

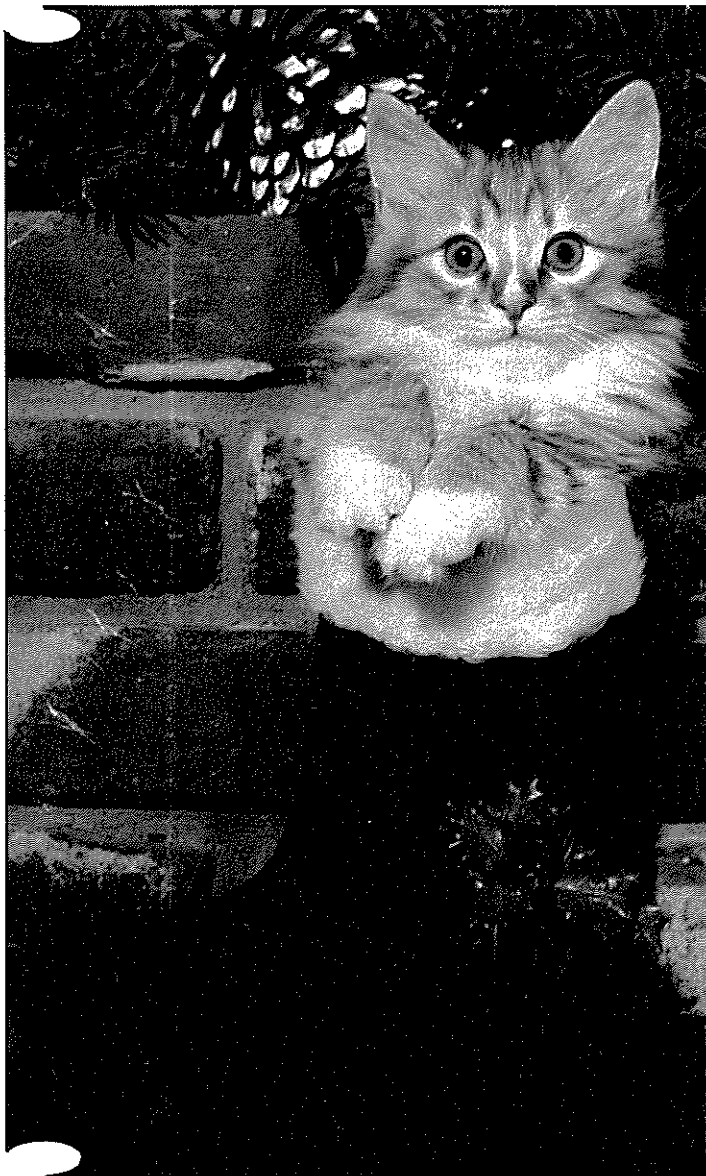
# JOURNAL

CHRISTMAS APPEAL EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)



## *The Legend Of The Tabby Cat*

*When the animals came to render their homage to the Christ Child lying in the manger, there came with them a little cat who sat shyly in a dusty corner of the stable.*

*The Christ Child smiled on all of the animals, but they interested Him so much that when His Mother told Him that He must sleep, He could not compose Himself. The Mother called on the kind, placid ox, the gentle donkey, and the faithful shepherd dog to help her put her Child to sleep, but He remained wakeful. Then the little tabby cat, dusty and dirty, crept from the corner. First she washed herself from the black tip of her tail to the pink tip of her nose. When she was clean, she jumped lightly into the manger and, curling up beside the Babe, she purred softly the lullaby that every cat mother purrs to lull her kittens to sleep.*

*Soon the Christ Child slept, and ever since, all tabby cats have carried the grateful mark of the Madonna that is in the middle of their foreheads.*

*— Author Unknown*



**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**

# Christmas With the Newcomer

by Diane Niemeyer

'Twas the night after Christmas, the time to replay  
The events of that most hectic annual day.  
The stockings, once hung by the chimney with care,  
Were chewed on and drooled on and torn past repair.  
No one was nestled all snug in his bed,  
There was spilt milk and Friskies to clean up instead.  
And me in my kerchief, and Dad in his cap,  
Wished we'd settled down for a much-needed nap,  
When somewhere downstairs there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my chores to see what was the matter.  
Away down the steps I flew like a flash,  
Just as I heard one more thunderous crash.

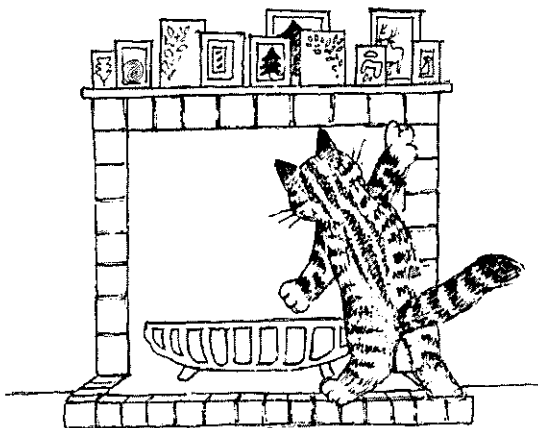
The moon wasn't out, so I switched on the light,  
Still hoping to see everything was all right,  
When, what for my wondering eyes was in store,  
But my family-room curtains aheap on the floor.  
I rehung the drapes, but to end all this "fun,"  
I knew in a moment more work must be done.  
More rapid than eagles I rushed all around,  
To make certain everything was safe and sound.  
Out, tinsel! Out, ribbons! Out, bright-coloured bow!  
Out, garland! Out, ivy! Out, all mistletoe!  
From the poinsettia plant, to the yarn in the hall,  
It's throw away! Throw away! Throw away all!

Next I turned my attention to the Christmas tree,  
Making sure it was totally temptation-free.  
I moved ornaments up, for 3 feet or so,  
And no strand of lights was left dangling low.  
When then, in a twinkling, I heard, soft and sweet,  
The prancing and pawing of four little feet.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
By the chimney this character came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And was covered all over with ashes and soot;  
The ears stood straight up on this bold little elf,  
And he looked overwhelmingly pleased with himself.

His eyes — how they twinkled! He purred like a glutton!  
His tongue, pink and raspy; his nose, like a button!  
His droll little tail was drawn up like a bow,  
And those whiskers of his looked like yesterday's snow.  
I had not a doubt that this bundle of gray  
Was the cause of the chaos at our house today.  
How proudly he strolled, with what grace and what style,  
As he tracked soot and ashes all over the tile.  
He was chubby and plump and out to impress,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of the mess.  
I scooped up the imp, and I patted his head,  
But he seemed to sense he had something to dread;

I spoke not a word, but went straight for the sink,  
Where I washed him and dried him, as quick as a wink.  
Then he darted away and stopped on a stair,  
And giving a nod, he fell sound sleep there.  
He dreamt and he kneaded and purred; all the while  
I regarded him with half-frown and half-smile.  
And you'd hear me exclaim, as I cleaned up our flat,  
"I'll remember the Christmas that we got a cat."





*May all  
your Christmas dreams  
come true*

### **THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W.**

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: Miss Lyn Thomas

VICE PRESIDENTS: Mrs. Sybil Cozens, Miss Jo Tomkin

HONORARY TREASURER: Mrs. Nancy Iredale

HONORARY SECRETARY: Mrs. Shirley Pikler

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: Miss Jo Tomkin

COUNCILLORS: Ms. Helena Cooke-Yarborough, Mrs. Darol Dressler, Mrs. Bridget Gilling, Mrs. Barbara Kuhn, Mrs. Lena Larsen, Miss Daina Silins, Mrs. Robin Warner

WELFARE COMMITTEE: Mrs. Nancy Iredale, Mrs. Lena Larsen, Mrs. Robin Warner

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Miss Jo Tomkin, Mrs. Carol Dressler, Ms. Helena Cooke-Yarborough

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

## **PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

It's with an overwhelming sense of positive feelings that I address you all for the first time. A small number of you attended the Annual General Meeting back in September where I spoke of my aims and aspirations for the Society, and for the benefit of those who couldn't make it I've included my address as I think it aptly serves to introduce myself and take us into a new year.

"I'd like to first spend a few moments introducing myself to you all and by that I mean giving you some background information regarding my involvement with the Society. My interest was first aroused when I moved to Newtown and I often used to walk past the op shop thinking "Mm, that would be a good cause to get involved in". At that stage I had one cat of my own and then I took on another and then a third one wandered in one day. Eventually I wrote in offering my services as a shop worker and I've been doing a Saturday a month ever since —

an enjoyable activity and one I certainly plan to continue with.

After a time I was approached and asked to consider joining the Council. My initial reaction was how most people respond — "Oh, I couldn't possibly" — but then I thought perhaps there was something I could do so I attended a meeting. Subsequently, I was elected and became involved with the Education and Journal Sub-Committees and gradually more and more committed to the aims and objectives of the Society until here I am today! I'm very proud to be able to say that C.P.S. has become a very important part of my life and that my commitment is stronger than ever.

Now perhaps a little on what I believe we can achieve. As with most organisations, there are many areas within the Society which can always be streamlined and improved over time. However it should be remembered that our welfare work is the most important thing

we do and I believe that if we can achieve a higher profile within the community our role could be made easier. I would therefore like to see greater media coverage of our activities as it's only by education that we can change people's attitudes. We can look to talk-back shows on television and radio, organisations with like goals to our own and of course newspapers and magazines for this.

Another area where we'll spend a lot of our energy is lobbying for the compulsory registration and de-sexing of domestic cats. It won't be easy but what an achievement it will be when we succeed! All members can help out here by writing to their local members. I also believe that we can maintain our excellent home finding record — it's been wonderful to have been involved in that over the past year. All members are responsible for keeping an ear to the ground for suitable owners. Likewise everyone should always be on the lookout for potential recruits for the Society — not only potential workers but potential Councillors. We must all work together so we can achieve our goals quickly. Our first priority, however, will be Cat Months working with the various Councils in Sydney. This is where we work with individual Councils and local vets in a particular area offering desexing services at an attractive fee. This could well consume some of our funds by the time we perform associated welfare work. However the positives far outway the negatives. Working with a new Municipal Council every two months or so, we expect to make definite inroads in the forthcoming year.

The Society's image is very important to me and I hope to actively work towards increasing our public profile and professionalism and it's here where I believe my own work background which is strong in administration, personnel and training can be used to good advantage. Please always remember that we are working for the cats and that they should be our number one priority.

Finally, I am available to talk to members at any time and am always receptive to your ideas and suggestions. I'm very confident that our new Council is ready to rise to the challenge of the year ahead and that we'll achieve many things before we report to you again."

So now you know a little about me and where the Society is heading. Of course I couldn't do any of this important work without the support and experience of my Councillors. There is certainly a strong commitment to "getting the job done" while at the same time remaining realistic in the face of the huge task confronting us.

The Society is **not** just the Council of course. I'm very aware of the contribution made by members as a whole: shop workers, those who give their time at working bees, those who donate goods and encourage others to do so — the list is considerable. I urge you all to continue the good work and encourage anyone who has felt reluctant to offer their services in any way to come forward. I'm convinced that within our large membership lurks a large bank of talent as yet untapped.

If you're wondering how YOU can be of assistance let me get you thinking for a moment or two. Our Opportunity Shop is always in need of staff — if you can't manage the time perhaps you know someone who can. In addition to the regular supply of goods we receive for the shop, handicrafts and fancy work would also be greatly appreciated enabling us to stock a street stall, so how about getting those nimble fingers working. Any talents in producing display signs and promotional material would also be well utilised. For those who prefer to stay more in the background there is always sorting and cleaning on working bees — not very glamorous but very important just the same if those dollars are to continue coming in. Of course anyone with journalistic skills is always welcome to submit articles or if you'd just like to tell us about the cats in **your** life we'd love to share it with you.

Please don't feel awkward or reluctant to offer your services. We're all on the same side and there's much that can be done. Call the office or any of the Councillors if you can be of assistance or, if you prefer, call me personally — I'd be very happy to speak with you.

I'll close now with a sincere wish that you enjoy a happy Christmas and holiday season. I look forward to perhaps hearing some amusing anecdotes in the New Year so until next time I'll leave you with a quote from my calendar which I feel is very appropriate at this time: "Perseverance is not a long race; it is many short races one after another".

**Lyn Thomas**



# WELFARE REPORT

As we move into October, the Welfare Section is amazed to report that work is up to date. For the first time in our seven years of operation, the kitten season can be met with some hope that 'things are improving'. We ask ourselves this every year and I think this year we can really see some promise. All through winter we have not been able to get enough 5-6 month olders for "Parklands" and, at times, not even the up-to-3-years old.

Maybe our home finding figures will not be quite so good next year but that will be because we haven't had the animals to place — what a lovely thought! From June to September we have found homes for 203 — we hope by the end of the 12 months to beat last year's record figure of 702!

So far only two litters of four have been surrendered — except a couple of little wild ones — and they were gone in a minute. There are literally hundreds of people waiting for the first flush. It is always disappointing to know that so many people will wait for a kitten rather than take the gorgeous mature creature whose personality you can judge.

During August, our office Welfare Officer, Julie Molnar spent most of the time on the road with the other Welfare Officers making sure that our jobs were up to date and no little kits were born because of our tardiness in assisting with desexing. Now we are sitting waiting for the storm to strike.

Although we have had quite a few litters handed in at the time of going to press, and the Sydney Morning Herald advertisement section has let us down on two week-ends, it is with tremendous pleasure we can report that all surrendered kittens have quickly found homes. This is great because, so far, they have been just the ordinary, but adorable, tabbies and black and whites. We hope the long haired, unusual looking ones are waiting to stage their entrance at a more difficult time.

When we explain or try to explain to enquirers why we have to put down so many cats we often hear 'You call yourselves Cat Protection but you put so many down'. We have a million reasons we can give why we fight the stray cat problem. Here are some:-

OUR SANDY recently picked up a stray, white undsexed male so badly eaten away around his face by cancer that as he ate the food in her cage SHE COULD SEE HIS TONGUE MOVING!

OUR JULIE was asked to pick up a heavily pregnant semi-wild cat which a lady had been feeding in a park. She had finally been able to pick her up quickly one day and take home to be surrendered to us. The little creature settled in well and the lady was most upset to have to surrender it. She was a pensioner, had a lot of

animals and just could not afford to feed any more. The final indignity came to that small cat — on the way to the vet to be put down she gave birth to six little kittens.

OUR TRISHA was recently called to a situation where two very old ladies were living in a derelict house. They feed an unknown number of cats. We were told something like 80. First of all, a commercial cat catching service caught about 30 and then Trisha moved in. She said they were only being fed the scraps from the table of these two destitute ladies, so were woefully undernourished. Worst of all they were desperately ill with flu, some eyes were actually missing, some sitting in a bed of pus. She took away over 30 and then the ladies said — enough. There are still lots of the poor creatures. Of course Trisha will be going back to try to persuade the ladies to let us have the rest. Unfortunately we are not able to insist but must try gentle persuasion to clean up the tragic mess.

VETERINARIAN PAUL WATERS recalls the case of a wild cat caught by one of our girls some years ago. It was one of a colony of cats which came into a garden each night to be fed. One by one these cats were caught by C.P.S. as they were breeding and wild, and the gentleman who was feeding them knew that he would soon be leaving the area. Finally, only one cat remained. It used to rush away into a storm channel as soon as the van appeared and no amount of tempting food could induce it to enter our cage. Almost despairing of ever catching this terrified creature and risking placing the cage in the storm water channel, the welfare officer got the promise that the cage would be watched until late at night and then removed. This had the desired result and the wild creature was taken to Concord Hospital. There it was noticed that something was wrong with its eyes and on close inspection, after it had been gently put to sleep, the verdict was complete blindness. It's not very pleasant to contemplate that animal's plight — its terror at any unfamiliar noise or smell and the mystery of the disappearance of its friends. Surely a gentle, merciful death is more acceptable than a life of terror?

Have I dispelled any doubts YOU may have about the importance of euthanasia for these unwanted creatures?

N. Iredale



*The smallest feline is a masterpiece.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI

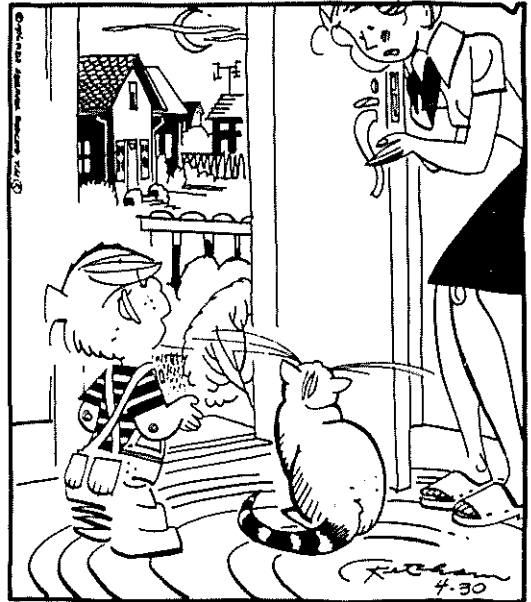
# NEW WELFARE OFFICER



Michelle Wilford is the latest recruit to our Welfare Section with the loss of Susan Carr. Michelle is a New Zealander who has come to live with us in Sydney. She recently worked with the S.P.C.A. in Auckland in a similar position so we are looking forward to a long and happy association with a lass who really believes in our work.

Michelle is interested in horse riding and looks forward to taking this up in Australia in due course. The attached photo shows Michelle with her young brother, her Sheltie bitch called 'Minta' and the family Maltese Terriers.

'Minta' has become an Australian resident also.



"MEOW IS LIKE ALOHA ...

IT CAN MEAN **ANYTHING**."

*The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny...But a full grown horse, dog or cat is beyond comparison a more rational, as well as a more conversable animal, than an infant of a day, or a week or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what would it avail? The question is not can they reason? Nor, can they talk? but can they suffer? Why should the law refuse its protection to any sensitive being? The time will come when humanity will extend its mantle over everything which breathes...*

Jeremy Bentham, 1748-1832 (*Principles of Morals and Legislation*, 1789).

## URGENTLY, PLEASE!!

A supply of old towels, sheets, etc. is urgently required at "Parklands" for the cats. Also needed are boxes for cat transportation.

Please leave them at Enmore or make arrangements for them to be picked up by phoning 51 1011.

## VALE

It is with regret that we have to report the recent death of Mr. Lionel Braby of Concord. Mr. Braby became a Life Governor in 1981, and has been a staunch supporter of C.P.S. ever since. To his wife, relatives and friends we extend our deepest sympathy.



## TERRITORIAL TAILS

### GRASS SUPPLY

Cats are frequently seen eating grass which supplies a need of which puss is well aware.

But these days many cats live in places where concrete has replaced lawn and garden. Fortunately, it is easy to give your cat a ready supply of grass.

Take a deepish saucer and cover the bottom with 1½" of well-moistened cotton wool. On this sprinkle a small handful of bird seed. Cover securely with wire mesh (though this latter is not absolutely necessary).

Stand in a warm place — where the sun shines, through glass is a good idea. See that the cotton wool is kept moist, and in a few days the first little green shoots will appear. After a few more days puss' grass is ready for him. (He soon 'catches on').

After three or four weeks, or when you think it necessary, prepare another saucer in a similar manner thereby ensuring a continuous supply of 'grass' for your cat.

### HOW TO PILL A CAT

First, see if the cat will accept the pill without a struggle. If he spits it out, try trickery: coat the offending pill with his favourite food — whether anchovy paste or peanut butter. If he sees through your manoeuvre, licks the pill clean and walks away, more forceful tactics are necessary.

First, restrain his legs, particularly the front ones, by wrapping him in a towel. Sit down. Using your knees to hold the cat, proceed to the next step — getting the mouth open. To open, push in on the corners of the mouth with thumb and forefingers; as soon as it opens, tilt the head up and place or drop the pill in the *back* of the mouth. Quickly shut and hold the mouth closed and, with the head still tilted, stroke the throat until the cat swallows. If he is determined not to accept the pill, blow in his face! Startling him will precipitate swallowing.

### A HINT FOR CAT "OWNERS"

If you live in rented premises and you own or are owned by a cat, it is a good idea to collect references from landlords confirming that you have both been good tenants, the feline part of the tenancy causing no problems. It could help when you go looking for other accommodation!

### 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

During the Middle Ages many saints were associated with cats.

St. Gertrude of Nivelles was known as the patroness of cats.

St. Agatha was also called St. Gato (cat).

St. Yves, the patron saint of lawyers, was accompanied by or even represented as a cat, said to symbolize all of the evil qualities associated with lawyers.

### THE FAMOUS CAT WRITERS SCHOOL

A random sampling of famous writers who owned cats, and in some cases wrote about them.

*Victor Hugo*  
*Charles Baudelaire*  
*Anatole France*  
*Montaigne*  
*Samuel Johnson*  
*Sir Walter Scott*  
*Lord Byron*  
*The Brontes*

*Charles Dickens*  
*Jeremy Bentham*  
*Horace Walpole*  
*Samuel Butler*  
*Henry James*  
*Mark Twain*  
*Ernest Hemingway*  
*William Wordsworth*

# "MEMORY LANE"

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 shall never have again. Sadly missed by John, Marie & Margot Tuchen.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Our darling "Salome":- Ten years we loved her, Ten she has gone; Her love and her memory still linger on.

G.M. and H.F. Thompson  
\*\*\*\*\*

In memory of "Pokie", who one stormy December night brought us her three week old kitten and stayed for 17 years dominating the household although of diminutive size. The most talkative cat I have known.

Gwenda Lawson  
\*\*\*\*\*

In memory of dear old "Tommy", the gallant Fellow, attacked and killed at Ashcroft trying to protect his little family last Xmas.

Jean Mason  
\*\*\*\*\*

In memory of my Thomas who died, aged 17 years. He will be always loved and never forgotten.

Jill Hamill

\*\*\*\*\*

In memory of Kimmy, my dainty little princess, a grey and white part-persian, who shared her life and love with me for 16½ years. Also in memory of Garfield, my beautiful big, fat ginger cat who gave me 4 years of love and happiness.

Lorna Devine

\*\*\*\*\*

A donation in loving memory of "Baby" who gave me his all. From his owner Vera Parkes, who will never forget.

\*\*\*\*\*

A donation in memory of my dearly loved Sappho who left me forever bereft. Aged 17, she came to me when 6 weeks old.

Mrs. M. Oriolo  
\*\*\*\*\*

## IN MEMORIAM

A donation from Mrs. Patricia Healey in loving memory of Mrs. Helen Tyers "the cat lady" of Balmain. Helen worked tirelessly for our cat friends and will be fondly remembered by many C.P.S. members.



## S.O.C.!!

### SEW ON COATHANGERS!

Please can someone sew crocheted covers on to wooden coat hangers? If so, please telephone Sybil Cozens on 427 3828 for supply and delivery.

*What a melancholy world this would be without children. Samuel Colridge Taylor*



# FERAL CATS

In these modern times when ecological and environmental issues are receiving great publicity and support, the havoc to our wildlife by feral cats is becoming of great concern.

The first feral cats in Australia were domestic cats who were brought out from Europe and became established in the wild after being abandoned there by people who thought they were being kind to them by letting them loose in the bush. The hardiest amongst them managed to survive by eating birds, rabbits, small mammals, reptiles, amphibians and insects. The progeny of these cats became progressively tougher and larger than their forebears in order to adapt to their environment, becoming more cunning, ferocious and afraid of man.

In 1883 the New South Wales Rabbit Nuisance Bill was brought in. This Bill advocated using cats to control the exploding rabbit population. Thousands of domestic cats were released onto rural properties, particularly in the Riverina, in the belief that they would be able to control the spread of rabbits. Unfortunately, this measure did not have the desired result and, in fact, only served to boost the feral cat numbers.

Even today people are still dumping cats in bushland rather than taking them to an animal shelter, many not realising how cruel it is for a cat used to a soft suburban life to suddenly find itself having to provide its own food, and exist as best it can. The weaker ones die a slow and painful death from starvation and/or disease. Under the National Parks and Wildlife Act, 1974, anyone who releases or dumps a domestic cat into the bush is liable to a fine of up to \$1000. Unwanted cats or kittens should be taken to a veterinarian to be killed humanely.

Regrettably, even our well-loved house cats will supplement their diet if allowed to roam bushland areas surrounding their homes. They will proudly bring home their victims' corpses, attesting to their hunting prowess and expecting approbation.

Do not attract birds, no matter how exotic, into your garden by giving them food. They do not need it, the titbits may be harmful to their natural diet, they may become dependent on your handouts and their young unable to fend for themselves, and, worst of all, you are putting them at risk of capture by your or your neighbour's cat.

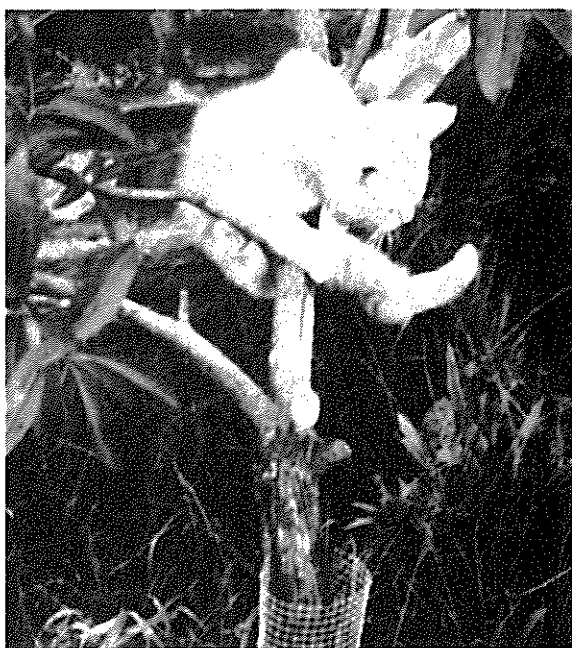
It is extremely difficult to control feral cats as they are very wary of cages and often roam in inaccessible areas. Research is being undertaken by the Vermin and Noxious Weed Destruction Board of Victoria into the biology and control of feral cats.

While it is not feasible to sterilise existing

feral cat populations, desexing of domestic cats will reduce the number of unwanted kittens, many of whom may be dumped in the bush. Sterilisation will prevent reproduction by mature cats who escape into the bush.

Perhaps the most important means of trying to solve the feral cat problem is by education of the community into the effect on wildlife caused by allowing domestic cats to live in the bush.

**Shirley Pikler**



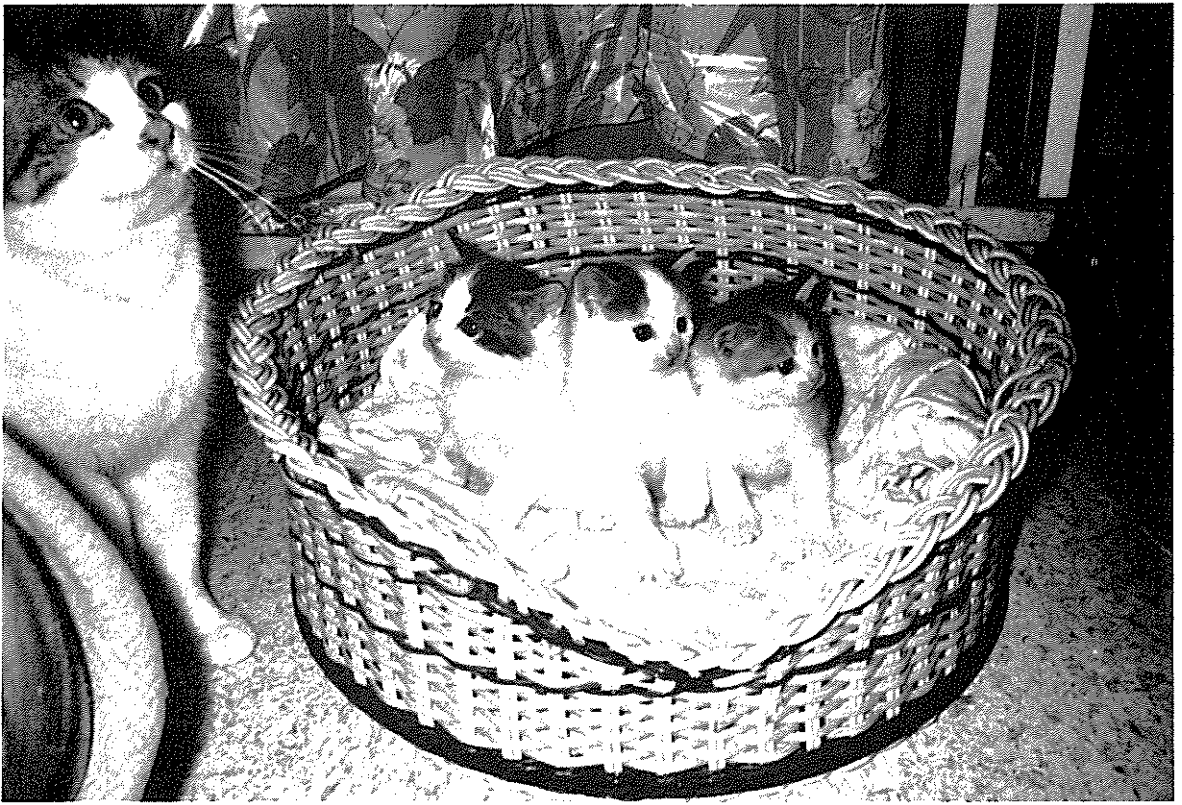
*calamities. Oliver Goldsmith.*

## LOOKING FOR \$500 CAT for \$35?

Before you rush to the phone to snap up this bargain, hear me out. A week ago Julie answered a distress call to place a black, undesexed male cat, of uncertain age. He was a stray but had won the affection of a kind lady. She said she would give the Society \$500 if we picked him up and tried to find a home. We never guarantee homes under any circumstances but we said we would do our best, never dreaming that the \$500 would really be forthcoming. However, when Sandy picked him up, midst floods of distress, she was given the whole amount.

He has been desexed and waits at Parklands. He may be hard to place as he is big, perfectly black, has a large round face — as do undesexed males — but he is friendly and we believe we owe him a loving home, having earned such a nice round sum for us.

Any takers? His name is Toby.



## LITTLE CHARMERS!

A proud mother with her triplets! And ever prouder is Mrs Jessie Clifton of Concord who has been fostering the brood until they are old enough to be placed into homes.

Fostering mother cats and kittens can be a very rewarding experience if you have the space available and your existing cats can cope with having their noses put out of joint temporarily. I remember doing it myself when I first joined the Society and rather than have the batch remain anonymous for the duration I nicknamed them "Mummy Puss and the Munchkins".

I don't know if Mrs Clifton has settled on names but do know she's become quite attached to them all and may well keep Mum

and/or the boy kitten when the time comes. She's also had a constant troupe of visitors wanting to see the babies — it's wonderful how kittens bring out the best in people and of course it's an additional way of securing homes for them.

The Society is very grateful to Mrs Clifton for her efforts — if we don't have fostering facilities we just can't keep both Mum and the kittens together for any length of time. Mrs Clifton wants a short break before a next bunch arrive to foster so if there is anyone interested in helping out please call Nancy Iredale to discuss the pros and cons of fostering arrangements.

**Lyn Thomas**

## 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.**

# LOST CATS

Congratulations and thank you to Mrs. Kearney-Kibble from Fox Valley Animal Hospital. With the help of the Lost Animal Register which Mrs. Kibble keeps, Sandy Moss was able to find the owners of two stray cats over the last month.

Sandy leaves no stone unturned to re-unite cats with their owners, and, on picking up cats from Lane Cove and St. Ives recently, she checked with Mrs. Kibble and was overjoyed to match up the two cats. The Little Red Burmese from St. Ives was being transported to his new home from the breeder. He was not put into a basket or box and dashed from the car the moment the door opened. No amount of notices around the district could trace him. Two weeks later he was lucky to have Sandy pick him up from a charming lady who had fed him and tried to find his owners.

His plight highlights the necessity of transporting pets in strong, safe containers. Apart from the commercial cat baskets, a very suitable container is a citrus box from the greengrocer. The top fits right over the bottom, air holes are provided and some strong string or rope completes the equipment.

Anyone ringing our office to report a lost cat (we also keep a register) is advised to try the following:-

1. Do a letterbox drop all around the area. It's amazing how far they can wander. It's also amazing how close to home they can be and not come home. So the notice should give a description, name and phone number.
2. Put up notices at bus stops and on telegraph posts — anywhere people congregate. It may

be illegal, but it very often works. A notice flapping on a telegraph post is very intriguing.

3. Talk to the children around. They seem to notice new cats more than busy mums and dads.
4. If you are close to a school you may be able to persuade a friendly headmaster to make an announcement at assembly — this has been successful.
5. Ring the R.S.P.C.A., A.W.L., Fox Valley Animal Hospital (on the northside) and, naturally, your own Society.
6. Ads in the papers, of course.
7. Ring local veterinary surgeries.
8. Ring your local Council and ask if any cats have been picked up on the roads. Most times you will be told that Councils do not keep records about cats. I always ask people to say "Don't you think it is a service you can give your ratepayers. If animals have been killed on the road most of us prefer to know their fate." (C.P.S. wants to get Councils thinking about and then doing something about cats.)
9. Most important of all, have your cats collared and tagged just as soon as they are old enough — make sure you get a collar with an elastic insert. Keep checking collars to ensure they are not too tight as cats grow. Collars need to be reasonably tight so our friends don't work them off, or put a paw through and even get the collar in their mouth — like a horse's bit.

Back to the beginning of our story, thanks, Sandy and Mrs. Kibble from C.P.S. and two (at least) happy cats.

N. Iredale



## Contented Cat Inn

Accommodation for cats only.

Run by Members, Mr. & Mrs. Parke — This cattery is recommended to members for its sunny, spacious and clean runs.

All cats are fed according to Owners' instructions.

Location: 1403 Old Northern Road, Glenorie (near Dural)

Phone: **652 1162** for further details.

# PUBLICITY & EDUCATION

Since our last Journal we have had some unsolicited but welcome attention from the media.

A young Sydney Morning Herald journalist, seeing Sandy Moss setting cages for wild cats in the Eastern Suburbs, rang to ask for an interview which culminated in an article in the S.M.H. on the stray cat problem. That story was picked up by a regional station when the writer was given a wonderful opportunity to speak by a caring and helpful interviewer.

Our third interview on 2BL followed a staff member ringing C.P.S. to acquire a kitten. She was so appalled when told that, though we had no kittens at that particular time, in a few weeks we would be forced to destroy just hundreds of healthy babies.

John Woods on the afternoon session of 2BL gave me ample opportunity to highlight all the

problems but, once again, I was amazed at the lack of knowledge of most people in the community about cats. Many people have the mistaken idea that the cat population is falling when they find kittens hard to get. Our welfare girls make sure that this misconception is corrected BUT, this is where we need the help of our Members.

Like all newly elected bodies, your State Councillors have determined this year to plug away at compulsory desexing and education, no matter how discouraged we may get from time to time.

So Members, please talk CAT on every occasion, plug for compulsory desexing, write to your local member, make sure people know that any shortage of kittens is only seasonal, etc.

Now it is over to you.

N. Iredale

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## TRIBUTE TO A GRAND LITTLE LADY!

Many moons ago, in distant Assisi, Italy, a young lad grew to know and love birds and animals and all living things he saw around him. Selflessly, he cared for and aided them. Rarely do we encounter men and women who don't stop to ask, "Should I be involved?", but who roll up their sleeves and bend down to lift up little sad, ailing or abandoned ones. And even now their numbers are legion, even when we hear so much of "love". (Some Eastern religions speak of their "little brothers, the animals".)

Such a warm-hearted, rare soul is surely Edith Duport of Chittaway! We ALL of us love animals — cats very specially — but who among us could or would throw open house, home and heart to so many underprivileged ones?

Early in 1980 I was privileged to enlist the support of our Ex-President Bill Graham and his "workaholic" dear wife Judy, together with the senior officers from Sydney H.Q., and an Auxiliary of C.P.S. was duly set up at the Duport home, "Four Winds", Chittaway Point, near Wyong and the Tuggerah Lakes. Amid great enthusiasm, officers were appointed. President was Mrs. Mollie Kentwell. With a family and a personal handicap, not long after she felt the job too onerous, the struggle too much, and Edith Duport — rather doubting her ability — was "press-ganged" into the "hot seat" — she picked up the Torch.

Some results — just the highlights — of this far-flung, wonderful centre of first aid and after-care are:

(Up to August, 1987) — 497 homes obtained for cats and kittens; 358 cats desexed; 5 cats euthanased under Vet's orders.

Without the faithful aid of people like Elsie Watford, long-term Treasurer; Betty Rogers,



*Edith Duport with "Sooty" and four more little moggies (in the shade).*

Secretary; Joyce Skinner, who "adopted" and helped place innumerable little ones; other energetic fund-raisers, not to mention the wonderful backup of Mrs. Sybil Cozens, C.P.S. Councillor and now Vice-President, in pepping up the fund-raising in the best way possible — such results as these — and the constant, never-ending advice, help, moral support with all their animals by the unsinkable Edith Duport — could not have been achieved.

Mrs. Duport set up strong lines of communication between herself, Radio Station 2GO Gosford, the local press and Wyong Pound,

thus greatly assisting in speedy and efficient aid, rescue and adoption of so many felines.

Well, the "winds of change have passed over Africa" — and many, many other places too — and this valiant group set up in 1980 has scattered interstate, some deeply involved in home cares, some with diminished enthusiasm for the cause. So, in August 1987, Edith Duport has decided to terminate the Auxiliary. The Wyong Shire's "cats' best friend" and long-time Life Member of C.P.S. will always work privately in the Cause so dear to her heart.

And now a quiet, tired, visibly older Edith Duport takes her love of cats seriously and will work in a private capacity when called upon, always supporting and cherishing her present "establishment" of twenty-one merry moggies. Where the Ourimbah Creek and the Tuggerah Lakes meet in a timeless, blue horizon, they all enjoy a "dolce vita" — the sweet life! — and afterwards will be kept together and cared for to the end of their natural lives.

The writer feels she speaks for C.P.S. officers, the membership generally, and a world of pussies, when she sincerely says, "THANK YOU...MAY THE POWERS THAT BE SUPPORT YOU...and...BLESS YOU!"

**Dorothy Haines, Hon. Life Member, Central Coast.**



*Dorothy Haines visits the Chittaway "moggies".  
(Photo Carol-Anne Richardson, Umina, NSW).*

**EPILOGUE:** *Mrs. Duport has had to relinquish the Torch, but...who knows? Some reader may*

*know someone, or even volunteer to pick up the Torch and carry on up North?*

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## EDITORIAL SUB-COMMITTEE

With the new incoming Council, a new Editorial Sub-Committee has been formed. All members of it are very enthusiastic about presenting to our members the best possible journal that can be put together. BUT, without contributions from C.P.S. folk, it will be an uphill battle. If anyone out there has a favourite story, poem or photo they would like to see

published in the journal, the Sub-Committee would welcome it most warmly. Don't forget, readers, it is YOUR journal, so please send in those items you would like included. At the present three publications a year, closing dates for any material are end February, end June and end October.

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## AUXILIARY NEWS

My goodness, the four months between journals speed by like "greased lightning" and, as usual, I'm faced with the prospect of writing a report that isn't begging, borrowing or stealing goods and helpers for the Op Shop. However, it has to be done and I'm once again appealing, particularly for Saturday helpers. The shop is only open from 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays so this should appeal to some of our younger people who work all week. It would only be once a month or perhaps once every two months if we get a good response. So, how about it?

We recently purchased another glass showcase to be able to display linen more effectively. We have found that with the "basket method" the goods were getting soiled and

untidy, and often ending up on the floor — great for a nicely pressed embroidered supper cloth! We hope to quickly fill the new showcase with goodies.

The gas meter was moved to a new location recently to enable the gate into the shop window to be fully opened for easy access into the window.

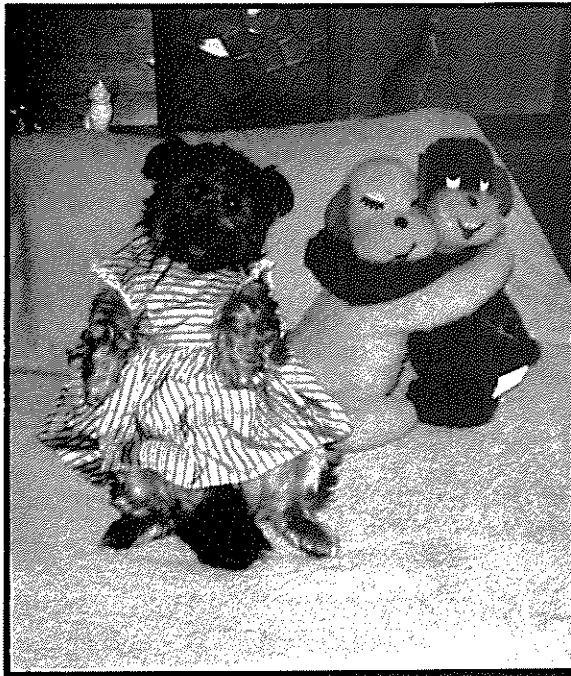
All in all we have very few expenditures on these types of necessities. We try to use donated goods where we can.

From all of us here to all of you out there "A Happy Christmas and a Purrfect New Year".

To all donors and people with whom I've been associated during the years of the Op Shop's existence "A very Happy Christmas and New Year". I hope 1988 "The Bi-Centenary Year" will see many more of our aims fulfilled.

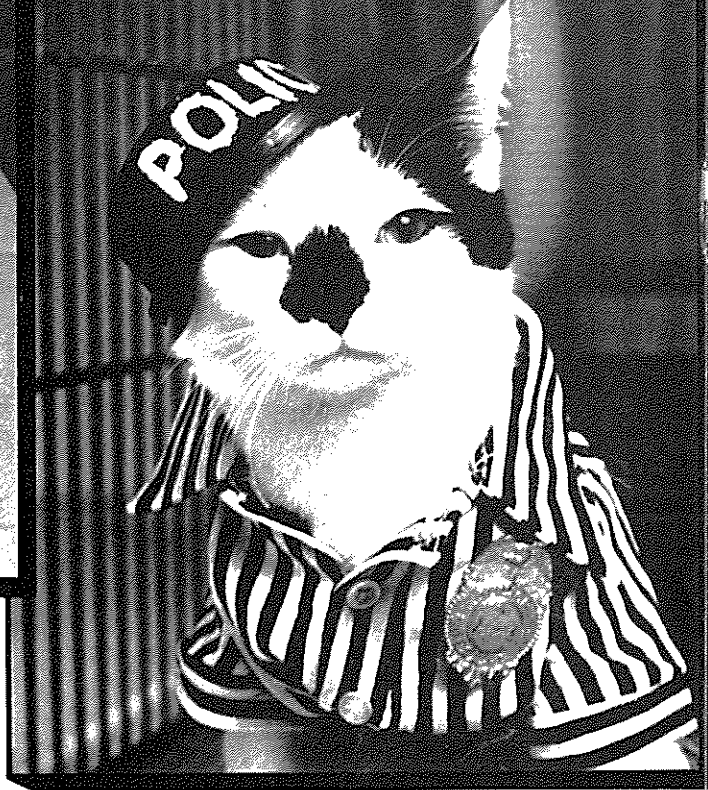
**S. Cozens**



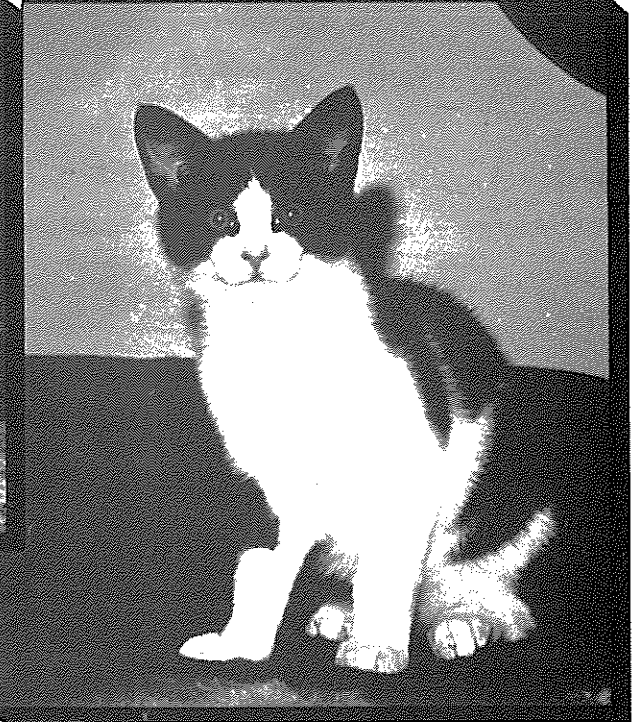


*"We doggies are cute too, you know!"*

**Support Your Local Police**



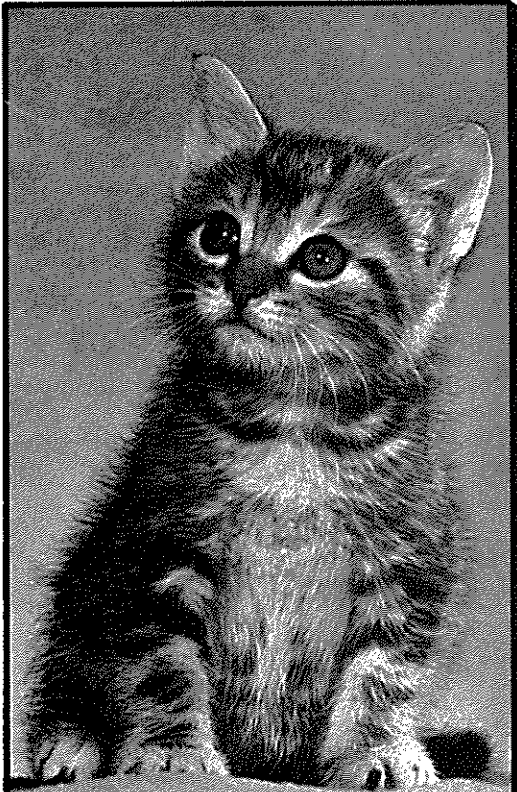
*"I'm just in time for Christmas!"*



*"Are you staring at me?"*

## **"FASCINATING FELINES"**

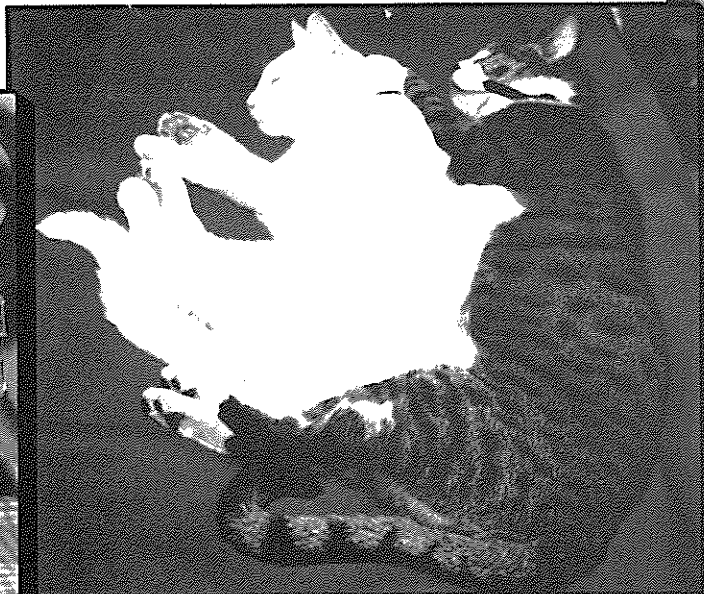
*"How was I to know that was your best slipper?"*



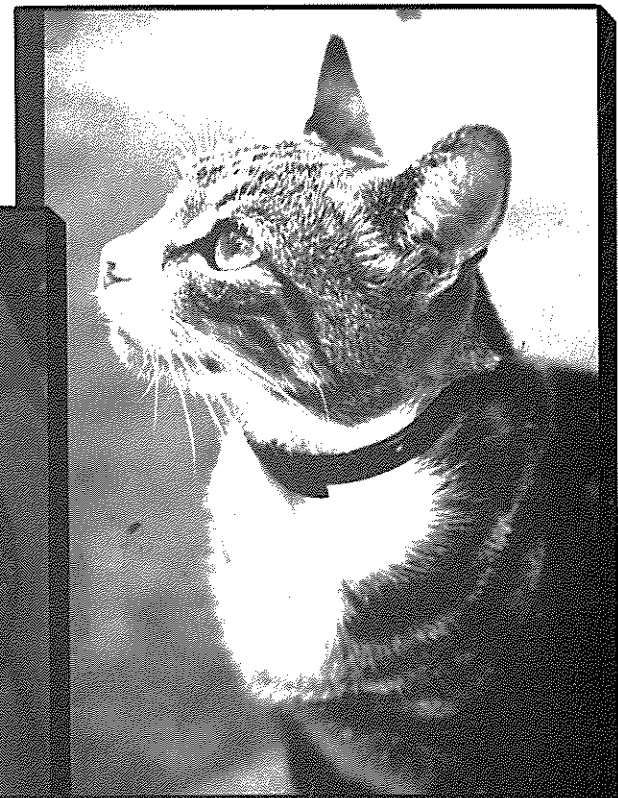
*"When you get to my age, one candle is enough."*



*"We're very close friends!"*



*"You ordered, Sir??"*



# A MOTHER ABANDONED

Last Saturday, a grey-haired gentleman hurried into the Op Shop, plonked a small tied-up carton on the counter and vanished. The sales person brought it out to me to unpack, thinking it was a carton of donated goods. Upon opening it I found a mother cat and four wet kittens, obviously just born in the box. I placed them all in a holding cage with a warm blanket, food and milk which Mum proceeded to gobble up immediately, as she was so hungry. After cleaning her kits, they proceeded to the 'milk

bar' and upon checking an hour later to refill her food bowls I saw a happy, contented cat feeding her kittens. Several hours later another two kittens were born, this time with space to do so with dignity.

The Bouquet and Brickbat to this story — at least the person was compassionate enough to bring her to us — but if she'd been desexed there would not have been the need.

S. Cozens

## THE ANTICS OF SOME OF "OUR" CATS

A 2½-year old male Persian was placed in a unit. He was used to a garden and when placed on a second-floor spacious balcony, he jumped to the next balcony — setting off the alarm system — down to the first-floor balcony — again setting off an alarm — then onto the ground, from where he returned to his own door, asking for admission. He was immediately exchanged for a much younger cat who could be taught unit rules. (We hope the Body Corporate was a sympathetic one!)

One of our scruffy cats-in-waiting (chosen for his outstanding personality, not his beauty) stayed quite a few weeks at "Parklands". But his day came along, and he went to his new home in a flashy Jaguar car to a loving home of luxury.

No. 447 or "The Voice", a gorgeous part/Persian white male, was surrendered because he talked too loudly. He was so beautiful he quickly got a second home, only to be returned for the same reason! A third home came up quickly but about a week later, Sue was

called to pick him up — he'd been lost. His third owners had moved when we tried to trace them. He's gone to his fourth home — still very nonchalant but LOUD. Sue is quite excited about him. She estimates we can make a small fortune on his re-sales! It was lucky he was wearing his collar and tag — and that brings me to another matter.

### SERVICE TO C.P.S. OWNERS

As has been explained in earlier journals, all our animals leave "Parklands" wearing a collar and tag. This says: C.P.S., 511011 No. ....

It is suggested that the new owners have their name and address engraved on the reverse side.

A register is kept in C.P.S. and immediately the cat can be identified and his address and telephone number supplied. We urge all C.P.S. members to collar and tag their cats, and for \$5.00 plus 50 cents postage, a collar and tag will be mailed from the office. All collars have an elastic inset and are available in blue, pink, yellow, orange, red and fawn.

N. Iredale

## PETS IN RETIREMENT VILLAGES

The C.P.S. intends to keep a register of those Retirement Villages which allow animals to be kept by residents. Our purpose is twofold:-

- 1) We feel it would be a happy service to be able to give our elder members the names of such places so that it would not be necessary for them to be separated from their pets.
- 2) We hope that administrators of retirement villages — seeing or hearing about our register — will be encouraged to join with those enlightened people, or at least make enquiries as to the success or failure of embracing pet ownership within their complex.

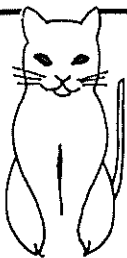
The idea came to the writer on contemplation of a retirement village on the Central Coast where animals are allowed, and where many people have a dog or cat, and just occasionally, one of each or maybe two cats. There is one wee dog who has broken down many barriers for newcomers to this Central Coast village, as he

walks around three times each day with his 'owners'. Often they are joined by friends for a short way and all along the route there are greetings for this jolly little dog. He cares not how many friends walk along, his only requirement is that the walks must be on time.

Some people will say you can't have animals and a garden, but let me hasten to add that this retirement village recently won the Spring contest for gardens. It is alive with colour and trees.

So readers, please let us know of any retirement villages where you know animals are allowed. No name will be listed until the management has been contacted and has given the Society the conditions under which new residents may bring their pets.

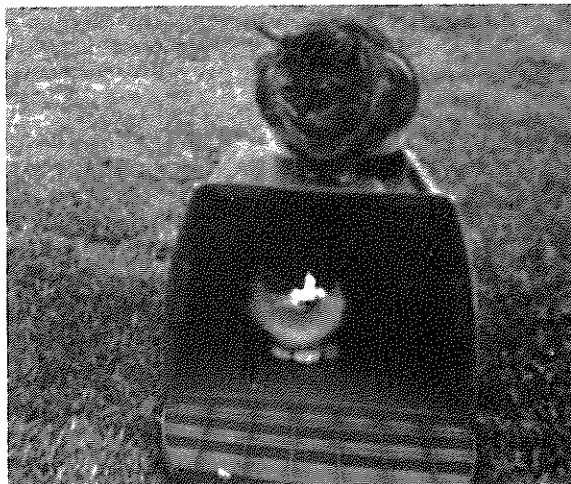
Please help us get this plan off the ground. Address your letter to Nance Iredale at the Enmore address.



## PURRRSON TO PURRRSON



Granny (Patches), Mum (Tabby) and Boy, all of whom adopted Mrs. Green of Caringbah. Tabby loved to move things and was found one morning sitting in the bath tossing tissues in the air! Needless to say, Mrs. Green had trouble putting the tissues back into the box!



Mrs. Green intended hosing out her kitchen tidy, but the two cats got there before her!

## And Now There Are Three!!!

'They won't be any trouble' I said to JRC (husband) early on Boxing Day 1985. A few hours later we picked up the girls — Willow (grey and white) and Wattle (tabby and white) — they were only 6 weeks old — very cute and very furry. Within a week, almost without realizing, we were well and truly hooked — no sooner had they disappeared than we would be frantically looking for them.

Over the two years we have been living together there has been a gradual improvement in their standard of living. We went from fairly cheap canned food to the most expensive, with fresh meat, occasional bowls of cream, cat treats etc., — absolute indulgence. They come in about 8.00pm after a final check around the premises, and proceed to their favourite sleeping place for the evening. Willow sleeps on the table on JRC's work jumper, not even bothering to glance at our evening meal. Wattle proceeds to our beds where she curls up like a hairy doughnut whilst Jasper stretches out in a very languid pose in the 'official' sleeping basket in the sunroom. He is our latest addition and is still making his place in the cat hierarchy. My mother has been bewildered by my sudden

change in allegiance from dog lover to cat lover and astonished when I announced that I had become a member of the C.P.S. closely followed by admission to State Council and working Saturdays in the Op Shop. And the arrival of furry feline number three, the handsome and debonair Jasper whose behaviour is sometimes not all it could be, confirmed her worst fears. She loves dogs and has very little good to say about cats though Willow, Wattle and Jasper are tolerated.

So you can see from all that, that the transition I have made in the last year or two has been quite dramatic to say the least. I will never again believe anyone who says things along the lines "cats are no trouble — they look after themselves!!!"

H. Cooke — Yarborough

*Never apologise for showing feelings. My friend, remember that when you do so you apologise for truth. Disraeli, 1804-1881.*



# Sense of Touch

There does not seem to be the slightest doubt that the cat has the most delicate sense of touch of all mammals in the whole animal kingdom. Every hair on a cat is sensitive, and the front paws are particularly so.

A cat, uncertain of some motionless object, will always pat it with a paw to determine its nature. And everyone has observed the extraordinary delicacy of a cat walking along a crowded mantelpiece or a sideboard without

disturbing the ornaments. The whiskers and the eyebrows are undoubtedly organs of touch.

Cats, when meeting each other, will often touch whiskers, and there can be no doubt that the whiskers and eyebrows are very valuable to the cat in the dark.

But, I think it is unlikely that they are used, as is commonly believed, to determine the width of an aperture.

Mrs. Andriotis

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## Nocturnal Visitor — (not Santa!)

As we relaxed in the quiet dusk, the silence was suddenly shattered by a tremendous crashing, clattering and slithering behind the wall above the boarded-up fireplace. Fearfully, we unscrewed the screen and beheld a darling little possum sitting amongst the blackened bricks and knobby fire-irons. We tried to entice him out with bread and jam, which he ate daintily from his tiny hands, but he wouldn't leave the grate. As he is blind in the light, we eventually left him alone in the dark, with inner doors closed and the french doors into the garden, open.

Peering in, after an hour, we saw him sitting up on the china cabinet! Another half an hour, and he was gone. We were thankful that he had evidently not been injured by his fall.

Next day we renewed the anti-possum wire across the chimney, which had broken away, unknown to us. I do hope other chimney owners take this precaution, too. It is also good to know that quiet, solitude and darkness are the most effective means of helping out the uninvited guest. (I do wish he had waited for a cuddle, though!)

Gwen Thompson

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## She's Done It Again!

Julie has been assisting a cat-lover to catch and desex some nervous abandoned cats. All but one were fairly easy, but for five months one female has proved uncatchable. Finally, our client was able to entice the cat onto her verandah, and Julie set off with her trusty loop. Half an hour later, leaving behind three broken vases, curtains pulled down everywhere, and a cat-loving lady shaky but grateful that the ordeal was over, Julie took away an ungrateful, hissing torte cat to be desexed and returned the following day.

Talking about this in the office, Sandy was able to recount her adventures with the loop in an immaculate flat in the Eastern Suburbs where the cutains and bedcovers had been recently dry-cleaned, only to be left somewhat crumpled after a similar capture. We wish we could re-assure these little creatures that we mean them no harm — but I guess they realise that later when they are returned once again without the problem of producing endless litters of kittens.

N. Iredale

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## Animals Communicate With People

(This delightful article was sent to us by Mrs. Tidey of Ashbury. It was written by her friend, Sister Jeeves of The Salvation Army, and appeared in "The War Cry" 10 October, 1987.)

Looking back over a lifetime of observing animals I have come to the conclusion that they have similar emotions to humans. They have a universal language of their own amongst all animals and communicate with each other in the language of their species as well as in the universal language.

They communicate with people in their own special way too, with their eyes, mannerisms and body language. They wag their tails with pleasure and nod their heads, and everything else, when they see a human friend; or droop their heads when they are unhappy or

uncomfortable. They are capable of worry, pleasure, frustration, joy, unhappiness, expectation, loneliness, excitement and tremendous loyalty.

I once had a cat who clung to my bed for three weeks when I had Hong Kong flu. She knew there was something wrong with my breathing and didn't leave my side until my breathing had returned to normal.

This same cat adopted a neighbour's kitten and followed it about devotedly, making sure it was safe from harm at all times.

Another of my cats, called Mittens by the

neighbourhood children, loved me so much she used to beam love out of her eyes. When I went on holiday for two weeks instead of one, she clearly reprimanded me.

I have seen a cat, which had been badly savaged by a dog, with tears in its eyes when its owner was putting a hot poultice on its leg. I am pleased to tell you it recovered and is leading a happy life. We had been allowed to have it under our desk at work by our boss, whom we had always thought abrupt. That kind action of his gave us a new relationship with him.

## Important

Having a pet is important to most people. Old people live longer when they have a pet to look after; pets are good therapy for humans.

I'll never forget my old cat, Katy, when I bought a pair of leopard skin slippers with black

fur, exactly like Katy's, around the top. She swaggered into the lounge room one morning and stood rooted to the spot when she saw my slipper in the middle of the floor. I could see her thinking, "Yikes! What's that?" She walked around it and observed it and when she finally saw me put it on my foot it seemed to me that she got a fit of the giggles. When I took it off she kicked it all over the house for half an hour. Katy could smell rain in the air and would play "sliding up and down the hall" and "grab the ankle".

Animals know everything about their owners and about the whole neighbourhood too. I wish people would stop to think about the suffering they cause when they are thoughtless towards them. I don't think people can ever call themselves civilised while they continue to be cruel to animals.



## Lament for a Lost Friend



Siamese cats are supposed to be mean and spiteful, but Thai did not know that. A sweeter, gentler creature never lived. Although speyed herself, she mothered everything in sight, and during the brief period when I had two Russian Blue Queens, Thai could frequently be seen lying contentedly, surrounded by two litters of kittens, usually on the dog's trampoline bed, while the selfish mothers were out enjoying themselves. She toilet trained them in groups, a very funny sight. Picture if you will, a large cat looming over four tiny kittens digging four tiny holes. We called her "The Great Earth Mother". On one occasion, just as my first Russian Blue was about to give birth to her first litter, while I was nervously waiting in the wings, my dog was involved in an accident, which meant I had to rush her to the Vet. Returning to the house an hour later, expecting the worst, I found the new mother sitting up in bed ready to receive visitors, bright-eyed and immaculate, the only thing missing, I thought, the pink satin bed jacket; while Thai, utterly exhausted, her fur dishevelled and matted with blood, was madly bathing kittens, and setting the maternity ward to rights.

Thai loved men. Our son said he never could have achieved his H.S.C. if he had not known Thai would be waiting for him every afternoon, to sit on his desk purring softly, never interfering, during his study time. It was, in a sense, Thai's preference for men which was her undoing. She was completely besotted by a suitor of our daughter's; the feeling was mutual. It was when the (human) romance broke up and the young man no longer called at our house that Thai became psycho, and took out her anger on two much loved cats living in a nearby

apartment house, previously her friends. Daily she would defecate on the two garden chairs owned by these pets — and this from a cat who had never been known to be unclean. When she began to instigate loud fights at 3 a.m. with the other two, right in the internal halls of their building, one angry tenant announced that he was going to poison all three. Of course we all know this is punishable by law, but I could not take the chance. Locking her in at night was not the answer. Thai had never been confined, and her loud shrieks kept everyone awake. It seemed fortunate that our daughter had just moved into her own house in another suburb, and was happy to take Thai with her. She reported that Thai seemed quiet but happy, a picture taken at the time shows Thai relaxing on the carpet, toes curled and blue eyes crossed with pleasure, but Margaret noticed on their morning and evening walks around the complex that other cats already established there, were not friendly. Came the day when it was thought safe to leave an open window, and, while Margaret was at work, Thai vanished without a trace.

No need to itemise our frantic efforts to find her; most of us have been there at some time or other. It is tragic to lose a beloved pet under any circumstances, but Oh! the agony of not knowing! Two years later, I still wake in the night, picturing that poor frightened creature desperately running along the unfamiliar streets looking for what she believed was her only home. And through it all, one thought constantly surfaces. Dearest Thai, for all that love and devotion, how poorly we have repaid you.

Barbara Kuhn

## Sasha's Story

Sasha had his twelfth birthday this year, which is quite a good age for a cat, but not exceptional. However, he is very lucky to have reached this birthday, having used a few of his nine lives along the way.

I can still see the gaping mouth of the skinny black kitten as he complained about the inhumanity of those people who allow their pets to reproduce and then dump the offspring. It was Boxing Day and I had driven to the local hospital to drop off some boxes of bottles (mostly soft drink bottles) on the way to an open space where my two dogs were going to enjoy a run. A little boy, whose father was in charge of the bottle collection, was giving the kitten a drink of milk and said to me: "Would you like this cat, someone left it here." Well, I already was owned by three cats and two dogs (which grew to six and four over the years) so wasn't very enthusiastic, but could not resist the pleading green eyes.

How to get him home with a Dobermann and Keeshond sitting on the back seat was a problem solved with a cardboard box and some string. By the time we had driven one kilometre he had escaped and was clinging to the front passenger door pleading for help from passing motorists who found it most amusing. The dogs were staring at him in amazement. Next day he went to the vet for needles and we found he was approximately three months old. One of our female cats took on his grooming and he quickly learnt to use the cat door in the front wire door.

Sasha enjoyed going to the other side of our road where he had a favourite drain, but one dark winter evening when he was about nine months old he had not taken up his usual position on the TV so my daughter went to the front door to call him. There was Sasha lying



near the door with blood stains around him. He must have had great courage to drag his body from the road where the car had knocked him, as we found his leg had been badly broken, requiring a metal pin. For a long time he did not leave the front garden and car headlights would send him dashing through the cat door.

However, almost a year after his first accident he had another encounter with a motor vehicle. My husband would leave about 5.30 a.m. to pick up one of the swimmers he coached, on his way to the swimming pool. Usually he would then drive off along another road but this particular morning he came down our road and saw on the road outside our house a little black heap which turned out to be Sasha. Fortunately there was a vet on emergency call so he was rushed to the

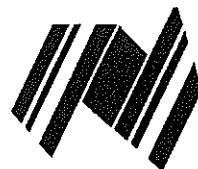
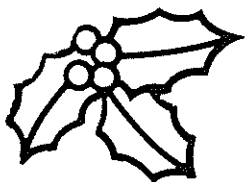


## XMAS AND BI-CENTENNIAL GREETINGS

To the Council and Members of the  
*Cat Protection Society*

from

Proffessor and Madame  
and Spotsiboy  
the Pussycat Clown



1788-1988

surgery. He was lying so still in a state of shock, I did not expect him to recover, but after getting his broken jaw wired and stitched (the scars are still visible under his chin) he quickly recovered, although not allowed for some weeks to eat his favourite biscuits and having to suffer my teeth cleaning efforts.

Since then he has gradually stopped crossing

the road and gone sideways for his walkabouts. Now he spends lots of time enjoying the winter sunshine in the backyard while the duck waddles past and our remaining dog keeps her nose away from his claws. Since the death of our 17 year old cat this year we share our home with only three cats, Sasha being the oldest.

**Gwen Lawson**

## Believe It Or Not

'Twas a beautiful September morning when I called upon a middle-aged lady to collect her cat Lu-Lu for her necessary operation. Entering the living-room, there on the mantelpiece stood dear departed Mitzi, the tortoise shell cat, dead as a doornail and stuffed to the hilt. Oh yes, old Ted, the Taxidermist had done a marvellous job. He was indeed a fine artist. Following her into the no longer used dining-room, and once again on the mantelpiece, complete with collar, tail hanging loosely around his hind legs was Felix, black as ebony, green piercing eyes (shudder)

staring at me. She could not bear to part with them even after death, she says. When I inquired if Lu-Lu, the soon to be desexed cat would receive the same treatment after she had used up her nine lives, I was informed, sadly, that old Ted, the taxidermist had quietly passed away last February. How sad, but could it be possible that dear departed Ted is now adorning his mantelpiece!!!

Like I said, 'Twas a beautiful September morning...

**Lena Larsen**

### FROM HEAVEN TO HEAVEN

*But I'm a pedigree, can't you see?  
You can't just go, what about me?  
I gave you love, and thought you loved me,  
But you don't, that now I can see.  
Maybe she's just going for a holiday,  
That's it - yes - I think it's May.  
I've waited and waited so many days  
Maybe it wasn't just holidays.  
Who's this coming up the road?  
Over here, here I am, over this side of the road.  
Oh! No! It's the C.P.S. Don't add me to your load.  
Oh!, I knew I shouldn't have taken the road.  
What's going on, I'm being shown to her spouse.  
"Yes", he says. "You can stay at our house".  
"Oh! Thank You, Sir I'll even catch you a mouse",  
Just to show I'm going to love this house.  
I can feel my tummy begin to swell,  
Oh!, I just know soon I'll begin to feel well.  
It's all that great food I can tell,  
Oh! Oh!, I think my face is beginning to swell.  
Down to the vets, Oh! how will I cope?  
"He's been without food too long I'm afraid, no hope".  
"Oh! No! What do I hear - is this a joke?"  
"We'll have to put down this young bloke".  
My new owners love me - I'm a pedigree.  
They won't leave little old me!  
I'm feeling very sleepy, but they're still with me.  
They won't leave me, I'm a pedigree.*

**Julene King**



### XMAS NIGHT SONG

*The Holy Infant so softly lay  
Asleep in the manger, amidst the hay.  
The ox and the ass stood humbly there,  
Their breath like smoke in the midnight air.  
The night was cold, and Mary said,  
"How may I cover this lowly bed?"  
And behold, the cat approached the child,  
And Mary looked at his fur and smiled.  
Contentedly the Baby stirred,  
His furry coverlet lay and purred!*

**G.M. Thompson**

## THE PUSSYCAT FAMILY

*Do you remember the kittens in the lane?  
We worried about them, when it started to rain;  
But the little mother cat would have her own  
way,  
She'd made a bed inside the grass-heap  
And there preferred to stay.  
One night we tried to bring the tiny, furry pets  
indoors,  
For the rain came down in torrents, how that  
rain did pour;  
But the mother cat was frantic, so we let her  
have her way,  
And one by one she carried them  
Back to the bed she'd made.  
Next morning they were playing in the sun so  
bright and warm  
And it seemed the little kittens had not come to  
any harm,  
And the mother cat sat guarding them and  
purring happily,  
As she proudly surveyed  
Her pussycat family.*

**Hilda B. York**

### Appendage to poem "The Pussycat Family."

I would like to tell you, if I may, how I came by the theme of my poem "The Pussycat Family". It began two 'cat generations' before the night of the storm, when the little mother cat of the poem was born in my neighbour's backyard.

One day I heard kittens miaowing and on looking through the palings I was surprised to see a mother cat and two kittens. On speaking to my neighbour she told me that although the mother cat was not afraid of her Alsatian dog she was evidently afraid for her kittens and had given birth to them in the space between the fence and the garden wall. The space was wide enough for my neighbour to place a box and fix a makeshift cover for the cats but was not wide enough to allow the dog to trouble them.

After a few weeks I was surprised and delighted one morning to find the cat and her kittens having hi-jinks in the sun among my plants and bushes at the top of my garden. I went to say 'hello' but was disappointed when they sped back through the space where a fence paling had fallen off. Eventually I had to be satisfied with watching them each day from a distance.

Then, one morning, lo and behold, there they were sitting near my back door waiting for their breakfast. My neighbour cat knew what she was about! It was now time the menu was upgraded.

Everyday, after that, I put food and milk out for them but they would not eat until I went indoors again. If I tried to catch them they would race up the yard and back through the space in the fence.

Then, one day, only the two kittens were there. Sadly, the mother cat had vanished. My

neighbour and I never did find out what happened to her.

Naturally, as I couldn't catch the kittens to have them desexed the female eventually became pregnant. (All this happened long before our Enmore premises and our ladies with their 'catching cages').

When the time drew near for the birth I put a box just inside the doorway of my outdoor toilet and that is where her four kittens were born. My joy was shortlived however, as after two or three days they had disappeared — I found the box empty.

We had been cutting our overgrown lawn and there was a very large heap of grass in the side lane waiting to be 'bagged' and that is where I found the cat and kittens. She had burrowed a hole in the side of the heap and there they all were — snug in their cave.

They were quite warm and happy in the grassheap until one wet night and I told about that night in my poem.

I named her Tina as she was a small cat and after her kittens began playing in the sun her nature changed completely. No longer was she running scared and she did not mind me playing with the kittens.

Of course Tina, her four kittens and her brother all stayed and joined the cat I already had, so from a family of one I ended up with a family of seven. They lived long and happy lives but have now long since gone but I have many happy memories of the wonderful times we had together.

**Hilda B. York**

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## WHOSE CAT'S WHOSE??

*Yes, Sir! Certainly, we'll desex your cat  
And when she's done I'll bring her right back.  
So off I drove - he was a lovely old man  
He was about 90 and gentle as a lamb.*

*The next afternoon with his cat I returned  
To find into a ram this old lamb had turned.  
"I don't know you, and I don't want that cat"  
He said to me with a jab in the back.*

*The next afternoon with his cat I returned  
And from his nurse I had learned  
He had been very sick and walks round in a daze  
And he has been known for feeding several strays.*

*So I took her home to meet my lot  
And as I had guessed they hit it off.  
When hubby came and asked where she came?  
I said "I don't know" and played that game.*

**Julene King**

# She Cares — Do You?

Recently I had the task of trapping 32 wild cats from a large property. They had been left behind by previous tenants who had started with only a few cats but, through either lack of knowledge or sense, had failed to have them desexed, and so ending up with a tribe of beautiful but feral cats. There was a group of the cats that could be handled but unfortunately this remainder had been born under the house and in surrounding bush, and as a result had never been handled.

It was very sad watching these beautiful animals sneaking out of hiding to see what was on the menu for what was to be their last meal. I wondered if they knew, but if they did it didn't show; their little noses just couldn't resist the smell of the sardines I had bought them. As I placed it into the cages they came closer and closer. Soon I was surrounded. They appeared to multiply before me. As the traps started going off I felt the tears come to my eyes. The next two hours were very busy for me, transferring cats and resetting traps. They knew when they walked in that trap they were going to be caught, but they were so hungry they didn't seem to care; there were just grateful for a feed.

Whilst waiting for the last few cats I looked at

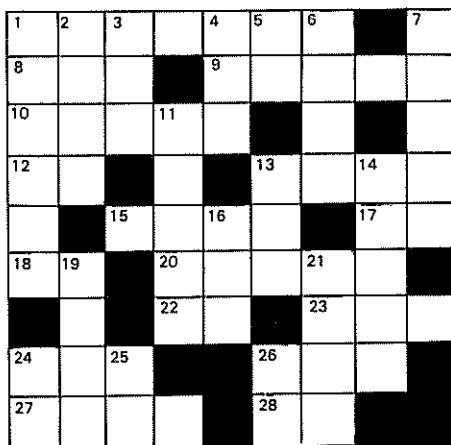
my load in the van. They were all so frightened, and I thought it so beautiful to see the odd old mum in the cages licking and comforting the younger ones as if to say, "It's all right — we're just being moved somewhere else where we will be better cared for". At that point I sat down and had a good cry and even thought about chucking it all in, but how many people out there could do this work? How I wished I could have been taking these cats elsewhere, instead of to the vets to be put down. People put off desexing or think kittens are so cute, until they get out of hand, then they're just dumped or left behind to starve or go wild.

It's so unfair to these animals and to us, the people who have the rotten job of collecting them and putting them down. I get so frustrated wondering whether we will ever educate the public to care for their animals. But maybe if the C.P.S. and its members increase in years to come, who knows, we may end up with a mountain of cat lovers with healthy desexed cats and abolish the cruelty!

The question to ask yourself is — Do I really love this cat or kitten? If not, leave it for someone who does.

Julene King

## MOSTLY-CAT CROSSWORD



### CLUES:

#### Across:

1. A hunting cat is a \_\_\_\_\_ (7)
8. Friend OR not food for a cat! (3)
9. One undersized in a litter (1,4)
10. Divide (5)
12. You (2)
13. Employed (4)
15. Kinds of poem (4)
17. Very large size (2)

18. In music means 'from the beginning' (2)
20. Way cats might carry the tail (5)
22. Sun god of Egypt (2)
23. A monster whale (3)
24. A feline (3)
26. A large snake (3)
27. To do with the ear (4)
28. the 12th letter of the alphabet (2)

#### Down:

1. Desexed female cat (6)
2. Story (5)
3. Whole of (3)
4. 'Kit\_\_\_\_' (3)
5. Expression of hesitation (2)
6. What a cat often does against your legs (4)
7. Male cats used for breeding (5)
11. Command (5)
13. Present tense of 13 across (3)
14. Another (5)
16. Age (3)
19. What fur is to a cat (4)
21. What a cat is trying to become by panting (4)
24. Short for company (2)
25. Seventh note in the tonic sol-fa system in music (2)
26. Exist (2)

M. Oag, 1987.

## A Taped Carton

On a Saturday morning at Enmore, anything and everything happens. People dumping cans in the bin at the front door — browsers and buyers in the shop — deliveries of cartons of goods — garbage bags of clothes both at the front and back doors — the workers trying to unpack goods and clean the various rooms — and a hundred other happenings.

Into this mayhem came a young woman carrying the "taped carton" which she had picked up in the street. It contained a well-cared for, but terrified male grey and white cat. I placed him in a holding cage and wondered how

he could be "dumped" just like that! We know of "Man's inhumanity to Man" but what of "Man's inhumanity to Animals"?

His rescuer told me she had ten cats, mostly obtained under similar circumstances, and just could not take more — a very caring person!

As I write this, he is asleep in my desk drawer, for as I lifted him from his "taped prison" and felt his frightened heart beat, something passed between us. His name is "Chinta" which is Indonesian for "Love".

S. Cozens

## A Human Chosen!

I'm sure most people have heard the saying "Cats choose you" — well, it's true!

At a recent Council meeting at Enmore, there was a surrendered half-grown ginger cat in a holding cage exercising his lungs in no uncertain manner. Now there are three things I can't stand — distressed barking dogs, mewing cats and crying babies! As I was to Chair the meeting, I suggested he be removed out of my

hearing, but instead he was presented to those assembled. He just loved the attention as he perambulated on the tables where we were sitting. He gave everyone a quick "once over" before going to sleep on Helena's lap. He had chosen with whom he was going to live. She only had to implement it, and now he's a devoted companion named Jasper.

S. Cozens

## Tubby ( A Real Life Story)

She was on her way home after a tiring day, but not too tired to notice two boys standing on an embankment, one of them holding a kitten. Automatically she stopped the car.

"Boys, what are you doing with that kitten?"

"We heard it crying, miss. It was in a carton, miss, near the railway line. We wouldn't hurt it, miss. We were going to find it a home, miss".

"You had better give it to me, boys".

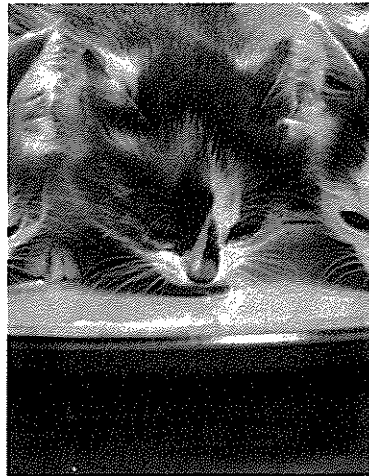
It was the voice of authority and both recognised it. "Yes, miss, here it is". And they handed over a small, plump part-Persian, brown tabby kitten with beautiful big round golden eyes.

Thought 'Miss' to herself, "No trouble to find a home for this one" and drove on home.

She put the kitten on the floor and sat down to drink a welcome cup of tea. After a brief inspection the kitten clambered onto her knee, and purring contentedly, gazed up into her face.

That ended the home finding. The fat roly-poly bundle, Tubby, was added to her family where he was accepted as a matter of course.

So life goes on smoothly for 'Little Tub' as he sits and dreams in the sunshine by day, knowing all is well with his world. And 'Miss' goes on with her never-ending work of rescue.



### ONLY A CAT

*I'm only a cat,  
and I stay in my place —  
Up there on your chair  
or your bed or your face!  
I'm only a cat,  
and I don't finick much —  
I'm happy with cream  
and anchovies and such!  
I'm only a cat,  
and we'll get along fine  
As long as you know  
I'm not yours — you're all mine!*

# Billy The Kid

Our first home was a very small house with a very large back yard completely covered in waist high weeds, a daunting sight. It was decided that on his next country trip, my husband would borrow from a friend two lambs, who would be company for each other, while they ate their way through the weeds. On his return I viewed apprehensively the small cardboard carton on the car seat, and heard his explanation, "there were no lambs so I brought this baby goat." What a lie! It was springtime, the country must have been teeming with lambs. Obviously he had fallen in love with this tiny creature. (Look at the little bells under his chin! He's a pure Saanen, you know. Look at his dainty hooves!) No matter, within seconds I too was in love, and from then on we assumed the identity of Billy's parents. In order to care for him properly we purchased "The Goat Breeder's Manual" and no new parents ever pored over "Dr Spock" with more intensity.

Father would rush home from work, don old clothes and engage in a half hour butting session with Bill. What a joy it was to see the little creature skittering across the yard, leaping like a ballet dancer, and how quaint his habit of taking a running jump to land with all four feet on the shoulders of whoever happened to be bending over pulling weeds. That's right, Bill never ate a single weed. "THE GOAT IS A VERY SELECTIVE FEEDER" said the book.

Our friends became divided into two camps. Those who looked askance at the ever growing goat seated on father's lap in the lounge room, and made unpleasant remarks like "is that the best you can do?" and the nice ones who never visited without bringing a bag of his favourite boiled lollies "for the kid". At weekends we took him in the car when we went bushwalking. On one of these walks we were confronted with what appeared to be a ploughed field, with a sign "KEEP OFF". "Nonsense" we said, "can't do any harm, come along Bill", but Bill would not follow us, preferring instead to cut a wide arc around the field, to wait for us on the other side. It was only when we were half way across, and ankle deep in filth that we read the small print. "Sewage Treatment" it said. (THE GOAT IS A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT ANIMAL)

When it was time for our long awaited holiday in Surfers Paradise we left our pet, with full instructions, in the hands of a kindly neighbour. Several days before we were due to return we received a telegram, "Come home, Billy dying". We hastily threw our things together and rushed home, to find he was indeed dying. Even the concerned Vet could do nothing more for him, saying he had seen this reaction before in very sensitive domestic animals. Believing his parents had left him forever Bill had simply

"gone down", collapsed and refused all food and drink. In vain we coaxed and cajoled, father even made a kind of sling to place him in, attached it to the clothes line, and walked him up and down, but Bill simply hung there, head on his chest, legs dragging on the ground, lack lustre eyes staring into space. Suddenly one day, when only a flicker of life remained, father out of his own anguish, raised his hand over his head and roared "GET UP YOU B\_\_\_\_\_". The poor creature rose to his knees then struggled to his feet, and remained there, trembling. After that he made a rapid recovery, and lived to commit many more of his dastardly deeds. What dastardly deeds? you ask. Well, to name two out of a possible hundred:- An entire Saturday morning was spent constructing a beautiful goat house, lined throughout with Sisalcraft to keep out the draughts. (THE GOAT IS EXTREMELY SUSCEPTIBLE TO ARTHRITIS) Emerging from the house after lunch we found Bill had shredded every inch of the Sisalcraft and stood there, apparently asking "How does that affect you?" Then there was the day we came home from work to be met at the gate by Bill wearing round his neck a singlet, the only whole garment left from a week's washing which I had foolishly left out to dry. (Nowhere did the book say "THE GOAT IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE DOMESTIC ANIMAL KNOWN TO MAN" (but it should have). "We should have thought of that" became our stock phrase, we could never bring ourselves to blame him, or chastise him.

Sadly the addition of a baby to our household meant Billy had to go. The house was too tiny for the baby to be kept indoors all day, and Bill revealed a streak of jealousy a yard wide, and could not be trusted with the baby's pram outside. Arrangements were made to return him to his original home, and when last heard of he was adjusting very well. Not so, his sorrowing parents. It was a long long time before a baby was accepted as fair exchange for unforgettable Billy the Kid.

Barbara Kuhn

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## Answers to "CATWORD"

Across: 1. Stalker. 8. Pal. 9. A runt. 10. Allot. 12. Ye. 13. Used. 15. Odes. 17. XS. 18. DC. 20. Erect. 22. Ra. 23. Orc. 24. Cat. 26. Boa. 27. Otic. 28. El.

Down: 1. Spayed. 2. Tale. 3. All. 4. Kat. 5. Er. 6. Rubs. 11. Order. 13. Use. 14. Extra. 16. Era. 19. Coat. 21. Cool. 24. Co. 25. Ti. 26. Be.

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## AWAY IN A MANGER

*The little black cat knew her time had come.  
But she was a stray and had no home.  
The leaf-lined hollow where she lay was chill,  
The wind-blown bracken thin, and offering little  
shelter,*

*Boding ill for her coming litter.*

*She sensed that near was warmth and shelter  
from the winter's bitter blast,*

*And watched the ladies with their secateurs  
Trim and cut the holly in the church's porch  
And twine the ivy, and arrange the pure  
whiteness of the flowers until, at last  
They left.*

*The open door invited, and she crept within  
With footfall soft and deft.*

*She sniffed the strange sweet harshness of  
evergreen, the incense of  
chrysanthemum, a whiff of fresh  
warm straw*

*And what was more,*

*Quite near her quivering whiskers.*

*She leaped into the welcoming safety of the  
manger*

*And pushed the Christ-child just a little further  
on,*

*Making room for her, the Stranger.*

*Christ's Mass dawned.*

*And choir and congregation sang, and  
Heaven with jubilation rang.*

*And in the crib's strawed comfort curled the  
little stray,*

*Amber eyes a-blink with love and ecstasy*

*On this, her infant son's birth day.*

*The children crowded round as children will;*

*But in that holy place she had no fear,*

*And joined her rapturous purring song with  
theirs,*

*Just loud enough for God to hear.*

*Mary Levick-Atkins*



## C.P.S. SERVICES WHOM TO CONTACT

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

Telephone

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.



## NEW MEMBERS

### July 1987 to October 1987

|                           |                    |                               |                   |
|---------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| DICKASON, Mrs. E.         | Leichhardt         | GRIFFIN, Mrs. D.              | Monterey          |
| LIEFMANN, Mr. E.          | Old Toongabbie     | MESS, Mrs. V.                 | Bellevue Hill     |
| STELIK, Mr. & Mrs. D.     | Darlinghurst       | WALL, Mrs. F.                 | Mosman            |
| WILSON, Mrs. C.           | Artarmon           | FLAMMANG, Mr. G.              | Surry Hills       |
| KOLOSSA, Mrs. E.          | Dulwich Hill       | KENT, Miss H.                 | Cammeray          |
| MACALPINE, Miss S.        | Fairlight          | LAIZANS, Mr. M.               | Enmore            |
| ROWE, Ms. J.              | Northmead          | VALENTINE, Mr. T.             | North Ryde        |
| PRATT, Mrs. K.            | Wahroonga          | ALLAN, Mr. R.                 | Lindfield         |
| RAPPELL, Mr. J.           | Sydney             | KREMETIS, Miss E.             | North Ryde        |
| SHEEDY, Mrs. M.           | Alexandria         | DAVIES, Ms. B.                | Arncliffe         |
| WARD, Mrs. J.             | Bexley             | STEVENSON, Mrs. M.            | Brighton-le-Sands |
| GILL, Mrs. N.             | Newtown            | LLOYD, Ms. P.                 | Marrickville      |
| COLMAN, Mrs. & Mrs.       | Strathfield        | GUNZBURGER, Mrs. M.           | Bellevue Hill     |
| PRITCHARD, Mrs. B.        | Rose Bay           | COOPER, Mr. A.                | Bondi             |
| CRANFIELD, Miss J.        | Carlingford        | TROOD, Mrs. L.                | South Maroota     |
| BONNING, Miss Z.          | Kemp's Creek       | LOVERIDGE, Mrs. Y.            | Leppington        |
| NASH, Miss L.             | Epping             | CROFT, Miss A.                | Bondi             |
| NASH, Ms. M.              | Surrey Hills, Vic. | ROSS, Mr. & Mrs. A.           | Burwood           |
| ROGERS, Mr. D.            | West Ryde          | LLOYD, Mr. R.                 | Hunters Hill      |
| SMITH, Mr. J.             | Marrickville       | DARLING, Mrs. B.              | Oatley            |
| MOON, Mrs. E.             | Newtown            | WILSON, Miss C.               | Eastwood          |
| PRATT, Mr. W.             | Wahroonga          | BREAM, Mrs. S.                | Harbord           |
| RICHES, Mrs. F.           | Rockdale           | POTGER, Mrs. W.               | Loftus            |
| MORRIS, Mrs. M.           | Brighton-le-Sands  | FORSYTH, Mr. R. (Life Member) | Balmain           |
| JUDGE, Mrs. J.            | Lane Cove          | ECKHOLD, Mr. A.               | Epping            |
| SCARCE, Mrs. T.           | Harbord            | BEESLEY, Mrs. L.              | Springwood        |
| CROKER, Mr. J.            | St. Ives           | FLANAGAN, Mr. D.              | Smithtown         |
| GROOT-ZEVERT, Mrs. K.     | Five Dock          | TODD, Mr. H.                  | Croydon           |
| JACKSON, Mr. P.           | Bass Hill          | LANDRE, Miss P.               | Bull Creek        |
| WESTERMAN, Ms. M.         | Ashfield           | DALTON, Mrs. M.               | Newtown           |
| (Life Member)             |                    | CALLUM, Miss B.               | Lakemba           |
| MESS, Mr. W.              | Bellevue Hill      | JACQUES, Mrs. S.              | Woollahra         |
| PORETSKY, Mr. & Mrs. J.   | North Bondi        | BLUNDELL, Miss C.             | Newtown           |
| OSMAN, Miss K.            | Newtown            | WILLETT, Mrs. S.              | Budgewoi          |
| MASON, Mrs. J.            | Ashcroft           | IRISH, Mrs. W.                | West Pymble       |
| (Life Member)             |                    | SPARREY, Ms. T.               | Centennial Park   |
| MATTILA, Miss S. (Junior) | Wahroonga          | LAKE, Miss B.                 | Marrickville      |
| HUNTER, Miss P.           | Chippendale        | BECKER, Mr. & Mrs. K.         | Dulwich Hill      |
| CARNEGIE, Mrs. V.         | Camperdown         | JOHNS, Mrs. V.                | Belfield          |
| LAKE, Miss B.             | Marrickville       | MARTIN, Mr. & Mrs. W. (Life)  | Campsie           |
| REES, Miss B.             | Marrickville       | McCARTNEY, Mr. P.             | Paddington        |
| LAKE, Mr. R.              | Victoria Pt., Qld. | LAKE, Mrs. R.                 | Manly, Qld.       |
| KENTWELL, Mrs. J.         | Springwood         | ROBERTSON, Mr. D.             | Randwick          |
| LAIZANS, Mrs. L.          | Paddington, Qld.   | HIRST, Mrs. R.                | Alderley, Qld.    |
| FOSTER, Mrs. J.           | Arana Hills, Qld.  | SKILLER, Mrs. D.              | Hunters Hill      |

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.  
Miss ..... First name or initial .....

Address .....  
..... Postcode .....

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