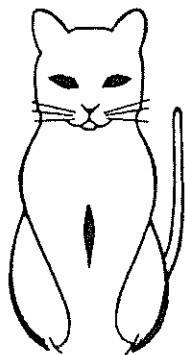


'CAT AFFAIRS'



APRIL 1988

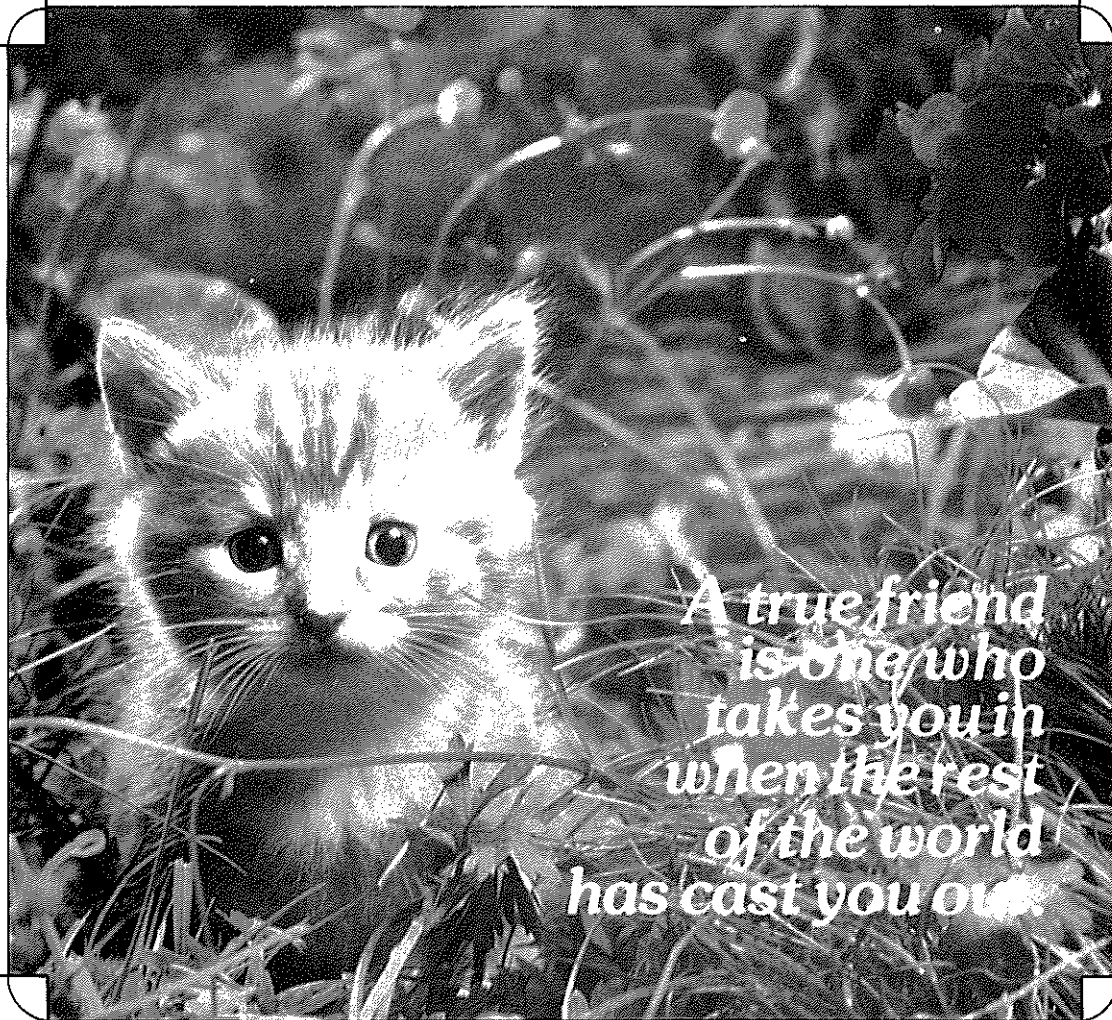
JOURNAL

SPECIAL APPEAL EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)



*A true friend
is one who
takes you in
when the rest
of the world
has cast you out.*

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

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

As you are aware, the Council commenced its elected year with great hopes of organising municipal authorities to sponsor cat months. In line with our aims as a Society i.e. to help animals, particularly cats, it appears to us to be an excellent way to promote feline welfare.

The concept of a cat month is basically an arrangement between a municipal council, the private veterinary surgeons of that municipality and the CPS whereby with suitable promotion and liaison between the three parties, the desexing of cats and responsible cat ownership is encouraged. We know from previous experience (as we have successfully conducted cat months before) that we are able to contact cat owners who do not use professional veterinary services. We assist the elderly, the incapacitated and the needy, we isolate many examples of cat neglect and out-right abuse and it also gives councils an awareness of the cat problem that exists in their own municipality.

A recent press report claimed that 66% of Councils were disinterested in cat problems, many recognise the need for correction while others deny that a problem exists. Frankly, Councils do not know how to deal with the cat problem and it is obvious that, like any government organisation, they need the motivation to act. The CPS, in conjunction with the veterinary profession, can supply that motivation and has the skills, resources and experience to deal with the problem.

Our Society has always recognised, applauded and been enormously grateful to the veterinary profession which, with few exceptions, has been generous and caring. We realise that without the support of these many concerned, animal loving veterinarians our task would be impossible. However, I have to report that the concept of the cat month has been abandoned because we have been presented with constant problems and hints of legal action because of the complexity of the Veterinary Surgeons Act 1986. The Act is administered by the Veterinary Surgeons Board and as we believe the Board has sanctioned our work, it is extremely annoying that certain people still

actively work to frustrate our aims. This is also in spite of their public announcements on animal welfare policy which would suggest that **both** our aims are consistent with each other. We recognise that in such associations a few militants generally speak for the many, however we have no alternative, in spite of all our veterinary friends, to shelve what we hoped would be a great scheme.

Are we angry? Of course we are — especially when we hear rumours like the following:

- that by using approximately 20 veterinary surgeons we are "taking the bread out of the mouths of their colleagues";
- that CPS is making cats extinct because some pet shops don't **always** have cats to sell;
- that CPS is desexing approximately 40,000 cats each year.

We feel that we have a right to reply to these misguided statements:

- CPS is more than happy to work with **any** veterinary surgeon who is prepared to work with us i.e. to service welfare clients at a reduced fee for de-sexing of cats. In fact we sought permission to place an advertisement to this effect in the AVA Journal.
- Increasingly we are being told that pet shops will no longer take in litters of kittens for sale as they are apparently a lot of trouble for the money they make out of them! Consequently, pet shops tend to have limited supplies by their own choice.
- If only we could desex in those numbers! The fact is that the highest figures we have **ever** achieved over a 12 month period is 3,218 and that was in 1983-84.

Our work will of course continue — we will simply not be able to gain the same level of penetration in the community at this time. The motives of CPS are very clear — we work for the welfare and protection of cats and will never be dissuaded from them. I suggest that those people who are intent on obstructing us should very carefully examine their own motives.

Lyn Thomas

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**.

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.

Professor Charles Birch, F.A.A.

The Hon. James McClelland

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. June Chapman, Mrs. Carol Dressler, Mrs. Bridget Gilling, 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 E. Duport, 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

WELFARE REPORT

It would be great to report that the Welfare Section was in good shape. Sadly, we have had some set backs since the beginning of the year.

Patricia Eslick, at the end of two weeks' holiday over Christmas and New Year, resigned without notice. She was quickly replaced by Lyn Edworthy whom we are confident will be a very valuable asset.

Now we are faced with replacing Julie Molnar who has been outstanding in the field work but, over many months, has been our PR girl on the telephone. With her cheerful, enthusiastic and persistent manner she has been responsible for many cats being desexed or surrendered who otherwise would not have come our way. Her ability to collect overdue money has to be heard to be believed. We'll certainly miss her but, of course, we wish her well ... very well.

Despite these disruptions we are reasonably up to date with our work; of course, due to the hard work and dedication our girls have given to our and their Society.

Homes found are still well ahead of last year at this time. It is proposed to have a weekend of

selling from Enmore premises sometime in the near future. We believe there are people in the Eastern Suburbs who, wanting a cat or kitten find Parklea too far to travel.

There are plans afoot to make it easier for callers to get through on the 51 1011 line. It should be appreciated that the R.S.P.C.A. (particularly) and the Animal Welfare League have the same telephone problem. It highlights the huge task we are trying to accomplish.

It is envisaged to install a second phone which will be manned whenever there are two people in the office, i.e. Lena Larsen, the welfare officers when their vans are being serviced, myself and any volunteers who are prepared to be trained to take over on odd occasions. Otherwise an answering machine will inform callers to ring 51 1011 as there is only one person in attendance. Hopefully this will be in operation before the next breeding season.

Probably a greater work load will result and the question then will be 'Can we keep up with the demand in reasonable time?' ... We'll certainly try.

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.

For some time now we have been reviewing our Articles of Association which have become outmoded and it has been decided to make some minor alterations at the present time. These will be fully explained at the Extraordinary General Meeting, notice of which follows.

NOTICE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the members of The Cat Protection Society of New South Wales will be held at 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, on Thursday, 26th May, 1988, at 7 p.m.

BUSINESS

1. Apologies

2. As special business to consider, and if thought fit, to pass the following Special Resolutions:—

(a) THAT THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION BE AMENDED AS FOLLOWS:—

Clause 10(b) Increase the subscription for Life Governor from \$300.00 to \$1000.00 by deleting the figure "300.00" and substituting therefor the figure "\$1000.00."

Clause 10(c) Increase the subscription for Life Members to \$250.00 by deleting the figure "\$50.00" where occurring and substituting therefor the figure "\$250.00"; lower the age limit for Junior members by deleting the word "eighteen" and substituting therefor the word "sixteen".

Clause 10(d) Give State Council the authority to alter members' subscription rates from time to time without obtaining the approval of members at an Extraordinary General Meeting by deleting the words "Society in general meeting" and substituting the words "State Council"; and deleting the word "Society" and substituting therefor the words "State Council"; increase members' subscriptions as follows:— for Ordinary membership delete the figure "\$5.00" and substitute the figure "\$10.00"; for Ordinary Pensioner membership delete the figure "\$2.00" and substitute therefor the figure "\$5.00"; for annual subscription for a Junior Membership delete the figure "\$2.00" and substitute therefor the figure "\$5.00"; for subscription for Life membership delete the figure "\$50.00" and substitute therefor the figure "\$250.00"; for Life Governor membership delete the figure "\$300.00" and substitute therefor the figure "\$1000.00".

Clause 16 Delete the word "fine" in this clause which reads as follows:— "If any member shall wilfully refuse or neglect to comply with the provisions of the Memorandum or Articles of Association of the Society or shall be guilty of any conduct which in the opinion of the Council is unbecoming of a member or prejudicial to the interest of the Society the Council shall have power by resolution to censure, fine, suspend or expel the member from the Society and in the latter case to erase his name from the Register of Members".

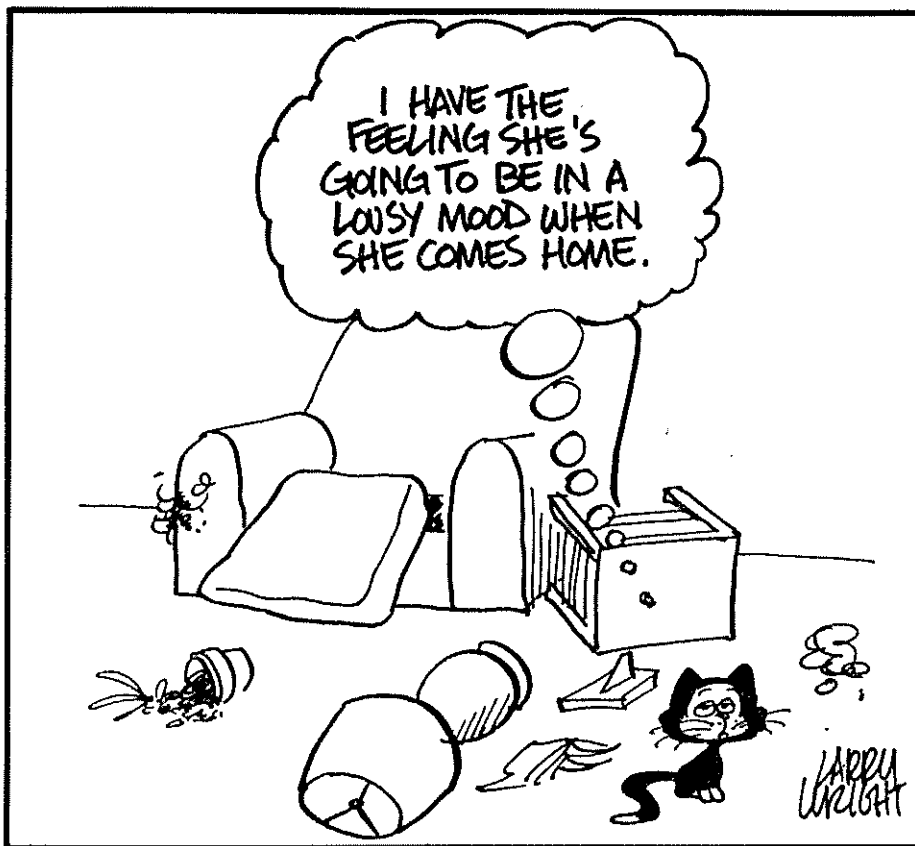
Delete the whole of the second paragraph which reads "Provided that no member shall be fined an amount exceeding the annual subscription of an Ordinary Member of the Society."

Clause 57 Insert the words "upon seven days notification in writing of her/his intention to attend" after the words "Council of the Society" in this clause which currently reads "Any financial voting member of the Society shall have at all times access to and the right to be present at any duly convened meeting of the Council of the Society but shall have no right to speak on any matter unless invited to do so by the Chairman of such meeting if such invitation is supported by a majority of the Council present."

Change the word "Chairman" to "Chair"; add the word "her/" in front of "his" and the letters "s/" in front of "he" where occurring throughout the Articles.

(b) THAT MESSRS. LOWER, RUSSELL & FARR BE APPOINTED NEW AUDITORS OF THE SOCIETY.

A member entitled to attend and vote is entitled to appoint a proxy to attend and vote instead of the member. A proxy need not be a member. All proxies must be in the Secretary's hands not later than 48 hours before the time of the holding of the meeting. Only financial members are entitled to vote.



Low-Cost Desexing Programs

These clinics are in the forefront in the fight against overpopulation.

(Ed. Note: The following article appeared in "Cat Fancy", August 1986 in the United States. We feel it will be of great interest to our readers and thank Mr. Brad Bonhall, the author, for allowing us to publish it.)

The statistics speak for themselves. An average of nearly 30,000 kittens are born every day in the U.S. At least 16,000 are euthanized each day, leaving a remainder of 14,000 kittens that compete with each other — and the previous day's 14,000 — for homes. And, as with any exponential population increase, these figures become worse by the hour.

One of the key institutions working toward reducing the cat population is the spay/neuter clinic. Some clinics are private; some are public; some target cats of low-income families; some are open only part time depending on their location; and some work by reimbursing vets, through private donations or tax funds, for performing the operations in private offices. The efficiency of neutering and the potential of certain localities to embrace the idea have resulted in many success stories:

- The Vancouver Regional Branch of the British Columbia SPCA neutered 36,000 cats and dogs in a three-year period. The shelter has had to euthanize about 55 percent fewer animals since the spay/neuter clinic opened in 1972.

- A group of veterinarians in Wisconsin began a program of neutering kittens and puppies at no charge, requiring only that the animals be brought to the office for the normal series of vaccinations. (They found, by the way, that performing free neutering made good business sense because it brought in hundreds of new clients.) The euthanasia rate locally declined by half.

- In Los Angeles, three clinics neutered 73,194 cats and dogs in their first three years of operation. Impounded animals during the year after these operations numbered 56,246 fewer than were impounded in the year preceding the program. Officials estimate that had the program not been started, the city would be impounding 207,000 cats and dogs annually instead of the 88,000 currently impounded.

● A group of 75 New Orleans vets, who planned to neuter about 500 pets at \$10 each during an SPCA Save the Animals Week, were astonished to receive responses from 2,300 pet owners. Although it took several months, all the pets were neutered.

● A Santa Barbara, California, shelter reports that it has euthanized about 55 percent fewer pets since a spay-neuter clinic opened in 1972.

Clinics that Close

Other clinics and programs, however, don't make it. They're plagued by nonuse, overly complex regulations, excessive operating costs, opposition from local private hospitals (some communities are opposed philosophically to anything that interferes with private business) or poor publicity. Some clinics never get off the ground, because it's discovered that the local pet population can't support a clinic. (A clinic in Boston operated for just four months in 1976 before it was closed. City officials said that budget constraints necessitated the closure, but animal-welfare workers said the operation failed because of insufficient publicity and regulations that stipulated that the veterinarian had to live within the city limits.) Still other clinic organisers fail to find a vet to do the work.

Starting a Clinic

While many low-cost surgeries are accomplished through referrals from agencies or groups to participating vets, others involve clinics set up specifically for the neutering operations.

Clinics don't pop up overnight — they're the result of research, planning, documentation and maybe even political lobbying.

Starting a privately funded clinic, naturally, requires more effort and financial resources than establishing a program that makes use of public funds. But in either case, advice from a humane organization is of great help.

First, you must determine that the locality under consideration does indeed have a cat and dog population sufficient to provide steady business. If you're going to rely on tax money, you need statistics at hand to show that low-cost neutering will ultimately result in lower city or county costs for stray animal pickup, sheltering, euthanasia and disposal. Even though the need for reduced-cost programs may be utterly obvious to you and vets, the bureaucratic workings of local governments often require facts on paper.

Next, you must find a veterinarian to perform the surgeries. A recently graduated small-animal vet might be eager to help as a means of making client contacts in the community, or you might be able to find two or more vets who could

each work part time. Legal considerations can dictate the setup of the clinic with regard to the vet's salary and his share of any profits; the Virginia Supreme Court, for example, ruled recently that vets working for nonprofit groups to provide discounted services using publicly owned facilities cannot compete with veterinarians in the private sector.

The Animal Protection Institute estimates that a clinic that performs 75 to 100 operations a week, at \$10 for a feline neutering and \$25 for a canine spaying, can afford to pay its vet a little more than what he'd earn performing regular veterinary care. The initial capital outlay for new equipment, the API estimates, is between \$15,000 and \$20,000. For this reason, many groups find that it's better to operate a referral, or cooperating, program. Instead of spending resources on new equipment or new buildings, organizers can work toward establishing a network of already existing clinics or private vets in the region. (New Jersey's Friends of Animals operates a nationwide network.) Pet owners simply contact the referral organization, which in turn directs them to the clinics or private vets.

Using such a cooperative system enables extra money to go toward publicity, a crucial element in any successful program. Many excellent methods are in use across the country to publicize the need for neutering. One good idea is to sponsor a contest among area children (and adults!) to see who can persuade the most pet owners to schedule appointments to have their pets altered. Don't forget to make use of public-service announcements on radio and TV stations. Again, established humane groups can be of great help in planning a public-information campaign.

Although hard work is required to plan, set up and run a clinic or cooperating program, the results are a godsend to cats and dogs all over the country. In conjunction with national efforts aimed at pet owners, sterilization programs can make a good-sized dent in the pet population problem.



*A kitten is more amusing than half the people
one is obliged to live with.*

LADY SYDNEY MORGAN

MEMBERS, PLEASE HELP!

To assist in our pressure on the State Government to attain one of our aims, namely compulsory desexing of domestic cats, we urge our members to write to their local State representatives, sending a copy to The Hon. Janice Crosio, Minister for Local Government, Dept. of Local Government, G.P.O. Box 5339, Sydney, 2001.

We set out below a suggested form of letter, but, of course, it is preferable to vary the wording somewhat. It is recognised that an individual personal letter is worth many signatures on a petition.

"As a committed and responsible animal lover I wish to urge the Government to consider introducing compulsory desexing of all domestic cats and dogs not registered as breeders. It

would be a great Bi-centennial achievement if steps could be taken in this regard. Desexing would have the following important benefits:—

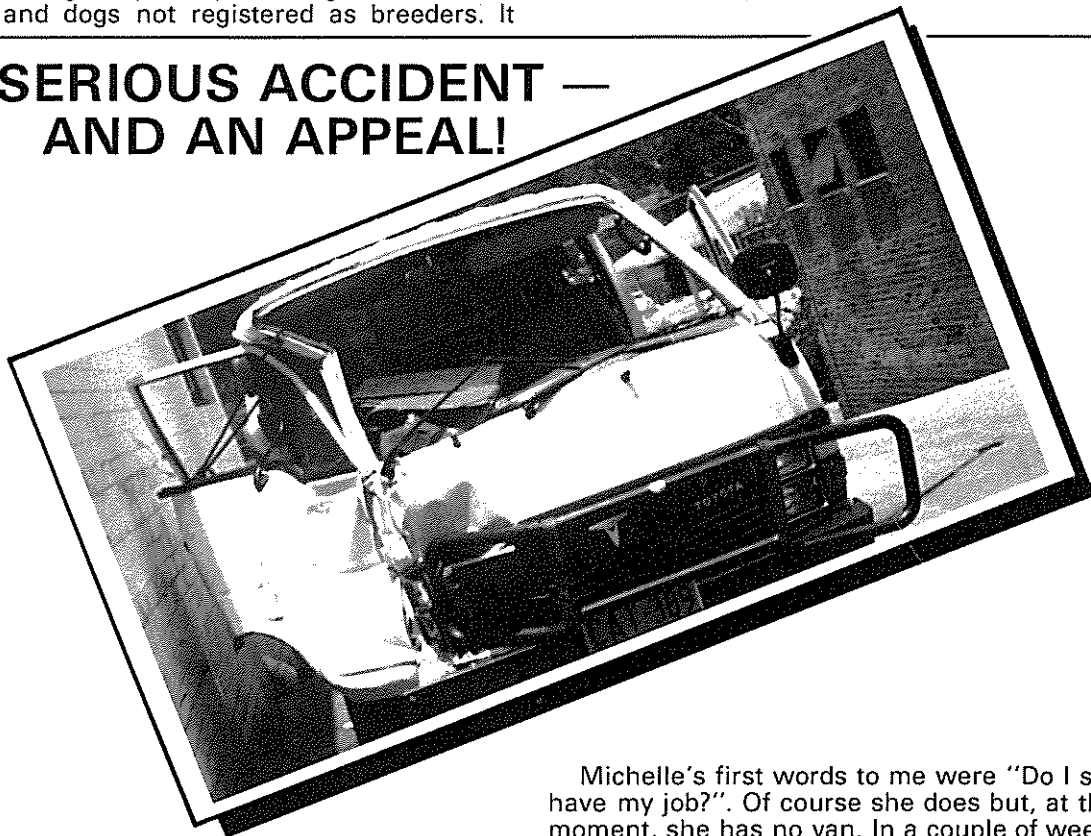
(a) It would greatly reduce the huge numbers of unwanted cats and dogs which have to be destroyed at great cost and sorrow to welfare organisations, and

(b) It would also reduce the numbers of native animals and birds killed by feral cats who are the result of overbreeding and dumping, and lessen the damage done to native flora.

The writer would be pleased to know your Party's policy on animal welfare as many animal lovers would cast their votes for the party which presented the most credible and enterprising animal welfare platform."



A SERIOUS ACCIDENT — AND AN APPEAL!



On 17th December, 1987, one of our ambulances was involved in a serious accident. Though technically the fault of our driver, it was something that could happen to any of us. A collision with a tipper truck made the van a complete write off. Michelle was lucky to survive. She was unconscious, had to be cut out of the van by the Police Rescue Squad but sustained — along with bruises and shock — only a nasty head wound and a still nastier, deep, jagged cut to her upper right arm. The tipper truck was heavily damaged but the driver was unhurt.

Michelle's first words to me were "Do I still have my job?". Of course she does but, at this moment, she has no van. In a couple of weeks there will be a replacement. Another Toyota Hiace, insulated in fibreglass, with double air conditioning, tinted windows and all the other additions necessary for the most comfortable transportation of our animals.

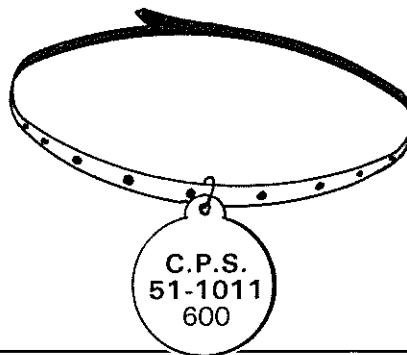
Insurance will pay some of the replacement cost (approximately half) but we are appealing to our members to help us make up the difference, without dipping too deeply into our reserves. How about it members?

NB: Fortunately Michelle had just set out on her round from home and there were no animals aboard.

REGISTER YOUR CAT WITH C.P.S.

By wearing a C.P.S. numbered tag on a collar with a safety elastic insert, your cat can be identified within minutes. A register is kept recording the numbered cats.

Collars and tags are available at the C.P.S. Enmore office for \$5 or \$5.50 by mail. Collars come in red, light and dark blue, pink, yellow, orange and buff.



NEW WELFARE OFFICER

LYN EDWORTHY is our latest recruit to the position of Welfare Officer — replacing Patricia Eslick. Lyn has recently spent 4½ years with the R.S.P.C.A. so has had wide experience in handling animals.

Asked about hobbies, Lyn answers simply "Animals" and then supposes she's a bit of a movie buff.

Lyn has 2 cats: Sebastian and Sachika (Japanese for "happy child"). 2 dogs: Scrubber (he looks like a scrubbing brush) and Jennah (it just sounds good).

All four are R.S.P.C.A. waifs.

She also has a tank full of fish and "Cheeky" the canary.

Here she is seen with Sebastian and Sachika.



A REMINDER!!

Don't forget that subscriptions fall due on the 1st June of each year. If you are in doubt whether you are financial or otherwise, contact our office on 511011. Remember, unfinancial members are not entitled to vote.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

(Please note: We no longer hold Box A523, P.O. Sydney South.)

Is your address shown correct?

If not, please advise change and return this panel in an envelope to:

THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W.
103 Enmore Road,
Enmore. NSW 2042

Name (Block letters)

Address *(Please print)*

Postcode:

(Previous address):

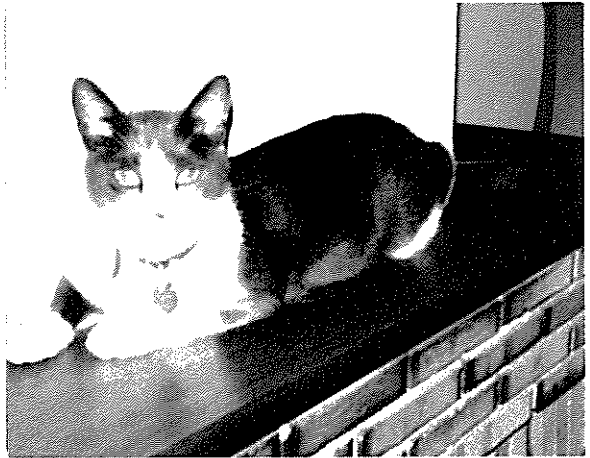
AUXILIARY NEWS

from Sybil Cozens

CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER

This, I thought, proved to be an enjoyable occasion and, judging by the noise, everyone else thought so, too. Next Christmas we plan to extend this to Members as well as Council and Auxiliary. It's only for a couple of hours in the late afternoon/early evening so that there's no transport hassle home as so often is the case later on. What do you think of the idea?

My usual 'thank you' on behalf of the Auxiliary for all donated goods and clothes since my last message. Naturally, we cannot continue without goods, so are always grateful for whatever you give — be it large, medium or small amounts. I thought members might be interested to see how we appeal to the general public by reproducing below out leaflet — mostly given out by our Welfare girls.

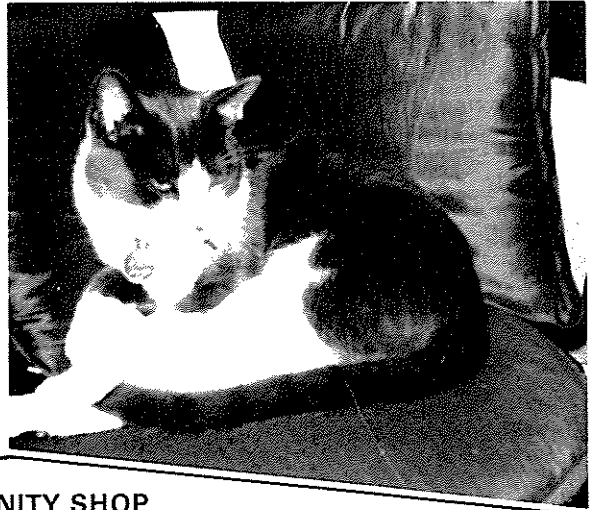


COAT HANGERS

Thank you all who volunteered to sew these up for me. We now have a good supply for the shop.

CHINTA

A follow-on to "A Taped Carton" which appeared in the last journal. Chinta — I have Anglaised the Indonesian name of 'Love' — is doing very well indeed thank you, having taken over the entire house, contents, cats and dog. As you can see by the photo there's nothing sacred so now the mantelpiece is minus its "Lladro" ornaments and HE is the ORNAMENT. My study is also a favourite domain as can be seen by the contented look on his face whilst "resting" in my antique Bentwood chair.



OPPORTUNITY SHOP

TO PROVIDE FUNDS TO HELP OUR WELFARE SECTION CARRY OUT ITS HUMANE WORK, OUR AUXILIARY RUNS AN OPPORTUNITY SHOP AT 103 ENMORE ROAD, ENMORE.

THIS SHOP IS STAFFED TOTALLY BY VOLUNTEERS, AND IF YOU CAN GIVE SOME OF YOUR TIME TO SERVE IN THE SHOP, SEW, KNIT, DONATE GOODS OR PERHAPS KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO IS MOVING AND HAS A SURPLUS OF POSSESSIONS, ANY OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES SOLD IN THE SHOP WOULD BE APPRECIATED:

KITCHENWARE, CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE, BOOKS, CURRENT MAGAZINES, TOOLS, RECORDS, PAINTINGS, MIRRORS, HOME-MADE JAMS AND CHUTNEYS, PLANTS, MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, TRAVEL GOODS, HANDBAGS, ELECTRICAL GOODS, CAMERAS, SPORTING GOODS, JEWELLERY (REAL OR COSTUME), LINEN i.e. BLANKETS, SHEETS, TOWELS, EMBROIDERED ITEMS, TABLECLOTHS, AND SMALL PIECES OF FURNITURE SUCH AS CHAIRS, COFFEE TABLES, TRAYMOBILES, ETC.

WE HAVE A PICK-UP SERVICE FOR BOTH SMALL AND LARGE LOADS.

SHOULD YOU WISH TO JOIN THE SOCIETY, DONATE GOODS OR TIME, PLEASE TELEPHONE 427 3828.

TOBY — THE \$500 CAT!

Readers will remember our story in the Christmas journal about Toby, and the kind lady who took him in as a stray and gave us \$500 to find him a home. We are delighted to be able to tell you he finally found a home from "Parklands" and is a great success with his new owners, and they report he is wonderful with their children.

SUBMITTED PHOTOGRAPHS

Dear Readers — When you forward us a photo for inclusion in the journal, we make every effort to get it back from the printer, but offer no guarantee that this will be so. If you would like the photo returned to you, please let us know.



"At a guess, I'd say you've been making too much fuss of the new puppy."

ON THE WINGS OF A SPARROW

*I weep for all the sadness,
All the torment and the hurt,
And I sometimes sit and wonder,
How much the struggles worth.
Then I hear the tiny chirping
Of a sparrow in the tree,
And I smile, for this small bird
Seems so happy and so free.
For this world is not all sadness,
There is joy for all to share,
Not for him to sit and ponder
As he wings his way, high in the air.
I watched this tiny sparrow
Until he was almost out of sight
And my cares just seemed to vanish,
It was as if, they too, took flight.*

Hilda B. York

The poem below was written by Joachim du Bellay in 1550 and sent to us by Mrs. Gwen Thompson.

MY SMALL GREY CAT

*He was my very dear
Companion everywhere.
My room, my bed, my table,
Evermore companionable.
And now he can't become
(Poor little puss!) - a TOM,
Sad loss by which his splendid
Line is abruptly ended!*



"Taxi!"



TERRITORIAL TAILS

ORIGINS OF COMMON EXPRESSIONS

"Like a cat on hot bricks".

17th century.

"When the cat's away the mice will play".

16th century.

"A cat has nine lives".

Heywood, 1546.

"Let the cat out of the bag".

18th century.

"What female heart can gold despise,

What cat's averse to fish?"

Thomas Gray 1716-1771.

CAT CARE

Never give your cat or kitten Aspirin.

Never feed liver more than once a week.

Ensure your kitten has calcium (tablet or powdered form) up to the age of nine months.

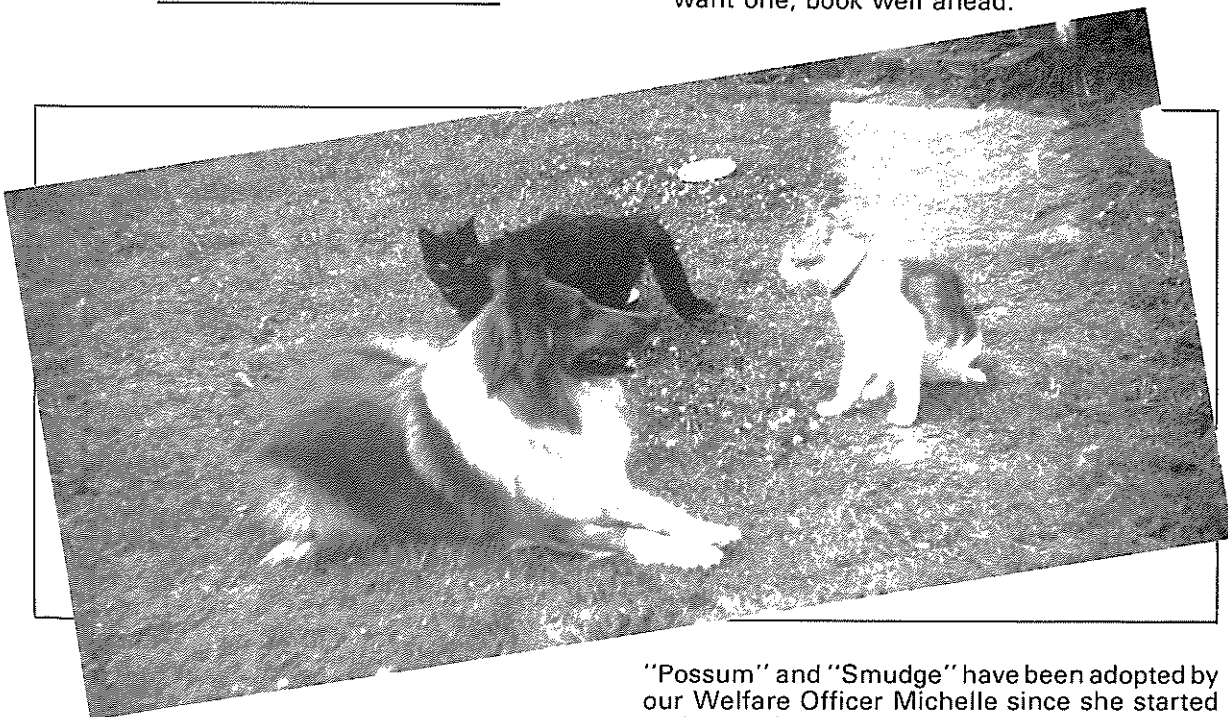
Always have a bowl of fresh water for puss to drink.

Cats and kittens kept indoors should have grass to nibble at least once a week.

DID YOU KNOW —

- It is untrue that cats see best at night. They do see better in the dark than humans, the cat's eyes being sensitive to ultra-violet rays of the spectrum and the pupils capable of larger expansion, thus admitting every particle of available light.
- Cats can live to great ages if cared for properly — the oldest cat on record lived to the ripe old age of thirty-one years!
- The word "cat" is practically the same all over the world — "Chat" (France), "Kat" (Dutch and German), "Kutt" (Swedish), "Kut" (Egyptian), "Kot" (Russian), "Kots" (Turkish) and "Ket" (Welsh)!
- When a cat hesitates on the doorstep, after demanding to be let out, it isn't just to annoy you. It is an instinct dating back to the days when wild cats lived in caves, and had to make sure there were no enemies about before they left their dens.

At a Minnesota (U.S.A.) hotel, you can get a room with bath and cat! The cat will sleep on the bed to keep your feet warm. Be aware that there are only three cats available. So, if you want one, book well ahead.



"Possum" and "Smudge" have been adopted by our Welfare Officer Michelle since she started with us. They don't look very scared of that beautiful dog, do they?

MEMORY LANE

A donation in loving memory of our darling Woodland Alexander, Mini Nicola and Sunnie MacBeth, who gave us so much happiness for 18, 17 and 9½ years.

Mr. and Mrs. McSkimming.

* * * * *

A donation in loving memory of "Pearl" my Siamese/Abyssinian. She was a loving friend and very good bed mate for 19 years. She will be always loved and never forgotten.

Beverley Harrison.

* * * * *

A donation in memory of my dear Suzie. We loved each other so much for 11 years.

Jo Tomkin.

* * * * *

A donation in remembrance of Fluffy, a beautiful ginger who belonged to my granddaughter Gina. He was her loved playmate and companion.

Mrs.G. Reynolds.

* * * * *

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 and Margot Tucken.

* * * * *

A tribute to "Paw Paw", our friend and companion for fifteen years. Sadly missed.

Kim and Gwen Williams.

* * * * *

NEWSPAPER READERS PLEASE NOTE

Members of State Council are submitting articles to the media on a regular basis ... about cats of course!

However, unless published articles are seen by Members of Council, we have no idea of the amount of media penetration we are getting. Knowledge of this would help us gauge what kind of subjects are more readily acceptable. For instance, we recently knew there would be the Feral Animal report in the Sydney Morning Herald's Good Week End but the mention of C.P.S. in the Daily Mirror of 10.2.88 was only realised when pointed out by a Member. This article was the result of Shirley Pikler's article on compulsory desexings, which lead to questions being asked and the subsequent article being included in the paper. Although the



article claimed Councils were 66% against this, at the least, the subject got a hearing and, of course, we will send out press releases to all papers giving our side of the story — AGAIN.

So Members can contribute to the success of our efforts by kindly cutting out and sending to 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, 2042, any articles that mention C.P.S. Of course letters to the papers supporting our views would be even more helpful. We just have to keep plugging along.

N. Iredale.

First, it was necessary to civilize man in relation to man. Now it is necessary to civilize man in relation to nature and the animals.

I believe that pity is a law like justice, and that kindness is a duty like uprightness. That which is weak has a right to the kindness and pity of that which is strong. In the relations of man with the animals, with the flowers, with all the objects of creation, there is a great ethic, scarcely perceived as yet, which will at length break through into the light, and which will be the corollary and the complement to human ethics.

Victor Hugo, 1802-1885.



My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world.

G.B. Shaw

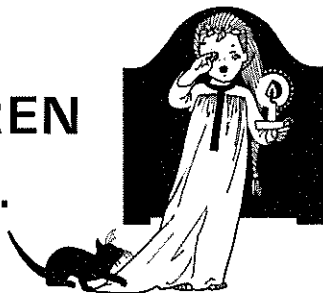


The fate of animals is of greater importance to me than the fear of appearing ridiculous; it is indissolubly connected with the fate of men.

Emile Zola, 1840-1902.



WHAT CHILDREN SAY . . .



Sometimes she casually sticks out a paw to wash and then she forgets completely what she was going to do with it. So she waits a few minutes and then puts it back down again.

Lucy Miranda Ward, 8.

I wish my cat had boots to wear,
For when the day is wet
He never stops to wipe his feet,
A fact I do regret.

Shirley Evans, 13.

Pets can bring happiness to many families and make old people feel less lonely. Just the presence of a cat or a dog can alter the atmosphere of a room and make it less quiet and lonely.

Mary Gregory, 13.

I think my kitten is so beautiful and I love him very much, I hope he thinks the same about me.

Alison Maher, 13.

Twelve o'clock comes, the curtains are drawn
The little cat comes, what's going on?
He heads for the kitchen, gets milk from the bowl
Then curls up beside me and keeps my toes warm

Anne-Marie McGuigan, 9.

A pet is something that people pour out their troubles onto. When with a pet people often behave like babies.

Serena Jones, 12.

When I am doing my homework she pushes her nose in my lap, and eventually I end up patting her and I have to do my homework after she's fed up with being stroked.

Lisa Picton, 12.

Cats possess a beauty all of their own, a supple, silent strength. Dogs are animals that make noisy demands and display their affection, while cats are content to live alongside their owners, remaining remote, independent and wholly mysterious. The unemotional stare of a cat gives away nothing of its feelings.

Simon Milligan, 12.

FERAL CATS

The feral cat is a widespread problem that will be with us for a very long time. No magic formula can be introduced overnight to control the ever increasing number of feral cats. It has a tendency to breed more frequently than the average domesticated house cat. However, due to certain diseases, cat flu and poor nutrition, it has a lower survival rate. Unlike its city cousins, wild cats who live in semi-rural areas or national parks, have no garbage bins to raid, no handouts from well meaning people, so their only chance of survival is to prey on our wild life and native birds. Already in some areas there are signs of our diminishing bird life. In the jungle the most feared of all animals is the big cat. It stalks, hunts and kills its prey with ferocity. In our national parks it is little brother who is undoubtedly King.

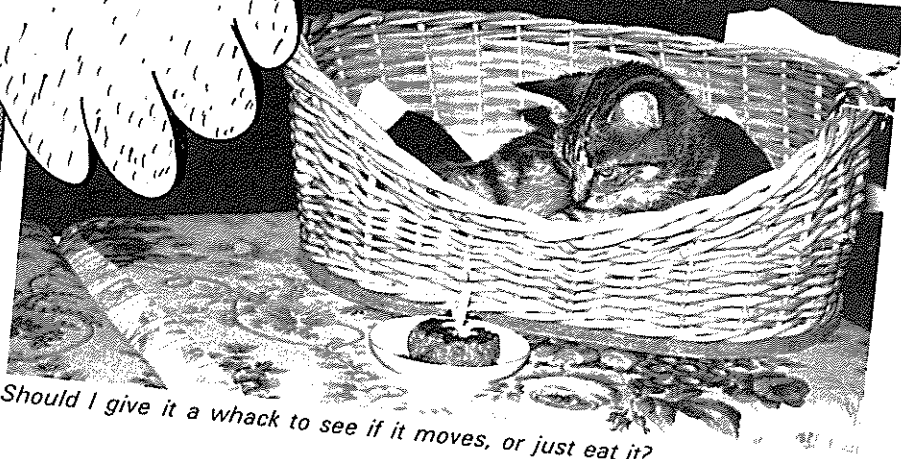
Rangers in our national park areas face a constant battle with the feral cats, and they admit they are losing the battle. In the wild, the cats are so cunning, so wary, so untrusting that the only means of catching them is by using special trapping cages. Much of the cause of the increasing feral cat population is the constant

dumping of unwanted cats and kittens by certain callous people who have not the faintest idea that this is totally wrong and criminal. No consideration is given to the poor cat or our bird life. Even the friendliest cat, once dumped, will eventually become feral simply because of its great fear of being alone and abandoned.

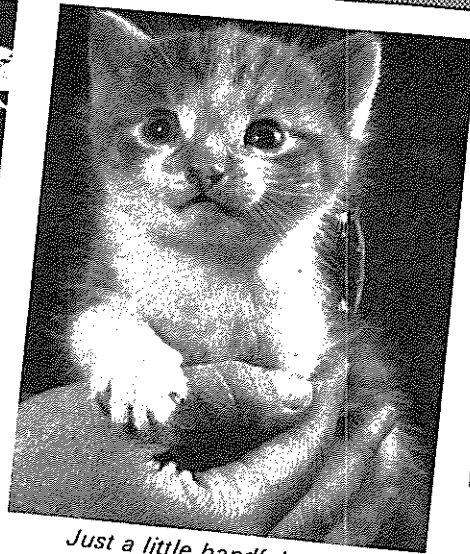
There should be more emphasis on educating the general public through schools, Local Councils, the Media and Ethnic newspapers. No avenue should be overlooked. The Cat Protection Society is doing its very best towards the city's stray cat population, one of the Societies who is showing a realistic approach to this enormous problem. The Society's aim is to encourage all pet owners to have both male and female cats desexed at an early age. Numerous requests to the State Government to introduce compulsory desexing have proved futile. However, the Society will never give up in this direction. As it stands now, the onus falls upon the pet owners themselves to see the advantage of having their pets desexed, and the importance of controlled breeding.

Lena Larsen.

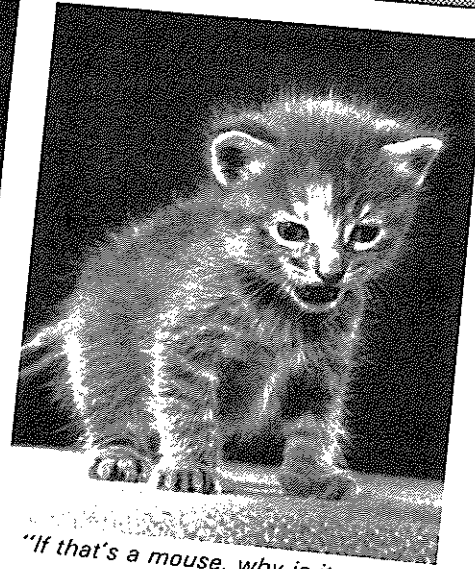
"FASCINATING FELINES"



Should I give it a whack to see if it moves, or just eat it?



Just a little handful of fur.



"If that's a mouse, why is it so big?"



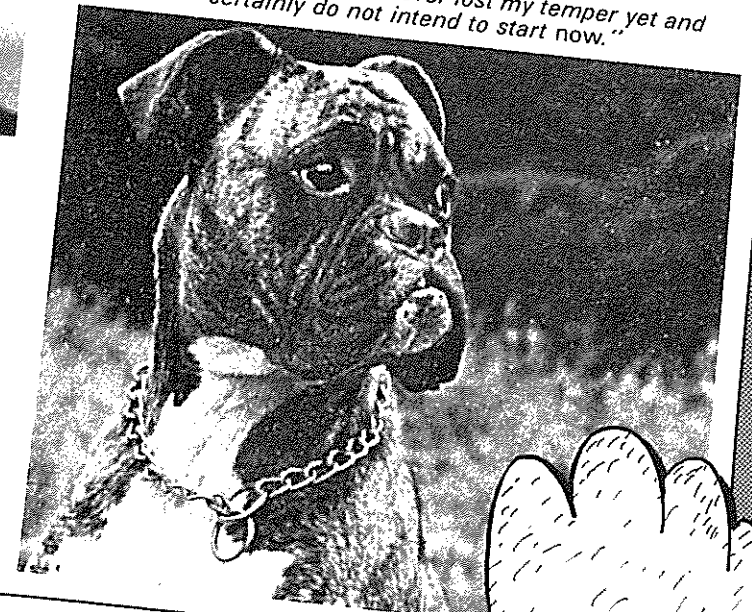
This was a respectable place before that hussy arrived.



"Fight like cats and dogs? Not us!"



Oh-h-h-h! I can't believe I said that.



"Look here, Sir! I have never lost my temper yet and certainly do not intend to start now."



IT TAKES ALL KINDS

The Welfare Section's contact with veterinarians generally is extremely good — one could almost say fantastic. Just occasionally, however, we are bewildered, surprised, and disgusted as we were last New Year's Eve.

A young hairdresser in an outer suburb telephoned about 3.45 p.m. having found two kittens in the lane, blind because their eyes were sitting on beds of pus. She was counselled and was prepared to take them to a nearby vet — I said we would pay the bill if necessary. There was a veterinary surgery just across the road, so while she waited I telephoned that surgery. I was really asking if the vet or his nurse would go over and pick up these waifs or, at least, lend a basket. Imagine my horror when the vet nurse to whom I had described the whole set of circumstances and our willingness to pay the bill, returned from consulting the boss saying he would not deal with us — as a third party or agent — but only with the client. No appeal from me made any difference.

The hairdresser said she passed a veterinary surgery on her way home, so we telephoned there. That surgery had closed at noon. So I advised her to get a box — put them in (not always easy for an inexperienced person) and take them to the veterinary surgery opposite and send the bill to us. I am sure this was done because she didn't telephone back. The vet involved is a well known critic of C.P.S., but it is worrying that animals should suffer for such petty behaviour.

Christmas Eve presented a problem of a

different kind. A resident of a retirement village telephoned, complaining that a tame mother and very young kittens had been dumped. Pets were not allowed in the complex; also no-one was prepared to succour them over the Christmas period. The area was the far north shore. One resident was prepared to take them anywhere to "get rid of them" there and then.

The first vet we contacted — the closest — would not accept them because he wouldn't destroy them, so I asked if he would hold them until we could pick them up — No. Would he take them and try for homes? — No. The fact that they would not be fed and maybe dumped made no difference. He said "I suppose it's a ostrich head-in-the-sand attitude but there are probably plenty of vets in the area who will take them in".

The next vet we telephoned said he would take them and euthanase them — the cost would be \$43! I know the lady took them there but my gasp of horror at the cost, hopefully has had some effect for no bill has been received — as yet.

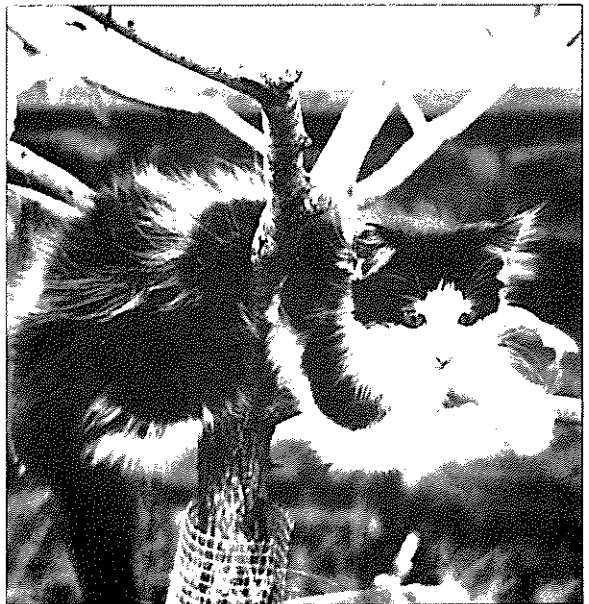
It is the writer's contention that vets are really unaware of the enormity of our over-population problem — until they become involved with us. They sadly soon admit that desexing but especially destruction are our only recourses.

On the other side of the coin — every day we ask favours of a long list of compassionate veterinarians, and we are truly grateful to them.

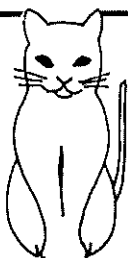
N. Iredale.

THE STRAY

*Monday he said that a crumb would do.
Tuesday he asked me to make it two.
Wednesday he said he'd prefer to have fish,
And not on a paper - he'd rather a dish.
On Thursday he said it was cold out there
So what about letting him sleep on a chair?
By Friday he'd made it perfectly clear
That - lucky old me! - he was going to live HERE.
On Saturday night he took half my bed
And woke me up early to get himself fed.
Today we'll share chicken because it's Sunday.
(I wonder what he would like on Monday?)*



I wish to proclaim that I love life to distraction.
Albert Camus.



PURRSON TO PURRSON



All God's Creatures

(Ed. Note: One of our newer members, Mrs. Audrey Walter, sent us the following, which was written by an English clergyman and appeared in an English Women's Weekly in 1982 — thank you, Mrs. Walter.)

If we honour God we must honour all the creatures of this world, for they are God's creations too.

One thing we humans are in danger of forgetting is the importance of animals to this world. Yet the Bible is clear: they are part of God's scheme of creation. According to Genesis 1:26-31 and Psalm 8:5-8, they are made for man's use and he is to have dominion over them. But always this is to be exercised within God's laws, so that man has a stewardship to fulfil on their behalf.

If animals were created by God and are themselves bidden to praise Him, then they have a dignity of their own which we must honour because we honour God. Perhaps people's lack of reverence for God is the main reason behind so much animal suffering.

Taking the Bible as a whole we are made aware of a harmony in creation, and it is this harmony which needs to be restored. In our strivings for the Brotherhood of Man we must not forget also to strive for the Brotherhood of Living Creatures.

Perhaps you have pondered, as I have, on God's real purpose in creating myriads of species — animals, large and small. Are they given to us simply as food and aesthetic enjoyment? Or does the Great Creator have some more enduring plan for them beyond this world itself? We can only speculate on this and note the long held belief that animals possess souls as well as bodies.

Jesus, we know, had a marvellous regard for birds and animals and often used them as illustrations of God's Kingdom. The birds, He said, do not make elaborate preparations — like sowing, reaping or storing into barns, yet God feeds them (Matthew 6:26). Not even a sparrow falls to the ground, He said, without God knowing (Matthew 10:29).

One of Christ's finest illustrations was that of a shepherd's love for his sheep. The Good Shepherd seeks the one that is lost (Luke 15:3-6): he knows each sheep by name and is even prepared to give up his own life for them (John 10:1-16).

All this was meant primarily to illustrate God's care of human beings — you and me — that if we look more carefully, the love for lesser creatures is unmistakable.



Snowy, a White Cat



In the past we had been a 'black cat' family, as much by coincidence as choice, also they were all much loved and long-lived so we did not have many replacements. 'Blackie' a large black Persian was nearly twenty when he died, and such was our sorrow that we felt we could never replace him or have another cat.

However, we were lucky, The Almighty had other plans! We started to get mousie callers in my kitchen cupboards. I tried traps but just lost lots of cheese with no results, then I found a little nest under the sink. I was frantic. Said my son "Mum, there is only one answer, we must get another pussy-cat!" so we did. We got Snowy.



What a fast solution: our troubles were over from the minute my son brought him home. What a cat he has grown into! Even as a kitten he "fixed the lot"; cockroaches, moths, mice, flies, spiders and anything else that moved! I think he has come straight out of 'Alice in Wonderland'. Such a beauty and not one black hair, a tallish, elegant fellow with a refined lean face and pink nose, and large bright mysterious eyes.

He is sensible too, as he always lies with his head in the shade when sunning himself, under a plant pot or table or shrub, whilst his body is stretched out to enjoy the heat. I had been warned that white cats got sunburned ears, but not my Snowy. Like most of us cat lovers I could go on forever about his wonders, but my son says "Mum, just say he is a good mouse-trap, and a bit bossy, and he owns us!"

Dorothy Skiller

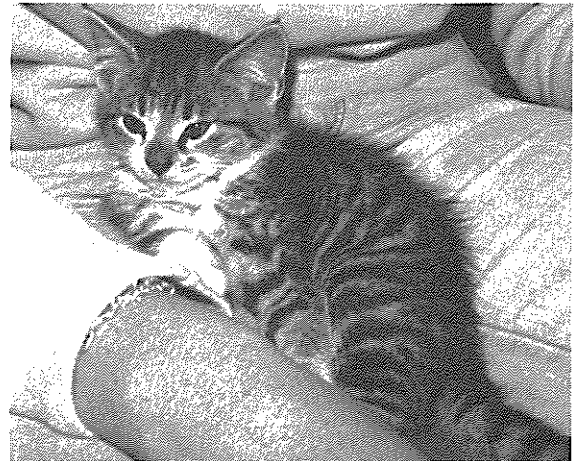
Eddy's Story

There was a well worn track between my house and Jane's. Usually the trip was long and monotonous until one night in March 1977 I saw a small creature in the middle of the road. As I approached it shot into the bushes of a nearby house. I groped around in the dark for several minutes and finally found a soft, fluffy kitten. Under the light of the street lamp I cast my eyes upon the plainest excuse for a kitten I had ever seen. Not one of the occupants of the neighbouring houses knew the kitten or was remotely interested in its welfare.

I was now the owner of a six-weeks-old tabby and white male kitten of doubtful parentage — mainly domestic short hair with a touch of Persian and Oriental as we realised later when he threw the odd tantrum. He snuggled into my lap as I drove to Cremorne; not moving for the whole trip.

Jane's face beamed with delight when I presented him to her. We called him **Lucky Eddie**, Eddy for short. The welcome from the rest of the family was not quite as enthusiastic. Initially he was confined to the bathroom but as his incontinence diminished (although never fully in control!) he was allowed more freedom. He was our constant companion, travelling everywhere with us, usually fast asleep on the dashboard of the car.

We soon realised that **Eddy** was an exceptional feline. His ability to fall into a narcoleptic state amazed us and our friends. No amount of prodding would arouse him until he was ready to wake, be he on his back with all four limbs outstretched or slumped over the arm of a chair. His snoring was deafening. **Eddy** was fearless and would perform death-defying stunts and balance precariously on any precipice available — indoors and outdoors — the only problem being his lack of coordination. His technique of walking along a paling fence was a sight to behold with the rear feet placed on the top rail and the front feet on top of the palings. It was hardly a feline gait. Often we would hear a thud on the lounge room floor. **Eddy** had once again lapsed into narcolepsy on the back of the sofa and just relaxed a little bit too much. Unfortunately his awkward sense



of balance would one day lead to his downfall, literally.

Much as we loved our firstborn surrogate child, he was not really welcome on our honeymoon and **Eddy** was boarded out with Jane's family. During our absence Jane's sister decided to take **Eddy** for a walk. Being an experienced bushwalker he took to the task with great gusto. Too much in fact and he disappeared in the wilds of the Blues Point wilderness on the Sydney Harbour foreshore. His guardian was devastated. How could she explain his disappearance to his doting parents? The search continued until nightfall. Notices were posted and even an elegy was written. **Eddy** was doomed for certain.

The search resumed at first light with a host of people joining in, young and old, cat people and non cat people. After a short while **Eddy** strode out nonchalantly from under the bushes, pleasantly refreshed from a taste of the harbour-front nightlife and ready to resume his humdrum life at Cremorne. Jane and I did not hear of this episode for quite some time.

While living with Jane and her parents **Eddy** seemed quite safe from that great enemy of the cat, the motor car, until one day we found a very distressed and bleeding cat at the top of the steps.

Diagnosis: HBC (Hit by Car)

Clinical assessment: shock, haemorrhage from the bladder and a dislocated hip.

Being "in the trade" was no comfort to us. We were very upset.

It was impossible to reduce the dislocation so a FHR (femoral head excision) was performed. The head of the femur was removed so as to form a false, floating joint to stop the bone to bone contact and reduce the pain.

The only obvious surgery that **Eddy** had undergone was a castration operation and he was predictably uncooperative when we tried to anaesthetise him. It took several experienced cat handlers to hold him. He was normally a lovable, affectionate cat unless you tried to confine him or hold him against his will. **Eddy** convalesced at our unit at North Ryde where we knew he would be safe. But we were wrong. We awoke one morning and could not find **Eddy** anywhere. Surely it was impossible for him to escape from our second floor unit? The spare bedroom window was open three inches. It was the only exit available, with a 30 feet drop to the ground below. Jane and I searched for several hours in the rain and had just about given up hope when we looked under our car in the garage, quite some distance from the site of his fall. There he was, wet and bedraggled, the only injury being a small cut on his tongue. He had only been in that garage once, the day we brought him home to convalesce, yet he knew it was home ground.

Our move to Badgery's Creek could not have come soon enough. The **one storey** house was on flat land and we were 400 yards from the main road. What luxury! **Eddy** mastered the art of lowering his tail as he walked under electric fences and enjoyed accompanying us to the dam for our weekly swim without drowning once. The dairy cows were treated with indifference as he walked between their legs. Not one kick connected, although the dogs were not quite so lucky. A summer evening walk was one of his many pleasures, as was sitting in the crisper of the refrigerator on those

scorching hot days. Our stay at the farm lasted 12 months and then **Eddy** resumed a humdrum life at Bullaburra. The monotony was broken up by occasional trips in the car with our two dogs. We did not travel far as he was becoming less tolerant of long journeys and would exhibit his displeasure by latching onto **Elsa's** ear with his teeth. **Elsa** was a 40kg Bull Mastiff cross, with fortunately, a very understanding disposition.

After several years of moving house we were able to buy a small cottage at Warrimoo in the lower Blue Mountains. It was a quiet area with a large block of land for **Eddy** to play in. He seemed happy there. Several months later we acquired another waif, a black and white female domestic short hair rescued from the local tip. She got on well with **Eddy** and our ageing Persian **Midnight**. As winter approached **Midnight** grew sick from kidney failure and I had to euthanase him. Never a pleasant task, but made even more difficult when it is one of your own. And then one day as I returned from an early morning visit I found **Eddy** lying at the bottom of the back steps. He was dead. There was not a mark on him. Jane and I were distraught and too upset to investigate the cause of death. He was buried in the garden and when we moved the next year his remains came with us.

I have known and treated many cats in my life but none has affected me the way **Eddy** did. People who were usually indifferent to cats were enthralled with **Eddy's** antics. The usual "Oh! I don't like cats" remark was cut short when they met our cat. His endearing personality encouraged several of our friends to be much more tolerant of cats and their quaint ways. They would say, "Please look out for a kitten for us but he has to be tabby and white, just like **Eddy**."

His life was short and action packed. **Eddy** lived life in the fast lane. He was our best mate.

Robert Johnson, B.V.Sc., M.A.C.V.Sc.



The Once Quiet House

Early in 1987 my home was quiet and orderly. My much loved cat had died after a long illness and I had resolved not to have another cat. 'I am too old' I reasoned. Then to this quiet house came two visitors—one over the front fence and the other in the back way. One was a starving tabby kitten and the other a young grey tom. Both so hungry, but both so loving. 'I cannot keep two cats' I said, and rang Cat Protection,

asking them to come and get one of the cats. They said it would be a couple of days before they could come. Two days passed and I was on the telephone again to C.P.S. 'Don't come' I said 'I'm keeping both cats!!' And now a year later, we are a happy, noisy family of three, no longer living in a quiet house.

Doreen Bottrell.



"Our Little Pussy Cat"

Recently, the renowned entertainers Madame Kuvani and Professor Kuva (staunch supporters of C.P.S.) gave a concert at a Senior Citizens Centre, with the Lord Mayor present. The Centre has a pet cat. After the concert, they presented an encore "Our Little Pussycat" a novelty song which they wrote themselves, and we think readers will enjoy the words:—

1st verse:

Oh do you know, dear Ladies and Gents,
It affords me the greatest of pleasure
To sing to you a song intense,
So listen at your leisure.
Now ev'ry night when you go to bed
I think you all should know
That little pussy cats instead,
On rambles love to go.

Chorus:

Yes! we have a little pussycat,
Lord Lucky is his name,
He loves to purr with a little her
But never takes the blame,
He thinks he is in heaven
When he is on a spree
For he knows what he's about
Every time that he goes out
Our little cute Tommy.

2nd verse:

The lady next door she had a she,
And when she did depart,
Our Tommy's grief it was so deep
It nearly broke his heart.
But suddenly he dried his eyes
Said 'it's mighty tough I know,
But to find another little she
I know just where to go'.

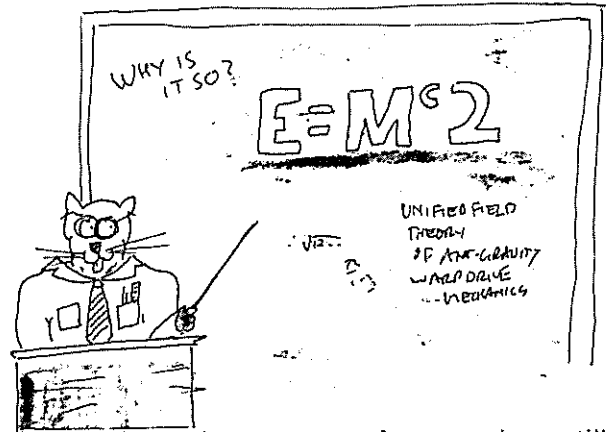
Repeat chorus.

Can Cats Think?

(Ed. Note: Mrs. Parsons read an article regarding the ability of cats to think, and as a result, sent us the following account of her own experience.)

Some years ago we resided in an inner city suburb. We already had three cats (all 'acquired' in the usual manner). A person living in a house at the rear of our home, had a dear ginger female cat who was never properly fed. Neighbours told us that when she had kittens and was no longer able to feed them, they were allowed to die.

'Ginny' as we called her used to come to us for food. After a time, it was obvious she was pregnant again. In due course she disappeared one day, and after two days returned for food, looking very thin. Four weeks elapsed when one morning as I opened the back door, there on the mat was 'Ginny' with a tiny ginger and white kitten. We enthused over her baby which appeared to please her. The next morning I opened the back door and there she was with a second ginger kitten. Thankfully, no more arrived. 'Ginny' was not a young cat. We were able to find a home for one kitten and kept the other one. Of course we also kept 'Ginny' and had her desexed. We moved to Berkeley Vale and took the feline family with us. 'Ginny' lived

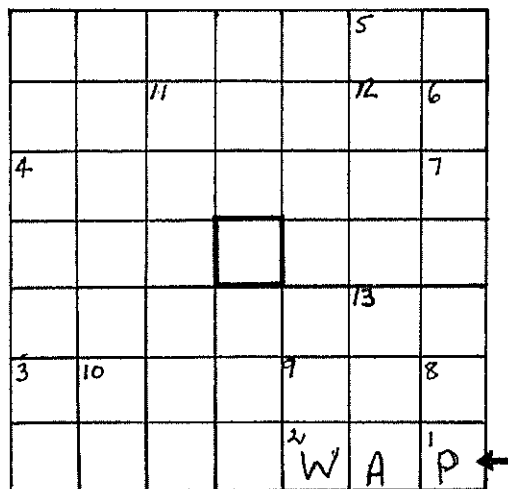


to be about sixteen years of age, and we still have 'Marmie' her kitten, who is now ten years old.

It is our opinion that 'Ginny's' behaviour in bringing one kitten first to be sure we accepted him before bringing the second one probably demonstrates her ability to think. A number of situations throughout the years we had her also suggested to us that she did have the ability to think.

Mrs. E.M. Parsons.

Chasing the Tail — A Spiral Quiz



The answer begins in its numbered square in the spiral. You are given the first or so of the solution in this way.

CLUES:

1. Foot of cat.
2. To get kittens used to food other than mother's milk.
3. Kind of food eaten.
4. Worm from fleas.
5. The darker coloured areas of the face.
6. Covering of cat's body.
7. A bend (in a tail, for example).
8. Type of short hair pedigreed cat.
9. What cats are supposed to like catching.
10. A popular breed of cat.
11. A solid colour.
12. An insect.
13. Full name for 'Aby'.

M. Oag, 1988.

The Moral Issue of the Roaming Tom

I live in a quiet suburb, sharing house and property with two adopted cats. Misty, a female, was left behind when her owner moved north and Smokey, the male, was left behind when his owner moved out of a unit. Both cats are desexed. They have a 'cat door' and never go on far walkabouts. We have one stringent rule and that is that they have to come home for the night, kitty litter tray being provided. We had a struggle about this, but I eventually outsmarted them by withholding the last meal as a reward for turning in.

Our peace was shattered last year when a large tom cat started strolling up the driveway each night promptly at 8.30 p.m., announcing his arrival with loud cat talk. It did not take long for him to find the cat door and come inside to urinate all over the place. My cats watched petrified, not interfering with his activities. I tried to discourage him, but to no avail.

One night I was awakened by a terrible cat fight, and as a result, wrote the following letter which was published in the local paper. My title for the letter was "Roaming Tom Cats" but this was changed by the editor.

Care for old Chums

I live in a quiet street in Matraville and am the owner of one dog and two cats, all desexed.

When I go to sleep at night all my animals come indoors, which assures me and my neighbours a peaceful night.

Most evenings at 8.30, a large white tom with some ginger markings, wearing a flea collar, walks up my driveway, announcing his arrival with loud cat-talk.

Unfortunately his owner did not bother to have him desexed and as a result when successful in sneaking into my house he marks the territory.

He even got into my car and put his seal on my dashboard.

One night he and another desexed tomcat had a screaming match which ended in a life-and-death battle in the front of my house.

I tried to break it up with a strong jet from my garden hose, but I am sure both animals got badly hurt.

If you have your tomcat desexed he will be much cleaner and more sociable and will not drive the people in your area to desperation.

He will not roam or fight.

It's a myth to "put the cat out" at night, they get used to staying indoors as long as a tray with Kitty litter or woodshavings is supplied.

Female cats should also be desexed as one female cat and her offspring can produce 7000 kittens in 10 years.

Most end up abandoned and starving.

If you have problems with your animals get in touch with me.

If you genuinely can't afford the full desexing fee let me know and I will try to help.

Get in touch by writing c/- The Southern

Courier, Mail Bag No 21, PO Alexandria 2015, marking your envelope "Desexing Campaign".

Name and address supplied.

You've guessed it — there was no response. Three months went by, and one day, in the early hours of the evening the big tom returned. This time his victim was my little Smokey who fought fiercely against the intruder. Fur was flying all over the lawn. I eventually broke up the fight, put Smokey on antibiotics and set the cat-trap for the night. In the early hours of the next morning I heard the trap fall shut.

My dilemma then started. What was I to do? The cat was really huge, full of scars and very angry. If I set him free he would never again go into the trap and would terrorise not only my

cats, but others as well. My argument was 'why should he be punished for being owned by irresponsible people?' I tossed up the possibilities — to have him desexed and set him free — or to have him put down. I took him to my vet whose opinion it was that even with desexing it would take a long time to change the cat's personality, and I might be in for further problems. The vet had a crush cage with one movable part so that the cat need not be handled and can be injected while in the cage. I was present when he was given the injection, and I felt a terrible bitterness about the ignorance of the human race and their attitude towards animals.

If anyone has a better solution please make it public; I know my case is not unique.

Mrs. S. Jerabek.

'Miracle Boy' — The Good and The Bad

(Ed. Note: Readers will recall in the August 1987 journal that Mrs. Willett of Budgewoi wrote about her beloved 'Miracle Boy' who had been born without eyes. Mrs. Willett has written again about him, and here is her story:—)

For those who didn't read my first article about 'Miracle Boy', he was born in a litter of bi-colours with three normal brothers. He is a white/red harlequin. Never having any eyes he knew no different, and thought he was just the same as they. He followed his brothers around, getting up to the same tricks and mischief as they did.

When 6 months old, he had a lump cut out of his shoulder and a smaller one cut out of his nostril. The vet removed the shoulder lump without an injection and gave him just a small shot for the nostril. 'Miracle' never complained.

Twice each day his eye sockets have to be washed (they run dark stain all the time) and wiped many times. He sits on my lap and lets me do it. As I'm writing this, he has climbed up on the back of my chair, licking my hair and purring at the same time. Any moment now his little paws will come around my neck.

'Miracle' loves to go out into the back garden, through two doors and down four steps, coming back and sitting at the door when he wants to return. I don't leave him long without checking, or watching him through the kitchen window.

He still amazes me. There's a tree in the garden where the honey-eating birds sit and take the honey, then dropping each flower to the ground. 'Miracle' sits, raises his head and as each flower falls, goes over to where it has fallen. I have to keep the lawn cut as he chases the bees on the clover flowers, and I'm afraid he might get stung.

A few weeks ago, a friend stayed here, building me a new cattery. There was iron, timber, etc. etc., lying all over the lawn. There is a pigeon coop in my garden, with Fantail Pigeons. When all the cats are back in the cattery about 5 p.m., the pigeons come down to pick up the grit, leaves for their nests, etc. One day they didn't realise 'Miracle' had gone out for his last little walk. Watching him through the kitchen window, I laughed for there he was stalking them, right low down, nearly crawling on his belly. He got to within 5 feet of them and looked as if he was going to pounce. I had to run out and grab him, as I could see he was going to run right into some corrugated iron.

The same week, this friend slept on a mattress on my lounge room floor. Every morning it was taken into my bedroom and propped up against the wall. The other house cats took no notice, but sticky-beak 'Miracle', within five minutes, had climbed up and was sitting on top of the mattress. There's not a thing goes on in the house that he doesn't check out.

When a litter of kittens is being born (always in a box in the lounge room) 'Miracle' will sit on a coffee table and watch the whole procedure, looking into the kitting box. Sorry, but what can I say — he just seems to have sight.

Before I go to bed each night, the kitchen chairs have to be pulled out from the table, and not too near the work-bench. One night I woke and felt the bed — no 'Miracle'! Had this friend who was staying been up and pushed a chair back close to the table, I wondered? I'd better check — yes, there was my 'Miracle' — he'd got onto a chair, then the table, then to a higher bench where the microwave is, and there he was sitting on this looking up at the 6 feet high refrigerator. "'Miracle', what are you doing up

there, I ought to smack you" said I. He turned around to my voice, and I swear he had a grin on his face. I lifted him down, kissing his soft little ears.



Miracle Boy, December 1987. 25 months old.

'Miracle' loves to play with the kittens once they are about 7 weeks old. When homes were found for my last litter, he went looking for them, making his own special little sound, calling them. I felt sorry for him and tried to imitate their sounds. Now, when we go to bed, we talk back and forth to each other in pussy talk. I don't know what we're saying, but at least we're communicating! All day I talk, even explaining things. Some people will say "She's mad". I'm not — I'm happy, and my cats are too. They give me more than do a lot of rude, inconsiderate, selfish people.

When I go to cat shows 'Miracle' has to be shut in the bedroom for safety. Stools, etc. have to be pulled away from higher furniture and other things removed. I don't want an accident again like the one when he was a little tot. There was a high scratching post which all the kittens loved to climb. 'Cobweb' was his special friend, and still is. She'd get up to the top and call him. He would then get up there with her. I used to turn him around and make him come down backwards. This particular day he went up and laid down and I thought he was going to have a nap. I turned my head away and Thump! 'Miracle' had jumped straight out, now down, hitting a heavy wooden coffee table. He lay motionless. I picked him up crying "Please don't die, don't be dead, 'Miracle'" — it was so dreadful. Slowly he started to move. That night the scratching post was cut into two smaller ones.

Now when he does get up on the table, he waits for me to come and lift him down. He's quite all right with chairs, stools and coffee tables seeming to have learnt the height of them.

'Miracle' was two on the 8th November, 1987. He is looking quite beautiful — so white and with a long silken coat and he has grown a lot in the last six months. Often I look at him, and feel so sad knowing that one day I shall lose him. How empty my life will be without this little 'Miracle'.

I have written this to make people aware that a handicapped animal can be kept, if a person is responsible and willing to give a lot of time and love. It will be repaid in full.

Mrs. S. Willett.

A Note of Warning

This is not a happy story. But, having just lost my dearly loved 11-year-old Suzie, I feel I must put this into the journal.

If any readers have a pink-nosed cat, please watch for early signs of a rodent ulcer, which is a form of cancer. Any little black spot appearing on the nose must be attended to immediately. Even then, after cryo-surgery, it can occur again, and one must be ever watchful. It's so hard to stop your cat from enjoying the sunshine, and ointment to diffuse the sun's rays almost impossible to expect puss not to lick off.

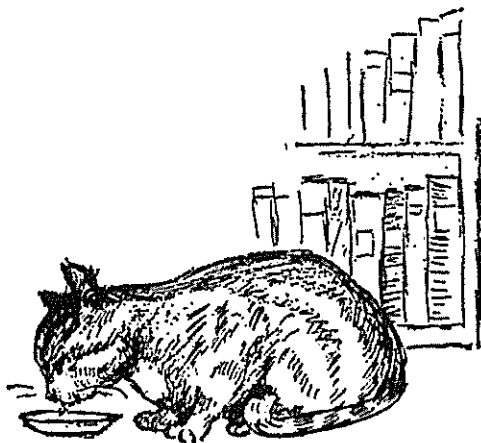
My Suzie was watched over and cared for like a child, and even then and after radiated "gold seed" implantation, the cancer grew again, finally travelling to the inside of her nose, resulting in her having to be put to sleep.

Please, please do watch your puss if she or he has a pink nose or pink ears.

Jo Tomkin.

Answers to Spiral Quiz:

1. Paw. 2. Weaned. 3. Diet. 4. Tapeworm.
5. Mask. 6. Skin. 7. Kink. 8. Korat. 9. Rats.
10. Siamese. 11. Self. 12. Flea. 13. Abyssinian.



Two Years Later

Two years ago, the Journal was kind enough to publish an article of mine entitled "First Day at the Opp Shop". A rather idealistic theme, I now realise. I think at the time I was hysterical with joy at having managed the day without making any major mistake! Today, I am sadder and wiser.

Sadder, because I have discovered flaws in the behaviour of some members of the general public I never would have believed existed. The shop lifters, and those who try to bargain us down on an article they know is already priced at one tenth it's real value. My particular "Bete Noir", the ones who rub off or remove price tickets, then insist the price is much, much lower.

Wiser, because I have learnt restraint. Many times when I have felt like telling a transgressor exactly what I think of him or her, I take refuge in saying, "Sorry, that article will have to go back to be repriced".

But there are compensations. To be able to produce just the right gadget for his bathroom tap an elderly gentleman has been looking for, for months. To send a deserted young mother-to-be off with a basket full of baby clothes for a few dollars, to see the pleased looks on the faces of some of the local ladies, as they try on dresses with prestige labels, which they would never be able to afford in the big stores.

Then there's the friendship. Sometimes I wonder how I could have spent so much of my life not knowing all the lovely Opp Shop helpers, discussing little sorrows and joys, sharing anecdotes about our favoured pets. Satisfaction at being able to do something towards helping the little cats less fortunate than our own, is of primary importance, so, members and friends, please join us, you are much needed, and as I have found, you will not regret it.

Barbara Kuhn.

My Cats

I'm a fairly new member of C.P.S. and thought readers might like to know about my two cats whom I love very much.

The photo is of "Puss". What a very original name!! We started calling her that after she was dumped at our place — we have a fish pond in the front garden with goldfish in it, and whoever dumped her probably thought "here lives someone who is looking after animals".

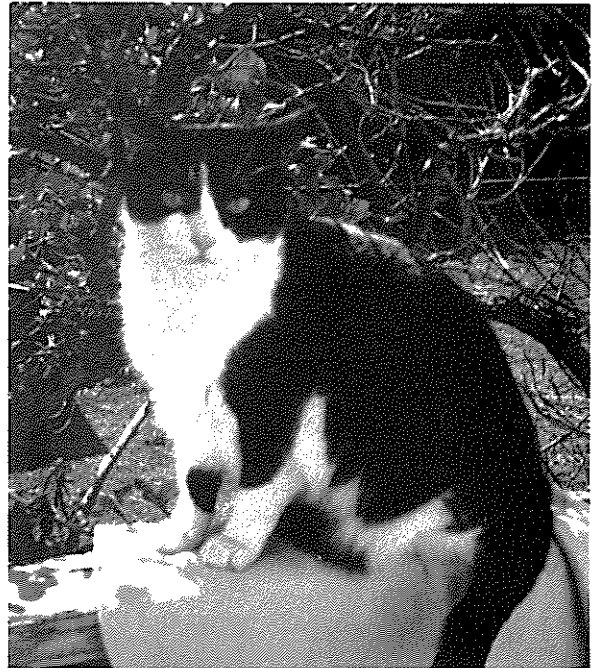
My second cat's name is "Smelley" — she had a most awful odour when I rescued her from a pet shop! She is a grey/bone tabbie. Both cats are desexed, of course. They get on very well together — just the occasional fracas.

A couple of years ago "Smelley" disappeared for about three weeks. I have no idea where she went. She re-appeared one morning for her breakfast just as if nothing had happened! If only cats could talk!

I live on a main road, but fortunately neither cat is interested in the road, and they keep well away from it.

They both love sitting on the bonnet of the car — especially when it is warm! Much to my husband's dismay — but he likes them too, although he thinks I'm mad for loving them as I do. I would like to have more cats, but we haven't enough space or time.

They are both just ordinary cats; they love their food and a little bit of attention. My husband and I work from home, and on Saturday



mornings they are allowed to come into the office and keep me company. They cuddle up on the floor or in a special tray lined with newspaper.

Barbara Champion.

The Tale of Mistress "Mouse"

I guess I must have gained a reputation in my neighbourhood for being a cat lover. My three cats are well known by the passers-by; "Wattle" in particular, for parading up and down the front fence for a stroke or rolling about on the front path for a "tummy rub". My growing reputation was graphically brought home to me a little while ago when George and son Theo who live nearby arrived late one afternoon with a very soggy cat (it had rained all day) and asked me to take it. They own a rather aggressive German Shepherd dog called "Cindy" who is not partial to anyone in particular, and definitely not to cats. I agreed to take the soggy cat, desperately wondering what on earth I was going to do with her. We were in the throes of assimilating our new (third) cat at the time, and all was not well!

Inspiration Number 1: 'I'll take her to Hilary and John (whom I had assessed to be cat-lovers) to mind until I can sort something out' I said. So off I went, and John agreed to take her in on a strictly temporary basis.

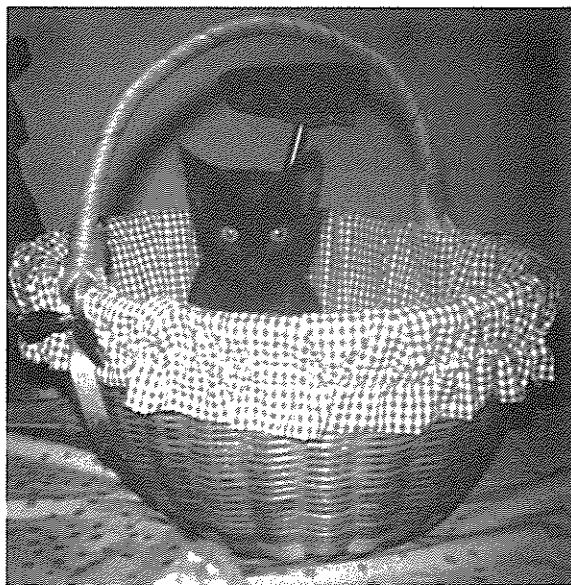
Inspiration Number 2: The eyes of the poor bedraggled little puss had caught mine, and I thought 'She might, just might be "Mouse"'. ("Mouse" belonged to other neighbours, Gina and Wayne.) So off I trotted to Gina's.

And ... "Mouse" **was** missing (presumed departed this world). Gina had been too upset to look, having lost two cats in unfavourable clashes with four-wheeled vehicles. So we all galloped back to Hilary and John's house, this time getting John out of the shower. Dripping wet, he tried to smile when Gina and "Mouse" were noisily re-united.

It was wonderful to be able to re-unite puss and owner, and I always hope that if the same mishap should befall one of mine, my neighbours would do the same.

Has anyone considered putting an article in their local "Neighbourhood Watch" newsletter to spread the word about the C.P.S. and our aims? It is great free advertising!!

H. Cooke-Yarborough.



Just before Christmas, Mrs. Trish Smith, one of our valued Opp Shop ladies, adopted little "Sasha" from Enmore. A cutie, we'd say!

"Baby"

Miss Vera Parkes of Eastwood sent us this photo of her "Baby" and "Pooky". Last August "Baby" unexpectedly and suddenly died and at the time of Miss Parkes' loss, her friend Betty with whom she has been friends for 30 years wrote her a beautiful letter of condolence. All our members who have lost their much loved puss cats, will appreciate the sentiments expressed therein:

'Just a note to let you know how very sorry I am to hear of your loss. Unfortunately any words that I can add could not express my feelings for you, and I think you have to be an animal lover to really appreciate what you are going through. Please be assured my thoughts are with you. "Baby" had a wonderful 9½ years, and experienced more love and affection in each day



of that time than most cats would be glad to get for just one day of their lifetime.'

A Fair Exchange

Arriving early one morning at the garage entrance to Enmore premises, I found there a young lady wanting us to find her young adult male cat a home. One of her flat-mates had developed an allergy to the cat.

Like so many of the owners who surrender cats, she thought it would be quite easy for him to be found another home. Julie Molnar explained that it was more than likely (because of large numbers of adult cats being surrendered) that he would have to be put down, and we couldn't guarantee him a home, although of course, we would try. The young lady said she would go and get him from the car and bring him to us. She was obviously a kind,

caring person for she had found the cat — a stray — and taken him under wing, had paid for his desexing, and obviously cared for him very much.

Quite a long time passed, and she didn't return. We began to wonder how far away the car had been parked and where she had got to. Eventually, she came, minus the cat, but quite upset and in tears. "I can't do it — I can't surrender him" she said. "I'll tell the flat-mate she must go and find other premises. I love him too much to part with him."

Need I say how thrilled we were to hear those words?

Jo Tomkin.

Cats, Cats and More Cats

Much has been written about cats, all cats, both the aristocratic varieties or their domestic counterparts. There has been happy stories, others sad, some good and some bad. Cats can be adorable pampered and much loved house pets, or they can be unwanted strays fighting for survival, but one thing about our feline friends is that they all have some mysterious quality about them, you never really get to know and understand them. It also goes without saying that they are very intelligent creatures. In ancient Egypt, they were actually idolised and worshipped and anyone caught molesting or killing a cat would face the death penalty. Today in modern Egypt their existence is probably ignored.

It is interesting to note that not everyone is a cat lover. They are indeed hated by some people. If anyone has a particular grudge or hatred against an animal it is the poor maligned cat that heads the list. But where would we be without them?

Cat lovers will all agree that cats make excellent pets. They are easy to care for, need no daily walk or exercise, will clean and wash themselves daily, and are happy and contented just be fed and have a warm and comfortable bed to sleep in. What more could you ask for? One thing is certain, if there is life after death and I could come back to earth, I would choose to be a much loved pampered house cat, with an owner just like me.

Lena Larsen.

Katherine

The tiny little mite pictured here is Katherine, named with respect after Katherine Hepburn — the weepy blue eyes reminded me of her. She was found outside my unit block late one night, alone, hungry and very, very tiny. The neighbour who found her couldn't keep her and brought her to me saying "You'll know what to do, you're a member of the C.P.S." I thought "oh, not another one" as since I moved here in 1981 I have had to 'deal' with six kittens, one of them being Tammy about whom I wrote in the August 1987 Journal.

A cat loving friend of mine had recently bought a house and was contemplating having a furry companion, and was intending to go to the C.P.S. holding cattery to select one, probably an older, larger cat. Another friend and I persuaded her to take Katherine. When she first saw her she said "But she's so small ..."

Katherine Killer Kat (or KKK) as she's now known, certainly fell on her feet! She has a



doting mother, a large house, her own kitty door, and her own garden. She was the lucky one. One wonders what became of the rest of the litter. Did the caring 'owners' of the litter dump one outside different houses in different streets? Did they expect the poor mites to survive? Do they have any brains???

Norma Gray

NEW MEMBERS

November 1987 to February 1988

NORWOOD, Ms. S.	Blaxland	McRAE, Mrs. G.	Dulwich Hill
ALLEN, Mrs. F.	Raby	DRUMMOND, Mr. & Mrs. K.	Coogee
CREA, Mrs. G.	Marsfield	STIRRAT, Mrs. G. (Life)	Lugarno
BYRNE, Miss G.	Moorebank	NOLAN, Mrs. P.	North Ryde
TIGG, Mr. N.	Frenchs Forest	DAVIES, Mrs. C.	Croydon Park
DUNN, Mr. B.	Parramatta	ADCOCK, Mrs. W.	Waverley
MACAULEY, Mrs. J.	Chipping Norton	HILTON, Mrs. D.	Clovelly
HUNTERS HILL COUNCIL	Hunters Hill	HAYES, Mrs. J.	Waverley
(Life)		GRULLEMANS, Mrs. A.	Ashfield
DREW, Miss B. (Jnr.)	Wahroonga	MARSHALL, Mrs. J.	Leichhardt
TAYLOR, Miss W.	Cabramatta	WILLEMSEN, Mrs. C.	Berowra
FURBY, Mrs. J.	Bass Hill	CAMPHUIS, Mrs. B. (Life)	Berowra
BARCLAY, Mr. R.	Mosman	FLACK, Miss T.	Ashfield
STEDMAN, Mrs. Z.	Cremorne	STADELMANN, Mr. E.	Paddington
FLINT, Mrs. A.	Earlwood	EVE, Mrs. J.	Engadine
GOLDWYN, Mrs. P.	Randwick	KAUKEREIT, Miss F.	Potts Point
MOORE, Miss L.	Lane Cove	SHEREVERA, Ms.	Blaxland
MONCUR, Mrs. J.	Elizabeth Bay	HOGAN, Ms. S.	Glebe
CLIFTON, Mrs. J.	Concord	KILPATRICK, Miss R.	Potts Point
BLACKMORE, Miss M.	Kensington	LOWE, Mrs. K.	Killara
STEVENS, Mr. A.	Strathfield	WATSON, Miss K.	Sydney
WATSON, Ms. K.	Cronulla	HATTON, Mr. R.	Earlwood

C.P.S. SERVICES WHOM TO CONTACT

	Telephone
● For all Animal Welfare Enquiries, including Ambulance Service, Desexing and General Administration	51 1011
● Opportunity Shop 9.30 — 4.00 Mon.-Fri. 9.30 — 12.00 Sat.	516 2072
● Pick-up for donated goods (Mrs. Cozens)	427 3828
● Membership Enquiries (Jo Tomkin)	713 8576

FORM OF BEQUEST

To those benevolent persons who may be disposed to assist this Society and its work, the following FORM OF BEQUEST is suggested —

I give and bequeath to "THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES", for the use and purposes of the said Society, the sum of _____ dollars, free of all death and estate duties and the receipt of the Treasurer of the said Society shall be sufficient discharge to my Executors.

The Society, being a corporate body, can receive bequests of real and personal property as well as money.

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

(Please cut out and return to address shown)

I/We apply for **Membership or Renewal of Membership** of the Society for the year commencing June, 1988. **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.