

December, 1990

Cat Affairs

*Journal of The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W. (Registered Charity CC 17122)
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Happy Christmas To All

President's Page

A Very Happy, Healthy Christmas to all our Members and Their Families (including the cats, of course!) from everyone at the Society.

My personal thanks to everyone on the Council for their contributions, to the hard-working Welfare Officers, the office staff, the volunteers, the kind people who donate money and goods and the veterinarians who do such a wonderful, caring job for us.

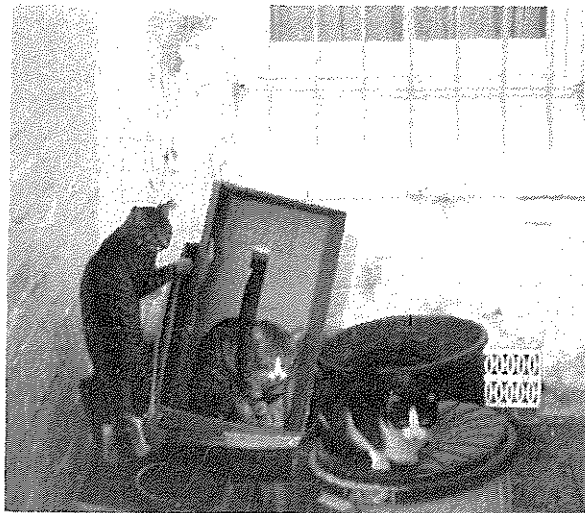
We are in tough economic times, and that means people need our services more than ever. But with such a great team behind us, we look to 1991 with confidence and enthusiasm.

The three cats in the accompanying photograph - having great fun among the garbage cans - are my own. All strays, all moggies, all much loved. Trying to ensure that all cats will one day have the chance of finding loving homes is what we strive for.

With the continued support of our members, I don't think it's an impossible goal.

Again, a joyous Christmas and a bright New Year to one and all.

- Lyn Thomas



The President's Cats: From the left, Princess, Pooky and Claude.



Another Cat Versus Dog Point of View

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A RACING CAT?

I mean, just think about it... can you imagine racing cats instead of greyhounds? Even if you could get masks and numbered blankets on them, no race would ever be completed.

The bell would ring, the announcer would shout, the starting gates would open... and then what? If there were eight cats in the race, at least four would be asleep. Two others would be grooming themselves. One would be searching under the gate for a mouse. That leaves one cat at most to wander out on the track and see whether anybody had any food or maybe a paper bag to play with. Then it would probably lie down and roll on its back as the sun hit it, looking so beguiling that spectators would forgive it forthwith.

Mike Deupree

THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W.

Registered office and postal address: 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, N.S.W. 2042.

Welfare Office: 51 1011, 519 7201, Opportunity Shop: 516 2072

Membership/ Volunteer enquiries: 713 8576

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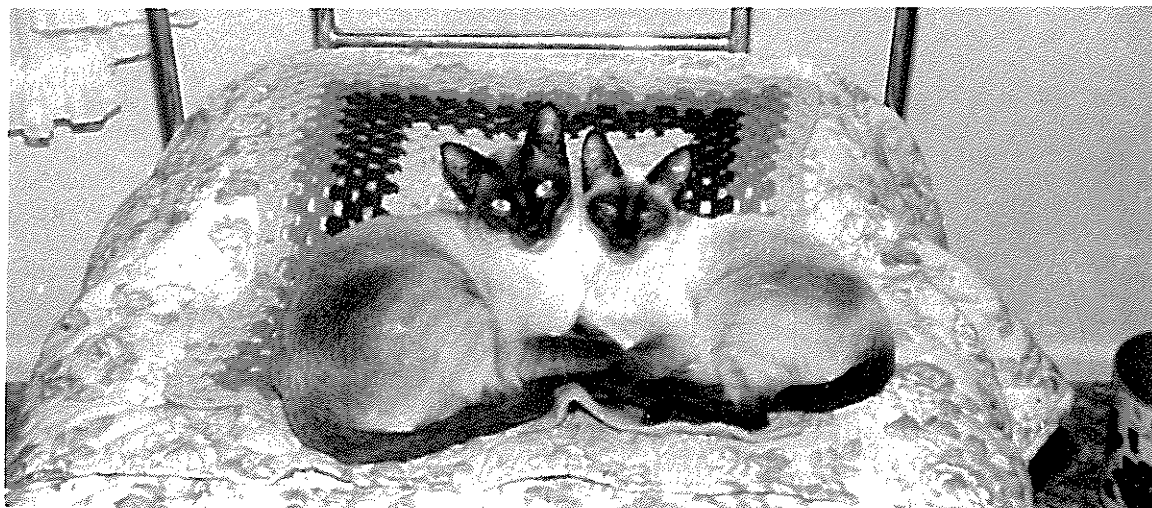
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Jiminy Cricket, what a pair!

These gorgeous Siamese are actually called Jiminy and Cricket. Jimmy (the male on the left) died at the age of 13. His sister Cricket still rules the household some two years later. She is the beloved companion of CPS member Joan Haub of West Wyalong.



RUSH YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDERS



Yes, there's still time to order cards, cat stamps, calendars and book marks for Christmas.

The cards show a tabby in full colour. The stamps, 12 to a sheet, are perfect for adding a personal touch to stationery, envelopes and gifts. The calendar is a handy mini-size, and has 12 gorgeous colour photographs of cats and kittens. The book marks also feature kittens, and are finished with a cute wollen tassel.

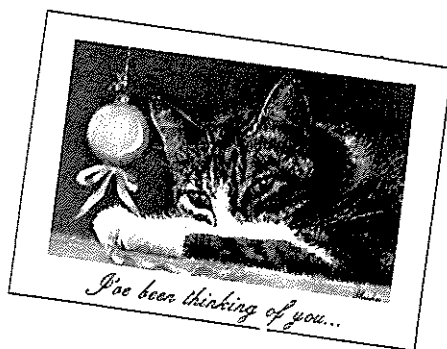
Please send in the order form as soon as possible, so we can mail your order back in time for Christmas.

To The Cat Protection Society of NSW, 103 Enmore Road, Enmore NSW 2042.

I would like to order the following:

..... packs of cards, with five cards in each pack at \$3.00 per pack. I would like them with Christmas greetings () or plain (). Total Cost.\$

..... sets of cats stamps, with four sheets in each set, at \$3.00 per set. Total cost \$



..... Calendars at \$5.50 each. Total cost \$

..... Book marks at \$2.50 each. Total cost \$

Total amount: \$

NOTE: All prices include postage.

I enclose a cheque/money order for the total amount above.

Name:

Address:

..... Postcode: Phone:

Worming

Kittens get some types of worms from their mother with their first drink of milk. Thereafter, the main source of infection is from worm eggs which survive in the soil outside (and in litter trays which aren't regularly cleaned with hot water and disinfected.)

Hookworms and roundworms are transmitted in this way. Tapeworm infestation comes from either ingesting a flea during grooming, or from eating rodents. In addition, lungworms are transmitted by eating rodents, birds and lizards, and can contribute to chronic coughing in cats.

There are as many worming preparations as there are types of worms and drug companies combined! They come in pill and paste form and if used properly (that is, the cat gets the **WHOLE** pill on the day!) they will deworm your cat. Do not use dog preparations, as cat doses vary considerably from those of dogs.

A "lifetime" worming programme can be divided into kitten and adult portions, and the adult programme into hunting and non-hunting cats.

Because kittens are infected so early in life, and there is no outward evidence of worms, they can be severely infected by hook and roundworms from 2 to 4 weeks of age. For those people with a Mum and kittens, everybody can be wormed from 2 weeks after the birth. Do include Mum as well, and do adjust the kitten dose according to their body weight.

Repeat the dose every 2 weeks for the kittens until they are 3 to 4 months old, and worm Mum a second time after she has weaned them.

After this age, kittens are resistant enough to worms to be classified as adults. Tapeworms are not a problem until the kitten gets a flea problem, and starts to groom itself. It can then be treated in the same way as an adult with tapeworms.

Adult cats have more of a visible problem than kittens. Their tapeworm infestation frequently shows up during a hugging session! Tapeworms are the ones that appear on the motions and under the tail, looking like small grains of rice. Most commonly tapeworms signal a flea problem, or a successful hunting campaign by the cat. Treatment is easy and effective — any product labelled as eliminating tapeworms will, in general, do so.

Control, however, requires attention to the cause, so either launch into a flea control programme, or decrease access to rodents. Tapeworms only take 3 weeks to mature once the cat has consumed a flea, so the other option is to treat the cat every 2 to 4 weeks. This is the least acceptable solution, but the drugs (especially Praziquantel, "Droncit") are quite safe. Bear in mind that tapeworms are more of an aesthetic problem for you than a medical problem for your cat. Occasionally though, very heavy burdens will cause an intestinal obstruction and the cat will stop eating, vomit repeatedly and be quite ill.

Roundworms and hookworms need only be treated 2 to 4 times a year in adults — twice a year for the indoor cat, 4 times a year for outdoor cats who dig in soil where unwormed cats have left worm eggs in their motions.

As with kittens, there is no outward sign of these worms, and they are less of a problem for adults, but may cause some weight loss and vomiting if they build to large numbers. Cats and kittens may occasionally vomit up a live roundworm (white, long and string-like), and if this happens, it is of course a signal to treat appropriately.

Hunting cats may get tapeworms from eating rodents (and rabbits in rural areas) in addition to the flea tapeworm. Treat when the worms are visible on motions, or a couple of times a year if in doubt. Hunting cats should also be treated for lungworm. The cat gets it from eating lizards, rodents and birds. The worms live in the lungs, and large numbers can cause a chronic cough. Most infections are not a problem, but you can get medication from your vet to prevent a build-up of worm numbers.

I like to treat hunting cats once a year (at vaccination) for lungworm. The treatment also gets rid of hookworm and roundworm, but not tapeworm.

In short, the most visible worms are the least bothersome to the cat. The "invisible" worms cause more problems, and to prevent these requires either a regular faecal analysis by the vet to detect their eggs, or a regular worming programme based on probabilities. A survey a few years ago found that 84% of adult cats had roundworms, with similar figures for hookworms... so it's not a bad bet to calculate that your cat is at risk.

To sum up:

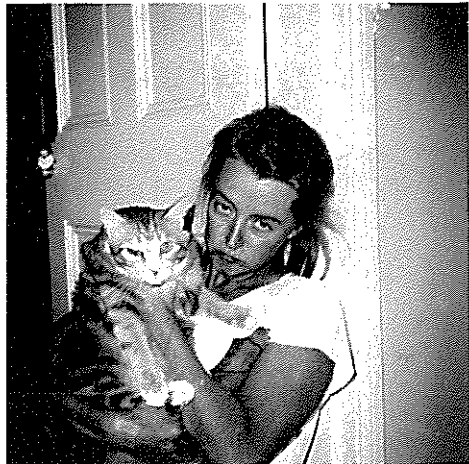
Worm your kitten against roundworm and hookworm every 2 weeks until it is 3-4 months old. Worm against tapeworm only if it has fleas, and worms are seen.

From 4 months, treat your cat as an adult. If an indoor cat, treat for roundworm and hookworm twice a year. Controlling fleas will help prevent tapeworm. If worms are seen, treat for tapeworm.

If your cat is an outdoor cat that doesn't hunt (ie, doesn't eat rodents, birds and lizards) worm against roundworm and hookworm four times a year. Keep free of fleas, worm against tapeworm if fleas are a problem or worm is seen.

If your cat is an outdoor hunting cat, treat for roundworm and hookworm four times a year. Control fleas and try to prevent access to rodents, lizards, rabbits etc. If game is consumed, or tapeworms are seen, treat for tapeworms. Also, ask your vet for annual treatment against lungworm when taking the cat for its booster vaccination.

Dr Kim Kendall



Why are Julie and Dandy looking so Sad?

Usually we receive pictures of blissful looking cats (with owners to match) in our mail. So it was surprising to open an envelope and meet the sorry pair photographed here! Read Julie's article and you'll discover the reason for the woeful expressions. – Ed.

This is a picture of myself with Dandy, my young ginger boy. He was purchased at one of the "Kitten Sales" you had at the Enmore office one Saturday morning about 18 months ago.

He is a delightful companion for my husband and me, Spiv his 19-month-old brother (a stray kitten found in Centennial Park) and his 9½ year old sister Bo (a stray found in Chinatown).

Dandy and I are looking sad this day for a somewhat peculiar reason. He was playing in the garden the Sunday before when he caught what is commonly known as a "Stinko Beetle," a black insect with an orange cross on its back. These beetles attack citrus trees, then spray a strong, stinking, smelling liquid at their attackers.

In this case, poor Dandy was squirted in the eye and mouth. He ran inside most upset. I knew what had happened from the smell, and quickly bathed his mouth and eye several times with warm water. I then gave him a drink of milk to flush the taste out of his mouth.

However, the swelling in the eye was terrible, and lasted over a week. You can see that one eye is still closed in the photograph, and I was commiserating with him when my husband snapped the picture.

He's recovered now, but hasn't learnt anything from the experience. Dandy still chases anything that moves, and I just keep on hoping it's not another Stinko beetle!

Julie Puddefoot, CPS member, Bondi Junction.

Who's that sleeping in MY bed?

Anyone who's woken up in bed to find the family cat a solid lump in the bedclothes will be interested in the reaction of a resident of Ulmarra on the North Coast.

The local court was told that the man woke up to find the cat asleep between himself and his wife. He grabbed it, tried to strangle it, then threw it against the wall.

"The damned cat was always in bed between us," he told police. "I only did what any man would do."

His action earned him a \$500 fine for cruelty. The cat is recovering.

From "Stay in Touch" in The Sydney Morning Herald:



Man thinks he is a Tiger

A scientist who was convinced he was a tiger, and became infatuated with a zoo tigress called Dolly, has been diagnosed as having a rare psychiatric disorder.

The unusual case was reported earlier this year in the US Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease.

The report says the 26 year old research scientist is suffering from lycanthropy, where a person believes he or she has turned into a wolflike animal.

This man remained convinced he was a tiger, despite eight years of intensive treatment with psychotherapy and drugs which permitted him to function well most of the time.

The report continued that "As a child he had always suspected he was a cat, and had been confirmed in this belief by the family cat, who taught him to speak 'cat' at the age of 11.

"As he became older he came to realize that he was a tiger-like cat, and he became infatuated with a tigress at the zoo."

The man had a tiger-like appearance, as he dressed in tiger-striped clothes and had bushy sideburns, hair, moustache and beard, as well as long fingernails.

"He regards himself as a tiger with a very deformed body," the report said, "and believes he was adopted, his true parents being tigers."

The same researchers have previously reported 11 other cases of lycanthropy, including two wolves, two dogs, one gerbil, one bird, and two creatures which defied identification.

All About Cat Shows

By Lee Wright.

Cat shows are a medium where breeders, judges and cat lovers congregate to assess breeds, establish and maintain or improve breed standards, and offer the public an opportunity to see breeds or colours they have never even heard about. They provide the forum where breeders and enthusiasts can assess their own cats, learn more about the finer points of their preferred breeds, and discuss every aspect of cats.

I have been showing for two years and have two grand champions and an almost-grand champion to my credit. What have I gotten out of it? A lot of brilliantly coloured ribbons, a couple of cherished rosettes, a heap of certificates, a diminished bank account, new friends and answers to a lot of questions. My cats have won and lost to cats better and worse than they are – that's the way the judging goes, it is a subjective art, after all. As in any choice situation some inexplicable selections can be made but it is all part of the game. There is always the show a fortnight away when the tables may be turned.

But what really happens at a cat show? NSW, unlike other more progressive states, does not allow the exhibition of non-pedigree cats. In many other states in Australia domestic cats can be shown. They are judged in classes similar to pedigree cats, i.e., longhair, shorthair, bi-colour etc. The selection is based on the condition and beauty of the cat and how well they appear to be a companion cat. The only condition of entry is that all domestic cats **MUST** be desexed.

To enter a pedigree cat in a show in NSW you need a **SCHEDULE**. This is obtained from the show secretary. The **RASCC** (Royal Agricultural Society Cat Control) can advise you of show dates and the names of the secretaries. The schedule lists the judges, which classes they will assess, and the

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forms require the cat's name, breed, sex, colour, registration number and sire and dam.

Costs range from \$5-8 for the obligatory 2 classes in most shows, to \$15-20 per cat in the Ring shows. By the time you have paid benching fees, purchased a show catalogue and raffle tickets, an average show entry for one cat can cost from \$14-20.

Meanwhile, off stage left, your cat is continuing to be well (but not over) fed so coat and condition are in optimal state. Several days prior to the show grooming for longhairs goes into high gear. With shorthairs it is a possible bath, light grooming, cleaning eyes and ears. For all show cats the front nails should be clipped.

Show morning is normally a Saturday and regardless of your proximity to the show hall you are up **BEFORE** the crack of dawn... because 'vetting' starts at 7am. No breakfast for cats, light breakfast for kittens, brush, polish and shine, leave any showing signs of illness or infestation at home!

You join the queue outside the hall (on a cold winter's morning 'it ain't necessarily fun') and gradually inch your way to the vetting table, picking up your catalogue and vetting card along the way. It is up to the exhibitor to remove cats from cages and hand them to the vet's steward. The vet checks eyes, ears, mouth, anus and coat, trying to ensure the animal is healthy and does not present a hazard to other exhibits.

Once you're through vetting you set up the cage, with plain white curtains and a white cushion. No identifying marks must be apparent or the cat will not be judged. Judging normally starts at 9, so there is time to settle the cat and chat with the other exhibitors. If it is your first show, quickly confess your newness and strangeness to anyone near you and you will be besieged with offers of assistance and advice. The great majority of show people are

there because they love cats and love seeing newcomers joining the competition.

Just before 9a.m. it is wise to litter-tray your cat with the portable toilet tray you have brought, since you will not be able to access the cage until early-mid afternoon. Then the hall clears for judging. In many instances spectators can stand on the side lines, well clear of the cage areas – any infringement of this rule can mean disqualification. In the first round judges and their stewards go to each cage, assessing the cats within their breeds. 1st, 2nd and 3rd ribbons are put on the cage tops. Once the breed judging is over all winning cats are brought, within their divisions and type, to the **Specials Table**.

Today's cat shows are divided into 3 sections, Group 1/Longhairs, Group 2/Siamese and Oriental, Group 3/Other Shorthair. Only in the Best in Show judging are the group winners judged against each other. At the **Specials Tables** classes would be composed of G1/Entire Male Cats, G1/Entire Female Cats, G1/Neuter Cats, G1/Spay Cats and so on for the kittens. This is repeated for G2 and G3 groups. While an average cat can win in his own breed classes, he is quickly weeded out at the **Specials** judging.

For those readers who feel that cat shows are cruel and unnatural, yes, there are cats who hate shows but they don't last. No matter how good the exhibit is, if the cat is frightened and/or antagonistic to the initial judging it can be labeled **NFS** or **UTH**. **NFS** (**Not for Specials**) indicates that the judge was able to assess the cat at its cage but did not feel it was safe to carry it to the **Specials Table**. Cats with this degree of antipathy can become breed Champions but will never progress to **Specials** competition and can become so anti that their cage is tagged '**UTH**'. **UTH** means '**Unable to Handle**', the cat was so aggressive or so frightened that the judge could not assess it. A cat



All breed judge Mrs Rhonda Watson assessing Bajimbi Pixie Megadot. He was judged "Best Devon Rex Kitten" during the 1990 St George Show held at Sydney University.

that gets 3 UTH's is permanently disqualified from the bench in NSW.

Cats, like their owners, have a fluctuating tolerance for showing. There are always 'Barnums', the born showmen who love the attention and dote on the judges. Their greatest joy is being carried up to the Specials Table and handled by four or five people. The majority of cats are blasé about it all. A number prefer the privacy of a snooze behind their curtain or under the mat between judging bouts. A cat can hide at one show, and be happily content sitting in the centre of its cage at the next. Why should cats be denied the personality complexity of humans? When one of my cats was doing well but resenting the outing more and more, we tried one last show and paid extra for a double cage. The hostility disappeared as soon as he settled. He became almost delightfully happy about being shown after we picked up a cheap oriental carpet to put in the cage when judging was over and the public was allowed in. Don't tell me cats don't know the difference between a plain cotton cover and oriental splendor!! He revels in shows now and demands to be allowed in a carry cage as soon as one's in sight.

Once judging is over the public is allowed in and owners can spend the rest of the day talking non stop both to fellow exhibitors and to the public. By 3:30 the show is winding down and by 4 the hall is all but clear. A long day, a tiring day, but, for all that, good fun. But life around cats is usually good fun.

It is up to each owner to assess a cat's attitude to showing. I breed Devon Rex, a very outgoing breed at any time. Kittens and cats are frequently tossed in the car for a short outing somewhere, kittens are carried down to the corner shop, occasionally to a flea market or garage sale. It is wise to use a harness on these occasions so an unforeseen scare doesn't cost you a cat. But they can get used to strangeness, new faces, car trips, and it all helps to achieve that tri-colour sash from the RAS Cat Control that is emblazoned in gold with the word 'CHAMPION'.

Am I only after glory? One of my nicest cats will never be benched due to his complete intolerance for anything unfamiliar. Does it matter? Not a whit. The pleasure of a happy cat at home outweighs any joy one gets from a ribbon. And all of my cats, queen included, are, first and foremost, home and bed companion cats.

Come along to a cat show and see for yourself. Entry fee is minimal, it's a pleasant outing, the people you meet all dote on cats, and see some of the breeds you have only heard or read about; the curly coated Rex cats, the Australian developed Spotted Mist, white gloved and gauntleted Birmans, silver spotted Orientals, laid-back Scottish Folds, and foxy Somalis to name but a few.

P.S: Here is a list of cat shows coming up in the next few months. They are usually open to the public between 1.30 and 3.30, and there may be a nominal entry fee. For information about other shows throughout the year, ring RAS Cat Control on 331 9111.

January 26: Federal Kitten Show, corner Starkey Street and Wakehurst Drive, Forestville.

February 9: Picton All Breeds Show, Picton High School, Old Highway, Picton.

February 23: Burmese Cat Society Show, Chatswood High School, Centennial Avenue, Chatswood.

March 9: Lynx, Torti and Red Point Cat Club, also at Chatswood High School.

March 10: Himalayan Cat Club, also at Chatswood High School.

TO A PERSIAN CAT

So dear, so dainty, so demure
So charming in whatever position;
By race the purest of the pure,
A little cat of high condition.

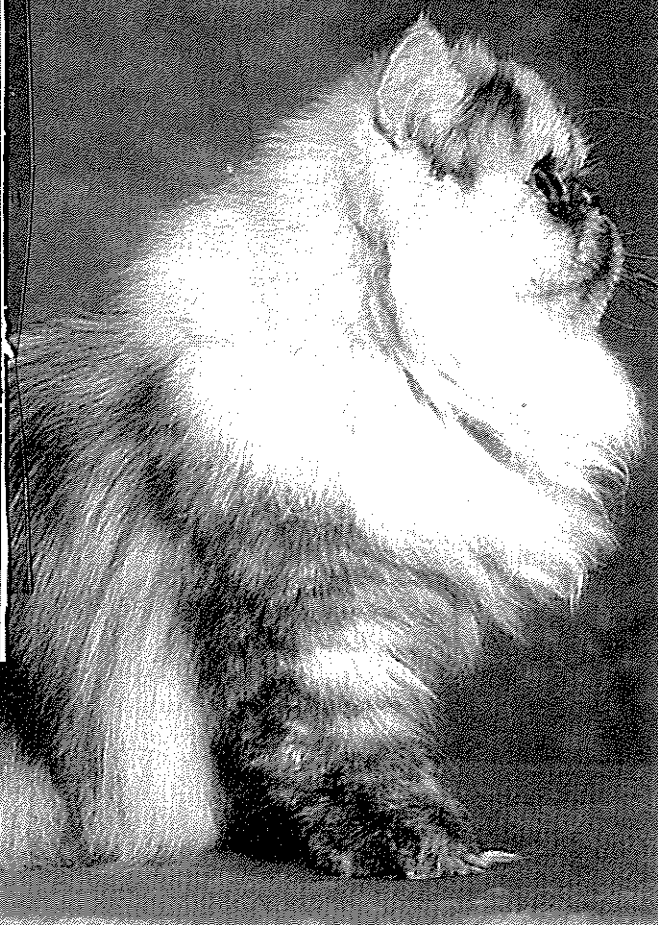
Her coat lies not in trim-kept rows
Of carpet-like and vulgar sleekness:
But like a ruffled sea it grows
Of wavy grey (my special weakness).

She vexes not the night with squalls
That make one sieze a boot and throw it:
She joins in no unseemly brawls
(At least she never lets me know it!)

She never bursts in at the door
In manner boisterous and loud:
But silently along the floor
She passes, like a little cloud.

Then, opening wide her amber eyes,
Puts an inquiring nose up
Sudden upon my knee she flies,
Then purrs and tucks her little toes up.

-F.C.W. Hiley



Supercat survives for six weeks in Zero Cold... Without Food or Water

A newspaper in Texas, USA, has reported another amazing account of a cat's ability to survive in extraordinary circumstances.

Kelly, a once-tubby tabby weighing 17 pounds, lost nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of her body weight after being locked in a tiny space for 46 days... but today she's reunited with her owner, and slowly recovering.

The saga began when Kelly crawled into the bottom compartment of a coffee table last December. Her owners took the table to a storage room in their apartment block to make room for a Christmas tree, and when they returned to their apartment found Kelly was missing.

They searched frantically, but couldn't find her. Police were notified, ads placed in newspapers, the neighbourhood searched every day. Christmas and New Year passed, but still no Kelly.

Then on January 22, the manager of the apartment building was in the storeroom when he heard a faint miaow. He traced it to the coffee

table, opened the door... and there was Kelly!

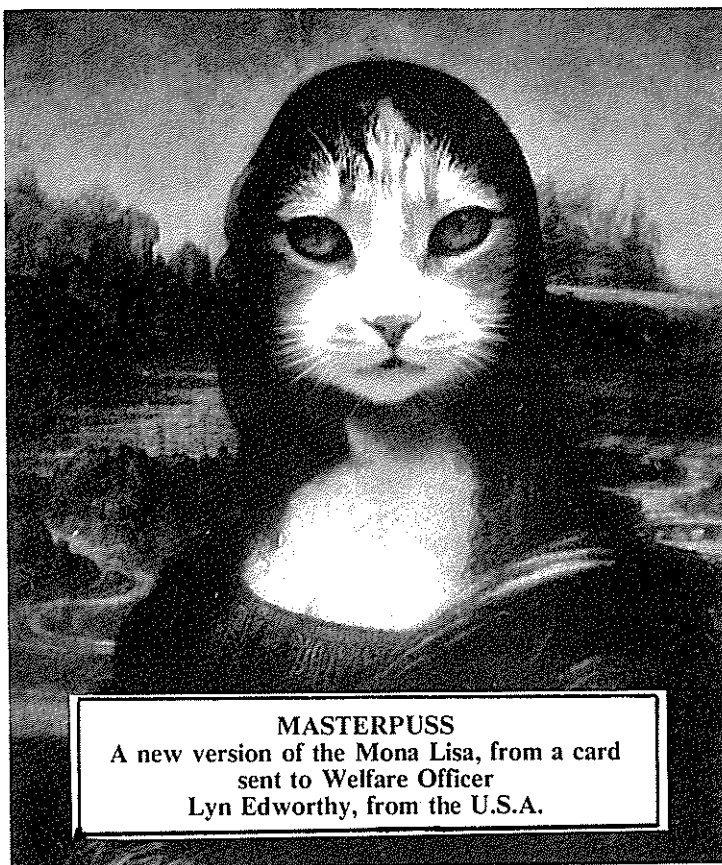
Her bones stuck out, but the starving cat bravely took a few weak and trembling steps out of the box that had been her prison for more than six weeks. Because the room was not heated, temperatures were often below zero, so she suffered cold as well as starvation.

However, the vet who has been nursing Kelly back to health believes the icy temperatures slowed the cat's body functions down so much that she was able to survive on stored fat and water recycled by her kidneys.

"A dog probably wouldn't last a week without water," commented the Assistant Professor of Veterinary Medicine at Ohio University.

"I've heard of cats lasting more than 30 days without liquid, but never 46. Kelly is certainly a supercat."

Her owner simply said, "I asked God for a miracle, and He gave it to me."



MASTERPUSS
A new version of the Mona Lisa, from a card
sent to Welfare Officer
Lyn Edworthy, from the U.S.A.



A Cat's Conscience

*A dog will often steal a bone,
But conscience lets him not alone,
And by his tail his guilt is known.
But cats consider theft a game,
And, howsoever you may blame,
Refuse the slightest sign of shame.
When food mysteriously goes,
The chances are that Pussy knows
More than she leads you to suppose.
And hence there is no need for you,
If Puss declines a meal or two,
To feel her pulse and make ado.*

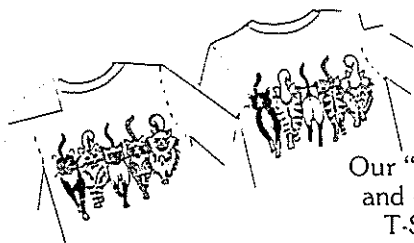
- Anon

It's New!

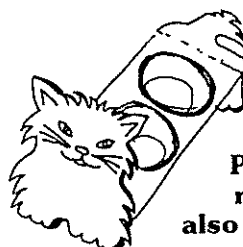
THE PURR-FECT PLACE

To shop for gifts for
Cat Lovers and their Pampered Pussycats

*Thousands of ideas to choose from...
practical, beautiful, or just plain fun...*



Our "coming
and going"
T-Shirt
is terrific!



How about a
cute wooden
stand for bowls?

**P.S. YES, we fill
mail orders and
also have gift vouchers**

SPOILT ROTTEN
CAT BOUTIQUE

20 William Street, Paddington - (Down from Oxford Street).

OPEN Monday to Saturday 10.00am to 6.00pm

Phone: (02) 331 3199

Looking forward to seeing you!

AUXILIARY JOTTINGS

From all of us here, to all of you out there...

*A Happy Christmas and
A PURRfect New Year*

To all donors, volunteers, and all the people I've been so happily associated with since the Op Shop began... my thanks and best wishes.

CHRISTMAS BREAK: The Opportunity shop will close after trading on Saturday, December 22, and reopen on January 2, 1991.

- Sybil Cozens



Tomorrow She Will Be 18

Tomorrow
she will be 18.
No more
wild charging across a room,
no more
chasing small objects
rolling on the floor, no more
stalking real
and imaginary foes.
Flies and bugs
and ashes and dust
are safe now
well beyond her reach
or care.
She's going to be 18.

Her walk now
is stiff and slow
and sleep
on top of a warm radiator
is endless and sweet.
No longer
does she cry imperiously,
ruling the house,
demanding unstinting attention.
Little package
of tattered seal-pointed fur,
she lies there,
her dark tail languidly
stirring in peaceful slumber.
How much longer?
And how will it be?

There she lies,
a brief tiny life
that fills the heart,
a moment of eyes, and nose,
and whiskers and claws
and play
and curled lapping tongue.
A blur,
a small moment of fur,
so quickly gone,
never again to be seen. . .
Tomorrow she will be 18.

Fred Bornet



Here's a view taken from inside our new Op Shop premises, looking out to Enmore Road. Presiding at the counter is dear Monty, one of our longest serving volunteers.



Wherefore art thou, Tiddles?

About to be released in the United States is a somewhat unusual version of Romeo and Juliet... the roles are played by real cats, with human voices!

Juliet is a white Turkish Van, Romeo a long-haired grey Persian. Voices are supplied by Ben Kingsley and Vanessa Redgrave.

The producer, Armando Acosta, said the cats were chosen for their innate sense of humour. He added, "Some of the cats were so much on the same wave length that they understood what I wanted, and were ready to repeat the same scene until they were themselves happy with it."

Can't wait until it opens in Australia.



Here are Heather O'Rourke's cats described by her daughter. Lady-Boy is at the back on the bean bag, then Snowball closest to the fire. Then comes multi-colour Sally, and in the foreground her grey brother Pi, who has to have his own rug. See page 28.



MY ANGORA CAT

*Pleasures, that I most enviously sense,
Pass in long ripples down her flanks and stir
The Plume that is her tail. She deigns to purr
And take caresses. But her paws would tense
To flashing weapons at the least offence.
Humbly, I bend to stroke her silken fur.
I am content to be a slave to her.
I am enchanted by her insolence.
No one of all the women I have known
Has been so beautiful, or proud, or wise
As this Angora with her amber eyes.
She makes her chosen cushion seem a throne,
And wears the same voluptuous, slow smile
She wore when she was worshipped by the Nile.*

-W.A. Roberts



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Dorothy Retires at 87



Introduction:

Our dear friend Dorothy Haines, for so many years a guiding light in cat care on the Central Coast, has decided at 87 that it's time for a little relaxation at home.

We wish her every happiness among staunch friends — and her own beloved cats — and thank her for constant support, wisdom, and just plain fun. Getting a letter from Dorothy is a real boost to the spirits, and we look forward to staying very closely in touch.

This tiny ball of energy has achieved so much in her life that it's difficult to condense her achievements for an article ... but just the following brief account will, I am sure, provide inspiration for CPS members of all ages.

— Julie Gorrick

Dorothy's career began as a confidential secretary with several engineering firms and doctors, before moving to Metro Goldwyn Mayer Films where she stayed for 20 years.

Next, it was off to the country, where she was secretary to the doctors and matron at the local hospital, before taking a complete change of direction: she donned overalls and helped husband Eric in his building and roofing business!

When the couple decided to retire in 1962, they settled in the lovely Central Coast. Already a foundation member of Animal Welfare of NSW in Sydney, the Coast provided bountiful opportunities for Dorothy to nurture her "born crusader" instincts.

First she joined the CWA, then formed the Mount Ettalong Ratepayers Association, which was successful in getting many amenities needed in those early days in Umina.

Around the same time, she was involved with the establishment and running of the volunteer bushfire brigade, worked with Torchbearers for Legacy, was a member of The Business and Professional Women's Club and Gosford VIEW.

Later she became a member of Woy Woy VIEW as Publicity Officer/Secretary, and did considerable freelance journalism with the fledgling newspapers beginning to serve the coast in the early 60's.

Her love of animals, and experience with Animal Welfare, led to the formation of the Animal Care Group, with Mrs Lee Lucas and the late Mandy Andrews as officials. But still this wasn't enough... she felt the area's underprivileged cats needed special attention!

Cat Affairs 12

With the blessing of the Council in Sydney, a Woy Woy branch of The Cat Protection Society was set up, its main aim — as always — to encourage the desexing of cats. Hundreds were duly dealt with, but with such a large area to cover, Dorothy persuaded other cat lovers to join her in forming an additional branch of the CPS in Wyong-Tuggerah Lakes. Edith Duport of Chittaway Point was in charge of this branch, and it also had great success with its desexing programme.

Eventually these two branches of CPS were closed, but in 1988 — with the help of Judith Parsons and the late Doris Jackson — Dorothy set up Central Coast Cat Care Inc to carry on the work of caring for cats. She served first as President and Publicity Officer and lately as Honorary Secretary, and this thriving organization owes much of its success to her enthusiasm and vitality.

indeed, these qualities are still so evident that many friends and supporters have told her that 87 is far too young to retire!

Dorothy's answer is that her enthusiasm is certainly still as strong as ever; but family ill health, becoming a war widow, a few twinges here and there — and the demands of her 8 felines — all added up eventually to the decision that "it was time to let go."

There have been many tributes to Dorothy's work over the years, including those from people in high places — the Premier, Ministers, Mayors and Editors. But she has told us that the one she values the most is her Honorary Life Membership of CPS, awarded years ago for her untiring work in the cause of cats. We thank her for that.

Dorothy's official retirement from Central Coast Cat Care took place at their Annual General Meeting in July. In August there was a front page story about her animal welfare work in the Gosford Star, and she has been inundated with good wishes in the following months.

We add our own love and thanks, and this pen picture in her own words: "Fancy trying to catch some shut eye in my retirement — or trying to do anything! — with two huge moggies either side! Diddlee-Dee, who is as soft as velvet, prefers to sleep breathing in my ear, with her arm rather tightly around my neck. On the other side is enormous Tibby, the orange $\frac{3}{4}$ Persian, also as close as possible. The idolatry from the whole 8 of them is sometimes a bit embarrassing. I can't move without one or another always by my side."

Dorothy dear, we're sure you wouldn't have it any other way!



Wishbone Cat

*I dried a wishbone
on a shelf;
Black Alex took it
for himself.
I wonder—
do you think he knew
he'd gotten all
the wishes, too?*

—by Lynette Combs



Dorothy, on left, with Mabel Rafe on a recent visit to Norah Head lighthouse.



Q: *And what is your favourite spot to nap?*
A: *Why, in the bath of course.*

These lovely tabbies are Nutmeg and Peanuts, who belong to member Mrs I. A Walsh of Oak Flats.

Coping with the loss of a beloved cat

Some of these suggestions may not strike a chord with you, but it is hoped that others will help. At the very least, you will know your sense of loss is shared.

June Holding of Mt Colah has a letter in this issue about the loss of her cat. June feels the loss is made more acute by the fact that the cat has disappeared without trace. She says that it is "not knowing" which is haunting her.

We have found this to be true in so many other cases. It is easier to mourn when there is a body to bring home the reality and the finality. That is why – as hard as it seems – we suggest to owners of missing cats that they contact their local Council and see if the cat was removed from the street. When a cat is killed in an accident, some people simply place it on the side of the road and it is eventually collected by a Council truck. If this is the case, at least the uncertainty is over. It is better to know.

There are grief counsellors in the United States who specialise in helping people come to terms with the loss of a beloved pet. One such therapist, writing in "Cat Fancy," said this:

"About 10 to 15 years ago, a pet owner faced with the death of a dear companion received little in the way of sympathy or understanding, except from other pet lovers. But this reaction has been changing dramatically as veterinarians and health care professionals for humans realize that such a loss can have a dramatic impact on the owner's life, and that the loss can be equal to that of losing any member of the family.

"Sorrow is an appropriate response any time someone loses a loved one. The emotional stages of mourning are the same whether the lost loved one is a human or a cat. A person may feel denial, guilt, anger and depression before reaching the final stages of grief and acceptance."

A veterinarian points out that, while the number of years shared with an animal may not affect the intensity of grief, it is true that cats outlive dogs. Cat lovers may be dealing with a bond established over a longer period of time than most dogs will ever live. "It is not unusual for a cat to live for 20 years," she says. "The current of love and devotion runs very deep during such a long friendship."

Indeed, a cat can be a constant friend during divorce, separation from children, the loss of other human friends, and all the ups and downs of our lives. It is the stabilising factor that makes us glad to walk through the front door of our home, when no-one else may be there to greet us. It gives us the physical contact we need... the soft body to hug, the little licks and snuggles, the comforting presence beside us as we watch TV.

The first reaction to the loss of our friend may be that no other cat can ever take its place. This may be coupled with a sense of disloyalty at the mere thought of looking for another.

But a counsellor has this to say: "It seems to me that if we have loved another living being to such

a degree that we grieve so deeply, we are capable of a great deal of love. And love by its very nature reaches out and expands. Love cannot be stored away.

"To try to do without an object for our love clogs the corridors of our emotional being. On the other hand, love freely given opens our entire being, and makes us more at peace with the whole world.

"We can never replace a beloved companion, yet we can choose to fill the void with new life and love."

When you choose to do this is, of course, a very personal decision. For some, a new kitten in the home shortly after the loss is a step that helps take the mind away from grief. There is nothing more diverting than bringing up a baby!

Many other people need to work through their grieving before beginning the experience of raising and loving another cat.

For those who prefer to wait, counsellors often recommend that they become involved in more activities. This is only logical. Losing a cat, especially an only cat, leaves such a void in the daily routine. It is important to fill the gaps as much as possible, and as quickly as possible. For those who don't work, joining a volunteer programme is one option that you may like to consider.

Of course, the way we lose our friend has much to do with the type of grief we experience, and its duration. This may be especially so when the decision has had to be made for euthanasia.

One of our own Councillors has never quite come to terms with the putting to sleep of a beloved Siamese. Her vet advised it, but years later, she feels it perhaps could have survived longer, and still enjoyed life.

At the time, her grief and guilt feelings were so intense that she said to herself, "The first little cat I see that needs me, I will take home." She felt a space had been left that had to be filled at once. It is not surprising that a few days later, when a tiny black stray reached up and touched her with a paw, it won itself an instant home. It has been much loved for many years.

The same Councillor finds comfort in burying her cats in her own garden, with a tree planted over their graves. Manitou sleeps beneath a liquid amber, Starehe has a frangipanni, and Tabby has two crepe myrtles.

One of our Welfare Officers preferred to have her cat cremated. His ashes are on her mantelpiece in a special box, with his framed photo on the wall behind it. A ritual of this kind, whether burial or cremation, seems to bring comfort. Trees and photos are *lasting* reminders, too.

Summing up the views of Councillors, and the feelings of those who have experienced the loss of a beloved cat, the following tips are offered as practical solutions to help overcome the sorrow that accompanies loss:

1. Understand that you have a right to grieve. You have lost a companion and best friend, a family member who gave you unconditional love and acceptance. Take no notice of people who may say, "It's only a cat," or "Pull yourself together." Don't try to reason with them, they simply don't know.
2. Anger and guilt are natural, but they won't help you overcome your loss. Focus on the grief you feel, and not on blaming yourself or others.
3. Allow yourself to feel and go through the natural stages of reaction to a death: disbelief, depression, acceptance. No matter how severe the depression, believe that eventually acceptance will come. It will.
4. Go through some form of ceremony to say goodbye to your friend, even if the body is not present. You may want to collect photos in a special album, compose a poem, even write a letter to your cat. (There was a most moving letter to Boofie in our last journal, as you will remember.)
5. When the pain becomes overwhelming, focus on the good memories. Remember the pleasure your cat gave you, the pleasure you gave it. You were a great team, there couldn't be a better. Hold fast to the memories of those happy years.
6. Change your daily routine. For instance, if you always played with your cat after dinner, take a walk at that time instead, or telephone someone for a chat. Get up at a different time in the morning, and do some exercises or spend time in the garden.
7. In time, consider acquiring another cat – not as a replacement – because nothing could ever replace the companion you've lost. But as another dear friend to share your life and your love.
8. Remember the words already mentioned: "Love by its very nature reaches out and expands. Love cannot be stored away." Despite your loss, don't deny yourself another focus for love, another to return it. There is another cat who needs you, as you need it.

I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND

So many people say "never again" when they lose a beloved pet. I lost a dear Burmese last October, but went to Parklands after only a week, because I couldn't bear the empty house.

I found at your cattery a lovely, jet-black girl of 6 months, and she is now Queen of my house. However, I felt a little guilty, so I wrote this poem:

*Like so many people
I said "Never Again."
Now my sweet cat has gone
Another would be too much pain.*

*But oh – the house is empty.
No welcome at the door,
No warm body on my lap,
No tapping of your paw.*

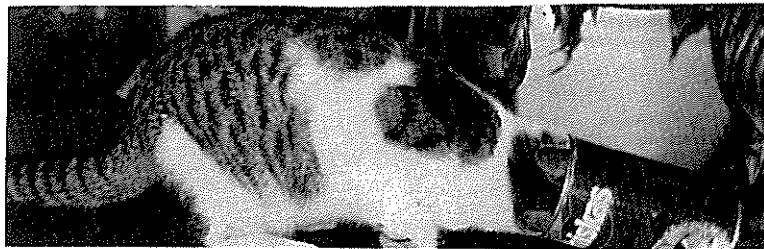
*So, I must find another –
A sweet and needful pet.
But never think, because you've gone,
Don't think that I forget.*

*For it's because of you
And the love you brought each day
That I can't face this empty house
Since you went away.*

*I'm sure you know that many
Cats are all alone and sad
If I can help another
It won't harm the joys we had.*

*So many lonely ones there are
In this great big land
If I can help another,
I know you'll understand.*

Barbara Carter of Brookvale.



A word of caution

If you leave empty cans of cat food around, this is what *could* happen! Puss might find it easy to get his head inside the can, but difficult to get it out again. Make sure garbage bins or bags are tightly closed, too, when you put them outside for collection. Stray street cats forage in bins, and are also at risk from cans.

Just for Fun - Your G

Aquarius

January 21-February 19

The Aquarian cat is, the rebel of the Zodiac. She doesn't do what is expected of her. She does as she pleases, regardless of what another cat or human thinks.

This does not mean that your Aquarian is a noisy show off. Far from it, she is quiet, dignified and reserved. She is also intelligent and discriminating, and if she could express herself in human terms would be recognized as a philosopher.

The Aquarian cat is fixed in her affections. She selects her own master, and gives all her love and trust to that person on a permanent basis, no matter what happens.

She enjoys soft music and needs harmonious surroundings in the house. She also has a good memory, and even in old age will remember games played in kittenhood. She's quite a cat!

Pisces

February 20-March 20

The Pisces feline is usually friendly, amiable and loving. He has sympathy for fellow creatures in distress, and even seems ready to sympathise with a human who is lonely or miserable.

However, while he is a trusting cat, he resents insults and ill treatment.

If you do him wrong he is likely to remember it for a long time and may never forgive you.

Being affectionate by nature, the Pisces cat looks for company, both feline and human. He likes to be needed, and needs to know he is liked. If there is a group of cats making a fuss, the cat sitting well back in the corner will be a

Piscean. His innate amiability usually makes him avoid conflict.

In many ways a nature lover, he enjoys the outdoors, and sometimes you will see him sitting in the same spot for a long time, apparently just enjoying the scent and colour of a flower.

Aries

March 21-April 20

The Aries cat is pioneering, forceful, and at times arrogant. He likes to be first at everything — first when the food plate is rattled, and first to make himself comfortable in front of the heater at night.

In fact, being born in a fire sign, the Aries cat likes nothing better than to sit and gaze into the fire. Of course, all felines enjoy doing this, but it is the Aries, Leo and Sagittarius cats which give the impression that with little provocation they would crawl right in!

The Aries cat is often more restless than most, constantly keeping on the move. He is also a natural leader and quite headstrong, with a lot of pride. If cross with you, he may remain aloof for ages — even if that means a loss of material comforts!

Taurus

April 21-May 20



A pet cat born in the sign of Taurus is likely to be gentler than most cats, extremely affectionate, and scrupulously clean and neat.

She's not the sort who likes to stay out too much at night, preferring to snuggle up on the couch (or your bed!) and sleep as much as possible.

This may mean that the Taurus cat is inclined to put on more weight than other cats, but to compensate she has a most expressive face, with wonderful eyes.

A nature lover, if she is not to be found asleep in the most comfortable position in the house, she will be in the garden, where she can feel the rich earth beneath her paws.

The Taurus cat craves affection, and will offer it unstintingly, even remaining constant despite neglect.

Gemini

May 21-June 21

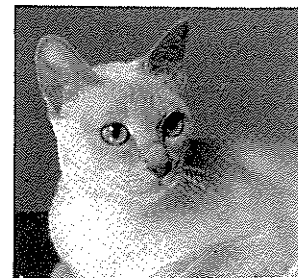
Your Gemini is a born wanderer, always on the move and always making new friends. Some Gemini cats may never settle down with one owner, but range from house to house, their outgoing personality attracting neighbours who will feed them. It's not that the Gemini doesn't appreciate kindness and love — he just can't resist the call of new places and new faces.

But if you are lucky enough to have a Gemini cat who prefers to stay at home, you have a real treasure. Here is a cat who loves exploring and performing, and will turn on a show-biz act whenever the opportunity arises! For the same reason, he takes a little extra care with his grooming.

Life to this feline is just one long voyage of fun and discovery... and in turn, he's immense fun to have around the house!

Cancer

June 22-July 22



The Cancer-born cat is usually the ultimate in domesticity. His home is his castle, and he doesn't like anything to disturb its tranquillity.

He is generally a retiring cat, who doesn't care for too much fuss. He will greet guests at the door, but doesn't take kindly to teasing or rough play. He likes to show affection in his own good time, and in his own gentle way.

Very neat and particular, he likes his favourite chair to be kept neat — not cluttered with clothes or magazines. Stability and order make him happy, and he is sensitive to changes in the household routine.

Cats born under this sign are truly part of the family, and also relate well to other cats. A Cancer cat is a natural peacemaker, and his calm presence is often sufficient to quell unruly behaviour between two other less gentle felines.

Leo

July 23-August 22

In any breed of cat, those who come under the sign of Leo will be the most regal, proud and aloof.

Guide to Catastrology!

Being in a sign associated with the lion, King of Cats, the Leo feline dares not let down his Royal family. Still, as a cat he is very practical, so his pride may sometimes be put to one side where food or attention is concerned!

He is a good natured animal, never vindictive or spiteful, but certainly the most independent of all the signs, with a fixity of purpose which is amazing.

This concentration can even work to his disadvantage, for if he decides to do something, nothing will dissuade him. A Leo will sit and wait for a mouse or bird for days if necessary, ignoring his creature comforts.

In appearance, his elegance of bearing and noble expression give him distinction — even if he is “just a moggy!”

Virgo

August 23-September 23

Of all the Zodiac signs, the Virgo cat is the most meticulous and painstaking. She is also the most patient, persevering and fastidious.

To the Virgo cat, diet is all important. Her food must be fresh and appetising and just to her liking, or she will simply do without.

The Virgo cat is modest and conservative, and expects her litter box to be discreetly located, away from prying eyes. She grooms herself frequently and patiently, and always looks perfectly turned out.

Generally quiet and very gentle, the Virgo will often choose special, secret places in the house, where she can be quietly contemplative. Many Virgos also tend to collect little goodies such as balls of wool and socks, which they

hide in unlikely spots. And this all applies to Mr Virgo as well as Ms!

Libra

September 24-October 23

To the Libran, dignity is all important. He doesn't usually snarl, hiss or fight even when provoked, because he feels such behaviour is unbecoming to a gentleman.

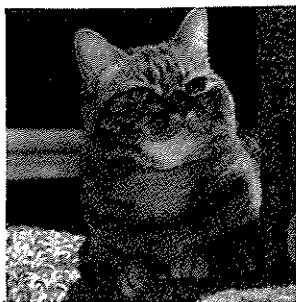
Because he was born in Libra he gives and receives affection readily, but is very sensitive, and if poorly handled in early life he may become withdrawn.

The Libra cat has an intense dislike of dirty places. As he walks through mud, or anything else he considers unpleasant, he will pick up each paw in a most disdainful and aristocratic manner... again such sensitivity denotes the gentleman!

Many Libran cats have beautifully proportioned shapes, with perfectly symmetrical markings. They also adore music, but it must be the right kind of music. Heavy rock just wouldn't be appropriate for this aesthetic feline.

Scorpio

October 24-November 22



Of all signs in the Zodiac, this is probably the most determined and tenacious, so the Scorpio cat is a formidable opponent. She doesn't mind a scrap, either

— in fact, some Scorpios go out looking for trouble, and will certainly defend what they consider their own territory with watchdog zeal.

The Scorpio does not lavish affection on all, but when she does give her heart, she gives it without reservation. Her owner is showered with signs of physical affection — from nuzzles behind the ear to an insistence on perching on a shoulder to watch TV together.

Scorpio cats are sometimes slightly below the average feline dimension, tending to be lean rather than well padded. They're also extremely fond of sharpening their claws on the furniture, and have a stare that can go right through you if they're not getting their way. All in all, a challenge — but irresistible!

Sagittarius

November 23-December 21



A Sagittarius cat is bright, pleasant and cheerful, always ready for a romp and a game, and seldom in a bad mood.

Very self reliant, she is bright enough to know we humans like to think we are needed, so she graciously permits us to provide her with food and shelter.

However, Sagittarian cats are interested in freedom, or at least the illusion of freedom. If you want to keep her happy, don't keep her locked up all the time, or she will spare no trouble to get out — even if only to look in from the outside!

A born leader, the Sagittarian will usually not make a firm bid for leadership, but will have it thrust on her by the other cats, who will follow blindly. She can tend to be aggressive and forceful, but gets away with it because of her great natural charm.

Capricorn

December 22-January 20

The Capricorn cat is a very serious cat. To him, the business of living is all important, and nothing in life is to be taken lightly. He has a good mind, and superior powers of reasoning.

Nothing escapes this cat. He is ever alert and always ready to investigate the odd or unusual. He has excellent powers of concentration, and is rarely discouraged from the task at hand.

Generally the most dignified sign in the Zodiac, Capricorn cats seem to have an aura of reserve about them. They do not go out of their way to be aloof, but other cats (and humans, too) respect their obvious desire to spend time alone.

There is a secret reserve of strength in the make-up of the Capricorn cat, and when called on, he can perform immense feats of endurance. Some Capricorns have been found still struggling in water after days of immersion.





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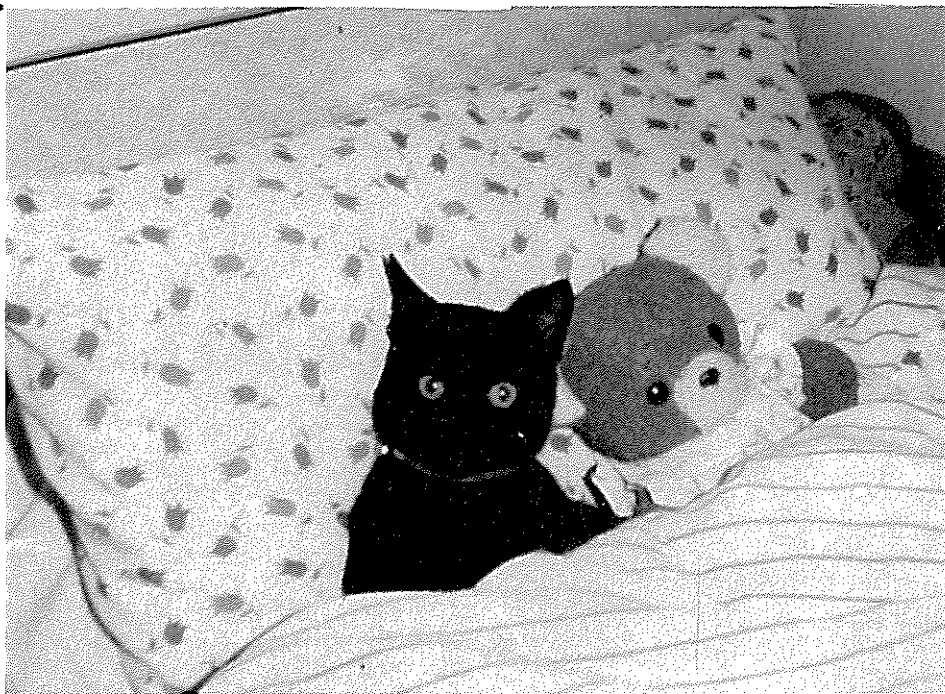
RICHARD DURANT

Proprietor

THE SEARCH

As I walked
calling for you
the question tormented me:
lost, stolen, or strayed?
My gaze scanned the pavement
and the roadside
Fearing to find your lifeless form,
but I knew in my heart
that you were alive
and searching for me
as desperately
as I searched for you.
Heartsick, I roamed
the neighborhood
asking question, ringing doorbells,
tacking handlettered signs on power poles.
"Lost cat."
Calling for you
in ever-widening circles
I wept in frustration
and for the pain of missing you,
but never in despair;
for I knew that nothing short of death
would keep us apart.
Love always finds its own again,
and when at last I saw you,
I opened my arms
and you leaped forward into them
as I knew you would.

- Laurel Steinhice



Ben loves his Teddy!

Ben belongs to friends of CPS member John Shayler, and lives in Fulham, London. He is tucked into bed each night with his own Teddy.

Tippy's Story

Tippy received her name because she was rescued from a tip. She also supplied the incentive that Donna needed to give up smoking!

By Donna Francis

came from before ending up at the tip. She just loves to travel in the car, and sometimes I think she may have jumped out at the tip, unbeknown to the driver. But nobody came forward when she was advertised.

Maybe other readers would like to write in, and tell how they acquired their cats? My friend Robyn Dalby has written a poem about the unusual way I found Tippy, and I'd like to share it.

My Mum found Tippy at the Albury tip last year. She was about 4 months old and in good condition — obviously not a “tip” cat.

Mum asked all around if anyone had lost a kitten with her unusual colouring, but to no avail. As she had 3 dogs, she couldn't take Tippy home, so not knowing what to do, she left her at the tip, thinking her owner might come looking for her.

When Mum told me next morning what had happened, I said she should have kept the kitten and taken her to the RSPCA. Well, Mum went back to the tip later in the day, and called and called but couldn't find her. So she returned at dusk, when there were fewer people around. Again she called, but no answer. Then as she was returning to the car, Tippy came running from her hiding place and jumped into the car, which had the door open.

She was then taken to the RSPCA and advertised, but no-one responded.

I had fallen in love with Tippy the moment I saw her, but already had 2 cats and 1 dog. When no-one claimed Tippy I finally convinced my husband I “needed” her, and he agreed I could have her... but on one condition, I had to give up smoking!

Well, I agreed, and I haven't smoked since. It was certainly worth it. Tippy has “personality plus”, and has taken over our house. She has the most unusual colouring — even the vets have never seen a cat like her. Her markings are not unlike a tabby, but the colour is red/brown, not ginger. She has a white chin, brown eyes, and silver rings around her tail.

Tippy has a natural talent for fetching things, and loves to play. I can't help wondering where she

Tippy's Poem

By Robyn Dalby

*A little kitten looking at the slowly darkening sky
Lifted up a paw, and wiped a teardrop from her eye.
Surrounded by the decomposing garbage of a tip,
Her future passed before her and a tremble shook
her lip.*

*Shall I be forever in this Godforsaken place,
Not to hear a kindly word or see a friendly face?*

*A human stands before me looking down with
smiling face,
Beauty whispers gently in this ugly foetid place.
She lifts me up to fondle, my small body tears
apart...*

*Another home... another tip... another broken heart?
But no, this one is genuine, this one is mine to have.
My games are all rewarded with sweet laughter and
her love.*

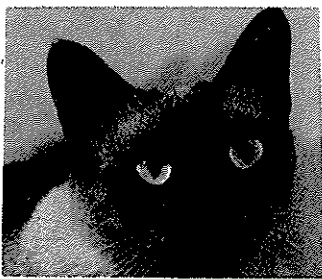
*Her integrity is such she gave up smoking just for
me.*

*I'm a kitten with a family, I am owned but I am
free.*

Ed's Note: Robyn's original poem is longer than this.
I have shortened it for space reasons.

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Welfare Report

As we go to press - mid-November - the kitten season hasn't yet exploded.

It will! But I am quite convinced that each year brings an improvement, with the numbers not quite so overwhelming as the year before.

Just as well, really, as we certainly aren't finding the same number of homes as we used to.

Surprisingly, our 'phones aren't frantically busy, which is allowing us to keep our heads above water with the work load.

I don't know how we'd be managing if the work was flooding in, as we've had lots of illness among the Welfare staff this quarter.

The most upsetting item of news is the loss of our newest van, CAT006, only purchased in March of this year. It was burnt out in a deliberately lit fire at Rooty Hill in the early hours of a recent Sunday morning.

Although the van itself was fully insured, there were extra items not covered by insurance - sign writing, air conditioning, our fibreglass insulation, and some expensive contents. Added to that was the shock of the circumstances, and the inconvenience of being without an ambulance while another one was being prepared.

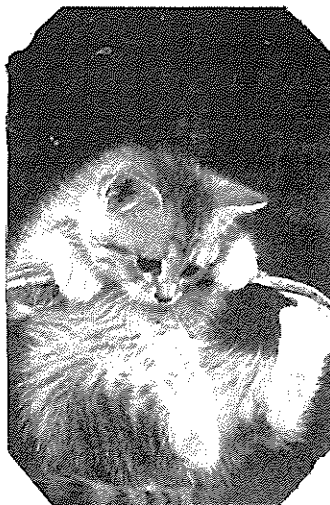
However, CAT006 Mark II is now on the road, with Sandy at the wheel.

I've made my report short and snappy for this Christmas issue, but I can't close without wishing all friends, colleagues and members a peaceful as well as a joyous festive season. And of course, a Happy New Year.

-Nance Iredale

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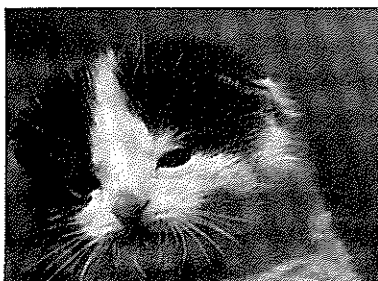
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Parklea.
Tel: 626 9333

This very handsome, very spoilt cat is 13-year-old Nikki, who lives with owner Shirley Wood in Mosman. ▼



I'm Just a Flower Child at Heart



FORM OF BEQUEST

To those caring persons who may be disposed to assist our Society in 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 purpose 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 estate as well as money.

Collector's Corner

Do any readers like to collect things... stamps, dolls, cat objects, salt and pepper shakers, old lace, sea shells, postcards?

It's certainly fun to be a collector. There's that wonderful feeling of anticipation when you walk into a secondhand shop, visit a garage sale or antique centre — or even our own Op Shop, which often has interesting things like old sheet music, cameras and tools.

Anyway, if you're a collector we'd love to hear from you. Tell us about your collection, and perhaps pass on some tips as to what to look for and likely places to find them.

To start you off, here's an article by our Vice President Sybil Cozens on her own hobby....

Ginger Jars

Ginger is the root of *Gingiber Officinale* — a plant cultivated in tropical countries and believed to have originated in Asia. It was taken to England in the 11th Century.

In the East, many medicinal properties were attributed to ginger, while in the West it was mainly used for spicing wine.

Of course, in modern times it is used for spicing culinary delights... and best of all, to eat on its own, either preserved dry or in syrup.

Ginger in syrup obviously had to be transported in a container... but when did a special container for ginger begin?

It could have been in the Chou Dynasty, 12th Century BC to 3rd Century BC (Confucius lived 551-479 BC)... or the Chi'n, Han, Sung, Ming, Ching (sometimes called Manchu) 1660-1911.

Which of these Dynasties created the ginger jar? We know ginger was taken to England in the 11th Century, but what in?

My first ginger jars were a pair given to me in Hong Kong in 1960. They are 25cm tall and lavishly decorated with peacocks and peonies on a plain, off-white background. On a visit in 1961 I was given another pair, the very familiar squat, round ones with domed lids. From then on I was "hooked", and now have 34 jars and 3 tea caddies... but they're another story.

My collection has been gathered from all corners of Australia, antique shops, as gifts from friends — and yes, from our own Op Shop.

Ginger jars come in all sizes, shapes, colours, and can be in rough ceramic or finely decorated porcelain. They can be lavishly or simply ornamented, or not at all.

Despite research at the Mitchell Library, Powerhouse Museum, and poring through the Encyclopaedia and dictionaries, I still cannot find the answer to when they all began. I'd really love to know, if anyone can help. — Sybil Cozens.

PS. Just a word to ginger lovers: our own *Bunderim* ginger is as good as the Chinese or even better, and a visit to the factory in Queensland is an eye opener.



Vale

Miss Helen Heney

Miss Helen Margaret Elizabeth Heney, a dear friend and supporter of our Society, died in a Wahroonga nursing home in August of this year, in her early 80's.

Miss Heney was a woman of many talents — a respected author, a wonderful gardener, a fascinating conversationalist. But she found her greatest satisfaction in helping animals.

Cats were her special joy. When she lived at home in Hornsby, with its English-style cottage garden, Helen at last count had 27 cats. She had to say goodbye to them when she moved to the nursing home, but her friend Dawn Boyle found homes for each and every one of them — even including the matriarch of the group, a 12-year-old.

Subsequently, Helen found two new friends — or rather, they found her — at Wahroonga, a mature white cat and a white kitten. Being Helen, she made arrangements for their welfare before she died.

Helen shared her love of cats with her brother John, who set up the Heney Feline Care Service about a decade ago. Its aim was to encourage the desexing of cats, and it is still operating, together with The Animal Dispensary Foundation of NSW, another welfare service funded by the generosity of the Heneyes.

Her donations to our Society over the years have, at her request, been directed especially towards helping pensioners have their cats desexed.

Another of her friends, Joyce Heyes, has this to say about Helen: "Her generosity was boundless. For 15 years she has helped me in my work with cats, together with many other individuals and animal welfare groups.

"Yet she has always shunned publicity. She didn't even like to talk about her books — her personal achievements were not important to her.

"Helen was a woman of tremendous dignity, with a lovely straight carriage and a cultivated voice. She was a lady in the true sense of the word, gentle and unassuming.

"Widely read, she could converse on any topic, but somehow our talks always got back to cats and gardens! Her garden was beautiful, her own creation, with all the pretty cottagey flowers — lavender, old-fashioned roses, wallflowers. Helen was always accompanied by her cats as she tended to it.

"She was desperately sorry for the plight of homeless cats and kittens, and saw desexing as the only answer. She devoted her life, and her resources, to the problem. Her loss is irreplaceable."

We at the Society feel the same way.

Nance Iredale

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Always Remembered

A donation in loving memory of Miss Helen Heney, cat lover and protector par excellence, who got me into the CPS many years ago and whose recent death has left us all bereft.

- Betty McMahon

A donation in memory of my dear old Murdoch, who died on April 24, 1989, aged 12.

- Norah Packham

A donation in memory of my little Smudgie, who passed away on September 17, 1980. Always remembered.

- Miss R. Beattie.

A donation in memory of our Tiddles, a dear and faithful companion for 18 years and 8 months. Put to sleep on August 24 after a long battle with illness, and laid to rest beside her mate Tuffy.

Sadly missed by E. and W. Baynsford.

A donation in memory of my beautiful baby Sahib, put to sleep 11/11/86. Only 8 years old. The greatest love and friend in my life.

- Betty Camphuis

A donation in memory of my dear Boo, who was 14 years old when I lost her... also the little stray who adopted me, Kit-E-Kat.

- Joan Denny

A donation in memory of our darling Tammy, who was attacked by a dog and died 22/9/90, aged 14 years.

- The MacMillan Family

A donation in memory of my dear "Come on."

- Iris Baldwin.

A donation remembering my constant companion over the past 17½ years... my darling little mate Goldie, put to sleep on September 5 this year on the advice of my caring, wonderful vet.

- Joan Denny

Loving memories of our dear mate, Boots, who passed away on the 24th August, 1990, aged 13 years. Forever in our hearts.

- Joan and Cam Connor



New Members...

You're Very Welcome

The following members joined during the last part of July, August, September, October and the early part of November. Thank you all for supporting the Society, and we hope you'll be with us for many years to come.

Ms N. Collins of Werombi. Mrs G Dean of Greenacre. Miss H. Bartz of Wingham. Mr S. Morrow of Chippendale. Miss R. Blazey of Rozelle. Mrs P Mullen of Marrickville. Miss D. Groves of Greenacre. Miss M. Strauch of Punchbowl. Mrs L. Hodges of Auburn. Mrs J. Sydney of South Strathfield. Mrs B Towler of Waterloo. Mrs K Zawadzka of Mt Colah. Ms K Allison of Bondi. Mrs S Yangou of West Marrickville. Miss D Parkes of South Hurstville. Mrs E. Cross of Springwood. Mrs I Green of Bankstown. Mrs J Phillips of Fairfield Heights. Mrs J Stephens of Collaroy Beach. Mrs B Power of Epping. Mrs H Shimmel of Mascot. Mrs F Kurschildgen of Baulkham Hills. Mrs P Kay of Mt Kuring-Gai. Miss J Key of Toukley. Mrs M von Adlerstein of Surry Hills. Mrs and Miss Bayliss of Toormina. Ms M Melliger of Randwick. Mrs J Lewis of Wagga Wagga. Mrs R Bond of Canley Heights. Mrs C Liley of Crows Nest. Mrs B Ulrich of Kensington. The Central Coast Cat Club, Gorokan. Mrs J Lloyd of Berala. Mrs V Houldershaw of Ryde. Ms A Skerratt of Hobart. The Abyssinian Cat Club, Croydon Park. Miss J Clark of Goonellabah. Mrs G Roberts of Lilyfield. Mrs T Howell of Lindfield. Mrs C Power of Coffs Harbour. Mrs A Frazer of West Pymble. Ms M Veddovi and Mr D McCaughan of Lidcombe. Mrs P Dowling of Bass Hill. Mrs W Fisher of Young. Miss C Fairlie of Lilyfield. Mrs I Morsillo of Davistown. Ms A Callaghan of Ashfield. Mr P Turvey of Cranebrook. Ms C Bright of Normanhurst. Ms S Dunstan of Canowindra. Mrs I Kohlrush of Merewether. Mrs L Richards of Dubbo. Mrs S Carpenter of Charnhaven. Mrs J Williams of Budgewoi. Mrs L Francis of Cremorne. Mrs N Drew of Engadine. Mrs I Stegemann of Newtown. Mrs F Mitchell of Cairns. Cats Assistance to Sterilize Inc., Kensington Park. Mrs M Walker of Beacon Hill. Ms Fury of Stanmore. Mr and Mrs Bingham of Lavington. Miss Green of North Ryde. Mr W Nesham of Mosman. Mrs N Lamrock of Epping. Mr and Mrs W Elias of Yarrawarrah. Benelong Nursing Home, Ashfield. Miss S Gardiner of Kempsey. Mrs M North of Clothier Creek. Mrs Scott of West Ryde. Miss J Wilder of Hornsby. Ms E Merrick of Mt Druitt. Miss E Hewison of Bondi. Mrs H Croft of Bateau Bay. Mr J Swain of Church Point. Mrs D Hancock of Bexley. Ms N Packham of North Sydney.



BUTCH: The Stray who stayed (and Drooled!)

The true story of Butch is abridged from an article in the American magazine *Cat Fancy*, and is written by Butch's owner, Dan Reeder.

Every morning at 5.29 sharp, little feet pump away at my shoulder like pistons in some strange machine. At that moment, the few brain cells functioning in my head send out a warning: "Turn over! Get the towel!" My tired body refuses to budge, and I lie trapped, waiting for the inevitable sensation of warm drops of saliva dripping on the back of my head. No matter how tired I am at this awful time of the morning, the daily occurrence is something I can't ignore. Then again, Butch is a cat that can't be ignored.

Before I met Butch, I shared my flat with two stray cats that had just happened to find their way to my one-bedroom abode. I left the bedroom window open during the day so they could go outside and do their duty while I was away at work.

When I arrived home one particular night, the cats had funny looks on their faces, the kind that suggested something was up. I noticed their food dishes didn't contain the usual crusty leftovers — those slightly discoloured bits of food that proud cats refuse to eat.

Just then a telltale shadow of a creature appeared to slip out the back window. This scenario repeated itself for a week.

One evening, determined to catch the invisible invader, I quietly walked around to the back of the flat and closed the window.

As I opened the front door, a thunderous crash ensued as a cat's head met the window, followed by the sounds of unadulterated feline terror. When the dust finally settled, something had lodged itself behind the refrigerator. Torch in hand, I got my first glimpse of the phantom cat.

He was the most pitiful creature I had ever seen. Because he was covered with dirt, determining the colour of his fur was impossible. His eyes bulged, partly from fear, but mostly because of his emaciated condition. The notches on his ears, like notches on a gunfighter's six-shooter, recorded many fights. This animal had been around, all right! I decided it was about time he got a decent meal and a good night's sleep.

I put out the usual meals for Sweet Pea and Chester, and made up a third dish for our guest. Quite a while after the other two had eaten, and settled down for a nap, the stranger crept from his hiding place to the dish.

By the following morning, I'd made a decision to take him to the veterinarian, and pulled him scratching and clawing from behind the refrigerator. By the time he was installed in a cat carrier, I looked as if I'd been through a field of blackberries.

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By the doctor's best estimate, Butch was at least 10 years old. He was not only infested with every kind of parasite imaginable, but possessed everything from rotten teeth and an acute case of bad breath to a small, cancerous scab on his otherwise pink nose. I left poor Butch in the vet's care.

When I saw him again, he was minus a few items — such as fleas, lice and earwax — and yes, he was neutered as well. No doubt about it, Butch emerged from the veterinary clinic in a thoroughly harassed and humiliated state. When we got home, he flew out of the box, out of the window, and I thought, out of my life.

Four days later he returned, and he has been underfoot ever since.

Butch isn't that smart, perhaps because he suffered 10 years of malnutrition. His appearance and mannerisms reflect this. For instance, learning to behave like a cat took him years. His idea of play is to grab a toy, make stupid faces, and kick it to death with his feet. He has never learned to miaow properly. His mouth opens, but what comes out sounds like my father gargling. Working out how to go through the new kitty door took him weeks. Because he no longer has any teeth, his tongue often protrudes from his mouth after he cleans himself.

But of all the features that characterize this cat, drooling is what people remember. It appears when he is happy. First it drips, then it dribbles in a stream, and finally it thickens and hangs off the corners of his mouth. Most of my friends have adjusted to this, some even think it's cute, but nobody ever gets completely used to it. Over the years I've been forced to station towels in convenient places all over the flat, particularly on the bed where Butch spends his nights.

Chester and Sweet Pea died several years ago. Butch has now been with me for six years. He will never win a beauty contest, but his twilight years have found him content, happy, and very affectionate. He has finally acquired some feline habits, such as rubbing against a leg when he's hungry and purring when he's happy. The fact that he drools has become part of his personality.

Exactly when the special moment happened is hard to say. I mean that moment when Butch's liabilities became his assets, when his ugliness became his beauty, when his oddness became his charm.

Perhaps it was that night, long after we first met, when he left a lifetime of fear behind him and cuddled up on my shoulder to sleep. Then he truly became my cat.

Butch has turned out to be the most sweet-spirited, special friend and companion that anyone could ask for. And you don't push someone like that out of bed in the morning just because of a little spit!

Why do some people Dislike Cats?

The following article is abridged from a feature in "Cat Catalog: The Ultimate Cat Book," by American psychoanalyst Dr. Rose Spiegel.

Dr Spiegel says the range of emotions towards cats is wider than that towards any other animal — certainly more so than the dog. The gamut ranges from terror, hatred, loathing, fear, and wishing to keep one's distance, to friendliness, affection, even to adoration and worship.

Both strange powers of malice and uncanny wisdom have been attributed to the cat. More than the dog, the cat has long been obscured in our culture by images both hostile and adoring.

There is remarkably little formal, organized information on the psychological relationship between people and animals. Freud sets forth the classic position in his book *Totem and Taboo*. Briefly summarised, Freud interprets fear of a particular animal in terms of the Oedipus complex. The child identifies a certain animal with his father, and later comes to openly fear the animal for dreads which the child represses when thinking about his father.

Freud's ideas have been modified or reconsidered by other psychoanalysts, but they agree that neurotic fears of animals are deep-rooted, and appear in adults as well as children. In my own practice, experience confirms these impressions. One client had a fear of cats, saying that their unpredictability and their sensual movements made her uncomfortable. This reaction may be because of her own repressed sexuality, her lack of acceptance of her own sensual aspect.

But many people who do not like cats simply do not know them. Information and an open mind is all that is necessary if they want to reconsider the matter. People who do not like, or do not trust cats, raise a number of questions which ought to be answered. Here are some commonly held views, and my responses:

Cats remind me of jungle predators. I'm afraid a cat will jump on me and scratch me.

There is such a confusion between domestic cats and large predatory felines — tigers, lions, pumas etc. There is no basis to the fear that cats will leap on people and attack them as the great felines might. Cats do not scratch and fight except defensively... when they are cornered and attacked or when their kittens are threatened.

Cats are too silent for me. I don't like the way they lurk and creep up on you.

A cat's liking for retreating into the darkest recesses of a cupboard does lend itself to being interpreted as stealth. The silence of cats has long been involved in their inscrutability, but it has a natural explanation. Unlike dogs, who make a great number of sounds, cats depend less on vocal expressions for communication. They signal with their faces, their ears, their bodies — they use total body language as well as voice. If you learn to observe these signs of communication, a cat will not seem half so inscrutable.

I don't like the predatory nature of cats, the way they hunt birds.

The aspect of the cat's predatory instinct which results in hunting rodents was probably one of the first reasons for the sympathetic relationship between humans and cats. But the hunting of birds, understandably, rouses our antipathy. We are torn by the problem. We recognize that the biological struggle for existence involves animals killing other animals, but it is still troubling to many people to see an attractive, harmless bird caught by a predator.

This existential dilemma has no easy solution. Humanity's ethical struggles with its own hostilities, aggression and violence lead us to interpret the cat's predatory instincts in terms of human morality. *Cats cannot be fairly judged or properly understood if we impose our cultural code on their natural conduct.*

I find that dogs are warm. Cats seem cold and aloof.

Is this, perhaps, related to the difference in the emotional needs of dog lovers and cat lovers? The cat lover generally can play the cat's game of patience. The dog lover expects, and gets, a quicker and more obvious response from the dog.

The person who sees cats as cold creatures has no idea of the cat's capacity for tenderness to people, to each other, and of course to its kittens.

I have seen a cat of mine, usually shy in the presence of strangers, rolling on his back and doing his best to court a relationship with a hyperactive six-year-old child. I know of a cat who, when her owner was going through a period of stress and crying herself to sleep, would gently lick her face. Another cat helped his owner through a period of loneliness by snuggling and cuddling.

The cat's basic need for the physical presence of the owner gives any lonely person a sense of presence, as well as companionship. And by "presence", I mean something quite subtle, more subtle even than friendship. The cat, no less than the owner, has a need for the sense of presence. Indeed, this craving often manifests itself by the cat snuggling into its owner's clothes when the owner is absent.

In this world, where there are so many needy people, I don't think you should give your love and care to an animal.

Love comes in great variety. Who has the wisdom to limit the capacity and expression of love? The loving intimacy and communication with a creature outside our own kind opens a wider range of involvement in the world of experience.

Love of a cat, of any animal, offers a core of closeness that can balance a life of service to others.



THANK YOU FOR YOUR LETTERS



From Suzi Kovak of Stanmore:

Hi! I'm a new member, and I'd like to tell you a little about myself, and how my interest in cats began.

I was born in Italy, and have been in Australia for 17 years. I grew up with 32 cats and 3 dogs!

Our home was by the seaside, and Dad was a fisherman. Mum embroidered beautiful tapestries, which she sold. The cats lived on the beach, and actually belonged to everyone. But they mainly stayed around our home, probably because they sensed we loved them. Dad even built a big cubby house with pretty windows for them to sleep in — which they did.

It was my job as a child to feed them, and clean the cubby house every day with hot water and disinfectant. Sometimes I'd quarrel with Mum because I wanted to sleep outdoors with them.

Anyway, over the years, many died of old age, sickness etc. When I came to Australia with a brother and uncle the family took care of the remaining cats, but they said most of them just disappeared soon after I left. I like to think they must have missed me.

In Australia I came to live in Newtown. One day I became suddenly ill at work and had to come home. I was walking through the park opposite Sydney University and found a very forlorn, pregnant cat. I felt even sicker when I saw her shocking condition, but somehow it seemed like fate that I had to leave work that day.

I took her home and cared for her, and three days later she had her kittens... 2 dead boys, 2 headless females, 1 live girl.. I buried the dead babies, and later had the mother and daughter desexed. Over the years I adopted more strays (or they adopted me) and had them all desexed as well.

Then 7 years ago a terrible thing happened. Three punks gouged the eye from one of my cats. I took them to court, and won hands down. Today "Sunnyboy" is healthy and strong, and looks like a bandit with his one good eye!

Very recently there was another awful experience. A couple of neighbours saw another neighbour put my 3-month-old Chachi in a net bag, and chuck him into the boot of the car. They said they were going to dump him somewhere.

I put notices in letterboxes everywhere. I brought the police, the RSPCA and The Cat Protection Society into it. With my 8-months pregnant friend I walked the streets and parks at night calling for Chachi, and leaving notices on telegraph poles.

Then one day, guess what? A call from Gail at Cat Protection saying she thought a little cat brought into the office might be Chachi. It was! I can't express my happiness when I saw him. And guess what? The neighbours who took him away got robbed THREE times. I firmly believe that if you are cruel to *any* animal, you eventually get reimbursed.

Later, I moved to another house, which is nicer for my "family"... Sunnyboy, Chachi, Sabrina, Mini, Sacha and Nicki. My cats mean everything to me. I earn a low wage, but I feed and attend to them very well. I don't smoke or drink, and I even manage to drop some food into the Cat Protection office now and then, and of course some goods for the shop.

I'm so happy to be a member of the Society now, but let's all keep on working for the main goal... compulsory desexing and immunisation of all cats, and *fail* sentences for cruelty, not just fines.



From Mrs E. Harrop of Mortdale:

We have two cats, no special breed. The larger one, Rastus, is a real "sook". He demands attention when we go out or come home by rolling madly on his back.

Little Gin-Gin is such a pet, but one has to be wary of her lest she gets over-excited and sinks her claws in. The result can be quite badly damaged hands. My husband is able to say the necessary words for her to let him go, but I have yet to learn what they are!



From Netta MacKenzie of Woollahra:

I'm a fairly new member, and would love to tell you about a cat I had during the Second World War.

Our house was about half a mile from the railway station, with a walk along the main road.

One night, when returning home from work in the city, I was walking down the steps of the station when I heard a mewing sound. I thought, "That sounds like Major", and it was! He had never accompanied me to the station, but had somehow found his way to it — in the blackout! and stayed behind a bush until he saw me coming down the steps.

After a good cuddle he walked beside me down the road, with his tail straight up as if in celebration.

I had called him "Major" because my husband, who was away in the Army, was a Lieutenant.

After this display of intelligence and navigation, I really thought I should promote him to Colonel!



Sweet Dreams



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

Mr Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout, by darting upon it in a deep, clear water, at a mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The cat belonged to Mr Stanley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water, as they stood on the bank. This seems to be a natural method of taking their prey, usually lost by domestication, though they all retain a strong relish for fish.

-Charles Darwin



From June Holding of Mt Colah:

Just a hurried note to send you an extract from the current magazine of The National Association for Loss and Grief.

I found the article on how to cope with grief especially interesting in light of the disappearance two weeks ago of my best beloved black, half-Siamese three year old cat.

As I do not have any family and live alone, you can appreciate the place my cats have in my life. But it is a loss that mostly cannot be aired in public because the reaction is generally, "It's only a cat — get another one".

While this may be true from a practical point of view, it does not take into account the emotional attachment and the mutual caring.

What is very distressing is not finding any remains... not knowing what happened... ending with a question mark and nothing finalised. Somehow the actual act of burying a body can help to reconcile one with the death, and loss becomes easier to come to terms with. I am in limbo.

Ed's note: All of us will understand how June is feeling. Many of us have shared her special grief over a cat who disappears without trace.

There is an article on coping with loss in this issue. I hope it may be of some help.



From Heather O'Rourke of Tamworth:

Thanks for a great "Cat Affairs!"

I thought other members might be interested in my daughter's description of our cats, with their diverse personalities. This is what she wrote about them:

Snowball is 14 years old, and has slept for 10½ of them, either in the sun or by the fire. She's snowy white and the other cats don't seem to like her. But she has a range of miaows which "talk" to me, purrs a lot, and snores a lot as well. *Astro* was her 13 year old son, who had to be put to sleep recently. He considered himself the boss of the whole street.

Lady-Boy is 4 years old and a distant relative of *Snowball*. He's ginger and white, with a lovely Persian-type tail. Has a muddled, fearful personality, with scared eyes that sometimes show a look of abject terror. But his ears are alert, and he can be so loving. He paddles his paws, purrs, and dribbles... then stops suddenly, as though he's annoyed with himself. *Lady-Boy* loves music, and miaows along with it with a drawn out "mmmmmm". A while ago he got his paw caught in something, necessitating a trip to the vet, antibiotics, and hot bathing for the injury. He's better now, but often walks with a hop, skip and jump, and is very particular where he puts his paw.

Sally and Pi are brother and sister, two year olds. *Pi* is the man about the house, the watch cat. He walks with purpose, patrols constantly, rejects cuddles and demands plenty of food. His short, purposeful miaow leaves out the "O" note... it's more a "miw" sound. He often chases and bites his sister, but they sleep cuddled up together. He's a sleek grey colour.

Sally is all colours, and forever a kitten. She seems left out sometimes, and tries to sleep in everyone else's spot... ending up inevitably on the back step. She talks constantly with a very feminine miaow, and has *Pi*'s need for lots of food.

I agree with my daughter's summing up, and would add that I'm sure all of them would rate highly in the cat intelligence test! They are my friends and confidantes, and incidentally, I love them on my fridge magnets. Am enclosing a picture of the whole family in their favourite spot — snoozing by the fire. See page 11.



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From Miss S. Levitt of Castle Hill:

You may be interested in a few snippets from wonderful cat books I have read.

In "Cats Company" by Michael Joseph there are stories of the many cats who served in the Civil Service, etc.

Hundreds of cats and kittens served in the Royal Navy. Simon, of the cruiser H.M.S. Amethyst, was mentioned in despatches for devotion to duty after the cruiser escaped from Nanking and raced to safety down 200 miles of river under heavy fire.

Leslie, who joined the cruiser H.M.S. Manchester when she was being built, had her "Action Station" in the boiler room. She missed her ship during the evacuation from Norway, and only just scrambled on the last destroyer to leave. She was transferred to her own ship at sea.

Members who are interested will find many more stories about cats on duty in "Animals In War" by Jilly Cooper.

"The Boys", by Nicholas Stuart Grey (published by Dobson of London in 1968) tells of Mr Gray's two cats. As an actor, when he played the part of Puss in Boots in pantomime, he had the mask made as an accurate copy of one of his cats. He also modelled his stage behaviour, as closely as a human being could, on his cats. He was extremely successful in his role, and taught himself to sign his name by holding a pen in his claws.

"Uncle Whiskers" by Phillip Brown, published by Andre Deutsch, tells the true story of a cat who lived a full life after being badly injured by a car. One arm was removed, and the other was crippled and useless, but that didn't stop his enjoyment in living.

The former director of Regents Park Zoo in London allowed his keepers to have as many cats as they wished, and a book was written about them. Unfortunately I've lost the book and don't remember the title... perhaps someone knows of it?

Ed's note: Certainly, cats make fascinating reading, don't they? If you have some favourite cat books, do write in and tell us about them.



GATTO VENEZIANO

Yes, this is a Venetian cat, composed and confident for the camera. Member Marion Von Adlerstein sent us this photo from Venice. Incidentally, Marion said that most Venetian cats seem to be Tabby or part Tabby. Do any other members have observations on cats in foreign parts?



From Mrs Jean Wilkinson of Alligator Creek, Qld:

I have a relative in England who has sent me some literature from The Cat Protection League there, and the following information may be of interest to readers:

The League has 190 branches and local groups throughout the British Isles. It operates 10 cat shelters and many charity shops.

In 1987, homes were found for more than 47,000 cats and kittens, and almost 28,000 animals were neutered through the League. Like us, they offer a subsidised desexing scheme.

Branches and groups are supported by the Headquarters of the League, but each one is expected to raise funds locally, and this determines the amount of work they can undertake.

The League encourages people to make arrangements for their pets in the case of sudden illness, hospitalisation or death. It provides an "In Event of Emergency" card to be carried by owners at all times, giving details of all animals at home and how they can be provided for.

There is an interesting sponsorship scheme for what are called "unhomeable" cats. These are given permanent homes at one of the shelters, and individual members are invited to sponsor a cat for about \$25.00 a month. They can visit "their" cat at any time.

The League was founded in 1927, has 30,000 members on the roll at Headquarters, and many others attached to local branches. It is the oldest charity in Britain devoted solely to the welfare of cats.

Ed's note: We also encourage members to keep an "In Event of Emergency" card in their handbags, and in a conspicuous position at home — eg, next to the telephone. The card should include the name, address and phone number of at least 3 people who can be contacted to look after the owner's cats if necessary, and have been advised of the owner's wishes.

The sponsorship scheme is indeed interesting, and would be of particular appeal to people who — for some reason or another — cannot keep a cat in their own home. I would like to hear other members' views on this idea.



Darius

My friend Gwen Thompson, who died recently, composed this poem for her cat along with many others I cherish. I am sure she would like to share with readers the quaint way her cat got his name -per her granddaughter.

- Sybil Cozens



*Darius, the persian Shah, in five hundred BC
Ruled, conscious of his Royal blood, in might and dignity.
This furry monarch moves in state with mien both proud
and wise...*

*We are his slaves, enchanted by his glowing sea-green
eyes,*

His plummy tail, his lion's ruff,

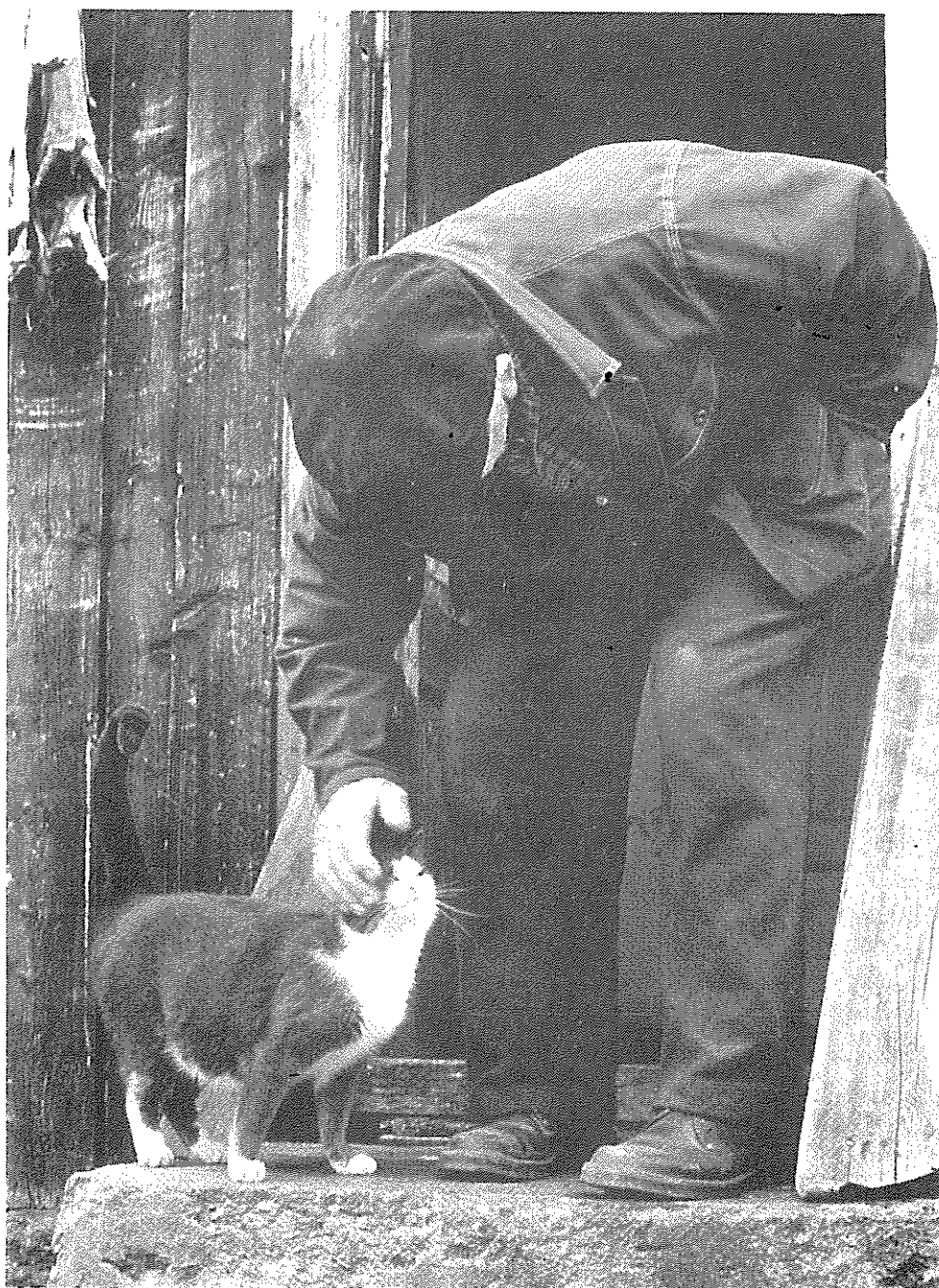
We could not but be smitten...

*Yet not completely overawed... we knew him as a kitten.
And he was named, though this has been explained by
reasons various*

*By one small girl, who would exclaim
When e'er she saw him...*

"Dere'E is!"

DARLINGS



How many words can you make from “Caterwauling”?

Here's a little contest just for fun. When you have a quiet moment, sit down with pencil and paper and see how many words you can find in *caterwauling*.

You may include two letter words.

All those with the highest score will receive one of our sweet cat book marks.

Please address your entries to “Making Words”, The Cat Protection Society of NSW, 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, 2042.

MEMBERSHIP/DONATION FORM

To The Secretary, Cat Protection Society of NSW,
103 Enmore Road, ENMORE, 2042.

Membership

I/We apply for membership or renewal of membership for the year commencing June, 1990. (Note: Those joining between January and June remain financial until June, 1991.)

Subscription:

Life membership - \$250.00 Annual membership - \$10.00

Pensioner Membership - \$5.00 Pension Number

Junior membership (16 and under) - \$5.00

Enclosed is cheque/money order for \$.....

My name and address are given below.

Donation

I/We would like to make a donation towards the humane work of the Society.

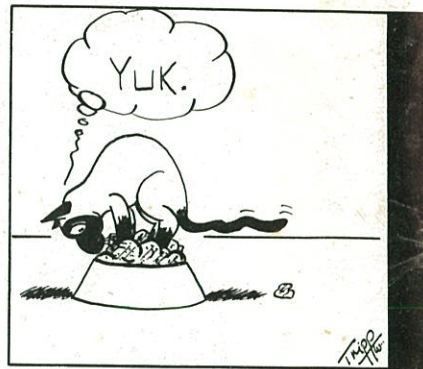
Enclosed is cheque/money order for \$.....

Please cross all cheques and make payable to
THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NSW

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss Initials
SURNAME, Block letters please.

Address:

Postcode: Telephone:



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

Change of Address Form

(Please cut out and return
to address shown)

If you have changed your address since applying for new membership or renewal, would you be kind enough to fill in this form

Surname Initials
(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

New Address

..... Postcode

Previous Address:

Thank you for your co-operation