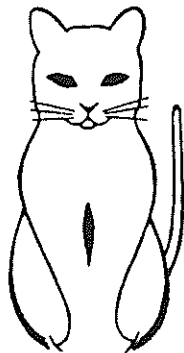


'CAT AFFAIRS'



AUGUST 1985

# JOURNAL

WINTER APPEAL EDITION

**The Cat**

**Protection Society of N.S.W.**

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)

P.O. BOX A523, SYDNEY SOUTH, 2000. Registered Office: 103 ENMORE ROAD, ENMORE, N.S.W. 2042. Telephone: 51 1011

EDITOR: W. GRAHAM • EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: D. TIERNEY

PATRONS: Miss Ita Buttrose, O.B.E., The Hon. Neville Wran, Q.C., M.P.

OFFICE BEARERS: PRESIDENT: Mr William Graham • VICE PRESIDENTS: Mrs Nancy Iredale, Mr Fred Meyers

HONORARY TREASURER: Mrs Judith Graham

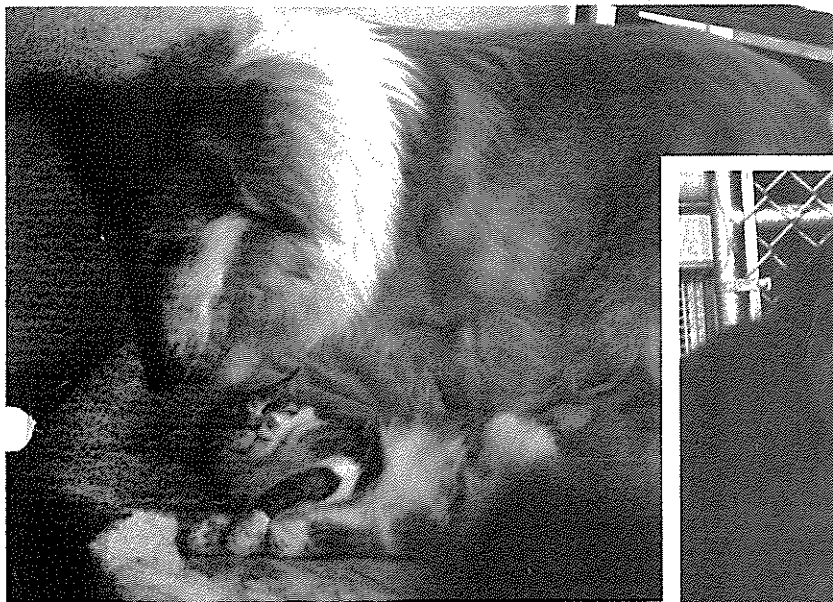
COUNCILLORS: Mrs Sybil Cozens, Mrs Elizabeth Francis,  
Professor Daria Love, B.V.Sc, Ph. D, M.R.C. Path., M.A.S.M.,

Mr Geoffrey Luton, Miss Denise Tierney, Miss Jo Tomkin

HONORARY SECRETARY: Mrs Shirley Pikler

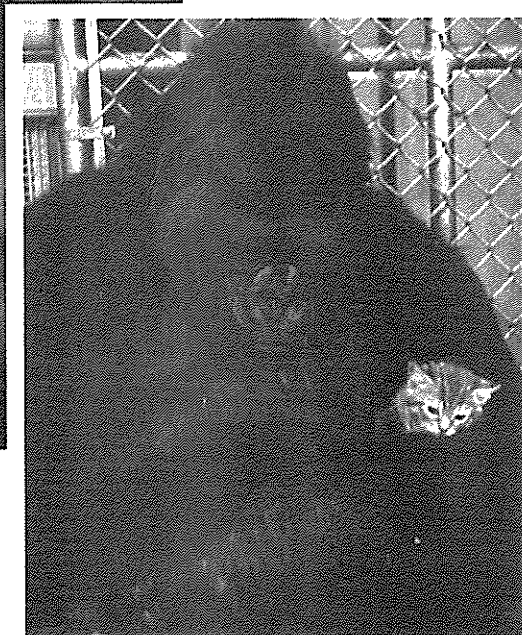
LIFE GOVERNORS: Mr & Mrs L. Braby, Misses C. & E. Bryant, Mrs B. Morrison, Miss M. Barnard, Mrs N. Iredale,  
Mrs S. Springfield, Mrs I. Tattersall, Miss D. Silins, Miss H. Heney

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS: Mrs A. Gillham, Mrs D. Haines, Mrs B. Harvey, Mr G. Luton,  
Mrs N. Iredale, Mrs S. Pikler, Mrs T. Nelson, Mrs J. Taylor, Mr & Mrs G. Cozens



*It was love at first sight between Misty the Collie dog  
and Sally the (former) C.P.S. cat.*

*(For more on these touching relationships see stories inside)*



*And Gorilla goes  
'Ape' over kitten*

**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**

# NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of The Cat Protection Society of New South Wales will be held on Sunday, 15th day of September, 1985, at the Y.W.C.A., 5-11 Wentworth Avenue, Darlinghurst (Near Hyde Park) commencing at 2.00 p.m.

## BUSINESS

1. Read and confirm Minutes of 1984 Annual General Meeting.
2. Business Arising.
3. Annual Report.
4. Balance Sheet and Financial Statement — Treasurer's Report.
5. Election of Executive and Council 1985-6 term.
6. General Business and Discussion — Question Time.

A member entitled to attend and vote is entitled to appoint a proxy to attend and vote instead of the member. A proxy need not be a member. All proxies must be in the Secretary's hands not later than 48 hours before the time of the holding of the meeting. Only financial members are entitled to vote, accept nomination, or nominate others for positions on Council.

The election of office-bearers and other members of the Council shall take place in the following manner:—

- (a) Any two members of the Society shall be at liberty to nominate any other member to serve as an office-bearer or other member of the Council.
- (b) The nomination, which shall be in writing and signed by the member and his proposer and seconder, shall be lodged with the Secretary at least fourteen days before the Annual General Meeting at which the election is to take place.
- (c) A list of the candidates' names in alphabetical order, with the proposers' and seconds' names, shall be posted in a conspicuous place in the registered office of the Society for at least seven days immediately preceding the Annual General Meeting.
- (d) Balloting lists shall be prepared (if necessary) containing the names of the candidates only. The order in which the names of the candidates appear on the Ballot Paper shall be decided by lot, and each member present at the Annual General Meeting shall be entitled to vote for any number of such candidates not exceeding the number of vacancies.

- (e) The Ballot shall be conducted by a returning officer appointed by the members present and assisted by two or more scrutineers elected at such meeting.
- (f) In case there shall not be sufficient number of candidates nominated, the Council shall fill up the remaining vacancies.

Any member seeking election to a position on the Council should ensure that his/her nomination be in a form similar to that as set out below:—

"We, the undersigned financial members of The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W., hereby

nominate .....

for the position of ..... \*  
at the election to be held at the Annual General Meeting of the said Society on Sunday, the 15th day of September, 1985.

Proposer .....

Address .....

Secunder .....

Address .....

I, .....

of .....

Born ..... being a financial member of the said Society, do hereby agree to such nomination, and if elected, agree to be bound by the Memorandum and Articles of Association for the ensuing twelve months from such election.

Signed ..... Date .....

\* President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, State Councillor.

A Director of a Company shall give notice in writing to the Company if he is a Director of a Public Company, of the date when he attained or will attain the age of 72 years. A person of or over the age of 72 years may, by a resolution reciting the age of that person, being a resolution of which no shorter notice than that required to be given to the members of the Company of an Annual General Meeting has been duly given, passed by a majority of not less than three-fourths of such members of the Company as being entitled so to do, vote in person or, when proxies are allowed, by proxy.

# CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT

Dear Members: With indecent haste the bearded old man with the scythe and the hour-glass has passed on by and it is time once again to present to you an account of the events and activities which affected or involved this Society throughout the financial year 1984—1985.

**Kingsgrove Property:** As reported in the Easter journal, State Council had planned to establish this property as a cat holding centre, but local residents supported by the Land and Environment Court decreed otherwise, thus leaving no alternative other than to sell the property. In accordance with the Articles of Association, the property was first put up for auction and when that failed to attract an acceptable bid, it was then sold by private treaty through the firm of L.J. Hooker Pty. Ltd. The amount negotiated (see audited accounts) was unanimously approved by Council, and it should be added that no Councillor or member had a financial or other interest in the purchase, nor did they receive reward for any kind on the sale.

Now of course, it is square one again, and the search recommences for a suitable property where it may be possible to establish a cat care centre — a task one is often forced to think, more difficult of achievement than Jason's search for the golden fleece.

**Welfare Operations and Results:** Our animal ambulance and welfare service has now completed its fifth year of operation, therefore it would be fitting to list here not only the statistics for the year just passed, but for each of those five years. With the sum of those years, members can thus judge for themselves the worth or otherwise of that which has been achieved. The following figures do not take into account the invaluable efforts of the branches (Woy Woy and Tuggerah) over those years, which perhaps make the results all the more remarkable.

It should be noted that the miscellaneous work such as emergencies attended and small animals found homes etc. (other than dogs)

have not been included due to the space required to cover the wide variety (various birds, possums, ducklings, tortoises — and would you believe it — banty roosters).

The cheerless aspect of our welfare operation is that we have been forced to destroy almost 18,000 cats and kittens as against 2,100 placed in homes. It should be borne in mind however, that of those that were put down the vast majority were either too wild, aged, sickly or maimed to have any chance of being placed — that is if sufficient homes were available (which they are not) and if we had the means of housing them (which we certainly have not).

The dilemma is either to refuse to accept the collection of those considered unplaceable or to do as we have by delivering them to veterinary surgeons for humane euthanasia. Under the circumstances as they exist — unscrupulous greyhound trainers, researchers and experimenters, other animal welfare organisations prepared to hand animals over to the experimenters (the June 1985 issue of the N.S.W. Animal Welfare League News prominently features a four page article in which Associate Professor Eugenie Lumbers is quoted as saying in an address to the R.S.P.C.A. "... I am asking the R.S.P.C.A. in N.S.W., therefore, to help us in any way you see fit. I appreciate that you may feel that you cannot supply animals directly to us, although I would like to point out that in Queensland, the R.S.P.C.A. does provide animals to medical researchers ...") — we feel the latter course is our only option.

On the subject of animal societies supplying animals for experimentation, we received a large number of letters and calls from people protesting the advertisements placed by the University of N.S.W., and requesting that we take "strong action" against them. While recognising that the ads are legal and therefore we can do little about them other than to add our voice to the protestors, I wish to make it perfectly

Year	Cats Desexed	Vouchers Issued	Total Desexed	Cats Put Down	Cats Placed	Jobs Completed	Miscellaneous (Dogs)		
							Dxd.	Placed	Put Down
80-81	968	403	1371	2894	333	1922	15	4	10
81-82	1502	1178	2680	4272	368	1990	61	1	11
82-83	1551	1116	2667	3541	529	2312	4	15	10
83-84	2098	1120	3218	4344	481	3602	33	1	3
84-85	1660	1080	2740	2899	381	3107	9	1	—
Grand Totals	7779	4897	12676	17950	2092	12933	122	22	34

clear in this report that this Society has never lent itself to the nefarious practice of supplying animals to researchers. Furthermore, I make this promise: while ever I remain President of this organisation, members and other interested parties can be assured, not one animal that comes into the Society's possession will ever be handed over for experimental purposes. The only means employed for the disposal of all animals that have no future or quality of life expectancy will be painless euthanasia under veterinary supervision at all times.

On the more positive side, almost 13,000 desexings carried out through our welfare programme must have made a dent, however small, in the problem of far too many stray, abandoned and unwanted animals. Our policy in this area is that pensioners of all categories, unemployed or otherwise financially disadvantaged owners, receive priority with ambulance collection and return of their cats to be desexed — at a welfare fee. This service also applies to members and those owners who because of age, infirmity, or lack of carrying equipment etc. may otherwise have great difficulty in conveying their pets to a vet. For those who are able to transport their cats and prefer to do so, we will issue a voucher — but only where a pensioner or other social security number is supplied.

Naturally, the happiest part of our activities is in placing animals with suitable new owners. All cats for homes are carefully selected for temperament and condition. All are vet checked, immunised and desexed, and go with a money-back guarantee should the new owner be dissatisfied or find the cat incompatible in some way. In the case of kittens too young to be desexed we have a follow-up policy that is rigorously maintained.

A new innovation brought in at the suggestion of Mrs. Iredale is that all cats placed go with an elastic-insert collar with tag attached. Each tag is inscribed with a sequenced number and the Society's phone number, and a register is kept of all relevant details. This has already paid dividends in a few instances where the newly placed cat has wandered and may have become lost. There is a choice of collar colours and we advise new owners to have their own phone number inscribed on the tag.

A significant proportion of cats we place are pedigree animals. This situation is mainly brought about by owners leaving the country, family break-up, death of owner — or cases where the cat has strayed and the owner cannot be traced. Example: "Moonbeam", a delightfully affectionate, brown male Burmese about nine months old, found wandering lost and frightened in a busy shopping centre. Our ambulance was called to the rescue when the police station to which he was handed in could

no longer hold him after failing to locate his owner. "Moonbeam" (so named by myself) wound up sharing joint occupancy of our small home pen with "Bosun" a beautiful and gentle Siamese whose owner had to travel and could no longer keep him.

Within 48 hours we had "Moonbeam" happily united with a pleasant young Sri Lankan woman, and "Bosun" with a polite Korean couple. This foreign interest is always a delight, for when it comes to fascination with cats, international barriers just do not exist, and it brings people of all races together in mutual and happy accord.

"Ping" and "Pong", two azure-eyed Himalayans, inseparable companions from birth, were left with us by a distressed museum official who had been posted overseas. They went together to a caring person, for to have separated them would have been unforgivable. These are but a few examples of where we have not only helped the animals, but also alleviated the sorrow of genuine people forced to part with their pets. Meantime, we always have many beautiful-natured and gentle 'mogs' at Dural virtually pleading for homes. Please help if you can by passing the word.

At all times, the highest priority of the ambulances is to attend emergencies involving injured or distressed small animals. In the kitten season, the ambulances are frequently called to attend where kittens have been dumped in bags or cartons on busy thoroughfares. At other times they attend animal victims of hit-run drivers or cases where cats are trapped under buildings, and so forth.

As a corollary to our work for animals, much other that is worthwhile is brought about mainly through the efforts of Sybil Cozens and her faithful band of auxiliary volunteers. The following is an acknowledgement from The Smith Family: 'Dear Madam — We acknowledge with warm thanks your recent donation of clothing.

We greatly appreciate your practical assistance which together with that of our other supporters, makes it possible for us to help the increasing number of people who are coming to us each day in great need.

Never has the call on our resources been heavier than it is now and so, on behalf of the needy people we help, we say a very special "thank you".

Yours sincerely,  
General Secretary.'

**Ministerial Visit:** On Friday 21st June, in response to an invitation from our Secretary, the Hon. Kevin Stewart, Minister for Local Government, in company with Ms. Amanda Large, Secretary Animal Welfare Division, met with members of Council at our Enmore headquarters.

The meeting was friendly and informal and one in which Councillors were able to speak freely of various problems, particularly the difficulties encountered in efforts to establish a cat care centre. Mr. Stewart impressed with his obvious keen interest in animal welfare and with a genuine desire to help in any reasonable way. Several ideas were discussed for future follow-up and the Minister was very encouraging in his suggestions.

We sincerely thank Mr. Stewart for accepting our invitation and for his friendly humour and courtesy.

Published below is a letter received from Mr. Stewart following his visit:

'Dear Mrs. Pikler,

Thank you for the most courteous reception afforded me on the occasion of my first official visit to the Cat Protection Society.

I have pleasure in forwarding herewith prints of the three photographs taken with members of the Society during my visit.

With very best wishes for continued success in the important work carried out by the Society,

Yours sincerely,

Kevin Stewart,

Minister for Local Government.'

Unfortunately, Sybil Cozens did not appear in the photograph as she was busy in the kitchen making scones and boiling the billy (or too shy to have her picture taken).

**Church Service for Animals:** Anything that draws attention to our dumb friends or can help them in any way can be nothing but beneficent. I commend to members the following invitation received from Mr. Gordon Drummond, President, N.S.W. Animal Welfare League:—

'Dear Sir, Over the last few years, the Minister of St. Stephen's Uniting Church, Macquarie Street, Sydney (Rev. Mr. Graham Hardy) has arranged an inter-denominational lunch-hour service for the welfare of animals, and has again made arrangements for this year.

Date: Wednesday 28th August, 1985.  
Time: 1.15p.m. to 1.45p.m. Place: St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Sydney (opp. Parliament House).

It is commendable that such significance is given to the place of animals in our society, and the workers amongst them. If all our societies can support this yearly Service, it will ensure its continued and honoured place in the mid-week services of St. Stephen's.

Accordingly, will you please pass on to your members through your Journal, details of the above service, requesting attendance and support.

Thanking you and with best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Gordon G. Drummond, President.

*Below, from left to right:— Daria Love, Councillor; Judy Graham, Treasurer; Geoff Luton, Councillor; Bill Graham, President; The Hon. Kevin Stewart; Liz Francis, Councillor; Nancy Iredale, Vice-President; Shirley Pikler, Secretary.*



**Annual Subscriptions:** The Society's financial year commences from the First day of June, and therefore all subscriptions become due on that date. Each year a number of members tend to overlook or forget, so if you have not already done so, would you please forward your subscription without further delay. After a member has become unfinancial, we always forward a further journal or two, but it should be noted that with the price of postage, this can be a costly operation. Also, if you have changed or are about to change your place of residence, please let us know as at each posting a certain number of journals are returned marked "left address".

**Bogus C.P.S. Representatives:** Over the past year our office received several reports of individuals passing themselves off to members of the public as representatives of this Society. The names of two have been made known to us; they are not members and have no standing whatsoever within our organisation. Apparently, these frauds approach people by responding to newspaper ads, or advertise the sale of cats and kittens under the guise that they are being sold on behalf of the Society.

It should be noted that our welfare section does not respond to ads and our welfare officers attend all calls in clearly marked ambulances. In any financial transaction the Society's receipt is always given and the only persons with authority to represent the Society are Council members or welfare staff. If dubious about any approach, please contact any of the phone numbers listed in this journal — with the exception of the 'op shop' number.

**Tribute Time:** A great deal of thanks is owed to that splendid band of auxiliary volunteers who, led by Sybil Cozens and Jo Tomkin, have kept fund-raising and the opportunity shop functioning to the extent that their remarkable contribution has gone a long way to help meet our heavy veterinary bills. Sybil and a small group also give up many week-ends to roll up sleeves and get stuck into the dirty work of cleaning and sprucing up the entire Enmore premises; a task which so often does unremarked but is deserving of the highest praise. While on the subject, we should not forget Gordon Cozens, who unselfishly gives up many hours carting, storing, sorting and repairing goods for the shop. Jim Thatcher is another of the same mould, who during the year organised and led a small group in a repaint job on the shop which restored it to its former pristine smartness.

In November, Elizabeth Francis organised a highly successful stall at the Paddington Fair. From helpers with that and the other activities, three names stand out: those of Edith Easton, Zena Kensey and Denise Tierney.

A thank-you also to the welfare staff who performed very well throughout the year dealing with many difficult and distressing cases. Although as always, some staff changes occurred, Miss Moss and Miss Peachey have been with us for quite some time and have become very experienced and reliable 'old hands'. Incidentally, they wish to thank life members, Mr. and Mrs. McMinn of Bexley, for all the support and assistance they have given over the past twelve months.

Our gratitude to all those "anonymous" out there who have provided goods for the shop or helped our work along with money donations. Whether the contribution has been large or small, it all goes to help a dumb beastie somewhere, and we thank you heartily one and all.

From a slow beginning, it has been most encouraging of recent times to receive so many journal contributions from members. The poems sent in by Gwen Thompson and others have been 'beauties'. Thank you for those letters and articles, and please keep 'em coming.

**State Council.** A group of very genuine, dedicated people of high integrity with whom it has been my great pleasure to be associated. All have given of their time with the one thought in mind; to help make this world a better place for all living creatures. Of our Treasurer, she has always made it quite plain to me that she wishes no thanks; and it is said that the definition of a husband is a batchelor with the nerve removed. However, (taking courage) I must say — and I think all Councillors would agree — that without her financial wisdom and expertise, we'd be up a very large gum-tree.

With so many worthy people involved, one can go so easily omit some who are deserving of our gratitude. If I have erred in that way, please forgive.

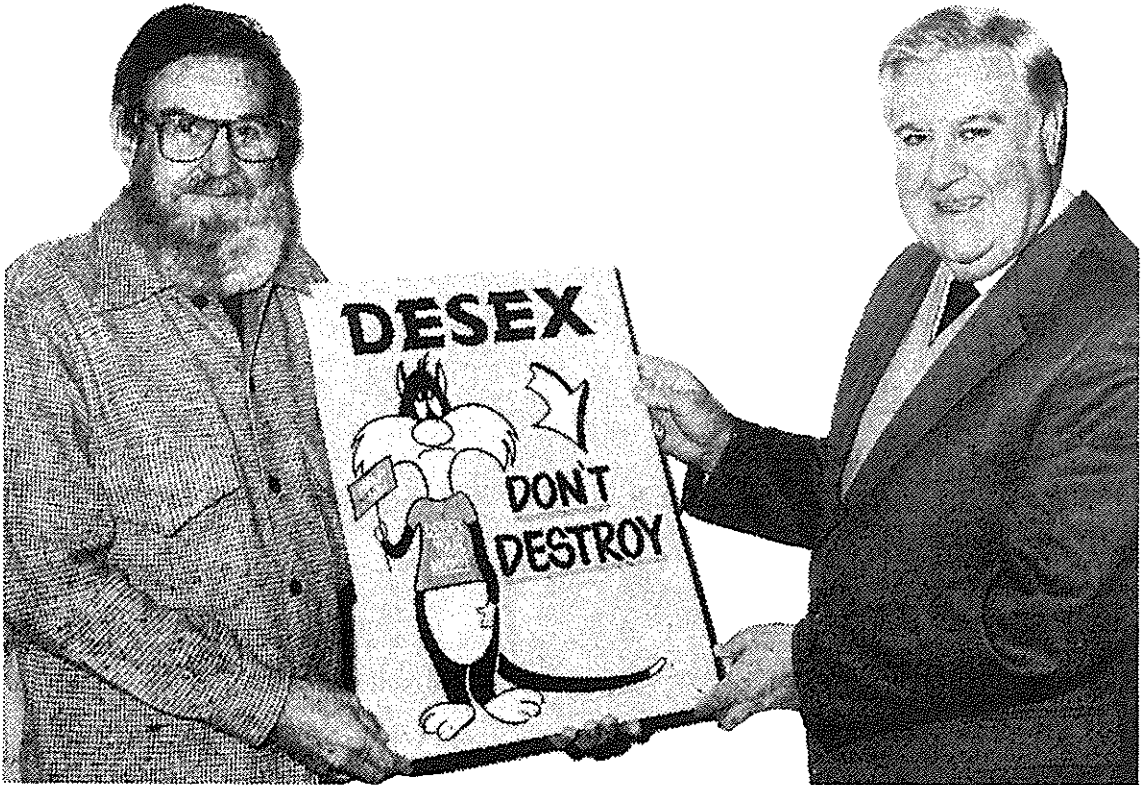
On behalf of State Council, I wish you all the very best and hope to see many of you at the forthcoming Annual General Meeting. Please come along if you can.

Bill Graham,  
President and Chairman.



# CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY PRAISED

Last week I undertook my first official visit to the Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.



*President of the Cat Protection Society of N.S.W., Mr. Bill Graham, shows the Minister for Local Government and Member for Canterbury, Mr. Kevin Stewart, some of the society's promotional material.*

Last week I undertook my first official visit to the Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.

This important animal welfare organisation is located in Enmore Road, Enmore, where it conducts an opportunity shop in premises which also serve as administrative offices.

The Cat Protection Society is concerned with the welfare of cats, receiving calls from concerned persons in the community who know of cats which do not have homes.

The society picks up stray cats and tries to place them into the care of families.

The society is also committed to assisting persons in necessitous circumstances to have their cats desexed.

Towards the cost of providing this service, the NSW Government makes an annual contribution for the operation of an animal ambulance.

The society is currently looking for new facilities where it will be able to establish a cat shelter, to improve its welfare services.

I was greatly impressed with the dedication of the society members I met during my visit who appreciated the comfort that can be obtained from having a cat, especially for persons of limited mobility who live on their own.

I congratulate the society on its achievements, and commend its work to the community.

*Member's Report by Kevin Stewart, Member for Canterbury and Minister for Local Government.*

# TUGGERAH LAKES/WYONG BRANCH

## 1984-85 REPORT.

**Committee:** President E. Duport, Treasurer, E. Watsford (part year). Secretary, E. Rogers. Members: N. Kelly, L. Kelly, Val Carr, E. Watsford.

**Contacts Made:** Cat Protection and Welfare cases dealt with during the above period.

<b>Cats Desexed</b>	<b>Euthanised</b>	<b>Homes Found</b>
464	5	561

This our fifth year was most successful for desexing of male and female cats and finding good homes. Medication was carried out under Veterinary instructions for many sick abandoned cats and kittens. Feline Enteritis needles are always recommended by us to be done at an early stage in the animals life and in a few instances these were paid for.

Thanks to Joy Skinner who for the last few years has tended the unwanted cats and kittens that were brought to us. Many thanks to Sybil Cozens for the splendid goods supplied to us for our stalls and raffles. Thank you Noreen Kelly for your beautiful needlework and your staunch support over the last five years.

We wish to express our gratitude to all our wonderful helpers and supporters, The Editor and Staff of The Advocate & Guardian Newspaper, 2GO Radio Station and all members and transport workers who have helped us throughout the year.

Edith Duport  
Branch President.

---

## MEMORY LANE

A donation in remembrance of my much loved cat 'Parkey' who passed away recently, aged 15.

— Inserted by Mrs. M. Crooks.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in memory of 'Charlie', sadly missed by his in-laws Matey, Alice, Bubbles, Squeak and McKitten.

— Inserted by Beverly McGreevy.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in loving memory of 'Dribbles'. Passed away 20.7.84. Loved companion of Elizabeth, Mona and Gwen.

— Inserted by Gwen Edwards.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in memory of 'Tommy Arkins' who left home a week ago, aged about 15 or 16 years. Missed by his owners and other friends.

— Inserted by Jill Kirkpatrick.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in memory of 'Peppi', who died 8.5.84 from feline infectious anaemia.

— Inserted by Gwen Green.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love and remembrance always in our hearts — Salome, the brave and beautiful (Left us in June 1977).

G.M. & H.F. Thompson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our little cat, Princess (sometimes known as Nimitybelle) has died. Enclosed is a little donation in memory of her and to help less fortunate ones.

Sincerely, Marjorie Barnard and Vee Murdoch.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in memory of Katie, who gave great affection and many swipes to me over fourteen years.

— Inserted by Miss H. Sinclair.

\* \* \* \* \*

In loving memory of 'Giselle', a wonderful little chocolate point Siamese. She gave seventeen years of great happiness and such devotion that I feel we will never know again.

— Missed by John, Marie and Mary Tuchen.

\* \* \* \* \*



# THERE'S A GREMLIN IN THE HOUSE

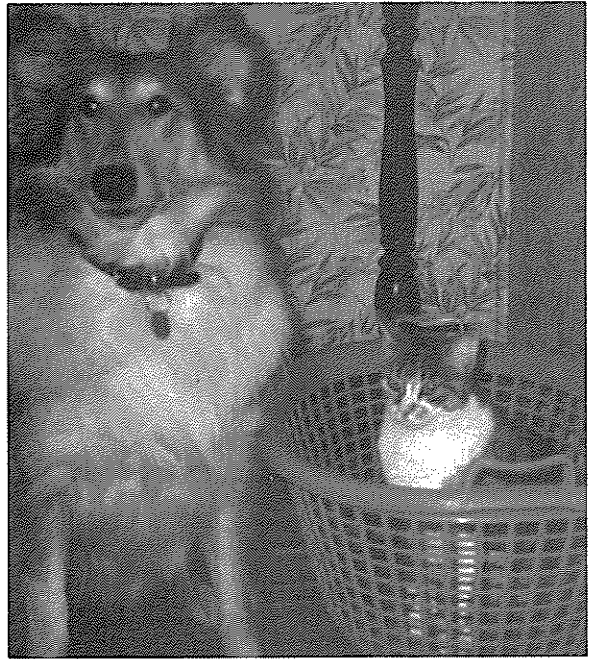
by Helen Deer

After eighteen years poor old 'Sooty' had disappeared from our lives. Unfortunately he just drifted off into the night, never to return. After much searching and inquiring around the neighbourhood (even looking under houses) we had come to the sad conclusion that he had either gone to some quiet and private place of his own to die or perhaps became disorientated and crossed the road and had been run over and disposed of by the motorist of Council Garbo Tuck.

So six months later we decided it was time for another pussy cat — we still had 'Baby' a black and white Moggy nine years old (his grandmother, belonging to my sister had recently died peacefully in her sleep under her favourite shrub at the grand old age of 25).

So having previously determined that any future cat we would adopt would come from "The Cat Protection Society", I duly asked Denise (C.P.S. Councillor) at work about a new cat, preferably female grey tabby with white paws and socks. She assured me there were many to choose from at Dural. Later that day after phoning a fellow member of the Society she told me there was a tortoiseshell and white cat about 10 months old being held at a Veterinary Clinic prior to being taken up to Dural. Her name was 'Sally' (The very name I had pre-chosen for our new friend). So taking it as an omen my husband and I drove to the Vets the following Saturday and one look at those amber eyes decided her fate there and then. She practically leapt into my arms the moment the cage was opened and immediately began to purr.

On the trip back home through heavy traffic there were muffled cries and anxious paws reaching through the holes in the plastic box used to carry her in the car. As we both worked we did not want to leave a small kitten unattended for long hours, but Sally at 10 months seemed the ideal age and she was also desexed, wormed and immunized — A bargain at only \$25. However I worried that I would have to keep her locked up for the several days so she would adjust to her new surroundings. Also I was concerned our son's Collie dog (much loved and pampered) would resent the little stranger and perhaps even attack her. I never thought there would be a problem with our older cat who used to presume he was a dog anyway, having been reared from kittenhood by our previous old doggie named Rosie (a refugee from the R.S.P.C.A.)



However, 'Sally' immediately made herself at home, checked out every nook and cranny in the house, ate everything on her plate, used the kitty litter and promptly curled up asleep in her basket. Upon meeting 'Misty' the Collie dog for the first time she rubbed up against her and was rewarded with a doggie lick and they became best friends there and then.

My son upon seeing her for the first time exclaimed, "She looks like a Gremlin!" (Well her ears were rather large for her Dainty face) so overnight 'Sally' became 'Gremmels', but whatever the name she has found a happy home and we have gained pleasure from a delightful pet. And maybe one day "Baby" will forgive me for bringing home a new cat and stop growling every time he passes her on the way to his food bowl! She would dearly love him to be her second best friend and I'm sure in time he will.

# AUXILIARY NEWS

from Sybil Cozens

## DRESS PARADE

Cynthia Peck's afternoon on the 11th May was a great success — beautiful dresses, a sunny afternoon, gorgeous views of Middle Cove, lots of lovely fattening home-made scones for afternoon tea. Ladies — is there a more pleasant way to spend a Saturday afternoon — and helping our Society as well? Cynthia has once again offered her home for another Parade — this time for the "fripperies" of Spring. Date: 14 September at 1.30 p.m. Address: 10 Cowdroy Avenue, Cammeray.

Once again Devonshire Tea for \$2. Please call me on 4273828 for bookings, directions and possible "lifts" if you are stuck with transport.

## COTTAGE CRAFT

Recently, Mrs. Joyce Colvin of Bexley, organised a sandwich luncheon for some of her friends to view this varied craft. It was only a small gathering but everyone enjoyed it and purchased gifts for their families and friends from the tantalising array on display. Many thanks, Joyce, and your good friend, Ethel.

I hope the example of these two ladies will spur others to organise a function of some kind — afternoon tea, cards, "party plan" (shoes, lingerie, etc. — lots in this category), plants or whatever. Does not have to be on a grand scale. If someone in every suburb in Sydney raised \$20 think how much our Society would benefit!!

## OPPORTUNITY SHOP:

The "Op Shop" was painted over the June weekend by our tireless workers — Jim Thatcher, Morrie and Ruth Booth, Jo Tomkin and Denise Tierney. All brandished tools of trade very professionally and produced the desired aim of a clean, fresh shop. It looks really nice and the Auxiliary is indeed indebted to them.

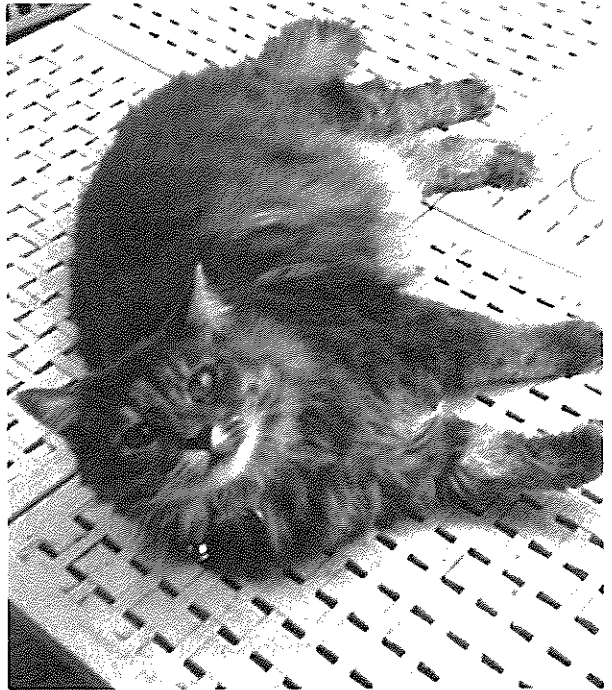
## GOODS:

Don't forget, if you have anything for our shop, give me a call to arrange pick-up.

Proceeds for the last financial year came to \$25,700 with very little overhead expenditure. I am very pleased, and thank the Auxiliary for their efforts, and all donors of goods. It wouldn't be possible otherwise — many thanks.



*"There's those greedy mynahs again. Might be fun to chase 'em off."*



*"I'll just think about it for a bit."*

# "SMOKEY" HAS HER SAY

## (with a little help from Sybil Cozens)

"Hello, my name is Smokey, and I live in Lane Cove. I used to live in Woy Woy with people named Stover — hence the name "Smokey Stover" (heh, heh, get it?).

Anyway, as my people could no longer keep me, and there being no room in the Inn at Dorothy Haines', I was brought to Sydney where after enduring an operation (let me show you the scar sometime), I was sent to live with other cats like me, needing homes.

Sometime later, a lady and gentleman who had seen me shortly after my operation, were concerned that I had not found a home. So, kindly people that they are, they bundled me into a dreadful (ugh!) wire contraption where it seemed ages before we arrived at their home.

After being shown the suite which was to be mine, I was then treated to what was no less than a "Cordon Bleu" dinner. I had a choice of beds and my own bathroom, so after having a good look around, I lost no time in making myself comfy. (Yes, I had decided to do these people the honour of accepting their permanent hospitality.) After a few days, the whole house and garden became my kingdom.

I enjoy an afternoon nap on the back lawn, lazily watching the mynahs as they quarrel over tidbits left out for the birds. I am now a well-

padded, contented matron and I love the nice big, soft bed which I sometimes share with my companions. Ah! Dear me; it's certainly a 'cat's life' here."

(Editor's note: Apart from her culinary expertise and other accomplishments, it would appear that our Sybil has taught the spoilt Smokey to type!)



*"Nah, It's all much too tiring. Chasing birds is for the birds (heh, heh! Oh, I am a funny cat!). Anyway, must be about time for dinner. How about a little service around here?"*

---

## ON LOSING A LOVED BEING

by Daria Love

Life and existence hang by a thread. This old cliché has never more relevance than when one is faced with the loss of a loved being. No matter what form the being takes the mortality is there; the life is lost and the chasm gets wider. How many such breaks can one endure in one's life before the earth moves too far apart; before the gap is too large, too long, too wide to bridge and one plunges oneself into the schism.

As one lives, loves and loses, one is supposed to be able to endure those losses better. But how is it that the mind can adjust to such losses? Each is different, each love brings something different from the last. Individuals are unique and thus their contribution to the life of another is unique.

There is the laughter and warmth and the special association one has. At the time of the tragedy we console the unconsolable with words such as "she had a lovely life when she was with us." "She didn't feel anything, it was

instantaneous". This is to assuage our guilt at the contribution we have made to the loss of that being. If it has happened in our absence, the guilt is even greater because we are not fully aware of the circumstances of the loss. We hope that she did not suffer because our absence would have somehow made life worse if it had been a lingering and painful death and we weren't there to help. We try to console ourselves with the thought of the happy existence we have managed to arrange. This is to compensate for the past miseries and the suffering which has gone before and over which we had no control.

We mourn the loss mainly for the gap it will leave in our lives; not for the tragedy that the life is no longer there to live: not for the sheer waste and abominable tragedy of its premature end. What further contribution this life could have given.

We as selfish beings see only ourselves, only our loss; our guilt: "That is it"; "there will be no more"; "this is all I can give"! But of course it is not all we can give. We go on giving until life passes from us; what a waste never to give again. The heart is dead; the mind is hardened but the inner being sees hope, see love and above all sees tenderness and a great big hole which can only be filled by the kind of love that knows no limits; sees no gap and fills the impossible.

For life without love; without purpose; without caring, is no life at all. It will be snuffed out in an instant; just as the carriage of death and destruction bore down on the love one who is no more and shattered the brain against the cranium and snuffed the life away — away from us never to be retrieved; never to be with us again.

Forgive us for all we failed to do; forgive us for being elsewhere when we could have had you in our arms, in our lives, in our being.

We have no record of your existence — we took no photographs. The omission is yet another sin. How will we be able to remember you as the years pass? How could we have been so negligent to fail to have a record of your being? We panic — our memories are too poor — we will never be able to remember you without some aid!

We will remember; we will see you in the places you always slept; in the sound which were uttered at special times; when the gap cannot be filled at bedtime. Yours is a special place in our lives. There is no fear that it will be filled. Hopefully a new and different thread will be formed to keep our lives together.

---

## GALLIMAUFRY CORNER

by Miss (Olio) Cellany and Sal Magundi

### KOKO AND HER KITTEN

The Gorilla Foundation of California is concerned with preserving the endangered gorilla in the wild. Psychologist Dr. Francine Patterson has taught Koko, one of the gorillas the foundation has in its care, to communicate with humans by means of sign language. Dr. Patterson reports that the thirteen year old Koko, who has been the main subject of a twelve-year ape language study, knows more than 500 signs plus 500 more in the sign language of the deaf.

Koko became fascinated by cats and eventually signed that she would like one for a pet. Dr. Patterson presented her with a toy cat but Koko went into a sulk, for what she wanted was a real live cat of her own. Some time later as luck would have it, a litter of three abandoned kittens were brought to the compound where Koko lives, and what makes this story even more unique — with regard to the diversity of the animals involved — is that the orphaned kittens had been wet-nursed and reared by a dog, a Cairn Terrier in fact.

When Koko was introduced to the kittens she was delighted, and after carefully and gently examining them, she chose for herself a little tabby male. The kitten was not at all abashed by Koko, for gorillas, who are in any case vegetarians, demonstrate a remarkable gentleness towards small creatures. This gentle behaviour on the part of the gorilla has been observed many times in the wild and in captivity.

Koko now carries the kitten about with her,



*"Koko wipes the sweat from her brow. It's hard work keeping up with the antics of a lively kitten."*

strokes him softly much as a human would, and treats him as gently as if he were a gorilla baby. When the kitten's play becomes too rough, Koko merely chuckles indulgently and appears to admire his rowdy nature. Koko says of the kitten: "Soft good cat cat".

As we have frequently observed, animals understand a lot more than they are ever given credit for, and they do so love companionship, be it of their own kind or that of human or other alien animal species. They so often display a care and concern that would put many humans to shame. What makes the story of Koko and her kitten so endearing is that it involves three so widely disparate creatures; dog, cat and gorilla. Wonderful, isn't it?

## THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:

The Department of Conservation, Forests and Lands is building a tunnel for the tiny pigmy possums of Mt. Higginbotham in the Victorian Alps. The reason for the tunnel is that the extremely rare mountain pigmy possums of the area have a very serious problem. The situation is that the females of this endangered species have set up a community on one side of a busy road while the males have chosen to live a care-free bachelor existence on the other side.

Once a year, however, in November, despite this aloofness towards the opposite sex, Mother Nature takes a hand causing the mating instinct to take over and bring the two groups together. Sadly, and all too often, because of the busy road, the results have been disastrous. Because of the rising death toll, wildlife experts were afraid the endearing marsupial was heading for extinction. Thus the tunnel.

At a cost of \$34,000 the rock-lined possum tunnel will be built under the road, and when the mating season starts again the male possums will be able to succumb to the charms of the female without danger of further road fatalities. (Vive l'amour!).

It is claimed the male possums will use the tunnel because the rock used in its construction will be similar to the alpine-river rock which is the possums' natural habitat.

Australia's beautiful and rare pigmy possum is a charming, tiny creature that can fit comfortably in the hollow of one's hand, and it is comforting to note that concern for its conservation and protection is being demonstrated in such a positive and caring way.

## TABBY CATS:

It is interesting to note that when speaking of tabby cats most people visualise the colour grey, whereas in fact, the word "tabby" indicates pattern and not colour. There are orange as well as grey tabbies and the tabby pattern underlies

most solid-colour coats. Incidentally, the word "tabby" derives from a place in old Baghdad called Attabiya, where striped or watered silk taffeta was originally produced.

The tabby pattern is believed to be the original coat pattern of cats and it has been said that if all cats inter-mated, the offspring would all be tabbies as the pattern is dominant over all others. It is fair to assume therefore, that nature has provided the basic tabby markings as a means of camouflage both for protection from larger carnivores and to enable the cat, which itself is a predator, to creep closer to its prey. An indication is that most of the small wild cats of the world or the progeny of feral cats appear to revert to the tabby markings.

There are varied colours of both long and short-haired tabby cats. The silver tabby has black markings on a pale or silver background. The brown tabby has black markings on a tawny brown background. The blue tabby background is a pale bluish ivory and the markings dense dark blue, while the red tabby has a background of clear red with much denser or deeper red stripes. The cream tabby has a pale creamy background with deeper markings of the same colour. In the mackerel tabby pattern, the markings are narrower and run around the body in stripes. This is the pattern sometimes called "Tiger". Tabbies are 'dearies'; always alert, affectionate and amusing.

Purrs till next time from Olio and Sal.

(Editor's note: Miss Cellany and her friend Sal Magundi, are two retired, maiden ladies who together with their cats Medley and Jumble, live in rural Victoria. They are keen 'animal people' who have done much research into the various ways animals communicate — particularly "cat language". It would appear from their interesting contributions, that their column "Gallimaufry Corner", will become a regular feature of this journal.)

---

## TALKING DOGS

by Sharryn Mason

It is certainly true that animals can communicate with humans and have feelings. In fact it has been proved that horses and dogs can count and think as humans. Experiments have been carried out with animals that show that they can be taught the letters of the alphabet and numbers and now to talk and count using them.

One such experiment was carried out in Berchtesgaden in the Bavarian mountains between 1974 and 1975 at the "Dog's School" by two German speaking women. Dorothy

Meyer, the trainer and Hilde Heilmair, the owner, succeeded in teaching two dogs how to "talk" to people by using their paws to "tap" out letters of the alphabet into their hands. These letters when placed onto a blackboard formed words. Not only was this remarkable feat accomplished, but the dogs, a standard poodle named Elke and a saluki named Belam, were taught how to count by the paw-tapping method and how to subtract, multiply and divide correctly.

Firstly, the dogs were taught how to "tap" yes and no. "Yes" being two "taps" and "No" being three "taps". Next with the assistance of an abacus and a blackboard they were taught how to tap from 1 to 10 and beyond. Dorothy showed the dogs how to add numbers together. She did this using an abacus to demonstrate the correct answers. The dogs could multiply, divide and subtract correctly as well. After counting was mastered, work commenced on learning the German alphabet with each letter being represented by a given number of paw-taps onto the trainer's hand. Once these letters were placed together words appeared. Although it was certainly a long and painstaking exercise to communicate a five word sentence. But after 500 lessons, taking over two years, both dogs could communicate their feelings and thoughts to their owner and trainer. Quite an amazing accomplishment was that the dogs were trained to examine their own feelings and sensations — this was done by explaining warmth with a hot water bottle, cold with some ice and wet with water. This training continued through a whole range of feelings. The remarkable result of this was that the dogs talked freely about how they were feeling, happy or sad, frightened or angry.

"The importance of the tapping technique is that it pre-supposes an equal being with thinking powers as valid as ours, and gives us a means of testing these in the utmost detail. It may enable us, by means of carefully posed questions to the animals, to penetrate systematically into their languages".

Perhaps by being able to communicate with dogs they may be able to teach human beings some lessons in how to act humanely towards animals and fellow humans. There are certainly plenty of people who could benefit from Elke and Belam's thoughts.

At the commencement of the daily lesson each dog would be encouraged to say whatever they liked to Dorothy. In this way the dogs could indicate whether they wanted to go outside urgently, if they wanted a biscuit or just how they were feeling on that day. It became obvious from these exercises just how much like humans dogs really are. They are in fact very sensitive creatures and one should never raise a voice too harshly to a dog in anger or become impatient with them. They need to be treated with respect and "tenderness" as Elke pointed out to Dorothy during lessons when Dorothy became angry with her. Considering the treatment given some animals by their owners it is a wonder that they remain as loving and faithful as they do. How often do you see an owner cruelly kick a dog or tie it up on a short lead in the hot sun, going away for hours leaving it this way. Upon the owner's return what greeting does the animal give to him? — he jumps up with tail wagging in utter happiness of

his return, readily forgiving his master for the previous cruel treatment. What human being would be able to brush off such treatment so lightly. They are therefore truly faithful and loveable animals who deserve our respect. Remember this next time you go to raise your voice harshly to your dog or cat — they too have feelings.

This need to be treated with respect was a lesson Elke and Belam taught Dorothy. In the early stages of their education Dorothy had been bossy, strict and authoritarian in her approach to the dogs, especially when their concentration lapsed. The dogs did not like her treatment and told her so even if it was with the utmost humility. Elke "tapped" into Dorothy's hand "will is too strong" and that Dorothy was "enraged". When Dorothy asked Elke what she should do then?, Elke "tapped" "love Elke". Dorothy assured Elke that she loved her very much and that she would change her approach.

During the two years training at the Dog-School Elke and Belam both indicated by the paw-tapping their feelings over a whole range of issues. Elke showed her concern for Dorothy's sick cousin Iris, Bedlam showed how proud he was of his six puppies and how keen he was for them to do well in the tapping school.

This experience shows that dogs have wonderful personalities and much knowledge to impart to us if only we were able to find a way of communicating that was less intricate than the tapping method.

"Anyone who has observed animals closely must be struck by the silent understanding between them and by the speed with which they resolve their frictions. One day we may recognise in animals a restraint which we ourselves have lost. We know that the "mercy position" (lying on the back with paws uplifted) is all but sacred among dogs. Animal life is full of social pressure, and again and again anger and aggression are frowned or soothed away. Nature teems with examples of control and self-control". Such control should be learnt by humans.

1 Maurice Rowdon 1978 *"The Talking Dogs"*





# REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS ON ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY, 1985.

The Directors present their report on the accounts of the Society for the year ended 31st May, 1985.

## Directors

The names of the Directors in office at the date of this report are:

1. Mr. W.J. Graham
2. Mr. W.G. Luton
3. Mrs. N. Iredale
4. Miss J. Tomkin
5. Mrs. J. Graham
6. Dr. D. Love
7. Mrs. S. Cozens
8. Mr. F. Meyers
9. Mrs. S. Pikler
10. Miss D. Tierney
11. Mrs. E. Francis

## Activities

The principal activity of the Society for the period under review was desexing of felines and prevention of cruelty. No significant change occurred in the nature of those activities during the year.

## Result

The net surplus of the Society for the year was \$52,232.

## Dividends

The Society is a non-profit organisation and no dividends are issuable.

## Review of Operations

During the financial year, the activities of the Society were confined to those activities shown above, resulting in the net surplus as stated.

## Events Since Balance Date

There has not arisen since the end of the financial year any matter or circumstance that has significantly affected or may significantly affect the operations of the Society, the results of those operations or the state of affairs of the Society in subsequent financial years.

## Future Developments

It is the expectation of the Directors that the Society will continue with the activities described above with results similar to those of the past year.

## PARTICULARS OF DIRECTORS

The following particulars are given in respect of each of the Directors of the Society:

- Mr. W.J. Graham: Retired civil servant and Director of Company since incorporation in 1978.
- Mr. W.G. Luton: Retired parliamentary officer and Director of Company since incorporation.
- Mrs. N. Iredale: Retired secretary and Director of Company for three years.
- Miss J. Tomkin: Retired. Director of Company for one year.
- Mrs. J. Graham: Accountant and Director of Company since incorporation.
- Dr. D. Love: Professor of Veterinary Pathology and Director of Company for one year.
- Mrs. S. Cozens: Retired Secretary, President of Ladies Auxiliary and Director of Company since incorporation.
- Mr. F. Meyers: Engineer and Director of Company for three years.
- Mrs. S. Pikler: Retired Stenographer and previously a Director prior to becoming Secretary of the Company. Presently a Director for one year.
- Miss D. Tierney: Stenographer and Director of Company for three years.
- Mrs. E. Francis: Councillor of Animal Welfare League. Director of Company for three years.

## Directors' Benefits

Since the end of the previous financial year, no Director of the Society has received or has become entitled to receive a benefit by reason of a contract made by the Society or a related corporation with him or with a firm of which he is a member or with a Corporation in which he has a substantial financial interest.

Signed this 21st July, 1985, in accordance with a resolution of the Directors.

W.J. GRAHAM  
Director

N. IREDALE  
Director



## STATEMENT BY DIRECTORS

In the opinion of the Directors:

- (a) The Balance Sheet is drawn up so as to give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Society as at 31st May, 1985.
- (b) The Income and Expenditure Account is drawn up so as to give a true and fair view of the result for the year then ended.
- (c) At the date of this Statement, there are reasonable grounds to believe that the Society will be able to pay its debts as and when they fall due.

Signed this 21st July, 1985, in accordance with a resolution of the Directors.

W.J. GRAHAM  
Director

N. IREDALE  
Director

## AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE MEMBERS

In our opinion:

- (a) The accounts set out on the following pages which have been prepared under the historical cost convention and include the Councillors' Statement set out above, are properly drawn up in accordance with the provisions of the Companies (New South Wales) Code and so as to give a true and fair view of:
  - (i) the state of affairs of the Society as at 31st May, 1985, and of the results of the Society for the year ended; and
  - (ii) the other matters required by Section 269 of that Code to be dealt with in the accounts.
- (b) The accounting records and other records and the registers required by the Code to be kept by the Society have been properly kept in accordance with the provisions thereof.

A.J. WILLIAMS & CO.

Chartered Accountants

P.F. WALES

491 Kent Street, Sydney N.S.W. 2000

23rd July, 1985

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE  
ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED  
31ST MAY, 1985**

**BALANCE SHEET AS AT  
31ST MAY, 1985**

	1985 \$	1984 \$		1985 \$	1984 \$
			<b>ACCUMULATED FUNDS</b>	<b><u>405,119</u></b>	<b><u>352,887</u></b>
<b>INCOME</b>			<b>Represented by Net Assets</b>		
Appeals			as follows:		
— Ambulance	1,404	1,213	<b>Fixed Assets</b>		
— General	5,239	5,754	<b>Property:</b>		
— Cats Home	20	35	— 103 Enmore Road,		
— Christmas	1,449	986	Enmore — at Cost:		
— Winter	408	329	Land	11,500	11,500
Ambulance Service	68,083	67,456	Building (Note 2)	38,535	40,657
Advertising	25	100	— 16 Richland St,		
Enmore Shop Sales	24,397	23,000	Kingsgrove — at V.G.		
Functions and Raffles	1,115	536	Valuation date of acquisition	—	25,000
Government Grant	11,000	10,000	Office Furniture (Note 3)	477	564
Interest	27,614	27,896	Plant and Equipment (Note 4)	4,269	4,889
Pets in Memoriam	366	223	Motor Vehicles (Note 5)	<u>21,800</u>	<u>9,589</u>
Rent	952	5,375		<b><u>76,581</u></b>	<b><u>92,199</u></b>
Sales — Cats	6,870	10,416			
Subscriptions	3,004	2,515			
Snappy Tom Label Promotion	<u>1,510</u>	<u>3</u>			
<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b><u>153,456</u></b>	<b><u>155,837</u></b>	<b>Current Assets</b>		
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>			Commonwealth Bank of		
Advertising	1,452	1,302	Australia	25,844	26,465
Ambulance Supplies	53	334	Sundry Debtors	9,704	5,466
Audit and Accountancy Fees	750	700	Deposit — Electricity	<u>40</u>	<u>40</u>
Boarding Fees	19,425	19,110		<b><u>35,588</u></b>	<b><u>31,971</u></b>
Cat Food	170	326	Branch Balances at Book		
Collars and Tags	313	—	Value (Note 6)	<u>5,518</u>	<u>5,478</u>
Depreciation	8,107	7,701			
Electricity and Gas	490	413	<b>Investments</b>		
Legal Expenses	795	3,487	N.S.W. Permanent Building		
Insurance	618	615	Society	100,365	90,872
Motor Vehicle Expenses	10,414	16,028	Interest Bearing Deposit	100,000	100,000
Printing and Stationery	5,875	5,620	Shares and Debentures	14,600	14,600
Property Expenses	2,804	3,091	Deposits at Call	<u>82,908</u>	<u>32,200</u>
Postage	1,518	1,619		<b><u>297,873</u></b>	<b><u>237,672</u></b>
Provision for Long Service			<b>Total Assets</b>	<b><u>416,020</u></b>	<b><u>367,320</u></b>
Leave	1,558	—			
Repairs and Maintenance			<b>Less Liabilities</b>		
— Buildings & Plant	1,735	129	Provision for Long Service		
Salaries and Wages	46,143	39,730	Leave	<u>1,558</u>	<u>—</u>
Sundry Expenses	881	353			
Telephone	1,866	1,836			
Veterinary Expenses	<u>53,500</u>	<u>53,910</u>			
<b>TOTAL EXPENDITURE</b>	<b><u>158,449</u></b>	<b><u>156,304</u></b>	<b>Current Liabilities</b>		
<b>OPERATING/SURPLUS</b>			Sundry Creditors	<u>8,883</u>	<u>14,433</u>
<b>(DEFICIT) FOR YEAR</b>	<b>(4,993)</b>	<b>(467)</b>	<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<u>10,441</u>	<u>14,433</u>
Net Income/Expenditure			<b>NET ASSETS</b>	<b><u>405,119</u></b>	<b><u>352,887</u></b>
of Branches	40	(18)			
Legacies — Cash	11,735	33,783			
Surplus (Loss) on Disposal					
of Fixed Assets	<u>45,450</u>	<u>(227)</u>			
Surplus for Year	52,232	33,071			
Accumulated Funds at					
Beginning of Year	<u>352,887</u>	<u>319,816</u>			
<b>ACCUMULATED FUNDS</b>					
<b>AT END OF YEAR</b>	<b><u>405,119</u></b>	<b><u>352,887</u></b>			

(The following Notes 1 to 6 form part of these Accounts)

**NOTES TO AND FORMING PART OF  
THE FINANCIAL ACCOUNTS FOR  
THE YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY, 1985**

**LEGACIES — YEAR ENDED  
31ST MAY 1985**

**1. STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTING POLICIES**

The accounts are prepared under the Historical Cost Convention and in accordance with the accounting standards jointly issued by the Australian Professional Accounting Bodies.

**a) Depreciation:**

Fixed Assets including buildings, are depreciated on a straight line method over the period of their expected effective lives.

**b) Income Tax:**

The Society is exempt from Income Tax.

**2. PROPERTY — 103 Enmore Road, Enmore.**

	1985 \$	1984 \$
Building at Cost	51,371	51,371
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>12,836</u>	<u>10,714</u>
	<u>38,535</u>	<u>40,657</u>

**3. OFFICE EQUIPMENT**

Book Value 1st July, 1978	139	139
At Cost	<u>732</u>	<u>732</u>
	871	871
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>394</u>	<u>307</u>
	<u>477</u>	<u>564</u>

**4. PLANT AND EQUIPMENT**

At Cost	5,377	5,377
Additions	<u>817</u>	<u>187</u>
	6,194	6,194
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>1,925</u>	<u>1,305</u>
	<u>4,269</u>	<u>4,889</u>

**5. MOTOR VEHICLES**

At Cost	29,884	24,464
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>8,084</u>	<u>14,875</u>
	<u>21,800</u>	<u>9,589</u>

**6. BRANCH BALANCES AT BOOK VALUE**

Ladies Auxiliary	1,200	700
Tuggerah Lakes — Wyong	2,748	3,550
Woy Woy — Umina	<u>1,570</u>	<u>1,228</u>
	<u>5,518</u>	<u>5,478</u>

Minnie Gullett Memorial Trust  
Estate Late M.E. O'Conner  
B. Stevens  
E. Carey

\$  
713.37  
1377.90  
500.00  
9144.24  
**11,735.51**

# "POPCORN": THE CAT THAT EXISTED FOR SEVEN WEEKS WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER

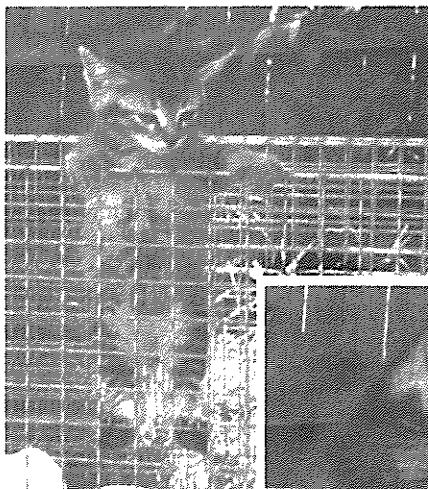


*Nancy Beecham hugs Popcorn who disappeared when the family moved from Hawaii in May.*

"Popcorn had not been seen for seven weeks after his owners moved from Hawaii to California last May. The cat had apparently crawled inside the undercarriage of a sofa-bed when the family's belongings were packed up. The removalists had come to the home on May 14th which was the last occasion "Popcorn" was seen until he emerged from the bed 49 days later in California.

Said owner Mrs Beecham: "When the truck pulled up Popcorn was nowhere to be found. We looked all over and figured he had bolted in the confusion and may have been run over."

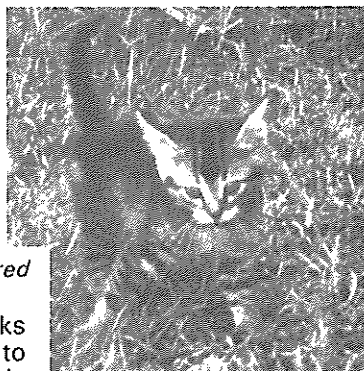
After giving Popcorn water and some cat food, Mrs Beecham took him to a veterinary hospital for a checkup.



*"Houdini" makes his gaol break.*

*"Up and over"*

*"No bars can hold me"*



*"Ha Ha! Out at last!"*

*"Oops! Think I've been spotted"*



# FELINE VIRAL RESPIRATORY DISEASES

by Daria Love

Two viruses, feline herpesvirus and feline calicivirus have been implicated in respiratory infections in cats. These viruses have been isolated with approximately equal incidence and account for the majority of feline respiratory diseases.

## CLINICAL SIGNS

Early clinical signs include depression, food refusal, sneezing and coughing. This can progress to running eyes and noses and an elevated body temperature. Sneezing and coughing may continue and nasal and eye discharges may become intensified. Some cats may dribble saliva and refuse food altogether because (a) they cannot smell food because of blocked nasal passages (b) because of severe ulcers on the tongue and roof of the mouth. Ulcers may also be seen on the nose or on the skin of the face or the paws where nasal secretions have been deposited.

Chronic sinusitis, ulcerative keratitis (ulcers of the cornea of the eye) and inflammation of the whole eye (panophthalmitis) may occur in chronic infections especially in young kittens.

Kittens may also have severe pneumonia either with or without the upper respiratory signs described above. Pneumonia commonly occurs in very young kittens infected around birth. These may die without any other signs of respiratory disease. Older kittens may have pneumonia associated with upper respiratory disease but show no signs of lung involvement at that time. However, some months or years later they may become ill with chronic pneumonia and pleurisy as a consequence of the viral damage to the lung and secondary bacterial infection. This disease is called commonly pyothorax (pus in the chest cavity).

On very rare occasions, kittens infected with these respiratory viruses may develop nervous signs such as convulsions which result from multiplication of virus in the brain tissue itself.

Animals which recover from the acute effects of these virus diseases may retain some residual damage to nasal passages which prevents normal nasal function. These animals are the chronic "snuffler" cats. Also, some of the cats which recover from the acute disease remain "carriers" of the virus. i.e. the virus remains in cells in their throat. Cats which carry feline calicivirus, shed this virus all the time and so susceptible kittens or cats may contract the virus from these animals at any time they become susceptible.

Herpesviruses are shed from carrier animals at times of maximum stress. In cats this is at oestrus, at kittening and at maximum lactation (about 4 weeks post partum).

It has been acknowledged for many years that it is not possible to distinguish these virus diseases on grounds other than virus isolations which can be performed only in special laboratories. No virology laboratories in Australia will undertake routine isolation and so definitive identification cannot be given.

It is however, often possible to give some indication of the virus involved if an accurate history can be obtained. Although the clinical signs of infection may not be significantly different, the times that kittens first become infected is of considerable diagnostic significance. The reason for this is associated with the duration of antibody protection passed from the mother to the kittens.

The antibody protection afforded by the feline herpesvirus has usually waned by 4 to 8 weeks of age and this is the most usual age for kittens to become infected and show clinical disease. This is also one of the times that the mother is likely to be shedding virus from its reservoir in her throat if she is a herpesvirus carrier. Another common time to see herpesvirus infection in kittens is around birth to 2 weeks of age. In this instance, sudden deaths, "fading kittens" are common manifestations of feline herpesvirus infection.

Kittens at this age may also have their eyes severely affected by herpesvirus multiplication. This is seen often in eyes which fail to open properly at about 10 days of age. The eyelids are firmly adherent and when bathed open with warm water, the eye may be severely inflamed or covered with pus.

By contrast, the protective antibodies against feline calicivirus passed to the kitten from the mother's milk, lasts 12-13 weeks. Disease in kittens first seen in a cattery at this time, is more likely to be due to feline calicivirus. Also, because this virus gives longer lasting protection than the feline herpesvirus, often calicivirus infection is only seen once when it is first introduced into a cattery where the problem did not exist previously. It is this phenomenon which leads people to believe that cat "flu" vaccination has "cured" the respiratory problems in the cattery.

Feline herpesvirus infection however, tends to be recurrent. This is primarily because the virus evokes a very poor immunity and because large amounts of virus are shed into the environment just at the time that kittens are most susceptible.

It seems almost impossible to control feline herpesvirus infection by vaccination. The vaccines are even less capable of stimulating immunity than the virus in the environment.

## CONTROL

The most practical methods for control of feline respiratory virus diseases includes

- (1) removing kittens from the potentially contaminated environment before they become susceptible
  - (a) This is simple for feline calicivirus because disease does not occur until 13-14 weeks. Therefore ensure all kittens have been removed before 12 weeks of age.
  - (b) This is extremely difficult with feline herpesvirus. If disease occurs at birth, one should isolate the queen at the next kitting to see if she alone is the source of virus. If so, she should not be used for further breeding. Because of the cross suckling and cross grooming habits of queens, in multiple environments, unless this step is carried out meticulously, an incorrect identification of the carrier cat may occur.

If the infection occurs at 4-6 weeks, identification of the carrier queen is required also. If it is imperative that the carrier queen continue to produce kittens, early weaning (at 3-4 weeks) and hand rearing away from contact with adult cats is the only method available to prevent kittens becoming infected.
- (2) Scrupulous hygiene is required to prevent contamination of good, bedding, hands, clothing, with virus.
- (3) In catteries where the disease is endemic, separate cages with no nose-to-nose contact of cats is required to minimise spread of virus.

## TREATMENT

Treatment is mostly symptomatic and good nursing is extremely important in treating respiratory diseases of cats. Inhalation therapy e.g. friars balsam of eucalyptus encourages the

animal to eat because it helps clear nasal passages and allows the cat to smell. Place the cat in a cat cage. Cover the cage with a blanket or large towel. Place a bowl of hot water with the inhalant in it outside the cage but under the blanket. Allow the cat or kitten to inhale the vapour for 10 minutes. It is preferable to repeat this just before each feeding. Allow the cat to sneeze exude and then remove with a tissue or cotton wool moistened in water. Dry excess water from around the eyes and nose. Apply eye ointment if prescribed.

Removal of excess or crusted exudate around nose and eyes is best done also with cotton wool and water. Do not be tempted to use antiseptics as these are very harmful to delicate nasal passages and eyes.

If it has been established that feline herpesvirus is the cause of the infection (i.e. signs at birth or at 4-6 weeks of age), it may be possible to limit virus multiplication by the use of a specific antiviral therapy e.g. Idoxuridine eye drops which can be prescribed by your veterinarian. However, this is only of use for herpesviruses and only if the drops are instilled in the eyes at the very first stages of infection (first sneeze or running of eyes). There is no specific antiviral treatment for feline calicivirus infection.

Reduce stresses on cats to prevent them shedding feline herpesvirus. Always keep them in clean, uncrowded conditions, do not allow cross grooming or suckling (as this creates psychological problems such as competition among queens which are often unsuspected by the owner), and wear gloves which are discarded or wash hands thoroughly between cages.

It is because feline herpesvirus infection affects such small kittens when they are least able to resist disease, that it poses a much more severe threat to the cat population than does feline calicivirus infection.

---

# EDITORIAL

## ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION:

During the May school holidays an ad appeared in several newspapers informing the public at large that the University of N.S.W. urgently required cats for medical research. The timing of the ad, and the terms in which it was couched, could only serve to encourage a spate of pet cat stealing by misguided school-children, and that element of the lunatic fringe who take delight and pleasure in acts of sadistic cruelty, whatever its form. Licence, if you like, was being granted to all and sundry who dislike cats, to declare open season upon them by handing over any they could lay hands on to the University.

In the Press, a University spokesman was quoted as saying that the private sources of cats had simply "dried up" and that University researchers went through 500 felines last year ... but he declined to elaborate on the nature of the "private sources". It was also reported in the same article that researchers in Queensland obtain laboratory cats from the R.S.P.C.A. and that a R.S.P.C.A. spokeswoman said that in N.S.W., because pet owners dispose of their cats at the R.S.P.C.A., expecting them to be taken by someone else or killed on the premises, "It would be a breach of faith with those people if we supplied them to the University".

The Daily Telegraph of May 11th carried an article which added that local Councils had been the main supplier of unwanted cats but the service was withdrawn when animal rights activist groups mushroomed. The same R.S.P.C.A. spokesperson was quoted as saying that "a Council member sat on the University's Animal Ethics Committee and reported high standards and good conditions."

If those quotes are correct, we can only cry "shame" on the Councils and the Queensland R.S.P.C.A.; and as for its N.S.W. counterpart, it would appear that its spokesperson's conviction is to set about defending animals from experimenters with all the spirit and passion of a talking-voice weighing machine.

Fortunately, not all arms of the R.S.P.C.A. are shrouded in such ambiguity. The Papua New Guinea R.S.P.C.A. makes no bones about its opposition to animal experimentation, and how passive and irresolute N.S.W. appears in contrast to the Victorian R.S.P.C.A. which in June had the gutsiness to attempt to penetrate Monash University's fortress-like security in order to inspect the University's highly secretive animal experiment laboratory. That the commendable Victorians were turned away by the ring of heavy security must give rise to suspicion that Monash has something shameful to hide, particularly when, later on the same day, Channel 10 was allowed in to view the possums; but, **significantly**, were denied access to the cats and other small animals.

When one views the secrecy, and looks at the record of experimental establishments, is it to be wondered — despite the "flannel" spouted about ethics Committees — that animal welfare activists have exceptionally good cause to be deeply suspicious with regard to the practices that take place in the "dark, satanic mills" of the experimenters, and regard — in most cases at least — so-called ethics Committees as little more than rubber stamp "stooges".

Let us take just a small peek at the repulsive record:

In America the loathsome Dr. Taub convicted for the hideous treatment meted out to his laboratory animals; and in England, of what use was an "ethics Committee" in preventing the ill-treatment which led to such an august body as the Royal College of Surgeons appearing in Court to answer charges of cruelty to its laboratory animals? Charges on which it was found guilty!

Each year in excess of 20 million animals killed by researchers in the name of science. Huge numbers of animals fed substances in tests of everything from industrial chemicals and new drugs to cosmetics. Batches of rabbits, heads clamped so they cannot move, have substances dripped into their eyes — sometimes until the eye-balls are destroyed.

That's the dreaded Draize test.

Other recent examples of cruel experiments abound, including feeding weedkiller to puppies to see how long it takes them to die, and remove monkeys' organs while they are still alive. Psychological experiments on animals are carried out which are aimed, not just at creating levels of physical trauma, but psychological trauma. This means they can involve putting animals under considerable stress — not just as an uncomfortable by-product of the research — but for the sake of the stress alone.

A 1981 review of 148 experiments in seven Australian scientific journals, including the Medical Journal of Australia and the Australian Journal of Biological Sciences, shows that none gave details about cleaning and bedding, humidity and noise levels. A comparison of defining information about humans and animals in the same magazines showed that only 6.8 per cent of the articles published failed to give details about the humans, yet 77.8 per cent failed to give details about animals.

An influential 1975 book by the Australian philosopher, Peter Singer, **Animal Liberation**, argues that vertebrate animals, which have nervous systems resembling those of humans and some of which are more self-aware than human infants, should be accorded higher moral status.

In this view, causing animals to suffer for human benefit is intrinsically wrong ... Dr. McArdle (Humane Society of the United States) said: "Compare it to slavery. Would slavery be morally right just because the slaves all had nice houses, nice clothes and gourmet meals, and society benefited from good cotton?"

As debate on the issue grows world-wide, various animal welfare agencies express their views through the media. The statements attributed to some give an impression of glib ambiguity. So that no such impression can be attributed to this Society, and so that there shall be no doubt as to where we stand, it would be well to quote here from part of our Memorandum of Association:—

Clause (1) To protect from cruelty, particularly vivisection, experimentation, research and exploitation for testing commercial products, by every lawful means, animals of all kinds; to relieve the suffering of animals arising from cruelty or otherwise; to prevent the wilful abandonment of animals, especially cats and kittens; and to strive for the desexing of all domestic cats.

Clause (II) To initiate and promote the enactment of legislation designed to advance the well-being of animals, and especially to protect them from cruelty and to take all such lawful steps as may be necessary to ensure the observance and enforcement of legislation from time to time in operation for such purposes,



including any such relating to vivisection and commercial animal experimentation.

And further, although this Society is forced every year to put many unwanted animals down, they are, without exception, put down immediately and humanely by veterinary surgeons only — not one has ever found its way to an experimental laboratory.

On May 11th I was sought out by Channel 7 to comment in relation to the advertisement placed by the University of N.S.W. During the interview I made the observation that while not exactly one of anger, the feeling in the Society was more perturbation and concern that the University should see fit to advertise for cats during school holidays, a time when children could be tempted to remove people's pets and deliver them up to the University. Also, that we would like to know why it was necessary to experiment upon 500 cats each year. In answer to the defence that the University had an ethics Committee (as though that satisfactorily explained everything), I told the interviewer just what I thought about ethics committees, and stated that what really should be instituted was an independent body of observers made up of inspectors and representatives of reputable animal welfare agencies, empowered not only to observe and report on conditions, but to make snap, unannounced inspections **at any time without notice** — which is what the admirable Victorian R.S.P.C.A. was advocating and attempting to do.

However, as I had more or less anticipated, almost all of the interview was deleted in favour of the latest sensational garbage which is fed to us as news these days. My one statement which did get a screening may not qualify as the year's most quotable of quotes, but it does sum up my feelings when it comes to painful experiments inflicted any place, any time, on any living, feeling creature: "I feel as strongly about it as I did about the Nazis' experiments on the Jews in the concentration camps" ... And on that statement I stand, let the apologists say what they will.

But any sage or solemn utterances of mine which in any case were destined for the cutting-room floor, were more than made up for by the real star of the interview. Although it must be 6 or 7 years since last she made a T.V. appearance, my little top-cat, Yum Yum, demonstrated she'd lost none of her fetching and photogenic qualities. She so bewitched the camera-man that he devoted most of his attention to her, and filmed as she was strolling with inquisitive and proprietorial air in the garden which has been her domain for upwards of a dozen years, she did more for the animal cause by the force and magic of her own personality, and in her own poor, dumb animal way, gave damn good reason for believing that animal experimentation is not the path for so-called enlightened and civilised beings to take.

---

## MEMBERS FORUM

Mrs. J. Graham — Thank you so much for April Journal, I enjoy all the news so much. I have just adopted a beautiful, pure white female kitten. I had her spayed and she is beautiful. — Thanks for advice regarding triple dye for white cats. I also have two other cats and three dogs to protect me!

Yours sincerely, S.W. Semler.

P.S. I pass journal on to other cat lovers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very many thanks to all you good people who help with "Sam's" welfare on my frequent visits to hospital. Please accept the enclosed towards the funds.

Love, Phyl Schott

\* \* \* \* \*

Best wishes to Mr. Graham and all members. Wish I could send much more — from Big Ginger, Tabitha and Benjamin (three pampered ones).

From "mum" Zoe (Wong)

\* \* \* \* \*

... Trusting all the good work shall continue. I still have two pussies who are 22 years old, and another ten years old. Recently I have adopted another three months old (Scamp).

Yours faithfully,  
Dorothy Goff.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Graham,

The Desmonds have moved yet again — this time to W.A. We are renting a house here and a stray, male cat came with the house. I have taken him to the vet and had him castrated and he is settling in well. Our own cat who flew over with us isn't very impressed but I'm hoping all will work out in time.

I thoroughly enjoy reading the Journal — Best wishes to all at C.P.S.

Lynette Desmond.

(Editor's note: We now have members in all states, and also New Guinea, New Zealand and United Kingdom.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is a poem sent in by Victorian member,  
Una Silver:

### **I'm a Wonderful Cat**

*She offers me this and she feeds me that,  
for she thinks that I am a remarkable cat;  
but when will she ever realise,  
that all I need is the love in her eyes?*

*She opens a can, she opens a box,  
Shaking her head of greying locks;  
but all she requires for the love of me,  
is to stroke and cuddle me tenderly.*

*She replenishes my food and milk ... she's kind,  
But she always keeps me well confined.  
I need my freedom ... oh and that,  
Is because I'm a wonderful cat ...  
Yes a highly remarkable, completely loveable,  
absolutely marvellous, wonderful cat!*

(Last line added by the Editor)

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Bill,

I enclose membership fees for Trevor, myself,  
Andrew and Matthew as well as a small  
donation from Gabrielle and Peter towards the  
welfare of less fortunate cats.

Peter continues to believe he is a boy and  
wants to do everything Andrew and Matthew do  
including joining them in the bath. Gabrielle  
knows she is a cat — the problem is that she  
thinks I am a cat too — she talks to me, tries to  
wash my face and brings little presents (spiders,  
moths and cockroaches) — Hope all is well with  
you personally and with the great work you do.

Yours Teresa Honnibal.

(Editor's note: Quite a few members of the  
medical profession are members of this Society  
and Teresa is one who is a remarkable cat-lover;  
always prepared to go out of her way to help  
unwanted or distressed cats — first met her  
selecting a couple for her children from our Dural  
'cats for homes'. Thanks for your amusing letter  
Doc.)

And here is another poem from regular  
contributor, Gwen Thompson of Leura:

### **STROKING THE CAT** by G.M.T.

*I defy anyone to remain in a towering rage  
While stroking the cat.  
The feline personality, Conveyed like electricity  
From fur to fingertips,  
Enters the soul like balm,  
Restoring heavenly calm.  
It is not however, a one way circuit  
Conducted by the Cat.  
The human hand mysteriously, transmitting  
love unconsciously  
From fingertips to fur,  
With words one cannot hear  
Tells him that he is dear.*

*And when the eyes are blinded by tears,  
The comfort of the Cat,  
Expressing silent sympathy, Passing, though  
unobtrusively  
Through fur to fingertips,  
Brings solace for the pain,  
Warms the cold heart again.  
And if you need a poker faced comedian  
Look to the Cat.  
His humour and philosophy, He transfers from  
himself to me,  
From fur to fingertips,  
Divides dull care in half  
Because he makes us laugh.*

Gwen, in a further letter writes:—

Dear Sir,

Grateful thanks to Sylvia Powter for her  
timely warning regarding the danger to cats  
eyes from spikey plants. When I was in  
Queensland my cat Salome was the victim of  
such a plant and lost the sight of one eye. If I had  
been at home, where a competent vet might  
have operated on her, this tragedy might have  
been avoided. Needless to say these dangerous  
shrubs are banned from our garden.

Gwen also offers the following and asks,  
"Does anyone know the name of its author?"

### **CAT PASSING** by Poet unknown

*Our Cat died  
Because this unbearably  
Underlined for us  
The transience of happiness, life.  
You, weeping,  
Dug his shallow grave;  
I, weeping  
Laid him there,  
Warm still  
(By mistake I caught sight of you afterwards,  
head in hands in the greenhouse)  
Proportion, please!  
The nations are scarlet with pain,  
(Rhodesia, Vietnam, the Berlin Wall);  
He was "only a cat".  
But love anywhere is love,  
And we are only human.*

(Editor's note: Most cat people would  
understand that remarkable poem. You know,  
there are those who, because of an incapacity to  
understand the bond of loyalty and love that can  
exist between animal and human, look askance  
at those of us who equate our animal friends on  
a level with the human-kind. Well, let them go  
their dreary way with their po-faces. They are  
missing something in life ... On the subject of  
poetry, there are a few lines which have run  
around inside my head for some time — Author  
unknown — which I believe sums up the  
courage of the cat. And the cat, when the chips  
are down, is a truly courageous fighter — which

maybe is one reason I fight for him.

Here are the lines:

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

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Graham,

... Peppi was the youngest of our six cats, yet, as loved as they all were he was still our "pet". I was able to capture Peppi (la phew) out of a drain pipe — covered in mud and slime and extremely wild when he was a kitten of 8 weeks (I'd always wanted a red cat as we had almost every other colour!). During the first few days with us his spitting was a thing to behold but we nursed and stroked him virtually non stop for 3 days and he became quite docile. However, like most redheads he had a fiery nature. The dog became his best friend and he spent many hours grooming the dog, washing the inside of his ears and doing all the spots the dog couldn't reach himself. We spent many enjoyable hours watching their antics. Then, when he was almost 3 years old, he got sick and was dead within 5 days although the vet tried everything to save him.

The distress at his loss was so intense — even though we still had the dog and 5 other cats — that the only thing was to get a new kitten to help take our minds off our loss. We visited Dural, luckily on a day you were there, and had a terrible time picking out a kitten. We'd have loved to take them all but our vet had said it wasn't fair on the animals to have too many cats when there were only a couple of laps for them to sit on. Still, we chose two kittens — a plain tabby and another marmalade. The two have been a delight to us, having grown together and being virtually inseparable.

But still, we think often of our Peppi and he is still sadly missed. Maybe it was because of the achievement we had in taming a wild cat or because of his relationship with the dog but he just had that little extra something.

— Best wishes to you all.  
Gwen Green.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Graham,

I read with interest in every issue your column "Of Cats and Dogs and Birds and Things". I enjoy your style of writing as well as the content. It was wonderful to read in the last issue about Henry Lawson's story of Macquarie the shearer and his dog. So often we hear about the faithfulness shown by dogs to their masters but it is not often we read of such loyalty of man to his dog; especially from country folk who often regard their animals as just "working animals". That is why it is so refreshing to think

about this story as probably a true one as Lawson tended to write about his own experiences in the bush.

Your magazine makes most enjoyable reading. I am enclosing a donation to the Society as well as an article I have written "Talking Dogs", which I was inspired to write after having read a book telling the remarkable story of two dogs who were taught to communicate with people. This book moved me so much to think that animals have feelings like us and are also very sensitive creatures who want to be loved and appreciated by their owners.

Yours sincerely,  
Sharryn Mason.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Graham,

Congratulations on another outstanding Journal to all concerned. I have been enjoying it very much especially your reminiscences. As I think I have mentioned previously it would be great to see the Graham tales of yesterdays in book form. — How interesting too, are Nancy Iredale's "ways and days". Professor Daria Love's new cat care column is fine and her regular articles will be most helpful to many. — Elizabeth Francis brings some very good news of "The Fair". That almost thousand dollars should be very helpful and I join with her in hoping for a repeat performance this year to reward everyone's fine efforts. — It does one's heart good to read of the fine work done by the Central Coast wonderful workers and may I add a very special blessing on our "Dora Creek Lady" for a very happy retirement in her new home. I sincerely hope Mrs. Peck's Dress Parade is an outstanding success on 11th May. The 'Handy Hint' about the triple dye (alcohol based) is good to know, not only for skin conditions of cats and dogs but also for humans. 'Problem Corner' and Gallimaufry Corner are most interesting; I like to think that animals can think in their animal way — for better than some humans indeed. How much I agree and appreciate it all; your final sentence sums it up so well.

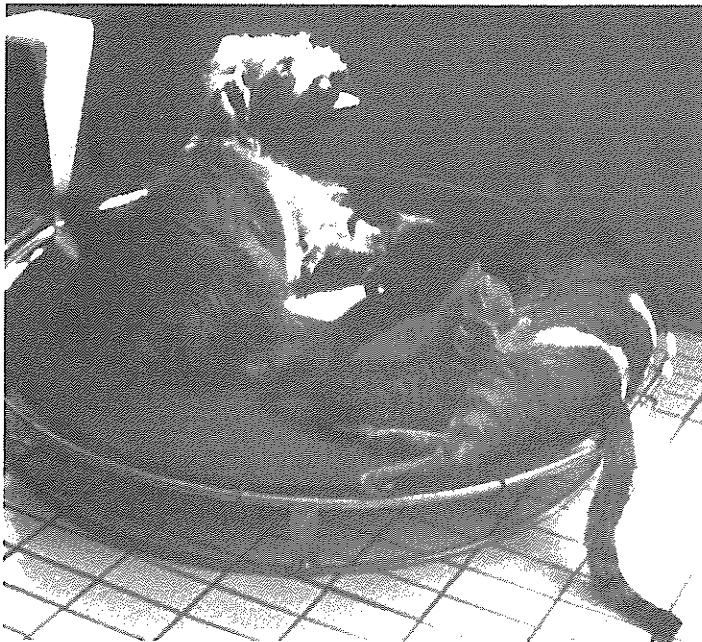
Thank you G.M.T. for "The Catalyst", a real slice of life which has happened more than once. Happy Easter Everybody and a very special one for "Bigfoot" whose photos I am so pleased to have. (He reminds me of our beloved Frisky of many years gone by.) All God's Blessings and Loving greetings.

From Ada E. Taylor

(Editor's note: Thank you Ada for your gracious letter. It is pleasing to all on Council that the Journal is so well received.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Heggie supervising the early morning feed.*



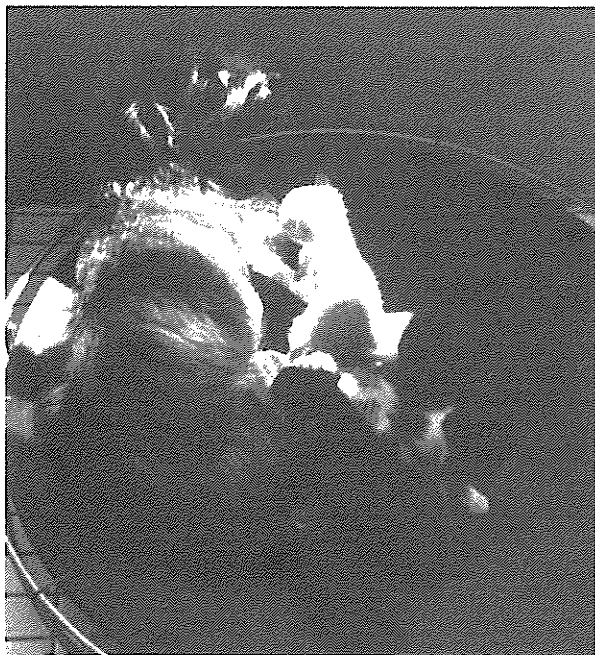
## PICKING UP THE JOB (By)

A French baker has found his lost pet cat after a 10-week search that cost him his bread business and his life savings of \$26,000.

"But it was worth it to get Jimmy back," said Francis Desroches, from Poitiers, France.

He had 70,000 posters printed and walked the streets day and night until he found the tabby kitten in woods on the outskirts of town.

Nancy Jredale's small terrier "Heggie" is an endearing little creature. As the following photos illustrate she delights in mothering baby kittens. "Heggie's" relationship with the mother cat is yet a further example of fellowship and affection between creatures of alien backgrounds.



*Heggie baby-sits while mum takes a breather.*

*Patron, Ita Buttrose and friend.*



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

by the Editor

## THE GENTLE GIANTS:

On the mantelpiece above the fire-place in our old house there's a China figurine; a fine, very life-like representation of a Shire or Draught horse. Dark bay or brown, white blaze on his nose and white feathers up to his hocks, he rests there frozen in time, though harnessed and shod ready for plough or harrow. The harness is complete down to collar and hames, and even the head-stall and blinkers are decorated with tiny, old fashioned horse brasses.

I bought the statuette a few years ago ostensibly as a present for "She who Must Be Obeyed", though in reality it was more a present for myself as I've always had a soft spot for those wonderful old working animals which I had a bit to do with once upon a time. When I saw him in the store window I couldn't resist the purchase as a reminder of the past.

Howsomever, it was just such a real-life horse — Snug was his name — who many years ago convinced me that in their own way, animals do think, and incidentally and into the bargain, taught me a lesson in how **not** to tease or ill-treat a dumb animal. But before getting to that, I'd like to tell of my first encounter with those gentle giants of yesteryear, the mighty draught horses.

Sometime around when I was eleven or twelve, way back in the thirties, the big 'all the go' was billy-carts. Of course, those were the depression days and kids just had to make do with whatever materials they could lay hands on. As I was not exactly mechanically minded, all my mates were well ahead of me with their four-wheeled carts, but eventually I managed to knock one up out of an old travelling trunk and ball bearing wheels begged from some local garage. The king-pin — if you could call it that — was a six inch rusty nail, driven through from underneath and bent over inside the trunk (unfortunately in the wrong direction as it turned out).

Came the day when hurtling down a steep road in this contraption, I rounded a corner at high speed. Coming toward me I saw a heavy brewery wagon loaded with kegs and drawn by a team of six or eight matched Clydesdales. As they drew close the smooth steel wheels of my billy-cart lost traction on the bitumen and try as I might to avert disaster by steering clear, the billy-cart with me inside, went swerving and skidding toward the horses. I can still see the teamster in his leather apron and flannel undershirt as he hauled on the reins and

"whoa'd" to the team — but too late to prevent me from crashing into that forest of giant legs, and ending up with the wrecked billy-cart under the bellies of the horses.

Scared? My word! I could hear startled snorts from the surprised horses, bits clanking, and the teamster alternately swearing and gently clucking to soothe the startled team. I expected any moment one of those monster legs to lash out, and well, it didn't bear thinking about. When I tried to rise from the cart I found I was pinned. It was that damned nail! The momentum of the crash had hurled me forward and the nail had penetrated its full length shallowly underneath the skin of my rear end. I had to sort of slide myself backward to get free, and then it seemed to take ages crawling from under that forest of hairy legs. But those horses held fast and not one of them displayed any sign of temper or aimed a kick in my direction. I don't recall that even one ear was laid back in irritation.

Naturally, I had a pretty fair idea of the damage those legs or heavy wagon wheels could have done to me had the horses panicked and bolted, but I somehow fancy they knew that too, for they were wise and kindly old leviathans. As I scrambled upright they stood calm and still, and merely gazed at me through their blinkers, with those big, sad eyes as though saying: "stupid boy". Of course, when he saw I was unharmed, the teamster had a few things to say which scorched my ears. At the time I was puzzled by some of the words he used — it wasn't till years later that I knew what they meant.

The next immediate concern for me though, was how to conceal this latest of many scrapes from my parents, for if they got to hear about it there'd be no end of the devil to pay. In those days I was in more trouble than Mark Twain ever dreamt up for Huckleberry Finn, and I could visualise my mother, as she was oft-times driven to do, chasing after me with a broomstick to fetch me a well deserved clout. At such times my line of retreat used to be up the old camphor-laurel that grew in the back-yard; I could climb just high enough to evade the flailing broom. In those days that old tree was often my hideaway whenever I could smell trouble developing because of some misdemeanor or other. Trouble was though, throughout those years I was never without a faithful dog as constant pal, and like as not, whichever dog it was I had at the time, would give my pot away by barking up at me excitedly,

trying to join in whatever game they thought I might be playing at. Those faithful dog pals of far away school-days; to this day I remember their names — Peter, Flash, Cobber, Tex — and they were, every one in their turn, the most loyal and devoted mates I ever had in those years. Their devotion I would say, went beyond even death itself, and sadly, one way or another, all their lives were short. I remember grieving over each for months after their passing. No, truth is, I grieved over them for years, and remember them still with an affection that goes back for oh, such a long time. But I digress.

As it so happened I got away scot-free with that particular "crime". I never mentioned the incident to my parents and as for the wound caused by the nail, well the young heal very quickly. A dab of iodine and a strip of sticking plaster applied surreptitiously in the bathroom hid the evidence resulting from the billy-cart crash — though it was a bit painful to sit down for some time afterward. And if you doubt that, try sitting on a rusty, six inch nail sometime.

Three or four short years after my first encounter with the 'gentle giants', I was enrolled in a State run agricultural College. With other boys of similar age or older, we were taught many and varied aspects of farm and station work, and training in the care and handling of livestock. There was an orchard, a dairy, a piggery, and sheep, cattle and horses, and each section was covered in turn by rostered groups of boys under the charge of an instructor. For me, the impatience was in waiting to be rostered for the stables, for as far as I was concerned, that was where the magic lay; with the horse.

The stables consisted of a large shed on one side which housed many types of horse-drawn vehicles and farm machinery and across a wide cobbled yard were the stables where each horse on the place had its own comfortable stall. All horses were individually named, and their names were painted over their own particular stalls. At the end of the day it was a delight to watch those horses as they were let into the yard to go clattering across the cobbles to their stalls, eager for the evening feed. There was never a mix-up and no horse ever mistook another stall for its own. There were some marvellous big draughts among them: "Clydesdales, Suffolk Punches, and for good measure, one or two great Percherons. (percherons are those mighty, grey, French and Belgian farm horses with massive great necks).

In latter years when returning home across a certain part of the Shire, the way takes me over a particular section of road which now passes between where the wagon shed and the old stables used to stand, and the bitumen covers the cobbles where once those old horses trod. Whenever I have occasion to pass that way it is

like, as the saying goes, a shadow passing over my grave — but I digress again.

Each boy was given the responsibility of looking after one particular horse, and in my case I was allotted 'Snug'; a big, bay Clydesdale gelding of singularly kind disposition. I was taught how to plough and harrow with that old horse (it must have been harrowing for the instructor), how to check and adjust his harness, to feed and rub him down and generally take good care of him. For me, it was a pleasure to work with that horse and at the end of his hard days' pulling the plough he was always appreciative of a pat and a few sweet and comforting words from me. He had learnt to trust me to the right thing by him.

Now comes the rub. Horses — male horses that is — at ease at the day's end and contentedly resting, tend to relax and to well, let down a certain intimate portion of their anatomy. One evening a few of us boys happened to notice old Snug so relaxed in his stall and without sparing a thought for the horses' dignity or feelings, we gathered some pebbles and with mischievous intent began flicking them at the obvious target. Each time a pebble struck the mark Snug would hump his back and aim an almighty kick at the stall door. After showers of pebbles, and not until the poor, old horse had almost wrecked the door did we desist from our unfeeling "sport".

Early next morning I threw the harness on old Snug and led him off toward one of the far paddocks where we were to do some ploughing. Now much of the Australian landscape — despite Dorothea Mackellers' "love of a Sunburnt Country" — is generally harsh and without much true beauty, yet, very often hidden within that harshness one will find a magical dell or glade that because of its loveliness will cause one to linger awhile. It was in just such a glade that I halted with old Snug to take in the beauty of the morning about me. Up to that moment Snug had given no indication that he was harbouring any resentment about my sorry performance of the previous evening, or indeed, that he even remembered. But while standing close up to his shoulder idly gazing at the pretty scene, he quietly raised his giant foreleg and then very carefully and without undue force, placed his great soup-plate of a hoof squarely over my foot, and pinned it firmly to the soft turf.

Snug looked at me with his wonderfully expressive eyes and I knew; he had not forgotten. Not only had his dignity been injured, but the trust that old horse had in me to care for him had been unpardonably abused. Try as I might and despite all my pleas I could not get Snug to lift his hoof from my foot, and whenever I tried to get a little leverage he just pressed down that much more firmly. I knew what he



was about alright; in his equine mind he had worked out how to teach me a damn good lesson. By now old Snug had me feeling very much ashamed and doubting whether he'd ever fully trust me again. I was lucky he was too kindly natured to fetch me a vicious kick when caught unprepared and unaware. After all these years I can't recall how long that old horse kept me pinned, but he must have eventually relented — otherwise we'd have been in that glade yet!

And that is how one useless and thoughtless boy learned something about how never to torment, or fail the trust of a dumb and faithful animal.

You know, there are those who would have it that animals can't think, and tend to treat them as some kind of robotic machine. Whenever I read about those abysmal and totally unnecessary experiments designed to find out if animals are capable of the most elementary thought, or possess the faintest glimmer of feeling, and carried out by so-called scientists who appear to understand little of the basics of life outside their ivory towers and laboratories, I marvel sadly at their ignorance. Anyone who has spent part of a lifetime working with or merely sharing the close companionship of animals could tell 'em animals have their own way of thinking alright, and they're pretty good at communicating too. And it doesn't require the "scientific" experiment of tearing a baby monkey from its mother's arms and keeping them separated to prove whether they have 'feelings' or not. They have feelings alright, just like you or I, or anybody; and it doesn't take any sort of genius to work that out.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was reminded of old Snug a few years back. At the time I was a partner in a small Hunter Valley vineyard and I had taken a week of my holidays to plough and harrow a few acres in preparation for grape planting. I did the job with a tractor, a mechanical beast that has no heart. It must have been all of forty years since I had last done any ploughing and I missed sharing the work with a warm, living creature, and enjoying such companionship through the long, hot, sweaty day. When the sun went down and I switched off the motor there was only a cold silence. No friendly whinny, no equine sigh of content at the days' close. No soft, velvety muzzle nuzzling up close for an affectionate pat and a soothing word or two, I had no friendly old beast to lead home to feed and rest; there was nothing romantic about it at all. Not like years ago, following along the furrows behind old Snug, that most gentle and knowing of all the giants.

## ONLY A CAT:

Those members who have had the forbearance to patiently wade through my scribbles over the years, will have read of my little top-cat, Yum-Yum. How, at this time last year, I wrote of her to the effect that she had been my inspiration and loyal companion for over a decade, and how I hoped we'd be together for another ten years. Alas, that was not to be, and it is with very heavy heart that I now write of her passing.

Her last day was a happy one. She had as always 'helped' me with the writing of the Journal; jumping onto the verandah table and snatching playfully at the moving pen, and when tiring of that as the afternoon waned, falling asleep in a curled up ball — across the paper, of course. Although her playfulness in this regard always made writing difficult for me, I welcomed her presence with affection, and often broke off writing to softly scratch her forehead — a caress which always delighted her.

That evening while companionably sitting beside me as I filled a pipe in anticipation of watching the news, she suddenly gave a little sigh, a cough or two, and then the spirit that had been her essence had swiftly flown. My efforts at heart massage were to no avail and the vet to whom we rushed her (though we knew in our hearts it was no use) opined that from the signs it had been a sudden and massive heart failure — did I wish to leave her? "No" I said, "I'll be burying her in the morning, in the garden which she loved".

And so it was that in the cold dark of the winter morn, as I tamped the damp earth and placed a sandstone rock over the tiny grave that is next to that of "MS", her playmate of days gone by, I could not help but reflect on many things. I thought of all those animal companions I had written of only the day before when she had been with me; how, as a raggedy-arsed kid I had grieved at their passing, and how with the passing of all those years nothing had changed. The protective armour against emotion which comes with the passage of time had made me no more immune to sorrow now than I had been then.

I thought of those members who in each issue of the Journal are moved to place in "Memory Lane" touching words in remembrance of wee creatures that to them were never 'mere animals' or 'only cats', but loving, faithful companions that for perhaps but a brief time (for the life of an animal is so short), were the focus of great joy and happiness.

I reflected upon Gwen Green's letter to the Editor in which she wrote so poignantly of the passing of her "Peppi"; Daria Love's article in this issue of the Journal "On Losing a loved being"; and the poem sent in by Gwen Thompson "Cat Passing", which so aptly



mirrored my own present situation; she (my wife) weeping in the garden, while I dug the shallow grave. I thought of those lines from the poem which perhaps impressed me most: He was "Only a Cat". But love anywhere is love, and we are only human.

And that word 'love' is what it's all about, for it is, or should be, the greatest and most important thing in our lives. Although there will never be for me another Yum-Yum, and no other shall ever have that name, there will always be animals about me for I should never care to do without that love. (For that matter, dear old Tosca has already promoted herself to 'top cat', for she also is a creature of great devotion and affection.)

But the little creature of which I write, to me she was a blithe Spirit that came to share with me eleven years of wonderful companionship; she was never 'only a cat'. She has now gone to join all those others in my own personal "memory lane", who although 'only animals', had more capacity for love than many human beings could ever begin to dream about.

I shall always picture her in the garden, and remember the cheerful little chirrup with which she was wont to greet me; and how on the last night of her life, she'd waited patiently by the front gate for my wife to return home — for there had also been much love between the two. I make my farewell to her here in words borrowed (somewhat) from the final line in Hamlet: "Good night, sweet Princess, and may flights of angels sing thee to thy rest".

## 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.

## ATTENTION! CAT LOVERS

The council of this illustrious society, has again decided to operate a stall at the Queen St. fair, held on the last Saturday in November. As this will be the last journal prior to this event, please cut out this important announcement and place it in a prominent position.

So there is plenty of time for searching through attics, and cupboards, on behalf of the elegant ones. Items that are suitable for gifts,

kitchen ware, books, plants are good sellers. As the time draws near, preserves will be welcome, and in the home stretch, home made cakes.

Please send goods to the Opportunity Shop Enmore, marked "Queen Street" to avoid confusion. Anyone wishing to help on the actual day, can phone me on 569 6822.

PURR:  
Elisabeth Francis.

## 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—4.00 week days  
9.30—12.00 Saturdays**

(Auxiliary

(Fund Raising

**PHONE 427 3828 Mrs. Cozens**

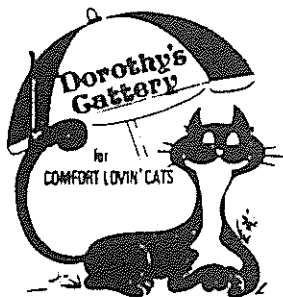
# FORM OF BEQUEST

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.

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



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

**29 Cranstons Road, Dural — PHONE: 651 2946**

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

**C.P.S. COUNCIL RECOMMENDATION**

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

(Please cut out and return to address shown).

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

WINTER 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.