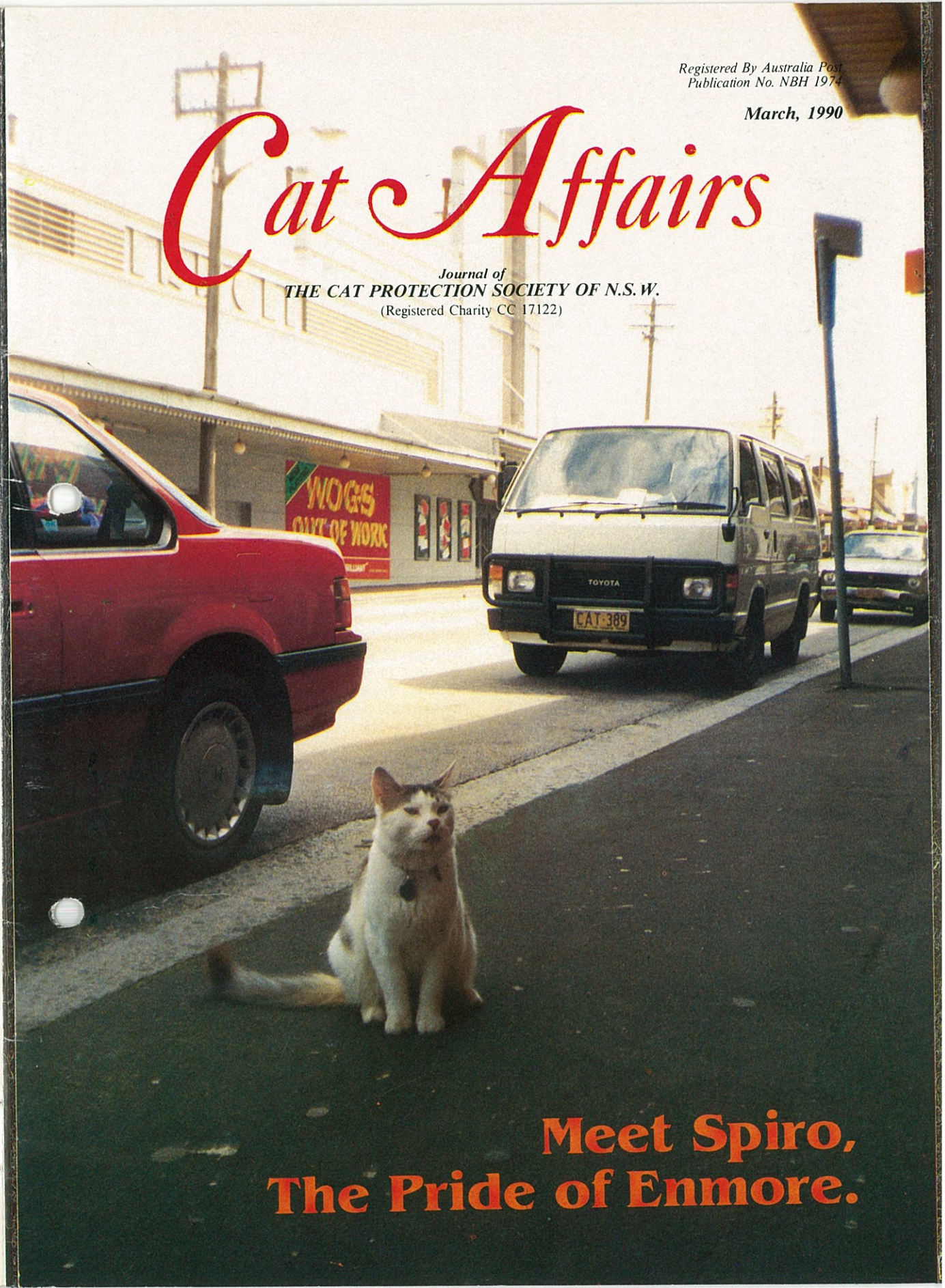


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# Cat Affairs

Journal of  
**THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W.**  
(Registered Charity CC 17122)



**Meet Spiro,  
The Pride of Enmore.**

## President's Page

So with a brand new year stretching ahead of us, I wonder what we'll all achieve this year? The Society is gearing up with lots of activities and functions planned and we'll keep you up to date via the Journal so you don't miss out. Please join in - even if you are a new member and a bit reluctant because you feel you don't know anyone. We'll do our best to make you welcome and besides there are lots of lovely members just waiting to meet you!

Must admit to having been through the mill a little with my three felines over the last little while. Firstly, Princess went missing over Christmas while we were away and I had a friend feeding them. Being up in Brisbane there wasn't much I could do but after she hadn't been seen for a full week I confess to feeling like she was probably gone for good. We arrived home late at night and I went out in fear and trepidation to call her, not really expecting a response. After three calls of her name she hurtled over the fence and landed at my feet with not so much as by your leave let alone a note of explanation! My friend on feeding duty could have cheerfully wrung her neck for all the worry she'd caused! Obviously she'd missed us and wasn't going to come rushing out for anyone else no matter how hungry she was! I'll definitely board her next time, though, as it's not worth the risk.

Shortly after that episode she came in one evening looking very slow and tender and we discovered a wound on her back leg. A quick whip up to the local vet had her on the mend, however she's still pretty quiet and wary. I do wish they could tell us what goes on when these injuries occur as you feel so helpless sometimes. It shows you have to always be on the watch for changes in their behaviour and also be prepared to foot an unexpected bill for treatment.

Having just got over that little piece of drama, I was having a Sunday afternoon cuddle with Claudius and discovered a large lump on his chest. Before he could even blink he was in the basket and up to the vet (who

was getting to know me quite well by this time) for an examination. Both the nurse and the vet asked if I thought it was an abscess but as it wasn't painful for him I advised that I thought not. Further examination proved I was quite wrong and a very nasty, deep abscess had to be lanced and treated, necessitating an overnight stay in hospital for poor old Claude. Lucky for me (and them) he's a very placid cat and doesn't complain or hit out under treatment but he was very glad to come home next day.

Little did he know, of course, that he was confined to barracks for a week. A horrifying thought for most cats, but especially for my fellow who has a busy agenda each day of things to do outside - smells to smell, traps to check and snoozes to have under the bushes. Not only was he confined but he had to be given medication twice daily and his wound bathed frequently also. Combine this with my normally busy schedule of a long working day and the pace around home was brisk! The only cat unscathed in all this has been Pookie and she is a picture of robust health, busy bustling around the house.

The point of all this, besides sharing my experiences with you, is that all of us have a responsibility to care for our animals when they are sick. This usually involves extra time and frequently extra dollars, but it's important that we make the commitment when we give an animal a home to look after them through the good and bad. It's a very true saying that a pet is for life, and while I know all our members are dedicated cat lovers, we can always use our knowledge and experience to help new cat owners by explaining how important pet ownership is. It's by this sort of education that we can gradually change society's attitude to animals and I'm sure the world (both human and cat) will be a better place for it.

I hope you enjoy this quarter's journal. I'll look forward to talking to you next time.

- Lyn Thomas.

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

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

Telephones: 51 1011, 519 7201

**PATRONS:** The Hon. N.P. Greiner, M.P., Premier of N.S.W., Miss Ita Buttrose, O.B.E., Professor Charles Birch, F.A.A.,  
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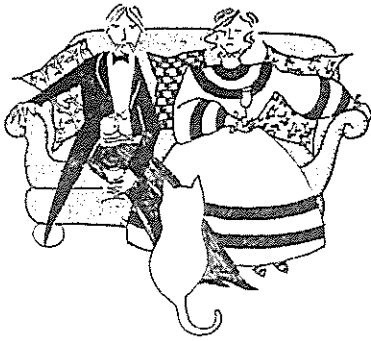
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# Tobermory at the tea table



The author Saki created one of the most memorable cats in literature, when he wrote the story of Tobermory, the cat who learned to speak.

The setting is an English country house in the 1920's, with guests gathered to spend the weekend with Lady Blemley, Tobermory's owner. Driven to distraction by their superficial chatter, Tobermory can't resist making one or two intelligent observations - and from then on, social havoc reigns around the tea table.

Here is an excerpt from the story:

A sudden hush of awkwardness and restraint fell on the company. Somehow there seemed an element of embarrassment in addressing on equal terms a domestic cat of acknowledged mental ability.

"Will you have some milk, Tobermory?" asked Lady Blemley in a rather strained voice.

"I don't mind if I do," was the response, couched in a tone of even indifference. A shiver of suppressed excitement went through the listeners, and Lady Blemley might be excused for pouring out the saucerful of milk rather unsteadily.

"I am afraid I have spilled a good deal of it," she said apologetically.

"After all, it's not my Axminster," was Tobermory's rejoinder.

Another silence fell on the group, and then Miss Resker, in her best district-visitor manner, asked if the human language had been difficult to learn. Tobermory looked squarely at her for a moment and then fixed his gaze serenely on the middle distance. It was obvious that boring questions lay outside his scheme of life.

"What do you think of human intelligence?" asked Mavis Pellington lamely.

"Of whose intelligence in particular?" asked Tobermory coldly.

"Oh well, mine for instance," said Mavis, with a feeble laugh.

"You put me in an embarrassing position," said Tobermory, whose tone and attitude certainly did not suggest a shred of embarrassment. "When your inclusion in this house party was suggested, Sir Wilfred protested that you were the most brainless woman of his acquaintance, and that there was a wide distinction between hospitality and the care of the feeble minded. Lady Blemley replied that your lack of brainpower was the precise quality which had earned you your invitation, as you were the only person she could think of who

might be idiotic enough to buy their old car. You know, the one they call "The Envy of Sisyphus," because it goes quite nicely uphill if you push it."

Lady Blemley's protestations would have had greater effect if she had not casually suggested to Mavis only that morning that the car in question would be just the thing for her down at her Devonshire home.

Major Barfield plunged in heavily to effect a diversion. "How about your carryings on with the tortoiseshell puss up at the stables, eh?"

The moment he had said it everyone realized the blunder.

"One does not usually discuss these matters in public," said Tobermory frigidly. "From a slight observation of your ways since you've been in this house I should imagine you'd find it inconvenient if I were to shift the conversation on to your own little affair."

The panic which ensued was not confined to the Major.

"Would you like to go and see if cook has got your dinner ready?" suggested Lady Blemley hurriedly, affecting to ignore the fact that it wanted at least two hours to Tobermory's dinner time.

"Thanks," said Tobermory, "not quite so soon after my tea. I don't want to die of indigestion."

"Cats have nine lives, you know," said Sir Wilfred heartily.

"Possibly," answered Tobermory, "but only one liver."

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## A FRIEND INDEED

*Securing the friendship of a cat is not an easy matter. Théophile Gautier, a French author and cat fancier, explains the cat-human relationship and the comfort derived from it.*

. . . The cat is a philosophical, methodical, quiet animal, tenacious of his own habits, fond of order and cleanliness, and does not lightly confer his friendship. If you are worthy of his affection, a cat will be your friend but never your slave. He makes himself the companion of your hours of solitude, melancholy and toil. He will remain for whole evenings on your knee, uttering a contented purr, happy to be with you. Put him down and he will jump up again with a sort of cooing sound like a gentle reproach; and sometimes he will sit upon the carpet in front of you looking at you with eyes so melting, so caressing and so human, that they almost frighten you, for it is impossible to believe that a soul is not there.

# WELFARE REPORT

Settling back after the Christmas break, our welfare section is in fairly good shape. The surrender and destruction of kittens, though bad enough, is an improvement on last year.

Sadly, our home finding activities are not being as numerically successful as we hoped and expected. We are advertising even more than usual, and keeping the same choice selection of cats and kittens, but the homes are just not there.

Hopefully, this could mean that members of the public are being responsible in accepting the guardianship of pets. Another plus may be that fewer "Christmas present" kittens will be handed back during the next few months, when they have lost their novelty value.

## New Rules in Pet Shops

Now, a few words about the legislation regarding the sale of animals in pet shops: From February 1, all cats offered for sale have had to be at least eight weeks old and immunised. This means that some - perhaps, many - pet shops have not been accepting kittens as before. Also, kittens can no longer be sold in markets. We hope that the legislation will encourage owners to spy their female cats before they have a first litter, as traditional outlets for disposing of unwanted kittens are closed to them. Members, please talk about this legislation to friends, colleagues and neighbours. Point out that it will be harder than ever to place kittens now. If they can't find homes for kittens, remind them that dumping is not only cruel, but punishable by law. Their best option is a welfare agency such as ours. There may be small chance of the kittens getting a home, but at the worst, they are at least guaranteed humane euthanasia.

The Society has written to metropolitan pet shops asking them to refer inquiries about kittens to us. We have had a

good response to our letters, and have been pleased with the concerned, thoughtful type of proprietor who has contacted us.

On another subject, our oldest van (5 years) has so much rust that it needs to be replaced immediately. The new van will be a fully insulated and commercially air conditioned Hi-Ace, ensuring that our charges are transported in the most hygienic and comfortable way. At the same time, buying the new van means a big dip into our capital, so we will be happy to receive any extra financial help you can give us. You are already so generous with your support that we are reluctant to ask, like Oliver, for more. But this is a special situation.

Finally, some snippets about our Welfare Officers, the girls who work so tirelessly and compassionately to help cats. The most startling news is that Tania Curran is expecting twins! She and husband Phil have already had a difficult time deciding on a name for one baby, and now they have to find two that go harmoniously hand in hand. With the help of her mother in law, Tania hopes to return to work soon after the birth of the babies, so we'll give a further report in a future journal. Sandy Moss, who has always been a gourmet cook, has discovered a new interest in growing her own vegetables and herbs. Almost every week Sandy brings a bountiful basket of produce for us to share - not just lettuce and tomato, but lovely young silver beet, crisp capsicums, kohlrabi, chillis, basil, dill and mint. And all grown organically, of course, without pesticides. Absolutely delicious, and thank you Sandy. Kelly Lynch has just completed exams towards her Bachelor of Science degree, and Gail Ward is recovering from a bout of one of those annoying illnesses that aren't really serious but leave you feeling debilitated. The sad news is that Lyn Edworthy's beloved cross-terrier "Scrubber," was hit by a car and had to be put down. We all share her sense of loss.

Nance Iredale  
Welfare Director

## *It was a great Christmas party!*

Our party on December 16 was the biggest ever, and we thank all those new members and stalwart friends who joined us in making it such a happy occasion.

Cats were the main topic of conversation, of course! Photos were shown, stories swapped, and it was such a good feeling to be part of a group sharing the same love and respect for felines.

Listening to the stories, one thing came through very strongly: Cats give back to their owners what they receive from them. Each of us may feel our own cats are especially loving, especially intelligent, especially adorable... but it's obvious that all cats are capable of being special cats if they have owners who really care.

Indeed, studies in cat behaviour confirm this. To a cat, its owner is another cat, albeit a larger, hairless and clumsier variety. The owner's behaviour sets the standard, and the cat responds in kind.

So behind every loving, intelligent, adorable cat is a loving, intelligent, adorable human being.

No wonder we all liked each other, and had such a happy time at the party.

Cat Affairs 4

## *Our favourite party story...*

The owner of a large, undesexed tom cat was living in the country at the time. The tom used to roam far afield during the day, and sometimes brought back small game which he had killed.

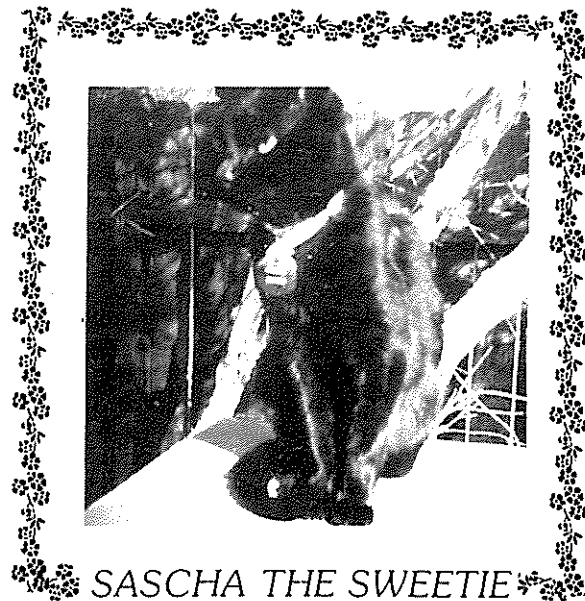
One afternoon, he approached the farm house with something white in his mouth. It was a very bedraggled and very young kitten ... only about four weeks old. And the tom was holding it very gently.

He put the kitten on the floor in front of his owner, and started washing it thoroughly. Then he watched with concern as it struggled to lap some warm milk.

From then on, the two were inseparable. They slept curled up together, and the tom continued to groom the kitten as its mother would. He never tried to take its food or milk, and was always gentle in play.

They remained close friends all their lives.

We thank one of our new members for this charming and indisputably true story. It proves once again truth IS stranger than fiction.



**SASCHA THE SWEETIE**

This lovely black cat is owned by Society member Mrs Gwen Lawson, who says she's never known a cat with a gentler, more affectionate nature. Note that Sascha is wearing a collar and identity disc, a wise precaution we recommend to all members.

### ***The cat and the fox***

(An Aesop fable retold)

The Cat and the Fox were talking politics one time, in the middle of the forest.

The Fox declared that, no matter how badly things turned out, he would never come to any harm. He said he had a thousand tricks to guard against any who might wish to hurt him.

Then he asked the Cat what tricks she might use to guard herself. "Pray Mrs. Puss," he said, "should there be trouble in the forest, what course will you decide to take?"

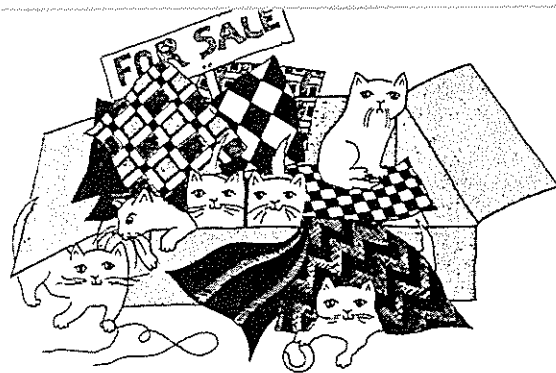
"Well," said the Cat, "there's only one thing I can do, and if that doesn't work I am lost."

"I am sorry for you," commented the Fox. "Indeed, I would gladly pass on two or three of my own tricks, but in this world today it seems that every man should be for himself, as the saying goes." With this he bowed to the Cat and sauntered away.

However, he'd taken only a few paces when suddenly came dashing up to them a pack of hounds in full cry. The Cat, by the help of the only trick she knew, ran up a tree at once. And there she sat happily in shade and comfort.

The Fox, on the other hand, for all his tricks, had none which would halt the pack of hounds. He was torn into pieces forthwith. The Cat, being of delicate sensibility, could hardly bear to watch.

Moral: Cunning often makes an ostentatious pretension to wisdom.



## **Talking about publicity**

As you know, one of the main aims of our Society is to educate the public in responsible cat ownership - particularly the need to have their cats desexed.

To this end, we're constantly in touch with the media, and members will be pleased to know that we're having a great deal of success in having our stories placed.

Just in the last few months, suburban newspapers have published articles we provided on how to choose a healthy kitten, feral cats, the benefits of desexing, general cat care, the new regulations in pet shops and the community's responsibility towards stray cats. We have also had half a dozen radio interviews.

As an adjunct to the publicity generated through the media, we can also supply speakers to talk to interested groups and to schoolchildren. Nance Iredale and I recently spoke to a Young Mother's Club on the North Shore, and took along two kittens to illustrate some of the points being made. We found that a great deal of interest centred around how to tell the sex of a kitten, so it was just as well we took a girl and a boy!

If you know of a group that would be interested in hearing about cat care, with the opportunity to ask questions as well, don't hesitate to put them in touch with the Society. Perhaps it's a VIEW Club, a P and C Association, a Scout or Guide group, a Neighbourhood Centre. We'll be delighted to attend, and we'll do our best to make the occasion entertaining as well as informative.

Meanwhile, you can also use your own initiative in generating publicity about responsible cat ownership. In your own community, there may be special things that concern you, and which the local paper would find of interest.

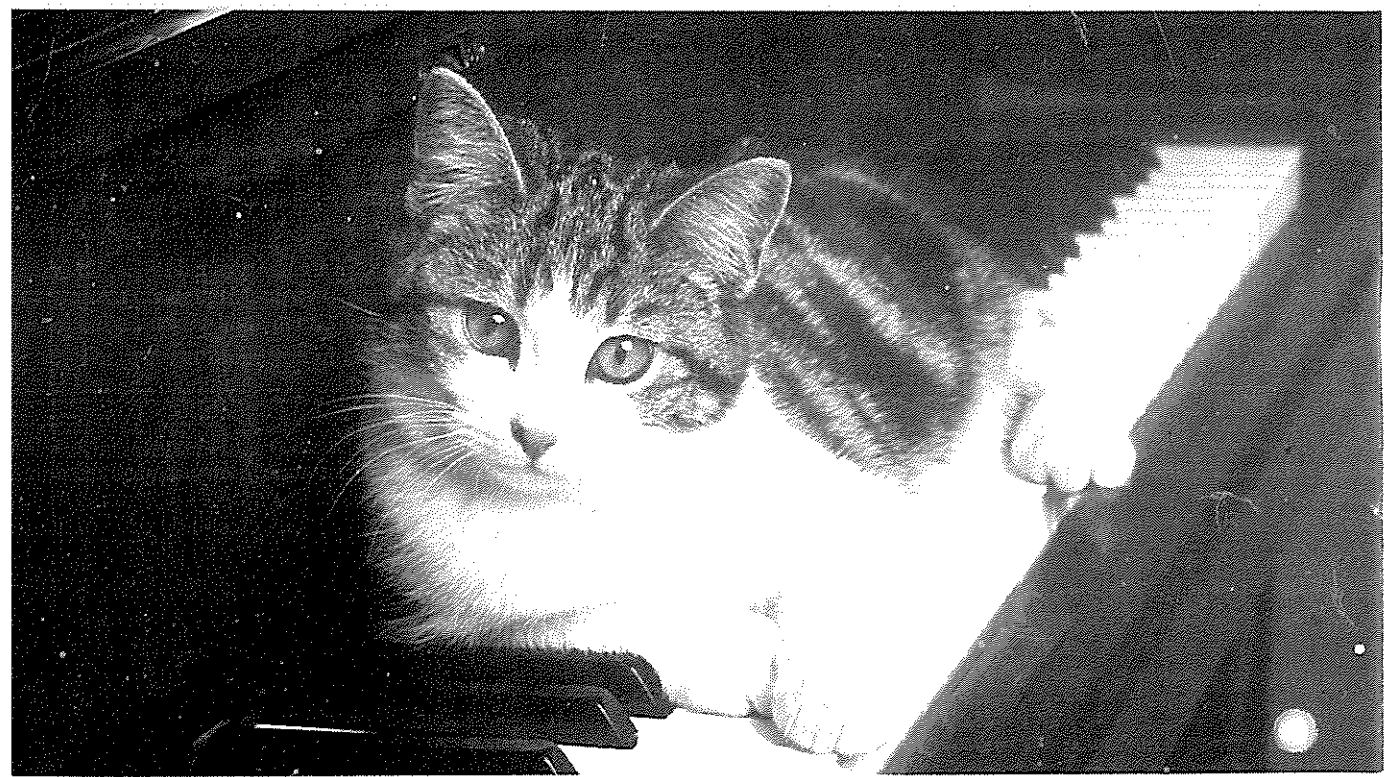
Are there lots of roaming toms around? What about the strays in back lanes and factories? How many cats aren't wearing collars with ID tags? Do you know of instances of dumped kittens?

Write a letter to the Editor about it! And if it fits naturally into the flow of the letter, you might mention that The Cat Protection Society is always here to help people with any query concerning the well-being of cats.

Every little helps.

—Julie Gorrick

PS: Don't forget to send us a copy of any letter that gets published, and don't hesitate to ring me with any piece of news or information that you think would make a good story for general release.



## PLEASE GIVE ME A NAME

We hope you'll enjoy our new contest as much as the previous ones.

It's easy - just give this beautiful tabby a name.

To help you, he's a year old, his markings are black and brownish-beige, and he has golden eyes.

He loves watching his owner play the piano, and listens quite intently. He also enjoys walking up and down the keys himself, and can be found resting there. He keeps himself immaculately groomed, and his snowy chest matches the white keys on the piano.

There's an article on naming cats elsewhere in the magazine - that's why we were inspired to think of this new contest.

Entries will be judged by our Councillors and the Editor, and winners announced in our next issue.

To The Editor, "Cat Affairs"  
The Cat Protection Society of NSW,  
103 Enmore Road, Enmore, 2042

I think a great name for the tabby would be  
I am enclosing a 41c stamp for each suggestion

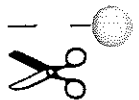
You may submit as many names as you wish, but again, we ask you to include a 41 cent stamp with each suggestion. It really helps our postage bills!

First prize is a gorgeous cut crystal vase kindly donated by Mrs. Larequi of Gympie. It stands 30cm (12in) high, and is perfect for long-stemmed flowers. We picture it with roses.

Second prize is a striking black ginger jar with a decoration of red poppies in a white circle. It was donated by Mrs. Beth Watts

There will also be 10 runner-up prizes of our cute cat stamps - a set of five to each winner.

We look forward to your entries.



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Name: .....

Address: .....

..... Postcode: ..... 'Phone Number: .....

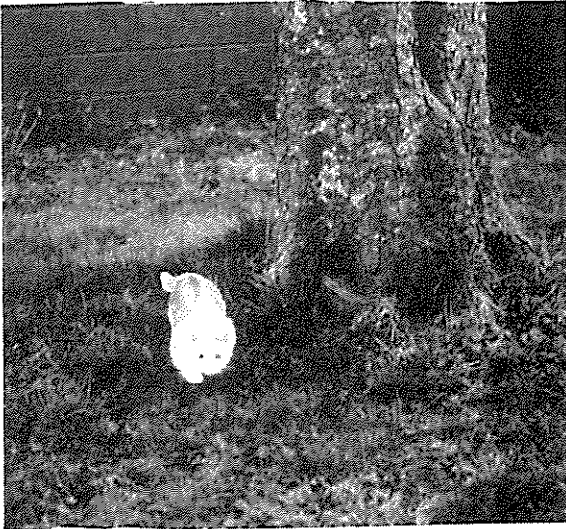
# CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

Cats have a special affinity with the night and the moon. That's why they sleep much of the day. They need to harbour their energies for the rich, private life they lead after the sun has set. And to make this possible, nature has given them eyes that can see in darkness.

Diana, the Moon Goddess, created a small cat who devoured the grey mice of twilight. Edward Lear dreamed up a Pussycat who danced with the Owl by the light of the moon:

'And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.'

And of course, there is Rudyard Kipling's Cat That Walked By Himself. He was a true creature of the night, and he made his own special pact with the Man and the Woman:



*Cats have a special affinity with the night.*

'He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and the night comes, he is The Cat That Walks By Himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.'

One of the loveliest works linking the cat with the moon is a poem by William Butler Yeats about his own cat, Minnaloushe. After you read it, you may feel that your own cat is in mysterious conclave with the ascendant moon, just as his eyes reflect the phases of the mysterious light.

Here is the poem:

## Minnaloushe

By W. B. Yeats

The cat went here and there  
And the moon spun around like a top,  
And the nearest kin of the moon,  
The creeping cat looked up.

Black Minnaloushe stared at the moon,  
For, wander and wail, as he would,  
The pure cold light in the sky  
Troubled his animal blood....

Minnaloushe creeps through the grass  
From the moonlit place to place  
The sacred moon overhead  
Has taken a new phase.

Does Minnaloushe know that his pupils  
Will pass from change to change,  
And that from round to crescent,  
From crescent to round they range?

Minnaloushe creeps through the grass  
Alone, important and wise,  
And lifts to the changing moon  
His changing eyes.

## KEEP THESE 'PHONE NUMBERS HANDY

Welfare administration inquiries: 511 011, 519 7201 To have goods picked up, Mrs. Sybil Cozens: 427 3828  
Opportunity Shop: 516 2072 Membership and volunteer inquiries, Miss Jo Tomkin: 713 8576

### 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.

# A JOYFUL CATASTROPHE

By Joy Christopherson

One wintry night - a bleak Monday  
When in my cosy bed I lay  
I heard a most pathetic cry ...  
A tiny moaning, like a sigh.  
'What can that be?' I must go down!  
Now where's my torch and dressing gown?  
I'm loath to leave my cosy den,  
But listen, there's that cry again.  
Oh my goodness! In that tree -  
Oh what a piteous sight to see ...  
A tiny kitten, black as ink,  
Whose emerald eyes in torchlight blink.

I must not keep you in alarm,  
For soon I had her on my arm.  
Oh, she was wet as wet can be,  
And I was quite as wet as she.  
I dried her off - we had some milk,  
Oh, what a darling, soft as silk.  
I whispered, 'Hush, you're quite safe now,'  
She answered with a thankful Miaow.  
So - that's the story of my cat!  
She's seven years old now, sleek, not fat.  
But like a panther in her grace,  
You know, she nearly runs this place!

She's close beside me as I write,  
She's SOOKY ... Mistress of the night.

Ed's note : Joy is a new member of the Society, joining her sister Merea McCloskey who has been a member for some time. It was Merea who sent in this delightful poem of Joy's.



Sooky, the subject of Joy's poem, is in the foreground. Her look-alike son Tippy was killed by a car last September, and is buried in the garden of Joy's home, in a little casket made by her husband Chris.

## ONLY A CAT

*I'm only a cat  
And I stay in my place -  
Up there on your chair,  
Or your bed, or your face!*

*I'm only a cat,  
And I don't finick much -  
I'm happy with cream  
And anchovies and such!  
I'm only a cat,  
And we'll get along fine -  
As long as you know  
I'm not yours - you're all mine!*

## A SPECIAL RAFFLE

### WIN A GLORIOUS LLADRO FIGURINE

*This exquisite porcelain figure of a young girl carrying a basket of flowers is 16cm (about 6 3/4in) high.*

*It's in soft blues and grey, and was donated to the Society by Mrs. Larequi.*

*All collectors of Lladro will know the value of this lovely figurine. If you're not familiar with this Spanish porcelain, we assure you the detail and workmanship will delight you.*

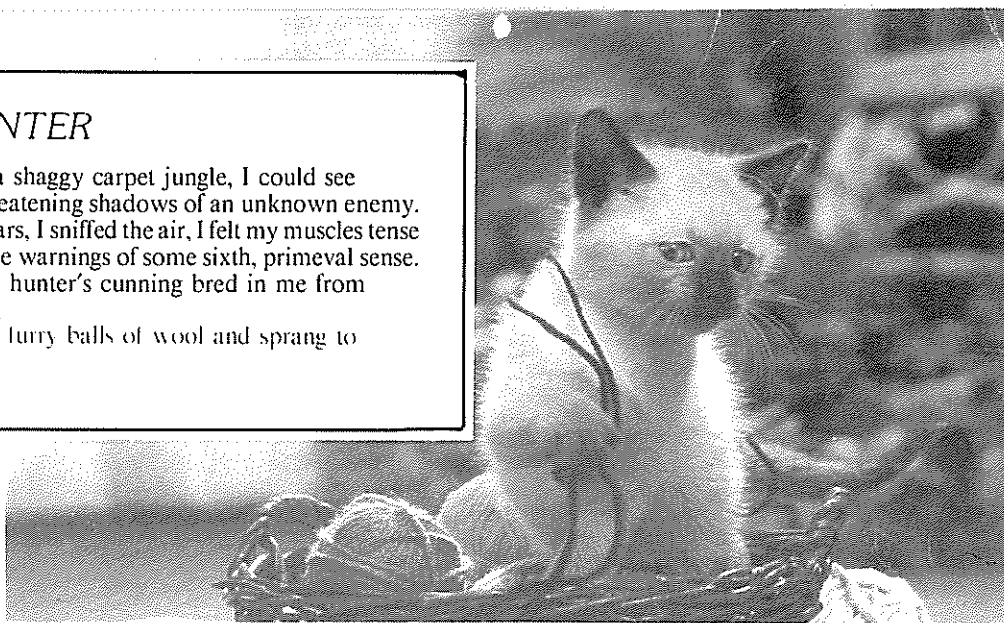
*Raffle tickets are one dollar each. Please send your cheque or money order with a self addressed, stamped envelope, and we will forward tickets by return mail. The raffle will be drawn on April 30, and the winner notified at once.*





## THE HUNTER

Crouching in a shaggy carpet jungle, I could see  
The darkly threatening shadows of an unknown enemy.  
I pricked my ears, I sniffed the air, I felt my muscles tense  
In answer to the warnings of some sixth, primeval sense.  
And then with hunter's cunning bred in me from  
centuries back,  
I stalked those lurry balls of wool and sprang to  
the attack!



# LITTLECHAP WAS A LORD

By Ina Drum



Yes, his real name was Lord Littlechap... Littlechap because he was a scrap when rescued, and 'Lord' because the chief character in the Musical 'Stop the world, I want to get off' was Littlechap who became a Lord!

Shirley Pikler will remember my Littlechap's origins. She was my first contact with the Society. Together we collected the strays in the timber yard next to where I lived in Sydney. They had been fed, more or less, by the staff, with a subsidy from the owners. Then the business changed hands, and the new owners, a big company, refused to feed the cats or get rid of them. 'Just let them starve' seemed to be the attitude.

I took over the feeding, but when we decided to move to the South Coast I knew they had to be collected or they'd die miserably.

Enter Shirley and her cat-catcher cage. Almost every day, after we caught them, she'd have the soul destroying job of taking them to our local, helpful vet. I can't remember how many there were - between 20 and 30, I think.

All were interbred, tabby, ricketty and wild, except 3 or 4 kittens - progeny from a black and white Tom from distant fields.

Littlechap was one of the last of the black and white kittens, abandoned by his mother. I saw her walk away from him and not go back. No doubt she was too sick to care.

He was only about 3 weeks old, still wobbly on his feet, and giving little 'Meep Meep' cries. But he still tried to escape from me into the timber, until finally I plucked him loose with 'tongs' made from two flat pieces of wood.

I kept him as an obeisance to the great cat goddess Pasht, for having had to destroy her subjects.

Littlechap could just about 'chumble' up soft food, but couldn't lap milk. Unable to find a pet feeder anywhere, I made do with a dolly's bottle from a toy shop. It worked, even though he demolished the end of the tiny teat at first go.

I carried him around in a padded hot water bottle cover pinned to my belt. Naturally, he patterned on me, and right to the end of his life, if he got near my head he'd groom my hair.

All of this happened in January and February of 1979. But in September of 89, he was suddenly sick. Diagnosis: cancer of the lymph gland. I say 'suddenly,' because there had been no evidence of illness 3 weeks earlier, when he'd been at the vet's for his routine vaccination and extraction of 2 teeth stubs.

Surgery didn't help. He was put to sleep on September 27, with me holding him and telling him we were going home - phrases I always used when bringing him home from the surgery.

We still have 'Missy,' (Miss Aurora) our aristocratic Blue Persian, 16 years old at the end of last year. She never 'took' to Littlechap, though in his own way he was every bit as aristocratic. In bearing and in character, our Littlechap was a Lord.



# The Spiritual link between Animals and Humans

## Introduction:

Many people believe there are spiritual as well as ethical and moral reasons why the rights of animals must be respected.

To further an understanding of the spiritual philosophy of animal rights, the Society asked Christine Townend of Animal Liberation to suggest a reading list.

Here is Christine's thoughtful and helpful response to our request. I would also welcome our members' views on the subject, and any reading they might recommend. — Ed.



Unfortunately, there is not a great deal of reading matter which links the spiritual side of life to our duties and responsibilities towards the animals. Many people involved in the animal welfare/rights movement are atheists, and believe that it is sufficient to claim that because animals suffer, this therefore constitutes an ethical ground for their equal consideration. Peter Singer in his book *Animal Liberation* and a later book, *In Defence of Animals*, presents a strong and compelling case based on science, which argues that because animals feel pain in a way similar to human beings they deserve equal consideration (not equal **treatment** because they are different from humans, but equal consideration, because they suffer like us).

However, as almost ninety percent of the world population owes allegiance to one or other of the world religions, it is also important that the spiritual philosophy of animal rights be understood. The human/animal relationship has been so vitally important to humanity throughout the ages, that it is true to say we simply would not have civilisation as we know it without the domestication of animals, and the labouring beast who for thousands of years provided transport, horse and bullock power, the camels who crossed the deserts, and the sheep and goats of nomadic tribes.

Because of this extraordinary relationship, all the great world religions sought to define and explain human responsibilities towards animals. Perhaps the people of those times, living more closely to animals, understood more vividly what a godsend it was, that the wild animals who once had hunted and slaughtered humans, or fled from them in terror as their prey, now became their companions in drudgery and heavy labour.

## Revolutionary Change

Imagine the wild auroch, huge and heavily horned, which once would have struck fear into a defenceless human, now domesticated and harnessed to a primitive ard, ploughing the fields in ancient Egypt. No wonder religion pondered over such a revolutionary change. Two kingdoms of nature came together, tentatively, cautiously, often violently and with great cruelty, to form a new and wondrous relationship which has given us not only material benefits, but spiritual upliftment.

*Animals in Islam* (1989) by Al-Hafiz B.A. Mazri is possibly the most important recent book in this field because for the first time ever, this scholarly study analyses the teachings of the Muslim religion in relation to animals. The book points out that Mahommed emphasised the importance of respect for animals, and that the use of pre-stunning equipment is certainly not contrary to the teachings of the Koran.<sup>1</sup>

A small book entitled *The Status of Animals in the Christian Tradition* by Andrew Linzey is very useful in that it points out the Biblical emphasis on animals being fellow creatures as part of God's creation. Like humans, they are the recipients of special blessing, yet this fact is often ignored by the church.<sup>2</sup> Not inconsistent with this approach, Tom Regan the American philosopher has written an excellent article entitled "The Case for Animal Rights" in which he argues that animals have inherent value like us, and that "we are each of us the experiencing subject of a life, a conscious creature having an individual welfare that has importance to us whatever our usefulness to others"<sup>3</sup> The claim for respect for animals is therefore based on their inherent consciousness rather than on their physical capacity for suffering, although both are important.

Another interesting recent book is *In the Company of Animals* by James Serpell, published in 1986 by Basil Blackwell. He discusses our relationship to animals, with emphasis on the companion animals, and our need for their companionship. Studies by Paul Hemsworth from the Department of Agriculture in Victoria have shown that animals actually produce better if they are given a kind and encouraging word, rather than being treated cruelly. Animals seem willing to endure almost anything out of love and sacrifice so long as they are recompensed with respect, compassion and gratitude. The great abuse of our human power over the animals, lies not in the fact that when they give their all for us, we do not even thank them in return, but merely exploit them all the more grotesquely, to extract the last few cents of profit, as for example in the case of factory farming.

## The wider context

There are three other books I would like to mention which place animals in the context of a larger world environment. The first is *Food for a Future*, by Jon Wynne-Tyson, published by Thorsons (UK) and distributed by Collins in Australia. This book was first published in 1975 and has since been reprinted due to its popularity. This book outlines the case for a more responsible and humane attitude towards our food resources and that the move away from an animal-based diet is an imperative due to the world's diminishing resources. Another recent book, *Diet for a New America* by John Robbins (printed in the USA but available from Animal Liberation, Sydney) takes a more philosophical approach to the same issue, by arguing that we damage ourselves when we eat animals.

Finally, I would like to mention a book published last year, called **The Cosmic Blueprint** by physicist Paul Davies, published by Unwin and Hyman, and available in Australia. This book presents evidence to suggest that the universe is an evolving, purposeful entity, "unfolding from its primitive beginnings and progressing step by step to ever more elaborate and complex states." Why is this of relevance to animal welfare issues? Because firstly it shows that life is inter-related through a hierarchy of level after level of complexity; forms "are characterised by greater complexity, by cooperative behaviour and global coherence, by the appearance of special patterns and temporal rhythms, and by the general unpredictability of their final form." Secondly, the implications of this book suggest that genetic engineering could constitute a very unethical tampering with the "Cosmic Blueprint" and that human interference in crossing one breed of animal with another, by mixing their genetic material, may well be in contradiction to the most fundamental laws of nature.

Perhaps the clearest indication that animals have souls comes from Christ's parable of the Good Shepherd. This is surely the most inspirational and visionary teaching for all people concerned with the rights of animals, because even though the study of ethology did not exist in Biblical times, Christ made clear by His words that He understood quite clearly that sheep were rational animals capable of making judgements as the result of thought.

He stressed that the sheep recognised the shepherd and knew his voice, and did not flee from him, as they would have done from a stranger. How could soul-less automatons use judgement to identify the loving friend from a stranger? Even more compellingly, Christ made it clear, and repeated twice, that the good shepherd lay down his life for the sheep. If He thought that the sheep were lumps of concrete without souls, would He have encouraged humans, with souls, to sacrifice their lives to insentient objects? The words of His parable are so incisive and clearly indicative of His belief in the importance of animal life, that I think a Christian needs to look no further than this vision of the ideal human/animal relationship.

Christine Townend.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> This book can be obtained from The Athene Trust, 3A Charles Street, Petersfield, Hants, GU32 3EH

<sup>2</sup> This booklet is obtainable from Woodbrooke College, Birmingham B29 6LJ, U.K.

<sup>3</sup> The Case for Animal Rights, Tom Regan, published in **In Defence of Animals**, editor, Peter Singer, Basil Blackwell, 1985, U.K.

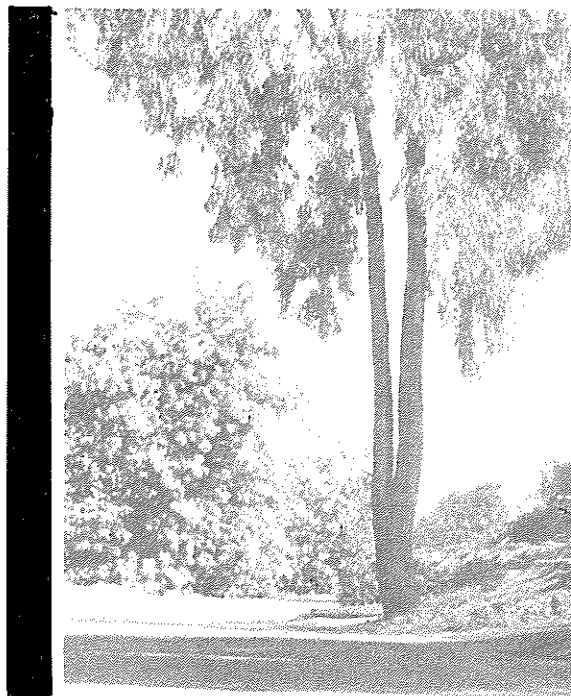
### **Do you have a spare cupboard?**

Our Welfare Office needs a cupboard with shelves to store T-shirts, cards, raffle prizes and other items that need to be protected from glare and dust.

A roomy chest of drawers would also be suitable, or even an old linen press.

If you have one stored away, would you be kind enough to ring our Welfare Director Nance Iredale? We can arrange to have it picked up, of course.

I thank you.



## **ON APRIL 1, JOIN US IN THE GARDENS**

April Fools' Day falls on a Sunday this year, and we thought it would be a memorable date for members to get together for a picnic in the lovely Botanical Gardens.

We will meet beside the main pond at noon. This is not far from the Kiosk, and close to the harbour foreshore. There will be a big umbrella with our CPS name on it, so you won't miss the spot.

Parking may be a little difficult in Macquarie Street if you're coming by car, but public transport is fairly easy. You can walk up from Circular Quay or Wynyard station, or from Circular Quay buses.

Please bring a picnic lunch and a small rug. We will supply a glass of fruit juice or wine, and you can buy tea or coffee at the kiosk.

Just for fun, there will be some old fashioned games to play if you want to join in (but of course, you don't have to if you'd prefer to sit and chat.)

We hope you will bring family and friends along as well....you don't have to be a CPS member to attend.

It's an occasion to enjoy the balmy April weather, the fresh air, harbour view and peaceful atmosphere of one of the world's most beautiful public gardens.

It's also "testing the water" to see if you like this kind of function. If it proves popular, we'll be happy to organize more activities along the same lines ... relaxing occasions where people of similar interests can enjoy each other's company and perhaps make new friends.

*Please let us know as soon as possible if you will be coming. Telephone Stephanie Forsyth on 713 8556 or Jo Tomkin on 713 8576. Also telephone Stephanie or Jo if it's raining on the day to check on the arrangements.*

*We look forward to the pleasure of your company.*

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MIMI

*Mimi the little Burmese cat*

*Looked out through the windows at dawn.*

*She waited for her owners to wake up  
and let her out onto the lawn.*

*She went into their bedroom,*

*Jumped up onto their bed.*

*She sat on them to let them know  
that she wanted to be let out and fed.*

*The master arose and staggered out;  
He put on her collar and opened the door,  
Mimi ran out to inspect the garden  
to check for intruders since the day before.*

*She came in later for breakfast*

*Then went out and climbed the garden wall.*

*She went on a visit to the neighbours  
and stayed out till she heard her mistress call.*

*Afternoon came and she strolled back inside,  
Settled down on a big settee.*

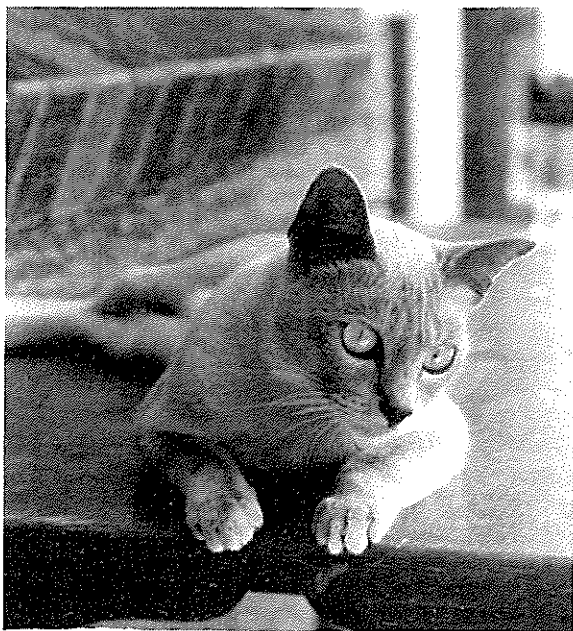
*She had a wash, then dozed off for a while  
until once again it was time for tea.*

*As it grew dark Mimi went to the window,*

*Her master was bringing a little treat.*

*She ran down the stairs to meet him,  
and sat down with the family to eat.*

- Mary Tate, CPS Member



*This is Mimi.*

---

*Cats seem to go on the principle that it never does  
any harm to ask for what you want.*

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## What your cat's name says about you



Some psychologists think a pet's name reveals a lot about the owner. The owner's fantasies, wishes and hopes, not usually expressed in daily life, can be reflected - often quite unconsciously - in the name chosen for a cat. For instance, if the owner is subconsciously seeking greater social status he may call his cat General, Sir, Reverend, Professor or Judge.

Or he may confer on the cat a name that suggests a certain personality he may wish to possess himself. How else can we explain names like Killer, Slugger, Fang and Rambo?

Sometimes an owner gives a cat a satirical name, like Tiny for a great big fellow, or Goofy for a cat of obvious intelligence.

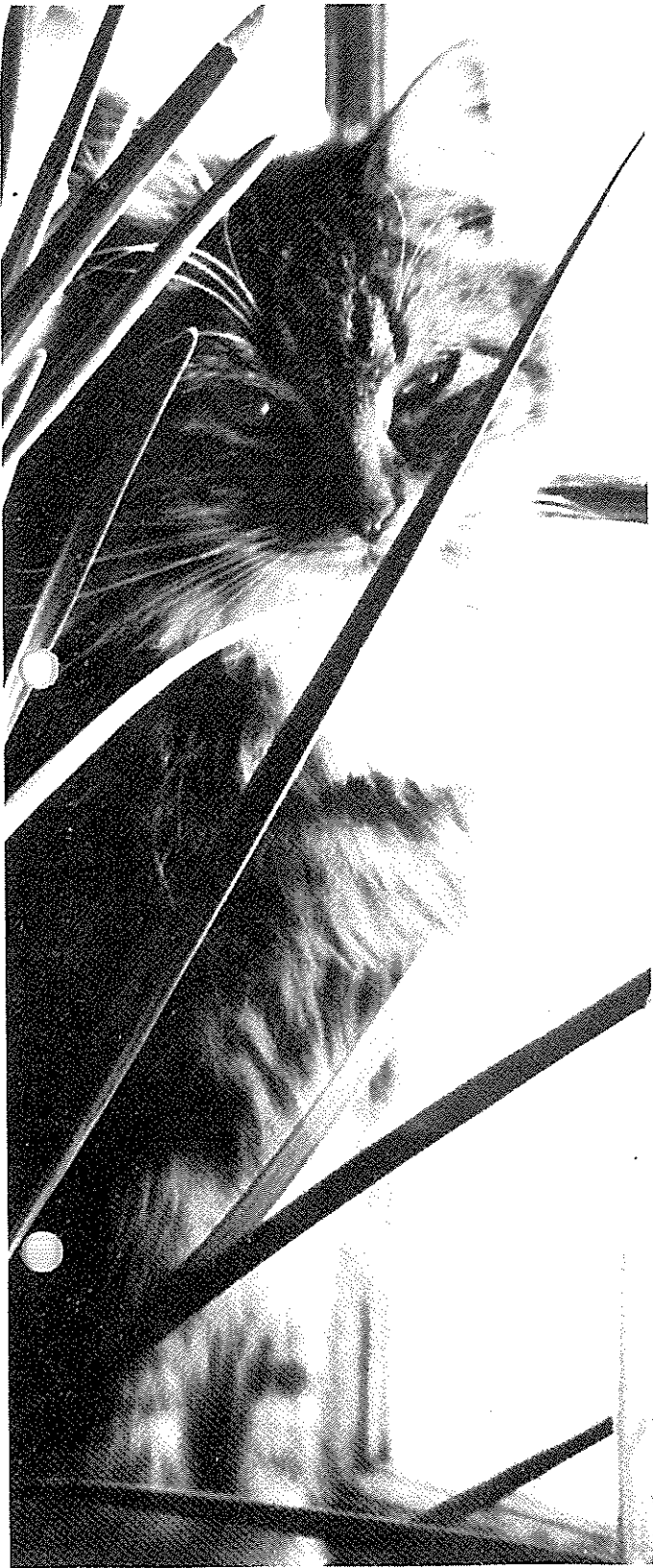
A psychologist might say that such names are given to hide the true feelings of the owner. He or she uses a "cover-up" name to mask the soft and sensitive side of their personality. In private, they may refer to their cats as "my baby" or "my pal," but they don't want the rest of the world to suspect they're sentimental.

People who give their cats obviously descriptive names are usually "no nonsense" owners. They regard their cat as a friendly companion, but it may not hold the same mystery for them as it does for more imaginative owners. That explains names like Blackie, Whitey, Spot and Fluffy.

Interestingly, there is a school of thought which says that owners who call their cats by familiar, human names - George, Harry or Gladys - feel a greater emotional attachment than owners who give impersonal names.

In one study, owners of cats with human names were said to be more devoted to the cat, allowed it more freedom in the home and spent more money on it. The cats were often allowed to sleep on the bed, sit on the table, given choice tid-bits, and weren't shooed off the furniture like cats with commonplace names.

Overall, the cats who seem least likely to become part of the family are those whose owners never get round to giving them a proper name at all. They're the animals simply referred to as "The Cat" or "Puss," and they miss out on a lot of the cuddles and treats given to such fortunate felines as a Billy or Emma !



**I can think you still,  
bounding to the  
windowsill.**

#### AN EPITAPH

*If in some far-off future day,  
A stranger's feet should pass this way,  
And if his gaze should seek the ground,  
Wond'ring what lies beneath this mound:  
Know that a cat of humble birth  
Claims this small portion of the earth.  
But I thought not of pedigree,  
When, like a child, he came to me -  
A lonely waif whose piteous cries  
Were mirror'd in his frightened eyes.  
And so I beg that you will not  
Defame or desecrate this spot  
By ruthless act or idle jeer,  
Though but a cat lies buried here.*

- Margaret E. Bruner

#### LAST WORDS TO A DUMB FRIEND

*Pet was never mourned as you  
Purrer of the spotless hue,  
Plumy tail and wistful gaze  
While you humoured our queer ways;  
Or outshrilled your morning call  
Up the stairs and through the hall -  
Foot suspended in its fall -  
While, expectant, you would stand  
Arched to meet the stroking hand ...  
Never another pet for me!  
Let your place all vacant be;  
Better blankness day by day  
Than companion torn away ...  
From the chair whereon he sat  
Sweep his fur, nor wince thereat.  
Rake his little pathways out  
Mid the bushes round about;  
Smooth away his talons' mark  
From the claw-worn pine-tree bark,  
Where he climbed as dusk embrowned,  
Waiting us who loitered round ...  
Housemate, I can think you still  
Bounding to the window-sill,  
Over which I vaguely see  
Your small mound beneath the tree.*

- Thomas Hardy

#### MY CAT, "TOM—TOM".

*Tom-Tom, you're so big and fat,  
Oh! why do I have such a heavy cat!  
Why must you sit upon my lap  
Every time you feel like a little nap?  
With your colouring of spotless white and black,  
Your weight gives me an awful pain in my back,  
But how can I toss you off my knee  
When those beautiful green eyes gaze up at me.  
You purr and sometimes lick my arm,  
I just can't resist your pussycat charm,  
So I hug you close and sit awhile,  
We're so happy together, you and I.*

-By Hilda York

# ANIMAL WELFARE IN HONG KONG

By Barbara Kuhn

Barbara recently wrote for us about a visit to animal welfare organisations in the USA. Her report of the Hong Kong RSPCA is fascinating.

\*\*\*\*\*

I cannot resist the opportunity of speaking with people of another country who are involved in the care and protection of animals. So here I was, by invitation, knocking on the door of the Hong Kong Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The 'Royal' itself surprised me, until I remembered that Hong Kong is presently a British colony. The Founder, as it turned out, was a British expatriate.

The door was opened by May Ling Kuan, an extremely pretty girl who immediately put me at ease, and told me how her organisation raises money to care for the many underprivileged animals of Hong Kong.

Government grants supply only 5% of the funds required, scandalous, I thought, in the light of the Society's work with, among other things, the control of rabies. Very little can be expected from legacies, wealthy locals apparently not including many animal lovers.

Much of the funding comes from sheer hard work...selling pet food, canvassing for donations, an annual ball which is a prestigious social event. There is also an amusing function called a 'Dog-A-Thon', where individual dogs are sponsored by members of the public on a walk. The magazine for members is paid for by advertisements.

After generously passing on much information to me, May Ling suggested I see the actual living quarters of the animals, and the arrival and departure area. Here I was handed over to a delightful Scottish lady, who first introduced me to the Director in his office, then on to the serious business.

And it is serious! Oh, the pathos behind those wildly wagging doggy tails, the sweet little feline faces.

The amount of paper work required by the daily admissions and surrenders is so huge, especially as everything has to be written up in both Chinese and English, that it can be kept for only a month before being destroyed. The paper work is also compounded by the need to screen and inject animals for rabies, a dreadful disease. All employees also have to have regular injections as a precaution. Hong Kong itself does not have rabies, but the disease can be carried in and passed on from animals illegally entering from other countries, particularly mainland China.

Which brings me to another problem, one that fills me with shame. Pedigreed cats from other countries are much in demand by wealthy society ladies, who are prepared to pay dearly for them. Huge amounts of money were quoted to me, and the inference was that any kind of cat (preferably long haired) can be provided with trumped-up pedigree papers.

These cats are sold quite openly from pet shops, which buy and sell to make huge profits. Inspectors make flash attacks, but the traffic cannot be controlled because the

countries supplying the cats do so quite legally. I was upset to be told that Australia is one of the chief sources of supply.

One innovation that impressed me in Hong Kong are the locked 'Deposit Boxes' for unwanted cats. Large partitioned boxes are placed in shady spots convenient to the homes of voluntary workers, who undertake to provide regular food and water. Dogs can be tethered outside. These boxes are cleared daily, absolutely daily.

It's not an ideal situation, but as my Scottish guide Mrs Davies pointed out, it's at least a step away from absolute abandonment. She also told me that sometimes very exotic animals emerge from the boxes, especially monkeys!

Overall, I enjoyed my enlightening experience among animal lovers of another land. Here were people dealing not only with indifference and cruelty, but also having to communicate in both English and Chinese, and daily at risk from a horrifying disease. True dedication, in the spirit of all of us who love animals throughout the world.

## CAT HABITS

New York researchers are spending a great deal of time studying the habits of cats.

They have discovered that with the rise of the two income family, cats have overtaken dogs as the main choice of pet for many urban dwellers. They don't have to be walked, and they can be left indoors during the day.

According to two US animal behaviourists, the cat 'is exquisitely sensitive to the behaviour of other individuals, and when it is kept as a pet, to the actions and moods of its human owner.' Because of this, problems can arise when a major change in the relationship takes place, they say.

A professor of physiology and behaviour at the University of California, Dr. Benjamin L Hart, says, 'When our behaviour changes from what the cat expects, it can affect the cat. Leaving for a trip, or changing working hours, whatever it is, the cat is going to see it as a major change in its environment. It becomes upset.'

The resulting problems can include urinating outside the litter box - on the owner's shoes, for instance. Some cats mope and later punish absent owners by ignoring them when they return.

The most frequent behavioural problem involves the litter box. The experts have learnt that a cat simply will not use a litter box that it thinks is dirty. If the box is not changed often enough to suit the cat it will go elsewhere.

Sometimes there are too many cats using one litter box. In one case, said a veterinarian, a cat would not use the box because the family dog sat nearby and kept staring.

-Report from 'Stay in Touch', in The Sydney Morning Herald.

# INTRODUCING MARMALADE

By Helen Middleton

The sleepy cat in the picture is my beautiful Marmalade. I acquired him the way so many people seem to acquire their cats - he found Me.

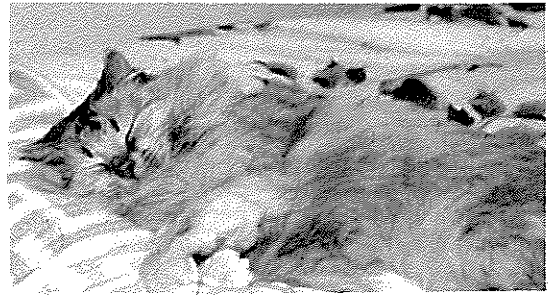
It was about a month after we'd settled into our new home when a timid little ginger stray appeared in the garden. He was very thin, but appeared to be in good health otherwise.

For days he wouldn't let us get close to him, but we kept leaving food in the garden, and moving the dish nearer and nearer to the house.

Finally, one day I was able to touch him. A day later, he came inside. He knew he was among friends.

I so much wanted to keep him, but I thought I'd better ask the neighbours if they'd lost a ginger cat. They all said no, thank goodness. One woman told me she'd seen a little ginger stray a while back, and tried to capture him with a butterfly net, but he ran away! Perhaps she thought he was a giant butterfly.

Anyway, Marmalade quickly grew into a beautiful cat. In winter he has a magnificent mane all around his face, and people comment on his lovely colour and thick fur.



For breakfast he enjoys dried biscuits, and for dinner he likes rabbit, lamb, chicken livers now and then. He also has a liking for yoghurt.

As you can see from the picture, we have a handsome, happy and contented cat, and we all love each other very much.

Editor's note: I'd be delighted if other members would send me a story and picture about their cat (or cats). Pictures can be returned after publication.

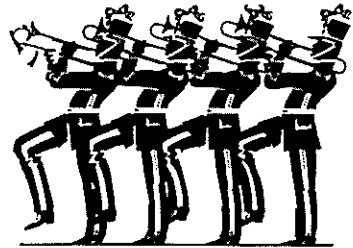
## RAFFLE WINNERS

Thank you to all members who bought tickets in our Christmas raffle. The winners were:

HAMPER: Wendy Percy of Enmore

GRIDDLE: T. Hokin of Newtown

CHAMPAGNE: Miss Lewis of Stanmore



## \* Tutu's window on the world. \*



Tutu is a three and a half year old sealpoint Siamese, often to be found at her favourite viewing spot in the home of CPS member Mrs Sheila Abnett of Mulwala.

The photo was sent to 'Cat Affairs' by Sheila's friend Nona Wilkinson of Lavington, also a member of our Society. Nona writes that Tutu is very vocal, loves people, and the family dogs.

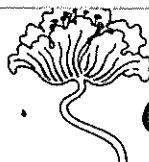
## NEWTOWN FESTIVAL WAS A WINNER

What a fabulous day and what a success it was last November. There was music, young folk dancing, happy faces everywhere and the atmosphere was electric. Our stall with its splendid display of goods did a tremendous trade, manned by a group of dedicated people who worked diligently and dutifully throughout the day. People from many parts of Sydney visited our stall, all eagerly purchasing the great variety of gifts offered for sale. Our effort for the day realised the grand sum of \$1179.00, a truly remarkable result.

Many many thanks and bouquets to all you good people out there who donated those lovely goods for our stall, to the ladies who prepared all the delicious home made goodies, and to all who gave their services for the day. The cats of Sydney wish to thank you too, they will not forget.

Hopefully we will all meet again, same time same place next year. Meanwhile 'Buona Salute' to all,

Lena Larson



# GOODBYE TO JIM

By Pauline Flack

'Oh, that's Spot', said the breeder in rather an embarrassed tone, as she pulled the kitten down from the flyscreen. "He's no good for showing, he has a spotty scar over one eye".

Show or no show, we still thought this mischievous kitten was the pick of the bunch. We decided to drop the Spot and called him Jim, after Jimi Hendrix the musician, and in no time Jim mastered the art of heartcharming.

Most of his youth went by getting stuck on rooftops, trees, behind the stove or bookshelf, or smashing glasses and ornaments. On the good side, he had an almost human-like nature. He could open doors and cupboards, and was always there to comfort you when you were feeling upset. Reading and homework were his favourite games, especially if he could lie all over the book (your book).

Life changed for Jim when we moved to an area with many dogs. He explored his perilous surroundings until the day he went missing. Two days later we discovered him under the house, curled up in agony in the farthest, darkest corner. He had been savaged by dogs to the point of being lame. After several trips to the vet, the 'bold one' recovered. Jim was ready for his next adventure.

That's when Lucy, pregnant and starving, came along. Jim was jealous of the newcomer, and Lucy wasn't too keen on Jim! When the kittens arrived, she would beat and scratch the young lad every time he tried to come close. Jim was certainly happy to see Lucy and family find new homes. Now he could rule the roost once more.

One day Jim went missing again. After looking everywhere for days we lost hope. Nights were long and sleepless... where was he? Sick? Perhaps stolen? Dead? Why wasn't Jim on my bed, purring and keeping me warm.

Then, one rainy afternoon, there he was at the back door - soaked, thin, and miaowing impatiently. He was starving, but we were ecstatic! Apparently he had been accidentally locked under a neighbour's house, but clever Jim managed to find a way out eventually.

Life quietened for him as he grew older, but his charm and charisma never did. It was when he was diagnosed as having arthritic and kidney problems that Jim was not himself anymore. The last six months of his four years of life were awful. He couldn't walk much, couldn't lick some parts of his body, and spent so much time with the vet - sometimes weeks at a time.

One morning we found him deeply distressed, quietly hissing and purring to himself behind the sofa. He had had enough. It was the day of his mercy killing. Tears filled our eyes as we listened to his helpless miaows in the vet's waiting room.

Jim was given a pre-injection to make him drowsy. Into the room he went. Those emerald eyes were confused, piercing, staring at me.

'Goodbye Jim' I whispered, 'my beautiful friend'.

We buried him in his favourite hideaway under the oak tree.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Tinker and Jenny



Jennifer Morris of Woy Woy is a new CPS member, who came to our Christmas party.

The large black and white cat who owns Jenny is Tinker.

## SHE SIGHTS A BIRD

She sights a bird, she chuckles,  
She flattens, then she crawls,  
She runs without the look of feet,  
Her eyes increase to balls,

Her jaws stir, twitching, hungry,  
Her teeth can hardly stand,  
She leaps — but robin leaps the first!  
Ah, pussy of the sand,

The hopes so juicy ripening,  
You almost bathed your tongue  
When bliss dissolved a hundred wings  
And fled with every one!

—EMILY DICKINSON





*I KNOW I HAVE FAULTS...  
BEING WRONG IS NOT ONE OF THEM*

***Home is where the heart is...***



By Shirley Butler

My husband and I run 'Parklands,' the boarding establishment where the Society's cats are held for adoption. We also board dogs, of course.

One of the distressing aspects of our job is coping with pets dumped over the fence in the middle of the night by heartless people.

Some months ago, this happened with a young German Shepherd. We found him wandering in the grounds one morning with no identification, but otherwise quite healthy and happy. We called him 'Mister.'

He was promptly fed and watered and assigned to a kennel. For weeks we scanned the Lost and Found columns and made inquiries, but to no avail. Eventually, a good home was found for him some four or five kilometres from Parklands.

Recently we were having a weekend barbecue with staff and friends, when in strolled Mister. Tail wagging and all smiles, he looked at us as if to say, 'Hi, how are you, it's nice to be back.'

The new owners were contacted at once, and disclosed that he had been missing, believed stolen for several days. They could hardly believe he'd found his way back to us!

A happy reunion soon took place, and we all feel it is a great recommendation for Parklands that an ex-boarder will walk five kilometres to say hello to his old friends!

FOOTNOTE: Since Shirley wrote this story for 'Cat Affairs,' Mister has been back to Parklands again. We agree that his visits ARE an excellent recommendation, though his new owner should certainly be keeping a warden eye on him.



# THANK YOU FOR YOUR LETTERS



From Mrs J Allen of Baulkham Hills:

I read with great interest the item, "When Your Beloved Pet Dies," and the information about the Animal Memorial Cemetery under the kindly direction of Mr. and Mrs. Jessop-Smith.

Some years ago, we took our dog to be cremated at the Memorial Cemetery. It was indeed an experience that I will always remember, the outstanding atmosphere of the place made me feel very comforted. The caring people in charge are providing a wonderful service to animal lovers.



From Mrs Susan Thomas of Hurlstone Park:

Our cat was having his usual morning nap, and was fast asleep on top of our wardrobe. All of a sudden he sprang to his feet and began to howl. He then raced under our bed.

Moments after he dived under the bed the earthquake struck. After the quake had finished, the cat resumed his place on top of the wardrobe as if nothing had happened. I now am convinced that cats can sense danger.



From Mrs Stella Kelly of Maroubra Junction:

Just a few lines to tell you how much I enjoyed the Christmas party. It was the first time for me, and it was lovely to among so many cat lovers. Also, the two pussies who came with their owners were so friendly!

I think it was the best party for me in 1989. All the best to all for the New Year.



From Mrs G Lawson of Killarney Vale:

## DO CATS UNDERSTAND WHAT WE SAY?

Some are quicker than others to learn the human language, but I've lived with several cats who have communicated by sound and body language and taught me to understand what they wanted.

One, Black Beauty, lived with me for years without making any cat sounds, but the vet assured me there was no need to worry. As she was getting everything she wanted, there was no need for her to "speak." She would pat my  
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face in the mornings to wake me, if it seemed breakfast would be late, but never jumped on the bed until one cold winter when I brought home an electric blanket and switched it on several hours before bed time.

It seemed strange she was not monopolising the radiator that night, as usual, but I was astounded to find her in the middle of the bed on retiring. From then on she would wait for the click of the switch on the electric blanket before taking up her position, and if I was too slow she would pace up and down in the hall until I got the message.

"Do you want the blanket switched on?" I would ask, and she'd run into my bedroom. From that winter on, when the nights turned chilly she would share my bed, but only when the blanket was operating.

Once I was lodging with a friend of my mother's. She had no cats of her own, but a neighbour's cat used to come to the back door for hand-outs while I lived with her. (Cats have always sought me out and taken up residence.)

It had always been a custom in our family to say "White Rabbits" three times for luck on the first day of the month. So once, on the last night of the month, I said to this cat (who was waiting for more food), "Go and find a white rabbit for supper."

The next morning on the back step was a very smug cat and a bedraggled, dead, off-white rabbit. Where it came from we never discovered, and the cat didn't bring any more, but I have never forgotten that sight on the first day of the month.

Sascha, my oldest cat, is 14 years old. He has seen my girls grow up and have children of their own. It takes a while to train toddlers not to overdo the hugging of a cat, so now, when the youngest are coming for a visit, I say to Sascha, "The ankle biters are coming today." He then disappears into one of his secret hideaways for the duration, only emerging when peace has descended on the house. The other cats are younger and better able to cope, but I feel Sascha needs the warning so he doesn't get an unwelcome surprise when the children arrive.

One cat lived with us for 17 years, and was the most vocal of all I've known. Pokey had different words for all situations: seeking food, wanting the door opened, where are you Mum, let me into the bedroom. She would curl up between the bedcover and blanket, and although only the size of a six-months-old, would make enough noise purring for two cats. The house was very quiet when her voice was stilled. Many cats have shared my homes over the years, and some have been easier to talk to than others ... but ALL had their own ways of communicating, and all of them I understood.

---

*Cats, like men, are flatterers.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

---



From Vicki Garrett of Erina  
Dear Editor:

Firstly, I must say how much I am enjoying "Cat Affairs." The new format is great and most interesting, and I am glad that the magazine is now being published quarterly.

Nancy Iredale's comment on the poem "A Pet's Prayer" stirred many memories for me, as over the years it has been necessary for me to have several of my beloved animal friends put to sleep. I stayed with them all when their time came, held their paws and stroked them.

I believe that they were happy I was there with them, and although I shed many tears afterwards, I too was comforted by what I had witnessed, and I know they felt no pain, just an overpowering sleepiness.

To more prosaic things, first a suggestion: If your cat is an inveterate clawer of wire-screen doors, replace the wire screening with heavy duty shade cloth. It really works! We replaced ours some five years ago, and despite being attacked many times a day by our ten year old "torty," the cloth has resisted all her onslaughts.

It also protects your carpet from sunlight, if you like to have the door open in summer.

Now an opinion on whether or not cats understand what we say:

Certainly they do!

Some 18 months ago I adopted a stray male cat which was almost blind. My two established cats, one male, t'other female, were disgusted. They HATED him. He, for his part, attacked them at every opportunity, lashing out blindly with his claws.

The situation became intolerable. I was forever rushing to separate them.

One day, after I had intervened yet again, I said to them (the two males). "This has got to stop!"

I got down between them, and stroking them both said, "Why can't you be friends? I love you, and I love you too. I don't like this continual bickering."

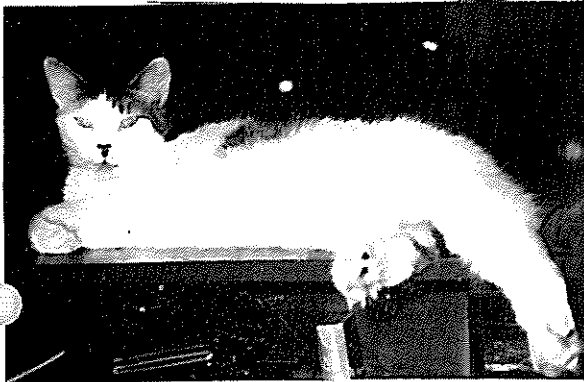
Well, believe it or not, that was IT...

I don't imagine that they will ever be bosom friends, but at least they now share the garden, and sleep within coo-ee of each other.

Where was the female cat while all this was going on? Up on the OTTO bin, safely out of harm's way, and wearing a supercilious smile!



## Meet Spiro, The Pride of Enmore



The cat on our cover is a landmark in Enmore Road! He lives just a few doors from our office, in the premises of Hellenic Advertising, where "Cat Affairs" is printed.

Eva and Tony have had this fluffy white and grey chap for almost 18 months now. He was found stuck under the stage of the theatre opposite when he was about six weeks old. How he got there remains a mystery, but Eva named him Spiro after the character in "Wogs Out Of Work," which was playing at the theatre. Life in Enmore wouldn't be the same without Spiro. He sits in the window, or takes up sentry position just outside the door, and everyone who passes says "Hello."

The full colour reproduction on the cover is a special tribute to their cat from Eva and Tony. Next time you're near our office, don't forget to say hello to him!



**Let me capture  
your cat forever!**

*Why not let me paint  
a beautifully detailed pastel  
portrait of your pet?*

*A lifelike rendering from your  
photograph to capture your cat's  
personality and likeness.*

**Reasonable rates and  
a high standard of work.**

**'Phone Leslie Hood,  
909 2607  
after business hours.**



## A WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

The following members joined the Society in November, December and January. We extend a warm welcome to each and every one of you, and look forward to your company for many years to come.

Miss S. Matysek of Newtown. Ms D. Cubitt of Greenacre. Mrs. D. Barnett of Stanmore. Ms S. Riordan of Auburn. Mrs. J. Clark of Ermington. Mrs. A. A. Miles of Strathfield. Miss S. Russell of Terrigal. Mrs. B. Fortescue of Drummoyne. Miss Jennifer Morris of Ettalong. Mr. G. Thompson of Ettalong. Mrs. A. Donald of Ryde. Ms J. MAERZ of Regents Park. Mrs. P. Keller of Farrer. Ms A. McClusky of Ocean Grove. Mrs. E. Watson of West Ryde. Mr and Mrs A. Newick of Erskineville. Ms. K. Summers of West Kensington. Mr E. Lea - Scarlett of East Willoughby. Miss T. Atkinson of Merrylands. Mr and Mrs J. Holland of Cammeray. Ms J. Denny of Granville. Mr and Mrs N. Fox of Alexandria. Miss T. Gordon of North Richmond. Dr. S. Frisk of Chatswood. Miss H. Robinson of Lane Cove. Mr S. Eliopoulos of Enmore. Ms M. Rea of Summer Hill. Miss K. Brummer of Glenhaven. Mrs M. MacPherson of Arncliffe. Ms W. Crow of Woollahra. Miss D. King of Bankstown. Mr and Mrs Lucas of Annandale. Miss P. Kidd of Rozelle. Mrs E. Rudd of Waitara. Miss T. Duratovic of Epping. Ms A. Browning of Eastwood. Miss C. Marsh of Marrickville. Miss E. Constantinou of Maroubra. Miss F. Snow of Granville. Mr J. Doherty of Maroubra. Mr and Mrs R. Burgess of Enmore. Mrs Bereshore of East Lismore. Miss N. Longhurst of Bargo. Mr J. Couani of Sydney. Ms. G. Gelrose of Balgowlah. Mr N. Hanna of Pymble. Ms J. Woodfall of Potts Point. Mrs P. Briancourt of South Hurstville. Mr J. Gillespie of Belfield. Mr B. Smith of Mudgee. Ms D. Harvey of Stanmore. Ms F. Ismay of Stanmore. Mr G. Allen of Woollahra. Mrs H. Chanak of Mona Vale. Ms K. Downs of Stanmore. Miss E. Lifman of Matraville. Ms M. MacLeod of Balmain. Mrs S. Frenkel of Paddington. Mr T. Bennett of Dulwich Hill. Ms C. Fitzgerald of Pymble. Ms G. Sharrock of Rhodes. Mrs M. Finch of Winston Hills. Mrs E. Fisher of Macksville. Miss J. Brown of Waverton. Mrs E. Perry of Birchgrove. Mrs J. Christopherson of Earlwood. Miss I. Brown of St. Peters. Mrs V. Sheard of Mollymook. Mrs K. West of Blaxland. Miss H. Rhodes of Cabarita. Ms L. Barate of Ashfield. Mrs C. Doenau of Eastwood. Miss D. Dubaich of Annandale. Mrs M. Morgan of Eastwood. Mrs F. Jones of Birrong. Ms C. Ms. C. Cherry of Drummoyne. Ms J. Anderson of Chisholm. Mrs C. Brooks of Potts Point. Mr R. Mulholland of Maroubra. Ms E. Mann of Coogee. Mrs S. Keck of Mosman. Miss L. Grant of Punchbowl. Miss J. Gosling of Springwood. Ms M. Cummins of Sydney. Mrs J. Campbell of Auburn. Mrs J. Bevitt of Bemboka. Miss N. Atkin of East Ryde.

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

W. L. GEORGE

## AUXILIARY JOTTINGS

By Sybil Cozens

**CLOSURE OF SHOP:** Regrettably, we do not have enough volunteers to keep the shop open for five days a week and Saturday morning.

We will have to close it one day a week if we cannot get some more helpers.

I urgently appeal to all readers of this journal to look at their calendars, and see if they could spare just one day a month to help in the Opportunity Shop.

Jo and I will wait to see if we get a response before making our final arrangements.

**POST-CHRISTMAS:** Well, Christmas is over for another year ... all the lovely turkey, pud and champers consumed and enjoyed.

Everyone this year must have scored all the right gifts, too. I've seen very few "unwanted" items, as I usually do in January/February. Good for you - bad for us!

The number of pick-up calls has dropped considerably, too, so far this year of the new decade. I wonder why? Is this a pointer to our "stretched" economy?

**LEN BOWMAN:** I visited Len yesterday to find he looking well and considerably plumper. There is a house cat at the nursing home that she lavishes affection on, a really nice fellow not unlike her own last cat. More about the visit next time.

**CHEERIOS:** A special get well to our prolific knitter in Kings Langley who, over many years, has knitted dozens and dozens of those gorgeous children's jumpers you admire in the shop. She fell and broke her arm, and as she's in the prime of life, to facilitate the healing process she's recuperating in a Rest Home for a while. We wish her a speedy recovery.

**BOUQUETS:** Once again, to our knitters, and also to the Ryde "working bee" which did so much sewing for our Newtown stall. The Auxiliary is very grateful to everyone who does handcrafts for us. There's a great deal of time, effort and sometimes expense involved.

There is a "crafter" in Wollstonecraft who does all manner of things, which she sells privately and then donates the proceeds to the Society. What greater love is there? The needy cats appreciate this special kind of love.

## CAT'S ALLEY

*For the Purrfect Gift*



121/18 Argyle Street,  
The Rocks, Sydney 2000  
Phone: 247 7709

Open 7 Days

# **DID YOU KNOW?** *Fascinating cat facts collected for you by Dr. Kim Kendall*

**COUNTING KITTENS.** Queens (mother cats) can't count. When moving their kittens from one place to another, they always go back to check after the last kitten has been relocated.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SHARING KITTEN CARE.** Queens can't recognize their own kittens by voice alone. In a colony with many kittens, all queens will look at a crying kitten, and one or two may go to help.

In a stable colony, lactating queens will help to feed any kittens that come along. This practice actually gives related queens a genetic advantage, by preserving more members with a similar gene pool. Most farm colonies consist of a group of related queens who are visited by roving males.

\*\*\*\*\*

**STORY OF TOM.** Male cats were called RAM CATS before the term tom cat came into general use. It began with the publication of a book called "Tom The Cat" in 1791. Any trivia whizzes know the author of the book, or anything else about it?

\*\*\*\*\*

**TAPEWORMS.** If your cat has tapeworms, she is getting them from swallowing fleas during grooming. (Hunting cats can get tapes from other species, but most urban cats have the flea-derived worm.)

So if you are finding a lot of tapeworm segments, make sure you control the fleas rather than just constantly worming the cat!

\*\*\*\*\*

**GRASS ON THE MENU.** Free roaming cats will not only eat grass most days, they will voluntarily consume 10% of their diet as plant material.

In the city, you can grow pesticide free grass in planter boxes for your cat to graze on.

\*\*\*\*\*

**EYES.** Cats' eyes are slightly myopic, which explains why their noses often touch the food in the bowl when they put their heads down to eat.

Compared to human eyes, they only need 1/16th as much light as we need to see, but can define only 1/10th of the detail. However, cats' eyes are very sensitive to movement, which is what a hunter needs.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TASTE.** Cats can taste sour, salt and bitter flavours, but can only minimally taste something sweet. So why do some cats enjoy chocolate? The reason is that fat is the main energy source for cats, and when they eat chocolate they are enjoying the fat content, not the sweetness. The best quality chocolates are favoured, of course!

\*\*\*\*\*

**PURRING** Did you know cats breathe more deeply when they purr?

This can be utilized to help a cat with 'flu and a blocked nose. Loving attention will encourage purring, and this in turn will help him breathe more comfortably.

Steam inhalation also helps clear the mucus, but great care should be taken not to overheat the cat.

**EATING HABITS.** Is your cat a picky eater? It's not unusual - in fact, cats will sometimes starve themselves in the presence of food.

It's to do with early eating experiences. Up to the age of about 5 months, cats are marginally experimental with food, but after this time will often not recognize a new texture or flavour as food. (There will always be exceptions, of course, but there are many who follow the rule.)

To give an example, it is quite likely that dry food will be refused unless a cat has been exposed to it before five months, and so on.

So if you want your kitten to grow into a cat that enjoys a fairly varied diet, introduce new foods before he's 5 months old. Do it gradually, of course, adding just a spoonful or so of the new food to the familiar food in the beginning. There should never be a sudden change of diet, or an upset tummy will result.

\*\*\*\*\*

**CHARACTER.** Who has the most influence on a kitten's personality, the mother or the father?

A recent survey from the UK suggests the tom plays a major part.

An aggressive tom produced aggressive kittens, even from a tranquil queen ... and a very calm tom produced calm kittens, though the queen was temperamental.

It seems the tom leaves his character and moves on!

\*\*\*\*\*

**WHICH HAND?** Watch your cat next time it's scratching at the door to go outside, or batting a ball along the floor. The fascinating fact is that 42% of cats are left "handed," and only 20% are right handed. The rest are ambidextrous.

So you know that old expression for left handed humans, kack handed? Maybe it should be CAT handed instead.

\*\*\*\*\*

**THE VOICE.** The Siamese voice, recognizable to all, is associated with a recessive gene of coat colour. That is, that voice comes with the coat!

\*\*\*\*\*

**CAT LITTER.** There are lots of reasons why house trained cats decide not to use their kitty litter, many to do with altered circumstances - a change in the owner's routine, a move to a new house, the arrival of a new pet, a barking dog next door.

One reason that may not be widely known is a change in the litter itself!

If you switch to a new kind of litter, especially the "deodorized" type, 50% of cats will not accept it at first, and 25% will never accept it.

So either rotate brands of litter early in the cat's life, or stay with the same type to prevent house training problems.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ed's note: Dr. Kendall is a Sydney veterinarian who loves cats and is specialising in their behaviour and health care. If you have any questions you would like her to answer, or any observations you would like to share with her, please write to Dr. Kendall care of the Society.



# Always Remembered

Loving memories of my beautiful tabby cat Thomas, who died on February 11, 1987.

The years roll by  
But the memories remain.

- Jill Hamill

In loving memory of Mrs. Doris Jackson. For over 12 years. Treasurer of CPS Woy Woy Peninsula Branch, and co-founder of Central Coast Cat Care Incorporated.

Doris had not enjoyed good health for some time, but physical things did not deter her from faithful, cheerful execution of her arduous duties. Her sudden death on January 24 was an irreparable loss, felt deeply by all her fellow members.

*In loving memory of Misty,  
who was put to sleep in my arms on  
February 28, 1989, aged 10 years.*

- Margery R. Paul

*Fondest memories always of Georgie and Shadow.*

- Mrs. J. Rocca

I shall see beauty  
But none to match your living grace.  
I shall hear music  
But none as sweet as the droning song  
With which you love me.  
I shall fill my days  
But I shall not, cannot forget.  
Sleep soft, dear friend.  
- Anonymous

*In memory of Tippy, Prince of Cats:  
Tippy, constant friend of Joy and Chris  
Christopherson of Earlwood,  
Passed away early September 1989, just prior to his  
sixth birthday. Ever remembered as most  
handsome, a perfect companion,  
a Prince of Cats. Beloved Tippy*

In memory of my beloved Littlechap,  
whose story appears in this issue.

-Ina L. Drum.

## CAPTION CONTEST WINNERS

Thank you all for your entries. It was such a hard time to decide on winners that we are giving three extra prizes ...and we would like to give lots more!

Some entries were very similar, and in this case we chose the one that arrived first.

A special word to those whose captions were "Avon" or "Avon Calling" .....

They're both excellent and appropriate, but we received so many (including some on the same day) that we didn't think it would be fair to pick one out of a hat. On the other hand, perhaps Avon should use the photo in an advertisement, it certainly rings an immediate bell!

Now, the winners:

**FIRST PRIZE** of a cat Basket goes to Mrs Elizabeth Jones of Sandy Bay, Tasmania. for "I knew it... she DOES drink!"

**SECOND PRIZE** of a Society T-shirt goes to Miss Patricia Cunliffe of Enmore. for

NEXT!

**FOUR PRIZES** of Irish linen tea towels to the following:

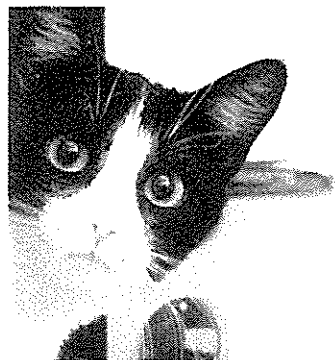
Hedley Buxton of Hornsby for

"This IS the CPS Christmas party, isn't it?"

Mrs. P. Rogers of Budgewoi for

"PEEPING TOM"

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Mrs. Leonie Shuback of Beacon Hill for  
"No thanks, I'm a CATALick"

Miss M. Wilson of Frenchs Forest for  
"So THAT'S where kittens come from!"

Plus three prizes of cat stamps  
Five sets each to:

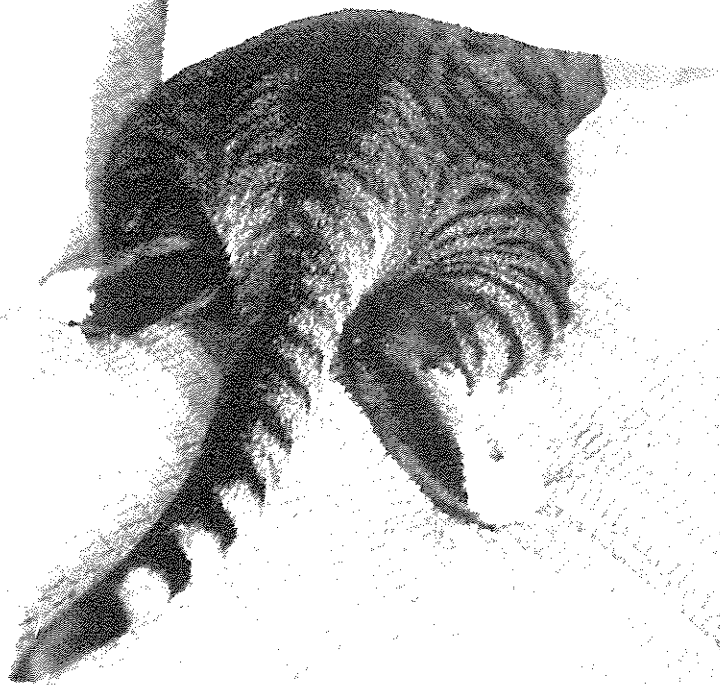
E. Turner of Berkley Vale for  
"HOP IT!"

Jennifer Morris of Woy Woy for  
"Do you REALLY love me?"

Penny Ferguson of Coalcliff for  
"We don't need any!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Winners have been notified by mail, and prizes despatched. Thanks again for your participaton.



**HA! HA! HA!**  
**NO ONE CAN FIND ME NOW**



*Last issue, we unfortunately made an error in the 'phone number for The Pet Care People.*

*To correct the situation, it's 387 2644.*

*The proprietor, Richard Durant, is a member of CPS. When you're away, he will come to your home, feed and play with your cats, water the plants... anything you need doing will be attended to. Ring Richard for further details.*

**The Pet Care People**



**BAST**

She had green eyes, that excellent seer,  
And little peaks to either ear.  
She sat there, and I sat here.

She spoke of Egypt, and a white  
Temple, against enormous night.

She smiled with clicking teeth and said  
That the dead were never dead;

Said old emperors hang like bats  
In barns at night, or ran like rats —  
*But empresses came back, as cats!*

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

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# AN AUTUMN VEGETARIAN PICNIC FOR SIX

Planned for you by Amanda Large

Ed's note: Dr Large is Manager of the Animal Welfare Branch, Department of Local Government, and Honorary Secretary of the AVA.

Like many animal lovers, Amanda is a vegetarian. But as she also loves cooking, and creative challenges, her vegetarian meals are as delicious as they are nutritious.

This menu is planned for easy packing. You can take it to a picnic in the bush or by the water... or just enjoy it on the verandah at home. Better still, why not bring it to the Botanical Gardens on April 1, and enjoy it with fellow members of the CPS?

## MENU

Mushroom Pate with sliced French bread\*  
Sour Cream and Onion Tart\*  
Potato Salad, Green Salad, Carrot Salad\*  
Chocolate Honey Cake\*

Recipes follow for starred dishes:

### Mushroom Pate

1 cup pecans, 1/4 cup butter, 1 small onion, chopped, 1 clove garlic, pressed, 1/2 kg button mushrooms 3/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 tspn dried thyme leaves 1/8 teaspoon white pepper 2 tablespoons salad oil.

Melt butter. Add all ingredients except oil and pecans and cook over medium heat, stirring, until mushrooms are soft. By this time, most of the liquid has evaporated.

Process pecans in a blender or food processor until they form a paste, adding oil as you go. Add mushroom mixture and continue blending until smooth. Serve with crusty bread. Makes about 2 cups.

### Sour Cream and Onion Tart

1 uncooked pastry crust in a 25cm quiche dish.

#### A INGREDIENTS:

3 tablespoons margarine, 4 cups thinly sliced onions, 3/4 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 3 tablespoons water (If needed).

#### B INGREDIENTS:

3/4 cup sour cream 3/4 cup plain Attiki yoghurt, 2 teaspoons horseradish cream, black pepper to taste 1/3 cup grated Swiss cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley.

C INGREDIENTS: 1/2 teaspoon caraway seeds, 1/2 - 1 teaspoon paprika

A: Melt margarine. Add onions, salt, mustard and lemon juice. Cook, stirring, until onions are soft. Sprinkle in flour, and continue stirring over low heat for about 10 minutes, until smooth and thickened. Add water if too thick.

B: Beat all B ingredients together and stir into onion mixture. Pour into pastry crust and sprinkle with caraway seeds and paprika.

Bake in a hot oven (200°C) for 45 minutes, or until crust is brown and filling firm. Allow to cool a little before cutting into wedges. Also delicious cold.

### Carrot Salad

2 cups grated carrot, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1/2 cup sultanas, lemon juice, salad oil, salt.

Mix all together, adding enough lemon juice, oil and salt to taste. Chill before serving.

### Chocolate and Honey Cake

6 tablespoons margarine, small pkt dark chocolate melts or Choc Bits, 3/4 cup liquid honey, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 cup cocoa, 1 cup plain flour, 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Melt margarine and chocolate in a basin placed over hot water. Stir until smooth, remove from heat.

Allow to cool.

Beat honey at high speed with an electric mixer for 5 minutes. Add eggs and vanilla, mix well.

Beat cooled chocolate into honey mixture. Sift flour, cocoa and baking powder and fold in until just combined - don't beat. Turn into a greased 20cm cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven (180°C) for about 30 minutes, or until cooked when tested with a fine skewer. Leave in the tin for a few minutes before turning out on to a wire cooler.

## Cats Who Bait Mouseholes

I recently read of a cat that ate cheese and then breathed down a mousehole, and it may interest some of your readers to know that I have seen two of my cats bait a mousehole. On one occasion I was in the cellar getting some meat out of the pantry, when I noticed my brown tabby begging beside me, so I threw a little piece of meat, and was surprised to see him push it along the floor with his paw for some distance, and then place it exactly above a mousehole by the wall. He then retired to a distance of about two yards, and sat watching it all evening! Another time, when in the kitchen, my silver

tabby was given a little piece of pudding, which he did not eat, but pushed along the floor to a mousehole by the kitchen stove just as the other cat had done, and then watched it for some time. Becoming tired of this he ran out into the garden, and in the meantime the brown tabby came along, and seeing the piece of pudding ate it up! Soon the silver tabby returned from the garden, and went straight to the mousehole, only to find that his bait had disappeared. He could not make it out at all, and put his paw right down the hole, then withdrew it, covering the hole over again with his paw in case the mouse should escape!







## CAT LORE

### Washing: *The First Story*

Do you know why cats always wash themselves after a meal?

Legend has it that in the very beginning, a Cat caught a Sparrow and was about to devour it when the Sparrow said:

“No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face.”

Being a gentleman, the Cat immediately set the Sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw. But the Sparrow flew away.

This vexed the Cat extremely, and he said to himself:

“As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards.”

And so it is that all Cats have since followed his example.

### Washing: *The Second Story, in the form of a poem*

*You may have noticed, little friends,  
That cats don't wash their faces  
Before they eat, as children do  
In all good Christian places.*

*Well, years ago, a famous cat  
The pangs of hunger feeling,  
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,  
Who said, as he ceased squealing:*

*“All genteel folk their faces wash  
Before they think of eating.”  
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,  
Puss heeded his entreating.*

*But when she raised her paw to wash,  
Chance for escape affording,  
The sly young mouse said his goodbye,  
Without respect to wording.*

*A feline council met that day,  
And passed, in solemn meeting,  
A law forbidding any cat  
To wash till after eating.*

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

People say that cats and women waste more time over their toilet than any other creatures ... If the old precept Cleanliness is next to Godliness still demands respect, then cats must be ranked very high in their approach to Godliness. Higher in fact than the human race ... How characteristic of cats is the movement with which it can turn and lick the very middle of its back; and then pause with the twist still in its body and look at you, as if to demonstrate the very ease with which it does it.



***I find ecstasy in living; the mere sense of living  
is joy enough***

- Emily Dickinson

## THE STORY BEHIND THE POEM

The following poem was written by a great friend of the Society, Madame Kuvani.

On a recent walk she came across a cat that was obviously sick and malnourished, and took it at once to her vet. He advised that it was indeed gravely ill with kidney trouble, and in kindness should be put to sleep. This was done.

That same evening Madame wrote this poem in which she relates the experience through the cat's eyes.

### **“She called me Tabitha”**

Dejected, neglected, I sat on the street  
Hoping for a kind stranger to meet.  
’Twas late in the morning when my wish came true...  
A kindly lady said to me, “Hello Pussy, how are you?”  
She gave me a pat and exclaimed, “My God, you are sick!  
Some cruel people dumped you, what a nasty, dirty trick.”

I'm full of fleas, my liver's impaired,  
And my kidneys are gone, I'm ravaged with pain  
And completely alone.  
Thanks for taking the trouble to take me to the vet.  
The lady told me, “He'll help you if he can, you bet.”  
But his diagnosis, I knew what to expect -  
Only six weeks to live, because of all the neglect.  
I really don't understand why people are so dense...  
Having been born a cat  
Was my only offence.

By Madame Kuvani,  
Life member of CPS.

# IMPRESSIONS OF A CAT SHOW



**This report of a cat show was written by an English journalist, but in most respects it could equally apply to Australian championship shows. It certainly makes entertaining reading.**

Perhaps most memorable of all were the judges in their white coats, and with their little trolleys pushed before them down the long rows of cages as if they were symbols of office.

Each judge was accompanied by an assistant, a kind of minder whose job it was to reach boldly into the cages and come out with an armful of cats for the judge's inspection: sometimes a huge, long haired cat, billowing and unmanageable as a feather filled doona; a Cornish Rex with its fur in dreadlocks; a Siamese, slender and pliable as a stick of licorice.

The minders set the cats down on the trolleys and the judges began an astonishingly minute inspection, as if to examine not only the cat's visible appearance but its molecular structure as well. The peering was endless - down its ears, up its nose, under its tail. The judges' eyes bored inexorably.

Sometimes, as if at last on the trail of something crucial, the cats were suddenly upended, all four paws rigidly skywards, or whisked into the air and teased out to their full length, the way children stretch chewing gum.

The cats put up with it all with a resigned air, equability of temperament being an important part of a show cat's equipment.

Before the judging, it was fascinating to see the astonishing variety of carrying boxes that the owners went in for, everything from sleek, plastic space capsules to small terrace houses with handles, complete down to the front room curtains.

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The owners themselves looked like a mob of refugees, because as well as cat boxes they were weighed down with all the kit they deemed necessary to turn out their pets looking half decent. These ranged from brushes as big as yard brooms to electric hairdryers and even, in one case, a set of rollers.

Quite a lot of cats had their favourite toys with them, like aristocratic children clinging to their Teddies.

The nursery notion continued as the hall filled and the preparations reached a crescendo. Ruffled by all the bustle and the press of strangers around them, more than 500 cats protested simultaneously. If you closed your ears to the human sounds, the miaowing sounded exactly like the wailing of a single enormous baby.

## LOOKING THEIR BEST

Determined to present their cats at their absolute best, the owners pressed on with last minute efforts. Everybody seemed to have a different idea of the best way to polish a cat to gleaming perfection. Some people buffed them up with a silk cloth or chamois leather. Many of the long hairs had been bathed, and then their fur dried to a billowing bouffant. Little faces peered out as if through a hedge.

One sweet spotted tabby, destined to be a breeding queen once she had lost her innocence, looked so tasty that she was driving a young silver tabby in the next cage completely potty. A muscly little Tom, he seemed determined to squeeze through a crack where the two cages joined. His attentions worried the owner of the spotted tabby, who wanted her to appear calm and lovely when the judges turned up.

Taking a walk down the avenues of cat pens you could see that the inhabitants had all found their own different ways of dealing with the crush and the noise and the unfamiliar scents.

A phlegmatic British Blue had climbed into his litter tray the moment he was placed in his pen, turning his face to the wall and presenting his fine rump to the rest of the world.

Other cats had carefully scratched the kitty litter all over their nice clean white blankets, and others had spilt their water bowls, effectively turning the floor of the cage into a swamp.

A lot of cats, determined to opt out of this human mania altogether, had fashioned their blankets into tents from which a single furious eye would glare, or the tip of a tail twitch angrily.

There were feverish attempts to repair these depredations, but the hour of judgement had arrived. The owners, casting fretful glances over their shoulders, were herded upstairs and the judging commenced.

It seemed like half a year, rather than a couple of hours, before the judging was finished, and the owners pelted back downstairs like a bunch of excited school children to see who'd won.

There was a First pinned to the cage of the spotted tabby, and with the show over, she looked relieved, preening and fluttering her perfect eyelashes at the randy young Tom.

# THINK OF A NAME!

They say that the test of literary power is whether a man can write an inscription. I say, can he name a kitten. And by this test I am condemned, for I cannot.

- Samuel Butler (1835 - 1902)

Naming the new cat or kitten is certainly among life's great challenges - easily to be compared with naming the baby and perhaps even more revealing of the owner.

There are certain ground rules to be kept in mind when naming a baby, but you can indulge any flight of fantasy with a kitten!

Our Welfare Director Nance Iredale adores finding appropriate names, and has given many in a previous issue of "Cat Affairs." Recently returned from a holiday to New Zealand, she has discovered more.

First the Maori word, then the meaning:

**ATUA** a god or supernatural being **MAKUTA** a spell or bewitchment

**NUI** large

**ROA** tall

**NGI** a demon (I have one, says Nan)

**TOHUNGA** wizard

**WHETU** star

She adds, "But my favourite is **MANA**, meaning prestige. It's a word that appears sometimes in the press, encouraging Maoris to seek Mana in their struggle for equality. And what Mana is added to a home by a cat - at least, that's what our Society thinks.

"Recently some well named cats came into our care. First, there was a long legged black boy called **Hairy Legs**. Then a seal point Siamese called **Toffee Toes**, who was lost until our Welfare Officer **Sandy Moss** managed to track down his owner."

If you are about to be faced with the delightful challenge of naming a new feline member of the family, here are some further ideas from the book "Cat Calls," published by Weidenfield and Nicholson, London:

## LITERARY NAMES:

**Bellcat** from Aesop's Fables...the bell around his neck meant that prey had good warning.

**Stophor Jones** One of T.S Eliot's characters, suave and elegant.

**Dinah** Belonged to Alice in her real life, before she fell down the hole.

**Gib** From a story published in 1611, about the wedding of a frog and a mouse. All was going well until Gib came in and ate the mouse bride.

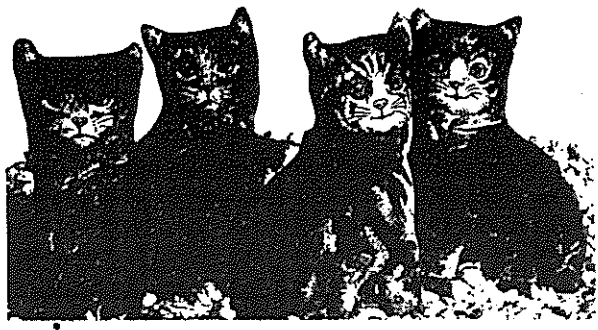
**Minnalouche** the black cat who danced under the moon in a poem by William Butler Yeats in this issue.

**Orlando** the Marmalade cat in the series written by Katherine Hale.

**Pyewacket** the Siamese cat in John Van Druten's play *Bell, Book and Candle*.

**Simkins** Beatrix Potter's cat, always busy with the housekeeping.

**Tobermory** the hero of Saki's story. An excerpt is printed in this issue.



## FAMOUS PEOPLE'S CATS

**Beezlebub, Blatherskite and Buffalo Bill** Mark Twain's cats who went everywhere together.

**Foss** a cat who lived with Edward Lear, writer of nonsense poetry. Lear built his second house to an identical plan, so Foss would not have to adjust to a strange place.

**Hodge** Dr. Samuel Johnson's cat.

**Pepperpot, Sootikins and Scratchaway** Three tabby cats belonging to Thomas Hood, the poet.

**Perruque** Cardinal Richelieu's kitten, which was born in the perruque (wig) of the Marquis de Racan.

**Slippers** President Theodore Roosevelt's cat.

**Wilberforce** The Downing Street cat who served under four British Prime Ministers.

**Zizi and Zuleika** Cats of the French novelist Theophile Gautier.

## NAMES FOR BLACK CATS

**Blackberry Blackjack Blackout Domino Ebony Inkspot Jet Licorice Lucifer Midnight Pitch Pluto**

## NAMES FOR WHITE CATS

**Alabaster Blanco Creampuff Crystal Frosty Marshmallow Pavlova Vanilla Whitewash**

## NAMES FOR GINGER CATS

**Copper Gingerbread Marmalade Saffron Sunshine**

## NAMES FOR TABBY CATS

**Dido** (a tabby who belonged to Robert Southey the poet) **Tabitha Taffeta Tiger Zebra**

## NAMES FOR LONG HAired CATS

**Cupid** (name of the first recorded cream Persian) **Shah Soraya Yildizek and Zildiz** (first official Angoras to arrive in America).

## NAMES FOR ORIENTAL CATS

**Amber Cleopatra Anna Lychee Monsoon.**

## NAMES FOR "JUST CATS"

**Felicity** (from *Felic*, the language of cats) **Gatto** (Italian for cat) **Mackintosh** (from the Highland clan whose motto is "Touch not a cat except with a glove") **Puddles** (for a cat who likes getting wet) **Willow** (from *Pussy Willow*) **Yo Yo** (for a cat that's always jumping up and down).

If you'd like to add your own suggestions for names, do write and let us know - it's a subject that never loses its fascination.

# The dog who saved the kittens...

a story from 'Just Cats'

The wonderful book, 'Just Cats,' was first published over 30 years ago, but is just as fresh and fascinating today.

Its author, Dr. Fernand Mery, is a Frenchman, who interweaves historical and scientific information on the cat with personal observations and stories.

Dr. Mery's prose is wise and witty, and you're drawn through the book with the same eagerness and enjoyment you experience in reading a fast-paced novel.

It's no wonder that excerpts from the book are found in many other works on cats, in calendars and diaries. I'd love to suggest you buy it, but I have a feeling it's out of print. My own copy came from a secondhand bookshop many years ago, and the final date of publication inside the cover is 1973.

But I'll be drawing on it for more stories in future issues... and meanwhile, if you love reading about cats, keep an eye open for 'Just Cats' while you're browsing through books at fetes and in Opportunity Shops.

Now, here is the touching story recounted by Fernand Mery: — Is it true? Only Dr. Mery knows that - or the shepherd. See what you think.

- Editor.

'In a certain country farm, the cat had just given birth to five kittens in the hayloft. The farmer, discovering these future useless mouths to feed, drove the mother away brutally, seized her young without showing the least gentleness, and went to bury them in a corner of the garden. Alive!

When the man had finished, the cat, who was watching from a treetop, came down, and quickly, quickly, started to scratch at the earth as best she could, pausing from time to time to make sure the man was not coming back.

But the claws of cats are scissors rather than picks, and the paws of the unhappy mother were soon bleeding, without her having been able to rescue her babies.

What voice then warned her that there was not a minute to lose? By what psychic path, by what train of psychosensory changes, did the 'idea' come to her mind?

She bolted towards the kennel, to the kitchen. She was looking for the dog! She found him asleep near the stable door.

One would like to hear a scientist's account of this, explaining all that followed. The dog yawned, stretched, and leapt to the cat's side. Very quickly she led him to the place.

The dog sniffed the ground, gave one or two tentative barks, then impatient little cries. He began to scratch, to scratch at the ground. He dug frantically. The soil flew up under his paws. Once or twice he stopped to sniff down, thrusting his entire muzzle into the hole, which was yawning deeper second by second. And presently something appeared.

Without waiting, the cat jumped down to the bottom of this little grave. She fretted, even biting at the earth. She finished by unearthing the first kitten, which she carried away. The dog followed with the second. Two minutes later she was once again back in the hayloft.

The dog went back immediately. He returned with a third half dead survivor, which he placed between the mother's paws... then a fourth, a fifth. And each time the cat ran to the trap door leading down from the top of the ladder and welcomed the dog and his burden with purrs of joy.

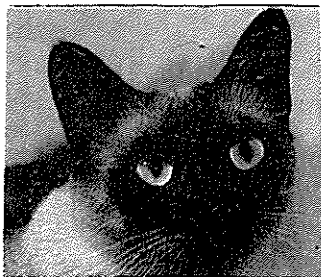
Then she revived and restored her five kittens, soiled as they were with earth and saliva.

The farm shepherd, a boy of 15, had been watching from afar. Amazed at the manoeuvre, that evening he told his mistress about the incredible rescue. The farmer, in his turn was told, and took pity on the cat.

Since then the cat and her kittens have died of old age, and the young shepherd has grown up. He manages a farming estate near Vichy, and has three children now. It was he who told me the story, adding that no one but an utter brute, after witnessing this scene, could have failed to become a friend and admirer of cats.

## The animal memorial cemetery and crematorium

Personal, Individual  
and Understanding  
Attention



Registered. Est 1967

Cremations,  
Burials,  
Memorials.

Ring for our free colour brochure  
St. Mary's Road, Berkshire Park, 2765  
(045) 72-5333

# CHRISTMAS CARD SALE!

**Big savings if you buy NOW  
for next December!**

Yes, we admit it, we were a little late in offering our cards for sale last year. Many members had already purchased Christmas cards by the time they received their December journal.

So now we have lots of Christmas cards sitting on the shelf, and to clear them we are making a special offer. Instead of \$4.50 for a packet of eight, you pay only \$4.00.

OR

Order three packets for just \$10.00, and save \$3.50. The cards are black and white, with the Christmas message in red. There are 4 designs, with two of each design to a pack.

Buy them now, and you're all set for Christmas 1990.



## Brighten up your stationery with cute cat stamps

Our cat stamps show 12 different cats, and are fun to stick on envelopes and writing paper.

Again, we are overstocked, so are offering them to you at a special price.

Instead of \$1.00 for a sheet of 12 stamps, you can now buy five sheets for \$3.00. That's a saving of \$2.00 for each set of five you order. If you want one sheet, the price remains at \$1.00.



## ORDER FORM

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

### CHRISTMAS CARDS

I would like one packet of eight at \$4.00

I would like three packets of eight for only \$10.00

### CAT STAMPS

I would like one set of 12 stamps for \$1.00

I would like five sets for only \$3.00

Please send me the following according to the boxes I have ticked.

Name: .....

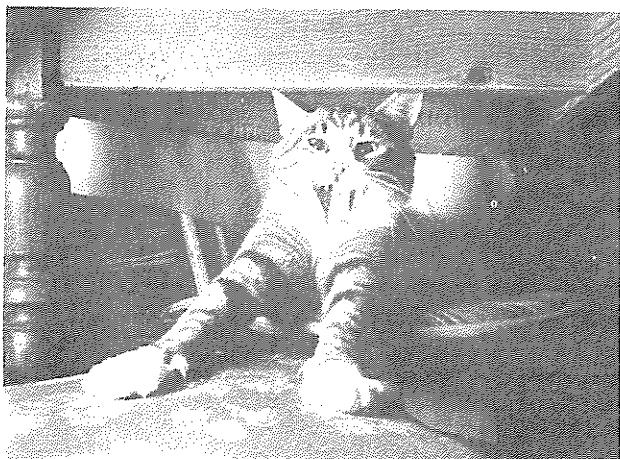
Address: .....

..... Postcode: ..... Phone: .....

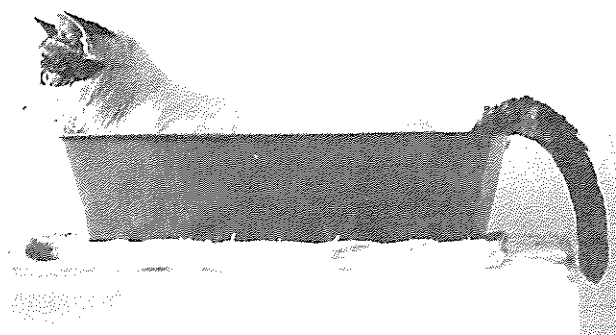
I am enclosing a cheque/money order for the total

amount of \$ .....

# FAVOURITE PLACES



● *Under the table*



● *In the dish*



● *Right up here!*



*Mort Gerberg*

MORT GERBERG

"Have you been made to feel welcome?"

## CLIMBING

Another side of the cat's fascinating character, from the book "Park Avenue Vet," by Dr. Louis J. Camuti.

The cat's gracefulness has inspired dancers, painters, and poets. Cats have also acquired the reputation of being sure-footed, always poised, but do they deserve it? Well, most of the time. Any tree-climbing animal is relatively sure-footed. But cats have their clumsy moments when they slip, slide, lose their balance, misjudge distances, and act like complete amateurs in the art of catlike behaviour.

Cats are supposed to be able to jump to a table without first seeing what's on it, and orient themselves so quickly that nothing is disturbed. This is true, I've seen them do it. I've also seen cats jump onto tables and fall into soup bowls, knock over salt shakers, and send the silverware flying before getting their bearings. Cats climb trees, then wonder how to get down again. The reason for this is simple. A cat's claws curve forward and this allows him to climb up very easily. But if he wants to climb down, he has to do it backwards; otherwise, his curved claws wouldn't grip. This is a difficult manoeuvre and many cats forget just how difficult it is until they try to do it. Then they get scared and panicky, and so do their owners. (Don't worry. In most cases, the cat will figure things out for himself, faster and better than his human assistants.)

Cats go to sleep on chairs, wake up, stretch — and fall off. They do the same thing on window sills. It happens so often that I always advise owners to screen their

windows. Otherwise, the graceful, sure-footed cat will ignominiously tumble out. It's true that cats land on their feet, but even a short drop may be fatal. I know of several cats who suffered broken spines or legs in a mere five-foot fall. Others have been luckier.

One owner called to tell me that her Siamese had just fallen from her apartment window to the street, eight floors below.

"I'm afraid it's too late," I said. "I'm sorry. There's not much I can do."

"What do you mean?" cried the woman. "The cat's trying to climb up the side of the building!"

"Still alive?" I asked in amazement.

"She's not only alive," the woman said, "she's mad as hell!"

When I examined the Siamese later, I found her in perfect shape. Indignant, furious, embarrassed, and extremely vocal, but otherwise unhurt. There was one slight inconvenience: she had chipped a front tooth.

## TRANSPORT NEEDED... Can you help?

We have just had a distress call from Central Coast Cat Care Inc.

They desperately need someone to pick up cats in the Woy Woy peninsula area, and will pay all expenses.

If you have a car and a little free time, do you think you could help? Please phone President Joan Lessells on (043) 42 1055 for details.

# 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: .....



## Change of Address Form

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

(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