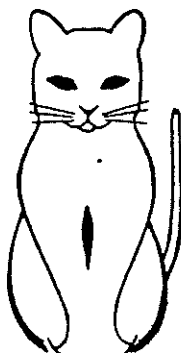


'CAT AFFAIRS'



APRIL 1985

JOURNAL

EASTER EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)

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"Bigfoot": the beautiful natured tabby cat with six toes on each foot that we housed at Dural until placing him with a kind owner.

We received several photos of bigfoot last December along with a Xmas card which reads:

"To all my friends at the Cat Protection Society, a very Merry Xmas and a purrfect New Year.

Love, Bigfoot! (alias Basil)"



**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: In December we reported that Council's hopes to develop the Society's Kingsgrove property had received a set-back when the plans were rejected by Canterbury Municipal Council, and that the matter had been taken on appeal to the Land & Environment Court. Members to be informed of the result in this issue of the journal.

At the appeal heard on 4th December, the Society was represented by Treasurer Mrs Judith Graham. In evidence Mrs Graham produced several photographs and gave a graphic account of the work and aims of the Society. A great number of written submissions were produced including a letter strongly supporting the Society from the Minister for Local Government, The Hon. Kevin Stewart. Further evidence showed that Canterbury Council had on more than one occasion referred local cat problems to our Society. One pertinent piece of evidence was a letter from a local school master in which he complained that when appealing for help from Canterbury Council because feral cats were causing serious health problems at his school, the Council's health officer had informed him that they were unable to assist and advised that he seek help from the C.P.S.

While the Society's plans were opposed by a resident's protest group, it would seem from discussions on the day that both they and Canterbury Council were agreed that the Society's work was very worth-while, and they wished it well in its endeavours — just as long as it was located in some other municipality.

Despite the evidence submitted, combined with the fact that when cross-examined by Mrs Graham several of the local opposers revealed an abysmal ignorance of what the plans represented, the appeal was ultimately dismissed — on a technicality. As there is no point in further attempts to develop the property, State Council has now put it up for sale.

Further Expansion: Meanwhile, our work has not been retarded. A new ambulance was purchased in February as replacement for our oldest vehicle, and a third full-time welfare officer, Mrs Julene King, (qualified vet. nurse) engaged. This, in an effort to keep abreast with the incredible number of calls received appealing for help. Our efforts to place unwanted cats and kittens in suitable homes continues unabated at Dural, and Council is forever on the look-out for opportunities to extend the home finding operation.

Xmas Appeal: The response to our Xmas appeal was extremely encouraging and might just have created an all-time record. A very big thank-you to all who contributed, with the

reminder that whether large or small, all donations are thankfully received and help significantly to defray the heavy financial burden of operating a three animal ambulance service (more ambulances in operation than any other similar organisation). If we could afford to run half a dozen it would be reasonable to state that it would still be difficult to keep up with the demand.

Council Appointment: Professor Daria Love was appointed to State Council of the Society in February and shall from this issue have her own column in the Journal. Daria is a registered veterinary surgeon and holds the position of Associate Professor of Veterinary Pathology at Sydney University. She is also a member of the Royal College of Pathologists. Daria's articles will in the main deal with veterinary related matters — cat care, health problems etc. — with perhaps some thoughts on the relationship that exists between companion animals and man. In this issue Daria deals with a fairly common problem that nevertheless many owners know little about; abscesses in cats — their cause and treatment. In future, all items dealing with animal care and health shall be vetted (no pun intended) by her prior to publication. In this way we hope to offer more substantial assistance to those members who may have problems with their pets, and we can think of no other person more qualified to discuss and write about such subjects than Professor Love. Welcome aboard Daria.

Such is Life: as Ned Kelly said (rather philosophically) when they were about to hang him. And so such is life that something of an eye problem has curtailed my efficiency to the extent that I have had to take a less active role in the day to day operations of the Society. Which gives rise to the thought that for one reason or another we all fall by the wayside eventually, and for that reason it is vital to our continuance that younger members who have organisation or administrative ability (or willing to work and gain experience) give thought to offering their services when elections are called. If this Society is to continue growing as it has over the past few years, sooner than later younger replacements are going to be urgently needed on Council.

State Government Grant: The work carried out by the Society has again been recognised with the award of a government grant. Published below is the Minister's letter approving the grant:

9 JAN 1985

Dear Mr. Graham,

Thank you for the copy of the report of the Society and the Statement of Accounts for the

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

— Continued

year ended 31st May 1984. It is a pleasure to read of the work of the Society particularly in caring for stray and unwanted cats. This work is of great benefit to the Community as a whole.

I have pleasure in informing you that I have approved a grant of \$11,000 for the work of the Society during 1983/84 and enclose a cheque for that amount. The grant is to be used towards the salary of one full-time Animal Welfare Officer participating in a programme to encourage desexing of domestic animals.

At the end of its current financial year, the Society is required to furnish to the Animal Welfare Section of my Department audited accounts showing that the grant has been expended in accordance with the above provisions.

I congratulate the Society on its work during the past year in circumstances which have been made difficult by court action and wish the Society continued success in the future.

Yours sincerely,

Kevin Stewart

Minister for Local Government.

We thank the Minister for his grant and for his congratulations in regard to the work of the Society.

A Reflection: Having served ten years on Council (five as President) it is natural to look back at times and ask, "is it all worth-while?" It is then one summons to mind all the various and tender little stories which have had a serendipitous ending. One such I am reminded of was the case of the armed bandit; a hardened criminal. Flanked by the two detectives who had arrested him for armed hold-up, he confronted our Treasurer in the opportunity shop with tears in his eyes. He pleaded with her for the Society to find homes for his two little mogs which the policemen had allowed him to bring along in their car. (They also didn't have the heart to see them left to starve). "Dear little things they are Luv, dear little things," he said, as they led him away for a long stretch.

Well, they were beaut little cats, and the Society did find good homes for them within the week. Our Secretary duly wrote to H.M. Prisons to inform the gentleman that his pets had been well cared for.

Just goes to prove the old adage that there is some good in the worst of us — and as we've said before — cat lovers come in all shapes and sizes; and from all walks.

And with that I conclude this report with best wishes to all members.

Bill Graham, President and Chairman.

THE "CATS" GO TRENDY

By Elizabeth Francis

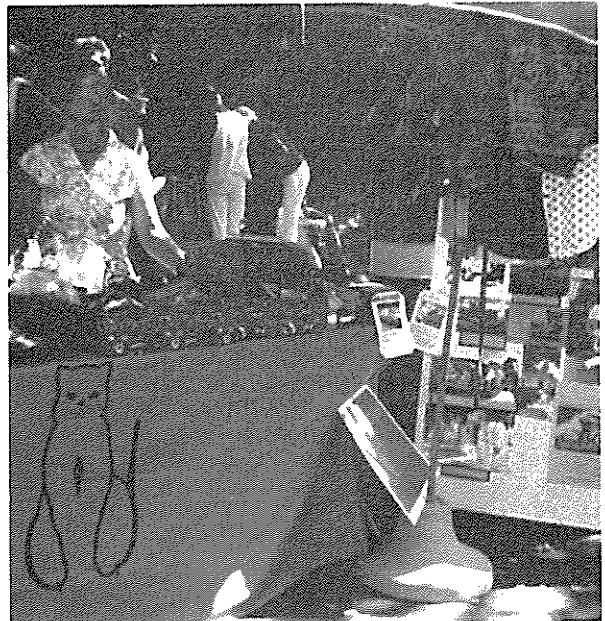
The year 1984, not only saw the re-emergence of George Orwell, but it also heralded the arrival of the Cat Society at Sydney's most prestigious and expensive fair. This annual event is held on the last Saturday in November, and takes place in the leafy suburb of Woollahra.

It was a balmy summer morning, when the small band of workers converged on the 'Op-Shop' to load waggons, and bid farewell to the plains of Enmore, and head for trendy Woollahra.

We reached the hustle and bustle of Queen Street at 8.am, and commenced un-loading and setting up the stall, ready for the 9.am opening by one of our patrons, the Premier of N.S.W.

Our other patron Miss Ita Buttrose, did not attend but she did give the cats a tit-bit on her radio programme, and any morsel from the media machine, is welcomed by the cats.

After our chauffeurs Nancy and Sandy parked the vehicles, they joined the sales staff, to help promote our wares. Our goods were many and varied, and trade was brisk.



Auxilliary volunteer Edith Easton manning the stall.

We attracted much attention, as many people had not heard of our society. They were especially intrigued by our display board, with its delightful photos and striking posters. The message our posters carried was loud and clear. The main theme being, **DESEX DON'T DESTROY**. We hope the readers on that day, will do just that. By midday the place was really swinging, the fashions were gay, and so were some of the participants. To this spectacular scene, was added the ethereal sounds of "Marcia Hines".

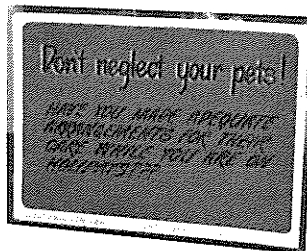
As a former resident of the Eastern Suburbs, I was impressed by the number of animal welfare agencies, who used this venue to publicise their work and aims, and also to make some money.

The only animals not represented were the Elegant Felines. So I suggested to the council of the society, that we should rectify this anomaly. After discussing the matter, it was decided that we would expand our advertising to the trail of the trendies.

The exercise proved a success both financially and in the area of public relations. Our takings were nearly a thousand dollars, which for a first effort was gratifying. I sincerely hope that we will be able to repeat this performance in 1985. In our next journal, we will be reminding supporters of this summer alfresco function, and asking for workers and goods. This perfect day came to a close at 5 pm, and the colourful cavalcade began to wind down. The weary cat lovers set about packing up, and joining the long queues of cars, waiting to crawl through the labyrinth of lanes, that add to the charm of Woollahra.



The Society's display board and sign.



More Society signs on display at the fair.

AUXILIARY NEWS

By Sybil Cozens (Auxiliary President)

DRESS PARADE: 10 Cowdroy Ave., Cammeray on 11th May at 1.30 p.m.

Mrs. Cynthia Peck is having a Parade of Autumn and Winter clothes at her home in Cammeray showing the latest trends in the fashion world.

Cynthia has been doing parades for the Society for a good many years now so I would like a really big attendance to show our appreciation.

Auxiliary members are providing a Devonshire Tea after the Parade and this will cost \$2.00.

For bookings and directions how to get to Cynthia's home please ring me on 4273828.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE...MARK IT RIGHT NOW

The "Dora Creek Lady" I wrote about some

time back who used to travel to the shop for duty every month has moved on, and I cannot let the opportunity pass without comment.

Her name is Kay Simpson and for years she travelled to Sydney by train, stayed overnight with her daughter, fronted up to the shop where she gave sterling service, stayed overnight again before going home to Dora Creek. Not a bad effort, you'll all agree. She and her husband have moved now to a retirement complex in Newcastle and her daughter and family are now in the Dora Creek home.

Kay has already checked out animal welfare groups in Newcastle, so our loss will be their gain.

We sincerely wish you every success in your new life, Kay, and whatever you undertake. Many thanks for your devoted years to the C.P.S. Auxiliary.

CAT CARE COLUMN

By Professor Daria Love

Abscesses

Abscesses of the subcutaneous areas of cats are the most frequent reason for presentation of cats to veterinary hospitals. However, it is only in the last few years that the true cause of the abscesses has been determined. It has been known for many years that abscesses arise subsequent to cat fights but it had always been assumed that they resulted from cat scratches and subsequent infection with bacteria from cats' claws. However, as most people know, it is a most unusual thing for cats to have soiled claws because of their meticulous grooming habits. It has been shown (by examining the types of bacteria found in the pus from the abscesses) that the abscesses arise from the instillation of mouth organisms below the skin of the cat.

The sharp canine teeth penetrate the skin, instill the organisms clinging to the teeth and gums and the puncture wound closes over rapidly. This then provides an ideal environment for the multiplication of the bacteria introduced.

If a cat is examined soon after a fight (within the first 12 hours), it is difficult to detect such puncture wounds. However, by 24 hours, the area usually becomes marginally swollen (sometimes if the lump is on the head, the cat may appear vaguely asymmetrical) and may be tender to touch. If it is possible to observe such changes in your cat, treatment with an antibiotic such as penicillin for 3 days will usually terminate the infection.

If this stage is not seen (and it is missed by most owners), the abscess develops until it is large and soft and will usually burst. The first signs seen are pus on the fur and the cat licking the area. Small abscesses which burst and drain well will usually heal without any further treatment. However, if the abscess is large (say 3 cm diameter or more), the hole may close over again before all the pus has been eliminated and before all the bacteria have died. The usual result is that the abscess then enlarges and undermines adjacent skin. As the abscess progresses, the cat may become sick and dehydrated.

These larger abscesses require proper veterinary attention. This usually takes the form of opening the abscess cavity fully to allow all the pus to be removed. The area is irrigated with sterile saline (salt and water — often disinfectants irritate the already inflamed skin and they are best not used to wash out abscess cavities) and the abscess cavity left open for 5 days or more. Sometimes surgical drains are sown into the wound to facilitate drainage of pus. If the cat has been off its food or sick,

penicillin injections followed by penicillin capsules or tablets are also given.

It is important that the abscess cavity is opened well and often this results in a large hole which some owners find difficult to accept. However, the wound is usually not painful to the cat once the cavity is opened, and it is the only way to ensure that all the bacteria are killed and that the abscess does not continue to enlarge. If the incision made is too small and the wound closes quickly, the cat may be left with a very large area of its body affected by the abscess. In other words, it is best to be apparently radical the first time to minimize complications and discomfort to the cat.

There are two reasons for ensuring that the abscess cavity is opened adequately. The first is to ensure all the pus is drained away, the second is to enable sufficient air to enter the wound, to kill the causative bacteria which all die rapidly on exposure to the oxygen in air.

The best way to ensure that your cat suffers the least number of abscesses in its lifetime is to keep it confined at night — the time we all know most cat fights occur!

Sometimes dogs are affected by similar abscesses but this is less frequent than in cats. It would appear that the dog tears the skin of its opponent more frequently with its teeth and this tear does not provide the correct conditions for the bacteria to multiply.

If humans are bitten deeply by the canine teeth of cats, they should ask their general medical practitioner to prescribe them a 3 day course of tetracycline antibiotics. Because some humans react adversely to penicillin, and because it would appear that one of the bacteria introduced causes infection in humans, tetracycline is the antibiotic of choice. Like cat fight situations, for most effective elimination of the bacteria, the antibiotic course should start as soon as a deep bite has occurred — not wait until the area is swollen, red and painful.

HANDY HINTS

An even more useful method than dilute condy's crystals (Journal, Dec 1984) for the ears of white cats is Triple Dye. This can be obtained from a chemist but DO NOT buy the water based dye. Ask for Tincture of Triple Dye. "Tincture" is 70% alcohol. This allows the dye to dry quickly and helps to form a protective layer on the skin. As it is a dye, it will last for longer than condy's crystals and it also kills excess numbers of skin bacteria which may have proliferated already on sunburnt or abraded skin.

Triple dye is an excellent general treatment for mild skin conditions of cats and dogs (and humans as well).

"MEMORY LANE"

A donation in loving memory of "Giselle", a wonderful little chocolate point Siamese. She gave 17 years of great happiness and such devotion that I feel we will never have again.

Missed by John & Marie Tuchen & Margot.

A donation in memory of Wellington & Edward Devine, two loveable cats who were with us but a short time but gave us a lifetime of love and memories to leave behind. (Both full of life and no road sense, and both hit by cars and left to die by the drivers who did not stop!) They are in the "Happy Hunting Grounds" where no cars are.

Inserted by Lorna Devine

In memory of dear little Jenny, "wild" but gentlest of creatures, whose story I have related elsewhere. I found her lying dead on the footpath last September; presumably hit by a car. Sadly missed by Tiger, her beloved companion of 7 years, and by her three "aunties".

Inserted by Margaret Wilson

In loving memory of a beloved little companion and friend, a dear Siamese cat called "Siri".

Missed so much by Val Munro

Sadly missed. Just left us: "LADY FLEUR", lovely tawny Persian, 8 yrs. old.

from Edith Duport, Chittaway Pt.

"IN MEMORIAM"

A donation in memory of late life member, Miss H.S. Watson.

Inserted by Mrs Geoff Knight.

A donation in memory of late life member, Miss H.S. Watson of Elizabeth Bay. A life-long admirer, lover and protector of cats.

Inserted by Miss S. Greenwood.

A donation in memory of late member, Ruth Connell. A wonderfully humane and unselfish person.

Inserted by Tess O'Farrell

A donation in memory of life member Mr. Bernie Hollingsworth. Passed away 22nd February 1985.

Inserted by Shirley Pikler

THE CATALYST.

By G.M.T.

The cocktail party had only just begun; Ice in the glasses and the atmosphere.

The Shy One entered, conscious she was late; Wincing inwardly from the battery of eyes, Which to her appeared unwelcoming — Even hostile. (Imagination of course.)

The polite guests were making conversation — Stiffly with insincerity.

What could she do to gain some confidence? Light a nonchalant cigarette?

Smile falsely? How infiltrate the groups already formed?

The door ajar, there suddenly appeared — A shadow, followed by a curious nose,

An erect tail, a wondering pair of eyes; Surveying and appraising these strange beings,

Who stood and chattered seemingly of — nought!

She was saved! Here was one of her own kind. Gratefully she stopped and stroked the cat, who arched his back responsively and purred.

A ripple of interest travelled through the room. And faces dropped their frozen masks and smiled,

With sudden tenderness and outstretched hands; leaned down with hers to touch the glossy fur.

And brittle voices softened as they spoke, whispering gentle and absurd endearments.

The harassed hostess breathed with sweet relief,

As boredom fled, and warmth and friendliness Spread visibly and glowed in every face:-

Her party really was a great success!

OF CATS and DOGS and BIRDS and THINGS (and Cabbages and Kings)

By the Editor

WHEN THE MOPOKE CALLS.

Funny how some little thing can trigger a flood of recollections of events long past. Recently I was lent a copy of the works of Henry Lawson, and on opening the precious tome I quickly riffled through its pages, hoping to come across a yarn I read more than forty years ago. At the time I first came across the story it had affected me with a kind of haunting wistfulness; I suppose because of an incident that occurred in my own life. I felt I knew how it was between the main characters — a man and his dog — and that at the time Lawson wrote about them they were real, living, breathing creatures, and that a story was taken from life.

For those readers who are not familiar with Lawson's "While The Billy Boils" yarns, and the story "That There Dog O' Mine", it breaks down in this way:- Macquarie, an itinerant shearer, had been set upon by a gang of ruffians in a wayside shanty and brutally beaten. His Dog Tally had attempted to protect him but had received savage kicks for his part in the fracas which resulted in his leg being broken.

The severely injured shearer, with Tally limping painfully behind, had staggered several miles to a hospital where he collapsed. The doctors were amazed at the man's endurance. On coming around, Macquarie enquired after his dog but was informed that animals were not allowed on the premises.

After much discussion on the subject in which the hospital staff were adamant that the dog must go, Macquarie — We'll let Henry tell the rest — rose slowly to his feet, shut his agony behind his set teeth, painfully buttoned his shirt over his hairy chest, took up his waistcoat, and staggered to the corner where the swag lay. "Come, come now! man alive!" exclaimed the doctor impatiently. "You must be mad, you know you are not in a fit state to go out" "No!" said Macquarie. "No. If you won't take my dog in you don't take me. He's got a broken leg and wants fixing up just - just as much as - as I do. If I'm good enough to come in, he's good enough - and- and - better."

He paused awhile, breathing painfully, and then went on "That - that there old dog of mine has follered me faithful and true, these twelve long hard and hungry years. He's about - about the only thing that ever cared whether I lived or fell and rotted on the cursed track." - "That - that there dog was pupped on the track," he said with a sad sort of smile. "I carried him for months in a billy can and afterwards on my

swag when he was knocked up...and the old slut - his mother - she'd foller along quite contented - sniff the billy now and again - just to see if he was all right...She follered me for God knows how many years. She follered me till she was blind - and for a year after. She follered me till she could crawl along through the dust no longer, and - and then I killed her, because I couldn't leave her behind alive!"

He rested again.

"And this here old dog", he continued, touching Tally's upturned nose with his knotted fingers, "and this here old dog has follered me for - for ten years; through floods and droughts, through fair times - and hard - mostly hard; and kept me from going mad when I had no mate nor money on the lonely track; and watched over me for weeks when I was drunk - drugged and poisoned at the cursed shanties; and saved my life more'n once, and got kicks and curses very often for thanks; and forgave me for it all; and - and fought for me. He was the only living thing that stood up for me against that crawling push of curs when they set ont'er me at the shanty back yonder - and he left his mark on some of 'em to; and - and so did I.

He took another spell.

Then he drew in his breath, shut his teeth hard, shouldered his swag, stepped into the doorway, and faced round again.

The dog limped out of the corner and looked up anxiously.

"That there dog," said Macquarie to the hospital staff in general, "is a better dog than I'm a man - or you too, it seems - and a better Christian. He's been a better mate to me than I was to any man - or any man to me. He's watched over me; Kep' me from getting robbed many a time; fought for me; saved my life and took drunken kicks and curses for thanks - and forgave me. He's been a true, straight, honest and faithful mate to me - and I ain't going to desert him now. I ain't going to kick him out in the road with a broken leg."

"I - Oh my God! my back!"

He groaned and lurched forward, but they caught him, slipped off the swag and laid him on a bed.

Half an hour later the shearer was comfortably fixed up. "Where's my dog?" he asked when he came to himself.

"Oh, the dog's all right," said the nurse, rather impatiently. "Don't bother. The doctor's setting his leg out in the yard".

'JUMBO', AND THE MATRON. — Back in 1943, fifty years after Lawson wrote that story, I fetched up in a military hospital, but unlike Macquarie I had not been in a drunken brawl — nor had I a dog with me.

When they had brought me there I was in a pretty bad way, as close to dying as I've ever come, and at the point where it is so easy to let go; only partly conscious, delirious for the most part, and not much aware of my surroundings or my situation. Had it not been for the extraordinary care of an unbelievably beautiful young nursing sister, who was determined not to let it happen when I was ready to give up the ghost — then it would have been all up with me.

Maybe because I was very young (only seventeen), she felt a special sympathy, but for those first two or three dangerous weeks she always seemed to be there, gently wheedling, cajoling, and pleading at me to come round. She never became impatient or annoyed at my failure to respond and she fought like the devil to save me when I was past caring and could do little to help myself. She must have been a senior sister for she always seemed to be flinging orders about to the other nurses with regard to myself, and for them to let her know the minute this, that or the other change occurred with me.

All I remember of that young woman now, apart from her remarkable solicitude for me, is that she had the most beautiful face — a face which most surely matched her nature. When at last the day came when I was considered out of danger and they moved me to another ward, I didn't get the chance to thank her, and to say good-bye. I never saw her again and never knew her name.

Having recovered to some extent, but nowhere near the stage of being allowed up, the matron of the hospital (a very robust lady which most matrons seem to be) decided that like some of the other patients, it might be beneficial therapy if I were to be 'encouraged' to take an interest in some simple occupation; In the event, toy-making. Consequently I was soon supplied with a quantity of green felt, material for stuffing, needles and thread, and printed instructions on the ideal way to go about making a toy elephant.

Sick though I was, I was pretty rebellious about this, and as a seventeen-year-old who had experienced much rougher occupations — including a recent sojourn in New Guinea, which was the reason I'd been brought to this pass — I felt it was a wretched insult and a childish way to have to pass my time. But hospital matrons are not exactly the persons to argue with — particularly if they hold the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel — so it was with very bad grace that I set about constructing that wretched elephant (an occupation and a toy fit only for girls).

When at length I'd completed fashioning the toy, it had more the appearance of a pre-historic mammoth than an elephant, but I felt that it was near enough to satisfy the old ogre. I still had a quantity of material left over and just for devilment, and as a way of getting up Matron's nostrils, I soon worked out just how I was going to use that extra material.

A bit more shaping, stuffing and fastening with a few stitches and my caricature of an elephant was now fully completed to my satisfaction. I then placed 'Jumbo' in a prominent position on my bedside locker, and settled back to await whatever might result from Matron's next tour of inspection.

Next morning Matron duly appeared, stiff and starched as usual, and attended by the customary duo of young and comely nurses. Nodding regally to the occupants as she passed from bed to bed, and uttering remarks of benign approval at the progress of the various giraffes, monkeys, tigers, piglets and whatever, that the other patients were dutifully engaged in manufacturing, she eventually stopped short at my bed. "And how is Private Graham to-day?" she asked not unkindly, "and how are we getting on with our elephant?"

I inclined my head towards the bedside locker and her eyes followed in that direction. When they alighted on 'Jumbo' there was a lengthy silence and an intake of breath as she took in the parody of a pachyderm and what could be rightly described as his magnificently elephantine male characteristics. Not only had I transformed 'Jumbo' into a bull-elephant, but the king of all bull-elephants. (I had not been sparing with that excess material.)

Matron's eyes commenced to bulge and her mouth hung agape at the awesome sight. Her bosom heaved with the head of steam working up, and her face took on an angry, magenta glow. Her temper was not helped either, by the ribald sniggers of my immediate neighbours who were in the 'know', and the muffled giggles of the attendant nurses. Matron was far from amused.

I can't recall any of the specific dialogue that followed the outraged explosion from Matron, so perhaps a veil should be drawn over that. But the upshot was that my elephant was labelled a 'disgusting object' and a speedy neutering operation was ordered for the offending pachyderm. As a punishment I was to be deprived of the privilege and joys of toy-making and was not to be issued any more material for that purpose. I could consider myself fortunate that I was so ill, otherwise I might have found myself on a charge of 'Conduct to the Prejudice of Good Order and Military Discipline' (a charge conveniently drawn up by the military mind which was designed to cover a multitude of minor transgressions). It was further mentioned that as I was an obvious bad example and a

distraction to the other patients, Doctor might be persuaded to allow me up as a walking patient, where I'd be less likely to disturb the ordered serenity of that particular ward.

And so it came about that shortly following that episode, I was on my feet and free to roam the environs of the hospital. I was not long discovering the library, and for the many long months I was to remain a patient, I spent most of my days literally devouring the contents of the books it contained. I reckon I obtained an education in that library, for I read everything that I thought might interest me or widen my knowledge of the world. It was there I discovered Henry Lawson and his 'While The Billy Boils' yarns.

SHEEP-DOG TED AND 'BREAD 'N DRIPPING' SMITH — In the early years of the war I spent some months of my youth out on the Western Plains working for 'Bread 'n Dripping Smith', a man as mean as the name implies. As stated in earlier journal stories, he was incredibly kind to his horses, but cared nothing for any other living thing.

It was a lonely life out there and I had no real company and no friends, until the day old Smith acquired a tiny kelpie pup; the black and tan variety which have no meanness in their faces. For some reason old Smith named him Ted. Well Ted and I were both greenhorns at the game, both very young and a bit unwanted, so it was very natural to the order of things that we should gravitate to each other and become very firm mates. Of course, he was the property of 'Bread 'n Dripping Smith', but that meant nothing to the pup, he always came to me and regarded me as his 'person'. This never sat well with old Smith.

When Ted was about half-grown it happened one day that Sam, the senior stockman, (a morose and surly individual) and I were engaged in bringing in to the home paddock a large mob of sheep from the far pastures. Along with two or three of the older, more experienced dogs, Ted was taken along for his first try-out as a sheep-dog.

The morning had gone well. I was enjoying the work riding a lively little chestnut gelding who could wheel about on a three-penny bit. The dogs were working well, displaying the knowledge and intelligence expected of them, and although Ted, new-chum that he was, had not been of much help, he had appeared to take respectful notice of the other dogs.

We were just coming within sight of the homestead when as so often happens in this life when all appears well, the unexpected occurred. One of those incidents that may last only a second or two but so often spell unhappiness or even tragedy. We were anxious to get on when a small knot of sheep suddenly turned stubborn and began to head back.

Sam, whose temper was never of the best, started to curse and swear a bit, and Ted a little confused, suddenly became excited. Darting in amongst the sheep he took a snap or two, tearing the udder of one ewe. Sam, grim-faced and angry, leapt off his horse, seized a thick lump of wind-fall branch, and calling Ted to him, brought it down with terrible force on the dog's head. Ted dropped in the dust of that country lane and lay still. At first I thought Sam's blow had killed him, but when I got off my horse to examine the dog I found he was only stunned. After exchanging a few heated words with the sullen Sam, I picked Ted up and placed him across the pommel of my saddle. As I remounted Sam said, "You're a bluddy fool if you take that dog back, he's a bluddy cur and the Boss'll only shoot him when I tell him what he done."

"Why say anything" I replied, hoping to God Sam would keep his mouth shut. But I should have known, for Sam was a vindictive man and had never thought much of Ted — or me for that matter.

When we got back to the stockman's quarters Ted had come round and seemed no worse from his blow on the head. He licked my hand and hung around in his usual fashion, for he knew I was his pal — and that I'd carried him home. He was mightily careful though to keep well clear of Sam.

After a bit Sam went up to the homestead. I don't know what was said, but a short time later I saw old Smith coming down from the house with something tucked under his arm. Marvellous what things remain sharp in our memory when others of more significance are forgotten. When old Smith drew near I observed, with some trepidation, that the object he was carrying was an old Martini single-shot, .310 calibre rifle, the kind popular in the bush at that time.

Old 'Bread 'n Dripping' growled at me to fetch Ted and tie him to the picket fence that surrounded the miserable plot that passed for a garden. Having done this I was then told to watch but to stand well back. Even then I couldn't believe the old man was really intent on shooting the dog; but I protested as strongly as I could. It was to no avail. Old Smith was not to be shaken. As I mentioned earlier on, 'Bread 'n Dripping Smith' was a hard man, with a mean and shrivelled soul.

"He's a bluddy sheep-killer, son, you should've left the b---- like Sam told yer when he half brained him back yonder."

Poor old Ted didn't know what all the fuss was about. As I looked at him with misery in my eyes he was straining forward on the rope, trying to get near me, trying to give me more of his affectionate attention. He was just giving a little whimper, you know the way dogs do, when they're trying to tell you how much they love you, when the rifle cracked.

He fell without knowing, without feeling any pain. I have often thought about it, and if it was a thing that had to be done — then I suppose it was humane enough in its way.

There is no more that I can say about it except that this was exactly how it all happened and that I felt a terrible sense of injustice. Ted had made one small mistake because of inexperience, and had been made to pay a terrible penalty; and I had received one of life's harsher lessons.

That incident ended my days on the black-soil plains. Next morning I drew my time from 'Bread 'n Dripping Smith'; few words were exchanged. I didn't bother to say good-bye to Sam. I shouldered my swag (yes actually), and walked out through the big trees that shaded the homestead gates, facing up to the 25 mile walk to town.

A TIME WHEN That was all once upon a time. As the years pass and times change, we taken on different personalities and we are no longer the persons we once were. That boy who set out on that long, lonely road is a stranger to me now, just someone I once knew well; but when calling him to mind I see him clearly, as on a film re-run.

As he trudges across that monotonous, never-ending landscape he is wearing an old checked shirt, blue dungaree work pants (Blue jeans they call 'em now, and the fashion) and Cuban heeled riding boots that were never made for walking. And such is the resilience of youth, as he ambles along, young, fit, clear-eyed, the recent past is swiftly cast aside and new plans forming in his head. As that gravelled road stretches ahead, disappearing over the far horizon, so it is with his life, there is a hell of a lot of it to be lived — and savoured.

So he strides along on a sunny and briskly nippy late winter morning, planning the next stage of his life's adventure. He is thinking of the war which is well under way now, and of the momentous and tremendously exciting events which must be taking place somewhere over that same far horizon. Yes, by Jingo, yes indeed, that's what he'd do, join in the 'Big Adventure'. No trouble to put up his age two or three years, and should his parents' permission be required, their signatures could easily be duplicated.

The idea takes hold, the step quickens at the exciting thought of it all, and the 25 miles become as nought. He is now impatient to reach town. He wonders hopefully if they still recruit for the Light-Horse; if so, that's for him. Pictures form in his mind's eye of the emu plumes, leggings and bandoliers, and he can hardly wait.

Of course, that ignorant, perhaps foolish boy knows nothing yet of Malaria, Dengue or

Blackwater fever; or what a bullet or a shell can do to a man; of the dread experienced while crouched fearfully behind a machine-gun emplacement, waiting for the Japs to land at Milne Bay — and many other things. All that is yet to come, and he is going to have plenty of time for reflection while near to death and being tended by an angel intent upon not allowing the 'Ferryman' to take him.

As we come full circle in this tale of once upon a life-time, we leave that ignorant boy, hastening along the road to his awakening — and to his rendezvous with a hospital bed, a beautiful nurse and a crusty old matron. He was to keep only three mementos of his days out on the plains. The old, rusted spurs and the fancy, antique bridle-bit he hung onto for years as sad reminders of the fading age of the horse, but eventually they were given to someone who collects such things.

A book, faded and mildewed, its pages brittle and yellow, he somehow can't bring himself to part with; not because of any literary merit (which it lacks), but because of the faded inscription on the fly-leaf: "To Our Dear Son Bill from Dad and Mum 14th June 1940".

In the passing parade of the people — and the animals that have come and gone in our lives, some grow dim as time goes by, others stand out with a clarity as though we last saw them but yesterday.

I last see that boy leaving the hospital with a half-dozen or so other soldiers. Matron is standing on the steps bidding them good-bye as they board a waiting ambulance which is to take them off to a convalescent camp.

When it comes the boy's turn she takes his hand. "Well, good-bye Graham, I don't think you're quite well enough to be leaving us just yet, but I suppose you'll be all right. You'll be going back no doubt (meaning New Guinea), so good luck." Then she quickly becomes the efficient hospital matron once more and concludes, "Well, best hurry along, mustn't keep the ambulance waiting — there's a wait on."

But the boy has noted that there had been a kindly, even motherly look in her eye, and he concludes that really, despite her carry-on over 'Jumbo', she is a pretty good old sort after all.

As the ambulance rumbles off the boy falls into a reverie. His thoughts mull over his recent reading of 'That There Dog O' Mine' which in turn causes him to hark back to the Western Plains and the only friend he ever had there. He believes he understands just how Macquarie felt, how that gnarled, drunken, rough old shearer loved his dog, and what old dog Tally felt about Macquarie.

He will never return to the plains country, but many a time over the years he will recall

the shooting of Ted, and the memory will still cause a feeling of loss — and sadness. What he is not to know is that oh, ever so many years after, on still nights when the mopokes' lonely call comes drifting across from the

nearby trees, he'll turn to his wife and say: "Ah, just listen to that sound. That's an old mopoke. You know, I used to hear it in the bush years ago. It reminds me of a time.....a time when....."

WELFARE WAYS & DAYS

By Nancy Iredale

On duty in the office a woman rang to say they had the most adorable companion — an 8 year-old ginger and white female cat, but they were moving to a flat and had to find a home.

"Sorry, we can't find a home for an 8 year old — we are getting so many handed in we can only place a small percentage and they have to be young", I told her.

"But she is so adorable — when we say hello to her she answers us and she has been through so much she deserves a home", was my reply. I could only inform the caller that all the little cats surrendered for similar reasons deserved a home, but that there never were, and never would be, anywhere near enough homes to go round.

"But," the caller insisted, "we want to keep her right up till October when we will be moving — and she's been through so much, in hospital twice, had one eye removed — and she is so loving."

— "Sorry, but even a young one-eyed cat would be impossible to place. Many cats live happily in flats, why not take her with you?"

Caller (quickly) "Oh! We are not allowed to have a cat in the flat we are thinking of taking."

"Well then", I replied (beginning to get a little hot under the collar), "if you love the little cat so much why not look around for a flat where you can take her?"

Caller (even more quickly) "Oh the area we intend to move to won't let cats in flats at all."

At this stage, I had enough and said, "Well dam, I have to go, but if you call us in October I will pick up your cat to be destroyed."

It really got to me, I was very busy when she rang, and spent more time than usual feeling sorry for the adorable companion that wasn't really loved at all.

About five minutes before the office was due to close for the day, a pleasant young voice on the phone asked what she could do with a cat she had found in a bag on Coogee Beach. She had rung a vet, who told her to ring us.

Within five minutes it was arranged that a co-operating vet in the area would accept the cat on our behalf as the young lass had transport and was able to get it to him quickly.

It was arranged that C.P.S. should pay costs to ensure that there were no problems about finance, although the young lass may have been prepared to meet the costs.

The cat was young, pregnant and in very poor condition we were told when we checked with the vet.

I wonder how long the poor little creature had been waiting for a Good Samaritan and the C.P.S.?

Then there was the day I was asked to pick up a young, tabby cat from Five Dock. A bright 13 year-old boy had noticed a bag moving along the shore of Canada Bay. On wading gingerly out and pulling the bag into the shore he warily opened it to discover this poor, terrified, half-drowned creature within. I wondered how long it would have taken to die; and as always, why oh why do people do such callous things?

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C.P.S. COUNCIL RECOMMENDATION

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(The Members' Forum)

Dear Mr. Graham,

I was in hospital last year. I had cataracts removed from both eyes and I couldn't do much for sometime.

I am enclosing a picture of the little cat we adopted two years ago. She is loved by everyone and understands every word said to her, and loves to go for a little walk with some of the people. She sometimes goes into our lovely chapel and wonders what it's all about. You never know, she may know more than we think. Jilly is very spoiled and has grown into a beautiful cat.

Yours sincerely,
Wyn Ronald



(Editor's note: One of the "success" stories that does our hearts good. "Jilly" was chosen and adopted as a "teen-age" cat from among our Dural cats for homes. Nazareth House is obviously an enlightened place. It is nice to hear about an establishment which has the good sense and the **humanity** to allow the "elderlies" to enjoy the companionship of a pet).

Sir,

I really enjoyed the programme recently on Channel 2, A MATTER OF CATS. It is a pity that we as CPS members, could not have been made aware of its date, in advance via the Magazine, but I was very pleased to see that we got very good coverage, (via the efforts of the ambulance driver) which may have given the public a taste of what we are trying to do. I know of one person who watched it, who isn't an 'animal' type person at all, and though she has heard me mention CPS, she had no idea just what we are about.

It would be great if we could get exposure on one of the Willesee Brothers programmes, or even 60 Minutes which are watched by a more varied cross section of the public at large.

Wishing you all the best,
Norma Gray (Miss)

(Editors note: In the President's report, page 4 of the July Journal, all relevant information was given regarding the forthcoming program 'A Matter of Cats'. It was also announced as likely to appear late September — it actually appeared 27th Sept. — and members were advised to watch their T.V. programs. We couldn't under the circumstances be more specific than that).

Dear Everybody,

Thank you for another splendid magazine. I haven't read it all but will continue to enjoy it as I do so. Congratulations on the fine job you are all doing.

May the Spirit of Christmas bless you to-day and always through the coming year.

Loving Greeting
Ada E. Taylor.

Dear Mrs. Pickler,

I enclose cheque for donation to the Cat Protection Society. Sorry I was not able to attend the Annual Meeting this year.

Best Wishes to you and your work for the Society. Congratulations on the journal, very attractive and informative.

Yours sincerely,
Doreen Bottrell.

Dear Mrs. Pickler,

This will be my last donation in Australia, I leave for England on Dec. 18th. I will try to find out about any Cat Protection Societies and pass information on to you.

All of you at C.P.S. do a wonderful if sometimes thankless task, but if only the cats could speak there would be plenty said, so on their behalf I would like to say a big **thank you**. I know I'm just a small voice in the wilderness but I say thank you with a heart full of love for all cats.

Kindest regards,
Margaret Hunn.

Dear Friends,

Fluff and Mimi are doing well. Fluff's ex-lover Count Luna is hanging around but can't be tamed. It is a pity because he is a nice black long-haired cat with a white moon as a neck-piece. He has probably been abandoned years ago, and stays wherever he pleases. Anyway, he is not much worry coming here, he gets a better feed than my own cats, I think sometimes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — continued

Fluff has been having laser beam acupuncture for her "trench-mouth". It sort of vaguely helped, but we still had to go back to the cortisone injection. I have a feeling that the combination of both may be prolonging the time between afflications (or is it psychological—the cat seems to develop her troubles every time after my school hol. ends!)

Laser beam acupuncture is supposed to do instant wonders for arthritic dogs. It is given at Bexley Vet. Hospital. (Water retention is a problem after cortisone, but there are special tablets which must be given at an interval of one week or more, morn. and eve. for 3 days.) I hope some hairy friend will benefit from this bit of info.

Best Wishes,
Dana G.

Dear Madam,

Over the past four years it has been my pleasure to know the late Mrs. Ruth Connell and learn of her devotion to her own cats and numerous strays.

Anytime I spoke to her she had yet another one to look after and they all obviously had a safe and happy home with her. She often mentioned the Cat Protection Society and what a wonderful job they were doing for unwanted pets.

I recently tried to ring Ruth to find someone else had that telephone number now and when a letter was returned from her P.O. box I decided to ring her local medico who told me the news that she had been found dead at home. I found it very sad indeed to know that she had died without any human company but I'm sure her beloved cats probably mourned her passing more than many humans would do. As I did not know her relations up the Coast but had only heard of them from Ruth I suddenly thought that what she would perhaps appreciate most would be some small donation to a Society for whose work she had such instinting admiration. Hence my telephone call to you and the enclosed cheque.

Personally I have always loved cats and although not the owner of one, my sister and I have been "taken over" by the pure black (not quite pure Persian) animal belonging to our neighbours. Princess ets, sleeps and "lives" with us but does condescend to visit her owners when it suits her and to use their lawn for natural reasons and sleeps under their car when she feels like it. Hopefully when we retire we will be able to have a cat of our own and give it the care and attention it deserves.

With best wishes for the continuation of your good work and should I ever be fortunate

enough to get a major prize in Lotto I'll once agin remember Ruth's friends.

Yours sincerely,
Tess O'Farrell.

(Editors note: We first heard of Ruth's passing when the police called our office — having seen the Society's card on her table and being concerned for her by now very hungry cats. Arrangements were immediately made to collect her cats and fortunately in this instance, homes were found for them within the week. We were happy to perform this last service for Ruth who was a wonderful friend to homeless animals and a singularly kind person.)

Dear Mr. Graham,

Sad to say, the story of my "wild" hospital cats has become Jenny's obituary. She was found dead on the footpath beside Pacific Highway on 7.9.84. Why she went near the highway when she had such a big territory to roam in I'll never know, but I suspect she may have been chased by a dog. I miss her very much.

I would like to refer again to the special milk "Digestelact" which I previously advised for orphaned kittens who cannot tolerate cow's milk, or to be specific, the lactose which it contains, causing diarrhoea, dehydration and wasting. Because Digestelact is a little low in protein, my vet. thinks it would be advisable to start introducing solids into the diet from 3 weeks of age. I would be inclined to continue giving Digestelact for another 6 weeks or so, as a source of vitamins, and calcium for healthy bone and teeth development.

It is worth noting that a cat or kitten who cannot digest lactose (sugar of milk) will probably not be able to digest cane sugar. Digestelact is free of cane sugar also.

Bouquets and more bouquets for all the wonderful work of the Society.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret Wilson (Miss)

Dear Mr. Graham,

I would like to bring to your attention the help my neighbours Diane and John Michel have given the C.P.S. by collecting aluminium cans.

When Channel Ten had a Christmas party they collected all the cans and presented me with a large box-full.

I now have a container at my front gate which I empty most mornings as Diane and John take Red Dog, a Doberman, for a walk each evening and collect cans. Other folk have also

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — continued

contributed, but theirs has been an outstanding effort.

I now have seven bags awaiting pick-up by Gordon Cozens.

Yours sincerely,
Edith Easton.

(Editors note: We are most grateful to all the little known and unsung kindly people who go out of their way to help the Society. George and Eva Flegman, proprietors of the Harvest (Vegetarian) Restaurant, Balmain, have over the past couple of years, helped by keeping a collection jar for the loose change left by the well-fed patrons).

Dear Madam,

Enclosed is a cheque I'd like you to put towards your Christmas appeal — or use it for any other purpose you see fit.

I am always interested to read your magazine to find out about all the good work you carry out. I am very fond of cats. I have two at present — one a stray I befriended lately much to the dislike of my poor old eleven year old. "Stray" never comes into the house, she hides under it — pounces out on my old cat who is scared to go out much, so there are many battles but neither seems to ever get hurt — I can't imagine them ever becoming friends.

I'd like to add a remarkable cat story here. I have a daughter married to a grazier 35 miles from Walgett. When their children were young they had a governess who was married, so she and her husband lived in a cottage on the property and they had a cat.

When the children went to boarding school their governess, her husband and cat left and went to live in Walgett. The cat disappeared after a short time, apparently not liking the noise of town life I guess. — Well, 3 years and 35 miles later he arrived back at the property — not a bedraggled, thin poor chap as one would imagine after all that time travelling, but hale and hearty, and ever so pleased to be "home", where he lived on for many years. We have often wondered how he could have survived en route all that time — any suggestions?

The same daughter had another experience of a lost cat — but I'll keep that for another time.

Yours truly,
Loraine Gillan (Mrs.)

(Editors note: We half wish Mrs. Gillan hadn't sent us that story for now we are as intrigued and puzzled as she is, and we shall probably go on wondering how the devil it could take a cat 3 years to cover 35 miles, and arrive in good condition to boot. We've heard of the tortoise

and hare, but a rate of 10½ miles per year — give or take a yard or two — takes some beating. We can't offer any suggestions at all other than to ponder on the mysterious ways of nature and the animal kingdom, and to say once again — as we all have so many times — "if only animals could talk". We now eagerly await Mrs. Gillan's story of the other lost cat).

Dear Sir,

As a warning to non-suspecting cat owners and relations, I'd like to tell this story! Having gone on holiday, my son and daughter-in-law, (dedicated animal lovers) accepted to look after my Chinchilla kitten of 6 months. During the 3 weeks he was there he developed runny eyes! Taking him to their Vet, they were given ointment and reassurance it was only an infection. However, when I got back and to "Nicky" home, the eyes were still sticky and not getting better. I bathed them and added the ointment faithfully each day. No improvement.

I decided to consult my local vet. and "Nicky's" eye was damaged. It had to be stitched inside his 2nd lid to encourage healing. Speaking to my son and telling him of the vet's diagnosis, he recalled that "Nicky" used to play around a potted palm, which had spiky leaves. Obviously the young cat had probed his eye on one of the spikes.

His eye is now clean and free of discharge. With the stitches removed he looks more like his old self but there is a permanent film over the pupil of the damaged eye.

We both feel sad about the accident as he is such a pretty animal, and the eyes are such a good feature of these cats. However, if we can save other other young animals by warning owners of the danger of spiky plants. The offending one, in our case is now destroyed.

Sylvia Powter

Dear Sir or Madam,

I love the picture on the December cover. It is the image of my fellow, even to the odd bit of white on the top lip, the white whiskers, and the offended expression if anything does not suit him.

The people who dumped the subjects of "Creatures of Misfortune" deserve to be whipped. In the top picture the dog's eyes are full of devotion.

Sincerely,
Mary Whitehead.

(Editors note: Many readers were entranced by the December cover picture and enquired as to whom the cat belonged. The picture was

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR — *continued*

supplied by Sybil Cozens and the doggerel added by the Editor, but we know nothing more of the cat or its owner).

Dear Sir,

I refer to your December issue to the article "Pet Owner — Living Alone".

I am an old pensioner living alone. I have no relatives or friends who are interested in the animals like pussy cat. Therefore I would kindly ask you to take my cat after my death and give to some kind loving person to care for him. I don't want after I am gone the cat is thrown out outside and tortured and suffer before it dies.

Please advise me what to do in this matter is it some kind of will I must make or what else? I will be very happy and grateful to hear from you on this matter.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain Yours very truly

(Miss Anna Onofreichuk)

(Editors note: As a service to those members who may wish it, the Society is prepared to collect cats as outlined in the above circumstances. Unfortunately however, we cannot guarantee to obtain homes for them, nor is it the policy to arrange long-term boarding. The most that can be promised is that on receipt of the necessary advice, arrangements will be made for the speedy collection of the cats and if homes are not immediately available, to have them humanely put down by a veterinary surgeon.

A letter for our records, giving all details would be required, and a note should be left on the member's premises — where it can be easily and quickly found — stating that the Society has been authorised to collect the cats on the event of their owner's death.

This service is for members only and no arrangements can be entered into for the collection of animals other than cats. If members so desire they may leave a donation for this purpose, but in any case the Society is prepared to bear all expenses as long as the number of cats does not exceed six. It should be added that the Society has performed this service on several occasions and in many cases has been successful in finding homes. But, the Society will not make promises it cannot guarantee to keep).

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Graham,

During a long life of animal care, I have seen it all and thought myself immune to tears — yet your beautifully pathetic journal made me cry; I

cried of compassion and also mixed up with joy and hope that there are people who care and I felt less forlorn with this huge problem. I also learnt that you have severe health problems and only wish that they will vanish, you being fully recovered very soon.

Your journal is lovely, informative and genuine; Martin and I wish you well, we both keep going single handed in rescue work. What a long way C.P.S. has come. A happy Christmas to you, the Society and all our little fellow creatures who need us.

Good luck sincerely,
Martin and Ellen Littauer.

Dear Mr. Graham,

Your journal of 'Cat Affairs' is always a pleasure and delight to its readers, and I think it really excelled itself in December, 1984. How heartwarming it is to find there are so many compassionate people in this cruel world. It is so encouraging when it would be so easy to despair.

Thank heaven for Denise Tierney and those like her. (Although we have never met I love her!) I found the Editor's article "Of Cats & Dogs & Birds & Things" an absolute gem. I know that all the members who read it share my sorrow at reading of the eye trouble of "our Mr. Graham" and send most sincere wishes for recovery. May I add appreciation of Heather Bickford's touching poem "Factory Cats", and other contributions — Best Wishes to all the wonderful workers of C.P.S.

Sincerely
G.M. Thompson.

Dear Mr. Graham,

I appreciate the journal and have great admiration and respect for all those who work so hard to assist the sick, injured and abandoned felines. Do you think our government will ever agree to allow donations to the C.P.S. to be tax deductible? It should be so and would encourage many more people in big business to help the Society.

I was very sorry to hear of your distressing eye problem. I do hope there is no permanent damage to your sight.

With kind regards and best wishes,
Lorna Shallard.

(Editors note: I am very happy to take this opportunity to thank the above correspondents and all those other members, for their kind thoughts and expressions of concern; which

leaves one with a very warm feeling. I must add that when I wrote about myself in such a personal way I did so to draw attention to those animal companions whose loyalty and affection can do so much to lift the spirits of their human owners when the going gets a bit rough. Unfortunately, as we know so well, so-called lower animals are rarely appreciated in a way which should be their due; and their rights (if any) are so often ignored.

With regard to the question of tax deductions; that matter is being pursued by the Australian Federation of Animal Societies of which our Society is a member. But, the mills of justice — and government — grind ever so slowly. As a matter of interest, being a non-profit organisation the Society does not of course pay income tax. But it has to pay sales tax on every item it purchases — exception being the journal.

PROBLEM CORNER

By Shirley Pikler

Many enquiries are received by our office asking what to do about cats that "dirty" in the house. Since reading a book titled "You Can Train Your Cat" by Jo and Paul Loeb (Sheldon Press, London), I now offer their advice, as quoted:—

"A mother cat has no problem teaching her kittens right from wrong. Just a smack of the paw, or picking them up by the neck and shaking them and taking them away from danger gets the message across. She doesn't say a word. Their survival depends on learning right from wrong — or safety from danger. Therefore it's up to you to follow her example in teaching your kitten right from wrong.

You must be utterly calm and methodical in correcting your cat. Never lose your temper. Use the name of the cat, then "no" whenever he does something you don't want. If he has been taught the meaning of "no" properly, a firm "no" should bring about the proper response. But first he must know that "no" means something.

To instill the "no" properly you may have to employ our "rubber-arm" technique. This teaches the cat that you can reach him no matter how far away you are. Toss a magazine in his direction, not necessarily to hit but near enough so the sound startles him, and say "no" sharply as it lands. Reprimands don't have to be painful; they can simply be startling or unpleasant for your cat. A glass of water poured on a really recalcitrant cat will also stop an undesirable action fast. Of course, there are only certain places where this method is practical — but it is very effective. Keys used instead of a magazine and later shaken as a reminder also work.

Another reprimand technique that makes use of your cat's innate behaviour is the White

Distilled Vinegar Method. This is generally reserved for a cat who messes up somewhere other than in his litter box or in the toilet. When you see the mess, ignore your cat and simply go into the kitchen and get a bottle of white vinegar and a roll of paper towels. Uncap the bottle and put it and the towel down next to the spot. Then go and get your culprit, but **without** calling him. Bring him over to the spot. Put him close enough to the urine and/or faeces so he can see and smell it. This way he'll associate what is to come with his dirt. Stick the open bottle of vinegar under his nose or put some on a towel and touch his nose, and let him have a good sniff of it. Then let him go. Now put a drop of vinegar on the spot after you've cleaned it up.

The smell of white vinegar is harmless to cats and will not stain rugs or furniture, but it will add a smell to the spot that will remind him of your punishment, and his bad act. Thus when he smells the place he will tend to stay away. His sense of smell is not terribly acute, as you know, but an acid smell is quickly recognizable.

No matter what, "no" should be the only word ever used when you correct your cat. The word "no" literally covers a multitude of sins. It's the one word, really the **only** word, an owner ever needs in the way of a reprimand. And remind yourself not to be mean after the cat has been reprimanded. There's no point in "punishing" your cat by locking him in the bathroom for three or four hours — after a few minutes he probably won't remember what he was being punished for, and all you'll accomplish will be to teach the cat to stay in the bathroom.

Instead, after saying the harsh "no" and/or giving him a slight physical reprimand such as a slap or shake, turn around and walk away. Then just leave him alone — ignore him — for five to ten minutes."

NEWS FROM TUGGERAH LAKES/WYONG

By Edith Duport, Branch President

The usual busy season over the holidays at year's end.

Highlights perhaps were: A lovely pure-white Persian with five youngsters of her own — dumped ... She was collected, and quickly responded to good food and T.L.C. Following that there was an emergency! Two one-hour-old baby kits — white with gold-tipped fur, brought in by two little boys, both in tears! What on earth shall we do, we all wondered? ... Well, all we could do was to ask the Persian mum if she could possibly adopt two more! What a wonderful cat she turned out to be — she adopted them and they all thrived and are

booked into good, kind homes. What a relief! These last two arrivals will soon go back to the little boys who owned them ... still more joy!

1985 so far has been quite exceptional as to desexing, placing kittens, also more mature cats.

Fundraising? We have run several street stalls with raffles; and our thanks go out to our transport workers, and many other supporters. Our gratitude, too, the Radio 2GO Gosford who've been a tower of strength; and to the press: the Tuggerah Lakes/Wyong "ADVOCATE/GUARDIAN".

"CENTRAL COAST CALLING!"

By Dorothy Haines, Branch P.R. Officer

Woy Woy Peninsular Branch is alive and well and producing results in the Gosford Shire.

Details, and some heart-warming true stories, are being incorporated in these notes. Meanwhile, here's something rather new:

Following on a story by our Editor in last March's JOURNAL, your scribe has written a little article, to be accompanied by some hard facts — in the form of the ELEVEN felines which she personally has adopted for the term of their natural lives! Photograph will accompany the story for the press. It is headed:

"CATS! CATS! CATS! CATS! — AND AN APPEAL FOR THE OLDER CAT!

Supporting the idea of adopting a mature cat as a "companion cat" — which is being widely advocated, and the fact that a friendly moggie can do much to brighten the lives and morale of patients in suitable hospitals, institutions etc. A cat or so has already taken up duties in some hospital wards. More hopeful signs for the army of unemployed pussies!

NOTES FROM THE FIELD —

By Branch President KATH ROBINSON

Mature Cats Case History:

4 Cats and 6 kittens: People moved, and left cats behind.

4 adult cats — all desexed by owner before leaving homes, found on a farm at Wyong. Homes found for 2 Cats and kittens.

A mother cat — a lovely white Chinchilla — and 2 kittens, tied up in a bag, and left on a neighbour's lawn. A good home found for "Mum" at Empire Bay, and kittens found homes locally.

A mother cat and kitten brought to me — half Persian; I was able to secure a good home for kitten at Terrigal and had "Mum" desexed.

Family lived at Ettalong Beach Caravan Park and were not allowed animals. Two little boys were brokenhearted at having to part with their pets. I promised I would look after them, and maybe some day, they can be together again.

Took a black half-grown kitten from a Umina member CPS; One day, he was out on Mt. Ettalong Road with me, when a car went by, then it came back; and two girls got out and said "You've got my Cat!" After explaining how I came by him, and they had proved to me their ownership, he went back to the girls, who had obtained him from children in Hyde Park, Sydney, a little "stray". It was quite a happy reunion!

Many cases of "adult unit cats" — people moving from area and going into units; and many cats belong to elderly people who have died, and their children can't get rid of them quick enough; many female cats are dumped because they are pregnant.

I had a case recently of a stray cat dumped together with three dear little kittens. I went morning and night to feed them all, and eventually managed to get homes for the kittens, had the mother desexed and then she went to a lovely home. She is now a beloved Cat.

And so the cases go on ... it is these "happy endings" we try so hard to bring about, that make us "keep on keeping on!"

ANOTHER GARAGE SALE! Again we must report that the hardworking Kath Robinson (President and Welfare) is to hold a garage sale in her garden on Easter Saturday. By the way goods are already "purring in" it augurs well for another success. Our thanks go to Sybil Cozens and her faithful, clever helpers, who sent us up some really attractive and eminently saleable "goodies".

GALLIMAUFRY CORNER

By Miss Cellany

CAN ANIMALS THINK?

A symposium at the National Zoo in Washington discussed animal intelligence. The most important questions were:

Can animals think? Do they, in fact, show foresight and insight? Can they reason and make choices? Or are the things we read as evidence of intelligence merely instinctive reactions?

Obviously animals don't come anywhere near our ability to think abstractly, and there is no question that much animal behaviour is instinctive or mechanical — a dog wagging its tail, a cat purring.

But when and to whom a dog wags its tail or a cat purrs involves discrimination, choice. And the ability to discriminate — say, between a friend and a foe — involves the rudiments of intelligent reasoning.

This is especially true when a dog wags its tail in order to influence, even manipulate, its owner for attention, food, play or a walk outdoors. Hasn't your cat all but led you to the refrigerator, begging for milk, or miaowed to waken you for its breakfast?

Reasoning and insight underlie these complex actions; through them, an animal exhibits expectations, what it anticipates to be the outcome of its actions.

But are animals conscious or self-aware? The writings of two eminent scientists, *The Question of Animal Awareness*, by Dr. Donald R. Griffin, and *Animal Thought*, by Dr. Stephen Walker, lead us to the inevitable conclusion that, yes, to varying degrees, animals are in fact, aware of themselves.

It is true that puppies and kittens will react to their mirror image as though it were other animal. But, as they mature, they begin to ignore the image, indicating they they have developed more self-awareness.

The ability to think and reason also entails the ability to make logical associations, and this too is something that animals exhibit.

My friend's dog will start to whimper when his mistress puts on perfume; from past experience, he knows that she is going out for the evening. And while it is difficult to know whether animals sit and wonder or worry about things as we do, it is quite clear that they too experience anxiety and apprehensiveness.

There are those who claim that animals can't possibly possess the ability to think because they lack a verbal language, but the following well-documented examples will show the kinds of intelligent behaviour of which animals are capable.

1. Observational learning: Many cats and dogs have taught themselves, after observing

their owners, how to press doorbells, operate drinking fountains, even flush toilets. (One woman whose water bills rose dramatically discovered that her cat had learned how to flush the toilet!)

There is no record of domestic animals using tools, but sea otters will use stones to crack open abalone shells, and gulls will drop clam shells on to hard pavement so that the shells will break. People have reported cats digging cigarettes out of purses once they develop a taste for tobacco.

2. Symbolic behaviour: Many dogs express their wants by using non-verbal symbols rather than relying exclusively on body gestures or vocal sounds. For instance, a dog will bring a leash to its owner, indicating that it wants to be taken out — or a ball to show that it wants to play. Some dogs will bring their food bowl when they want to be fed.

3. Imitative behaviour: Parrots, once thought to be mindless mimics, are now credited with high intelligence. One trained grey parrot can verbally identify some 50 different objects. It can request them individually, count them, categorise them into groups (blue wood or triangular wood) and can ask to be placed in different parts of its room.

4. Psychological disturbance: In some ways, animal psychology is as intricate as human psychology, and animals will exhibit symptoms of emotional distress that are comparable to those in humans.

A dog can mourn a dead master to self-destructive excess, and cats boarded for the summer may become depressed and often stop eating.

5. Insightful behaviour, reasoning: A dog pushes a stool over to a low gate so that it could climb over. A wild cat will tap the water surface at the edge of a stream, imitating the movements of a fly, in order to catch fish.

6. A sense of reciprocity: In a clear case of fair exchange a dog steals a toy aircraft from a sleeping boy, whose mother sees the dog take the aircraft into the kitchen, hide it, then carry its own chew toy to the child's bed.

Another dog solicits cheese from the coffee table and is told "No".

It then goes into the kitchen to return with a dog biscuit, which it places in its owner's lap, all the while looking at the cheese. Clearly, the offering is meant as an exchange.

7. A sense of humour: Dogs and cats can be playfully teased or mock-attacked without becoming aggressive or defensive, and the shift in thinking necessary to interpret such behaviour as non-serious requires a sense of

humour — another sign of intelligence.

After years of studying their behaviour, there is no question but that animals have far more

abilities than they have been given credit for — and often understand our behaviour far better than we do theirs.

SHE WAS AS SICK AS A ... CAT?

Page four recently revealed how a cat, by refusing meat, had led to the prosecution of a butcher who had chemically treated his meat to make it seem fresh.

Cat Affairs, journal of the Cat Protection Society of NSW, goes further.

A member, tired, irritable, losing weight and feeling depressed — despite treatment — was heading for a nervous breakdown ... until her cat became ill too.

Vet tests showed the cat had lead poisoning; more tests showed the owner had the same problem — as the result of scraping old paint off the walls of a room.

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.

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, 1985. **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:—

GENERAL 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.