

Cat Affairs December 1993



THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF N.S.W.

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

Welfare Office - Volunteer enquiries: **557-1011, 519-7201**

Opportunity Shop: **87 Enmore Road, Enmore. 516-2072**

Parkland Boarding Kennels: 469 Sunnyholt Road, Blacktown. **626-9333**

Patrons: Miss Ita Buttrose, O.B.E., Professor Charles Birch, F.A.A.,

The Hon. James McClelland.

Office Bearers:

President: Mrs Shirley Pikler

Vice Presidents: Mrs Lena Larsen, Mrs Beverley Walsh

Honorary Treasurer: Mrs Nance Iredale

Honorary Secretary: Fred Price

Councillors:

Mrs June Chapman, Mrs Angelika Elliott, Mrs Debbie Hancock, Mrs Eileen Taylor.

Welfare Director: Mrs Nance Iredale

Assistant Welfare Director: Mrs Lena Larsen

Membership Secretary: Mrs Beverley Walsh

Opportunity Shop Co-ordinators: Miss Elizabeth Strachan, Mrs Eileen Taylor

Honorary Life Members:

Mrs S. Cozens, Mrs E. Dupont, Mrs A. Gilham, Mr W. Graham, Mrs J. Graham, Mrs D. Haines,

Mrs B. Harvey, Mrs N. Iredale, Mrs L. Larsen, Mr G. Luton, Mrs T. Nelson, Mrs S. Pikler,

Mrs J. Taylor, Mr G. J. Thatcher, Miss Jo Tomkin.

Life Governors:

Mrs F. Best, Mrs L. Braby, Mrs M. Breust, Mrs I. Cheffings, Dr. M. Cridland, Mrs J. Holdup, Mrs N. Iredale, Mrs

L. Loveday, Mrs B. Morrison, Miss V. Murdoch, Mrs J. Nelson, Mrs S. Pikler, Miss D. Silins,

Mrs S. Springfield, Mr G. Tiley, Mr W. Turner, Mrs S. Watson.

President's Page

Annual General Meeting—1993

On Sunday, October 10, 1993, our A.G.M. was held at 103 Enmore Road.

It was a very pleasant occasion with no controversial matters to worry us.

After the usual business was despatched we had suggestion time, our main topic being attracting new members and this is where we need your help. The old, but very effective adage of every member joining up just one member would delight us if carried out. We plan to put CPS information sheets in all our major vets with their permission of course. This has already started so we'll let you know how that goes along.

Our most successful new member drive was carried out in Auburn where our friend Peg Gauley, enlisted her colleagues who regularly deliver papers. Maybe someone out there delivers newspapers or junk mail - sorry. If so, could they please let us know.

Disappointment was expressed that the government did not seem willing to bring in any regulations to make cats safer in the community. John Elliott suggested a scheme whereby Veterinarians and Councils work together to register cats. We intend to discuss this with one or two of our co-operating vets.

After the meeting we had a very happy time over a cup of tea and sandwiches and Eileen was able to enlist another volunteer for the Op Shop. Sandy Alletson makes the fourth man now working in the shop with Timo lending a hand in maintenance, etc.

A very happy meeting.

Shirley Pikler



MEDIA RELEASE

1st October 1993

ANIMAL WELFARE UNIT ESTABLISHED

The Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, Ian Causley MP, today announced the establishment of a special Animal Welfare Unit within NSW Agriculture.

He said the new unit would be directly responsible to NSW Agriculture Director-General, Dr Kevin Sheridan, and would be totally divorced from industry or research programme areas of the Department's operations.

"Great efforts have been made since the administration of animal welfare responsibilities were added to the agriculture portfolio earlier this year, to assimilate, but at the same time to maintain independence." Mr Causley said.

"However it would be correct to say that all parties, including my own department, would be happier if there was even greater clarity of the independence of the animal welfare functions."

Mr Causley said locating animal welfare within NSW Agriculture had not compromised animal welfare issues and that: "Any suggestions to the contrary are absolute rubbish."

The new Animal Welfare Unit will be situated at the Department Head Office in Orange, with two inspectors based at Rydalmere to service the Sydney metropolitan area.

Dr Richard Sheldrake, who has extensive experience with a variety of animal industries has been appointed Director of the Animal Welfare Unit, which will be administered by Programme Leader Ian Roth.

The move has been welcomed by the Animal Research Review Panel and the Animal Welfare Advisory Committee which includes representatives from the peak animal welfare groups.

NEWS REPORT

"NO 'WALK-ON' RIGHTS FOR RSPCA": CAUSLEY

The RSPCA will not be able to walk onto properties in future and take livestock it believes are being mistreated. NSW Agriculture and Fisheries Minister, Ian Causley, told the NSW Farmers' General Council last week that the RSPCA would now have to abide by certain guidelines; farmers would have to be given a warning, and a chance to rectify the perceived problem.

***Responding to a question from
NSW Farmers' chief***

***executive, John White, Mr
Causley said he would not
introduce any changes to
animal welfare legislation in
response to a review of the
Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals Act.***

Legislation would be deferred, in the hope of the Coalition gaining a workable majority in the next parliament. The new rules are a response to complaints by some stock owners at what they claimed were high-handed actions by RSPCA inspectors.

IS THIS LEGISLATION BY STEALTH?

The review committee worked with great diligence for two years preparing their report.

Farmers' Federation members, properly, had a strong and loud-voiced input into the report.

If the Minister does not intend to implement the report then the current Prevention to Cruelty to Animals Act, 1979 (as amended) stands as the law of the land.

From where does he derive his "new rules"?

How does he intend to legalise his "certain guidelines"? In Canberra "our Ros" is reported to be doling largesse out with both hands in an endeavour to remain on the gravy train.

In Sydney (or the bush) the Minister appears to believe that his tenure is dependent on acceding to the requests of a few, (very few) red-necked yokels who do not even have the support of their peers.

It appears that his belief is that legislation belongs in the too hard basket.

In his arrogance he proposes a few bureaucratic rules to obtain his goal and circumvent the provisions of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act.

We have a voice and a vote.

Animals do not.

I suggest, Mr Minister, that though politicians appear to be able to trample on human dignity with impunity, we may become very different animals if your proposals create a situation returning animal welfare to the 1800's. We have commenced an investigation of the complaints of "some stock owners" and will report further in our next bulletin.



SNOWY



Snowy is very fat, 7 kg. He is also very old and muddled. He cries whenever approached by another cat other than his live-in mates, Daisy & Tabby. No-one is sure why a black cat is called Snowy, it just suits him. What follows is a poem by Steve Parish which describes him purrfectly.
 Mysterious determination in your awkward gait, perhaps
 you've been this way before,
 Pausing, you stare ahead without expression, ears twitching,
 listening to sounds in the fading light.
 Sophie Richards

PETE

In memory of Pete who went to sleep on 17 July, 1989.
 Cherished memories of him will always stay.
 Wendy Irish

NEW MEMBERS

Barnes, Mrs A., Stanmore, Battersby, Ms D., Penrith, Beckhaus, S.A., Seven Hills, Bishop, Miss D., Gladesville, Bretherick, Ms C., Warwick Farm, Bull, Ms S., Lakemba, Chadrawy, Ms A., Condell Park, Fletcher, Ms J., North Sydney,
 Gibbs, Ms F., Cremorne, Goris, Mr H., Warragamba, Gulbis, Ms I., Port Macquarie, Hancock, Mr J., Sans Souci, Harper, Mrs J., Bayview,
 Hucklesby, Ms S., Rozelle, Hudson, L & T., Stanmore, Keith, Ms L., Enmore, McAndrew, Mrs L., Sydney, Mitchell, Mr & Mrs P., Gladesville, Mottee, Miss L., Kingsford, Playford, Ms E P., Lewisham, Rogers, Ms J., Lugarno,
 Ryder, Mrs R.K., Dulwich Hill,
 Sandoz, Ms J., Neutral Bay, Taylor, Ms H., Woollahra, Turner, Miss M., Redfern, Wheeler, Mrs V M., Belfield, Wren, Mrs W., Mortdale.

Donation in Memory of Beulah Harvey, long time member and ex-Councillor of CPS, who passed away on 9th August, 1993.

A very fitting tribute to Beulah, written by Celie Smith, appears elsewhere in this journal. Having served on Council with Beulah over a number of years I heartily endorse Celie's eulogy.
 Shirley Pikler

BEULAH

Never forgotten

Bill Turner
 Cronulla

MY CHEQUE IN LIEU OF FLOWERS FOR MRS BEULAH HARVEY

Sybil Cozens

Almost the last of the "original oldies".

*With great regard
 to
 Beulah*

M Martin (Mrs)
 Marrickville

FROM CPS CURRENT COUNCILLORS

BEULAH

**MAY WE SERVE WITH AS MUCH DEDICATION,
 PURPOSE AND SUCCESS AS
 YOU**

NO ONE DID IT BETTER





A TRIBUTE TO A "GUTSY LADY"

On Monday, 9th August, 1993 a life of dedication to the cause of improving the quality of life for animals, particularly cats, ended.

Beulah Harvey, an Honorary Life Member of the Cat Protection Society of N S W since 1978, is dead but her memory will long linger on.

Beulah was one of the early members of C.P.S. when it was founded by Mary Kay-Cooper in the early fifties. During the 1960's and 1970's she served on committee, for some time as Honorary Treasurer. Those were the "lean years" when, each month, we would try to stretch our meagre finances to pay our accounts. Many were the times we thought the Society would not survive but, thanks to the selfless dedication of those such as Beulah, C.P.S. grew and flourished to become the thriving and respected institution it is today.

As time marched on it was with dignity and courage that Beulah bore many years of limited mobility and long periods of hospitalisation. During her last stay in hospital her favourite medical specialist had high hopes for her recovery, and described her as a "Gutsy Lady". How true! — Fearless in her conviction as a champion of cats she would "take on" anybody for the cause in which she wholeheartedly believed.

Beulah was my close friend and confidante for 28 years since I first met her at a C.P.S. meeting in 1965. In later years, when she was not allowed to keep pets where she resided, she much enjoyed the company of my cats and dog so, from them and myself, we say, "Farewell, friend".

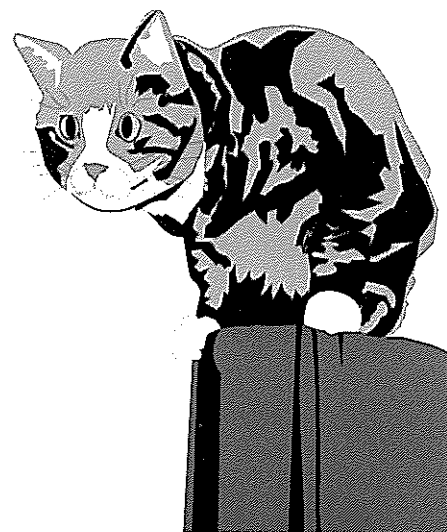
We weep that she has gone but smile that she has been.

Celie Smith
Life Member, C.P.S. of N S W



A CAT'S POINT OF VIEW

SUE BARTLETT



I was happy living with my old family. They spent a lot of money to buy me and feed me but now I am out in the cold. All because they didn't want to spend that little extra so I couldn't get pregnant. I didn't ask to be pregnant. There was no sign saying 'here I am' .. or was there? It all happened so quickly. You see we felines of the feminine gender, well we don't have much to say in the matter. Tom cats just dig their teeth into the back of your neck so that you can't move and next thing you know, if your unlucky like me, your out on your own because your owners don't want kittens running around. Yesterday I was playing with young Jimmy and today I am standing in this field looking at some strange building. I remember being put in the box and hearing my master's car start up. We must have travelled a long way, because it got awfully stuffy. There was a lot of commotion, then they were gone. I crawled out of the box and here I am, lost and alone. I wonder where I am? It's not exactly a cold night but I feel strangely cold and lonely, not to mention frightened. What could I have done to deserve this?

Well I guess its no good sitting here feeling sorry for myself, I'm obviously not wanted so what next? Ah, I know, I'll take a look at that building and see if I can find somewhere to sleep or at least somewhere warm and dry to make a little home for my babies, they'll be here fairly soon.

What a strange smell, look at all those people_they're walking funny. Hang on a minute! I know that smell, food! Yes that's it, food, but there's another smell along with it. Come on girl, don't worry about it, go check that food smell out. Now how do I get into this place? No, not there! Oh Maybe, no, not there either. Hang on, there's a door opening, wait! Don't close it! Too late. Just a minute, yes, it's opening again. I'm in.

Well I've tried everything I can think of and no one's taking any notice of me, apart from that oversized bully, I don't think my tail will ever be the same again. Hey you, yeah you, you bully, look at my tail, it's got a kink in it now! I only wanted a drink!

What is that noise, there it is again! Hang on that's me, that's my stomach. Hey you down there, what's all that noise about? Strange I never heard that before. Hang on, I know what it is, I'm hungry. So, old girl, what are you going to do about it? I wonder if I smile sweetly and sing my sweetest song if someone would pay me some attention and give me something to eat. "Meoww, Meowwww, Meowwww!!!!" Oh come on now, I can't keep this up all day. I'm hungry and so are my kids. Yeah! yeah! I know, you can't see them yet, but you just wait_won't be long and I'll look like a balloon. Oh why won't they look at me? Hang on! "Meow" hey mister, have you got any scraps? I forgot! They don't understand cat talk. Strange that we cats are expected to know exactly what they are saying. Mind you, if we

don't, a quick kick is what we can expect to get. Okay mister, I'll try another approach. Hey, did you have to wear those funny looking shorts, your legs are mighty prickly. The things I have to do to get some attention. "Meow!" Ah, at last you've heard me! Ouch! Hey watch it! Okay! Okay! I get the message! You don't want me around. But can't you at least give me something to eat before you throw me out? No? Nothing doing. Ha!, If they could only understand! Here I am, stuck! DUMPED!! I'm lonely, I'm hungry and I wish I was home. If only I was human, then they would have to listen, but no, I'll have to suffer in silence.

"What's going on now? They all seem to be leaving and look the lights are going out. They're all going to their cars. Hey wait, "Meow! Meow!!!" Please take me home with you! PLEASE!! please somebody take me home!!! NO, DON'T GO!! WAIT, PLEASE WAIT!!" Oh well, there must be somewhere around here I can curl up. I feel so tired and it's obvious I'm not going to get anything to eat. I see a fairly cosy spot over there, it should be safe if nothing else.

Morning at last. I didn't think I'd make it through the night, all those strange noises. Got a lot to do today, firstly something to eat, there's bound to be some food scraps somewhere, always is when humans are around! Ah! that's what I'm looking for, rubbish bins! I remember that's what my mistress called them.

"Oh hello!" What's this! "Hey, who are you".

"What's it to ya, Sugar, this is my territory you know!"

"Sorry!, My owners dumped me here last night"

"Oh yeah! Must be pregnant! are ya?"

"How did you know?"

"Always happens that way, either they dump you when you're preggy, or like me - an unwanted Christmas present!"

It was okay when I was cuter and small, but, when I got bigger, Na, didn't want me any more! I hide now whenever I see them humans! I'm too long in the tooth to trust them! So tell me sister, whada ya reckon ya'll do?"

"I don't know but I'll have to find a new home!"



"You'll be lucky. As I said, they don't want you when you're old or preggy! Don't trust them girlie".

"But I don't know what else to do. I can't look after myself and my little ones too! Can you help?"

"No way sister! Sorry! I'd like to and all that but me and the kids, Na! forget it. Well sister, gotta go now, people will be coming round soon and I don't want to see any! Good luck!!!!"

Talk about a confidence booster, well at least my stomach feels a little better. Now that old Tom cat said people will be coming soon, surely there must be someone willing to give me a home. I'll just have to keep on trying until they do! Ah, here come some now. "Meow! Hello, Meow! Hello!"

Now come on you lot, I've been meowing all day and all I got was a couple of pats on the head, and they weren't so gentle either. Not only that, but I had some kid screaming at me, I mean to say as if I was going to hurt it, me, sweet, kind, gentle me. Then the mother throwing stones at me. Maybe old Tom cat was right! I don't think I like people all that much! I wonder what time of day it is? It must be getting late, I can feel a chill in the air.

I wonder where that old Tom cat went to, I'm starting to feel tired, and awfully heavy, not to mention hungry. I wonder if that man standing over there will have something for me. May as well give it a try, nothing to lose, I suppose! "Meow! meow!" Come on, please notice me. "Meowww!!!!!" That last meow was a strain, but at least it seems to have paid off. I've got his attention.

"Watch it mate! careful now, what are you going to do? Hang on, I think you're going to pick me up. Yes, you are! Where are you taking me? Mmmmm!! that feels nice, Yeah! that's it, right behind the ear, Yep, just purrfect!!! "purr, purr!!" It's nice to finally be able to get a little attention. Look at this, he's even giving me some milk. Oh Sir! you are a gentleman, thank you so much, "purr purr!" Look, he's making up a bed for me in that old box. I hope he's going to keep me, it certainly looks that way. He's even talking to me, I wonder what he is trying to say, let me think now. Brain! Human voice mode, please!! Good, at least if I can't talk it, I can understand most of it.

"You're a fine looking pussy cat. In the family way, I bet. Poor little thing, well, you can stay here tonight, but tomorrow we'll have to find someone to take you or phone the RSPCA. I'm sorry little one, but if the boss finds you here he'll take action, but you should be alright here tonight at least. Well, got to go now, me Missus will be waiting tea for me, take care."

"Oh heck, the RSPCA. That's the last thing I need. I heard that they put us unwanted ones to sleep. I've got to get out of here and quick. 'Meowww!!! Help, Meowwwww!!!! Help!!!! Please!! someone help me'"

"Alright, already I hear you! Don't panic, I'm coming. Had a feeling this might happen when I saw you being picked up by old Ted. Just calm down, I'll be there in a minute".

"Oh, Tom, thank you, I thought all my nightmares had come at once. Why Tom are people so cruel. The RSPCA,

can you believe it".

"Now hang on Sister, Old Ted did say he would try and find someone first, and of all of the people I've met, he at least seems to try and keep his word.

"But Tom, what if he can't find someone, what then?"

"Well then it's ta-ta's - permanently!"

"Oh Tom! Please don't, I don't want to even think of it."

"Alright Lass! Look, it's just a thought, but I did see some ladies walk by a minute ago, they only live across the road, they appear to be Okay. Why not give them a try? But first, let's get out of here. Come on, follow me, that's it, up we go. Lucky for you I know my way around. There's a window over there. There you go, you're out."

"Thanks Tom. So you think these ladies are okay?"

"Can't say for certain, but I've seen them with some dogs and a cat followed them one day, it seemed to belong to them. One of the ladies kept looking back to see if it was alright. Look, just give it a try."

"Okay Tom, I will. Which way did they go?"

"Over there, by the horse paddock, see they're feeding them now, just hang around for a minute, they'll be back".

"I hope you're right, Tom. It would be so nice to belong to someone again."

"Yeah, for some maybe, but not for me. Look, here they come now. My advice is to keep on following them, I'm sure they'll take notice. Anyway Sister, I'm going to leave you now and good luck. Look me up sometime."

"Thanks Tom! and good luck too". Well old girl, here goes nothing. "Meows!! Meows!! Hello".

"Look Ivy, isn't it beautiful? Hello Puss, where did you come from, aren't you the sweetest little thing. a real smooch".

"Meowww!!" I like you too.

"Ivy! I wonder where it came from. Poor thing, probably dumped. Reckon we've got room for one more?"

"NO"

"Oh come on Ivy, we can afford it, look at that face, how can you resist it? Come and have a look."

"Yes, Beryl, it's very nice, we've got three animals now but we can't really leave it here alone."

"Did you here that Little One, she said Yes! Come along and we'll take good care of you."

Yippee!!! Thanks heaps! I hope you don't change your mind when you realise I'm pregnant.

"Well Little One, I can't keep calling you that, let me see now, you're black and it's a mystery where you come from so I think a name like Mystique would suit you, Misty for short. Well come on Misty, I'm sure you're hungry. Oh by the way Misty, I can see you're pregnant, although Ivy hasn't noticed, but don't you worry about that, everything will be just fine."

"Oh thank you, thank you, I can't believe how lucky I am. Thank you Tom, wherever you are, if it wasn't for you, I'd be, well I don't know where I'd be."

Misty settled in with her new family and when her litter was born Beryl and Ivy kept one of the kits, found homes for the other three and had both Misty and Chubby desexed. They also made sure that the other three kits were desexed so this litter would not produce any future homeless cats.



A CAT CLASSIC
"THE STRAY KITTEN"



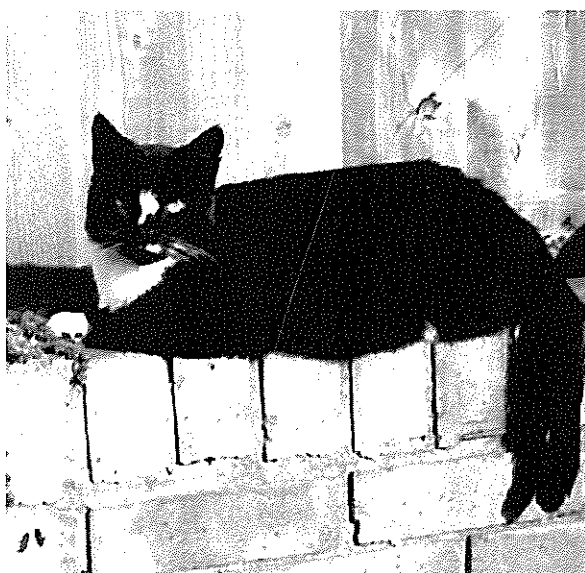
BY FELIX SCHLESINGER



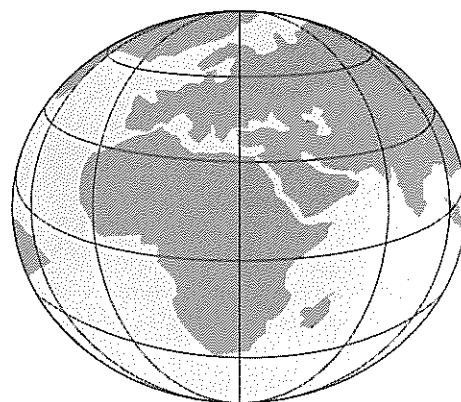
ECSTASY

Lee Wright

Ecstasy is not a drug—its the slow motion antics of a black smoke Devon when I take up the nylon bristle broom with intent to sweep up the litter shavings that are scattered over the kitchen and laundry floors. Within milliseconds there is a feline doing Tai Chi movements next to the broom. Nothing bold, brash or aggressive, just a soft subtle weaving, pausing, dipping that would do credit to any Tai Chi master. This 'extension of the broom' follows or leads its progress around the area being swept, never really 'asking' but always ready ... just in case. I tap the broom on the floor to knock off litter bits but I always decorate his back when I give in to his gentle persistence. Shavings fleck him from head to tail. Sometimes he arches his back, stiffening his neck and tail as I sweep from bow to stern, from top to tip. Or he collapses and writhes on the floor as the broom caresses his back, sides, belly, whatever spot is uppermost. It does not seem to matter if I inadvertently clip his head or some other bony part, the joy of being swept smooths away any discomfort.



In an attempt to get the sweeping done more quickly and with less obstruction, I rashly went to a pet store and bought a soft brush so I could touch him as he loves in a more pleasurable context. But 'tho he enjoys the brush it has not dimmed the more ecstatic pleasures of lying on the floor amidst a pile of sweepings, being decorated from head to toe with dirt and having the broom do things to his soul that it doesn't do to mine. So now when I'm cleaning, like all doting Mums, I allow that extra few minutes so necessary to properly and thoroughly sweep the floor and the cat.



CPS GOES INTERNATIONAL!

Not really, we have several overseas members and it would appear at least one overseas reader and well-wisher from Essex, England.

I'll let her tell her own story.

"For some while now I have received 'Cat Affairs' from my pen friend in Australia. I have so much enjoyed its content and have been amazed how many people send in such interesting and lovely photos, poems, stories, etc. I am a prolific writer especially of animal stories and poems. I also have the equivalent to your 'Cat Affairs' - from my Cat Protection Society.

Over the years I have been privileged to own a number of beautiful cats who have all been a joy to me. Am now an owner of a visiting cat who stays with several folks as a lodger because she is full of love and affection and loves to share it with other folks. Her name is Mandy. May your informative Magazine go from strength to strength and my best wishes to all your 'cat-lover' readers".

Peggy Smith (Mrs)

"My name is Mandy. I decided I'd like to live with Peggy Smith and share my love and favours with my elderly neighbours. The love just oozes out of me. I love everybody, (except Harvey the hedgehog who looks like he has come to stay, so my mistress says. Ah well! I can tolerate him, I guess, if I have to.

I especially like draping myself round people's necks and purring into their ears. (They are visibly moved by this ploy). Then they cuddle me (pure joy to yours truly). I love cheese, cat meaty chunks and sardines (pure bliss), keeps me licking limbs for hours.

I am very photogenic I wish you could see. People can't stop taking snaps of me which I can quite understand as I am rather special".

Mandy (Ms)



WELFARE REPORT

As I write this on 1st October, we are startled at how quiet we are. Certainly we have had lots of requests for desexing — most at this time already pregnant — but even that part of our work has slowed down. There is still a lot of catching of wild little creatures. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had made a considerable impression after all these years. The kittens are just starting to arrive but so far not in big numbers. Of course, when this report goes to press things will probably be vastly different.

When visiting a client recently, Sandy was told an amusing story. Moving to Sydney from Melbourne, the wife came ahead to get the house ready to be followed by husband and cat who were travelling up together on the same aeroplane. When husband arrived tired, but happy to imagine the move was over, wife opening the cat cage to croon over her darling discovered the Melbourne neighbour's cat. Tired husband and confused cat returned to Melbourne next day and at last the move was over when he returned even more tired but at least with the right cat.

Friends of ours have a beautiful cat called Freckles who originally accompanied the family, when they came here from New Zealand, some years ago. Some time after his arrival in Australia it became obvious that, for no apparent reason, Freckles was failing in health. After many anxious visits to the Vet, and finally an animal Psychiatrist, it was suggested that the climatic change had been too sudden for Freckles, so his loving family began sending him back to relatives in New Zealand for short stays. This proved to be successful.

As his owners are business people, Freckles is often sent to the airport by taxi, and is given the V.I.P. treatment. Once, Qantas phoned the Sydney home to say "Freckles has arrived unexpectedly, what does he eat?" Sirloin steak and John West salmon said his father. "O.K.", was the answer, "we'll take him to the canteen with us". The ultimate occurred recently, when Freckles was presented with a Frequent Flier's pass. "Now," say his owners, "if we could just get him Cab Charge!"

We try so hard to get every little cat reported to us desexed before producing kittens so it is frustrating & annoying when we refer a spay to one of our Vets, only to hear back that at 4 ½ months it was considered too young. This little cat was taken back home where it was mated by huge marauding Toms (I know she should have been kept away from them but I know too that she should have been desexed). She has now disappeared, probably chased by these Toms. All we can be sure of is that — if she is alive — she is pregnant. Please God someone will take her in. Some of our Vets still like to desex at six months and in those cases younger cats go to a Vet a bit

further away who will do the early desexing.

That is well recorded on our cards but this particular Vet had indicated he was willing to desex at 3 - 4 months. Guess what happened to his card?

A reminder once again to make sure you can arrange if your cat becomes ill or has an accident after hours. Check with your own Vet first of course but if that surgery does not have after hours service, find one that you can use in an emergency. It is traumatic to be searching around for a solution when such an event happens.

ARE YOU FINANCIAL?

***IF
YOU
ARE
NOT
THIS
IS
YOUR
LAST
COPY
OF
CAT AFFAIRS***



***WE NEED YOU'RE
MONEY!
WHILE YOU SIT ON IT,
IT CAN'T GROW!
KITTENS CAN!***

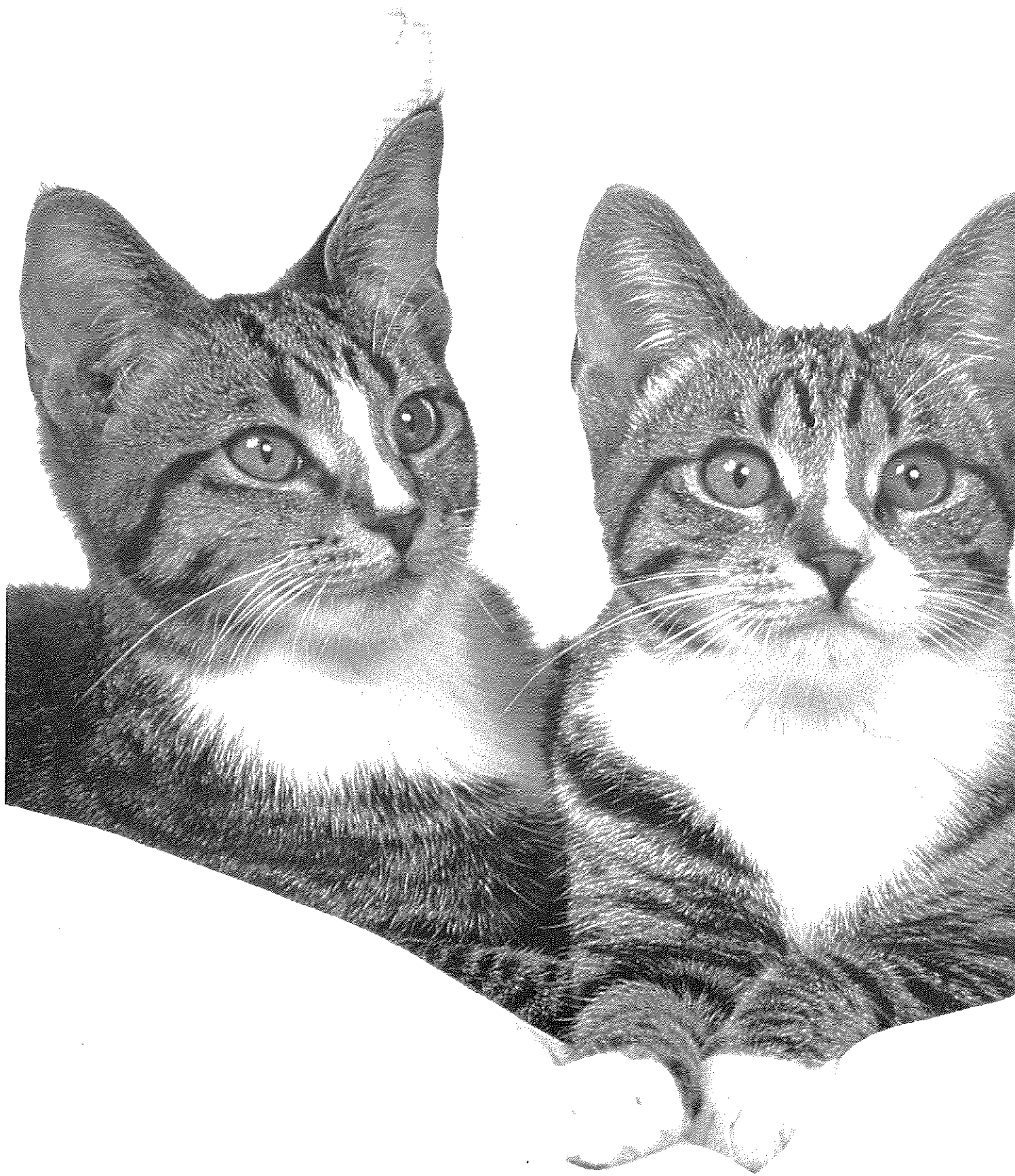


A CAT CLASSIC

"PORTRAIT OF MAY AND VIOLET CRAIK"



BY WILLIAM H. GADSBY



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

MEMBERSHIP FORM

(Please cut out and return
to address shown)

I/We apply for Membership or Renewal of Membership of the Society for the year commencing June, 1993.

Note: All persons joining from January remain financial until June of the following year.

Subscription \$250.00—Life Membership
 \$ 10.00—Annual Membership
 \$ 5.00—Pensioner Membership
 \$ 5.00—Junior Membership
 (State birthdate).....

Enclosed cheque/money order

for \$.....

Please cross cheques and make payable to

"THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY of N S W"

Mr / Ms / Mrs / Miss

SURNAME (Block Letters)

Initials.....

Address.....

Postcode.....

Pension Number..... Signature..... Date..... Phone No.....

Secretary's Note: Receipts for subscriptions will be forwarded upon request if accompanied by a stamped, self addressed envelope.

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

DONATION FORM

(Please cut out and return
to address shown)

I/We would like to make a donation to the Society.

Enclosed is a cheque/money order for **DONATION** of \$.....

Mr / Ms / Mrs / Miss

SURNAME (Block Letters)

Initials.....

Address.....

Postcode.....

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

(Please cut out and return to address shown)

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

Surname..... Initials.....
(Block Letters Please)

New

Address.....

Postcode..... Previous

Address.....

FORM OF BEQUEST

To those caring persons who may be disposed to assist our Society in its work, the following forms of bequest are suggested:

Where a specific amount of money or a specific asset is to be bequeathed the form would be:

I (insert full name and address) give and bequeath to the Cat Protection Society of N.S.W., the registered office of which is 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, N.S.W. 2042, the sum of dollars (or a complete description of the asset). I direct that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the said The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W. shall be sufficient discharge for the legacy which is to be applied to the general purposes of the said Charity.

Where a bequest involves the residue of an estate, the wording would be:

I (insert full name and address) give and bequeath all the rest and residue of my estate of whatsoever kind and wheresoever situate to The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W., the registered office of which is 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, N.S.W. 2042. And I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the said The Cat Protection Society of N.S.W. shall be a sufficient discharge to me Executors.

For further information on leaving a bequest to the Society please contact the Secretary on (02) 557 1011.

THE KITTEN

Nancy Mindlin

I was sitting on the back porch, enjoying music on a summer day. A sound that seemed foreign to the music kept nagging at my ears until I turned the music down. Ironically, I usually would have had headphones on, drowning out all other sounds — drowning out the world. But this day I was lonely and wanted to hear the phone if it should ring. I felt like talking if anyone called. I listened. There it was again. Please God, let it just be a bird or a squirrel. But it wasn't a bird or a squirrel. It was a kitten's cry. I knew the sound and I knew what it could mean, coming from the cruel outdoors. Mother cats do not let their young get hungry enough to cry out as it attracts predators. A screaming kitten is an orphan.

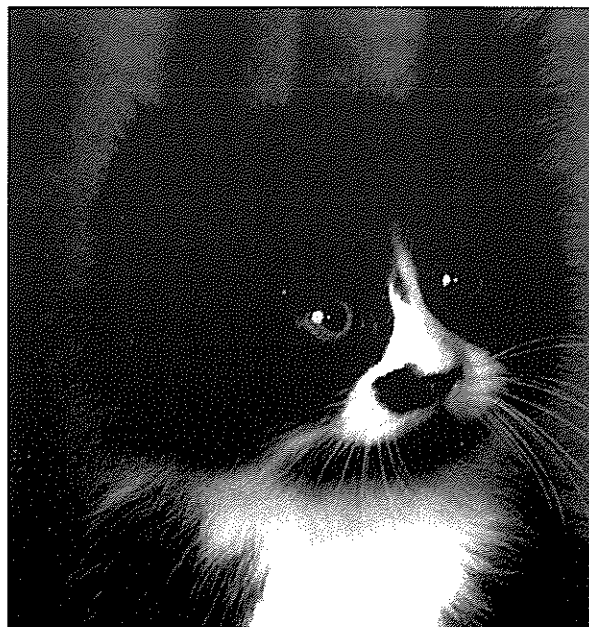
There was no way I could ignore it, so I reluctantly followed the cries to the neighbour's porch. Sure enough, the sounds were coming from beneath their deck. I looked around. I hoped no one would come by and see this grown woman crawling on her belly in the dirt. As I inched closer and closer to the kitten, I had to push spider webs out of my way and a few were getting in my hair despite my efforts. I couldn't see the kitten. It was down in a window well. I reached with dread into the window well. Please God, don't let this one have ruptured eyes from infection or maggots already devouring the kitten from the inside out.

The kitten screamed louder with the excitement of being touched. I could hardly judge his condition yet, for he was covered with dirt and leaves. It wasn't until I got it inside and to the bathroom sink that I could begin to unveil the kitten. It was just a day old! There was a long umbilical cord and afterbirth to cut away and clumps of unidentifiable crud to shake off. Then I ran warm water and held the kitten under the stream. Chills ran up my spine as I worked the warm water through its fur and removed fly eggs. The flies had taken advantage of his dirty, helpless condition and planted their evil seed. Their larvae would have hatched and begun to feed on the kitten, dead or alive, heading for its bowels. I seemed to be in time to prevent that horror. There were no open wounds.

Slowly, a shiny, black male kitten emerged. At last I had cut through the mess to a real, live kitten! And he looked to be worth the clean-up.

But now I had to run to a pet shop and get a special bottle and milk substitute. Suffering from a severe sunburn, I climbed into my hot car and was tempted to start counting the cost to myself. How many cats and kittens had I helped now? If I could add up all the expenses, what figure would it come to?

I got the supplies and returned to offer life to the orphan. I wasn't expecting such a strong, immediate response.

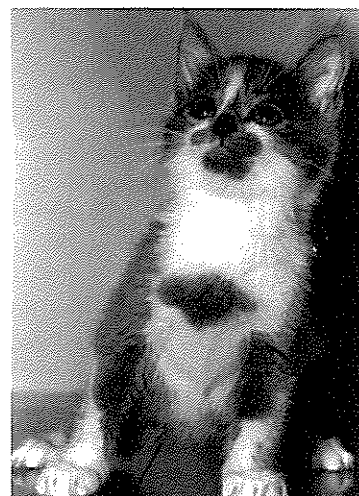


He latched onto the nipple and nursed hard, as though trying to make up for lost time. His front legs flailed, hoping to find the soft belly of his mother. When he finally let go of the nipple, I massaged him to make him eliminate and fixed up a box for him to sleep in. And sleep he did, purring as he left this world for one of kittens' contented dreams. What a beautiful and innocent little creature!

I felt so good and so powerful! The kitten's fate had been a horrible death. But now, because I was able to change his destiny, he slept on a heating pad, safe and secure. He'll never have the capacity to fully appreciate his good fortune. I thought about all the kittens out there who will not be heard. I wished I could save them all and I wished I could rescue all the stray people as well. Evil takes full advantage of our inability to clean ourselves up. But our God is not above getting dirty. Though our problems and our ways must be repugnant to Him. He loves us and sets His sights past the filth to the finished product. He washes us with the blood of Christ, making our future one of blessed adoption by our loving father.

He is good. He is powerful. And he wants to save us all. I was privileged to have ears to hear and His compassion with which to carry out this small redemption.

The need is so great. The workers are so few. Please God, let there be more rescues in my life!



FEEDING QUEENS AND KITTENS

Barbara Fougère BSc BVMS (Hons)
(Veterinary Adviser Uncle Ben's of Australia)

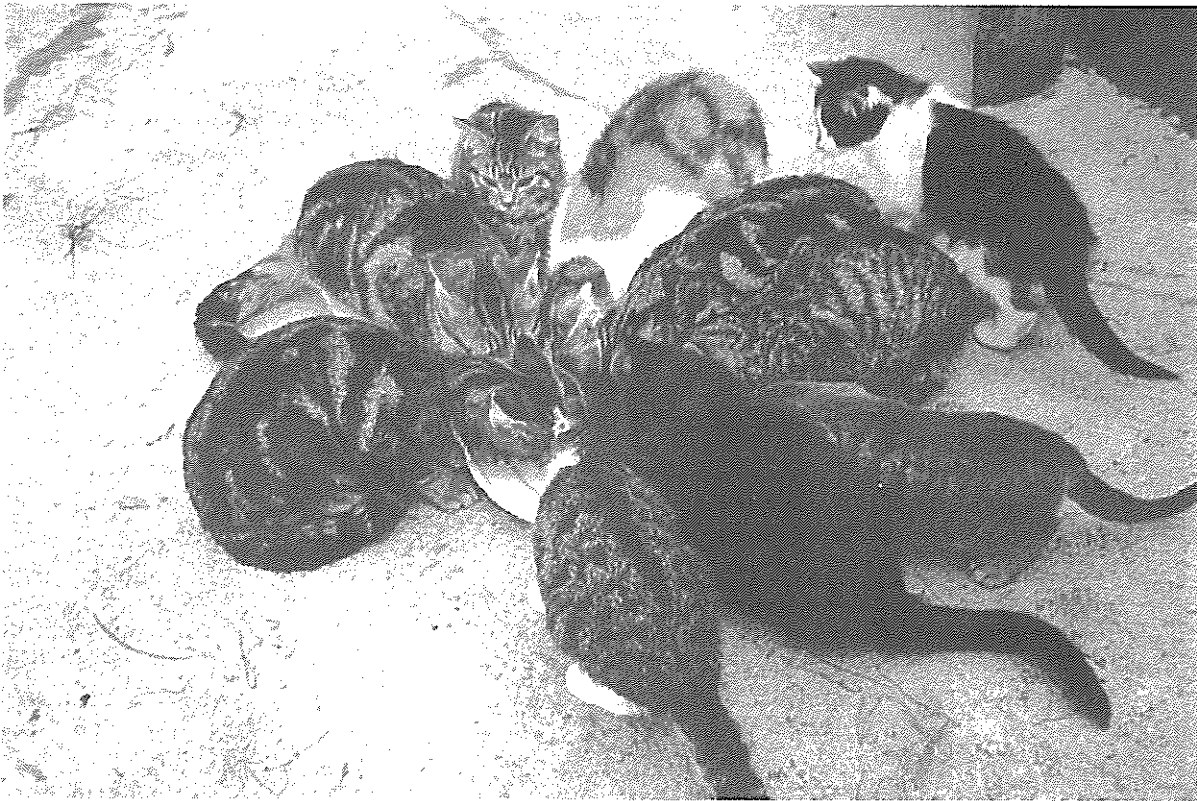
Responsible cat owners generally have their cats desexed prior to puberty to prevent unwanted kittens. Breeders of cats have strict breeding programmes to meet the demand for their kittens, and they usually have a lot of experience in managing pregnant cats and raising kittens. What happens though, if we suddenly find ourselves with a pregnant cat or a new kitten for the first time?

The first sign that a queen is pregnant is often an increase in appetite. From the start of pregnancy she will eat more and more food and should be allowed to eat as much as she wants to each meal. During the gestation (which lasts nine weeks) her appetite will increase steadily until about week six to seven. A palatable cat food such as WHISKAS® is a suitable diet, however, there are specific

which is complete and balanced.

Kittens which are adequately fed tend to be warm and quiet whilst underfed kittens may be cold, noisy and often separated from the rest of the litter. These kittens can be weaned as early as two weeks if necessary by putting them onto specialist WHISKAS® Kitten Food, and fresh water.

At three or four weeks of age, kittens should be introduced to soft and palatable food. Put the food in a shallow dish. Any changes to the diet should be made gradually over three to four days. As the kittens eat more they will drink less from the queen. This will allow her to reduce her milk production and regain her natural weight. Weaning should be completed by eight weeks.



diets available for queens which are more energy dense such as WHISKAS® WALTHAM® Convalescent Diet (available through veterinarians) allowing the queen to eat a smaller volume of food.

Just before giving birth the appetite may wane. The queen has already laid down reserves for foetal growth. She may not eat very much immediately after giving birth because of ingested placentas and fluids. In healthy cats appetite should increase rapidly and if it doesn't veterinary attention should be sought. A poor appetite will lead to poor milk production and sickly kittens. As lactation is a particularly demanding time for queens some weight loss can be expected. Again it is important to consider feeding her high quality, palatable food

Young kittens have very small stomachs so it is important to feed several small meals a day. Eight week old kittens should have four to five meals, decreasing to two meals a day at six months of age. The food must be palatable, balanced for nutrients and concentrated so that it can be eaten in quantities which a kitten can manage. WHISKAS® Kitten Food is specially designed for kittens and takes the worry out of feeding young kittens. It does not need to be supplemented with any vitamins or minerals. It is very difficult to provide a complete diet based on human foods or meat and there is the danger the kitten will miss out on essential nutrients. If in any doubt contact your veterinarian for advice.





CHRISTMAS PARTY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 18

WE WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU

COFFEE, CAKE, CONVERSATION

(CAT CONVERSATION OF COURSE)

2 pm, 103 ENMORE ROAD

**TO ASSIST US IN OUR CATERING, PLEASE RING 557 4818 & ADVISE IF
ATTENDING.**

SEE YOU?

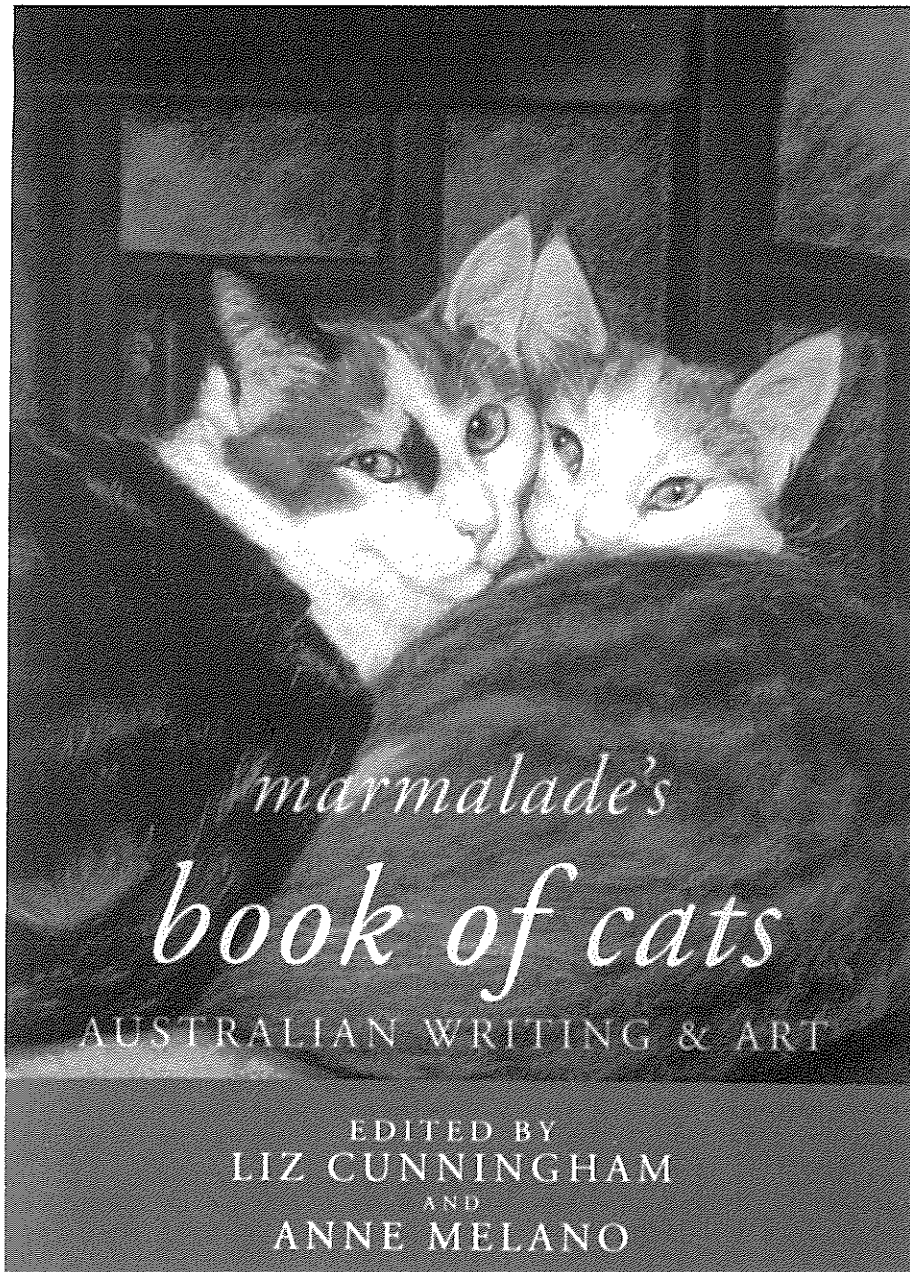


BOOK REVIEW

LEE WRIGHT

If presentation is the key to successful marketing then MARMALADE'S BOOK OF CATS is bound to be a winner. This recently released anthology of Australian writing and art is all on the subject of cats. It is a handsome book designed to immediately attract sales with its crisp, colourful presentation and content. There are no disappointments between these covers. literary greats and new talent present a wide spectrum of personal homage to our beloved felines with a style that is apparent from page one.

The editors have grouped the literary selections into theme chapters, all richly highlighted with appropriate sketches, photographs, cartoons and art. Whether you prefer to read from cover to cover, flip through the pages casually, just admire the visual aspects or prefer an in depth book, MARMALADE'S BOOK OF CATS is the one for you. The articles contain a great deal of entertainment, insight and information on cats, all presented in a thoroughly enjoyable context. Find out for yourself how Siam, an elegant suburban Siamese from Southhampton, strolled from his home one day to end up a stowaway on a P&O liner. How would you feel if your "Cat Missing" ad elicited a response from Aden on the Suez? ("The Reluctant Seafarer", Shelia Box). All of us know "They curl round beside me in the doona, weighing it down all round my body. The bed's warm as cats' breath, my ears furred with purring. I drift into sleep and they dream their cat dreams into me. ("Robyn Mathison, Sleeping with Cats"). Prose, poetry or picture, this is not a flash coffee table book but a deeply personal look into every aspect of the love of cats, from our viewpoint .. and theirs. It is a book of joy, a book for solace, a book for understanding, purrfect for your own library or for that special gift.



MARMALADE'S BOOK OF CATS, Australian writing and art, Edited by Liz Cunningham and Anne Melano, Publisher Marmalade Press 1993, hardcover 200 pages, \$29.95 from selected book stores. Mail order from Marmalade Press, \$29.95 includes post/handling; (02) 719 8786.



BOOK REVIEW BY LEE WRIGHT

CATWATCHING AND CATLORE BY DESMOND MORRIS

Published by Arrow Books Ltd., paperback \$11.95

Have you ever asked yourself

Why do cats spend so much time grooming?

What is the purpose of the teeth clatter when a cat sees a bird?

Is it really a bad smell that makes a cat wrinkle his nose and curl his lip?

Why do cat's eyes glow in the dark?

Why do cats sulk?

How does a cat use its whiskers and why does the phrase 'the cat's whiskers' mean something special?

Why are cats attracted to people who don't like cats?

How many tail signals does a cat make?

Why do cat's eyes contract to a vertical slit?

What is the cause of cat phobia?

These and 110 additional questions you always wanted to know about cats and never knew who to ask are covered in Desmond Morris's new book, *Catwatching and Catlore*. Mr Morris is an author of considerable merit and his latest book is fascinating. It is written so that each question comprises a 1—2 page chapter. You can read it in odd moments . . . or devour it from cover to cover and never tire of the answers to a cat owner's most probing questions. It is guaranteed to impart much information and even more entertainment. Mr Morris is a humorous and witty writer and definitely sympathetic to the feline species. It provides very easy, down-to-earth reading and should be a necessary addition to any cat lover's library. One of the topics in the book is the aspect of purring. If purring symbolises a contented cat, why do frightened cats and cats in pain also purr. If purring doesn't mean full contentment, just what does it mean?

Mr Morris's explanation is that the correct interpretation of purring is that the cat is in an 'inoffensive' mood. You pet him, he is happy and inoffensive so he purrs. A more dominant cat arrives on the scene, he is insecure and he purrs to show the other cat that he is not a threat. He is in pain and he can purr to show that he is not in a position to cause trouble. A queen purrs to her kittens to advise them they are safe and they purr as they feed, letting her know that they are filling their tummies.

A cat's purr is similar to our smile. When we are happy we tend to smile but smiling does not always mean a happy state. We can be putting on a brave face, we can be telling people that we are not a threat, we are indicating that we approach in a friendly, open-handed manner. In other words, we are inoffensive and are not in a mood to cause trouble.

The only bad aspect of the book is Mr Morris's rather lamentable outlook on desexing. But one negative in the midst of 119 positives is too slight to mar an otherwise total enjoyment. Who says learning can't be fun !!

FERAL CAT PLAGUE!

The following is an article from 'Between the lines' from "The Daily telegraph Mirror, Friday, April 30, 1993."

Overheard in Surry Hills pub were two elderly gentlemen discussing their youth. One was talking about how he would hike miles to go fishing. "Of course that was in the days when I had a farm, before the feral cats got in and killed all my sheep," he said. His somewhat doubtful

friend mulled that over for a few seconds before politely inquiring what sort of cat could bring down a full-grown sheep. "What were they, mate," he asked, "feral jaguars or something?"

If you find any amusing, or interesting articles, please feel free to send them in, we are always looking for short articles - and long ones!



PURR - ING

Until recently I believed that no-one knew how a cat purred but in a lively discussion with fellow cat-nuts the following propositions were put forward.

Confirmation or denial would be welcome.

One friend's theory is that cats have specialised vocal chords at the top of their trachea, or windpipe, which vibrate noisily when air is drawn through them in either direction. He claims this also explains why cats purr without pause, the chords vibrate both when the cat inhales and exhales.

Another, that the purr results from activation of the intrinsic laryngeal muscles by partial glottal closure and increased translottal pressure for 20 millisecond bursts. The diaphragm is alternatively activated to produce the more or less continuous sound. (Technical huh!)

Purring is not confined to domesticated cats. All members of the cat family purr to a degree.

It is thought that purring in cats is the equivalent of bowing the head or putting the tail between the legs in canines. It signifies that the feline does not wish to be dominant.

Or, another, the purr is like our smile.

OP - SHOP

Activity goes on as usual down at 87 Enmore Road. We now have balloons hung out every day to alert customers of bargains.

It always amazes me how busy the shop is when a supply of bric-a-brac arrives. It really is like bees round a honey-pot.

The little lady we told you of last Journal who had that very nasty accident is finally almost 100%. She pops in every day or so and generally buys something so we have a friend there and, likewise, she feels she has friends. A good ending to a distressing incident.

Reminiscing with Lena Larsen I heard a couple of amusing stories.

A size 18 lady squeezed into a stretchy size 12 dress and asked Lena how it looked? Lena broke the news gently that it was a bit small to which our client replied it would be okay because she is always smaller in the mornings. She bought the dress.

One of our regulars — a mother of a small spoilt boy — was always welcome. Shown a toy the little monster would never give it up and amid screams and yells we always managed to make a sale. Some of us will do anything.

We have a very generous painter who has this year donated at least 28 framed paintings, some quite large and in expensive frames. Some do not reach the shop — they get sold off to friends at the recommended price. You can imagine how these paintings brighten up

the Op shop and what a lift to our finances.

I should mention that one of the paintings was a quite large, tasteful nude. It took quite a while to find a home. We were quite amused by prospective buyers who always said their wives or husbands would like it, never themselves.

Then we have a councillor who regularly collects from friends and clients of her own shop all sorts of lovely goods. We should call her honey because her days in the shop bring lots of bees.

Eileen Taylor on 560 1905 is looking for some more volunteers. Just at the moment we have a few travellers and a couple of indisposed people....Hello John.... so we have a few spare spots on our roster. We would love to hear from you.

Nance is much loved and receives many letters addressed to her personally at CPS.

One of many.

6th November

"Thought you may find something of interest for the journal in the book enclosed.

I have a three year old 'Lucy' like the one on the cover.(not reproducible. Ed).

My usual Xmas cheque (CPS) also to AWL & Greenpeace will arrive later in the year.

Best wishes to all.

Love from Sadie W.

PS. Lucy was killed by car 12th November, instantly, thank God, neighbour buried her in my garden.

XXX

PPS. Thought you might like this".

"I SAW A STRANGE LAND"

BY Arthur Groom

Cats probably arrived with William Dampier, English explorer to West Australian coastline (possibly 1670).

Cats thought to have travelled across deserts to Central Australia.

(Unknown source)

In the business of disease, desexing and euthanasia it is the kind thoughts of our wonderful supportive members which make it possible for our voluntary office staff to report for work at 103 on a regular basis.

We love to hear from you, we would like to hear from more of you.

May your dreams only be visited by loved ones, two or four legged.



MAGICAL MARCUS

Lynette Shanley

It was a Saturday morning in May 82. When I arose on that Saturday morning I had no idea of the event that was about to happen. An event that would change my whole way of looking at life. As I sit here writing about this eleven years later I am still amazed by it all.

I enjoyed life, well I thought I did. I had a nice unit overlooking the Harbour. I had many friends and attended parties every weekend. I had a good job with good pay.

At that time I had two budgies. When I changed their seed that morning I noticed I would need to buy more seed before the weekend was over. Later that day I entered the local pet shop. On entering the pet shop my attention was immediately drawn to a black and white kitten. He was the only kitten in the shop and when he saw me he went at me. He was stopped by the wire of the cage he was in. He meowed frantically. The shop assistant assured me there was nothing wrong but his behaviour was most unusual as he was usually a calm and docile animal.

While I was taking the birdseed from the shelf I felt his paws piercing my back. I swung around. He looked me straight in the eyes. I told him I did not like cats. This was no lie. His eyes followed me everywhere as I wandered around the shop. I took the birdseed to the counter. I opened my wallet and much to my surprise I found myself saying I will also take the kitten.

Ten minutes later I was outside the shop trying to hail a taxi. I was loaded with litter and tray, bowls and food, shampoo, worming mixture, flea powder, basket and toys. I was assured by the shop assistant I would need all these things. On arriving home I placed him in the laundry with some food and thought he would be able to amuse himself. However, he had other ideas. He followed me everywhere around the house and he demanded attention.

I had been raised in a family that didn't believe in pets and my exposure to animals had been minimal. Having Marcus was a learning experience. Over the next few weeks I began to realise he needed the same things from life as I did. He waited for me to arrive home from work to feed him. He was totally dependant on me for food. The flat being empty all day, he tried to engage me in games at night. He wanted company. He came down with cat flu and the sleepless nights went on for a week. I had never dealt with a sick animal before. I found myself wishing I had the flu instead of him.

A few months after Marcus came into my life I started experiencing many problems. I lost my job. I was working in an industry that was retrenching people Australia wide. I went out looking for work every day for four weeks but still couldn't find a job. I came to realise that finding work was not going to be easy. I moved from my nice unit into a smaller flat with a friend.

In the months that followed I lost my self esteem and I was continuously depressed. I got to the stage I didn't even

want to get out of bed. My flat mate refused to feed Marcus. This strategy worked. It forced me to get out of bed. Once I was up, I usually took Marcus down to the park to run around and then on returning to the flat I would always find something to occupy myself with. I kept my sanity. Marcus had an eye problem. After seeing several vets I was referred to an animal eye specialist. I was advised he would need an operation. I didn't have the money and could not afford the operation. I looked at Marcus and said, "well Marcus I will just have to get a job". It was now essential that I get a job. The next day I went out job hunting and at the end of the day I had a three week temporary position. It was enough to pay for the operation and also enough to restore my self confidence. At the end of the three weeks I got a three month temporary position and then went into a permanent position. I sometimes wonder what would have happened if Marcus did not need the operation.

Now that I had a job I looked around for a new place to live. Marcus was getting older and needed space to run and space to mark out his own territory. Our new accommodation wasn't as nice but I was happy and so was Marcus.

I then started to read books on animal welfare issues. I was horrified by vivisection. It seemed so unnecessary and cruel. I became involved with an anti-vivisection organisation. I raised money and helped in any other way I could. I became involved with other groups and new friends. I rarely saw my old friends, we now had nothing in common.

The number of cats grew. Marcus never complained when a new cat came into the household. He just accepted there was now one more. It all became expensive but I no longer needed the same possessions that I needed before.

Along with the increased numbers of cats I learnt the pain of an animal dying. I never adjusted to it. I became angry with people because they could not see the suffering of animals or if they could, many just turned a blind eye to the suffering. Once you become aware of animal suffering your life is never the same again. However, with all this anger, worry and despair I still feel my life is richer now than it ever was before I met Marcus.

Marcus is now eleven years old. He is the reason I have many sleepless nights. When everyone and every cat has settled down for the night, Marcus snores so loudly it can be heard in every corner of the house. He also creates much washing. He lies on the lounge all day while dribbling. The covers end up in the wash every weekend. He also helps me run late for work. He won't come and get his breakfast with the others. He waits until I am just outside the door and then starts meowing frantically until I race back in and feed him. He is overweight, extremely lazy, has feline acne and is not particularly handsome — but I wouldn't be without him. Sometimes at night he puts his head on my lap and purrs while I reflect on how much he has taught me about love and suffering.

Never underestimate the power of an animal.

I am now the Australian representative for the International Primate Protection League. The President of the International Society for Endangered Cats and I do all the work in Australia for Chris and Jeremy Townend and Help in Suffering.

It's all Marcus's fault.



ADOPTION CORNER

Angus, a teenaged Russian Blue, was surrendered to us many moons ago. He was immediately desexed, immediately won a home and immediately returned for bad behaviour. We normally blame the new owners for not understanding their new friend — we did in this case too. However, Shirley & Ron and the Parkland staff soon found that Angus was a villain. He took up the best possie, just near the door so that potential buyers said 'What a beautiful cat', went to pat him amid cries of 'don't touch him'.

He was threatened with loss of life by all but Shirley, who made me cross my heart, etc., whenever she took a few days off, not to whisk him off for you know what.

A few weeks ago Shirley, Angus and I began, secretly I must admit, to plan for changes. I was going to have a strong word with Shirley 'he must go' — Shirley asked if he could have a very special advertisement for a beautiful looking cat with severe behavioural problems and Angus, no doubt sensing his danger, developed a small case of cat flu. Now any other poor little good cat in similar circumstances would be banished to the isolation ward but teacher's pet was taken up to the house, given his own room (and the house). He became a different cat.

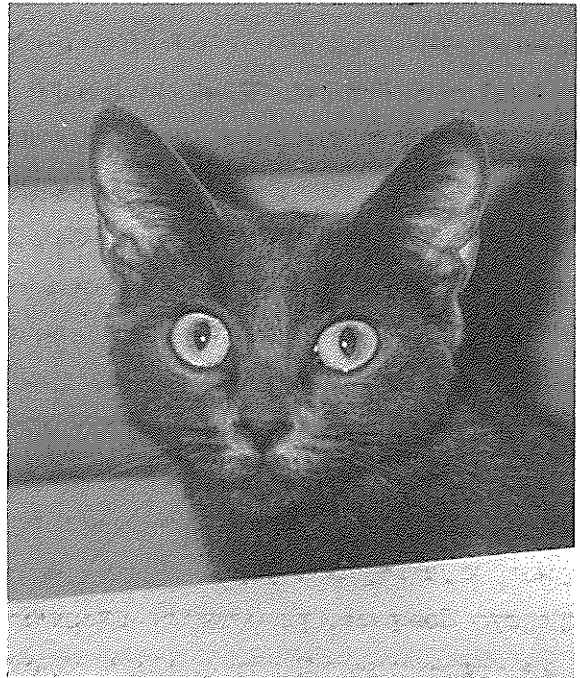
The advertisement brought forward several replies. Shirley had decided he needed a mature single woman and was reluctant to accept the credentials of a family with two children who claimed to take in cats with bad behaviour. Angus was promised his 'own space', a separate bedroom and an outside large run whichever he preferred. Angus — the new Angus — approved so off he went with instructions for a report to be forthcoming every 48 hours. Half an hour after the family arrived home there was a call — Angus had eaten and was sitting on the lounge. That night Angus slept on the couple's bed with three cats.

Maybe what I am trying to say is Shirley can pick 'em.

When I told this story to a friend she was almost in tears — lovely Angus to have a new understanding home but what lots of months he had needed just that.

Anyway, that's a story with maybe a sad beginning but a happy ending.

Angus is still behaving!



*Ahh, nice to
see they are
getting there
priorities
straight
overseas isn't
it?*



PIDDLING

PETE

The Piddling Pup, an Ode by IP Standing
A tale of a pedigree pup in ten piddles and a puddle.

A farmer's dog once came to town
His Christian name was Pete,
His pedigree was two yards long
And his looks were hard to beat.
And as he trotted down the road
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway
And never missed a post;
For piddling was his masterpiece
And piddling was his boast.
The city dogs stood looking on
With deep and jealous rage
To see this little country dog
The piddler of his age.

Then all the dogs from far and wide
Were summoned with a yell
To sniff this country stranger off
And judge him by his smell.
They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail
Their praise for him ran high
But when one sniffed him underneath
Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelt him over, one by one
They smelt him two by two,
And noble Pete, in high disdain
Stood still till they were through.
Then Pete, to show the city dogs
He didn't care a damn,
Walked into a grocer's shop
And piddled on a ham.
He piddled on the onions;
He piddled on the floor
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled on the door.

Behind him, all the city dogs
Decided what they'd do—
They'd start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.
They'd show him all the piddling posts
They knew around the town
They'd start off with many winks
To wear the stranger down.
They'd call the champion piddlers
Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes held a piddling comp
Or gave a piddling show.

They sprang these on him suddenly
When halfway through the town
But Pete just piddled on and on
And wore the champions down.
For Pete was with them every trick
With vigour and with vim
A thousand piddles, more or less,
Were all the same to him.

So he was piddling merrily
His hind leg kicking high
When most were lifting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on Pete sought new ground
On which to lay the dust,
Till every other dog went dry
And gave up in disgust.

But on and on went noble Pete
To water every sandhill
Till all the city champions
Were piddled to a standstill.
Then Pete an exhibition gave
Of all the ways to piddle.
Like double drips, and fancy flips
And now and then a dribble.

And all the time the country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.
The city dogs said 'So long friend
Your piddling did defeat us',
But no one ever put them wise
That Pete had diabetes.



