reason for the savage treatment it has received, nor can it ever understand that for all the faithfulness and devotion it has given to its recent master, it was no longer wanted; the man had grown tired of it, and all the bother of feeding and looking after it.

So the dog stands motionless in the rain, bewildered by the strange surroundings and the unfamiliar street. He is frightened and without much hope — unless of course, this is some strange new game, and his master will soon return for his friend. The dog wasn't to know; so it waits, shivering now and again (partly in fear) in the chill night air, while the raindrops gather thickly in its tan coat. — — —

It is sunny mid-morning, a skulking figure shuffles stealthily, making its way in the direction of a foul-smelling garbage dump. The figure clutches tightly in its grasp a shopping bag, its opening tied stoutly with thick twine. The bag appears to bulge and writhe as though some living thing within is struggling desperately for life and air. When the dump is reached the figure casts a furtive glance or two over its shoulder and then, with a swift, jerky movement, hurls the bag onto the pile of heaped up rubbish. With one wary, backward glance, the figure then scuttles hurriedly off into the bright morning sunshine.

Above the humming of the blue-bottle flies which have been disturbed in their nauseous gorging by the unexpected intrusion, a mewing sound is heard; it is like the cry of a kitten. Meanwhile the bag continues to bulge and wriggle as though a furious struggle is taking place within. Shortly, a head emerges from a hole that has been ripped in the bag by sharp claws. Eventually, a small animal disentangles

By the Editor

itself completely from the stifling confines of the bag and stands revealed as a prettily marked tabby kitten, not more than a few weeks old.

The kitten is too young to have much understanding of the diabolical treatment inflicted upon it, but its natural and instinctive fastidiousness is grossly offended by the noxious and fetid surroundings in which it finds itself. Like the dog, it is lost, lonely, bewildered and frightened. It is also very hungry and thirsty, and yearns for the warm comfort of its mother. So the kitten cries and cries and cries — but there is no-one to listen or care. — — —

On the rainy night that the dog is thrown from the car, a young woman is disturbed from her sleep by the loud revving engine. She is about to think no more about it, being more concerned with getting up for work in the morning; but what is that other sound she fancies she hears vaguely through the driving, swishing noise of the rain? Can it be the whimpering of a dog? Yes, she is now sure of it; a frightened, distressed animal is somewhere out there. Being the person she is, she wastes no more time. Pausing only to fling a coat over her night attire and to slip on a pair of old shoes, she hurries, heedless of the rain, out into the cold, wet-dark of the street. Then she sees it — the dog. She calls softly and a tail begins to wag; the lost, hopeless look in the dog's eyes begins to change to one of hope — the kind of optimistic, hopeful look that has ever been the nature of dog. — — —

On that bright, sunny morning when the kitten is thrown onto the trash heap, a young woman is taking one of her regular walks which, on occasion, cause her to pass close by a Council rubbish dump. As on previous walks, it is her intention to cross the road before drawing abreast of the noisome dump. She is about to do so when her curiosity is aroused by the stealthy demeanour of the figure she observes slinking hurriedly away from the garbage pile.

Muttering to herself that it was high time the Council did something about removing all that awful garbage, the young woman overcomes her reluctance and enters the dump's depressing confines. The stench is foul and almost unbearable and she is about to turn away in disgust when a faint meow reaches her ears. Next moment a tiny kitten emerges from the thick miasma of the muck-heap, and immediately begins to rub round her legs. With loud, wailing cries it does not ask, but rather demands, instant succour — which has ever been the nature of cat.

Of course, being the person she is, the young woman, though sickened by the stench that surrounds her, picks up the tiny, furred creature and strokes its hollow flanks and filthy matted fur. With gentle, cooing sounds she tries to soothe and reassure it, for she finds nothing to disgust her in its sad little, grimy face. — — —

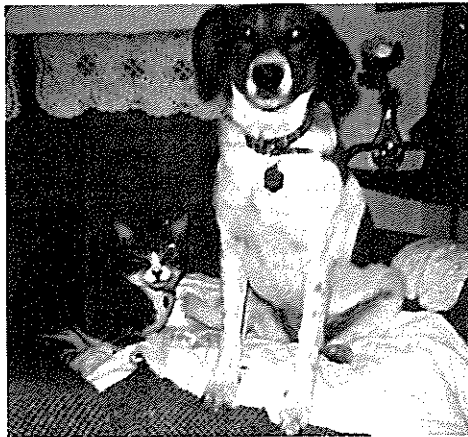
The photos that accompany this story are of two creatures of misfortune; an ordinary dog and an everyday mog. Nothing remarkable about them you might say, but as their pictures confirm, they are the very closest of companions, offering each other an affection and warm comfort which adds further shame to the guilt of those who so callously abandoned them.

Both animals are full-grown now, and as you can see, they seem as though to understand, to somehow know, of the other's former misery and distress, and to be bound together in mutual sympathy because of it. They are well cared for, contented animals, and they share their companionship and affection with Miss Denise Tierney, the young woman of this story who, because she is the person she is, rescued and befriended them.

Denise is a Councillor of the Society and it is only because she showed me the photos that I was able to extract from her the background for this story. There are only two things about it that trouble me: the two creatures that were so callously dumped and abandoned are but representative of the many thousands of the Earth-Mother's creatures that are so treated each year — and, there just aren't enough persons of the calibre of Miss Tierney in this sorry world.

The Enchantment of Companion Animals: From time to time, mention has been made in this Journal of the reassuring comfort that can be gained from the presence and companionship of a pet animal friend; particularly with regard to the elderly or those unfortunate enough to be debilitated or incapacitated in some way. Elsewhere it has been claimed that animals can usually, or at least sometimes, sense when their human friends are troubled or distressed, and that they will often in such cases, demonstrate a special sympathy and understanding beyond normal expectations. That claim may perhaps be thought a trifle too credulous by the more mundane, while those of less sensitive soul may scoff and dismiss as nonsense, any suggestion that a so-called lower animal could be possessed of an understanding bordering on the mystical. And yet, what do we really know? To paraphrase the immortal Bard: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy".

In recent times however, I believe I have had some cause to accept that companion animals



Tiger and Daisy. Once creatures of adversity; the one hurled from a car, the other pitched onto a foul garbage dump. Now great pals and living in happy contentment because of the kind treatment they receive from their rescuer. (Photo courtesy of Councillor, Denise Tierney)

may indeed possess a sensitivity beyond our normal understanding, but most certainly, I have no doubt whatsoever that their affection and company does have a remarkably therapeutic and comforting effect.

Several months ago, at the winters' beginning, and following an eye examination, I was rather stunned when informed that my vision had been severely impaired by one of the most insidious of eye diseases, and that a lengthy series of laser operations combined with a confusing variety of medications was the only alternative if I wished to go on seeing the beautiful colours painted by the sun every morning — and I had only thought I needed new specs! The prospect caused me to view the coming winter with some trepidation; I felt it was going to be a long, cold and gloomy one.

On those cold winter mornings I would lie abed, contemplating with some apprehension what the future may hold in store; my mood was one of general depression (plain blue funk could be nearer the mark) when suddenly I would be conscious of a soft foot-fall on my pillow and the warmth of a small animal body cosying up close to me. It was my dear old friend, 'Yum-Yum'. Somehow she seemed to sense there had been a change, that something had gone awry with me. I felt very strongly that in her strange and mysterious cat way of 'knowing' she was offering me comfort and a silent, sympathetic affection.

So also was it with 'Tosca'. Later, on those winter mornings when pottering about the garden, and despite my clumsiness in stumbling upon objects underfoot where she was so often the object trodden upon, (loss of peripheral vision does that to you) she would follow me about, never once letting me out of her sight and forgoing her usual day-long nap. From rose bush to weed clump, 'Tosca' followed, chattering away in cat language of which she has a singularly wide vocabulary. She would converse with me the whole day long and I never grew weary of her company or her chatter. Of course, she could not really know what was bothering me or understand my altered state, but I fancied that somehow she had absorbed the 'vibrations', and it was almost as though in an instinctive way, she understood that her company was of great benefit to me.

Without more to go on it would be foolish to assume that some animals are 'all-knowing' or that they possess an uncanny sixth sense about matters which are beyond our ken, so incidents such as the above may easily be dismissed as products of an over-worked imagination. Some there are however, who would unhesitatingly declare that it is not in the cats' make-up to offer much in the way of genuine affection or companionship, the reasoning being that the cat is commonly regarded as a self-sufficient

loner capable of no other emotion than a high regard for its own comfort and well-being. That supposition I feel, should be rejected, for while not denying that the diverse nature of the cat personality requires that some (like many humans) wouldn't even give you the time of day, my experience of cats has been that the majority can be charming, affectionate and delightful companions if treated with the regard and respect which they claim as their due. To state otherwise would be to admit that one just doesn't know anything about cats.

Now the winter is past and as I write on our sunny verandah on a beautiful spring morning, the cats are still keeping me faithful company, still staying close by as though they know all is not yet over and that in their opinion, I still need 'looking after'. If so, they're right, for the thing is, although I now have a neat laser hole in each eye, there is still a long road to travel and the laser has yet to drill a circle between the lens and cornea of my eyes. Although it is an experience I'd rather do without, and I naturally still have some off days, the way ahead is really not so much to be feared, for I am fortunate to be one of those persons who can derive much pleasure — and comfort in bad times — from the company of animals, and to have such faithful little beasts about me.

Before concluding this little story I must tell you about 'Elsa'. Elsa is a small, red Abyssinian; by nature a wee bit aloof, though lively and spritely. Lately however, even she has given me much of her attention and this very morning she brought me a present of a small, plump marsupial mouse — a prize which normally she would be most reluctant to part with. Unfortunately, but naturally, this act of unselfishness on her part caused one hell of a ruckus. In the confusion of the hullabaloo brought on by 'She Who Must Be Obeyed' (I'll never understand why the devil females make such a fuss about tiny rodents) the mouse seized the opportunity to make a hasty exit via a chest of drawers, where to add fuel to the fire, it paused in its flight to freedom to take a hasty 'widdle' (no doubt brought on by fright).

By reason of the severe scolding which she was receiving — and I was too, guilt by association you see! — 'Elsa' took umbrage at this ungrateful reception of her 'present', so decided to have it back. The ensuing scuttlings about the bedroom were fast reducing it to a shambles, but eventually, and despite the by now very indignant 'Elsa' who was hampering my every effort, I managed to corner and seize the tiny marsupial, whereupon I wasted no time in jettisoning it out the nearest window and onto the eaves below. I then called out to 'She' (who had fled) that all was now well.

But alas! This was not to be an end of the matter. Being a very suspicious person, 'She'

had to poke her head out the window to see for herself. This action resulted in her recoiling back in horror with the cry that the mouse was still out there, perched on the guttering and looking as though it was about to climb back in. On my looking out I could see the mouse sitting calmly on the guttering, back to the window and busily twitching his whiskers and ears. He appeared not at all perturbed by the danger of his situation, but more interested in enjoying the view of the garden from his lofty perch.

We had no wish to injure the little creature so what to do? Already the much peeved 'Elsa' was making determined efforts to get onto the roof to re-capture her mouse. Then inspiration! The down-pipe was not far away, so why not get a broom and prod the mouse toward it in hope he would have the wit to take a slippery slide through it, come popping out of its angled end and then make a quick dash for the safety of the nearby shrubbery? Nothing to it, but 'Murphy's Law' once more came into play. At the first gentle prod of the broom, the wretched mouse, instead of scuttling into the down-pipe,

surprised by leaping outwards into space and landing with a belly-flop on the drive below, well away from the haven of the bushes. 'Tosca', who unknown to us had all along been stealthily observing all from the camouflaging shade of the carport, then made a rapid pounce for the mouse. Knowing full well that if she got hold of it she'd have it back in the house in a flash, we both yelled furiously at 'Tosca' to clear off and leave the mouse alone. This of course had no effect other than to spur all cats into action, including next door's somnolent 'Ginger'.

Finally, after much lunatic chasing about, and much language exchanged (not fit for this family magazine) the dullard mouse did take the hint and escape into the bushes. With peace (always temporary in our house) restored, I was then able to go back and complete this article. So you see, cats can not only be marvellous companions, they can also at times create some confusion and excitement, and when one looks back in retrospect, inject a little humor into one's life, no matter the weight of one's problems.

A NOTE FROM THE RECORDS OF OUR AMBULANCE/WELFARE SECTION

(recorded by Welfare Officer, Sandy Moss)

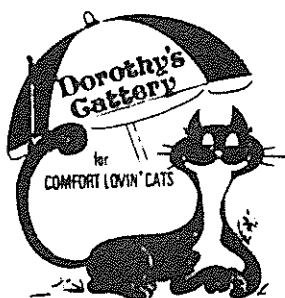
Phone call (original) 10.15 a.m. Cat picked up 10.30 a.m. Cat D D by vet 10.40 a.m."

"Emergency attended 26th September, 1984, Marrickville. Cat hit by car — broken spine and various leg/body/head wounds — terrible condition. Taken to Petersham Veterinary Hospital where cat put down at no cost to Society.

Sandy

(Ed Note: 25 minutes from original call to humane euthanasia of cat. If only it were possible to always attend a badly injured animal so quickly).

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

C.P.S. COUNCIL RECOMMENDATION

LUCIFER

By Elise Nicholson

The cat arrived on my doorstep starving and terrified, wailing its head off. The landlord had chased it out of the tiny backyard he calls a garden several times but on that particular evening the cat came to my door. Black all over with huge almond shaped yellow eyes, large ears and a long tapering tail. "Miaow miaow meeaow-ow-ow-ow, the great yellow eyes were full of misery and pleading.

"Ssh", I bent down, put out my hand gently and hoped the landlord wouldn't appear, "I'll feed you tonight, puss, but you can't stay".

A can of salmon later the cat took a tentative step inside the doorway. The yellow eyes gazed up at me, lit with hope. I knelt down and caressed the thin body noting the large low lung tummy which seemed to indicate kittens.

"Poor little one. Never mind. We'll work out something tomorrow". Fed, the cat went off quite happily and I hoped she might just be lost and find the way home. No such luck, early next morning I heard the familiar plaintive wail in the distance getting louder and louder until it was once more on my doorstep. I opened the door and the cat walked in with an assurance that said, "See? I'm home!".

Before going to work I told the landlord I would take the cat to the vet in the evening and begged him not to frighten her. He agreed not to chase her off the premises. "But you'll have to get rid of her — I don't want a cat around here".

Going to the vet was a trauma. It was easy to put the cat in the basket (solid base type with wire top) but once shut in the wild wailing started all over again. The cab driver, a southern European, reacted as if I had a caged puma on my knee. He kept looking round, "Lady — you no let it out, please please no let it out!". "Of course I won't — just keep your eyes on the road", were swerving about so much I felt seasick, "Please watch where you're going!"

The vet, a lovely girl, was very sympathetic. On the stainless steel table in the surgery the cat was quite at ease being petted by both of us. "Must be a she", I said, "I'm sure there are kittens on the way". After examination the vet thought so too and I agreed to finance the operation. Then, almost as an afterthought, she looked under the cat's tail. She laughed, embarrassed, "I should have looked there in the first place! A neutered tom". She turned him round and looked at his teeth, "And he's old". Again she felt his tummy, "Enlarged kidneys, but he seems to be quite healthy. He's a nice cat. What a pity the landlord won't let you have him. We'll keep him here for a few weeks and see if we can find a home."

Needless to say, a home was not forthcoming. I couldn't bear to think of him cooped up in a cage and I asked the landlord if I could keep him until, surely, a home could be found. Surprisingly, he agreed and mentioned that his ex-wife, an avowed felineophile who lived on the outskirts of Sydney, might be able to help.

When I brought the cat home he leapt out of the basket and went mad with joy. He rubbed against me, followed me everywhere and if I went out of sight the plaintive wailing started. He watched me with such intensity, yellow eyes glowing, I could even feel his presence when my back was turned. That was how he became Lucifer — occult cat — although he could not have been more loving or gentle. Strangely, even when utterly content he rarely purred and then so softly that his vibrations were felt rather than heard. His party piece was to prance on his hind legs, paws outstretched in a graceful arabesque. I learnt to avoid his needle sharp claws as he came down on all fours again by catching his outstretched paws, "Lucifer — shall we dance?" Then I would put him down. His claws were sharp enough to penetrate my jeans. Not that he ever clawed in anger, it was just his way of reaching the ground.

Unfortunately he had picked up a virus at the veterinary clinic and for weeks he was miserable, sneezing violently and coughing. The vet gave me a variety of tablets for him and although he was remarkably good about taking them it was a joint effort we both hated. There was a flea plague at the time and I bought a comb and groomed him frequently which he loved but he hated flea powder. Perhaps it offended his sense of masculinity. The virus didn't affect his appetite and once recovered he became sleek and fat, his black coat shining with good health.

Still no home was in sight. The landlord's ex-wife had become very ill and therefore couldn't help and a couple of other possible homes didn't eventuate. The landlord began complaining about the miserable backyard plot. "That cat's ruining my garden with his digging".

I tried Lucifer with kitty litter. Having always been used to going outside he refused to use it except on rare occasions. I put kitty litter in the so-called garden and on a friend's suggestion, planted bamboo skewers to discourage him from the patch. In disdain he knocked them down. Another few weeks went by. Then the landlord became more aggressive — Lucifer continued to dig in his garden, Lucifer miaowed

too much, Lucifer jumped on his car and scratched the duco! Needless to say, the landlord is neurotic. Finally, "I am really serious — he has to go".

I agonised over what to do. Looking at this now beautiful, affectionate animal sitting in a sunny spot watching me and forever wanting to climb onto my lap and nuzzle, I knew that he could not go to just any home. He was terrified of strangers and would only accept two of my friends neither of whom could offer him a home. What to do? I rang the vet again and she felt I had no choice. I rang the Cat Protection Society and received kindly, but very definite advice — nobody really wants an older cat.

I made an appointment with the vet for that evening. In tears I looked at Lucifer. We spent a loving time together and he had his favourite dinner — chicken, as much as he wanted. A friend took us to the clinic and Lucifer was quiet on this trip. We sat in the waiting room and I felt a sense of unreality. I stared at the other patients — a labrador who had had a brush with a car, a peke sitting on its mistress' knee (two look alikes with their pursed expressions) and an overfed, mournful dachshund almost collapsing on its poor, inadequate little legs. The labrador sniffed tentatively at Lucifer's basket — amazing how civilised most animals become in the vet's waiting room.

The moment came when I had to take him into the surgery. He was quite relaxed as the vet lifted him onto the table. Both she and her assistant stroked and talked to him. "Are you sure you want to stay?" she asked, "he won't feel a thing".

I said it had been suggested I stay with him. "You don't mind, do you?"

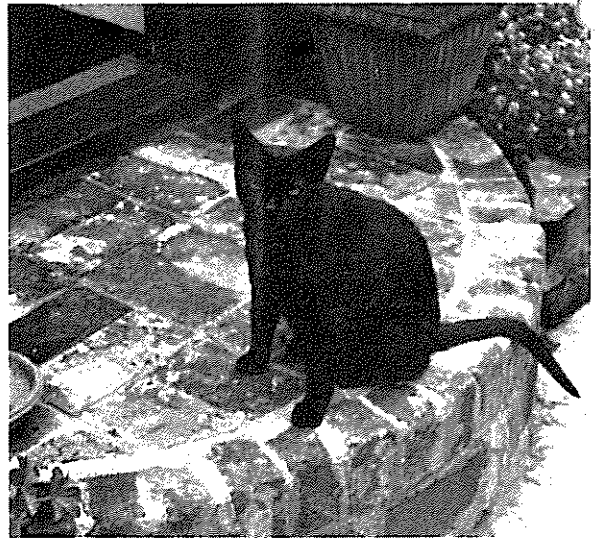
"Of course not", she stroked him, "This is so sad but it happens all the time."

I spoke to him, touching him. I wanted a miracle to happen. But there were no miracles.

The vet held his paw gently and cut off a little patch of fur. He didn't seem to feel the needle or

the sizeable injection as he crouched on the table. There was a pause. I stroked him and whispered. Then the massive dose hit him. He slumped. We stood there in the harsh light waiting. A few moments later he rolled over sideways. Everything was still. I could hardly breathe. She examined him after a minute or two and said softly, "It's all over". I looked at his limp body already beginning to stiffen and nodded. We left the surgery. At the reception desk I paid the amount asked and handed the assistant the plastic bag in which I'd put his things — his dishes, his comb, cans of food, the hated flea powder and kitty litter. She thanked me. I said nothing, fighting back the tears. My friend picked up the empty basket. I walked out of the clinic, speechless with pain.

A few months have passed. I see him still, in my mind. I only had him for a short time and although the ending was sad I would not have missed the happiness he brought.



Lucifer — in happier days.

CAT CARE — HANDY HINTS

Cats when shedding their thick winter coats need constant brushing to get rid of the falling hair. If this is not done the cat swallows the hair during its daily grooming. This can cause hair-balls to form in its stomach. Long-haired cats are particularly prone to hair-balls and should be frequently brushed and combed. Always remember that puss has a most sensitive skin, so do not use a hard brush or sharp-toothed comb; and be very gentle with puss's tail.

For cats prone to hair-ball, a weekly dose of paraffin can be given. **Kitten:** 1 teaspoon.

Young cat: 1 dessertspoon. **Older cat:** 1 tablespoon.

Substitute for Mother's milk: Dissolve 1 tablespoon Carnation milk with 1½ water. Add 2 drops Pentavite, pinch calcium, 1 teaspoon glucose and the yolk of 1 egg.

* * * * *

EDITORIAL

On Thursday, 27th September, the ABC's religious and philosophical program ENCOUNTERS, titled A MATTER OF CAT, co-featured our Society going about its day to day humane animal welfare activities, and Professor Charles Birch, a dedicated cat person. Professor Birch is retired Challis Professor of Biology at Sydney University, member of the Futurist Club of Rome, leader in the World Council of Churches' studies on ethics in science and technology, who on the program described his theories on how cats fit into God's great scheme of things.

On the Saturday following, an article appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald which was highly critical of the program. The writer, an obscure journalist named Richard Coleman, attempted in satirical fashion to make mock of all who appeared on the program, managing in the process to get all his facts completely wrong. The article displayed an abysmal ignorance of what the program and our Society was really all about. Of our Society he said in part "These noble sentiments were interspersed with some chilling footage of the curiously named Cat Protection Society at work. The Cat Protection Society is apparently dedicated to rounding up stray cats, killing most of them and desexing the rest."

Later that week, a much more enlightened and understanding critic, Elizabeth Riddell, wrote in the same paper: "A MATTER OF CAT was a very cute title. Although the program was all about cats it was, paradoxically not only about cats but about the attitude of human animals to other animals, which has recently pushed itself to the forefront of debate . . ."

"Other cats were featured by courtesy of the Cat Protection Society and the lady who has collected 85 of her own, confined behind cyclone wire and seeming quite contented."

"The cats will doubtless agree with Professor Birch when he says that humans are not the only beings that matter in this universe. He is, incidentally, a scientist who believes in God, although he does not endorse the literal interpretation of God's interest in the death of every sparrow nor of even every cat."

"This was a more than usually cerebral program, but it was done so deftly and without preaching, that the viewer could only be charmed into interest and of course there was that extra factor, the acting talent of a cat which comes naturally . . ."

As a more than usual cerebral program — so described by Ms. Riddell — the conclusion must be that it was too much for the ill-informed Mr. Coleman to grasp. However, there must be many who like the cynical critic, fail to understand or cannot grasp that it is not animal

welfare agencies that should bear responsibility for the mass slaughter of unwanted or abandoned domestic animals, but society at large.

As the program clearly demonstrated, our Society attempts in every possible way to educate the public in the need to have their domestic animals desexed and offers help in this regard in a very practical way at heavy cost to itself. We also attempt to place as many surrendered cats as humanly possible, but as the program also showed, there are many which are impossible or unsuitable for placing — as witness the feral kittens surrendered to our Miss Moss. It should also be noted that we do not go about willy-nilly collecting cats, either to destroy or desex them. We respond only to calls for assistance from members of the same public who in very many cases are the ones who have created a distressing situation in the first place; mostly from ignorance, apathy or sheer neglect.

As our organisation is a member of the Australian Federation of Animal Societies it might not be amiss to quote here from those sections of the "Submission of the Australian Federation of Animal Societies to the Senate Select Committee of Inquiry into Animal Welfare in Australia" which deals with companion animals:—

Companion Animals — Recommendations

"2. That within each State and Territory the establishment be sought of a statutory authority to deal with matters of animal welfare including, inter alia —

- (a) the regulation and enforcement of laws affecting companion animals;
- (b) the education of all people but particularly non-english speaking and young Australians in the care of animals and,
- (c) administering the expenditure of funds provided by the relevant State or Territory government for matters of animal welfare including animal shelters.

4. By statute it be required that all dogs and cats be neutered by owners or persons-in-charge including licensed breeders. All neutered animals should be identifiable as such. Such legislation should be phased in by —

- (a) prohibiting the sale or gift of an unsterilised dog or cat;
- (b) requiring existing owners or persons-in-charge of dogs or cats to have their animal neutered within 12 months from the date such legislation is proclaimed.

5. That the licensing system be statutorily prescribed in respect of persons desiring to

breed companion animals (being dogs, cats or horses) and that the breeding of such animals without a license be prohibited.

(b) that the numbers of breeders' licenses granted or in existence at any one time be controlled to restrict the population of companion animals. Further that each license prescribe the number of litters permitted to be bred annually by each breeder.

7. That by statute the sale of dogs and cats by pet shops and "flea markets" be prohibited.

Companion Animals — Text

1. (b) For many people companion animals are an indispensable part of living and are important to children, family life, and the elderly. The social relationship between people and non-human animals is often abused. Animals are often treated without the due regard and a great deal of cruelty is the result of thoughtless behaviour on the part of people. That such cruelty is unintentional should not disguise the fact that the cruelty exists and that it is suffered by loyal, trusting and defenceless animals.

Cruelty to Animals 3. (d) Cruelty to animals would decrease if there were fewer animals, if it were easier to prosecute for cruelty, and if existing legislation and regulations were better policed.

Numbers of Animals. 4. (a) Stray, unwanted and abandoned animals indicate the need to reduce the number of cats, dogs and horses in Australia . . . Peak periods occur at Christmas. This indicates that people are prepared to abandon animals to enable them to go on holidays . . . Rather than the population decreasing however, the companion animal numbers are increasing at a rate of 25% per annum. Out of 800,000 cats in Melbourne approximately 200,000 are stray or unwanted. Only 60,000 of these cats are handled by animal welfare agencies each year. It can thus be assumed that 140,000 stray or unwanted cats never reach a refuge. A comparison of numbers between the State RSPCA bodies indicate that the number of animals which are unwanted, dumped or straying runs into the hundreds of thousands and that the authorities have little control over such enormous numbers of animals.

(c) Destruction of stray, unwanted or abandoned animals is ironically a significant part of the work done by animal welfare agencies . . . Most animals received by animal shelters throughout Australia are killed . . . Significant costs are incurred through capture, feeding and disposal of unwanted animals and those people involved in the destruction of so

many sentient creatures must suffer levels of stress. If there were fewer companion animals, this problem would be substantially alleviated.

(Editor's Note: The above clause succinctly sums up the situation that obtains in, and confronts our Society, but which is not understood by so many in the community.)

Breeding and Sale 11. (a) There is no regulation of the breeding or sale of companion animals in Australia. Animals are normally obtained from friends, breeders, pet shops or animal welfare shelters. Less than 25% of companion animals are obtained from animal welfare shelters but these are the only sellers who are commonly known to immunise and desex animals prior to sale. Market and pet shop animals are often diseased . . .

Policing of Legislation 13. Notwithstanding the shortfalls in the various animal protection Acts, they do provide some protection. However, to date, there has been no effective enforcement of the provisions that are contained in the Acts . . .

14. From time to time reports appear which demonstrate that existing laws are flouted. Until the public are aware that they are very likely to be heavily fined and/or imprisoned for acts of cruelty, there is little incentive for prudence.

Conclusion 15 "Animal welfare organisations in finding homes or destroying unwanted animals are carrying out a community service. These animals have been abandoned or condemned by owners who have felt no duty toward the companion. The animal is deemed to have no rights whatsoever even though they have provided companionship, loyalty, friendship, affection and the like. The community seems unaware of the extent of the problems of unwanted animals and the degree to which welfare bodies by their activities shield such problems from public awareness or scrutiny. If there were suddenly no refuges the unwanted animals would become a problem so severe that large scale government intervention would be necessary"

(Editor's Note: All emphasis is ours).

"So far governments at all levels have virtually ignored the problems outlined in this submission. Even though local government in many cases has taken pains to make regulations pertaining to nuisance problems and State legislation attempts to control cruelty to animals, little action is directed at the major causes of the problem and little policing of existing law is exercised. Although local councils have promulgated regulations in regard to the registration of dogs, very little has been done to protect horses and cats. Whilst companion

animals are allowed to breed indiscriminantly and whilst little control is exercised by government, the companion animal problems will continue and worsen." . . .

— — — — —

Of course, there is very much more to the submission but within the limitations of space we are only able to quote selectively from small portions of it. However, what we have published here gives a fair outline of the animal welfare picture as far as companion animals and our Society are concerned. We are in entire accord with the whole of the submission and have no doubt that it would meet with the approval of all our thinking members. We feel also that it provides a full and complete answer to the critics and "do-nothings".

All Are Welcome and Equal Here — A Thought for Christmas.

I was doing a bit of a repair job on the front fence the other 'arvo' when a small girl in school uniform came by, apparently on her way home from school. On seeing me by the fence she paused to wish me a good afternoon and to enquire after my health, etc. Her manner was pleasant, and although her English was somewhat stilted, the sentences delivered with a hesitant jerkiness as though strange to her tongue and newly learned from a textbook, her words were clear and delivered with a natural friendliness. After exchanging a few brief pleasantries with me, she went on her way, obviously pleased that her greeting had been understood and that her efforts with the new language were proceeding satisfactorily. This small girl, till then a stranger to me, had slanted eyes and skin of a brownish yellow complexion. Those and other characteristics of her general appearance caused me to judge her as of Vietnamese origin.

That commonplace interlude in our quiet street reminded me that the news of the late had given prominence to reports that people of Asian extraction are not too welcome in some quarters, and that there is a resistance by certain elements and organisations to them entering the country. Hearing of such things brings recollection of those years following WWII, when the great migrant influx to this country started to take place, and how the old Australians (not the oldest) were disparaging, and not too welcoming of the newcomers displaced from Europe and elsewhere. One might have felt that we were now a far more tolerant and cosmopolitan lot, and that those old attitudes of discrimination and prejudice had long since vanished and been forgotten — but apparently, not quite so.

Thinking about that and the little Vietnamese girl who was so friendly in her greeting to me —

and who by her demeanour was so anxious to be understood and accepted — causes me to hark back to a day 30 years gone, when having come out battered and weary from an extended stint in the Korean front lines, a group of us stood, heads bowed, as an elderly Padre conducted a service for those of our mates and comrades who hadn't made it. During his sermon the Padre dwelt on the notion that, as he saw it in his vision of the future, a time would come when there would be no divisions between the various races and cultures of Man; a time when all peoples would be truly integrated as one and all conflict between nations a thing of the past. No doubt the worthy Padre's imagination and emotions were highly coloured by the recent bloody fighting that had taken place in the trenches, and which had obviously distressed him sorely, but the sentiment expressed by him on that forlorn occasion was one which I endorsed at the time — and still would if I didn't know that it is as impossible of fulfillment now as it was then.

However, what I wish to say is that I have often been struck with the thought that apart from the good that we can do for animals, it is a very worthwhile adjunct to the activities of a Society such as ours that cat lovers, who come in all shapes and sizes and from all corners of the globe where cats are known and appreciated, can and do, come together in a common unity of purpose and where all are welcome, regardless of any differences in colour, race, culture or creed, and where no national barriers are known or recognised.

So widespread and worldwide is the interest in and affection for the cat that it is reflected in our more than one thousand membership. Apart from those of Australian origin, included among our members we have people of Jewish, Greek, Italian, British Isles, Dutch, Yugoslavian, Chinese, German, Hungarian extraction (plus a host of others). A truly wonderful thought and one I believe to be in its tiny way, a little bit of what that Padre was attempting to express so many years ago in Korea.

So, at this time of the year which is supposed to be the season of good-will to all (but rarely truly is) we wish to express to all members that no matter from where you hale, here in our Society you are welcome, and we truly wish all of you a very happy and peaceful Christmas.

PETS AND THE ELDERLY — Some very interesting items contained in the November, 1983, Newsletter of the Medical Consumers Association (sent in by member, Mrs. Anne Liddy)

An 86 year old lady is mentioned who had to spend months in hospital recovering from injuries she received in a fall. Even though her pet cat was being well looked after by a vet, her main incentive to get well was to be able to go home and have her pet cat with her again.

She persevered with exercises and physiotherapy for months, until she was sufficiently mobile to go home and be happily reunited with her pet. This bears out the theory in this article from the Sunday Mail which I would like to share with you —

LONELINESS CURED BY PET: Taking a pet from an old person can be as dangerous as removing the pills prescribed by a physician.

For many old people the presence of an animal is vital to their health and well-being. Yet, it is a sad fact that our present social structure encourages us to separate old people from the animals that provide them with the only source of unconditional love they may have.

Professor Leo Bustad, Dean of the College of Veterinary Medicine at Washington State University, who was recently in Perth for the World Veterinary Congress, believes the no-pet rule in nursing homes and retirement villages is shortening the lives of older people. Pet experts like Professor Bustad believe institutions for the elderly need pets — whether they be cats, dogs, fish, birds or turtles.

Nursing home patients, like any other people, need a constant source of love, and recent 'pet-in-residence' studies have shown that canine and feline pals can fulfil this function better than humans. Whether in a home or not, the benefits of companion animals for the aging are many. Pets through their loyalty and patience help the elderly overcome loneliness. They enhance self-esteem and are important for old people to maintain emotional stability and a sense of reality.

Dogs and cats help older people forget their worries by provoking healthy laughter. They provide security and give people the pleasure of having something to hold on to.

The essence of the relationship between man and animals goes back over many centuries. The artificial environment we live in today should not be allowed to sever this bond.

As an Indian Chief once said, "What is Man without beasts? If all beasts are gone, men would die from great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast also happens to man".

"MEMORY LANE"

A donation in memory of Heidi and Hilda, two elderly, beloved dogs who died this year without ever chasing our five cats or any others.

Inserted by Mrs. N. Lawson

* * * * *

A donation in loving memory of Milty, a dear companion for ten years.

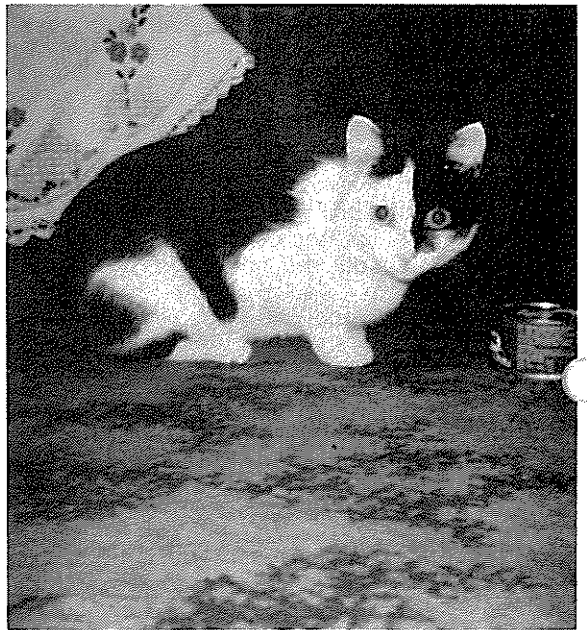
Missed by Alyce and Diana McIntyre

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"In Memoriam"

In Remembrance of a Very Dear and Kind Lady. — At a meeting of our branch held on the 18th July, it was announced that a much esteemed colleague, Carrie Almond, had passed away. At each street stall and at all moments that she could spare, Carrie's time was given generously to helping the Society and succouring our small, animal friends. Deepest sympathy is extended to Carrie's sister, Mabel Rafe. Heaven has gained and we have lost, but Carrie will be remembered by all who knew her.

Inserted by Emma Wells,
Honorary Secretary, Woy Woy/Umina Branch



Here is a pretty little cat with most unusual markings.

JENNY AND TIGER

By Margaret Wilson

I first came across Tiger, a handsome tabby male, some eight years ago in the grounds of the Mater Hospital where I was working at the time. He was then, and remains the most timid creature that one could possibly encounter. Realising that he was a "wild" cat and therefore a scavenger, I used to obtain scraps from the kitchen for him on the three days that I worked per week. I was able to find others to do the same on the days I did not work.

Jenny, a pretty little tabby with a white mask, appeared at the hospital just before Christmas 1977. The first time I saw her in the distance I thought she was pregnant. Next time I saw her closer and thought I must have been mistaken. However, two months later I rescued a little, tabby and white kitten about 8 weeks old. I didn't realise he was wild when I heard him cry from where he was caught between a wire crate and a wall. When I moved the crate he went for his life but fortunately scurried up between the two sashes of a window from where I extracted him. How I carried that struggling little bundle I'll never know, but I eventually got him into my cat basket which I always keep in my car. Before I had him safely stowed away he got up behind the refrigerator and every possible cupboard, so that I was exhausted from moving furniture. Naturally I took him home and I called him Noddy. (This was the little one I mentioned in my letter about Digestelact which incidentally I spelt incorrectly as Digestilac). I had to get a tranquilizer from the vet because he wanted his mum frantically. He had obviously never had any nourishment except from his mother, and had never been at close quarters with a human.

I live with my sister. At the time we adopted Noddy our mother had been dead only two months. Noddy helped to fill the gap in our lives and he was in every respect a most special kitten. He needed special care but he transferred all the love he had had for his little mum to my sister and myself. He would perch on my sister's shoulder while she was preparing meals and would always have to be with one of us.

Gentle and loving, his story ended in tragedy on the road — evidence suggested he'd been chased by a pack of dogs. He'd only been with us three or four months.

Back to Jenny. She was as wild as Tiger but started coming regularly for food. Jenny's abdominal dimensions began to increase at a rate not accounted for by the amount of food she was eating. Miss Dullo came to the rescue and helped trap Jenny, now very much pregnant.

We took her to the vet and when he opened the trap Jenny shot up the vertical partition which separated the cat waiting-room from the dogs. The vet had to use a lasso type implement to get her down, but he was very competent and gentle.

The vet had been rather hesitant when I asked if they would desex a "wild" cat, having visions of bites and scratches. In the event, no cat could have been gentler than dear little Jenny. All she wanted was escape and she developed into a bit of a Houdini while at the vets.

I would have dearly loved to take her home but I knew it would not work as being so wild, she would have shot off and never been seen again. So I returned her to her own environment at the hospital. As a treat I supplemented her meat with tinned fish. She loved it so much that after a while she would take from my hand. Then, when she was eating out of my palm, I would try to stroke her nose with my thumb. The first time I touched her she sprang back as though stung, but she gradually got used to it. She has never really liked being stroked and will only let me do so when she is eating her fish but not her meat. I have persisted over the years as I feel if I had to take her to the vet for treatment I could probably pick her up by the scruff and transfer her to the basket.

She has recently taken to rolling on her back to greet us (my sister and myself) when we arrive to feed her. She loves Tiger and in the early days was always more tame when he was near. Now, Tiger is always there and she still loves him, but I doubt she would be less tame if he wasn't there, so she really has progressed to a degree.

About five years ago I felt I should attempt to have Tiger desexed. I'm sure nobody could have called timid Tiger the Don Juan of Crows Nest but I felt I should have him done. This time I borrowed a trap from Mrs. Iredale who instructed me on its use. I didn't really expect to be successful but lo and behold, Tiger appeared and entered the trap. What must Jenny do but try and get into the trap beside her beloved Tiger and nearly ruin the act. However, she back-tracked and all was well.

Tiger was secured and off to the vet. There were no complications and Tiger was returned to base the following day, but it was a long time before I saw him again.

Since I left the Mater four years ago I have continued to go around three nights a week so that Jenny and Tiger could continue to have raw

meat (frozen first to destroy toxoplasmosis organisms). Fortunately, we have someone to carry on the feeding on the other four nights.

Some years ago at a Society meeting I heard someone say that it was possible to tame any cat even though it might take five years. I thought at the time: "You don't know my Tiger". Five years came and went and Tiger was not tamer nor did I expect him to be. During all this time he would never eat if I were in sight. I would put his food down and then watch from inside the cottage which was my work-place. I used to wait with Jenny while she ate, otherwise Tiger would have gobbled all his meat and then got started on Jenny's as she is a dainty eater.

Six years passed and then there was a definite change in Tiger's attitude to me. In all the years I had never heard him meow and I thought he probably couldn't. What a silly assumption! He just didn't want to acknowledge me. Now he started communicating — only by spitting at me but at least it was a start. He apparently got jake of having to wait for Jenny to have her meal first and he started coming closer.

One evening I held his plate out to him but he wouldn't take the meat from the plate while I held it. However, the next time I tried he took a piece and ran off with it. Gradually he progressed till he was eating the whole meal while I held the plate. After he got used to this I tried offering meat on my fingers. He just sniffed and drew back quickly but it wasn't long before he was taking meat from my fingers and I was thrilled to bits. It wasn't long before he would eat some meat from the plate and then expect to be hand fed with the rest. After a while I would put a piece of meat in front of him and as he went to pick it up I would run my fingers up his nose. It was only a short step from this to stroking him in the usual way — but ever only when he was eating. I had to keep saying to myself: "This is Tiger I'm stroking", because it was so unbelievable.

Next he began to come up the steps to the kitchen door. By now he had found his meow well and truly and didn't he let me know it. One night he even came into the kitchen. To my complete astonishment Tiger found his way there by walking in the front door, across a verandah, through a hall, and down a long classroom. One night he came close and sniffed the leg of my slacks. The next night he gave a tentative rub against my leg. This became the norm and I offered him meat in my fingers in the kitchen where he had never eaten before. Next there was nothing tentative about the way he rubbed round my leg, and wonder of wonders he started to purr. Then he let me stroke him without offering him food.

Now each time we have a smooge session he

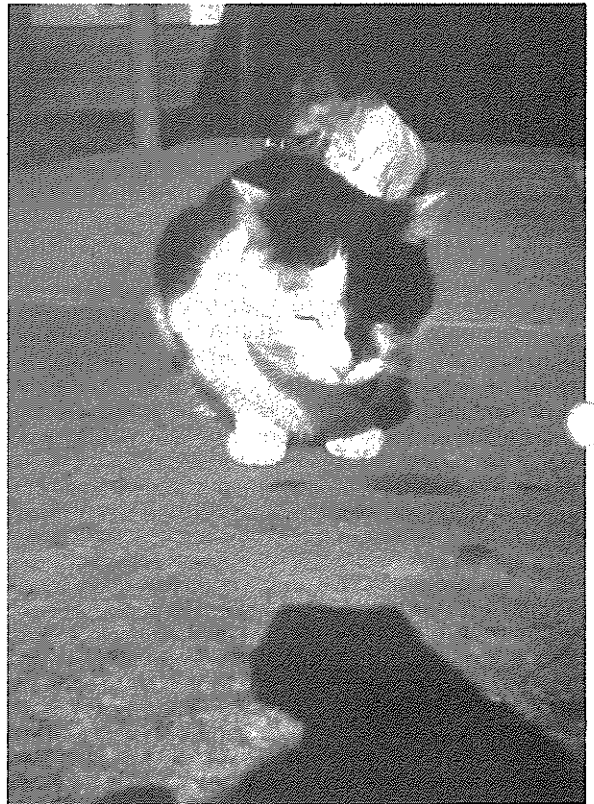
thoroughly enjoys being stroked. He moves his head this way and that purrs and drools — but only in the seclusion of the kitchen.

This left only one barrier to break down. I must then see if I could pick him up. On the first attempt I only managed to lift his front paws off the ground but the next time I lifted all four up. Naturally, he doesn't enjoy it and I can't hold him for long as he is a tremendous size and very strong. "Wild" as he may be, he would never attempt to bite or scratch which is more than can be said for some "domestic" cats when they are frightened. Although he struggles when I pick him up, he continues to purr and doesn't move away when I put him down.

No doubt, the way to Tiger's heart has been through his stomach, but I've proved to myself beyond doubt, that it is possible to tame any cat up to a point, given patience and kindness, even though it may take eight years.

P.S. The article "Caring for your Cat" in the July Journal is super. May I be permitted one comment though? Lightly cooking meat does not kill toxoplasmosis organisms. They are, however, killed by freezing or by thorough cooking. Tinned pet food is safe.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret Wilson



Here is a pretty little cat with most unusual markings.

HOW A CAT HELPED WITH THE DIAGNOSIS OF A HEALTH PROBLEM

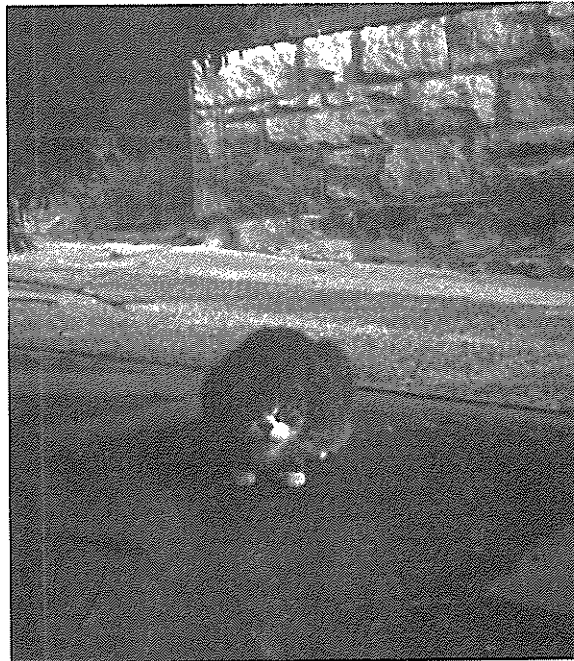
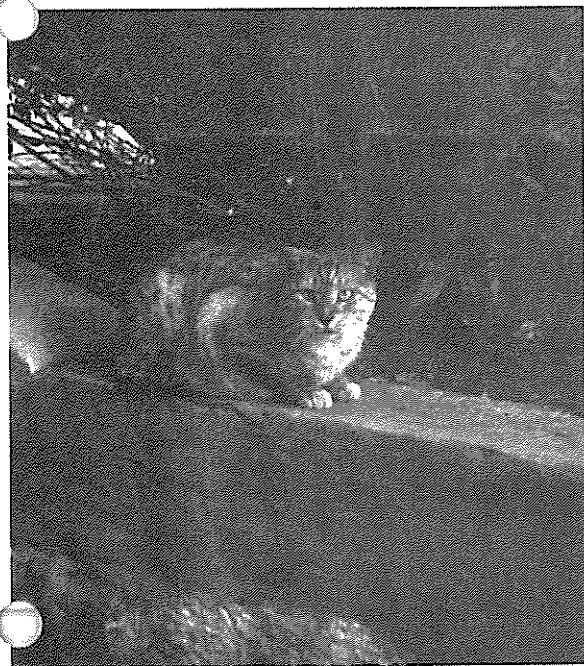
How a Cat Helped With the Diagnosis of a Health Problem: One of our members thought she was heading for a nervous breakdown. For no explainable reason she became tired, irritable, lost weight and felt very depressed. These symptoms continued for sometime despite medication and treatment.

Then her cat became ill; tests by the Vet revealed that the cat was suffering from lead poisoning. Knowing that our member had also been concerned about her own state of health,

the vet suggested that she have tests and it was found that she too, had lead toxicity.

In retrospect, she realised that when redecorating the old home she had bought, she scraped the old paint off the walls of a room with the door closed to prevent the dust from penetrating the rest of the house. While so doing, she must have inhaled the dust from the paint which contained lead.

Thanks to "pussy" she is now well on the way to recovery.



Jenny and Tiger under the May bush where they feed.

(Ed. Note: Our number four cat, Mang (her seniority number is two but she has absolutely no ambition to rise to the position of "top-cat"; in fact, the very idea is abhorrent to her) has been with us for nine years. She was dumped in the grounds of the house opposite, had two kittens which we placed, then we had her desexed and gave her a home. Now that cat would offer no harm to man or beast and is in her own wild way, timid, sweet and gentle. Yet; she is as untamed now as the day she was

dumped. She will not venture or be enticed to enter the house, consents only to come as far as the verandah for her meals, and cringes with deep distrust and hares off if we get within ten feet of her. Whenever we need to catch her we are forced to resort to the sneakiest of low tricks, and enter into the most under-handed of plots which require the devious cunning of a criminal mastermind to have even a dog's/cat's chance of succeeding.)



Snappy Tom "Cats of Australia" Appeal: The result of the appeal is this cheque for \$1,500 being presented to our Treasurer Judy Graham, with our "cats for homes" at Dural looking on with keen interest. Because of the efforts of you good people who supported by collecting and forwarding Snappy Tom labels to our office, the little "mogs" in this picture and all those that will inevitably follow them, stand a better chance of finding a home. All money collected in this way helps greatly to finance our cat placing program; thus we extend sincere thanks to all who supported and to Safcol (the Snappy Tom people) for initiating the scheme, and of course — for providing what is always so much needed — the cash!

PET OWNER — DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

If so, have you made arrangements for the care of your pet or pets in the event of your personal misadventure or demise?

If you have not, we **recommend** that you

give serious thought to nominating a relative or other persons you trust to make the type of arrangements that you would wish.



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**

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

(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

FORM OF BEQUEST

To those benevolent persons who may be disposed to assist this Society and its work, the following FORM OF BEQUEST is suggested —

I give and bequeath to "THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES", for the use and purposes of the said Society, the sum of _____ dollars, free of all death and estate duties and the receipt of the Treasurer of the said Society shall be sufficient discharge to my Executors.

The Society, being a corporate body, can receive bequests of real and personal property as well as money.

The 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, 1984. **Note:** all persons joining from January remain financial until June the following year.

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

The Secretary (Please cut out and return to address shown).
The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.
P.O. Box A523
SYDNEY SOUTH 2000

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

XMAS APPEAL	\$
AMBULANCE SERVICE APPEAL	\$

Mr.
Ms.
Mrs.
Miss First name or initial

Address
..... Postcode

Secretary's Note: Receipts for subscriptions are only forwarded upon request accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.