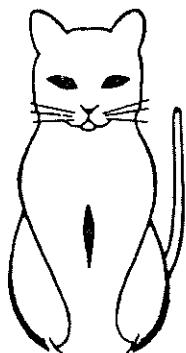


'CAT AFFAIRS'



AUGUST 1986

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

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

OFFICE BEARERS: PRESIDENT: Mr William Graham

• VICE PRESIDENTS: Mrs Nancy Iredale, Professor Daria Love, B.V.Sc, Ph. D, M.R.C. Path., M.A.S.M.,

HONORARY TREASURER: Prof. Daria Love

COUNCILLORS: Mrs Sybil Cozens, Mrs Elizabeth Francis,
Mr Geoffrey Luton, Miss Denise Tierney, Miss Jo Tomkin, Ms Lyn Thomas

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*"The cat is not a sociable creature but rather one who
'walks alone'." However ...*

**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, 14th day of September, 1986, at the Y.W.C.A., 5-11 Wentworth Avenue, Darlinghurst (Near Hyde Park) commencing at 1.30 p.m.

BUSINESS

1. Read and confirm Minutes of 1985 Annual General Meeting.
2. Business Arising.
3. Annual Report.
4. Balance Sheet and Financial Statement — Treasurer's Report.
5. Election of Executive and Council 1986-7 term.
6. Other 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 seconders' 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 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 14th day of September, 1986.

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: In presenting this report an era is drawing to a close, for it is the last time I shall be addressing you as President. In making the decision not to nominate for a further term it is natural I should feel a measure of regret, for the eleven years I served on Council, the last six as President, was a period of tremendous interest and meaning to me, for it saw the Society advance from a position of comparative immobility, to the situation where it is, without doubt, the foremost organisation of its type within the entire State. The animal ambulance and welfare unit cannot be matched by any other organisation — and if that sounds parochial it is simply because for the past eleven years I have been fortunate in having played with the best team.

Welfare Performance and Results: The following statistics do not include any of the branch figures and reflect another very satisfactory years' performance by the welfare section, period 1.6.85 to 31.5.86.

CATS DESEXED: 1598
VOUCHERS ISSUED: 161
TOTAL DESEXED: 1759
CATS PUT DOWN: 2988
CATS PLACED: 401
JOB COMPLETED: 3201
MISCELLANEOUS: 7 dogs desexed

Educational Publicity: Possibly the most valuable publicity effort during the year would have been the SBS/TV programme 'Seeing is Believing', which on 15th April screened a lengthy segment featuring a Society ambulance on its daily rounds. Driver of the ambulance was Welfare Officer Sandy Moss, who performed singularly well, giving a comprehensive description of the Society's welfare activities in a confident and natural manner. An almost complete coverage was devoted to the Society's welfare programme which was especially valuable in that 'Seeing is Believing' is a children's show. Emphasis was placed on the need to desex domestic pets, the general care and humane treatment of all animals, and of course, the stray and unwanted cat problem was given prominence.

As reported in the April journal, another worthwhile event held during the year was the stall at the Queen Street Fair organised by Councillor Elizabeth Francis. Various posters and placards were on display, and the Society's informative leaflets were widely distributed.

Vacant Council Positions: After having devoted a record, five and twenty years of unbroken service on State Council, Geoffrey Luton, who for most of those years served in the

capacity of Vice-President, has announced his decision to retire at the expiration of the present term. A man of the highest integrity, Geoff feels that time has caught up with him and that it would now be appropriate to make way for a younger person.

Geoffrey Luton was one of the 'early-birds' in the Society's fledgling days and over the past quarter century has seen many changes and advances take place within the Society; his considered judgments will be sorely missed at the Council table.

Judith Graham, first elected to Council at the August, 1978 A.G.M., resigned her position as Honorary Treasurer on 31st May this year. Because of other involvements, including a projected move to the country, her attendance at further meetings was unlikely. Judy timed her resignation to take in the year-end accounts and to allow a new Treasurer to take over on 1st June, the commencement of the Society's financial year.

In the interim, Vice-President Daria Love, has accepted appointment to take over as Treasurer until the A.G.M. However, a person with some knowledge of accountancy procedures is sorely needed to fill the vacancy on a permanent basis. Therefore, we appeal to any member who has the necessary ability, and is prepared to devote time to the job, to please come forward and accept nomination to the position.

A third Councillor not seeking re-election is of course myself. Having served eleven years as a Councillor, it is with some reluctance that I have decided, for various reasons, it is time also for me to call it a day, and will therefore be retiring at the A.G.M.

As outgoing President it would be appropriate to give a resume of my term in office, an accounting of what has taken place or been achieved and the direction I believe the Society should take in the future with regard to its animal welfare policies.

Prior to my election as President at the 1980 A.G.M., in my policy speech I spoke of my intention to ensure that the opportunity shop (under threat at the time) would be retained; that an animal welfare section would be established with the immediate engagement of a permanent field worker and the purchase of a fully equipped ambulance; and in accordance with the referendum taken of the members who voted overwhelmingly in favour, that a suitable property to be used as a cat haven would be purchased.

Unfortunately, like most election promises, not all were honoured during my term.

The greatest disappointment felt by very many members would be that a cat haven has not come into being. This however, was not for

CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT

— *Continued*

lack of effort on Council's part. Hopes to establish a haven at the Society's Kingsgrove property were dashed when Canterbury Council rejected the plan — and the subsequent appeal to the Land and Environment Court failed to overturn the decision. Efforts to obtain a government land grant came to nothing despite the encouragement of the then Minister, Kevin Stewart, and a lengthy submission prepared by the Treasurer. Investigations were made in the Blacktown area but expectations faded with the information that the local council was unlikely to give approval. It would seem that with the spread of suburbia it is becoming increasingly difficult to establish any type of animal haven in a reasonably central location, and the only alternative is to move so far out of the metropolitan area that the proposition would not be viable.

However, some very positive and worthwhile results did eventuate out of those promises of 1980. The opportunity shop, allowed to operate with no interference from the executive, has flourished under the auspices of Sybil Cozens and Jo Tomkin — Auxiliary President and Secretary/Treasurer respectively. Each year it has returned a dividend of enormous financial help to the welfare programme.

The ambulance service, as promised, was commenced in late 1980, and over the intervening six years has been expanded to a fleet of three vehicles and a staff of three welfare officers. This expansion has enabled the welfare section to cover virtually all suburbs with the majority of calls coming from the middle to outer Western and Southern areas.

Although the Society now has little prospect of operating an animal haven in its own right, a home finding programme has been in continual operation throughout the past six years which has resulted in two and a half thousand cats and kittens placed during that period.

Therefore, members who have expressed disappointment at the failure to secure a cat haven should take some consolation from that fact.

Future Welfare Operations and Policy: The State Council in 1981 — which included most of the original founders of the Welfare section — formulated and adopted a policy which allotted priorities to the work it envisaged would be performed by the ambulance section as it expanded. The policy falls into four main categories: Rescue of injured animals, Desexing, Finding homes and maintaining cats awaiting homes, Trapping wild, unwanted, homeless and feral cats and their ultimate disposal.

Naturally, the highest priority was given to

the rescue of injured and disturbed animals. The opening paragraph of the relevant clause reads:

"Priority must be given at all times to calls appealing for help in aid of injured or distressed animals. Welfare personnel should respond with an absolute minimum of delay and cancel or postpone any other engagements they may be attending."

That section of the policy and its priority should of course be maintained, and there should be no reason for it to be altered in any way in the future, for it embodies the most humane aspect of the Society's welfare activities.

In undertaking the carriage of domestic cats to vets for desexing, Council had in mind that apart from financial considerations, the reluctance or inability of many owners to have their pets neutered would in many cases be due to physical disability, infirmity of age, transport difficulties and so forth. By offering a service which transports cats to and from vets for owners who are disadvantaged in some way, the result is that many more cats have been desexed than would otherwise have been the case. And the desexing policy is of course, one of the very main aims of our Society.

In my opinion however, the above is an area open to abuse and misuse, and the policy could well do with some overhauling. I would wish to see much more emphasis placed on ensuring that only those in genuine physical or financial need receive the benefit of this service. I see no reason why owners who are well able to afford the usual vet fee and who have no transport problems should be allowed to exploit a charity.

As stated in the Society's Memorandum of Association "... and to provide assistance for the desexing of cats belonging to those in necessitous circumstances".

Of very high priority is the placing of cats and kittens with caring owners. The opening paragraph of that section of the policy reads:

"One of the most humane, appealing, worthwhile and compassionate aims of the Society is that which is given over to providing suitable homes for unwanted animals. Therefore, it should always be treated as a top priority and welfare officers encouraged to be on the look-out at all times for suitable homes ..."

The remainder of that section covers in most part the home finding operation as it is at present implemented. For the benefit of new members it is worth repeating here that all cats sold are desexed, immunised, vet checked, come with a collar and numbered identity tag and the Society's guarantee that if the cat should prove incompatible with its new environment or is unsound in some way, the

CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT

— Continued

new owner can choose another or have the purchase price refunded — no questions asked and all at a cost of a mere thirty dollars.

Obviously, such generous conditions result in a heavy drain on the Society's finances, but they are there to ensure that the animals are regarded as objects of some value, and that there will be less likelihood of a cat being mistreated or abandoned by a disgruntled owner.

Our cats for homes are housed at Dorothy Fosters' Dural Cattery, and to be an observer when people are choosing can be an education. Those penned cats know the score, they follow those potential owners with their eyes, and they 'speak' in a way which even the most insensitive clod would be hard put to misunderstand: "Take me! take me! Oh! Please take me!"

To have observed such is to be more than ever convinced that whatever the expense, whatever inconvenience, and wherever it may possibly be conducted in the future, the home finding operation must **never** be allowed to run down or cease to be of **top** priority — as first envisaged by the founders.

Trapping and Destroying: The most disturbing and contentious area of all the Society's activities.

From the outset I would like to make it clear that on principle I do not like trapping. Apart from the moral and humane aspect which most concerns me, legally there is no cover or protection under the law so far as the regulations are at present framed. If any organisation or persons take it upon themselves to engage in this pursuit they do so entirely at their own risk. If a domestically owned cat is trapped, even by mistake, and taken without the owner's knowledge or consent, the owner can bring a prosecution for heavy damages. The precedent was set in the verdict handed down by Mr. Justice Smythe on 18th May, 1984, in the case *Haeghe v. C.P.S.*

Damages sought by the Haeges amounted to \$20,000, and although the ultimate penalty and damages awarded came to much less, it still cost the Society several thousand dollars in legal fees. Moreover, although the judge was reasonably understanding of the situation in which the Society found itself, he made it abundantly clear that further transgressions would bring a much more severe penalty.

There is an ever-present danger that when large numbers of cats are trapped a domestic animal will be caught up in the 'bag'. My instructions have always been that if there is even the faintest doubt about any cat trapped being a domestic animal, it must be released immediately. The welfare staff can be relied

upon in this respect for they are responsible and very caring about animals, but there is cause for concern regarding the attitude of some who are involved in this work. For instance it is very disturbing to hear a member of close involvement assert that it is inevitable and should be accepted that with the thousands of cats trapped and destroyed each year by the Society, several would be domestic pets. That kind of callous thinking has no place on Council, for the distress of pet and owner parted in such fashion is something which must never be countenanced or condoned by this Society.

There should be no compromise on this issue, but unfortunately I have come to suspect that there are those who obtain a perverted sense of satisfaction from the trapping and destruction of thousands of cats. Any trapping that is undertaken should be very selective, concentrating only on those situations where the animals are severely distressed, injured, diseased or at grave risk in some way which justifies their trapping and destruction, strictly for humane reasons.

Much more control should be exerted by Council in this area. Councillors must not be apathetic and complacent, relying on others to carry the ball, but should make themselves familiar with all procedures and activities of the welfare section. There are innumerable instances where unscrupulous persons call upon the Society to take away a neighbour's cat under the guise that it is a nuisance stray. It makes no matter whether the animal is neutered or not, if just one cat is trapped, separated from its owner and destroyed, then that is a blot which cannot be erased, and makes a misnomer of the title "Cat Protection Society".

Journal Contributors: I would like to express thanks to all who have contributed letters and articles to the journal over the years I have been Editor. Your efforts have helped to make the journal the rather interesting publication I believe it has become. As representative of the 'regulars' I would make special mention of Gwen Thompson of Leura, for hardly a journal has gone by without one of her delightful poems which entertained us all so much and which revealed her deep love of cats.

Some very touching little incidents have stemmed from articles which have appeared in the journal. Some of you may be interested to know that one such, which was unexpected though very pleasing, followed on from my story: 'The Tree That Would Not die'. In the mail I received a book on wattles. It was sent by the aunt of the young woman I wrote about and had been edited by that same young woman years ago, Loretta Williams.

CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT

— *Continued*

What I hope may meet with the approval of members who have expressed appreciation of the journal, is that with no budding Editor having appeared over the horizon, I have offered to attempt to continue as Editor. This may present some difficulties with distance and communication but we shall see if this can work successfully.

I have met very few of the contributors but in some cases a fairly regular correspondence has eventuated. If any of my dear correspondents should wish to write me direct, my address at time of this publication will be —

185 Blaxland Road,
Wentworth Falls N.S.W. 2782.

I would always be pleased to hear from you but please do not send subscriptions or donations as these should be forwarded to the usual address appearing at the back of this journal.

Thank You, All: Thank you members, for the various ways in which you have supported, either by contributing goods for the shop, physical help, or with donations which always help the work so much.

A huge debt of gratitude is owed to the wonderful workers of the auxiliary. Apart from their efforts serving customers in the op-shop, sorting, mending and preparing goods for sale, the elbow grease they expend on working bees cleaning and scrubbing the entire headquarters premises saves the Society tremendous expense in maintenance costs.

Gordon and Sybil Cozens have spent so many hours sorting, mending and repairing, and travelled so many miles collecting goods that it is impossible to compute the totals. Their exertions would be beyond the capacity of most ordinary mortals.

Jo Tomkin is another with a heavy work-load. Not only is she committed to auxiliary involvement, but has also taken on the duties of Membership Secretary, and Acting Secretary during the lengthy absence of the regular occupant. It is said that no-one is irreplaceable, but I would have my doubts in the above three cases.

Daria Love's journal articles on the care, nutrition and diseases of felines have been invaluable in providing expert guidance for members requiring advice on the proper care of their pets. Daria has also assumed temporarily the duties of Treasurer; and that is an onerous task.

Speaking as one with little knowledge of high finance, my path as President would have been beset with pit-falls had I not had the benefit of a good Treasurer. Therefore, a bundle of personal thanks to that Treasurer, Judy Graham, who took so much of the burden off my shoulders.

The girls who drive the ambulances have a difficult row to hoe. They witness much that is pitiful and distressing, yet they stick to the task despite the difficulties. Sandy Moss and Joy Peachy in particular, have been with the Society for some years now. I thank them for the manner in which they have gone about their jobs, and for their caring ways with animals.

The branches often do not receive the mention that is their due, but a great deal of thanks is owed to those members for the wonderful caring work they perform out there in the 'sticks'. Many thanks to Edith Duport, President, as representative of the Tuggerah Lakes/Wyong branch, and Kathleen Robinson, President, Doris Jackson, Treasurer, Emma Wells, Secretary, and Dorothy Haines (now retired) of the Woy Woy/Umina branch.

And finally, thank you State Council for your thoughtful consideration in voting Honorary Life Membership to Judy Graham and myself following the announcement of our coming departure from Council. I wish also to thank Councillors not only for their managerial and administrative efforts, but for their patience and forbearance in sitting through many lengthy dissertations from the Chair for six long years. Councillors, you can now heave a collective sigh of relief.

And Good-bye: To have been President of this Society for a few short years has been a rewarding experience and an honour of which I am proud. To say it has been fun would be to make light of the serious and often emotional nature of the work. Nevertheless, I have derived a certain amount of satisfaction and pleasure from my involvement, particularly with regard to the many wonderful people I have come to know, often merely through an exchange of correspondence.

Although I was not able to achieve some of the goals and objectives I had in mind for the Society, and there is so much more I had hoped to accomplish, I suppose it could be said that, my time, I did at least help to progress the Society a little way along that long, hard road which seemingly has no end. With that I have to be satisfied, and whoever is to be my successor I wish them well, and pass on to them the Standard.

When one is young good-byes come easy, for one is eager for the "off"; to see what lies beyond the far hills which beckon so enticingly — or so it was with me. But, as one grows older, the enchantment of those far hills lessens, and good-byes become so much harder so say. Therefore, I shall conclude by remarking how well I remember the occasion, eleven years past, when I first took my place as a newly

CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL REPORT

— Continued

elected councillor, nervous, uncertain, and decidedly 'wet behind the ears'. And then an outstretched hand and Geoffrey Luton's warm and friendly greeting which immediately put me at ease: "Welcome aboard, friend".

Now, with the passing of those years, and the

many faces I recall which have come and gone on Council, the time has come for me to say to Geoff, and to you all: "So long, friends".

Bill Graham
President & Chairman

INHUMAN TORTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF KITTENS

Two Airman our country can be proud of: Corporal **John Thomas Tottey** and Leading Aircraftman **Donald Robert MacIntosh**. Convicted in July for the cruel torture and vicious slaughter of tiny, helpless kittens at the Williamtown Air Force base, a defence forces magistrate awarded this pair of brutal thugs the astoundingly lenient penalty of fourteen days suspended detention and a penalty \$400 fine.

The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act in this State prescribes a penalty of six months gaol or \$1000 fine or both for such acts of cruelty. Upon summary conviction for aggravated cruelty — which would seem to fit this case — a \$2000 fine or one years gaol or

both; upon conviction on indictment, imprisonment for two years.

On radio the day following the convictions, commentator John Laws, described the monstrous duo as "these two bastards", and went on to express the view that Tottey and MacIntosh should have been gaoled and thrown out of the Air Force.

We agree fully with the sentiments of John Laws, and in our opinion, anything less than substantial gaol sentence and an ignominious discharge from the service makes a mockery of this States animal welfare laws and does little to deter the likes of Tottey and MacIntosh.

TUGGERAH LAKES/WYONG BRANCH 1985-86 REPORT

COMMITTEE: President: E. Duport, Secretary: E. Rogers, Members: M. Kelly, L. Kelly, Val Carr, E. Watsford.

CONTACTS MADE: Cat Protection and Welfare cases dealt with during the above period.

CATS DESEXED: 514

EUTHANISED: 10

HOMES FOUND: 570

This our sixth 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 for tending the unwanted cats and kittens. Joy has done this for the last few years. Thanks to Sybil Cozens for the goods supplied for our stalls and raffles. Thank you Noreen Kelly for your beautiful needlework and your staunch support over the last six years. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch our very staunch supporters.

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

Edith Duport.
Branch President.



"I'm not being funny; but are you a bunny?"

AUXILIARY NEWS

By Sybil Cozens

GOOD NEWS! This financial year the Opportunity Shop grossed \$27,777 — that is very good news to all our hard workers in, and behind the scenes at, 103 Enmore Road, and of course very gratifying to all those people out there who have donated the goods necessary to obtain this result. My sincere thanks to everyone.

Secretary/Treasurer Jo, who organises the work roster, needs people to assist in the shop. Please, can you give a day a month? If we could get sixty assistants that would be only one day a month per person — nobody would get tired of the shop giving that, surely! We always have two people on duty each day so there is someone for company and to help tidying and sprucing up the shop fixtures, sweeping, etc. The hours are not long; buses pass the door and Newtown station is but a five minute walk away. Jo would love to hear from you — call 7138576.

For new members of the Society: When you next tidy your cupboards, kitchen drawers, wardrobes, garage, please save any surplus items for the Shop. If you are unable to take goods to Enmore, please telephone me on 4273828 for a pick-up.

A Willoughby member has been tidying up and the unwanted contents of her sewing cupboard alone netted the shop \$35! It is amazing how a few metres of braid, lace, tape, packets of needles, pins, buttons etc. mount up — same for garage tools! Because winter has finally arrived, the demand for books in the Shop has left empty shelves. Can someone help replenish them, please. We sell both hard covered and paper backs, plus **current** magazines.

One of our Auxiliary members, Jim Thatcher, has recently returned from visiting his sister in the U.S.A. He had a most enjoyable time but said he was glad to be back in good old Aussie. We are glad to have him back in our ranks.

DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT YOUR JOURNAL!!

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE 1986-87 YEAR BECAME DUE AS FROM 1st JUNE, 1986. PLEASE CHECK THAT YOU HAVE FORWARDED YOUR ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. THUS ENSURING FURTHER DELIVERIES OF THE JOURNAL WHICH I'M SURE YOU ALL ENJOY.

Jo Tomkin,
Membership Secretary.

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

By the Editor

Thinking back over the years, about the many and varied stories I have written for this column, I suppose the one I most enjoyed writing was "The Night the Possum came down the Chimney", for it was (though not on the night) the most humorous episode I ever experienced with cats. Unfortunately, that was a "one off" and nothing quite so funny ever occurred again for me to write about.

Perhaps the best that could be said for those yarns is that they were all true, taken from real life, and fact is, I always derived a great deal of pleasure in the writing of them. They have not always been about cats, or other animals for that matter, but they were at least, tales told with the intention in mind to point up the human condition with regard to those facets of our make-up which most influence the power for (d; compassion, pity, kindness — and perhaps most important of all — love.

In my time I have sometimes found it distinctly odd, the instances in which it would seem I have been led or guided to situations to do with the above, which have either altered my thoughts on life and love, or caused a change to my accepted philosophy. Instances such as: a book found incongruously amidst the scattered debris of war on a shell-pocked Korean battlefield: a visit to a Buddhist sanctuary: the discovery of a charming little folk-tale featuring a cat: words put to paper centuries past which... but, never mind, all that can be told in the following tales, the first of which I shall call:

The Quality of Mercy — Last Anzac Day, for some reason, perhaps because he thought he might recognise a once familiar face or two from days now long gone, he decided to take an interest in the March by watching it on television from the comfort of his armchair. As it turned out, he had no luck in that direction, for the aging gentlemen passing across the screen bore a scant resemblance to the young fellows with whom he'd once shared an adventurous comradeship; he could only picture them as they once were, not as they must appear now.

Apart from a battered old copy of Edward Fitzgerald's first translation of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khyam, which he'd come upon one day while patrolling a battle-scarred strip of ground between the opposing trenches in Korea and which had always left him to wonder how the devil it came to be there, he had few mementoes left to remind him of his wartime experiences in the Pacific and Korea. But, with the March ended it was inevitable he should hark back, and it was that mood of introspection which led him

to where they were kept in an old shoe-box with other various old faded letters and yellowed photographs of earlier times.

On rummaging through the motley collection he dredged up half a dozen tarnished medals attached to stained and faded ribbons; also brought to light were his old identity tags, still strung on the original cord along with a small, heart-shaped medallion which he had not thought about in over thirty years.

As he pored over the keepsakes he speculated as he had many times, on the criminal futility of war and the tenuous thread of human thought which separates the urge to indulge mindless cruelty from a humane desire to act with pity and compassion — that dual capacity for good or ill which appears schizophrenically to dwell within all men. It was such train of thought which brought recall of a certain night on a war-torn Korean hill.

The night had been clear and moonlit, with only a few scudding clouds now and then obscuring the moon's brilliance. Apart from an occasional rattle of machine-gun fire up and down the lines, all was relatively calm — unlike the previous night's heavy clash of arms in which his best mate, poor old Jock had been killed. Only that very morning, under a heavy barrage of mortar and machine-gun fire, he'd helped to bring in the bodies of Jock and the others who had died in the outpost fight. He remembered how scared he'd been, and how, as he lowered Jock's body into the trench, he'd begun to cry. The combination of fear, loneliness and sorrow had become too much.

Now, in his lonely vigil as a sniper, laying concealed in the stunted line of scrub which struggled for existence some yards in front of the forward trench, he couldn't help thinking about Jock. There had been that game they'd invented and played so many times to relieve the boredom on long marches, and the tedium of trench life. A game in which they quoted in turn from the works of various authors and then challenged the other to identify the source and so forth. Jock had had an encompassing knowledge of Shakespeare and could more or less win the round every time by shrewdly playing on that knowledge. The game had been a means of forgetting fear, and now with old Jock gone, well, he'd just have to fall back for comfort on old Khyyam — the book he'd found on the battleground.

The moon on its long traverse had risen high in the sky by now, and the night was wearing on into the small hours when he thought he saw

the tree move. Sure, the night plays tricks; people resemble small trees, and bushes tend to wander about a bit when the eyes grow tired. His mind hadn't been on the job, but better be on the alert now. Silently, he slid the sniper rifle forward and raised it to his eye to peer through the infra-red 'scope which even on the darkest night could pick out a living subject in ghostly luminosity.

What he saw through the 'scope dispelled any doubt; the moving "tree" was clearly outlined as a human figure, and what was more, was creeping forward silently, directly toward the sniper fox-hole. As the figure drew closer he could clearly identify it as a Chinese soldier; there was the Russian 'burp' gun slung loosely from the shoulder and dangling by the fellow's side — he could even make out the small, red star fastened to the front of the padded, peak cap.

Finally, the figure halted, scant feet away from the outthrust rifle, and stood oblivious, with hand shading eyes against the moon's bright glare as he gazed over the bushes toward the Australian trench. A forward scout surely, from a reconnaissance patrol; courageous certainly, but totally ignorant of the terrible danger confronting him.

Ever so slowly the rifle was raised and trained onto the target. No need for the 'scope, no way he could miss at the distance, and then the adrenalin began to flow furiously as this was to be his first "kill" as a sniper. With nerves taut, the age-old cruel blood-lust, the urge to hunt and kill took over completely. Gently, surely, his right hand grew taut as his finger took the first pressure on the trigger. Only moments now he told himself, and he imagined the bullet tearing its way through flesh, bone and muscle. The enemy soldier would never know, would probably be dead before he even began to fall. But — the seconds were beginning to tick by and still his finger had not squeezed that irrevocable, second and final trigger pressure. Doubts, second thoughts, had begun to cloud his mind and judgment. It somehow seemed too much like murder, and when he came right down to it, he felt a bit sick at the thought of shooting from ambush this faceless man standing helplessly exposed before him. Different if the fellow had spotted him, or come charging with gun raised — then he would have fired without hesitation. But more than that, something Jock had said, one of his interminable Shakespearian quotations kept coming back to mind — and held him back from squeezing the trigger. He wished now that the fellow would clear off and relieve him from further dilemma, for his mind was almost made up. Those few words of Shakespeare's had heavily weighted the scales in favour of compassion, and if it meant he was a poor sort of soldier, he was not about to kill this

night.

Until momentarily obscured by one of those passing clouds, the moon had been the only witness to the silent tableau taking place on that Korean hillside. With the cloud gone, so was the Chinese soldier, as stealthily as he'd come, and the moment was lost in time forever. The sniper rubbed his eyes, it was almost he thought, as though the scene had never taken place, had only been a passing figment of an overwrought imagination. But in his heart he knew — it had been real.

When the sun commenced to chase the huntress moon from the sky, and it was time for him too, to go, the sniper thought to himself: 'Ah!! Well, old Will Shakespeare was not to know, that a few words put together by him a long time ago, in a land far away, might one day spare a man from being killed — and another from regretting having done the killing. How did the phrase go again?' He put the words together as best he could recall them, and with some wonder repeated them over to himself: "The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, upon the place beneath ..."

The Sleeping Cat of Nikko: Like many who have fallen for the wiles of Master (or Mistress) Cat, I am a damn fool about them. My attitude and behaviour towards the wee creatures must passeth the understanding of all except like ailurophiles. Why, even as I write, should I decide to go and make a cup of coffee or some such, and Mr. Touchwood (Tiggy to his intimates) steals onto my chair, I am like as not to continue writing from a standing position rather than disturb him. Likewise, should he happen (as is his wont) to knock my pens to the floor so that he can roll them about in play, I am apt to forgo further writing until he tires of the game. And thus it was always with my Yum-Yum, Tosca, Mog, and all those others who over the past quarter of a century comforted me with their companionship and delighted me with their playful antics and lithe grace. Earned my respect too, because of their fierce independence and great courage. I suppose that's how I shall continue to be in the future, for once one has become entralled under that magic spell which cats cleverly weave to entrap we humans, one is unlikely to act otherwise.

Frequently, "She who must be Obeyed" will say: 'My word, that cat makes a fool of you, it can twist you right around its paw'. But, aha, her behaviour with cats is nothing but a reflection of my own, and I can catch her out any old time engaging them in conversation with the sickening sort of baby talk that women who are "cat persons" go on with. To be fair, however, it must be observed that some men act the same way except that they usually have the dignity to sneak off where no-one can hear.

Though we cat freaks derive great pleasure and joy from the presence of our tiny lion friends, we also have moments of reflective sadness, for we are aware that their lives are lamentably short, and always at fearful hazard. So, I make no apology for my indulgence, it harms no-one, and should it attract the sneers of those who dislike cats, well then, that is their problem, not mine.

Yet, there was a time, many years ago, when I never thought much about cats one way or another. If anything, they seemed to me rather useless creatures at best, indolently lolling about much of the time, and when not occupied in that non-activity, either demanding hand-outs in an imperious manner, or expecting their every whim and comfort to be attended to by foolish and misguided owners. And those occasions when stray cats awakened one in the small hours with loud cacophony of caterwaul and yowl did little to endear the wretched creatures to me. I was in no way ever to be enticed by their artful blandishments, and was scornful of those who made much of such vain and feckless animals.

The first time I began to contemplate *Felis Catus* as a creature worthy of much more respect and even liking than I had hitherto felt, was in Japan during the early spring of 1954. And you know, it was no more than a charming little folk-myth which awakened my interest; helped along the way I do believe, by things experienced such as my journey to see the giant Buddha of Kamakura.



The Buddha at Kamakura

I had just completed twelve months service fighting in the Korean war, and was tremendously thankful to have come out of it in one piece, feeling young, vital, and mighty glad to be alive. The war was all over in the June or July of that year and it was my intention to spend the few weeks of my leave travelling through as much of Japan as possible before returning to Australia. Early in my travels I made my way to Kamakura and visited the ancient sanctuary where the giant Buddha sits in meditative calm, gaze fixed eternally and inscrutably on the pilgrims passing by.

Having so recently experienced much that was horrific in the way of human misery — cruelties visited not only on man by man, but the appalling indifference displayed when the same brutalities and suffering were inflicted upon innocent children and helpless civilians alike — which has always been the way when the dogs of war are loosed — I was given pause by that tenet of Buddha which from that time left a deep impression upon me: "One thing only do I teach; suffering and the cease of suffering. Kindness to all living creatures is the true religion".

In fact, so impressed was I with what I felt in that timeless place that I copied on the back of the postcard I had purchased, the exhortation inscribed on the sanctuary's entrance gate. I have the old postcard in front of me as I write, and the words are almost as clear and legible as the day I set them down: "Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. **This** is the temple of **Buddha** and the gate of the eternal, and should be entered with reverence."

Although a transgressor many times over, and of no particular creed, I did indeed enter that sanctuary with a sense of deep reverence. It is the sentience that sometimes flows through one when experiencing such things I believe, that the future course of one's life and actions may be altered. In any wise, it certainly had a bearing on my own philosophy which up to that time had been more in keeping with that expressed in the fragment of a poem I came across at one time:

"Cast a cold eye on Life, on Death;
Horseman, ride by!"

After departing Kamakura I journeyed on to Nikko, and in the wondrous park there, populated by many gnarled and ancient conifers, I made my way towards the Shinto temple. Ascending the steps leading towards the entrance however, I was arrested by a sight most unexpected. There, crouched on the steps was a man, or rather the remnant of a man. Face scarred and misshapen, both legs missing from the knees, he was dressed in the tattered rags of a uniform from a war nine years ended. Reduced

to begging, with his old forage cap doing duty as a begging bowl, he squatted hopelessly in little expectation — a fact attested to by the emptiness of the forage cap. As I gaped at this scarred relic from the Pacific war many emotions raced through my mind.

For years I had hated the Japanese military; the events of 1941-45 and my experiences in the Pacific gave good cause to feel that way. The only time I had ever felt pity was when I'd watched an Australian Army doctor sew up the wound of a Japanese without benefit of the anaesthetic which was readily available. The doctor had been totally unmoved by the screams of the Japanese; such was the feeling at the time. For the few moments I hesitated by the maimed figure, I thought of such as little Georgie with whom I'd started school at age five; killed somewhere in the Solomons by the Japanese in the closing months of the war — and the others I'd been mates with who were never coming back. But as I stared into that fellow's face I knew I was looking at suffering, and I thought "... oh hell, He's been there ... and so have I ... and there but for the grace of God ...". And that injunction of Buddha, it was still fresh in my mind: 'One thing only do I teach; suffering and the case of suffering. Kindness to all living creatures is the true religion.'

Hesitating no longer, I reached into a pocket and dropped a few American and Yen notes into the dismally empty forage cap. It was no great sacrifice on my part, but I supposed that for him it might mean a few extra bowls of rice and maybe one or two other small comforts. The Japanese soldier, huddled uncomfortably as he was on the steps, did his valiant best to bow in the traditional manner of his race — then I went my way.

After visiting the shrine I strolled to a nearby kiosk where various small artifacts were displayed for sale. Among the tiny figurines of ancient war-like gods, prayer bags and the like, I came upon a small, heart shaped medallion on which was embossed the likeness of a sleeping cat. On enquiring what it represented, I was informed (in fractured English) by the kimonoed young woman attendant: "Ah so. That is the sleeping cat, the little sleeping cat of Nikko". I was then treated to a comprehensive account of an age-old legend; it went as follows:

Many generations past, more than could be accounted by the oldest village crone, the temple monks kept a cat which was a great favourite among them. Everyone, including all the inhabitants of the village and the peasants who came to market from the nearby paddies, was familiar with the figure of the cat, always to be observed curled up fast asleep on the steps which led to the shrine.

Then one fateful day when the village was crowded due to a religious festival, all who

thronged about the shrine were puzzled, even perturbed, to observe that the cat for once was not asleep but instead was tearing about in a frenzy, tugging frantically with his sharp claws at the garments of those who were nearest, as though attempting to convey a warning of some kind. Fortunately, the monks and priests who were wise to the ways of cats' intelligence and uncanny ability to have foreknowledge of events to come, had the good sense to realise that their temple cat was indeed experiencing a premonition of dire calamity about to befall the village. Thus it was that they organised a hasty but well ordered evacuation of the entire community which was accomplished barely in time to avoid a disastrous earthquake which wrought complete and utter destruction on the village. All were saved, all that is, except the little sleeping cat. He was never seen again.

And that is how it came about that this legendary animal became celebrated down the centuries as a feline hero, credited with saving many lives through his perspicacity and courage. He had come to be remembered perpetuated in folk lore as — The Sleeping Cat of Nikko.

'And did the cat have a name?' I asked, as I contemplated the image of the small animal on the medallion resting lightly in my palm. 'Ah so, ah so' came the reply. 'He Namaru Nikko'. 'Then I take it that the village was later named after the cat?' I put to the young woman. She replied with a vigorous and prolonged nodding of her head.

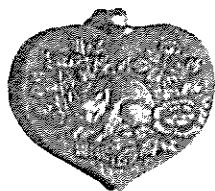
The story and the small animal had a certain wistful something which appealed to me, so purchasing the medallion I slipped it onto the cord around my neck which held my identity discs. As I did so I thought: 'Ah well, perhaps cats aren't all that bad after all. It just might be that if I ever take a wife and settle down, and have a little house with a garden, I might even consider having one for a pet — though perish the thought.'

Oh, strange are the ways in which the wayfarer's steps are led.

Epilogue: When darkness finally closed in last Anzac Day, he still sat lost in reflection, a small tabby cat dozing by his side. Spread before him on the desk was the tattered book of verse; an old faded letter which began: "Dear Sonny" (come from Jock's father in Dundee, Scotland, the day after his old mate was killed); and the small, heart-shaped medallion which bore the image of a sleeping cat.

At last his wife appeared at the study door: 'About time you put all that junk away' she said 'dinner's ready'. Slightly startled at this interruption to his reflections, he looked up at her and replied: 'This "junk" as you call it holds a lot of memories for me. Take that book there, I

wouldn't part with it for a king's ransom. You know, I've been thinking a lot this evening about my old wartime days and some of the things I did. But there was one thing I *didn't* do which if I had, would have weighed heavily on my mind these many years.'



*Medallion with effigy of
The Sleeping Cat of Nikko*

'I was never much of a soldier, not a brave man, and I never killed anybody, though I came

awful close to it one time'. Then he related to her a story which he had not told anyone before, about one eerie, moonlit night on a desolate Korean hill. He ended by adding: 'So I was kind of imagining tonight that maybe somewhere in China there is an aging, grey-haired gentleman, perhaps surrounded by a loving family, who otherwise may have left his bones in the "Land of the Morning Calm" ... it's just that, well, I'm so glad I never pulled that trigger'.

She gave him a look of tolerant affection which he had come to know so well, and which told him that she understood, and that for the moment at least, he was in the "good books". 'I'm glad too' she said softly, 'now, come and have your dinner'.

*And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The tavern shouted — 'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more'.*

Omar Khayyam.

MEMORY LANE

A donation in memory of our beloved, unforgettable, little Dixie. Although having the best treatment she died on 1st May, 1986 of kidney failure, only 3 years old. During her short life she gave us great happiness. You are missed sadly, dear little Dixie, by the Griffiths family and myself —

Inserted by Hannelotte Trenham-Old

* * * * *

A donation in memory of my beloved 'Tammy', who gave me 14 years of happiness, love and devotion — went to sleep on 14.8.86 — so sadly missed by her owner —

Inserted by Grace Parkinson.

* * * * *

A donation in memory of dear old Dolly. Was buried on Good Friday hoping she would rise again on Easter Sunday; but now rests in peace aged 14. Sadly missed by — Gizmo, Mae-Mou, Merlin, Skye, Seymor, Sam, Cassie, Scobie, Professor, Gemima and The Tiger. (Keep up the good work).

Inserted by Mia Graham

* * * * *

A donation in memory of Peppi who passed away on 8.5.84, and Tabby who joined him on 22.2.86. We hope that Peppi and Tabby are together now, and that our Peppi has taken Tabby under his care and is looking after him.

Inserted by Alan & Gwen Green

* * * * *

A donation in memory of our "Ginny", who left us after a heart attack on 22nd May, 1986, aged 16 years. A dear, gentle, little pet.

Inserted by Eve and Robin Parsons

* * * * *

A donation in memory of Vicki, a never forgotten Burmese who died too soon, and Beau, a glorious Somali aged 13 months, lost to cat flue. (Regards and keep up the good work. My lovely Beau has been replaced by a gorgeous fluffy calico. At the vets for putting down, so he has not gone altogether). —

Inserted by Diana Sewell and Alison Baird

* * * * *

A donation in loving memory of "Giselle", a wonderful, little, chocolate point Siamese. She gave 17 years of great happiness and such devotion that we feel we will never have again. Also in memory of a darling little cat "Sharee", who also gave me her love.

Sadly missed by John, Marie and Margot Luchen

* * * * *

A donation in memory of our darling "Virgil", who went to sleep last November, aged 21 years. Virgil was so very special, no-one could take his place. We miss him dreadfully.

Inserted by Mesdames Robison & Stout

* * * * *

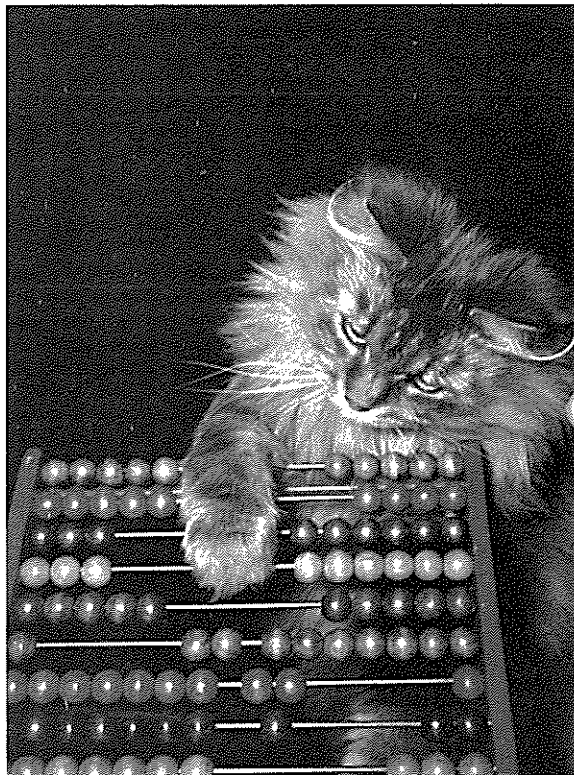
A donation in memory of "Jenny". Died of a stroke aged 14 years.

Inserted by Jill Hammill

* * * * *



Cats are adept at the Indian rope trick ... and



Think they know more about the abacus than the Chinese.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE MEMBERS

We have audited the accounts set out on the following pages in accordance with Australian auditing standards.

In our opinion:

- (a) The accounts 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 at 31st May, 1986, and of the results of the Society for the year ended on that date;

- (ii) the other matters required by S269 of that Code to be dealt with in the accounts;

- (b) The accounts are in accordance with Australian accounting standards and applicable approved accounting standards.

A.J. WILLIAMS & CO.
Chartered Accountants

P.F. WALES
491 Kent Street, Sydney N.S.W. 2000
21st July, 1986

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS ON ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY, 1986.

The Directors present their report on the accounts of the Society for the year ended 31st May, 1986.

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. Dr. D. Love
6. Mrs. S. Cozens
7. Mrs. S. Pikler
8. Miss D. Tierney
9. 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 \$3,453.

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.
- 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.
- 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: Caterer. 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 20th July, 1986, in accordance with a resolution of the Directors.

W.J. GRAHAM
Director

D. LOVE
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, 1986.
- (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 20th July, 1986, in accordance with a resolution of the Directors.

W.J. GRAHAM
Director

D. LOVE
Director

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE
ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED
31ST MAY, 1986**

**BALANCE SHEET AS AT
31ST MAY, 1986**

	1986 \$	1985 \$		1986 \$	1985 \$
INCOME			ACCUMULATED FUNDS	408,572	405,119
Appeals — Ambulance	381	1,404	Represented by Net Assets		
— General	5,025	5,239	as follows:		
— Cats Home	20	20	Fixed Assets		
— Christmas	2,148	1,449	Property:		
— Winter	188	408	— 103 Enmore Road,		
Ambulance Service	70,657	68,083	Enmore — at Cost:		
Advertising	25	25	Land	11,500	11,500
Enmore Shop Sales	27,637	24,397	Building (Note 2)	36,413	38,535
Functions and Raffles	906	1,115	Office Furniture (Note 3)	348	477
Government Grant	11,000	11,000	Plant and Equipment (Note 4)	4,001	4,269
Interest	42,067	27,614	Motor Vehicles (Note 5)	24,499	21,800
Pets in Memoriam	633	366		<u>76,761</u>	<u>76,581</u>
Rent	—	952	Current Assets		
Sales — Cats	6,670	6,870	Commonwealth Bank of		
Subscriptions	3,249	3,004	Australia	27,232	25,844
Snappy Tom Label Promotion	—	1,510	Sundry Debtors	8,395	9,704
TOTAL INCOME	170,606	153,456	Deposit — Electricity	40	
EXPENDITURE				<u>35,667</u>	<u>35,588</u>
Advertising	1,522	1,452	Branch Balances at Book		
Ambulance Supplies	94	53	Value (Note 6)	<u>3,172</u>	<u>5,518</u>
Audit and Accountancy Fees	800	750	Investments		
Boarding Fees	21,840	19,425	Advance Bank Australia		
Cat Food	295	170	Limited	111,880	100,365
Collars and Tags	323	313	Interest Bearing Deposit	100,000	100,000
Depreciation	9,958	8,107	Shares and Debentures	14,600	14,600
Electricity and Gas	580	490	Deposits at Call	82,908	82,908
Legal Expenses	—	795		<u>309,388</u>	<u>297,873</u>
Insurance	783	618	Total Assets	424,988	415,560
Motor Vehicle Expenses	12,172	10,414	Less Liabilities		
Printing and Stationery	6,739	5,857	Provision for Long Service		
Property Expenses	1,592	2,804	Leave	2,190	1,558
Postage	1,598	1,518		<u>2,190</u>	<u>1,558</u>
Provision for Long Service			Current Liabilities		
Leave	632	1,558	Sundry Creditors	14,226	8,883
Repairs and Maintenance				<u>16,416</u>	<u>10,441</u>
— Buildings & Plant	552	1,735	Total Liabilities		
Salaries and Wages	46,844	46,143	NET ASSETS	408,572	405,119
Sundry Expenses	759	881			
Telephone	2,126	1,866			
Veterinary Expenses	59,723	53,500			
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	168,932	158,449			
OPERATING/SURPLUS					
(DEFICIT) FOR YEAR	1,674	(4,993)			
Net Income/Expenditure					
of Branches	(2,346)	40			
Legacies — Cash	3,075	11,735			
Surplus (Loss) on Disposal					
of Fixed Assets	<u>1,050</u>	<u>45,450</u>			
Surplus for Year	3,453	52,232			
Accumulated Funds at					
Beginning of Year	<u>405,119</u>	<u>352,887</u>			
ACCUMULATED FUNDS					
AT END OF YEAR	408,572	405,119			

(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, 1986

LEGACIES — YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY 1986

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.

Minnie Gullett Memorial Trust
Estate Late M.E. O'Connor
G.R. McAulay
H. Zaky
D. George

\$
806.05
519.38
250.00
500.00
1000.00

3,075.43

2. PROPERTY — 103 Enmore Road, Enmore.

	1986	1985
	\$	\$
Building at Cost	51,371	51,371
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>14,958</u>	<u>12,836</u>
	<u>36,413</u>	<u>38,535</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>523</u>	<u>394</u>
	<u>348</u>	<u>477</u>

4. PLANT AND EQUIPMENT

At Cost	5,377	5,377
Additions	<u>1,066</u>	<u>817</u>
	6,443	6,194
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>2,442</u>	<u>1,925</u>
	<u>4,001</u>	<u>4,269</u>

5. MOTOR VEHICLES

At Cost	33,461	29,884
Less Provision for Depreciation	<u>8,962</u>	<u>8,084</u>
	<u>24,499</u>	<u>21,800</u>

6. BRANCH BALANCES AT BOOK VALUE

Ladies Auxiliary	579	1,200
Tuggerah Lakes — Wyong	1,200	2,748
Woy Woy — Umina	<u>1,393</u>	<u>1,570</u>
	<u>3,172</u>	<u>5,518</u>

LADIES AUXILIARY

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY, 1986

	1986 \$	1985 \$
RECEIPTS		
Opportunity Shop	27,665	25,548
Donations	<u>112</u>	<u>127</u>
TOTAL RECEIPTS	27,777	25,675
Balance Brought Forward:		
Cash at Bank	1,160	640
Change Float	40	40
Petty Cash	<u>—</u>	<u>20</u>
	<u>28,977</u>	<u>26,375</u>

PAYMENTS

Bank Fees	20	19
Donations — Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.	27,637	24,397
Fittings — Shop	210	110
Fares	—	24
Freight and Cartage	123	107
Materials	60	98
Repairs and Maintenance	79	80
Staff Amenities	122	120
Telephone	<u>147</u>	<u>220</u>
TOTAL PAYMENTS	28,398	25,175

Balance Carried Forward:

Cash at Bank	539	1,160
Change Float	<u>40</u>	<u>40</u>
	<u>28,977</u>	<u>26,375</u>

ACCUMULATED FUNDS AS AT 31ST MAY, 1986

	1986 \$	1985 \$
ACCUMULATED FUNDS AS AT 31ST MAY, 1986	<u>579</u>	<u>1,200</u>
Represented by Net Assets as follows:		
Current Assets		
Cash at Bank	539	1,160
Change Float	<u>40</u>	<u>40</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>579</u>	<u>1,200</u>

AUDITORS' REPORT TO MEMBERS:

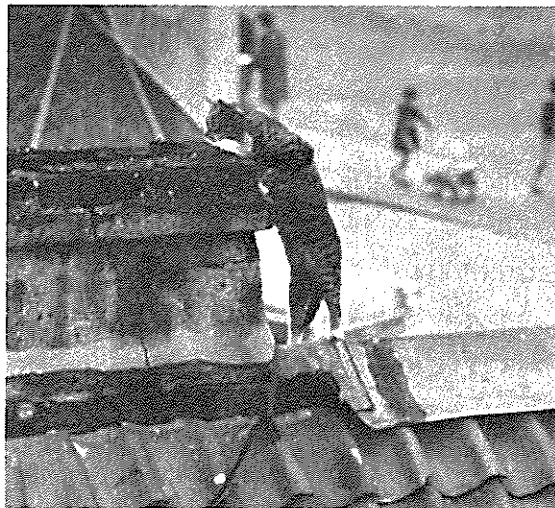
We have examined the books, vouchers and records of the Cat Protection Society of New South Wales, Ladies Auxiliary, for the year ended 31st May, 1986, and report that in our opinion the above Statement of Receipts and Payments is in accordance therewith.

A.J. WILLIAMS & CO.

Chartered Accountants

P.F. WALES

491 Kent Street, Sydney N.S.W. 2000
21st July, 1986



Cats love old stones, roofs and chimneys.

FELINE INFECTIOUS PERITONITIS

By Daria Love

This is an infectious disease of cats (domestic and exotic) caused by a virus called a coronavirus. It is a disease which is recognized worldwide. In other parts of the world, the test to demonstrate infection by the coronavirus has been available for some years. This test has not been available in Australia because Australia has remained free of the virus used in the overseas test (a pig coronavirus) — hence the reagents for the test could not be imported. Studies on cat sera which have been sent overseas for testing have confirmed the presence of the virus in the Australian cat population and feline infectious peritonitis has been described in Australian cats. Currently, a new commercial test kit for F.I.P. diagnosis has been made available in Australia. However, this kit detects only antibodies to the virus and not the presence of the virus itself. Therefore, an F.I.P. test on your cat can only tell you if your cat has been infected — not if it has the disease or will develop the disease. F.I.P. infection is common in the cat population, e.g. studies on Sydney cats have shown that 18-20% of cats have F.I.P. antibody — but only 0.3% of Sydney cats developed clinical disease. Overseas in catteries where the disease is a particular problem, 80-90% of cats had become infected, but only 5-10% of cats died of F.I.P.

CLINICAL PICTURE

F.I.P. is a disease of young cats — most affected cats are 3 months to 2 years of age at onset of clinical signs. F.I.P. appears in two different forms: the so-called "wet" form which leads to accumulations of fluid in the chest and/or abdomen, and the "dry" form which has a similar underlying disease pathology, but no fluid accumulates.

Once clinical signs of F.I.P. are seen, death usually results despite treatment. Diseased animals do not eat well, lose weight and have a high body temperature. In the "wet" form, fluid accumulates and the animal has difficulty breathing and has a "pot" stomach. In the "dry" form of the disease, emaciation is usually the only sign and the disease may be difficult to diagnose.

Sometimes infected cats develop nervous signs such as paralysis and convulsions.

LABORATORY TESTS

While F.I.P. may be suspected on clinical grounds, laboratory tests are usually required to confirm the diagnosis. These tests would be done via your local veterinarian and include examination of fluid (when present). In the absence of fluid accumulations, diagnosis in the

live cat is extremely difficult.

Positive diagnosis usually requires examination of fixed tissues taken at biopsy or more usually at post-mortem. F.I.P. produces characteristic disease which can be diagnosed by a veterinary pathologist.

DISEASE SPREAD

Cats first infected from a carrier animal, may show a watery nasal discharge (not unlike that seen early in infection with feline respiratory viruses) which may persist for a few days. Only a small fraction of these cats proceed into the secondary phase of the disease which leads to clinical F.I.P.

The factors which determine if a cat will develop the secondary disease are not known but are thought to include:

- genetic factors; some breeds are more prone to disease than others although the picture may be biased because of other environmental factors (see below).
- stress due to environmental factors such as poor hygiene, overcrowding, a change of owner, heavy lactation, overbreeding of queens.

PREVENTION

Vaccines have not been developed so far. On the contrary, it appears that immunization may lead to earlier and more pronounced disease symptoms when a cat is challenged from the environment.

1. Avoid stress.
2. Do not mix cats in a cattery if possible.
3. In a single cat household where a cat has died of F.I.P., carpets and floors should be disinfected and, at least **two** weeks allowed to elapse before introducing a new cat.
4. In multiple cat households, it is more difficult to make recommendations. It is not possible yet to identify "carrier" i.e. virus shedding cats. Do not crowd cats, introduce only cats which do not have circulating antibodies (a fairly difficult task for ordinary cats but may be possible for breeding cattery situations).
5. Regular disinfection of floors, tables, litter trays, food bowls is essential.

TREATMENT

Treatment is not recommended for cats showing clinical F.I.P.

FIRST DAY AT THE "OPP SHOP"

By Barbara Kuhn

As the day marked on the calendar "OPP SHOP" approaches I begin to have misgivings. What if I make mistakes? fumble and appear stupid?, a short career as a salesgirl more than thirty years ago was not sufficient background for me to offer myself so blithely. The other lady would hate me. I'd get in her way, and hinder sales. Why did I do it?

The other lady is lovely. It's early, not many customers, and in no time, she's shown me the ropes, and the pitfalls. Mim, a sweet patient lady. In they troup, the customers. Mothers holding tiny garments against infants in strollers, browsers reading the books, the odd dealer casually buying a vase she "doesn't really need" but will probably sell for three times the price. The Theatrical Boys looking for Forties Memorabilia. Must have some of that stuff at home, oh, the nostalgia! Here's a shy little man who sidles up and whispers "have you got any women's underwear today? I need it for a fancy dress party". Anyone less likely to be asked to a fancy dress party I'd find it difficult to imagine, but I hear he goes to a lot of parties, necessitating many changes of clothes. A huge overweight ethnic lady takes a long time to make her selection, and, after much huffing and puffing in the dressing room, places on the counter a tiny bikini, and a frilly playsuit, size 8. "Me?" she asks, pointing to her ample stomach. "No dear, wouldn't fit. Try something else?" Ten minutes later she's back with two equally unsuitable garments, same result. "Comes in every day," says Mim, "never buys a thing". Poor lady! Perhaps she was a dainty beauty queen in her own country, all those years ago.

Twice during the day, kittens are brought in to be surrendered. The girls upstairs cope, and I turn away, sobbing inwardly. Those sweet, happy faces! Will I ever get used to this heart wrenching situation! But here comes Mr "W" again, that's the name he says to put on the parcels he will collect at the end of the day. A cheery middle aged man, in bikie gear complete with helmet. He chats as he makes a quick selection. We put him in the "lonely and harmless" category. I'll be back, he says, and he is, three times. Each time he buys a bewildering assortment of tea cosies, wallets, bracelets, etc., who are they for? We don't ask, of course, but he seems to enjoy the conversation. "You've won a heart there" says Mim. At my age! how nice.

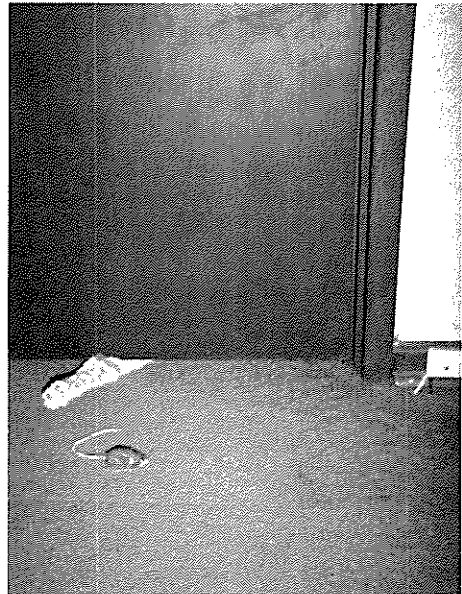
So there you have it, girls. Drama, Job satisfaction, Laughter, Tears, Romance. What more could you ask? Come, spend a day in the Opp Shop. All you need is a sense of humour, a

commitment to our feline friends, a love of all humanity, and the ability to do simple addition.

Barbara Kuhn.



Lost or strayed?



"Gotchal ... almost"

MEMBERS' FORUM

Dear Mr. Graham

Thank you for the journal, I have read it over and over again — with smiles and tears.

I was delighted with your cover picture — is it possible for me to buy a large print size so that I can have it framed? As you can see by the enclosed newspaper cutting I have had mine many years — the other cuttings you may like for future journals before they all fall to bits.

I think pussy bells should be banned, their ears are so much more sensitive than ours and the tinkle would be twice as loud. To think every time Puss moved his incessant tinkle in his ears. No wonder he is feeling frustrated. I wonder he isn't a basket case. Today we all live dangerously and that includes the birds — much as I love them. So Gwen, do not curb Puss's natural instincts or you will have a very unhappy Puss. Your "Counsel for the Defence" tells it all — so why a bell?

Looking forward to the next journal.

Sincerely,
Cicely Green.

(Editors note: a further letter from Mrs Green re Diane Elias' problem featured in the April journal).

Dear Diane — Poor old Sammy, unwanted after ten years now ostracised by his new family. I don't know how you could — locking a cat in a garage all day. It's only for your own peace of mind; you are treating him worse than Solly does. It will not solve the problem keeping them apart, they have got to be around each other. I am sure Sammy would rather take his chances outside. You are over-protective, after all, he has survived ten years and I am sure a few fights, a few paw smacks won't hurt him. If Solly tries to take a piece out of him, flick him with a rolled paper or towel. Like humans, some young try to intimidate the old. Don't worry, let nature take its course and I am sure Solly will get over his jealousy — at the moment he feels threatened as he considers himself "Top Cat".

Had two cats that didn't like each other — in the end agreed to disagree. I know it has been months and he hasn't frightened Sammy away, so the old boy intends to stay put regardless and enjoy his family and lovely garden. So do the right thing by him, otherwise you will have a very lonely Puss. Use the garage for the car and not a prison.

P.S. It's a lovely picture of him and Solly.

Sincerely,
Cicely Green

(Editor's comment: Well, Mrs Green has put forward views on a couple of subjects and although we might not be entirely of her agreement, the whole concept of Members' Forum is exactly that; a means to give members

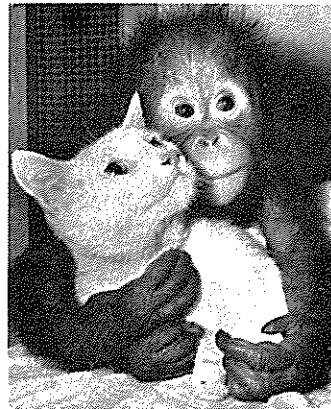
an opportunity to air their opinions, exchange ideas, advice etc.

For example, like Gwen Thompson's cats, mine are belled as a means to help prevent the slaughter of the many beautiful birds about us. I have never observed any discomfort to my cats due to the bells but is quite possible that some cats might react badly to being belled.

I think however, that with regard to locking cats in, it is better to leave them free to find their own way in the cat world.

Re the April cover picture of ape and cat; it was published from an old, very battered photo sent my by member, Betty Gill, who knew nothing of its origin. Following publication Mrs Green sent me an old (at least 40 years) newspaper cutting of the original, complete with caption which gives the complete story — as published below. Incidentally, the printer was able to produce a blown-up copy which I have forwarded to Mrs Green).

This is the tender parting scene after "Peanuts", an 18-month-old orangutang, learned he would soon be sent from the Trefflich Bird and Animal Co. to the Detroit Zoological Park, Royal Oak (Mich.). He clasps his friend, "Whitey", the house cat, to his bosom, bemoaning the cruel fate that will part them.



PARTING'S SUCH SWEET SORROW

Dear Bill,

It was such a pleasure to receive the Easter edition of the journal today — as it always is. The most thrilling piece of news is that you have “filled the vacancy” as Derek Tangye expresses it, by the sadly unwanted but now happily loved Tiggy Touchwood. He is a lucky little boy to have been adopted by such caring parents. I always feel strongly that a lost pet should be replaced immediately as the best tonic and comfort for the bereaved human, and because there are so many unfortunates needing a kind home and

How right you are in advising your elderly neighbour in this respect. Her fears of being neighbour in this respect. Her tears of being “too old” are understandable, but as long as provision is made for the pets’ security if any emergency should arise later, I am sure this companionship need not be denied.

My thanks to Daria as usual, for her very helpful article about cats’ diet. I was also most interested to hear about the herbal flea collar, and hope to try one forthwith. The photographs are delightful; also, “My Sweet Ebony” is one of my favourite poems.

My very old friend in England, who naturally shares my interest in the C.P.S., sent me extracts from a Devonshire newspaper which she thought you might like to publish in your “Letters”. I think they are lovely.

Sincerely,
Gwen Thompson.

(Editor’s note: Gwen and no doubt other readers, will be interested to know that our elderly neighbour, Nell Stone, is very happy with her new, little companion “Blacky”; and as for being too old, why, she is looking younger every day. Who was it said: “He who has a cat for company will never know loneliness”).

OUR TWO CATS, MERLIN AND SHEBA, ARE JUST LIKE A MARRIED COUPLE.

And it is obvious that Sheba wears the trousers.

When Merlin has an evening out on the tiles, Sheba sits at the door waiting for him to come home. Then she asks us to open the door for him.

She greets him with a mighty swipe. And she arches her back, and stands growling and spitting at him for minutes on end.

All this time, Merlin sits with his head bowed low, as though accepting the telling-off.

Then they go upstairs to our bed where, a little later, we find them locked in each other’s paws.

Mrs. Pamela Hardenberg,
Grantham, Lincs.

BASKET

As I live in an upstairs flat, I have trained my cat Snowy to be lowered into the garden in a basket on a rope.

When he wants to come in again, he sits in the basket and I haul him up.

Mrs. G.V. Foxworthy,
Stoke, Plymouth.

A farm cat of ours formed an attachment to one of our cows. At milking time, he would sit on her neck, lick her ears, and knead her neck with his paws, purring loudly.

The cow loved all this, and in the course of a year, her milk yield was much higher than that of other cows in the herd.

Mrs. Mary L.B. Butlin,
Llandyssul, Cardigan.

Dear Mr Graham,

Enclosed is some verse which I thought may be suitable for inclusion in the journal. I find each issue has both interesting and informative articles, and in the last I especially enjoy “Counsel for the Defence”.

Yours faithfully,
Margaret Oag

SPOILSPORT? by Margaret Oag

I knew that winter’s nearly past, you think I’m mean.

To take you to the vet well knowing you aren’t keen.

You fancy that big ginger Tom who lives next door

Unfortunately he’s still entire, a pity — for I know that frolics in the grass with him are great And with him you no doubt would like to go and mate

But if we don’t see that you’re speyed — come spring

Your instincts feline will a lot of kittens bring And we both know from just one litter thousands grow.

That, my friend, is why such sport you’ll never know.

Dear Mr. Graham

Like other animal lovers, and in this case like a cat lover, I have a number of pussycat stories I’d like to tell. At one time I had four cats — Tim, Tom, Tibby and Darkie. It may seem almost unbelievable that three of them I trained to give me their prey when like most cats they brought the prey home to proudly show off. The fourth cat Darkie, never learned to catch anything; I think he must have been a backward kitten, so far as birds and mice were concerned he didn’t count.

The successful training of the others I put down to the fact that they were given to me at about 6 weeks of age, and that I was constantly with them and caring for them all the time. For many years I was at home caring for my elderly parents. Mother was an invalid so I was always there "on call" for pets as well as parents.

I could relate much about the training and retrieving of numberless small animals, much of it inevitably very sad and distressing, but much of it gratifying and joyful, particularly after they became so well trained that they handed over quickly. They would receive a tidbit in exchange for a bird, or for a live mouse, a promptly executed one which they would then eat.

The most amusing thing happened one day when I was in the garden and saw Tom appear with quite a large bird in his mouth. I called to him in an approving tone of voice: "Come on Tom", and Tom, being such an agreeable, well-trained and polite little cat, started to trot towards me and opened his mouth to answer "miaow", when to his great astonishment the bird flew away. Tom crouched on the ground and I looked up at the fast disappearing bird as though quite unable to believe his eyes. Of course, I picked him up and petted him, and carried him inside for a nice tidbit.

Dear Tom, dear Tim, dear Tibby and dear Darkie, each with his own interesting and loveable personality. And dear Barney and dear Susan and dear Beatrice, the three dogs in our family at the same time — but integrated creatures they all were.

Yours sincerely,
Flora Douglas.

Dear Friends

Greatful thanks for the happiness you have given an old man in his 72nd year. May God bless you in your humane work in the care of God's little creatures such as the cats.

With God's most richest, future blessings in this work to you and your society — I remain yours truly, John T.V. Wotters (He hath made everything beautiful).

Ecclesiastes 3.11.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Graham

Thank you so much for the "Catty Journal" which I always enjoy, and I must say Mr. Editor, how I enjoyed your articles about your wife's dear friend who gave the wattle seedling, and the tale about Irene and Beau, and the stories about our cats. How sad about dear, wee Yum-Yum, but I know Tiggy Touchwood will bring you much joy.

I have had some darlings and how sad when they are ill and have to go to sleep; "Dixie" who had cystitis for several years and was just a little bag of bones, and so very tired. "My Ginger", a beautiful ginger cat who

had a carcinoma all his life. After treatment he was fine for about 2 years, but it broke out again. I'm thankful they were both put to sleep at home. — My best wishes to you and Mrs. Graham and all the fellow workers and members. I always remember Mr G. in prayer. I believe in prayer and the power of love as Mr G. said in the journal.

Yours sincerely,
Zoe Wong.

... I am sorry the enclosed article is so long but I thought you might be interested in a cat that conversed —

All best wishes,
Marjorie Nicholls.

PUSSY by Marjorie Nicholls

She appeared one morning in Mother's back yard, a lost little stray of most comical appearance. One ear ginger, one white, a definite dividing line down her head, one side white, the other black. Her back a most gorgeous coat of all hues of yellow and ginger interspersed with black. All completed with a ginger and black tail in tortoiseshell pattern.

Having just returned from overseas I was temporarily catless, so it wasn't long before she was sitting up in the front seat of the car as I drove her home, just as though that was her normal manner of travelling.

We developed an immediate rapport and in the days following I was to learn that not only was she a very intelligent cat, but also that she should talk — in cat language of course. The tones and inflections were so human one didn't need words to follow what she was saying. She covered the whole range from questioning to tones of disgust. Many were the conversations we had, and much time was wasted in the morning's housework by playing our game — hidings. She joined in this game with enjoyment. When she wasn't looking I would disappear behind a door and then Pussy would start her search, telling me she was coming. She never failed to look on top of the linen press for me! She would continue on until she found me when she would receive much stroking and praise.

One morning I was gardening and she was stretched out basking in the sun a little distance away. The dog next door suddenly discovered her presence and came rushing through the fence barking. I sprang up to go to her defence but needn't have bothered. She did not move except for a very annoyed flicking of her tail. She waited until the dog put his head down to grab her and then her front paw was stretched out with the claws extended and raked down the dog's nose. The dog retreated home yelping, and never bothered her again. I could have sworn

she was laying there with a very satisfied smile on her face, not having altered her position in any way.

Only once was our harmonious relationship upset — when Pussy's dignity was hurt. My husband was cleaning the car quite unaware that she was lying underneath near the back wheel. He started the engine, frightened the wits out of Pussy who leapt up banging her head on the car as she shot out and disappeared in a clump of clivias. As the car had not moved we knew she was not seriously hurt. No amount of enticing and calling could get her to come out. We went out that evening but there was no sign of her on our return. In the morning when the back door was opened she stalked straight past the two of us to disappear under a lounge. She didn't deign to look at us and refused any food. Some hours later my mother arrived and at the sound of her voice Pussy came out telling her in upset tones just what a terrible time she had had. She went through the whole story and when she had finished mother sympathetically agreed with her. This seemed to appease her and she finally and graciously accepted a saucer of milk and from then on we were quite forgiven. I wished I had been able to record her story to mother, with all its inflections it was practically human.

We had a wonderful companionship for nine years and then she developed cancer on her nose. This did not respond to treatment and in the end she had to be put down. I was heartbroken. The house seemed empty and quiet without her little cat chats. This was seventeen years ago but I still think wistfully of the clack of the cat door as she ran inside, to be immediately followed with the usual question: "Where are you?"

As we had been burgled we obtained a dog for security reasons, but she would not let a cat near the place. As I have been recently widowed I am extra thankful for the protection of Kylie, a Cairn Terrier who also cannot abide cats. We have a very good relationship but at heart I know I shall always be a "cat person".

Dear Mr. Graham

Often have I mentioned to my friend Mrs Pikler that I must write and convey to you my appreciation of your tremendous and loving career, and the valuable work you do for our dumb "friends" — but after reading the Chairman's Report of 1985 (December issue) I decided I could refrain no longer.

May I say how deeply I regret the passing of your colleague and our Vice-President Mr. Fred Meyers; with such qualities as his this world is indeed so very much poorer and as you so rightly say he has left a gap almost impossible to fill.

In this day and age God's Animal Creation needs all the help possible as never have they

been so exploited, deprived of their freedom and rights, tortured and martyred by people in general and by vested interests and big business.

I always speak from a Christian and moral evaluation and for many years have fought against vivisection which I consider is unnecessary (may we ever be mindful that we have more incurable mental and physical diseases today than ever before). I read what you mentioned about the experimentation on the Tasmanian devils and it is difficult to comprehend the appalling effrontery of those concerned.

I have no hesitation in stating that I consider the governments of the world condone the work of the Devil when they allow vivisection — it is the monetary gain which prompts this always. The man in the street has absolutely no regard for the anguish and suffering of the animals involved — I fear most people dislike animals and have no conscience in squandering the lives of defenceless creatures.

The Society's journal is always of great interest and with much valued information — many thanks to all who make this possible. Thank you again for the great work you and your dedicated staff do for our friends who cannot speak for themselves. With every good wish for 1986 to one and all.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Evans.

Life member Garry Somerville, has forwarded a copy of the Manly Daily (May 14th '86) wherein is featured his regular column, Magic of Animals. Garry kindly gave our Society a 'plug' by featuring the following in his article:—

ANIMAL NEWS

The Cat Protection Society of NSW operates an animal ambulance. It is prepared to pick up sick, distressed or injured animals (not only cats) and transport them to where they can be cared for, or, if necessary, be put down humanely.

This service is mainly for the benefit of people without transport, not in the best of health, pensioners. The phone number is: 51 1011.

The society's president Bill Graham said his society would do what it could for distressed animals and provide whatever help it could.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBER

Dorothy Haines, pictured here at her home in Umina, feeding several of the many stray cats she has taken in over the course of several years as a leading light of the Northern branches.

Dorothy aged 83, recently announced her retirement from 'active service' in order to concentrate on home, garden and of course — cats. We wish her a happy and contented retirement.

Dear Mr. Graham,

Congratulations on the good work the Society is doing. We read the Journal with great interest and thank those who provide the news and information in it.

We send a little extra donation for this year, in memory of our darling "Virgil", who went to sleep last November, aged 21 years. We miss him dreadfully, and his little friend "China", tries his best to comfort us, but Virgil was so very special, no one could take his place.

China is a stray who came in from the cold eighteen months ago, so thin it almost broke our hearts. However, he is now a complete roly-poly, and as naughty as can be. He delights in biting noses, scratching furniture and climbing up the chimney, but always settles down on a bed at night and sleeps the sleep of a very secure pussy who knows he will come to no harm. Any typing errors are solely due to his efforts to tap these typewriter keys for me.

Best wishes from us both,
M. Stout & M. Robison



GALLIMAUFRY CORNER

By Miss Olio Cellany & Sal Magundi

Animals and the Aged: Well, Sal has been diligently researching as usual (Sal does the reading and I do the writing), and come up with a subject which interests us greatly as we are both no longer as young as we used to be — even our two mogs Medley and Jumble, are getting a bit long in the tooth. So, being aware that many Society members are quite elderly, we feel the following might be of interest to them also.

In a bold, exciting move by the English National Health Service, two long-stay geriatric hospitals have replaced old traditional attitudes toward the care of the elderly with the simple idea that hospitals should be as much like home as possible. Brightly patterned curtains and bed screens replace the usual functional hospital colours. And animals — cats, a dog, budgies and tropical fish — play an important part in this home-away-from-home concept.

Two years ago the long-stay geriatric hospitals of Clay Ponds and Mount Pleasant,

each with 50 to 60 beds, became part of the community unit in the Ealing area of West London. At that point the ideas of a handful of people took shape. In a very short time those ideas have produced startling results.

Dr. Ahmed, the consultant geriatrician, is delighted at the reduction in the use of drugs in the wards. Nursing Officer Rulph Greaves, has seen his views about pets vindicated. "One cat hardly left the bed of a dying patient for eleven weeks," he said. "She would go off to eat, then she would jump back on the bed and the old man's hand would move out and touch her fur. The cat's seems to know when someone needs their extra attention."

It was after Mr. Greaves bought the hospital's first kitten, a part-Persian called Muriel, and someone found a scrappy mongrel pup dying beside some garbage bins, that the team became aware of research abroad into the therapeutic advantages of pets with sick people. The London group does not need to see statistics

or hear theories to know that the animals can do only good for those in their care.

Dr. Ahmed is prepared for the charge that pets in a hospital might be a health hazard. "There is a slight risk of infection or allergy," she said, "but these are risks people take in their own homes, I cannot see that is sufficient justification for denying people the pleasure and happiness of having animals around them. "If we encounter an allergy or need a ward for acutely ill patients then we can very easily make these no-fur-and-feathers areas. And if we are changing dressings the animals are obviously not on the beds then. It's really just a question of being intelligent about these things."

Visitors have only to see the joy on the faces of Dr. Ahmed's patients to understand her delight in the success of the animals experiment. Lucky, one of the three cats, snuggles up to Hilda Swaine, 76, on her water bed and blinks dozily with contentment. In the day ward, the women watch the two other felines, Muriel and Cindy, rough and tumble on the floor. The dog arrives in time for afternoon tea, scampering from chair to chair as the biscuits are proffered in gentle old hands.

As the nursing officer in charge of the day-to-day running of the two geriatric hospitals, Ralph Greaves sees increasing proof that the introduction of pets is of real and lasting value. One woman in her 70s, admitted 18 months ago, has changed from a frightened, disturbed patient to a contented outgoing person interested in everything around her.

"The cats made the breakthrough and then the nurses could make some contact with her," he explained. "When she arrived she would spit and punch them and she hated men — she wouldn't have anything to do with me. Now she kisses me everytime she sees me. She'll sit for hours with the cat on her lap, stroking it. The change in her has been incredible. The animals' presence provides a talking point and builds up rapport between patients and staff."

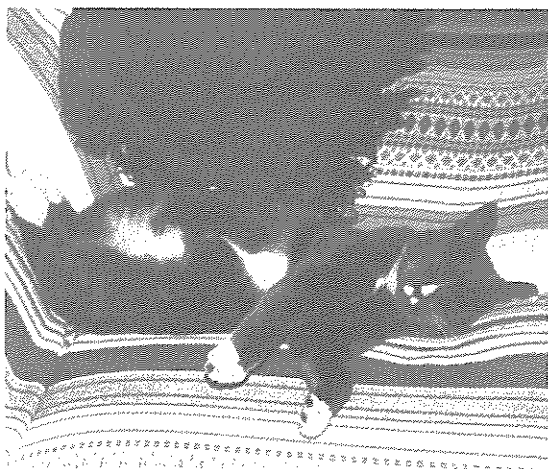
Boredom and apathy are the twin perils of long-stay geriatric hospitals. There is little sign of either as Ralph Greaves tours the wards and day-rooms with Lizzie the dog. Lizzie incidentally, sleeps in the day-ward and accompanies the night nurses on their rounds. And the cats do not mind being picked up and cuddled by many hands.

The hospitals' League of Friends willingly helps to meet the animals' costs, and relatives, delighted with the relaxed and homely atmosphere in the wards, are more than happy to pay for any extras.

The success of the venture has encouraged Ralph to think ambitiously. He would like to see a second dog helping Lizzie, and his dream is to have a pony or a donkey, maybe even some rabbits and a goose. "Many old people, when they go into hospital, are forced to dispose of their pets. That's heartbreaking for them. If we had the space we could consider kennels for the pets of patients who are in for a short term or a period of rehabilitation."

Sal and I are all for such hospitals, and may there be many more of them. Well, that's all for now dears — Purrs till next time.

Olio and Sal.



'On The Alert' — Mrs Chaplain's watch-cat, Casper.

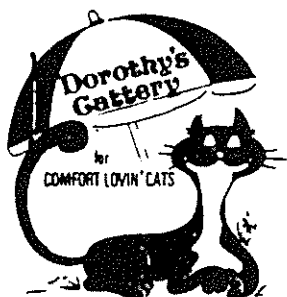
PET OWNER — DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

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.

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.

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PHONE: 651 2169 (Cats for homes)

C.P.S. COUNCIL RECOMMENDATION

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.

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, 1986. **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	Please cross cheques and make
	\$ 2.00 — Junior Membership	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:—

DONATION

\$

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.