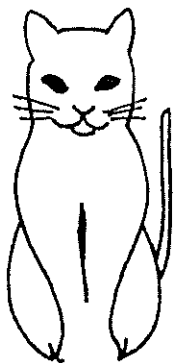


'CAT AFFAIRS'



APRIL 1987

JOURNAL

EASTER EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)

Registered Office & Postal Address: 103 ENMORE ROAD, ENMORE, N.S.W. 2042. Telephone: 51 1011

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

OFFICE BEARERS: PRESIDENT: Professor Daria Love B.V.Sc., Ph.D., M.R.C.Path., M.A.S.M.

• VICE PRESIDENTS: Mrs Sybil Cozens, Miss Jo Tomkin

HONORARY TREASURER: Mrs Nancy Iredale

HONORARY SECRETARY: Mrs Shirley Pikler

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: Miss Jo Tomkin

COUNCILLORS: Miss Denise Tierney, Miss Lyn Thomas, Miss Joy Peachey,

Mrs Barbara Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Garven

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Miss Lyn Thomas, Miss Jo Tomkin

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

LIFE GOVERNORS: Mr & Mrs L. Braby, Miss C. Bryant, Mrs B. Morrison, Miss M. Barnard, Mrs N. Iredale, Mrs S. Springfield, Mrs I. Tattersall, Miss D. Silins, Miss H. Heney, Mrs F. Best, Miss V. Murdoch, Mrs I. Cheffings



Will I do instead of the Easter Bunny?

**IF YOU CAN PLACE A CAT OR KITTEN IN A GOOD HOME,
PLEASE RING OUR WELFARE SERVICE — 'PHONE 51 1011 or 626 9333
PLEASE DO NOT RING 626 9333 ON MATTERS OTHER THAN THE
PURCHASE OF A CAT**

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The opening months of the new year have seen quite a change in the public profile of the Society. On 7th January, Councillors N. Iredale, S. Pikler and D. Love met with members of the Board of Veterinary Surgeons of N.S.W. At the meeting, we had the opportunity to provide the Board with an outline of our welfare activities. It enabled us to restate our unique role as a welfare agency in N.S.W. We were delighted to find that the Board members were very supportive of the welfare ideals of the Society and that these activities did not appear to place the Society in breach of any section of the new Veterinary Surgeons Act or its Regulations. It would seem also that the use of our ambulances and our association with co-operating veterinary practices within the Sydney Metropolitan Area does not bring these veterinary surgeons of whom we are clients, in breach of the Act. The Board is currently seeking legal confirmation of their interpretation of our activities.

Of particular significance to the Society is that the Board suggested we place an advertisement (with its approval) in the Australian Veterinary Journal, giving all Sydney metropolitan veterinary surgeons the opportunity to co-operate with us in our welfare activities. This initiative will give us the opportunity to show the veterinary profession

that we are working within the Act and that they can associate with us without jeopardising their status. What it means to US as a Society and how our aims will be advanced will depend on their response! We now go forward into 1987 with considerable and renewed optimism.

Both the Board members and Society representatives found that the meeting was a very useful public relations exercise and our Society has been asked to place the Veterinary Surgeons Board on its mailing list for our Journal. It is hoped that regular consultation with the Board will be continued.

Council has also been active in other areas such as new Welfare initiatives (partly as a response to perceived requirements and suggestions by the Board of Veterinary Surgeons), public relations and education. It goes without saying that the Journal committee has been very busy! Reports from each of these groups appear in the journal so that the membership can maintain an up-to-date impression of the Society's activities.

Contributions (suggestions, ideas, criticisms, etc.) are welcomed from the members at all times. Council would most certainly wish to reflect the wishes of the Society membership and it can do this only if these wishes are known.

Daria Love

THE FLEA

by ROBERT JOHNSON, B.V.Sc., M.A.C.V.Sc.

The flea is a blood sucking insect with piercing mouth parts. *Ctenocephalides felis*, the cat flea, is the commonest flea found on dogs and cats in Australia. It can also infest other animals, even humans!

THE FLEA CYCLE

The flea usually spends most of its life off the cat.

Eggs:

- are laid on the host. They usually fall off the host animal onto the ground, floor, bedding etc.

- are oval, white and about 1.5-2.0mm long.
- are laid in batches of 3-15 and each female flea may lay 500 in a lifetime (500 days) if blood meals are available and adequate.

Hatching occurs from a few days to several weeks, depending on how favourable the climate is.

Maggots:

- are about 6 mm long and live in the soil, cracks in the floor, carpet, bedding etc. They are

difficult to see with the naked eye as they are sticky and are usually covered in debris and fluff.

- go through 3 stages of development. The final one, the larval stage, spins the cocoon after 7-10 days.

Pupae or Cocoons:

- are 4x2mm and last 10-17 days before hatching.

- vibration is required for hatching e.g. walking into an empty house after holidays.

The minimum length of the life cycle is 3 weeks. A high environmental temperature and humidity ensure a short cycle.

CLINICAL SIGNS OF FLEA INFESTATION

The following manifestations are due to the irritant nature of flea saliva.

1. Flea worry — pruritus (itching), which leads to self mutilation then secondary skin infections.
2. Hypersensitivity — to the antigen component of flea saliva as it reacts with immune

complexes in the cat's skin.

Common symptoms include:

- The Scabby Cat — multiple, crusting lesions distributed over the whole body.
- Overgrooming — leads to matted fur and flea nests in the cat's coat — especially long-hair cats.
- Irritability — especially if touched on the middle or lower back.
- Some cats exhibit no signs at all and are asymptomatic carriers, keeping a ready supply available for their more allergic housemates.

1. CONTROL ON THE CAT

1. Daily combing and "defleaing" is always the best method, but not many people have the time.
2. Powder: flea powders containing Carbaryl are reasonably effective but have to be applied every few days. Powdering is the treatment of choice for kittens. Work the powder well into the coat, comb through to remove excess powder and fleas, and wipe with a damp cloth so as to leave no residue on the outer coat.
3. Malathion rinsing — the treatment of choice for adult healthy cats. The solution can be sponged on or the cat can be "dunked" up to the neck as often as weekly during the flea season.

2. CONTROL IN THE ENVIRONMENT

1. Vacuum chairs, lounge suites, carpets, etc. A handy use for those leftover strips that are cut off flea collars is to put them into the vacuum cleaner bag. This takes care of one potential flea nest in the house. Always put the full

bags in the garbage — never empty them near the house.

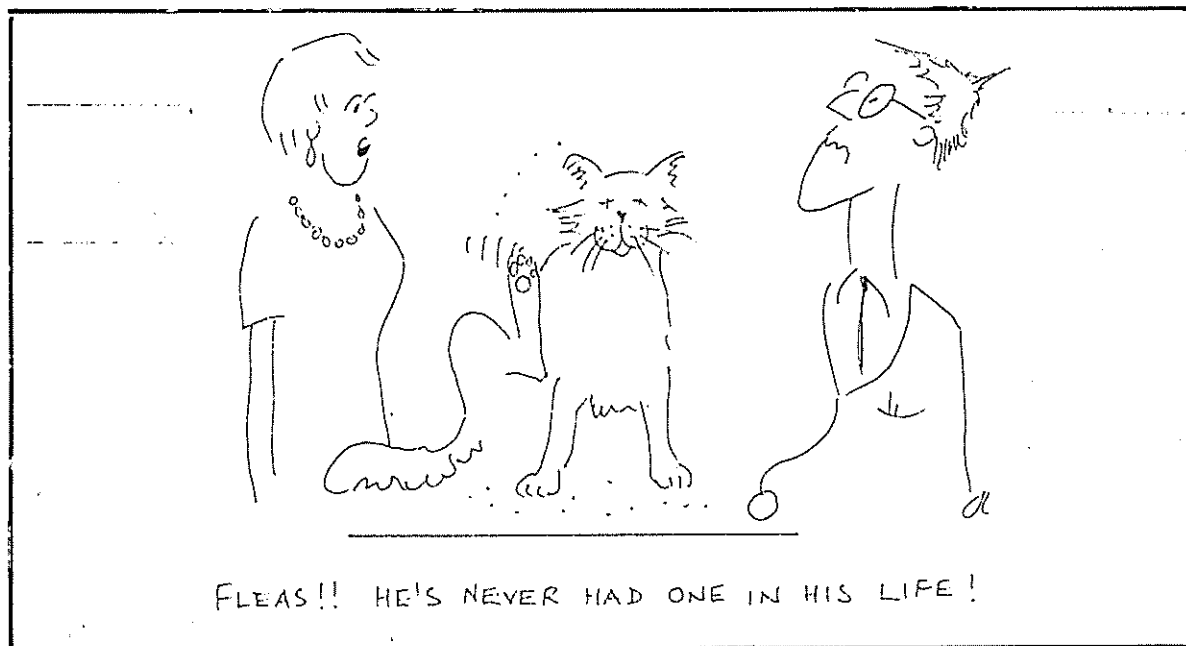
2. House Fogger — "Flea Ender" contains an adulticide (permethrin) and a growth regulator (methoprene) which arrests development of the flea at the larval stage. Both chemicals act at very low concentrations in the house — the adulticide activity being potent for 1 month and the growth regulator maintaining effective levels for at least 9 months. Cocoons are not susceptible to "Flea Ender" and as a result newly hatched fleas may appear shortly after fogging. However these are soon killed by the residual permethrin. Apparently there is no toxicity to humans. The average house needs 2 or 3 tins for adequate fogging.
3. Bedding should be washed and aired regularly and if necessary rinsed in Malathion.

TREATMENT OF THE FLEA BITTEN CAT

Relief of flea allergy dermatitis is achieved in the cat by the use of cortisone or megestrol acetate (Ovarid) which has a cortisone like effect in the cat. The lick/scratch/itch cycle is broken by the above treatment, and together with adequate off and on the cat flea control, the problem is kept at bay.

It should be emphasised that the onus is on the cat owner to instigate an adequate flea control program as advised by their veterinarian and symptomatic relief through the use of the above medication kept to a minimum.

KEEPING YOUR CAT FLEA FREE is not easy — only the diligent cat lover will be successful.



NEW MEMBERS — November 1986 to February 1987

MASKEY, Miss E.	Burwood	van SANTEN, Mrs. H.	Dulwich Hill
SULLIVAN, Mr. W.	Croydon Park	ELLIOTT, Mr. B.	Ourimbah
SULLIVAN, Miss M.	Bexley North	HAIR, Mrs. N.	Ourimbah
SKINNER, Miss P.	Waverley	MORGAN, Miss H.	Bellevue Hill
LARSEN, Mr. G. & Miss J.	Rockdale	JACOBS, Mr. & Mrs. W.	Lavender Bay
WALTER, Mrs. A.	Lorn, N.S.W.	GLOVER, Mrs. L.	Maroubra
JOHNSON, Mr. R., B.V.Sc.	Springwood	JONES, Mrs. I.	Adamstown
ROFFEY, Ms. J., B.V.Sc.	Springwood	LAWTON, Mr. & Mrs.	Wentworth Falls
LESSLAR, Mrs. M.	Northbridge	NYCKO, Mrs. V.	Dulwich Hill
TREACHY, Mr. J.	Balmain	LINDSAY, Miss K.	Bexley
ESSEX-CLARK, Miss J.	Balmain	SWISTKIWSKI, Mrs. N.	Rockdale
HANDO, Miss S.	Enmore	MARSH, Miss G.	Glebe
McQUEEN, Mr. P.	Enmore	DRUMMOND-GOWER, Mrs. M.	Kyeemagh
ATKINSON, Mrs. J.	Guildford	BASTAJA, Mrs. R.	Canterbury
COOKE-YARBOROUGH, Ms. H.	Dulwich Hill	PROBETS, Mrs. Y.	Wentworth Falls
CHABROS, Miss L.	Doonside	HESLOP, Mrs. C.	Drummoyne
STEARMAN, Mrs.	South Strathfield	HESLOP, Master A. (Junior Member)	Drummoyne
DALE, Mr. R.	Maroubra	RICKMAN, Mr. P.	Drummoyne
DALE, Mr. & Mrs. J.	Lake Conjola	CUNLIFFE, Miss P.	Enmore
FLOHM, Mrs. A.	Bondi Beach	CROFT, Mrs. W.	Arncliffe
BANTALOVICH, Miss N.	Balmain	ANDRIC, Mrs. T.	Roselands
LEE, Mrs. F. & Miss W.	Marrickville	GRIEG, Mrs. G.	Strathfield
TUCHEN, Miss M.	Lane Cove	CLAREMONT, Mr. A.	North Bondi
ROWBERRY, Mr. G.	Randwick	MORRELL, Mr. R.	Tempe
MALIK, Dr. R.	Newtown	RICHARD, Mrs. O.	Roselands
HUNT, Miss G.	Newtown	TANCRED, Mrs. K.	Newtown
MYLONAS, Mr. P., B.V.Sc. (Life Member)	Blacktown	HARDACRE, Mrs. E.	Brighton
CHAMPION, Mrs. B.	Narrabeen	FAULKNER, Mrs. M.	Marrickville
LOVE, Miss N. (Junior Member)	Hornsby		

“NOT YOUR ORDINARY CAT”

Two more in the series of lesser-known breeds of cats.



BOMBAY

An interesting and very recent addition to the American Show Bench is this shiny black hybrid cat produced by crossing the tight-coated sable brown Burmese with the American Short-hair. One of the Bombay's leading proponents refers to them as the cats with the patent leather coat and copper penny eyes. Of all cats on today's show bench, the Bombay is evaluated more on coat and colour (55 per-cent) than any other.

The coat is described as being fine, short and

satin-like in texture; it is very close-lying, producing a patent leather sheen no other black-coloured cat possesses. The jet-black patent leather coat colour is black to its roots. The nose leather and paw pads are black. The eye colour ranges from yellow to deep copper — the greater the depth and brilliance, the better. As stated, in judging evaluation 55 per-cent of the Bombay standard is concerned with body colour, eye colour and the shortness, texture and close-lying of the coat.

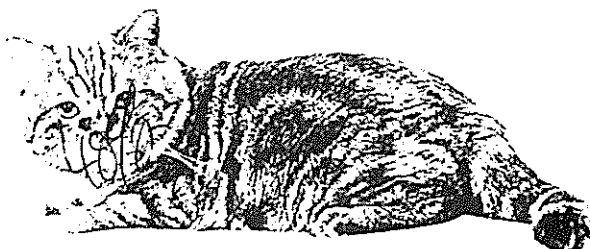
In conformation, the Bombay is nearly a duplicate of the Burmese. The head is rounded and has no flat planes whether viewed from the front or the side. The face is full, with considerable breadth between the eyes, tapering slightly to a short, well-developed muzzle. When viewed in profile, there is a visible nose break.

The ears are medium in size and are set well apart on a rounded skull; they are alert, tilted

slightly forward and are broad at the base with slightly rounded tips. The eyes are set far apart and have a *rounded* aperture.

The body is medium in size, muscular and neither compact nor rangy. The legs are in proportion to the body and the straight, medium-length tail.

The Bombay must *not* have a kinked or abnormal tail, white spots (lockets or buttons), incorrect nose leather or paw pad colour, or green eyes.



EXOTIC SHORTHAIR

Occurring in all colours and patterns of Colour Spectrum A, the Exotic Shorthair first gained the attention of cat fanciers in the colours of chinchilla and shaded silver. This beautiful "man-made" breed was produced by

serious breeders through matings between the Persian and any shorthair. The resulting kittens were carefully mated in order to produce the desired medium-coated Persian-style cat of today. Currently, only the hybrid cross of Persian to American Shorthair is permitted; no other hybridizing is allowed.

In appearance, the Exotic Shorthair is identical to the Persian, except for one very important feature: length of coat. Unlike the Persian's long, flowing coat, immense ruff and full tail, the Exotic's coat is *medium* in length, dense, soft in texture, glossy and full of life. As stated, the conformation of the Exotic Shorthair is identical with that of the Persian.

The Exotic Shorthair is an exquisite addition to the rolls of pedigreed cats. A gap was filled by the Exotic for those who admire the beauty of the Persian but who are not willing or prepared to cope with the problems inherent in the Persian's long, flowing coat. The pleasing expression of the Persian has been retained, as have the large, round eyes, short, snubbed nose, cobby body, short, thick legs and small ears. For today's busy urbanite, the medium-coated Exotic Shorthair provides both beauty and companionship.

N.S.W. GOVERNMENT GRANT

We are pleased to advise members that the Society recently received a grant allocation for 1987 of \$11,000.

In her letter, the Minister for Local Government, the Hon. Janice Crosio, stated that this amount was to be put towards subsidising the cost of desexing pets of pensioners and other persons in genuine need. She thanked the

Society for its praiseworthy achievements over the last twelve months, and expressed the hope that her association with our organisation will continue to be a productive and happy one.

We would like to publicly thank the Minister through our journal for her Government's continued interest and support of our welfare activities.

AUXILIARY NEWS

by Sybil Cozens

Not much from me this month as I know you are all sick to death of my pleas for goods and helpers, so I am giving "bouquets" instead.

Firstly, to two dedicated "can ladies", one from Ryde, the other from Bondi — far apart in distance, but not in what their efforts nett the Op Shop. Every month or so Gordon collects from our Ryde local lady, and along with cans from the Op Shop he takes them to the local "cash a can" depot and usually receives \$25 to

\$30. The Bondi lady does her own delivery, and periodically sends us a cheque for \$50 to \$60. So there is money in cans! Keep up the good work girls! Remember the slogan "CANS CAN CONSERVE CATS!!!"

Secondly, "bouquets" also to the people who have moved house and have remembered the Op Shop. There have been a couple of good donations this current year. We don't want you to move, folks, but we love it when you do!!!!

A REMINDER!!

Don't forget that subscriptions fall due on the 1st June of each year. If you are in doubt whether you are financial or otherwise, contact our office on 511011. Remember, unfinancial members are not entitled to vote. **An addressed envelope is enclosed for your subscription and/or donation.**

ANIMAL WELFARE ADVISORY COUNCIL

The Minister for Local Government, the Hon. Janice Crosio, announced in November that she had selected Mrs. Bridget Gilling to be the C.P.S. representative on the Animal Welfare Advisory Council.

Mrs. Gilling, who is a Life Member of the Society, has had a long term active interest in the problem and management of stray and unwanted animals, as well as in other aspects of animal welfare, such as vivisection, factory farming etc.

A retired Social Worker, she serves in a voluntary capacity on a number of well-known

Community Councils, and will be able to bring a wealth of talent and experience to this appointment.

Mrs. Gilling has already attended two meetings of A.W.A.C. She is most impressed with the enthusiasm and expertise of her fellow members, and is delighted to be serving with them.

The Society is very fortunate to have such an able and conscientious person to represent them, and wishes her much satisfaction and reward from her new role on A.W.A.C.

EDUCATION COMMITTEE REPORT

A letterbox drop aimed at increasing awareness of the plight of cats in our society has been undertaken by the Education Committee. Two different leaflets were circulated — one emphasising de-sexing and the other covering the aims of the Society in general.

It is proposed that the next project be an eye-catching stand placed strategically in the Opportunity Shop where educational literature,

general information and appealing photos can be displayed.

While we are aware that education of the public is a huge task, all Society members have a responsibility to assist where possible by destroying myths and old wives' tales which surround de-sexing, boarding, veterinarian care and inoculations. It is only in this way that we can gradually whittle away at the problem.

CHURCH SERVICE FOR ANIMALS

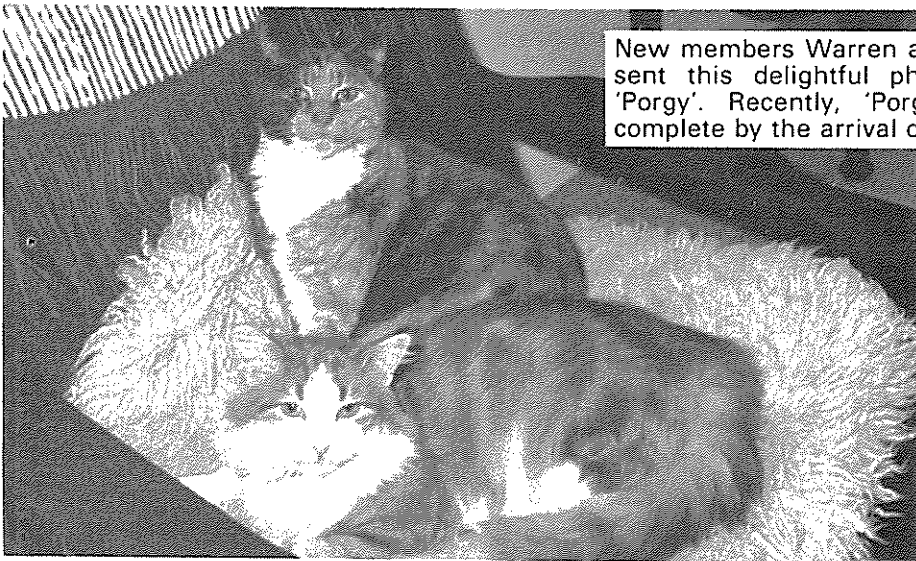
Animal Welfare Week commences 4th May, 1987, and during that week an inter-denominational half-hour lunch service for the welfare of animals and the workers amongst them has been arranged as follows:—

Date: Wednesday 5th May, 1987

Time: 1.15 to 1.45 p.m.

Place: St. John's Anglican Cathedral,
Church Street, Parramatta

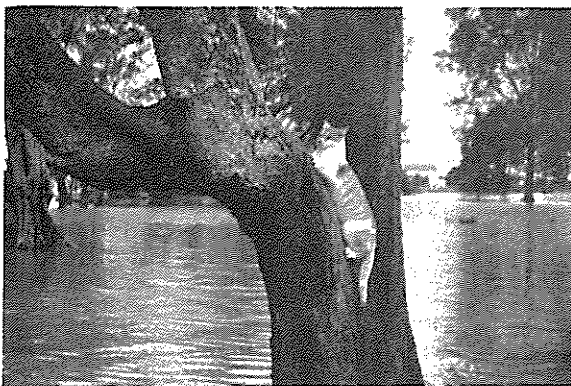
If all animal societies and their members can support this yearly Service, it will ensure its continuity in the mid-week services at a central venue. Parramatta is now regarded as the geographical centre of Sydney.



New members Warren and Mary Jacobs have sent this delightful photo of 'Felicity' and 'Porgy'. Recently, 'Porgy's' life was made complete by the arrival of 'Bess'.

Felicity

Porgy



"Marmie" Parsons of Berkeley Vale wishing "I should have looked before I leapt" during the flood at Tuggerah Lake last August.



Who would guess I had been a "Bottle Baby!" Lucky Tabitha, now about 2 years old, gentle "ruler" of Gretta Fletcher of Guildford.

GET WELL GREETINGS!

To Mrs. Trenham-Old, who has been confined to her home for some time, firstly with an ulcer on her heel and now with a knee complaint. We do hope you will be able to move around much more very soon.

To Miss Zena Kensey, one of our tireless 'behind the scenes' workers. Zena has been poorly for quite a while, and we do trust you will soon be amongst the Op Shop "busy bees" once again. We miss you, Zena!

To Mrs. Vee Mitchell of Willoughby, also confined to the house with walking problems. Vee is the "depot" lady written about in the Christmas Auxiliary News. We do appreciate all you do, and send you our best wishes.

To Mrs. Nellie Wood, one of our Auxiliary ladies from the Op Shop. Nellie has had a very bad time in and out of hospital these last few months, and we do hope brighter days are ahead for you.

(Ed. Note: If members know of any other member who are not 'in the pink', please let us know.)

VALE

Mrs. Zoe Wong & Miss J. Kirkpatrick

It is with deep regret that we advise of the deaths recently of these two ladies. Both had been Life Members for many years, and great supporters of the Society. Many of our members will remember them, and join us in extending sympathy to their relatives and friends.

PARKLANDS BOARDING KENNELS

For Cats and Dogs.

Government Licensed Boarding Establishment.

Separate Accommodation

Owned and supervised by Veterinarian (Member of C.P.S.)

505 Sunny Holt Road, Parklea 2148

PHONE 626 9333

GREAT NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL COAST



Mrs. Dorothy Haines, Hon. Life Member of C.P.S. sent us the above photo of Fido, and the following:—

"Fido" says "This is no place for a self-respecting dog!" But he, too, is helping to raise money. Something really new, is the little "Thrift Shop" where, prior to Christmas 1986, Mrs. Judith Parsons realised a keen ambition to set up an opportunity shop to enlist local support and thereby aid the funds of Woy Woy Peninsula Branch of C.P.S. on the central coast.

This terrific sales lady has the energy, personality and initiative to "recycle" a myriad of goods, wearables and gifts — at the same time answering queries and supplying a wealth of information on cat affairs and feline well-being.

Thanks to members continuing to collect, make, cook and supply the "shop", and to the kind help in this direction from our Vice-President, Mrs. Sybil Cozens including children's beautiful knits from Mrs. Green of Bankstown — the shop continues to flourish after a real bonanza of trade over the holiday season.

Staff are voluntary, overheads miniscule, and so congratulations are in order to C.P.S. Umina Thrift Shop and Manager Judith!

(Ed. Note: We, too, add our congratulations for a wonderful job, Judith and to all your helpers.)

The "Gosford Star" pays tribute to its local Community Workers!

THE CAT LADY BOWS OUT

A note of nostalgia was struck when the Woy

Woy Cat Lady and avid community worker, Mrs Dorothy Haines, was farewelled by her peers for the last time.

A foster mother to countless homeless felines, Mrs Haines founded the local Cat Protection Society and stressed it offered protection for all animals.

The function of the society was to raise funds to assist cat owners and destitute, deserted cats and kittens.

One of its main objectives was to desex all possible cats to keep a tab on numbers.

Supporting the cause, Gosford City Council granted the local branch \$500 annually for some years and groups, including the Rangers, made donations.

Soon the need arose to have a branch in the Wyong/Tuggerah Lakes area and Mrs Haines gathered cat lovers to form an auxiliary.

As Cat Lady, Mrs Haines occupied positions of secretary, welfare officer and publicity officer from the branch's beginnings.

She later shared the heavy and growing welfare work load of the Cat Protection Society with president Mrs Kath Robinson.

Mrs Haines has officially retired from active service in the Woy Woy Peninsula Branch at the age of 83.

She holds honorary life membership on the Central Coast for "sterling and continuous services rendered".

She now has more time to dedicate to her own 10 "moggies".



WELFARE REPORT

With our three experienced Officers, the Welfare Service is working well although, as always, very busy.

Most Members will be aware of the voucher system which has been in operation for many years. Briefly, qualifying clients asking for assistance with desexing were posted a voucher setting out the name and address of a nearby veterinarian to whom they took their cats for desexing at welfare rates. Together with our pick up ambulance service for pensioners and disadvantaged persons, this system worked reasonably well. However, we had no feed back as to the percentages of vouchers actually used.

In an endeavour to improve the system the rules have been somewhat changed. Now clients are given the name and phone number of the nearest co-operating vet whom they can IMMEDIATELY ring and make an appointment for the operation. Of course we have a code for them to present to the vet. so that only C.P.S. clients will be accepted.

A list of the name and phone number of the clients is kept in the C.P.S. office and regularly sent to referred vets to inform us how the scheme is working. Those clients who have not presented themselves within a reasonable time are contacted and, if necessary, a pick up for desexing is then made.

The advantages of this new scheme are:

1. Clients can arrange for the desexing whilst they are keen, helping to eliminate delays which of course cause pregnancies.
2. We hear that an incredibly low percentage of small animals are ever taken to a veterinary clinic by owners. By encouraging clients to take their animals themselves, we hope to be part of an educating process for better pet care.
3. Our ambulances are freer to attend to

unwanted and nervous creatures.

4. More and more vets are becoming involved with C.P.S. and this is a very pleasing aspect.
5. We are able to see how the scheme is working through the feed-back from vets, and are thus able to follow up those clients who have not taken cats for desexing. By indicating the success or failure, it will allow us quickly to enlarge, change or do whatever is necessary for greater success.

Much of the success of this new scheme will depend on the co-operation of vets who appear, at this early stage, to be very much in favour of our efforts to increase the numbers desexed by an ever increasing number of practitioners.

The voucher system is still being used by those vets who prefer it and, of course, our ambulances are available to pensioners, disadvantaged persons and those who have great difficulties with transporting their cats.

Of course the quest for homes goes on. December was a very depressing month for those of us in welfare. It seemed that everyone wanted 'to get rid of' their kittens for all the usual weak reasons. If that wasn't bad enough, it seemed that nobody — for the same reasons — wanted to acquire one of our cats-in-waiting.

However, January was another story. With the combined efforts of Parklands Cattery, Concord Animal Hospital staff and the welfare personnel, we have seen an almost record month.

So ... Members ... please be alert for GOOD homes or maybe fit one more purrer into your menagerie. There are so many delightful, optimistic, big and little 'things' waiting in their pens to take over households and hearts or to bring some older inhabitants into line. We'll deliver.

A TRAVELLER'S LAMENT

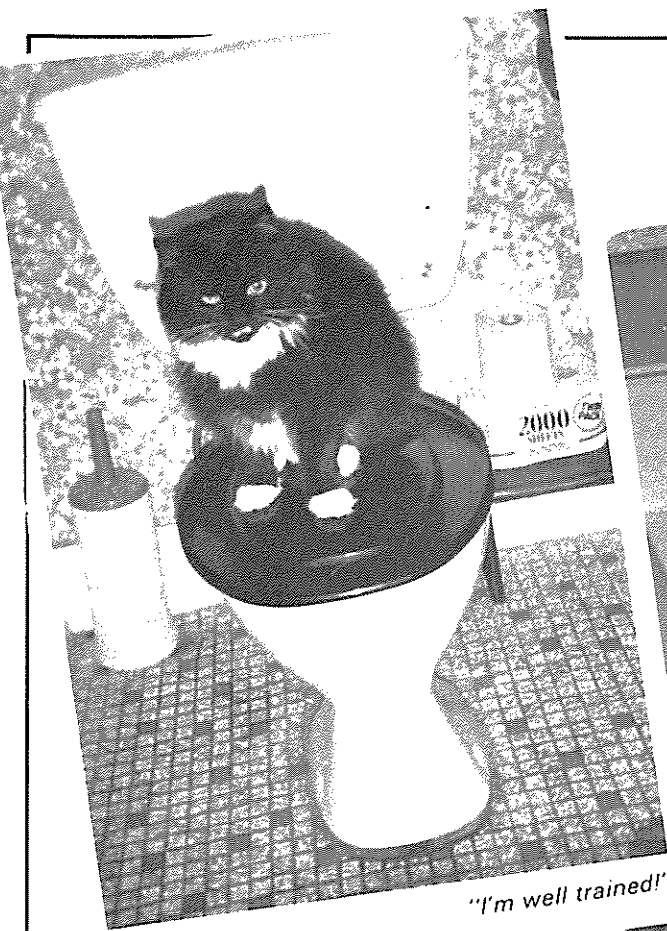
The most vivid memories of my recent trip to Israel are of the pathetic stray cats that abound in that country. Perhaps because the Government and people are preoccupied with life or death issues of the human population, scant attention is paid to the plight of these animals struggling to exist in the harsh climatic conditions in every part of the land. I wondered where these creatures found any water to quench their thirst as there is no rainfall for weeks on end.

During a walk through the Arab market district of Jaffa I was appalled by the sights and smells. The footpaths and gutters were overflowing with all manner of trash for sale. Adjacent to the "stalls" or "shops" were piles of

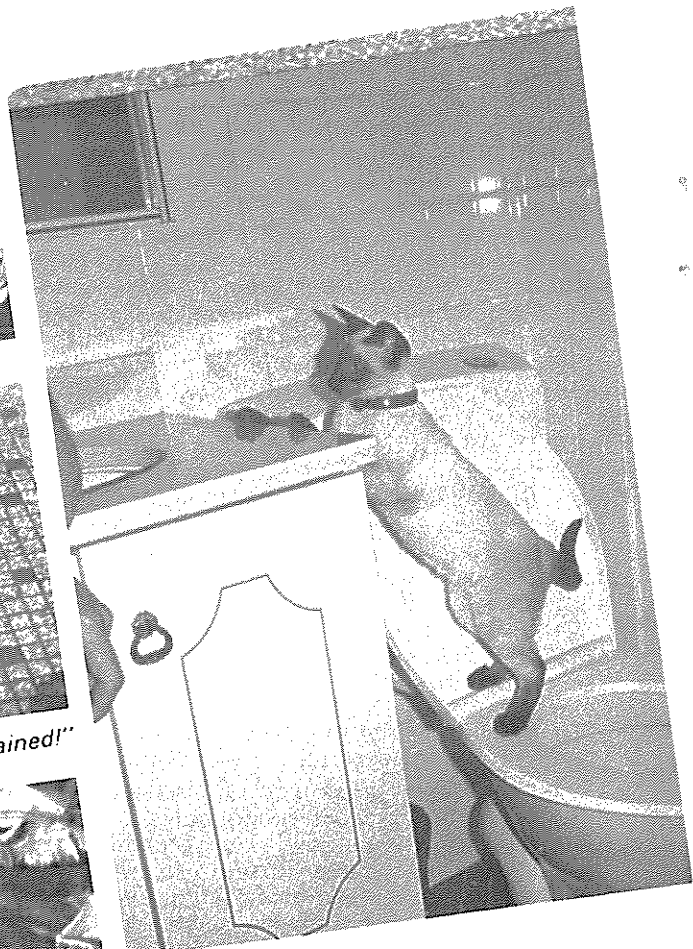
rubbish from which slunk the inevitable local stray cats, scurrying from one mound to the next in their ceaseless search for edible scraps. Many of these cats are tame, either because they once had a home or because they have to forage for food in close proximity to the humans who ignore them.

The Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Israel is situated in Jaffa and I was told by one of their officers that they are the only organisation spaying and encouraging desexing. They employ a full-time vet and have been carrying out this work for the past 20 years. I was informed that because there are so many cats the majority of the people relate to them as pests. The S.P.C.A. is hampered in its work by

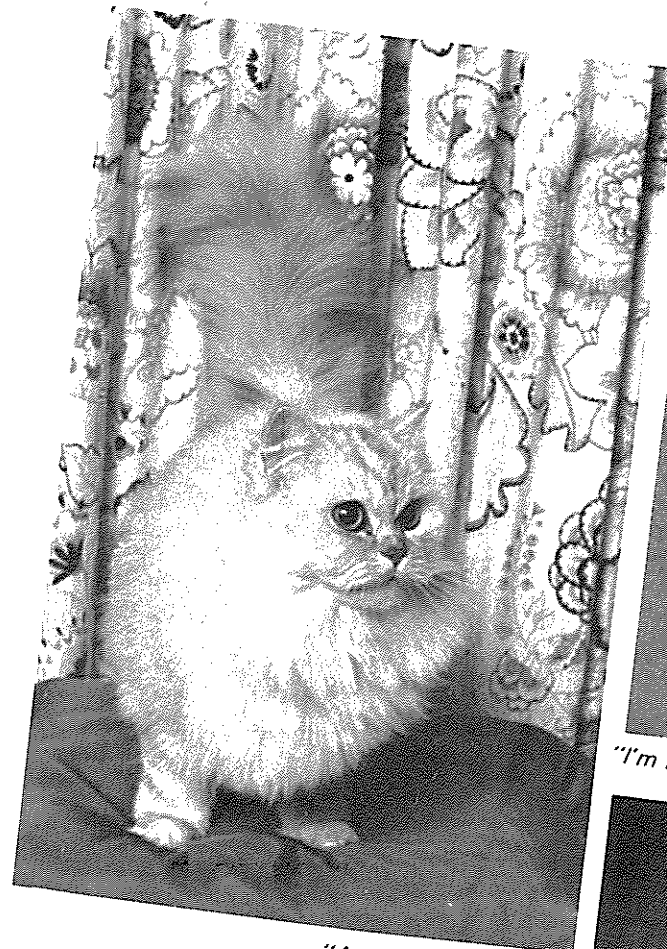
"FASCINATING FELINES"



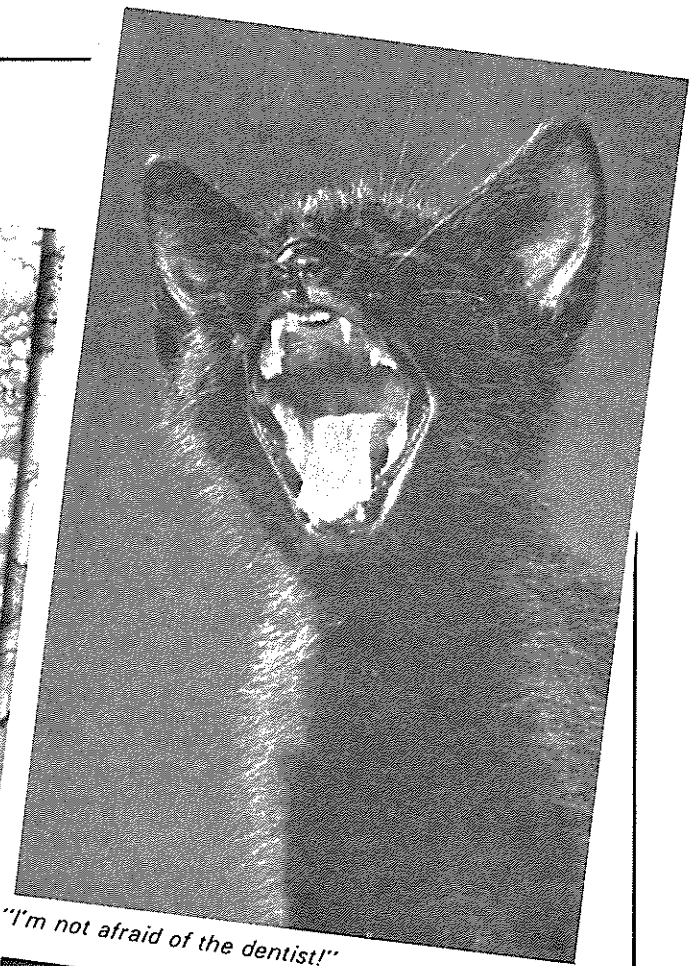
"I'm well trained!"



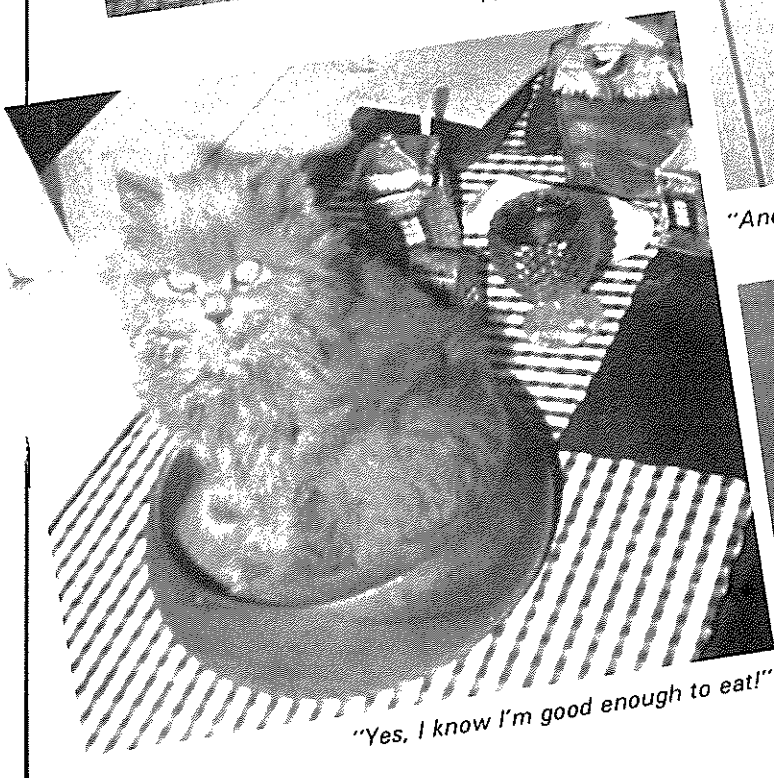
"And so am I!"



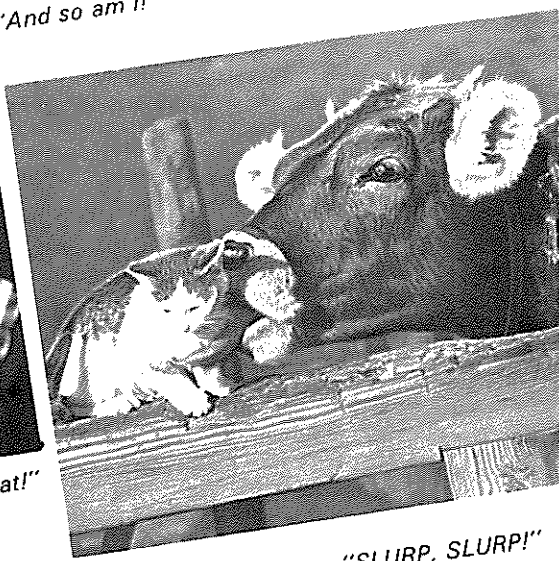
"Aren't I gorgeous?"



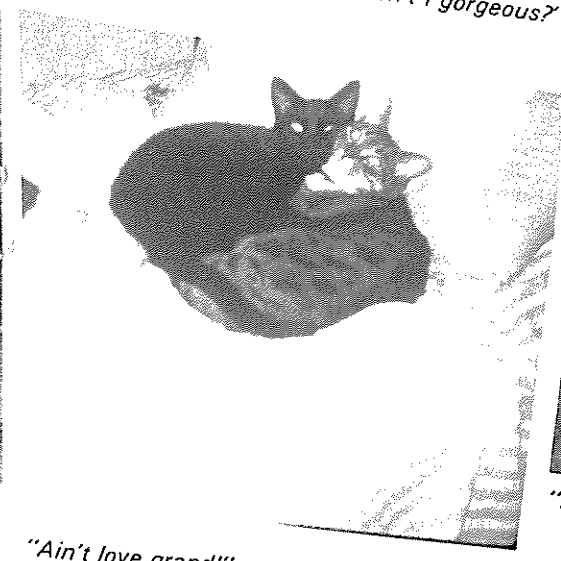
"I'm not afraid of the dentist!"



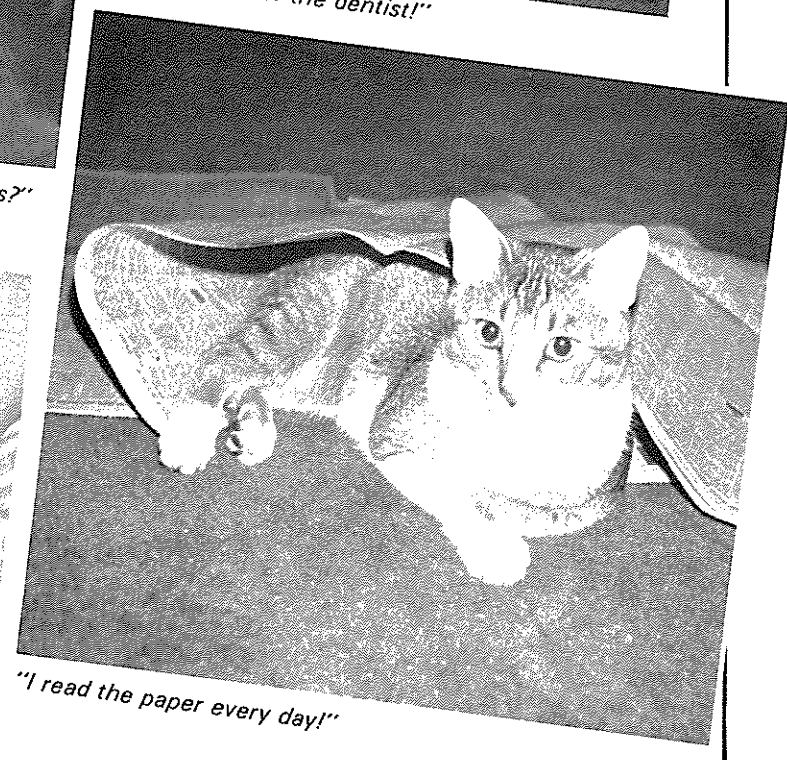
"Yes, I know I'm good enough to eat!"



"SLURP, SLURP!"



"Ain't love grand!"



"I read the paper every day!"

"kind-hearted" people who go daily to the market and collect chicken heads to feed the dozens of cats around their particular apartment. They illogically think that it is better to let the cats go on existing and breeding than having them humanely collected and put to sleep. So many cats and kittens are run over each day and others trapped for vivisection in the Universities etc. Already there have been cases in rural areas where there have been rabid foxes and other wild animals. The policy then is to destroy all the stray and unvaccinated animals. Nobody gives cats anti-rabies injections; so when there is a case of rabies all the cats have to be destroyed.

It was distressing to learn that the S.P.C.A. in Israel is given a very hard time by the media because of their using euthanasia, and by the vets because of their low-cost clinic and desexing prices. Many vets actually speak out against desexing, recommending instead that people bring their animals in for hormonal injections. This, of course, is a better financial proposition for the vets as the animals have to be taken to them on a continuing basis. The S.P.C.A. people know that everywhere else in the world similar organisations are supported and lauded, and it must be frustrating in the extreme to be attacked by the press and public.

At least I had the satisfaction of witnessing

two incidents where strays were given a chance for a happy life. A favourite place to abandon cats appears to be at bus stations. Whilst waiting in the queue at the very large central bus station at Beer-Sheva to board the bus to Tel Aviv I saw a very young, beautiful tame ginger and white kitten walking around helplessly a few feet from where the huge buses come rolling in, and in danger of being kicked by passers-by. To my great relief a girl soldier picked it up and tucked it in her uniform before boarding the bus to Tel Aviv where presumably she or her family lived. On returning to Beer-Sheva in the evening I was dismayed to see another tiny kitten run across the bus platform in the semi-darkness. At the same moment a tall soldier bent down, quickly scooped up the painfully thin being and hurried off.

Against these happier recollections comes the remembrance of the small kitten running along the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane in Jerusalem crying to each crowd of tourists that came along. There were many who stopped to pat it but had no food or water to offer in the searing century temperature — only false hope!

I can only pray that the work of the S.P.C.A. in Israel will one day soon bear fruit in that arid country.

Shirley Pikler

TWO WELFARE STORIES

The following incident is not written to shock but to alert our readers. Sandy was called to Doonside where a little cat had lain for two days apparently dead on the nature strip. Simply dozens of people must have passed by and ignored it. At last someone saw a slight movement and rang into the office. Sandy came back extremely distressed. She said the poor mite was literally skin and bone — covered in ants but, what she says she will never forget, as she approached it lifted its head slightly to look at her. Please, cat-lovers don't assume that a little animal is dead — make sure.

I can remember a ginger cat lying in a gutter; it was raining heavily and water was gushing over and around this poor creature. I don't know what prompted me to back the car and check but I found the little thing was paralysed and probably would have taken ages to die.

Most veterinary surgeons will accept these stray, injured waifs. I checked with the R.S.P.C.A. and was told that in a case such as Sandy's if they had been contacted they would have authorised the cat to be taken to a nearby veterinary clinic and they would have accepted some, at least, of the cost. They emphasised,

however, that they must be contacted for official authorisation.

* * * * *

This isn't a horror story. Julie was due to catch a wild male, very battered and have him thoroughly checked over, desexed, immunised, teeth cleaned and anything that was necessary. Nice people had moved into a house which they immediately renovated and, as wild Tom went with the house, they wanted him renovated too. On the appointed day they enticed him indoors but as there were no doors in the house to lock him in one room AND there were several places from where he could escape, they stood guard over these exits. Several times they rang the office saying they didn't want to be a nuisance but WHEN did I think Julie would be there.

When Julie did arrive she was amazed and amused to see several people round the house standing duty. She was admitted to the house, armed with the loop with which we sometimes have to catch these nervous creatures and Julie is a whizz — I've seen her in action.

The exercise was over so quickly and the nice people were so thrilled they paid \$50.00 for

Tom's treatment and \$100.00 for the expert service. Moreover, several weeks later they met Julie at Concord Animal Hospital and gave her another \$100.00.

Tom was given a clean bill of health — teeth OK, scars all healing without requiring attention

— all he needed was immunisation and desexing. Hope he appreciates his luck. I know Julie appreciates her contact with such caring generous people.

N. Iredale

HOSPITAL TRIUMPH

About thirteen years ago, a large Concord hospital had a massive feral cat problem, verging as it does on a swampy area. A C.P.S. member, June Chapman, with the help of one of the supervisory staff, spent six years in reducing the population to 20. Of course as soon as they cleared one area, more cats were dumped. At this stage, June had some slight health problems and her helper went to another position, so maintaining the population at 20 was impossible. In four years, despite all her efforts, the number had grown to about 90.

Gardeners were complaining, staff were annoyed about fouling, some poor creatures invaded the kitchen areas with dire results, and June with the help of a small but devoted band of women, spent hours feeding the starving creatures — leaving no time or energy to catch and dispose humanely.

Some volunteers were called in and it took about six months of concerted effort to get the numbers down to 25, still having to struggle with continual dumping.

Somehow, though, the scene has changed. We hope it is education, and we certainly know

it is perseverance on June's part. There is now a fund for the pusses. People who were probably past dumpers now come to her and tell her of problems at home. These are attended to by C.P.S. and don't have to become hospital statistics. There is even talk of wanting a few more cats. The 25 have been reduced by natural causes to 10. Staff seeing their ward pet having to wait for his lunch talk about 'getting priorities straight' and clearly, if these were the kind of cats who would permit it, the boys would have blue bows, and the girls, pink.

I take my hat off to a lady who has battled for so many years to bring about this situation. She has her reward — this hospital is becoming a cats' heaven and not a cats' hell as it used to be. On the now odd occasion when cats are dumped, it is reported immediately. But let's face it — June would know — not a whisker appears from under a ward but her antenna is out! Her material reward, apart from relief from a financial burden, is that she can arrive half an hour later at work, and she now has a lunch-hour!

N. Iredale



TERRITORIAL TAILS

Cat Cliches

Raining cats and dogs

Fight like Kilkenney cats

Let the cat out of the bag

Catwalk (narrow pathway)

Cat nap (forty winks)

Catcall (a derisive shout)

Have kittens (be extremely upset and agitated)

Copycat (an unimaginative imitator)

Cat Burglar (thief who scales walls)

A Stray's Life

The life-span of a street-bred stray is about two years and this figure is true for only the smartest, fastest and wildest of urban animals, usually cats who band together in protective packs. City strays have a better chance for survival than their country cousins because in town there are more places of refuge, more

• refuse to eat, and more people to pick them up. Street survivors are wise and tough. They are alert to the activities of building maintenance men, garbage collectors and welfare workers. Yet, tough and smart as they are, the best they can hope for is two short years of fighting, getting sick and breeding more of their kind.

The Purr

One of the long-standing mysteries of the cat is its ability to make purring noises. Cats of all species purr when they are contented, although the purring sound can also occur when they are in pain. Biologists have determined that purring does not originate in the larynx (voice box). One prevalent theory is that it is generated by vibrations in the chest of the cat which are brought on by increased activity in major blood vessels there. But, ultimately, the origin and function of the purr remains unexplained.

Myths About De-Sexing

1. "Neutered cats become fat and lazy". Actually, the daily calorie intake requirements are lowered by neutering. Therefore the answer to "what shall I do with my fat, neutered cat?" is simple — give it less food!
2. "Neutered males are prone to urinary blockage". Many male cats, whether castrated or not, have problems with urinary blockage because of their extremely narrow urethras. Female cats have this problem more rarely.
3. "Female cats should be allowed one litter before spaying". Neutering should be performed before the full maturity of the animal is attained. Having one litter neither adds to or subtracts from the cat's personality.

Cats' Pet Peeves

Being petted in the wrong direction

Dogs

Curdled milk

Being told how fat they have grown

Falling into the toilet bowl while trying to drink

People who yell "Scat!"

Bells around their necks

Pink and blue satin bows

Things that go bump in the night

Ownership

Man's pet, the kitten, lives nine lives;

Man, one: three score and ten.

Man claims the ownership of earth,

Of every glebe and glen.

What modest claim do kittens made?

— The ownership of men.

A Cat Talks Back

As I am now seven years old, I have learned how to cope with humans. I would like to pass the information on, but let me warn you that nothing can be done with a bad owner.

Hopeless are all owners who expect cats to behave like dogs. I emphatically refuse to gush,

slobber, rush about noisily, knock things over with uncontrollable tail-wagging, or endure the rough handling of children.

Worse yet are all those owners who think nothing of leaving us alone weekends; those who think we can go forty-eight hours without eating; those who feed us in bowls encrusted with last week's discount tuna; those who whack us away from newspapers when we have just settled down for a long afternoon nap; those who are stingy with kitty litter — waiting until the odor is offensive to *them* before cleaning the pan; and those who bring home insufferable wee toys, bonny cat houses, etc.

Good owners can be controlled if you use the right technique. Here are my tips for training a good owner:

1. *The answer to any human complaint.* Even if you have just destroyed a Ming vase, purr. Usually all will be forgiven.

2. *Waking up owners.* The purpose is to get the owner out of bed, with no reprisals, to feed you or pet you. A close-up technique is the best: select an ear and purr into it continually; or, use the wet nose approach, gently tapping the human's ear, nose or cheek with your nose. This is especially effective with soft-hearted humans; avoid using with violent types.

3. *Establishing a hiding place.* Early on in your relationship with your owner, you must find a good hiding place. This rule is of the utmost importance. Not only can you hide there if purring fails but you can also use the place for private naps and for examining forbidden objects. As you become more adept at handling humans, you will soon learn that an exceptionally long stay in the hiding place often guarantees an additional meal. Humans think food will always do the trick when trying to lure cats; do not let pride hinder you from accepting the food. However, if you feel the prize offered is not good enough, stay hidden.

Above all, remember that you are a cat. Don't let anyone get confused about that.

The most domesticated of cats somehow contrives to lead an outside life of its own.

K. Briggs

The cat lives alone, has no need of society — obeys only when she pleases, pretends to sleep that she may see more clearly AND scratches everything on which she can lay her paws.

Anon.

Of all God's creatures there is only one that cannot be made the slave of the lash. That one is the cat. If man could be crossed with the cat it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat.

Mark Twain in 'Notebook'

"The Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him."

(Just So Stories, Rudyard Kipling.)

"Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats — all human life is there."

(The Madonna of the Future — Henry James.)

"It (the Cheshire Cat) vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone."

(Alice in Wonderland - Lewis Carroll.)

"A harmless, necessary cat."

(Merchant of Venice, IV. i. 55 - William Shakespeare.)



"MEMORY LANE"

Kumquat - Torti; Hana - Tabby

"HANA" and 'KUMQUAT' two lucky pusses from Dural who are now helping fill the gap left by 'TANGO' who had given much love during his thirteen years with us.

Nita Harvey

* * * * *

In memory of 'TISSY' and 'YETTIE' Delaney, whom I inherited, and loved more than anything in this world.

L. Delaney

* * * * *

A donation in memory of 'SAMANTHA' a black and white cat, who came to us for a short stay giving much love and devotion.

Bob and Lorraine Day

* * * * *

In memory of loving and loveable 'SAM', our one and very special Siamese cat who brought us great joy for 4½ short years. Sadly missed by all to whom he endeared himself and especially

Miss Margaret Wilson

* * * * *

Loving memories of our dear tabby 'STARS', not two years old when struck by a car. His beautiful matching stripes were a joy to behold.

Vera Murdoch

* * * * *

A donation in memory of my beloved 'BIDDY', who gave me great joy for thirteen wonderful years.

Mrs. Lorraine Gillan

* * * * *

In loving memory of 'GISELLE' a wonderful little chocolate point Siamese who gave us 17 years of great happiness and devotion which we feel we will never have again. Also in memory of a darling little cat 'SHAREE' who also gave us her love, sadly missed by John, Marie and Margot Luchen.

* * * * *

In memory of my much loved 'MUMMA' who died late last year aged 11.

Miss E. Hardy

* * * * *

In memory of all many loved cats over the years, each one a never-forgotten treasure, all of whom came to me as strays — 'GEORGIE GIRL', 'DIGBY', 'BOOTSIE', 'Mr. MICAWBER' and 'NICHOLAS'.

Miss Evelyn Evans

* * * * *

A little thought in fond memory of 'SMOKEY' and 'MITTYBELLE' who each gave us ten years of loving companionship with their gentle, enchanting ways.

Berry and Aub Shore

* * * * *



PURRRSON TO PURRRSON



"FORGOTTEN DOG"

*Poor old dog chained to a tree
black pleading eyes looking at me*

*An old tin barrel with a bag inside
in which he sleeps with not much pride*

*No hair left around his neck as the chain
rubs deep as he rushes to and fro*

*Barking and barking warning his owners when
strangers go past*

but how much longer will his own agony last

*How often he wishes he could be free
to have a run on fresh land or by sea*

*But the people who own him don't see him you
see
he's just become another part of the tree.*

by H.J. Bickford

THE GIFT

Kindly sent in by Mrs. June Brown of Woy Woy
I'll lend you for a little time a kitten small, He said,
For you to love the while he lives, and mourn for
when he's dead.

It may be many, many years, or maybe two or
three

But will you, 'til I call him back, take care of him
for me?

He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and should
his stay be brief,

You'll have his loving memories as solace for your
grief.

I cannot promise he will stay, since all from earth
return,

But there are lessons taught down there I want
young puss to learn.

I've looked this wide world over in my search for
teachers true,

And from the crowds that throng life's lanes, I
have selected you.

Now will you give him all your love, nor think the
labour vain

Nor hate me when I come to call and take him
back again?

I fancied that I heard them say 'Dear Lord, Thy will
be done,

For all the joy our puss will bring, the risk of grief
we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him
while we may,

And for the happiness he'll bring, forever grateful
stay.

But should you have to call him much sooner
than we planned

We'll brave the sorrow that will come and try to
understand.'

THE UNIVITED GUEST

He's a rogue, for honest folk
Don't break in, and in he broke,
Through the window lightly leapt,
Up the staircase softly crept,
When the startled owner stirred,
Rubbed against his shin and purred!

No one wants him — and he stays,
None can make him go his ways.

We could fight a tiger or
Scaly python, tusky boar,
But the kitten beats us all
Just by being weak and small.

Gwen Thompson

Leura

DARIUS ON HIS TRAY!

The Emperor may choose a throne
With gold and jewelled inlay,
But I prefer to hold my court
From mother's wooden tray.
The garden door is near for me
To make my exit later;
Meanwhile I keep my glistening eye
On the refrigerator!

Gwen Thompson,

Leura

We were unable to include this delightful
story from Mrs. Gwen Thompson of Leura in the
Christmas journal, but are happy to be able to
present it to our readers now:

"For several weeks I have been feeding a
magpie with an injured wing. He became very
tame, and answered to his name "Iccy" (short
for Icarus). He would come up the steps to the
back door. The last mouthful he always kept in
his beak and RAN with it, as fast as any emu,
crossed the road and disappeared below the
trees opposite the house. This continued till one
day last week when he was still walking and

running, but never flying. Suddenly, my cat Darius hove into sight. I prepared for a great intervention scene, but surprisingly, Darius moved majestically past without even raising an eyebrow. However, "Iccy" must have shared my fears, and to his own amazement, no less than mine, "fear lent him wings" — proverbially — and he soared almost vertically upwards into the nearest tree! And my heart soared with him! Such an incredible and joyful event! The next day "Iccy" FLEW in to see me at his usual time, and brought his little mate to say "Thank you". He was as bold as ever but she was very timid, so he didn't insist. I suppose she was the recipient of all those last mouthfuls, and the reason he always ran back to her tree. Should we say "Thank you, Darius?"

Mrs. Tidey of Ashbury, who is 93 years young, sent us the following little story, which we know you will appreciate:— 'Two little mice passed away, and on reaching the pearly gates to Heaven, were welcomed by Saint Peter. Upon entering he gave them each a pair of skates, which made them comment to each other what a wonderful place they had come to.

Some time later, two cats who had passed away, also came to the pearly gates, were welcomed by Saint Peter, and admitted. After they had been in Heaven a while, Saint Peter asked them how they liked the place, to which they replied "Everything here is wonderful, and we even get Meals on Wheels!"

Our thanks to Mrs. McMahon of Wahroonga for the following letter in response to the article "The French have a Word for it" in the December Journal:

Dear Editors,

Re: "The French Have a Word for it" in the December journal, the French equivalent of "Puss" is "Minet" pronounced "mee-ne(t)" with the "e" as in "net" but the "t" silent. I have found Australian cats respond quite well to it, even though not used to being talked to in any but the Australian tongue!

The French are traditionally extremely fond of cats, and our furry friends figure largely in many books by French authors. Maybe the cathedral cats were in a feline retreat, a period during which conversation is avoided as far as possible, while the mind dwells on Higher Things!

I too, when abroad, saw very few cats, and only one was at all friendly. He, a prosperous tabby, escorted us with a most proprietorial air round Glastonbury Abbey.

Yours sincerely,
B. McMahon.

FELIX

He was at a disadvantage right from the start. I had taken my Russian Blue Queen, at great

expense, to be mated with her highly pedigreed fiancé, but, when, instead of the four dainty thoroughbreds she usually produced, two large roly poly black and white kittens arrived, it became evident that Kiska had made her own arrangements. Both kittens were spoken for among our friends, but after weeks of waiting, Felix's intended owners were unable to take him because of housing problems, and he remained with us.

Believing him to be destined for another home, I had purposely not allowed myself to become attached. Mother Kiska and grandmother Aggro seemed incapable of passing him in the garden without a cuff over the ear and an angry hiss. A voracious eater, he grew into a splendid looking fellow, but without a friend in the world. I tried to be impartial. Whenever he was around, and the girls were vying for my favours, I would stroke him equally, but he never responded, just put his head down, shuffled his feet awkwardly, and took off for the bushes as soon as he could. He was never known to purr; the family said his motor was broken, and I called him my little autistic boy.

Before reaching manhood he was obliged to defend his territorial rights from a neighbouring male who continually came over and started vicious fights, although both were neutered. During one of these forays, when I intervened and grabbed Felix, he bit and tore my hand to the bone, and the resulting medical and veterinary bills became horrendous. I made excuses for Felix; I knew his timid nature had been taxed to breaking point, but my husband began making dark threats (which I knew he would never carry out) about a one way visit to the Vet next time my back was turned.

Round about this time I was told I had a malignancy, and without a mutilating operation would probably not live for many more months. For reasons of my own I refused the operation, and life became a nightmare of dark predictions, second and third opinions, and tears and words from my caring family. I agreed to the compromise of a radon implant and a massive dose of cobalt ray, and, as anyone who has had this treatment knows, the effect was to make me indescribably tired and disinterested in life. Alone during the day, I would take to my bed and lie there thinking how fortuitous it would be if one day I should just not wake up. My exuberant Aggro and Kiska would visit me, touching their sweet whiskery faces to mine, then dash off, tails waving high, to more cheeful assignations.

One day, a great huge body fell heavily against me, two large paws were placed on my chest, and two luminous green eyes gazed steadily into mine. Felix. Hardly daring to breathe, I smiled at him, and suddenly the room was filled with the sound of the loudest rustiest purring I have ever heard. Thereafter he visited

me frequently. I did not die, of course, and Felix has not noticeably changed his life style, but every now and then, his huge bulk collapses against me, two green eyes look into mine, the air reverberates with the sound of purring, and I know, and he knows that I know, how very much my Felix means to me.

Barbara Kuhn.

NO. 218.

Early in October a beautiful silver tabby cat was found wandering in a very busy shopping centre. Frantic enquiries could not find her owners and she was taken home along with another cat which had been purchased only that day from the R.S.P.C.A.

The lass who rescued her would have loved to keep her but the family verdict was "one is enough". So C.P.S. was asked to hold her whilst an advertisement was put in the local paper and all endeavours were made to return her to her home ... all boarding costs were donated.

At Concord Animal Hospital for the first week she was a general favourite, enveigling us all to give her a cuddle. By the second week she was fed up and when she was lifted out of her cage made it pretty clear she didn't approve of cages. Woe betide any of us who put fingers through the bars to give her a tickle. She latched on with claws and teeth ... not too fiercely.

After two weeks it was time for a decision to be made to take her to Parklands. We wondered if she had been speyed and dared not let her go uncertain of her reproductive capacities. She wasn't impressed when we did open her up to find she had already been 'fixed'.

Out to Parklands she went where, for a while the larger run was reasonably satisfactory. Real personality cat that she is, it wasn't long before she once again objected in her usual manner. Julie and I realising her frustration, almost in one breath, said "why not let her wander around and see what happens."

She loved it. When I delivered the weekly "stock" she got into the van and inspected everyone. Probably gave them some tips on how to become a "trustee". At one stage during the unloading and worming of new inmates I saw her standing up in the driver's seat getting a new perspective of her surroundings. When it was time for me to go, I found her sitting in the driver's seat and she was not the slightest bit taken aback when my cat-loving dog joined her.

After three or four days of freedom — whilst she supervised everything — she welcomed an inquiring couple and nattered to them until Julie arrived — about two minutes. It was love at first sight and she was packed into a well ventilated box for transport to her new home — I can imagine her indignation. I felt rather sorry for her new friends and neighbours as she would obviously take over all and sundry. As do all our

adults cats, she went off with a new collar and tag which says:

C.P.S.
51 1011
No.

She is No. 218.

I was not surprised to receive a phone call a couple of weeks later saying that a lovely silver tabby with a nice new collar and tag had walked in their front door, bounded up the steps to the first floor two or three at a time — looked all round — appeared horrified when she was put out the front door — went round the back and came in — upstairs again and was curled up on their bed. On checking, her new home is just around the corner.

I think we could be getting regular calls about 218 until the neighbourhood recognise her.

After all, if her people go to work and leave her, we surely can't expect her to stay at home and be bored when there are other premises to be organised and enjoyed, can we?

N. Iredale

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

One Saturday afternoon, while sitting in my living-room I heard what appeared to be a rustling and scratching noise behind the closed-in gas fire place. As it was a very windy day, I ignored it thinking some leaves had fallen down the pipes. The noise was heard several times during the day. The following day, later in the afternoon it started again stronger and more often. I then realised that something was trapped in the fire place. My husband and I began a thorough investigation on the outside pipes, and sure enough our fears were confirmed. We immediately dismantled the closed-in fire place, left it open for a little while and less than five minutes later a very exhausted and frightened little sparrow flew out. First into the hall then into the bedroom and finally out the front door which had been left wide open. Exhausted, tired and weak as it was, it still had the strength to fly back to freedom. I hope that it is now strong enough to lead a normal bird's life again.

Lena Larson

CAT COLLARS

May I be permitted to write a few words regarding cat collars. Many times during my line of cat work I have noticed that people are putting collars on very small kittens, barely two months old. I realise that this acts as a form of ownership, but should the kitten stray and get lost, and no-one picks it up (and this does happen), the kitten will grow but the collar will not. It can become embedded round the neck and cause death. So please, my advice, don't put

collars, or ribbons or bands on kittens. Wait till they are old enough.

Lena Larson

Cats know how to obtain food without labour, shelter without confinement, and love without penalties.

W. George

CAT'S PAW?

I have a lovely little cat, adorable and friendly, Whose cheeky name of "Pixie" is certainly not 'trendy'.

To me she seems obedient, fastidious and cute - Unlike the normal run of cats - aggressively astute!

My neighbours know a little cat - secretive and vicious,

Sneaking from their precious pets - sundry snacks delicious!

Fighting to the final fur all those who dare to roam

Across the sacred threshold of what I thought our home!

And so I have a secret fear, unless her ways she mends,

In just a feline year or two, I'll have no human friends.

Jo Tomkin.

Never ask a hungry cat if he loves you for yourself alone.

L. Camuti

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.

C.P.S. SERVICES

WHOM TO CONTACT

Telephone

- For all Animal Welfare Enquiries, including Ambulance Service, Desexing and General Administration

51 1011

- Opportunity Shop
9.30 — 4.00 Mon.-Fri.
9.30 — 12.00 Sat.

5162072

- Pick-up for donated goods (Mrs. Cozens)

4273828

- Membership Enquiries (Jo Tomkin)

7138576

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.
103 Enmore Road
ENMORE, N.S.W. 2042

(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, 1987. **Note:** all persons joining from January remain financial until June the following year.

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

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

Mr.
Ms.
Mrs.
Miss Initials
BLOCK LETTERS

Address

Pension No. Postcode

Phone No Signature Date

The Secretary
The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.
103 Enmore Road,
ENMORE, N.S.W. 2042

(Please cut out and return to address shown).

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

DONATION \$

Mr.
Ms.
Mrs.
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