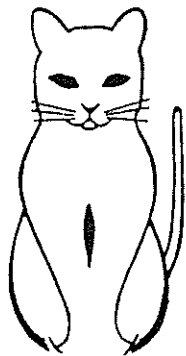


'CAT AFFAIRS'



DECEMBER 1988

# JOURNAL

CHRISTMAS APPEAL EDITION

The Cat

Protection Society of N.S.W.

(Registered Charity CC. 17122)



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 PAGE

Where does the year go? The time between Journals seems to race away from me and here I am yet again facing a copy deadline. That I'm sitting here at 6.30 am on a Sunday preparing this indicates that I should plan my schedule a little better but then life for all of us seems much more busy than it ever used to be.

Mind you, I'm delighted to be typing away on the Society's new typewriter, a wonderful electronic arrangement with all the bells and whistles, bought primarily because we've expanded our office staff to now include Julie Gorrick as our first paid administrative person. Julie comes with a stream of experience gained in journalism, publicity and other similar areas and will undoubtedly be a valuable asset to us as we head into 1989. Already she has come up with lots of ideas and is brimming with enthusiasm which one can't help being infected by. A very warm welcome is extended and I'm sure you'll join with me in wishing Julie every success as we see our Society evolving yet again.

On a recent visit to Melbourne I made a particular point of visiting Cat Protection of Victoria and spent a very informative time finding out how they do things down there. The staff and committee were tremendously helpful and ready to offer any assistance to our Society that we might need. They run their business a little different to ours, of course, however the commitment and dedication demonstrated by everyone I came into contact with had me heading back to Sydney full of ideas and plans. As the New Year unfolds I'll share with you

many of these and look forward to receiving your feedback. As CPS of Victoria receives a copy of our Journal I'd like to thank everyone for their support and encouragement, particularly Robyn Buttrose at the cattery itself and Maxi-Lou who is obviously a stalwart member of their Ladies Auxiliary. I also plan to meet with their President, Marie Parry, in several weeks' time and I'm sure those discussions will be equally as valuable.

When I look back on the year that was, I see another successful one with all issues handled with the objectivity and rational good sense I've come to expect from Council. We spend many long hours around the committee table discussing, dissecting and deciding on all sorts of matters which affect our Society and its work, and I am pleased to say that our commitment to getting on with the job at hand never wavers. Sincere thanks to everyone involved.

As we now head rapidly towards celebrating Christmas, and a brand new year is waiting in the wings for us, I'd like to extend an invitation to you all to attend the Society's Christmas get-together which is being held on Thursday 15 December. You'll find full details on the adjacent page, but last year saw us having lots of fun, so do come along and renew friendships, or if you're a new member curious about just what we really do, it's an ideal opportunity to have all your questions answered.

And if you aren't able to make it on the day, I'll take this opportunity to wish you all a happy Christmas and prosperous New Year.

Lyn Thomas

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## 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. Lena Larsen,  
Prof. Daria Love, Mrs. Robin Warner

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

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Miss Jo Tomkin, Mrs. Barbara Kuhn

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, Mr. W. Turner, Mr. H. Thompson

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# WELFARE REPORT

The dreaded kitten season is with us once again. As usual, beautiful Mums with new babies are appearing everywhere.

So far we have been able to place all the suitable, friendly kittens, old enough to go for homes.

We know the situation is much better than for previous years and we begin to be convinced that the hard work of welfare organisations is starting to show results ... no credit to any government moves to help us.

Our girls are right on top of the work and our vans are all in peak condition, with air conditioning working over-time for both drivers and cats.

Our co-operating veterinarians have continued their great work for us and for this we are very grateful.

Home finding figures are ahead of last year at this time so — all in all — the Welfare Section is in good order.

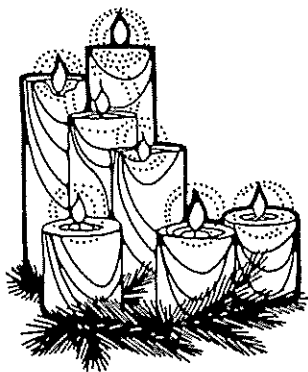
N. Iredale

## NEW WELFARE OFFICER

**JANNINE VINCENT** is our latest Welfare Officer. Jannine has three cats and two dogs, and they take up most of her spare time. She comes from a real 'cat family'; her mother is the proprietor of the Cat Shop at The Rocks. Jannine often helps out there. She began her working life as a vet nurse at a very young age, so is well equipped for our work.



## C.P.S. CHRISTMAS PARTY



As last year's get-together was such a success, State Council extends a cordial invitation to all to our 1988 "Get-Together" at Enmore on Thursday 15 December, 1988 from 4.00 p.m. onwards.

Daylight saving will be in force by then, so everyone will be able to return home well before it turns dark.

For catering purposes, will you kindly telephone Jo Tomkin 7138576 by 12 December if you can come. We do hope you will.

## OUR FRONT COVER

Miss Pauline Flack of Bonnyrigg drew for us the beautiful Christmas cover for this journal.

We are very thrilled that one of our members should take so much trouble for us, and thank you, Pauline, very much.

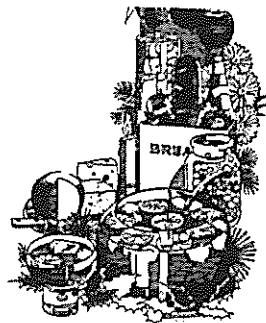
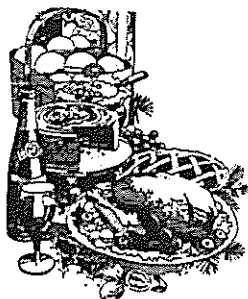
# 🎄 Win Our Wonderful Christmas Hamper! 🎄

There's something especially exciting in our Opportunity Shop window right now ... a giant Christmas hamper crammed with all the delicious festive foods you would want! There's a big ham, a plum pudding, a lovely fruit cake, tinned fruit and cream, savoury biscuits, Scottish shortbread, mincemeat, chocolates, smoked oysters and nuts. We've even included champagne and wine for the Christmas toasts, bon bons and decorations!

Raffle tickets in the hamper are 40 cents each or three for \$1.00. You can buy them from the Opportunity Shop, or send in (or telephone 5197201) for book/s of tickets (each book contains 10 tickets) and return the butts to us with the appropriate money (money order or cheque) not later than the 16th December.

We are sure your friends will want to join in the chance to win our monster hamper as well, and the more tickets you sell the more you'll be helping us raise funds for our work.

The draw will take place on Monday 19th December. You may care to return the butts (and buy some more tickets!!) at our Christmas party on the 15th December — see news about this on page 3.



P.S. When you're sending in for your ticket books, just mark your envelope "Christmas Hamper" so we can get the books out to you as soon as possible.

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## Central Coast Cat Care Inc.

The Woy Woy District Group has now been re-formed into an independent organisation with the title of Central Coast Cat Care Inc. and which covers the area from Woy Woy Peninsula, north to Gosford and towards the Wyong Shire. It is under the enthusiastic leadership of that stalwart lady, Mrs. Dorothy Haines, ably assisted by Mrs. Judith Parsons, Mrs. Doris Jackson, Mrs. Merlene Nichols and Mrs. Mabel Rafe, all of whom are continuing the excellent work they did for the Woy Woy District Group.

Good coverage was given by the local press which, together with advertisements, resulted in pleasing support of the opportunity shop and new membership from cat loving locals.

Mrs. Jackson (Hon. Treasurer) and Mrs. Parsons (Op. Shop Manager and founder) were the co-starters of this successful and dedicated

group which is the only organisation working solely in cat welfare in the Shire. They have worked like troupers to establish this group.

The Thrift Shop owes a great deal to the enthusiasm and constant support of the cheery "Sales Ladies".

For all aspects of cat care, desexing, advice, information and fund-raising please phone Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Nichols (043) 25 3163, or call in to the opportunity shop (opposite Post Office at Umina) — open 5½ days a week.

We extend our sincere thanks to the former members of the executive and Council of the Woy Woy District Group who served for such a long period of years to keep the cat welfare work going and who started the opportunity shop which is so essential to the flourishing running of the new group.

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## Auxiliary Jottings

by SYBIL COZENS

After my bumper effort of one whole page in the last journal I've decided just to wish you all a Happy Christmas and a very good New Year — and my usual thanks to helpers and donors.

A Bouquet to our Chatswood lady who knits those beautiful two-tone fluted tea cosies which are in great demand in the Op Shop.

The Op Shop will close after trading on Wednesday 21 December and re-open on Tuesday 3 January, 1989.

# Who, What and Why

As we approach the festive season, one is inclined to cast an eye and an ear towards the heavens and ponder over God's creation of the planet Earth and all the creatures that inhabit such, and try to assess and analyse the values that God (hereinafter referred to as He/She) gave to some of these creations.

First of all, let's begin with our four-legged animals. Take the horse for instance. Now here is a useful and valuable animal. It can pull a plough, take you from one place to another, win races and with a bit of luck put money in your pockets. The cow provides us with milk, the unlucky ones are usually sent to the slaughter house and finally end up as a steak sandwich (exit vegetarians). The sheep gives us wool; the camel takes us across the desert and even the domestic dog has its uses. It can protect your property, assist the blind and track you down if necessary. But what about the rabbits, the rats, the mice and the cats, yes, the cats. All prolific breeders with no specific purpose or usefulness. The more useless the bigger and better they breed. What in the name of heaven possessed He/She to make such an appalling error in judgement is beyond comprehension.

Next, we move on to the superior Homo Sapiens. We spend half our lives inventing ways to blow one another's brains out, cutting each other's throats, cheating, stealing, slandering and being cruel to animals. If, however, we manage to survive this holocaust and live to a ripe old age, the younger generation is hanging around like vultures waiting for us to die so that they can pounce on the nest-egg they hope to inherit. This is perhaps He/She's greatest blunder, creating the human race.

We now move on to the insects. Those six-legged creatures that can give you hell. The house fly, the fruit fly, the common flea and that humble mosquito. There's a good one, the mosquito. One has just retired comfortably in bed ready for a good night's rest when along comes the buzzing sound of a mosquito hovering around like a helicopter just above your head. It finally decides to zoom down and make a perfect landing on your left cheek. You whack it but too late, its bite has already penetrated your skin. Now who wants to wake up in the morning with a nasty big red mosquito

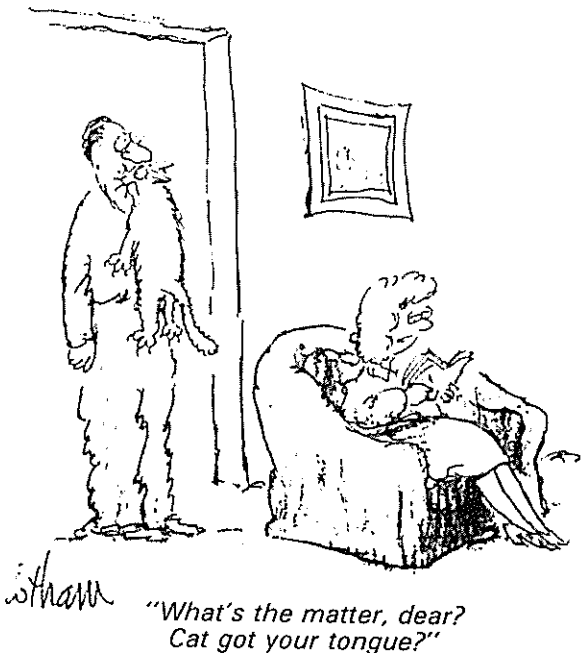
bite on their left cheek? Again I ask, what prompted He/She to create such nasty undesirables. Of course I won't dare mention the cute caterpillar. Before it turns into that beautiful butterfly it has the audacity to destroy all your favourite pot plants including your prized begonias. A sure case of here today, gone tomorrow.

Last, but not least we come to the birds and the bees, but let's forget about the bees and concentrate on the birds. At last He/She may have scored a winner. No one can deny their beautiful colours, the sweetness of their chirping and twittering just outside your bedroom window in the cool of the early morning. It can bring happiness and contentment to our soul. Even the grumpiest can appreciate this welcoming sound. The less glamorous of these species give us eggs and food. Of course I forgot about the pigeons but that's another story, and the list is endless.

Yes, He/She certainly created Earth, but what a mess! One wonders if perhaps He/She may have been a frustrated politician!

Merry Christmas to all.

Lena Larsen



## 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.

# Feral Cats

This has to be preaching to the converted but, maybe, it will give our members ammunition to bring about a better deal for cats.

We hear lots of complaints about feral cats and the damage done to the wildlife, and that is beyond dispute. However, it seems that no steps are taken to rectify the situation.

Many cats and kittens are dumped in bush areas — it's called 'giving them a chance'. It should be realised that very few of these domesticated creatures survive in the wild. They die a long, lingering death of starvation, tick bite or become the prey of other animals. Still, let just a few survive and, efficient breeders that they are, more feral cats arrive on the scene.

To my mind the answers are incredibly simple. Desex every cat not being kept by LICENSED BREEDERS and this, of course, requires an Act of Parliament to have any worthwhile effect. Why don't animal lovers and welfare groups rise up in a great burst of anger and DEMAND this?

Having at some time, probably in the Never Never, achieved this, the existing problem of wild feral cats has to be attacked, as at present I believe it is not. Some years ago I went one day

to a suburban national park when told of a white, tame cat seen in the picnic area. No sight of it could I find so I went to the office and enquired. 'Yes', they had seen the cat but done nothing about it. When asked why not they said they HOPED someone would take it home. That small tame thing may just be one of the few that become feral and breed. Therefore, why not attend to it while it was able to be handled and disposed of? In the course of the following conversation I learnt that at the small zoo within the park was a very small creature which was being 'watched' by a feral cat and they expected that the cat would eventually win the prey. I offered to lend them one of my catching cages but was told 'Oh no thanks, we have one of our own.' I ask you! Am I unrealistic to expect that catching cages should be set every night in national parks to begin to eliminate these poor, wild creatures ... or will it be better to leave them for a few more years until some hideous disease can be worked out which will decimate beloved pets at the same time as it rids the parks of a problem originally introduced by that wonderful species, homo sapiens?

N. Iredale

## WHY DESEXING IS THE ANSWER

Allowing a Mother Cat 4 female kittens a year, this is the table of her female descendants in 10 years. The kittens begin production the next year.

Mother										
1st year	4									
2nd year	4	16								
3rd year	4	16	64							
4th year	4	16	64	256						
5th year	4	16	64	256	1024					
6th year	4	16	64	256	1024	4096				
7th year	4	16	64	256	1024	4096	16,384			
8th year	4	16	64	256	1024	4096	16,384	65,536		
9th year	4	16	64	256	1024	4096	16,384	65,536	262,144	
10th year	4	16	64	256	1024	4096	16,384	65,536	262,144	1,048,576
Totals	40	144	512	1792	6144	20480	65,536	196,608	524,288	1,048,576

Grand total for 10 years — 1,864,120 female kittens.

## 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?

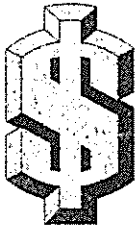
If you have not, we recommend that you

give serious thought to nominating a relative or other persons you trust to make the type of arrangements that you would wish.



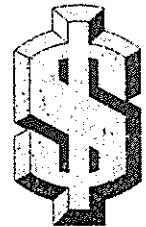
## Something different for a Christmas present?

Why not do as some of our members have done and give a year's subscription to C.P.S. to a friend? Not only is it an unusual gift, but may well help spread the word about our work!



### Donation Boxes

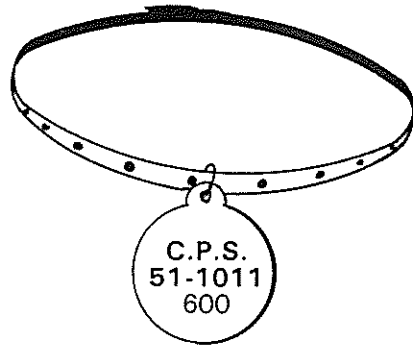
Mr. Morrie Booth has made us some impressive wooden donation boxes which we would like displayed in shops and other suitable outlets. Should any member wish to take one and be responsible for the collection and emptying of same, please telephone Enmore office on 511011, or 5197201.



## 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.





# ANZFAS — working on behalf of many animal welfare groups

*This society is a member of the Australian and New Zealand Federation of Animal Societies, known as ANZFAS. We belong to ANZFAS because we believe the animal welfare movement must be united to achieve meaningful animal welfare reform. ANZFAS is not simply another group working for reform — it is an umbrella organisation. It represents some 45 diverse animal welfare organisations in Australia and New Zealand.*

*ANZFAS, since it was formed in 1980, has worked to provide comprehensive written and oral submissions to the Senate Select Committee on Animal Welfare in Australia. These submissions are the work of many people brought together by ANZFAS. ANZFAS lobbies parliamentarians to achieve meaningful legislative reform to improve animal welfare, provides information to government departments, the media and to its member societies.*

*ANZFAS receives no government funding. ANZFAS needs your support. Please make a personal contribution to ANZFAS by becoming an individual member.*

*Whilst all voting rights will be retained by member societies, as an ANZFAS individual member you will receive an invitation to attend all ANZFAS meetings, an ANZFAS lapel pin and a 12 month subscription to 'Animals Alert', the ANZFAS quarterly news bulletin.*

*Please complete the membership form below and return it with your membership subscription to ANZFAS.*

## ANZFAS MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name: Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Postcode \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

Please indicate any animal society to which you belong already (if any) \_\_\_\_\_

MEMBERSHIP FEE: \$25 (Concession \$18)  
CHARTER MEMBER: \$200 first year (plus the annual membership fee each year thereafter)

LIFE MEMBER: \$500 (once only payment)

DONATION: \$10 \$20 \$50 Other: \$

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$

Cheques and money orders should be made payable to 'ANZFAS' and sent to:

ANZFAS  
P.O. Box 1023  
Collingwood 3066

BANKCARD/  
MASTERCARD

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry Date \_\_\_\_\_

## What is a Senior Citizen?

A Senior Citizen is one who was here **before** the pill, before television, frozen food, credit cards and ball point pens. For us, "time sharing" meant togetherness, not computers, and a "chip" meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant **hard wear**, and "software" wasn't even a word. Teenagers never wore slacks. We were before pantyhose, drip-dry clothes, dish washers, clothes dryers and electric blankets.

We got married **first** and then lived together. (How quaint can one be?) **Girls** wore Peter Pan collars, and thought "cleavage" was something butchers did. We were before Batman, vitamin

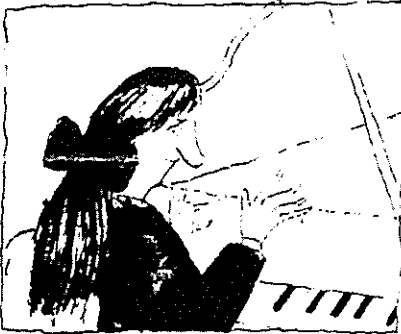
pills, disposable diapers, Q.E. one, jeeps, pizzas, instant coffee and Kentucky Fried wasn't even thought of.

In our day, cigarette smoking was "fashionable", grass was for mowing, pot was something you cooked in. A "Gay" person was the 'life of the party' and nothing more, while "Aids" meant beauty lotions, or help for someone in trouble.

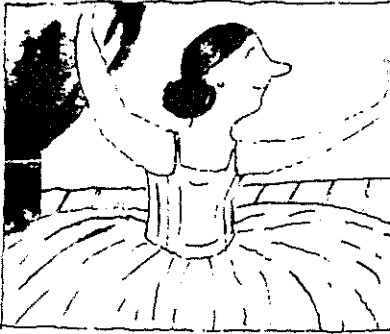
We are to-day's Senior Citizens. A hardy bunch when you think of how the world has changed and of the adjustments we have had to make.



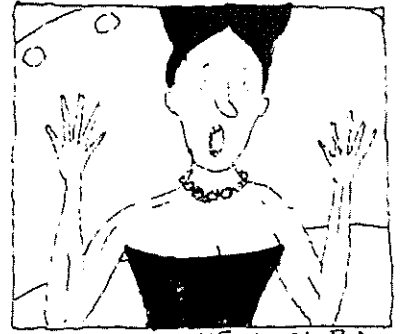
# a purpose in life



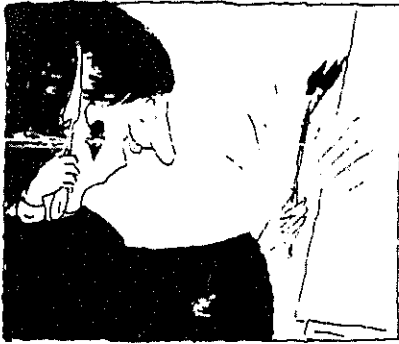
IF I CANNOT PLAY THE  
PIANO LIKE A VIRTUOSO,



OR DANCE LIKE  
PAVLOVA,



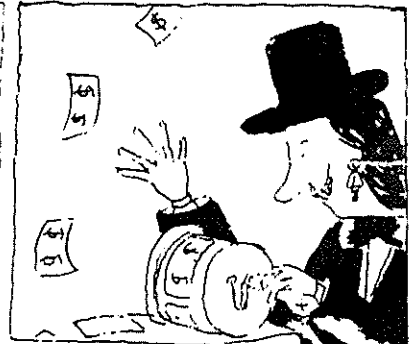
OR SING LIKE MELBA,



PAINT LIKE PICASSO,



ACT LIKE JUDY DAVIS,



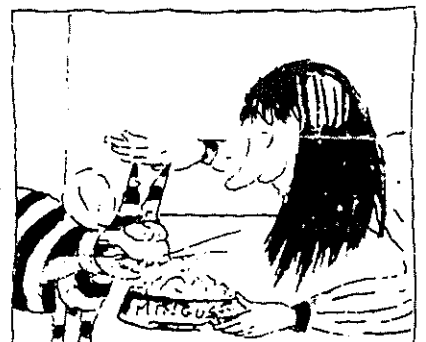
OR MAKE MONEY LIKE  
BOND...



WHY AM I HERE?



WHAT IS MY PURPOSE  
IN LIFE?

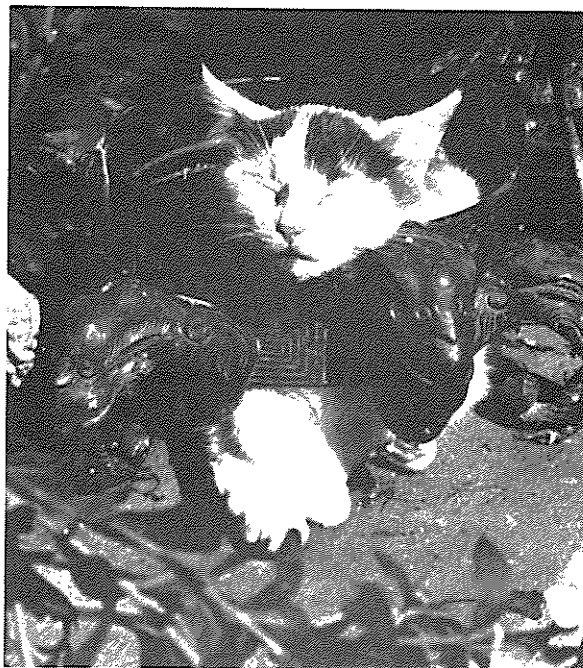


SOME OF US ARE PUT  
UPON THIS EARTH  
EXCLUSIVELY TO  
BRING PLEASURE  
TO CATS.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

*The cat as intimate domestic companion was portrayed by Auguste Renoir, Woman With A Cat (1880).*



Idleness is the root of all evil.

*George Farquhar*

In studying the traits and dispositions of the so-called lower animals, and contrasting them with man's, I find the result humiliating to me. Man is the only animal that blushes, or needs to.

*Mark Twain, 1835-1910.*

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

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

Name ..... (Block letters)

Address (Please print) .....

..... Postcode: .....

(Previous address): .....

# *To Commemorate the Bicentenary of Australia*



## *Renowned Entertainers*



### *Professor & Madame*

*Pay Tribute to The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W.  
and implore Members and their cat-loving colleagues to  
send what they can to The Cat Protection Society  
to assist its cat desexing activities.*

*Xmas Greetings and Best New Year's Wishes  
from our Nine Cat Companions*

*A Bicentennial Pronouncement  
"You may be hungry  
Or have a big thirst,  
But always remember  
The cats  
Must come first".*



## TERRITORIAL TAILS



'I'm very jumpy at the moment. Can't face a dog biscuit,' confided the first Pekingese to the second, 'and I'm not sleeping well, I get spots before my eyes, I'm terrified of cats —'

'Look here,' said his friend, 'shouldn't you go to a psychiatrist?'

'That wouldn't work, squeaked the first, 'I'm not allowed on the couch!'

*What's all the spit and polish for  
If life is just another chore  
With no time left for joy or fun  
Because of things that must be done.*

*The cat, relaxed from head to toe  
Requires no pill to make her so.  
She takes her ease, and that is that.  
It's time we caught up with the cat!*

\* \* \* \* \*

## PET STAINS

### To remove urine stains from furniture and carpets:—

1. Blot up urine promptly. Scrub area several times, with white vinegar, wiping **inwards**.
2. Cover with baking soda or corn starch. Leave for 4 hours.
3. Vacuum off, and then put ammonia on the area to deter the cat from going to that spot again.

This information supplied by the Department of Veterinary Science.

Cats are very enduring animals and tend to develop individual characters. They usually select one person in a family whose company they prefer, and that person must do the right thing by them if they wish to stay in their good graces. They are naturally clean and do not need exercising like a dog. They also have very good table manners, eating very gracefully. Cats are very neat and tidy animals and a joy to own.

## THE LEGEND OF THE SIAMESE CAT

Two Siamese cats, Chula and Tien went into the jungle to search for a royal goblet that was stolen from the temple. Upon finding the treasure, it was decided that Chula should remain and guard it while Tien returned to inform the priest.

For many days the faithful Chula guarded the goblet, so that eventually her lovely blue eyes became squinted. When sleep overcame her, she twisted her tail around the stem of the goblet to keep it safe.

When Tien returned, he found that he was the father of five beautiful kittens. So conscientious was Chula to her trust that she had developed a permanent kink in her tail. Moreover, all five kittens had similar kinks in their tails and their bright blue eyes were squinted.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the very creatures shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of men. For we know that every creature groaneth with us and travaileth in pain even unto his time.

*Romans, ch. 8*

# WHAT CHILDREN SAY . . .



My cat called Thomas tickles me with his soft fur he tickles me with his whiskers and makes me laugh I love him.

*Sean, 7.*

Cats are intelligent animals, they understand you in their own way. If you say something they will look up at you and you think they know what you say.

*Stephen, 13.*

A pet is muddy footprints on the kitchen floor.

*Sarah, 13.*

If it happened to be a cold night Sammy, my cat, would end up coming under the bed covers with me of his own accord (well, sometimes).

*Karen, 11.*

A cat is lovable with a complex mind that no mere mortal being can ever really understand.

*Jackie, 14.*

What a life he has! No school, no washing up, no house work, What a life!

*Robert, 14.*

You can teach a mynah to talk, and teach a chimp to walk, but you can't teach a cat anything — A cat knows it all!

*Stephanie, 10.*

I share my house with a family of four. They are an odd lot really. They spend all their time washing up, cleaning cars, doing housework, and so on. I don't see they get anything out of life.

I have a great time, chasing mice, rushing round the garden and, best of all, sleeping in the best armchair.

However, humans do have their good points for I find it extremely hard opening a tin of cat food or a bottle of milk!

*Edward, 11.*

---

## Legends about cats go back thousands of years

People can't be neutral about cats. Rabbits, elephants, sheep, goats, cows, even dogs, they can take or leave, but cats seem to arouse extremes of emotion. People either love them or hate them.

Since the beginning of time man seems to have had a fear of the black cat and a longing for the white. Not the black and white of coat colours but the "black" side and the "white" side of the cat's dual nature.

The gentleness of the mother cat, the ferocity of the hunting cat were the two aspects mixed together in all those early cat deities in Egypt, in early European fertility rites, in the legends of Finland and Malaya. Indeed, in a hundred mythologies the cat turns up.

Have you a tabby with a black cross between its shoulder-blades? Legend says it is a descendant of the cat which gave birth in the Bethlehem stable at the same moment as did the Virgin Mary.

D'you think you might be a bit of a witch? Want to prove it? You can turn yourself into a cat simply by repeating these lines three times. Wait! Think! You're sure you want to go? OK.

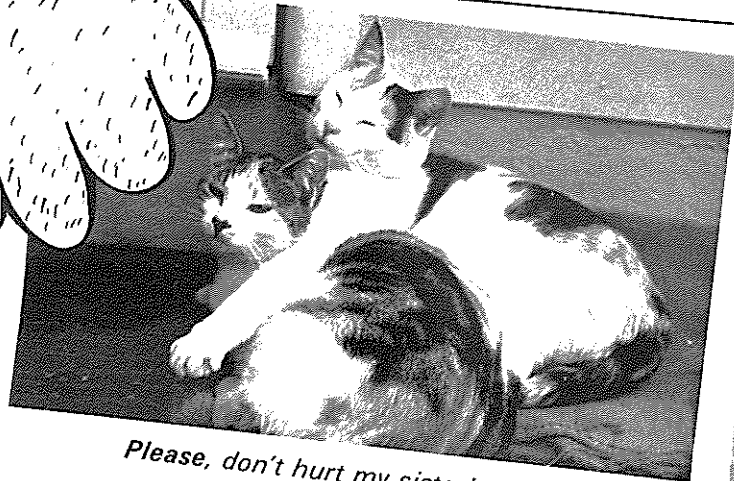
I sall goe intil one catt,  
With sorrow, and sych, and a black shott;  
And I shall goe in the Divellis name,  
Ay quhill I com hom againe.

Natural scientists have always been interested in cats, but all the mystery and emotion that has always surrounded the breed gave them some odd ideas.

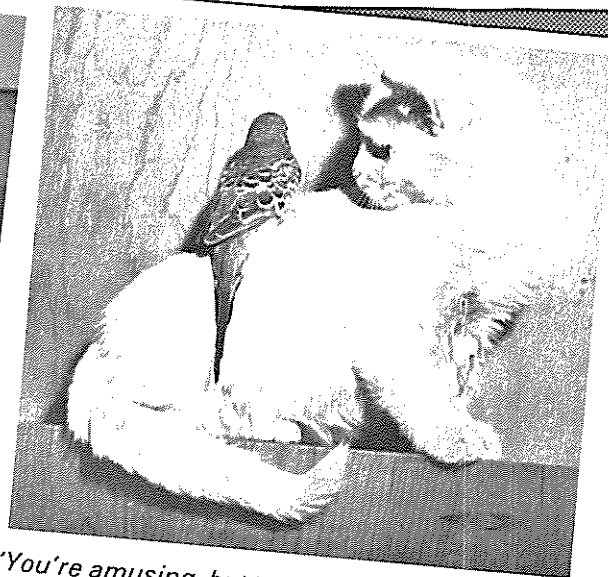
Plutarch, for instance, believed that the cat was impregnated through the ear, gave birth through the mouth, and produced one kitten in the first litter, two in the second, and so on up to a litter of seven, by which time the number of her young corresponded to the 28 degrees of light which appear during the moon's revolution. She then gave up having kittens.



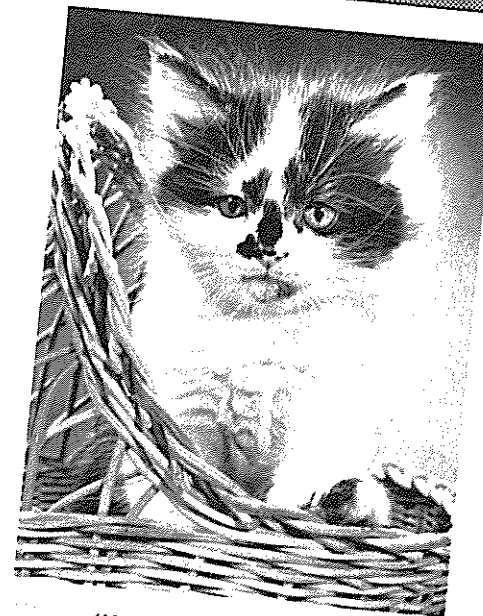
# "FASCINATING FELINES"



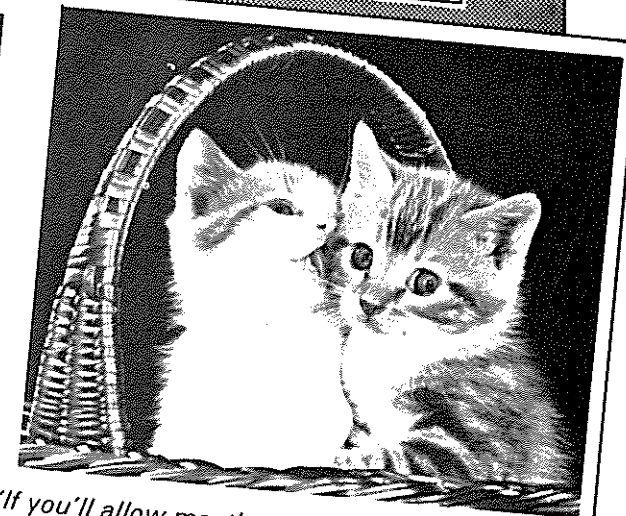
*Please, don't hurt my sister!*



*"You're amusing, but try not to be so repetitive."*



*"Mascara is rather hard to apply without a mirror."*



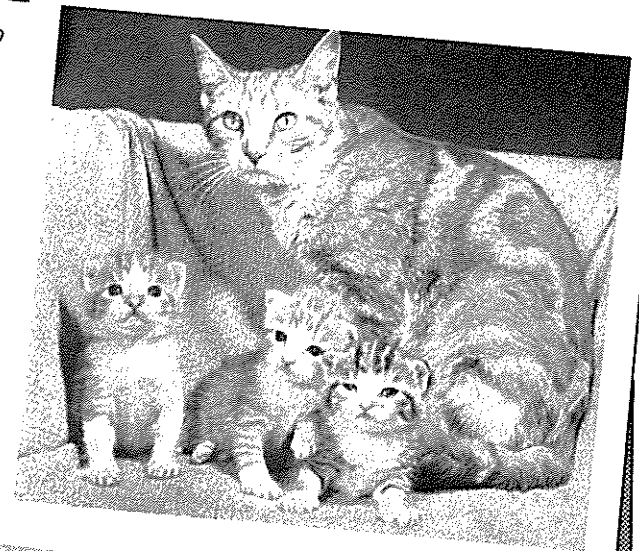
*"If you'll allow me, there's a bit of pâté on your cheek."*

*"I wouldn't know a good book if it fell on me."*

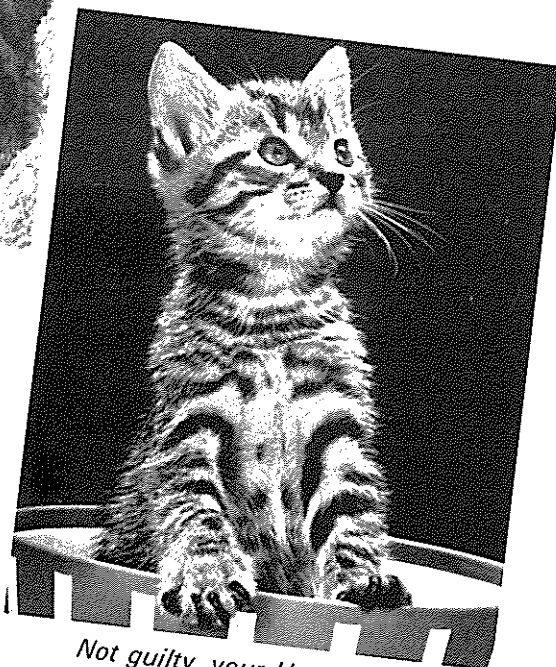


*"Here's an item for you."*

*"You're surprised? I was litterly shocked!"*



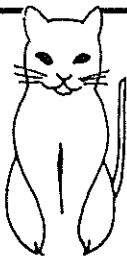
*They didn't mean to step on your tail. They were only playing.*



*Not guilty, your Honour!*

*One of nature's most sublime expressions of love.*





# PURRRSON TO PURRRSON



## The Kentwell Kats

"Always room for a desperate kitten". This is the motto of both my husband and myself, and, as a result, we generally have a fair number of residents in our multi-cat household. Our current family numbers ten, although, when confronted by the furry tidal wave that precedes feeding time, it sometimes seems like ten thousand!

Only two of our family were "planned" purchases, the two Persians, Marmaduke and Wiffles, our third Persian, Phluppy, was given to my husband when his owner could no longer cope with him. The remainder of our family is pure "alley cat", two of whom were Pet Shop purchases (Mongrellis and Sir Humphrey) the rest being "rescue" adoptees — Mouse was given to me by a girl at work who had rescued her from a farm dog. Phydeaux was rescued by my husband from being stuck up a gum tree — he immediately adopted us and followed us home. No-one advertised for, or claimed him. Bernard was brought home by my husband. Phiphi was dumped near my place of work, so I took her home. Oscar Ten was given to us by a friend when his (Oscar Ten's) previous owner's rented premises were sold and she could not find a new home for Oscar Ten (renting with a cat is not always easy!).

Since May this year our family has become indoor only cats when two of them (Rattus and Sahra) vanished under mysterious circumstances. No word was heard of them despite the fact they were both wearing collars with I.D. tags — I fear they were stolen for the fur market.

Prior to this, the shorthaired cats were given the choice each morning as to whether they went out or stayed inside; they were always inside at night.

They very quickly settled to the indoor life and as they have the run of the house and plenty of toys (and other cats) to play with they are not bored.

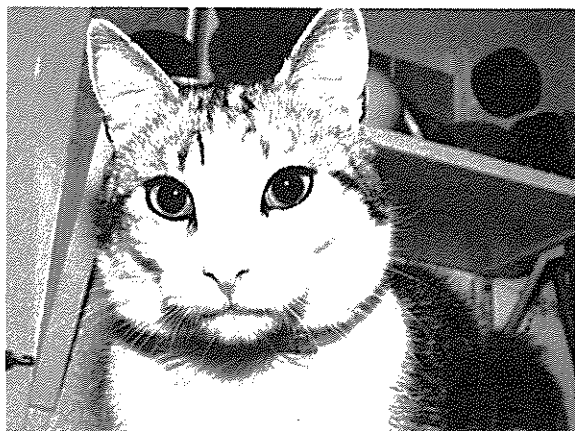
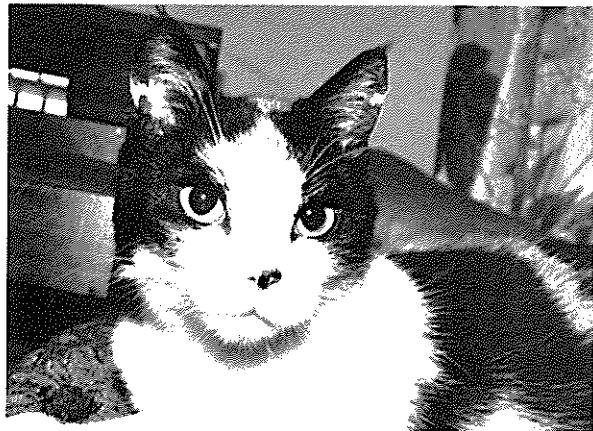
Since starting this article (over a month ago) tragedy has struck and we now only have nine babies. We arrived home on 22 September to find our youngest, Bernard, dead on the kitchen floor. She had got her head stuck inside an empty cheese wrapper and she had been unable to remove it. Poor Bernard, she hadn't even reached her first birthday.

We have lost a few over the years, and it is never easy, they always leave a hole which can never really be filled. However, we hope always to make our cats' lives happy, no matter how short a time we may have them.

Our cats are our family, and we love them and give them all the care and attention needed to ensure that their lives are well rounded and as healthy as possible.

I find that relaxing after a day at work and watching our family play, and having them come to us and curl up in our laps or arms or around shoulders, purring and trusting, is one of the nicest ways we can think of to end a day. What we give to them, they return to us with interest.

**Mrs. Jenny Kentwell**



*Two of the "Kentwell Kats"*

Miss Leone Napier wrote the following poignant poem. She wrote it for her puss Tiki, but readers will see from the photos of Tiki that after begging for, and getting the dollar, he didn't spend it wisely!!

## Wanted — a Friend (A Christmas Appeal)

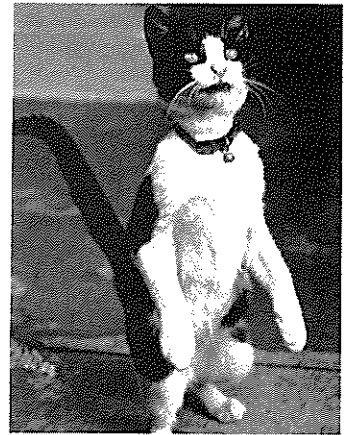
"PLEASE, can I have a dollar, mate?  
Just anything you could spare.  
It is a matter of LIFE or DEATH,  
So, please show if you do care!"

"PLEASE, would you be a friend, mate,  
And help me through this life?  
For a cat's life without any help,  
Is starvation, death and strife!"

"PLEASE, may I have some love, mate,  
If only a little I could share?  
I really wouldn't ask for much,  
BUT, I'LL GIVE YOU LOVE TO SPARE."

Leone Napier

*Sleeping it off!!!*

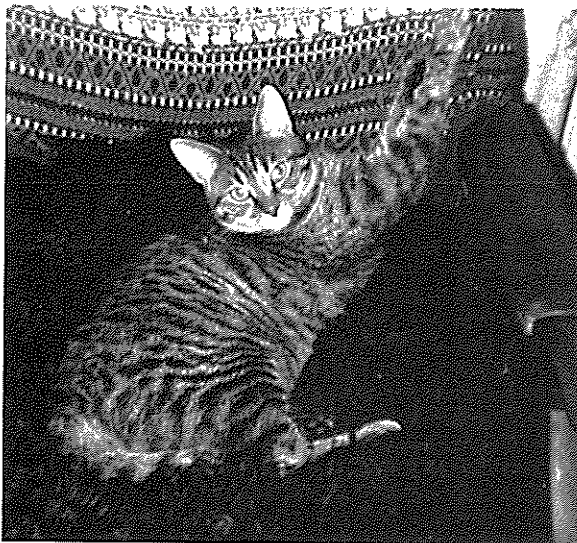


*"Can you spare me a dollar, mate?"*



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## Anastasia



This lovely tabby and white cat is Anastasia when she turned one year old last August. Her devoted "Mum" is one of our new members, Miss Connie Batchelor who tells us Anastasia was found, with her brother and sister, in a rubbish bin by a veterinary nurse. They were only about one day old, but this kind nurse reared them (quite a task!) and gave Anastasia to Miss Batchelor when she was 5 weeks old. Hopelessly spoilt with lots of toys, lots of love and fed sometimes on **grilled chops** (!!)

Anastasia looks the picture of contentment here. She has a pet toy mouse which she likes to put in Miss Batchelor's bed! She also produces the mouse when she wants a game.

Miss Batchelor is already a good ambassador for the Society, rounding up her friends for membership, and using her residence as a "depot" for goodies for the Op Shop — thank you, Miss Batchelor. We hope you and Anastasia have many happy years together.



# The Christmas Kittens

*Ed. Note:— Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson of Lavington, near Albury, are new and most welcome members of our Society. Mrs. Wilkinson went to a lot of trouble to write out this story which she found in a publication called "The Cat". We thank her, for it is a most beautiful story, which we know our members will love, and maybe shed a tear. Thank you, Mrs. Wilkinson.*

St. Francis sighed and bent down to speak to little angel Simeon, who stood respectfully before him with wings folded. "Simeon", St. Francis said "It is now four weeks since Christmas, and you have your usual job to do on earth at this time of the year. It is particularly cold and frosty this year, and the icy winds are whistling and the snow is falling fast, and many of the good Lord's little creatures are suffering cruelly."

Tears stood in little angel Simeon's blue eyes and his wings drooped sadly as he replied "Yes, Big Brother Francis, I know."

"Well, then", said St. Francis, "You must start at once. Take baby angel Benjamin with you. He is the youngest and has not been on earth before, so you must take care of him. Be sure you have plenty of wings packed, as more little ones than ever will need them this year. Little angel David and his brother Timothy have already started to fetch the refugee babies. Little angels Joseph and James have gone for the puppies, but the kittens are your concern. Little angels Rebecca and Rachel already have the beds ready and the fires lighted. Run along now." St. Francis smiled and patted the small golden head. Simeon bowed low and sped away quickly to find Benjamin who, as usual was playing ball with a white kitten Minerva. "Come, Benjamin", Simeon called, "You must stop playing now — we have work to do. We must go down to earth and bring home all the "Christmas Kittens".

"Christmas Kittens?" Benjamin said.

"Yes, the ones people give their children for Christmas and then turn them out into the cold to starve when the children get tired of them."

Little Benjamin's eyes grew round with horror. "Are there people like that on earth, Simeon?"

"Yes, indeed — many of them, I'm afraid. So here is your bag of wings. Let me help you to fasten it on and I will take the basket. Now we are off — take my hand."

They both stepped on a star and, unfurling their wings floated gently to earth. Little Benjamin looked wonderingly at the street slippery with frozen snow, and the long line of tall houses with twinkling lights.

Simeon led the way down a dark court to where, in a corner a small grey object lay shivering in the snow. The hair stood up on the

emaciated body in grey wisps, and the breath came in short uneven gasps. Tenderly Simeon lifted the kitten to his breast and stroked its head until it lay still and peaceful.

Benjamin gazed at it "Why, Simeon, this kitten is white and has a beautiful coat! I thought ..." He looked down to where the little grey corpse lay in the snow.

"That is only his earthly body. He doesn't need that now," Simeon said. "When he was given to little Timothy Anderson, he was a beautiful white kitten with golden eyes and a lovely bushy tail. Timothy was delighted with him — for a while — then he got other toys and did not want his kitten anymore. So it was thrown out and wandered about looking for food and affection, but no one would take pity. We will let him sleep in the basket now, for we have many more little ones to find."

They went up and down the streets and laneways picking up many pitiful little nondescript bundles, and always when Simeon held them to his breast and stroked them they regained their beautiful coats. Ginger, Tabby, Black, Tortoiseshell, grey and white, he laid them all, still sleeping, in his basket.

One black kitten, Simeon held to his breast longer than the others, stroking its head tenderly. "This one", he said to Benjamin, "was such a brave little kitten. One day its little owner went too near the fire. Her clothes caught, and only that this kitten ran to the little girl's mother and cried and cried to her to come, the child would have been burnt to death. Even this little girl grew tired of her kitten, and it was thrown out too."

And so the two little angels flew all over the earth, picking up all the abandoned Christmas kittens, and the strange thing was that Simeon's basket was large enough for every one of them.

"Now", said Simeon "Let us sit down on this bank and fasten on their wings." He opened the bag Benjamin was carrying and took out wings in all the colours of the rainbow. Pale blue for white, soft green for black and ginger, cherry for black and white and grey, and the littlest kittens of course all had snow white. As he attached a pair of wings to each kitten, it opened its eyes, sat up and purred.

Benjamin peered into the bag, "Simeon," he said "there is just one pair of golden wings, which kitten is to have these?"

"Why," replied Simeon "The clever brave one who saved the little girl from the fire. Big Brother Francis picked them out especially for him."

All the kittens were sitting round purring and blinking their beautiful green and golden eyes. "Now," said Simeon, "We are ready." And he flapped his wings, and Benjamin and all the kittens flapped their wings also, and Simeon leading the way, they all flew up into the starry sky.

When they reached Heaven, they did not go in by the Golden Gate, but through a little silver postern gate at the side with spring flowers — daffodils, primroses, cowslips and buttercups growing all round. Simeon knocked at the silver gate, and St. Francis, who had been waiting for them, opened it. The kittens, all purring loudly and joyfully, flew home.

And inside the silver gate stood a Child surrounded by a bright and beautiful light, and the light was so bright that all the kittens hid their faces in their paws.

Then the littlest kitten of all took courage and looked up. The Child was holding out His arms and smiling at the kittens, and His smile held all the love and tenderness and compassion that has ever been known or will ever be known.

And when the littlest kitten of all saw the Child holding out His arms and smiling, he took courage and began to run towards Him.

Then all the other kittens, when they saw the littlest kitten of all running, looked up too, and began to run, and they ran and ran, and when they came to the Child they nestled at his feet.

Mrs. Phyl Schott of Hurstville sent us these delightful photos of "Silver" one of her much loved cats.



*"Guess whose Mum's got an electric blanket!!"*

## How We Saved 'Basil'

Basil is a handsome ginger male. He used to wander across the road to our garden where we welcomed him, but if we got too friendly, he would become a little aggressive. However, we enjoyed watching him daily as he walked up and down the footpath or climbed onto the carport roof to get the most of the sun.

Then one day his owner approached us "Oh, can you help, you are my last resort. I'm leaving, and am not allowed to have animals in my new place."

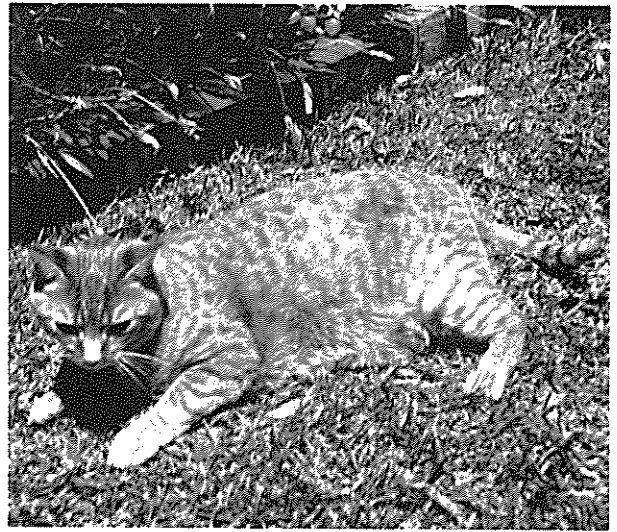
We considered the matter but already having three cats (all strays initially) could not really help, but discussed the matter with the various

people who were all sympathetic, but either had a cat or were not allowed to have one. Several agreed to help feed Basil but could not accept full responsibility for him.

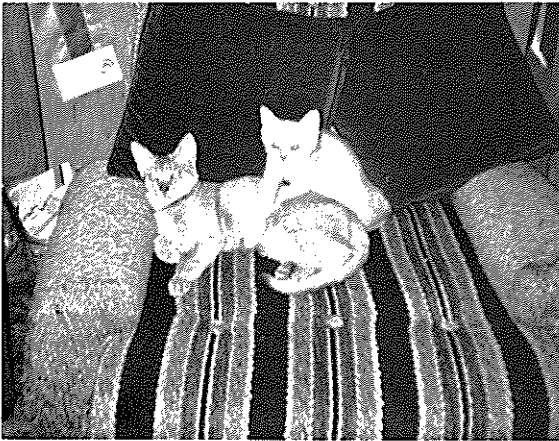
Later we heard that a Mrs. H. had decided that he could be looked after as their cat was very old and they did like Basil.

So Basil's owner departed, and Basil gradually got used to feeding at Mrs. H.'s, despite objections from old "Pussy" but there is still a bowl where he used to live. He still visits his old home and we still frequently see him happily (us, too) asleep on the carport roof.

**Mr. and Mrs. W. Jacobs**



Three years ago, Mr. John Watters of St. Leonards was given these two cats as a birthday present, via C.P.S. He's very proud of them, and rightly so don't you think?



Readers will have been saddened, as we were, when in the August journal we had to advise of Mrs. Shirley Willett's Miracle Boy's death. To help lessen the grief of his death, Shirley got Dancer and Chinta. They look to be a pair of sweeties, and we hope they bring much joy to you, Shirley for many, many years.

## THE HOMELESS CATS

*The homeless cats line up on the path*

*Awaiting their daily feed*

*They sit down grooming and having a bath*  
*While their eyes are watching the road.*

*They wait for the sight of the little white car*  
*and the lady who gives them a meal*

*They hear the sound as it comes from afar*  
*Before any human ear will.*

*At last it comes and they gather around*  
*Black and white, tabby and grey.*

*In pairs or alone they eat on the ground*  
*Steak, pet food, roo meat and milk.*

*After the meal they sit down and purr*

*While the scraps are gathered up*

*They lay down a while and groom their fur*  
*and watch the little car drive off.*

*In the caves and bushes in the park*

*Each cat goes to its hiding place*

*There to wait until it is dark*

*and then go on its nightly chase.*

*Next morning they line up again*

*Watched by curious passers by*

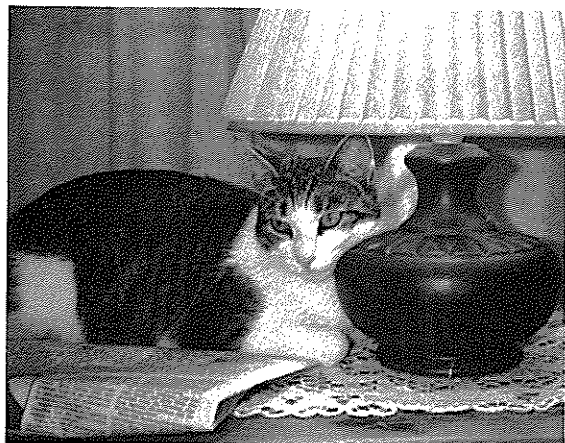
*Whether hot or cold, sunshine or rain*

*They wait for their meal for the day.*

Miss Mary Tate



Lucy, who belongs to Councillor Daria Love, is certainly getting into the Christmas spirit, bedecking herself out with festive tinsel!



In the August 1987 journal we wrote a little story, complete with picture about Tammy which member Norma Gray had taken under her wing when neighbours had rejected her. Look at her now 12 months later! What a beauty she has grown into, and is much adored by Norma.

## CAT TRAIL

In each of the following sentences is hidden a word representing a colour, marking or body shape of a cat. Can you find the thirteen words?

Example: Roger educated the horse. (Red)

1. Alf likes fish, other than perch, and cream.
2. Gemma skates well.
3. Those alley cats are thin.
4. The lamb lazed in the sun.
5. Little Jacob bypassed the big Tom cat.
6. Playing hostess was fun.
7. Bob lacks nothing.
8. Fang loves fish.
9. Jared dished up tea quickly.
10. The trees on the acre amazed us all.
11. Snow hit Erica with his paw.
12. Lilli lacked a friend.
13. Did Rob row near the other boat?

M. Oag

## "Woosie"

Over the fence she came one day,  
Bedraggled and forlorn;  
A golden-spotted black cat,  
To land upon my lawn!  
Wary, and so weary  
She settled down to stay;  
So grateful for the goodies  
Soon to come her way.  
It took many weeks of patience  
To tame so wild a puss;  
But now she purrs upon my hearth  
And answers to the name of "Woos".

Betty M. Fulton

Mrs. Sadie Watson of Petersham found this delightful poem in an old English magazine. We know our readers will enjoy it as much as we did.

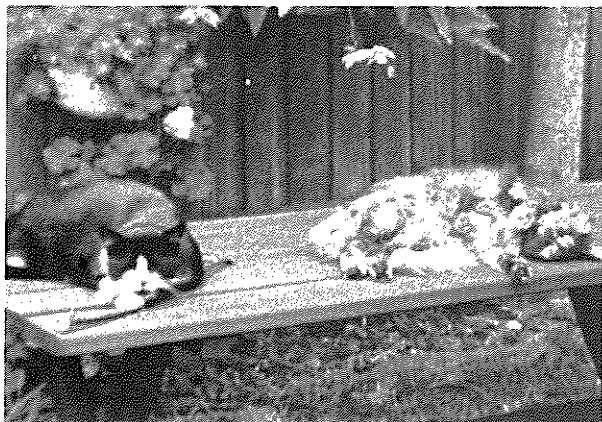
## CHARLIE ANGEL

by Elizabeth Raymond.

*I found you  
curled up cold  
in the snow  
white on white  
paws tucked under  
warmed by body heat.  
Your eyes, a topaz glow  
raised, met mine,  
I called you Charlie Angel.  
I didn't know  
you were a devil  
on four feet  
My house is yours.  
Your ways are mine.  
You even possessed my favourite chair  
but, I don't care  
When I put the house to sleep  
My feet are warmed  
against silk fur.*



# Mr. Puzzle



I called him Mr. Puzzle for two reasons. The first, because it was a puzzle how he, an adult cat, had managed to 'hang on' for four years as a stray and be in such reasonable health. The second reason was the puzzled look on his face when I started to feed him — he could not understand anyone bothering about him.

I had seen him around for a while, thinking he belonged somewhere, until I saw him scavenging the food I had put out for the birds. So, I decided to do something about it. I started leaving food out for him and from my back window would watch him slink, nervously, over the back fence to gobble the food then streak back to wherever it was he had made his "headquarters". The weeks went by, and slowly, very slowly, he began to sit in my back

garden waiting for his meal, but would streak back over the fence at the slightest sound.

Gradually, he stayed long enough for me to talk quietly to him as I put down the food. But still he hissed at me and scurried away. Then I noticed that occasionally the hisses ended up with a faint "miaouw", and the scurrying away was not so immediate.

All this started back in November 1986 and by July 1987, with the help of Nance Iredale who loaned me a trapping cage, I managed to get him to eat his food in the cage. Then the big day — nervously I set the trap and, the heavens be praised, he went in all unsuspecting and I had him! As pre-arranged with Nance, she immediately took him to Concord where he was given the full treatment — desexing, vaccination, teeth cleaning, even a bath!

He soon forgave me for subjecting him to this treatment, and I have been so thrilled these last months to watch him turn from a nervous thin 'unwanted' into a big, fat handsome Tom who runs up the garden to me at meal times. Each meal must be preceded by a "smooge" from him to me, and vice versa. He does not leave the garden and has, I think, a "crush" on my 'Cindy' who, like him, is a handsome black and white cat. He is shown here with my 'Pixie' (she's the one that looks like a dirty mop) lazing in the sun.

Jo Tomkin

## A SPOILT, LAZY, PRETTY WHITE CAT

*Elegant as a princess*

*she arches her delicate back;*

*Awakened from her mid-day sleep*

*she begins to eat her snack.*

*With the aid of her cute pink tongue*

*she proceeds to lap her milk;*

*she licks the bowl clean and then settles down  
in a basket lined with silk.*

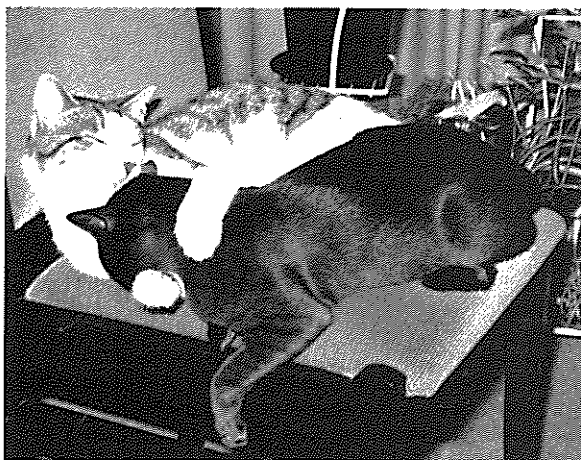
*After the workload of the day*

*her need for sleep is dire.*

*She gives a tired, contented yawn  
and doses off by the fire.*

This was composed and written by my daughter, Wendy, for me, for Mothers' day, when she was 8 or 10 years old and I had given her, her very own white kitten. It is now a 13 years old geriatric.

Mrs. Heather O'Rourke



New members Mr. and Mrs. McDonald of Cremorne wanted a "big brother" for their beautiful Burmese "Trinket". C.P.S. chose "Boy" for them, and we can see there is much fraternal love between these two lovely creatures.

## Letter to a Cat

My cat Salome — so named because she seductively waves her glorious plume in the Dance of the Seven Tails! — is friendly with another desexed female named Skeeta, (short for Moskeeta). Salome came on a caravan tour with us, and letters used to arrive for her, supposedly written by Skeeta, expressing a cat's point of view, as Skeeta's mistress has a sense of humour. One day, when I went to the Post Office to collect letters the following conversation ensued:

Me: Any mail for Thompson, please?

Clerk: What initials?

Me: Mr. H.F. and Mrs. G.M.

Clerk: Miss Thompson?

Me: No.

Clerk: No Miss S.?

Me: No.

Clerk: Well, who is Miss S. Thompson?

Me: I don't know. (Then, suddenly seeing my friend's writing on the envelope and realising what was meant): oh, oh yes! yes, that's right. Miss S. that's for me!!

Clerk: Wotjer mean, first it isn't, then it is, which is it?

Me: (Meekly) yes, it is.

Clerk: (Suspiciously) Well, why did you say it wasn't?

Me: It's for my c- er - it's a joke.

Clerk: (sourly) The Post Office isn't here for jokes.

What would he have said if I had actually replied "Miss S. is a cat"?

**Mrs. Gwen Thompson**

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## WOLF SPIDER

*O, spider, spider, maligned so much,  
Your velvety brown body we dare not touch,  
But you live your life in much the same way  
As us, courting and loving from day to day.*

*At night midst the grassy lawns you roam,  
At a sign of danger you scurry back home  
To your earthy home in the soft brown ground,  
Burrowed deep down, so smooth and round.*

*Later, when you have laid your eggs,  
You clasp the soft white ball with your spindly  
legs,*

*Guarding and keeping it safe from harm,  
Patiently watching, so cool and calm.*

*If we harm you not, but leave you alone,  
And concern ourselves with affairs of our own,  
You will live your own life and not bother us,  
So why, oh why, do we make such a fuss?*

**Hilda B. York**

## The Twins



Mr. Peter Neve is a new and most welcome member of C.P.S. He's sent a photo of his two "teenage delinquents" — Tweedles 1 and Tweedles 2. They are identical, difficult to tell apart, and Mr. Neve has overcome this problem by attaching a different coloured cat collar to each cat.

There was a problem — one cat appeared to be thin and underfed. The other was normal. The vet discovered that one was greedy and dominant, pushing the other cat out of the communal saucer. Now, each has his own plate, and if one happens to be late for a meal, it is easy to identify which has been fed by the colour of its collar.

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## Who Posted Another Puss?

Reading Mrs. Green's story about the puss she rescued from a mail box — see August 1988 journal — prompted new members Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson of Lavington to tell us about the kitten Mr. Wilkinson rescued from an Albury mail box where someone had left it to starve or die of thirst. Fortunately, a passer-by notified the R.S.P.C.A., and Mr. Wilkinson who is a member of R.S.P.C.A., removed the kitten, and it was given a new lease on life in a loving Wodonga home.



## Laughter 'Midst Tears

The following story appeared in a Canberra newspaper recently and was given to me by a friend of mine who lives there. I quote it as it appeared in the paper:

"Recently, a young woman driving to Civic ran over and killed a cat. As she wanted to give the poor thing a decent burial, and as she was running a bit late, she put the cat in a brown paper bag and put it in the boot of her car. She hoped someone at the office would help her dispose of the remains properly.

On arrival in the Civic carpark, she put the brown paper bag containing the dead cat on the bonnet of her car while she went to get a parking voucher. On returning to her car, she discovered the bag missing but noticed a woman disappearing in the direction of Garema Square, clutching the bag which presumably she thought contained something of value. Our friend followed at a discreet distance to watch proceedings.

The women went to a coffee shop and bought a cup of coffee. She then sat at one of the tables, sipping her coffee, before deciding to investigate what fortune had sent her way! She promptly passed out!!

Our observer left the scene as the ambulance officers were placing the woman into the ambulance, and as one officer, ever so gently, was placing the brown paper bag on the stretcher with her, along with her other belongings.

The imagination runs riot at the range of possible scenes and situations which developed when the lady in question arrived at Canberra Hospital.

Presumably the cat finally got a decent burial."

Jo Tomkin.

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## The Survivor

Member Mrs. Grace Brook found her last cat in a rubbish bin on Central Station last Christmas! Two from the same litter were dead in plastic bags. "Felix" had fought her way out of hers. She's a survivor, highly intelligent and now bosses Mrs. Brook's other four cats!

Mrs. Brook wonders, and so do we, how anyone could enjoy their Christmas after committing such a crime.

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### ANSWERS

1. Hot; 2. Mask; 3. Seal; 4. Blaze; 5. Cobby;  
6. Ghost; 7. Black; 8. Gloves; 9. Reddish;  
10. Cream; 11. White; 12. Lilac; 13. Brown.

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## Leo, A Homeless Cat

Leo was a homeless cat who lived in a park at Manly with a group of other homeless cats. They had been there for a long time, having been dumped there years ago. They lived in caves and under trees in the park and in bad weather sheltered under buildings across the road. For many years, a kind lady has been coming every day to feed them.

He was always a very nervous cat. For a long time he was thought to be a girl cat, and had the name of Cleo. Then he had to go to a Vet. hospital to have an abscess attended to, and it was discovered that he was a male. His name was then changed to Leo.

I live in a private hotel across the street from the park, and in the winter months Leo used to come up to my room on the first floor and share my bed on the cold nights.

Unfortunately his mates either died of old age, wandered away, or were killed on the road one by one until he was the only one left of the group.

The lady who fed the cats then decided to take him to her home to live with her other cats. There was only one problem — there was another Leo there. She decided to call them Leo 1 and the one from the park Leo 2.

Sadly Leo 1 died recently after a long illness. Leo 2 has settled down happily in his new home. He has everything a cat could want — plenty of food, drink, shelter and an outdoor recreation area. There are also other cats for company.

The lady still feeds another group of cats at the other end of the park.

Mary Tate



*Pictured here is Leo 2, certainly a credit to the kind lady who took him in.*

## "Memory Lane"

A donation from Mrs. Carolyn Craddock in memory of "Twinkletoes Tu" about whom she wrote this lovely poem:

*"Twinkletoes Tu"  
Was it twenty years  
Beautiful, darling "Twinkles"?  
Words cannot convey  
Your faithful loving company  
in all those years of love.  
We shall never forget you.  
Sleep well —  
Loving friend.*

\* \* \* \* \*

In memory of Eddy Teddy Watt who gave 15 years of fun and pleasure to the Watt/Wattus family. For many years Eddy carried around a Troll doll to the amusement of his family and visitors. He's missed by his pal "Mouse", a long haired gorgeous grey.

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation in memory of the Fur people who have graced our lives with gentle purrs and playful paddies — we will remember you fondly always — Skunk, Her, Moccles, Rhotumn, Rattus, Sahra and Bernard. Sadly missed by Julius and Jenny Kentwell.

\* \* \* \* \*



Young in limbs, in judgement old.

*Shakespeare.*

A donation in memory of two of my best friends, Christmas and Deedee aged 15 and 14, both of whom had to be put to rest within three days of each other. They gave me much love, loyalty and devotion over the years and will be forever missed. A thank-you to Linda Owen, C.P.S. member, for providing a "taxi" service for Christmas and me when it was very much needed and appreciated.

*Norma Gray*

\* \* \* \* \*

A donation 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 Tuchen.

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## "In Memoriam"

A donation from Mrs. Patricia Healey in memory of Mr. Philip Ranby, Veterinarian. Such a kindly, compassionate man, he will be much missed by the people in the Parramatta/Pendle Hill districts.

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# Dogs are not Purrfect

It is time to settle the cat *versus* dog question, once and for all. Anyone who has ever known a cat needs no instruction on this matter, but there are a surprising number of people with no idea of the proper distinctions between the species.

A study of English reveals the relative status of dogs and cats. Consider such expressions: "I wouldn't put a dog out on a night like this," "dog-tired," "a hang-dog look" and "in the doghouse". Compare those with: "He's a pussycat," "the cat's meow," "the cat's pajamas." Did anyone ever hear of a sex puppy?

There is a ridiculous idea that dogs are superior to cats because cats cannot be trained. A cat will not jump into a lake and bring back a stick; would you? A cat has a terrific sense of humor, but it sees nothing funny or cute parading in doll's clothes. A Dachshund, on the other hand, is delighted to be dressed in little lederhosen and an Alpine sweater. If you want a cat to do something out of the ordinary, you must first convince it that there is a reason for the diversion, that dignity will not be sacrificed and that co-operation is to the cat's advantage. Then, the cat will gladly comply — if it feels like it.

Dogs are the first to recognize the superiority of cats. Their frustration is expressed in belligerence that often spells doom for the dog. No dog can handle a full-grown cat by itself. The cat will run, or course, but only until it decides how to dispose of the dog.

Tuffy, a cat of my acquaintance, used to handle its pursuers by leading them at top speed from broad daylight into my darkened garage.

There Tuffy would immediately leap to the window sill and perch while the disoriented dog bounded off to stumble over lawn mowers, garbage cans and, on good days, straight into a brick wall.

When it comes to the advantages of cats *versus* dogs as pets, there is no competition. Try going away for a weekend, leaving your German Shepherd alone with a bowl of dry food, some water and a litter box. Watch a cat eat, delicately savoring every bite. Watch a dog wolfing down everything in sight, spilling half of it on the floor. And does your dog use a litter pan?

Among animals, cats are the top-hatted, frock-coated statesmen going about their affairs at their own pace. Dogs are the peasants dutifully plodding behind their leaders. A human may go for a stroll with a cat; he has to walk a dog. The cat leads the way, running ahead, tail high, making sure you understand the arrangement. If you should happen to get ahead, the cat will never allow you to think it is following you. It will stop and clean some hard-to-reach spot, or investigate a suspicious movement in the grass; you will find yourself waiting and fidgeting like the lackey you are. But this is not annoying to cat lovers, who understand and appreciate a good joke, even when it is on them. Sharing a home with a cat, earning its love and respect, is a rewarding experience. Since each of us is blessed with only one life, why not live it with a cat?

*Robert Stearns is a magazine writer for The Pittsburgh Press.*

# NEW MEMBERS

## July to October, 1988

KAVANAGH, Mrs. L.	Valentine	O'ROURKE, Mrs. H.	Tamworth
HAMILL, Mr. G.	Hunters Hill	NEVE, Mr. P.	Loftus
BRADLEY, Ms. L.	Crows Nest	WIGNEY, Ms. D.	Belrose
WYATT, Mr. N.	Sydney	TATE, Miss M.	Manly
BATCHELOR, Ms. C.	Balgowlah	DAY, Mrs. D. (Life)	Tamarama
WHIBLEY, Mrs. K.	Mt. Colah	WILLIAMSON, Miss S. (Junior)	Tumbi Umbi
McDONALD, Mr. & Mrs. J.	Cremorne	WARE, Mrs. G.	Narara
OWEN, Mr. M.	Sydney	STEVENSON, Mr. G.	Springwood
SALEAM, Mrs. J.	Tempe	HART, Mrs. J.	Glebe
ROBINSON, Ms. L.	Annandale	PASTERNAKI, Mrs. R.	Roselands
WHITE, Mr. R.	Redfern	DeVILLIER, Mrs. C.	Newport
POVEY, Mrs. J.	Turramurra	WHITE, Mrs. L.	Newtown
FLUDE, Ms. V.	Westgate	PAWLEY, Mrs. J.	Homebush
BOWDEN, Mrs. K.	Hunters Hill	CUNNINGHAM, Ms. P.	Lane Cove
WHITE, Mrs. C.	Drummoyne	STALLWORTHY, Mrs. D.	Collarenebri
NASSER, Miss T.	Kensington	ROBERTSON, Ms. C.	Kirribilli

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

	Telephone
● For all Animal Welfare Enquiries, including Ambulance Service, Desexing and General Administration	51 1011 5197201
● 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	\$250.00 — Life Membership	Enclosed Cheque/Money Order
	\$ 10.00 — Annual Membership	for \$ ..... (New/Renewal)
	\$ 5.00 — Pensioner Membership	Please cross cheques and make
	\$ 5.00 — Junior Membership	payable to:

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

Mr.  
Ms.  
Mrs.  
Miss ..... Initials .....  
BLOCK LETTERS

Address .....  
.....

Pension No. .... Postcode .....

Phone No ..... Signature ..... Date .....

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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.